

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THOSE who see *The Adyar Bulletin* will have read that the Island of Iceland in the far-off northern sea is forming itself into an independent National Society, instead of remaining part of the T.S. in Denmark. It has eight Lodges, and is a little Nation by itself, self-contained, so with the goodwill of the General Secretary of the Denmark and Iceland T.S., it can have its own National Society. Scandinavia, the original Section in the early days, has gradually, as the Society increased in numbers and activity, divided itself up into its separate Nationalities. Finland was the first to become self-contained, as long ago as 1907. Then Norway felt strong enough to stand alone, and established its National Society. Then Denmark and Iceland made their own Section, leaving Sweden, which has always seemed to be the Mother Society in Scandinavia, to be alone. Now Iceland claims its majority. With Sweden, Finland, Norway, and Denmark the vernaculars differ, and perhaps also in Iceland—I do not know—and propaganda certainly goes on the better in the mother-tongue of the Nation. Still, these countries feel the call of the blood of a common ancestry, and they formed last year a kind of Federation for mutual help.

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Work in India is active, and Federation after Federation has been holding its annual meeting. In a country so huge as India, these groupings are very useful, and make the members conscious of their unity amid so many superficial diversities. Benares is to have a quite unusual Theosophical gathering for study and mutual encouragement and work. The session is to last from the middle of September to the end of October, but I have not yet seen a programme. I have promised to try to give them a week during this period.

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I have received various remonstrances about my suggestion that the Society might consider the election of a new President in 1921. I had at the time a good reason for the suggestion, and I can now write frankly. Last year I found that my sight was giving me trouble, but in the rush of work in England I could not find time to put myself in the hands of a good oculist. In January, after my return to India, I went to one, and he told me that one eye was useless—I knew that I could not see much with it—and that the other was going. He also told me that there was no cure. I therefore had to face the prospect of going blind, and it did not seem to me that I could fulfil my duties as President of the Theosophical Society after I had lost my sight. So I thought it would be better for me not to stand again for election. However, a sudden change took place some weeks ago, and the useless eye is recovering its power of vision and the other is going on all right, so that I shall be able to continue the work, if the Society so wishes. The recovery, I must confess, has been a great relief; though I was gradually preparing myself for the loss of sight, it was not a pleasant prospect, and I am very thankful to be spared the trial.

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New ground has been opened up in Portugal, and the first Lodge of the Theosophical Society has been established in

Lisbon, with sixteen members, and has taken the name of Isis. The letter announcing its formation recalls the memory of the Viscount Frederico Francisco Stuart de Figaniere e Morao, who had his birth in Portugal. We welcome the lighting of another lamp in a country hitherto unreached by the Society, and trust that from its flame of thought and of devotion many another may be lit to shine over the land of Portugal, once so strong and so famous in European story. Here in the East there are remains of its far-flung power in the settlements still attached to it, and in South Africa we find it once again. How different would history have been, had Spain not been dominated by the Inquisition, if the Moors and the Jews—and with them science and philosophy—had not been slain and exiled, if Aztecs and Peruvians had not been trampled to death under Cortes and Pizarro, and a karma generated which has smitten down this great sea-going and imperial race, which built the beginnings of a mighty empire, but by fanaticism and superstition wrecked it ere more than its foundations were laid. Still over Mexico and Southern America is spread the Iberian Branch of the Keltic sub-race, and United States California bears many a silent witness to their once pervasive influence and power in the "New World". Thus do Nations fling away opportunities and fall when they might rise. Just are the Lords of Karma, and they visit upon a Nation the result of its own iniquities. Now is its opportunity for creating a Commonwealth of Free Nations, greater than any Empire, offered to Great Britain, a Commonwealth whose glory shall lie in Peace and not in War. Will she grasp it, or will she let it slip, as did Spain, dominated by greed and pride of power? Her destiny is to-day in the balance. As she deals with India, appealing to her for Justice and for Freedom, so will the High Gods deal with her. Not without profoundest wisdom did Bhīṣhma, Master of Dharma, warn his royal pupil,

to fear the weak and not the strong, for "the tears of the weak undermine the thrones of kings". So also says a Hebrew Scripture: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and delivered him from all his afflictions."

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For in India lies the lasting strength of Britain, peopled by her younger offspring. To India, root-stock of the mighty Aryan Race, were committed those treasures of spiritual wisdom which are held by her for the healing of the Nations, and also the fundamental principles of man in Society, on which alone can be built a civilisation which shall endure. She has vindicated her birthright by her long existence as a Nation; contemporary with Babylon the Mighty, she is yet alive and pulsing with new life to-day. Not in tombs is India to be sought, but in the full glare of modern life. Nor in mere length of existence is her title to glory, but in the full-filled treasures of her splendid Past; she was a wealthy trader, sending her ships over the seas, heavy-laden with precious cargo, two thousand years before Hiram of Tyre sent to Solomon his cedar trees, and fir-trees, and gold; so well cared-for and well-irrigated were her lands, that her villagers raised on them two and sometimes three crops a year; mighty were her warriors, her kings, her statesmen, her republics, kingdoms, and empires, and Alexander felt the strength of her free citizens when he was turned back, the ever-victorious, and found the end of his conquests in that strength; world-famous are not only her philosophers, from whom Plato and Pythagoras sought to learn their wisdom, but also her poets and her dramatists, her artists and her craftsmen, her astronomers, her mathematicians, her architects. And if she remained so wealthy up to the seventeenth century after Christ, that energetic western Nations sought from their monarchs charters for their merchants, settled here as Romans had settled, and finally fought out their quarrels on her own

soil, surely the foundations of her polity must have been well and truly laid in the dim ages of her as yet unmeasured past. Despite invasions from without, and warring Kings within, despite civil convulsions and plundering raids, devastating parts of her land as Europe was devastated by sword and fire, by disease and local scarcity, still that solid prosperity which finally attracted her younger sons to strive for shares of her, endured through the ages which enfeebled Asia and saw Europe emerging from barbarism. Surely India, with such a past, has some message for the modern world, some spiritual inspiration, some principles of civic polity, which are the secret of her long-continued life. Therefore, for the whole world's sake, would those who know India and who love because they know, keep strong and firm the link which binds the Mother and her younger son close-knit, that the twain together may renew and guide humanity along the steep upward path.

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But let the warning sound across land and sea to the little Island in the North, that her sons must be true to the principles they fought for, divinely aided to overthrow the panoplied might of Germania and her Allies—aided, not that they might re-embody in a shattered world her greed of power, her lust of dominion, her tyranny in peace and her frightfulness in war, but that in victory they might practise the principles which in the hour of their peril they proclaimed, and might strike down those servants of theirs who in the Mother's household had abused the power entrusted to them, and show that those who had soiled her name by terrorism and cruelty should meet at her hands the stern justice that she claimed against those who were her conquered foes. For worse are they who abuse the trust of power over a race committed to their care by their King and Country, than those who in a war against their enemies resort to terrorism and frightfulness.

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An appeal reaches me, asking for help in the defence of the North America Negroes, who undergo countless disabilities and humiliations in the "Free Republic of the West," that country in which the most opposed types and races and ideals strive for the mastery, in which strange contrasts live side by side, and the most incongruous ideals find nesting-places. It seems that there were no less than 70 lynchings during last year, the victim of one of them being a woman, and several of men being burned alive. "Recently, on a train in Georgia, a white Southerner, passing through the 'Jim Crow Section,' threw a lighted cigarette into the lap of a coloured woman; her husband protested, and the white man instantly shot him dead. No attempt was made to arrest him." "Jim Crow" seems to be the courteous name given to Negroes, for the lady who writes to me mentions a "Jim Crow church," built because white men would not admit black men into their churches, though the object of worship in those churches is a coloured man.

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My correspondent—a member of the T.S.—writes further:

"The National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People" is doing splendid work along publicity lines, and in the political field. It investigates every lynching, and works to secure a fair trial for every coloured prisoner. It protests against all laws based on colour discrimination. Its membership is about ninety-thousand, eighty-thousand of whom are coloured people. Its official organ is *The Crisis*, a monthly magazine. I am sending you a marked copy of the June number, and would like to call your attention to the editorial dealing with the treatment accorded to the Rev. E. R. Franklin, a coloured minister, while in Mississippi. Such happenings make one think of the Germans in Belgium.

She remarks: "The Mahā-Chohan did not exclude the Negroes when He said that 'the white race must be the first to stretch out the hand of fellowship to the dark Nations, to call the poor despised 'nigger' brother.'" These arrogant white races are not yet really out of a war which has outdone in its savagery and its devilish scientific methods of destruction

any that coloured races can show, races which have offered up on the Moloch altar of starvation and disease 80 per cent of the miserable children of the most highly "civilised and cultured" people of their own colour. I have received from my correspondent a book named *Darkwater*, by W. E. B. Du Bois, and I hope to write an article on it for our October number.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury, at the conclusion of the Lambeth Conference, addressed a letter to "all men and women of goodwill". In this he says that

"assembled at a time when the whole world is still shattered by sundering forces, we have been moved to address an appeal to all Christian peoples and the Allies beyond the frontier of Christian society," asking them to join in a new endeavour to realise the fellowship which the whole world needs to materialise the hopes for a better ordering of the common life, for which there must be a rally of all spiritual forces. He concludes: "Patriotism, so fatal in its perversion, can become the very principle of the intelligent service of mankind, when fired by spiritual forces and ideals."

That is very good, especially in the "appeal to all Christian peoples and the Allies beyond the frontier of Christian Society"; that shows a Christ-like spirit, recognising those of whom the Christ is alleged to have said: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." In painful and startling contrast to this brotherly feeling was the shameful utterance, at the Manchester Diocesan Missionary Society, of the Bishop of Burnley; he complained of the spread of Theosophy in his diocese, and had the hardihood to say that it was "a new thing, begotten in fraud and cradled in lust and uncleanness". So did the learned men of Greece and Rome, with the priests of the Hebrew people, speak of His own religion in its early days. Truth cannot be killed by falsehoods, and verily it may be said of the Bishop: "You know not what manner of spirit you are of." Let us add on his behalf the prayer of his

Master: "Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does."

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We have had the great pleasure of welcoming home my dear colleague B. P. Wadia, after his fifteen months of absence. He arrived here on Sunday, August 8th, and the train which brought him from Bombay steamed into a station packed from end to end and from side to side by members of the Madras Trade Unions and the general public. Twenty-four out of the 25 Unions sent their members, and their lusty shouts rent the air, as they welcomed their much-loved leader home. A gorgeously decorated carriage, with two most longsuffering horses, was provided for him, and a huge procession started with Indian bands and waving banners, on a three-mile march to the centre of the factories in Madras. All along the route the streets were lined with shouting crowds, and we finally reached a big field where a pañdal had been set up, under the shade of which addresses were read, and garlands were heaped on him, until, tall as he is, they had to be removed to make room for more. All along the route garlands had been hung upon him unresisting, and he was fairly smothered in them, for with abundant flowers do Indian crowds ever welcome those they love. At the Union Headquarters about 150 sat down to breakfast, Brāhmaṇas, non-Brāhmaṇas, Pañchamas, Musalmāns, all sorts and conditions of men. And then he and I motored back to Adyar, where the big hall was most beautifully decorated, and Theosophical colleagues and fellow-workers renewed the welcome of Perambur. And very glad are we all to have him home again, the more useful for the rich experience he has gathered in foreign lands.



HAMLET—BETWEEN THE LINES

By H. L. S. WILKINSON

MISS PAGAN'S analysis of the story of Hamlet, as given in the April and May numbers of *THE THEOSOPHIST*, though fascinating and full of interest, seems somehow to fall short of a full interpretation of the play. There can be no doubt that all Shakespeare's tragedies have a deep symbolical meaning, and are intended to portray various modes of the Crucifixion of Man on the path towards Self-realisation, which means self-lessness. King Lear was crucified by pride, Othello by jealousy, Macbeth by ambition, and Hamlet by sloth—all various forms of those snares and ties ingeniously woven by the lower nature for the enslavement of the soul.

It is useless to blind oneself to the fact that Life—with a capital L—is a quarrel *à outrance* between Spirit and Matter—

a quarrel which can only be ended by the extermination of the subordinate partner. One may patch up a truce from time to time, but only to lay up the seeds of fresh conflict which is bound to break out sooner or later by the mere efflux of time, if for no other reason. For we are all being, willy-nilly, urged on towards a goal, not precisely of our own seeking—for which among even the best of us can see it clearly? Our best and truest interest would be to harmonise our own wills with this resistless divine urge. But while we perceive this after a fashion, we fail to perceive that the process means pain, inconvenience, denial of satisfaction to that very craving for happiness which is our chief spur. It means, in short, crucifixion: martyrdom if we go on; less severe suffering perhaps, but still more weariness and satiety and dissatisfaction, if we draw back. There is no escape, therefore, from *pain* either way. One feels trapped, and in a *cul de sac*, much as the victim under sentence of death must feel: much as the fox feels when there is no escape from the hound. For to him who has once invited the pursuit of the Hound of Heaven, there *is* no escape. We would all like to achieve Salvation, but we would mostly like to take our own time about it! We are brave enough and ready to go full steam ahead when the course is clear, but when storms and rocks loom ahead, we would like to slow down, and walk delicately, like Agag! But Fate is generally too strong for us, and events hurry us ahead and sweep us off our feet; and then, if we are panic-stricken, we are overwhelmed and lost.

Such was Hamlet's case; but luckily, though Fate overwhelmed him and swept him off his feet, he kept his head at the last and fulfilled his trust. He did that which had to be done, and was saved the shame of failure, though his own life paid forfeit. But he was within an ace of failure through his weakness and indecision.

Hamlet was a prince on whose birth and boyhood the Fates, to all appearance, smiled propitiously. His father, King of Denmark, was the beau-ideal of a knight, brave, true and manly; a king like King Arthur, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Hamlet was brought up as all princes are, and his father, who loved him dearly, taught him to be brave, manly, chivalrous and unselfish, and to covet honour above everything. His life in the court was that of all fortunate young nobles; sunshine and fashion smoothed his way, and nothing ugly or tragic cast its shadow over his path. His parents idolised him and he returned their love in full measure; but of the two he was more devoted to his father, whose heroic character stimulated him and shone like a great star in the firmament of his life, beckoning him onward. His mother appealed to the weak side of his character, and though he loved her, his love had no element of reverence or fear, such as he felt for his father.

Hamlet was a compound of both parents, uniting in himself his father's virtue and his mother's weakness. He aspired to lead the life heroic, to do and dare; but he had also a vein of abstraction and melancholy in his nature which made him fonder of dreaming than of doing, and this dreamy tendency dogged and hampered him continually. It was fostered also by the luxury and fashion of the court, by his mother's indulgence, and by his philanderings with Ophelia, the vain and giddy daughter of Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain.

But it was written in the divine scheme of Hamlet's life that he was to be delivered over, like Job, to the Powers of Evil, to be chastened for his own good. And one day the dark forces, which were brewing the ingredients of tragedy beneath the still and smiling waters of his life, suddenly burst into activity. His loved, his idolised father, suddenly and without warning, died. Hamlet was stunned! There was nothing to indicate the manner or the cause of his tragic end. In the

heyday of health and vigorous manhood one day, and the next—a corpse! For days Hamlet went about like one in a nightmare, too stunned to think! And gradually, vaguely, he began to feel some poisonous, snaky horror enfolding his life in its coils—some brooding, venomous essence, having its origin somewhere within the palace, in his hearth and home. He “sensed” something wrong somewhere, something evil; yet he could not define it or say where his suspicions pointed.

Then, one day, the vagueness of the evil suddenly grew more definite. His father’s brother, a man whom he instinctively hated and distrusted, was closeted more and more frequently with his mother. Gradually her tears abated and she became more and more her usual worldly self. To Hamlet’s horror, while aching and unavailing sorrow for his father still oppressed him, his mother and uncle grew merry together and all trace of the sad past was forgotten. Hamlet was amazed! But amazement gave place to something worse when one day they both sent for him and announced that they were about to wed. The marriage took place and his uncle became King of Denmark. Hamlet’s world was as if rent asunder by an earthquake! Yet the outside world accepted the accomplished fact very quietly, and things settled down into the same groove as before. Well might Hamlet feel that the whole court and kingdom had turned traitor to his dead father! Well might he say, when upbraided by his guilty parents for his melancholy:

I have that within which passes show—
These but the trappings and the notes of woe.

Nothing, he felt, could ever be the same to him as before. He was utterly, miserably, shaken and disillusioned. He, the Prince, brought up tenderly and cased in cotton wool, suddenly saw the *reality* underneath the false mask of life, and that dread reality froze him as ’twere the Gorgon’s head. Was the world *all* like this? he wondered. And his sinking heart

answered: Yes—all! If there was tragedy in his innocent home, then there must be tragedy everywhere. Nothing was true, nothing what it seemed, no one was safe. Man lived on the crust of a semi-extinct volcano, forgetting that there were fires underneath; until one day the fires burst forth and devoured him.

Poor boy! Who was there to tell him that the world is not governed by a demon but by a beneficent, wise and loving Father? Who was there to tell him that, behind the dark clouds which enveloped him, the Sun of Life still shone, with its Eye of Love turned towards him?—that the fellest and most malignant thunderbolts of disaster were all God's very own work—the work of His angels of wrath and destruction, who are at the same time the very ministers of His love. For they work to destroy the tares, that the good wheat may more abundantly grow. The potent and active evil in the characters of Hamlet's uncle and mother was utilised by the Divine Power to stir up and bring to a head the latent evil in Hamlet's own character, so that his own better nature might have an opportunity of overcoming and destroying it. In Hamlet this latent foe was laziness, inertia.

So the thunderbolt fell. The grave gave up its secrets, and Hamlet, horror-stricken and unnerved, yet thrilling with burning fiery indignation, listened to the revelation. His father's brother guilty of fratricide and incest, and his own mother, his own flesh and blood, guiltily conniving at it! Her husband's heroism and virtue did not appeal to her. Her nature lusted towards iniquity and darkness, and she gravitated overpoweringly towards the greater attraction.

From this moment Hamlet's crucifixion began. He was like a neutral body suddenly electrified! The negative electricity, in such a case, drives away the inert positive fluid to the other end of the body, and there is a sharp dividing line between the two fluids. Such a division suddenly

asserted itself in Hamlet's nature and rent him in twain! One half of him—the ethereal fiery half—responded to his dead father's appeal, thrilled to it, longed to right the infamous wrong and punish the evil-doers. The other half was aghast, terrified and panic-stricken, recognised that it was *his own mother* who had been guilty of this infamous sin—his own mother! He could not disown his own flesh and blood. Therefore he must shield her and protect her from the consequence of her own sin; therefore he himself must share the guilt, must connive at it—at his own father's murder! Frightful thought! But what was the alternative? He was torn in two!

Shakespeare describes graphically the vacillation of Hamlet and his struggles with himself. But he does not give the reason, and to casual readers of the play this vacillation appears somewhat of a mystery. One feels vaguely that in those days murder and incest were by no means uncommon crimes, even in royal households, and one wonders why Hamlet was so non-plussed. Surely his course was a simple one, though demanding cool nerve and great courage. First, to tell his mother that he knew of his uncle's crime and of her connivance at it; then, to denounce the King publicly and appeal to the people, telling them the whole awful tragedy and urging them to rise and depose the monster who had usurped his brother's throne and marriage-bed. Surely the people, who loved and cherished the memory of the former King, would have risen *en masse* and done justice to him?

But would they? Accomplished facts have an inert force of their own, and Hamlet would have had arrayed against him the whole of this inertia, plus the active and diabolic resistance of the King and his myrmidons, who would have made short work of conspirators. Who was he to initiate a conspiracy against such odds? His uncle would have denounced him as a madman, and had him imprisoned. When Hamlet

thought of all this, his heart sank. Moreover, the enervating life of the court had sapped his resolution and will. He loved Ophelia, and his thoughts turned towards her in his perplexity. What would she think if her Prince, her model courtier, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," should take up the rôle of a common conspirator and rebel? Only imagine it—he, the Prince Hamlet! It was unthinkable. His instinct told him that Ophelia would neither understand his story nor believe it. As for her father, Polonius, he shrewdly suspected he was the King's confidential tool and spy. He probably knew the truth and would be actively hostile. And who would believe him? There would not be a vestige of corroboration—nothing but the evidence of a supposed returned spirit, which appeared to himself alone. After all, why disturb things which showed no sign of evil? Why stir up muddy water? Why not let sleeping dogs lie? So Hamlet's baser, opportunist self argued; but all these arguments would have been powerless against him but for the damning fact of his mother's complicity. *That* broke his will to splinters, and left him helpless!

Hamlet was physically brave, but he lacked moral dynamic force; his spirit was powerless against certain inhibitions of its lower vehicles. He lacked what psychologists call the "kinæsthetic equivalents" of spiritual action, the *feeling* of the action, which should precede the action itself. He felt that if he tried to act, if he tried to enforce his will against the opposing forces, against the "sea of troubles" which his action would raise, he would drown like an untaught swimmer in deep water. Like St. Paul, he saw the right course, and longed to carry it out, but he felt a law of his members stronger than the impulse of his spirit, and how to begin he knew not.

Very contemptible, doubtless, must these struggles appear to those strong souls who have long ago tried their wings and

mastered the difficulties of the new element! But even little birds have to be taught by their mothers to fly. Fishes, perhaps, swim naturally without effort, but babies have to learn to walk, and cannot do it all at once. No doubt there are whole millennia of evolution between Hamlet's

The world is out of joint—oh cursed spite
That I was ever born to set it right!

and Annie Besant's: "Here am I, send me!" in answer to the divine trumpet-call. But Hamlets, after all, are plentiful, and heroes few! There is such a thing as *Time*, and there are not many, at the present stage, who can bid Time defiance. What said the Christ?

What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and desireth conditions of peace.

We British, when the summons came to our Kurukshetra, temporised in much the same way for one short week. What saved us? Simply the assumption by the German Ambassador that our fighting spirit had degenerated and that he could with impunity put forward infamous proposals, counting on our quiescence. This proved too much for the public-school spirit of Sir Edward Grey, who scouted the proposals, and when asked if he had counted the consequences, replied that British men were not given to counting consequences where honour was at stake. This splendid reply was our salvation! We did *not* count the cost. "To Hades with consequences!" we said. So we won; but the bill has yet to be met!

Hamlet, poor lad, temporised. He wanted time to review his forces and reconnoitre. So he decided to feign mental disorder, or at least eccentricity. Many critics have questioned whether his madness was feigned or real. The question implies a strange misunderstanding of the text, for Hamlet himself answered it. And yet in one sense Hamlet might be

pronounced mad by that same canon which pronounces ordinary men and women sane. The truth is that ordinary men and women are *not* sane, and that a man who has once been enlightened by supernatural power, as Hamlet was, suddenly sees things at their true value and becomes sane; and consequently, folk call him mad! So there was not much feigning required, in Hamlet's case! He had simply to betray, in his speech, his hidden knowledge of life and its undercurrents, and people would call him mad, infallibly!

At the same time, the candidate for spiritual knight-hood need not accept the imputation unless he chooses. H. P. Blavatsky and Annie Besant both had incredible messages to give to the world from a supernatural source—messages which would infallibly have earned for most people a reputation for craziness, yet no one has thought of maintaining the charge of madness or even eccentricity against these two. They have *made good* by sheer force of intellect and indomitable will. But Hamlet, like many another of us, accepted the eccentric rôle as a sort of defensive armour, under the cover of which he reconnoitred his foes, sought out their weak spots, and attempted, not very successfully, to carry on a sort of dodging fight. A futile proceeding, because the only thing the Philistine world understands is heavy metal. Even poor Bernard Shaw found out the futility of his barbed wit. People laughed and thought him excellent fun, but the thick hide of their selfishness remained impenetrable! The game, however, is a serious one, and cannot easily be turned into a joke. The only time to joke is on the scaffold, as Sir Thomas More did.

Might not Hamlet have made more use of his friend Horatio? Probably he might; but would Horatio's friendship have stood the test? Horatio was but an ordinary man, blind psychically. He did not believe in ghosts or their messages.

No! the essence of the tragic test is that the neophyte has to go forward *alone* and defy the world single-handed—even though his own sinking heart plays traitor.

One brave step he nerved himself to take—to break with Ophelia, a course he saw to be absolutely necessary before he could begin his task. His cloak of madness stood him in good stead, and probably in no other way could he have carried out his intention. Ophelia stood the strain of the breach, her feelings, so far, not being probably very much involved. But later on, the march of the tragedy claimed this poor moth as one of its first victims. Miss Pagan's reading of her character is very instructive, and doubtless true. There are many butterfly natures like Ophelia's in this world, who go to pieces when tragedy breaks up their make-believe world.

The above, I think, may be taken as a key to the psychological *motif* of the play. In the light of it the celebrated soliloquy on suicide becomes understandable, as well as the hero's other soliloquies, all graphically revealing his intense struggles with the inhibitions of his lower nature. So he drifts along—now hesitating, now plunging into action—until finally the Tragic Fates take the game in hand and he is swept away in a sort of blizzard of karma, in which the sword of Nemesis is thrust into his hand, and the long-delayed task performed, but at the cost of the hero's own life and three other lives, besides those of the guilty pair.

The moral of the play is the absolute necessity of whole-heartedness once a man has planted his foot on the Path of Liberation. There must be no dallying, no drawing back, no delay; but, on the contrary, a will to victory which, like a thunderbolt, blasts its way through all obstacles. A time comes when there is no choice between fighting actively for the good or surrendering passively to the powers of evil. It is useless questioning *why* the world is so constituted that no advance can be made except by death and slaughter. We

must accept the situation that God destroys as well as preserves, and that when He has decreed destruction His servants must obey and must fight and slay those who are banded to resist the Divine Will, even though they are one's nearest and dearest. To shrink from fighting in a righteous cause is to give way to darkness and delusion. As the *Gītā* says: ¹

Entrenched in egoism, thou thinkest, "I will not fight"; to no purpose thy determination; nature will constrain thee. Oh son of Kuntī, bound by thine own karma, that which from delusion thou desirest not to do, even that helplessly thou shalt perform.

The physical world is the world of action. The aspirant for the honours of Divine Knighthood who finds his will impotent when it comes to physical action, is in a worse case than the man of the world who acts from a selfish motive, for the latter may at least do some solid, useful work which will benefit the world in his efforts to further his own advancement. There is no virtue in modesty when it spells laziness. The evolution of buddhic faculty is frequently attended with a tendency to dream and dally among visions, and poets and mystics are particularly liable to these inhibitions, which must be sternly resisted when the clarion call to battle comes. The ordeal may be terrible, may revolt all our finest feelings; but if the Great Masters can face it, so must we!

H. L. S. Wilkinson

¹ Discourse XVIII, Stanza 60.

THE RECENT AMERICAN EVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

By G. H. WRIGHT, M.D.

THE constitution of the United States of America was established as an experiment in government, "of the people, for the people, and by the people". The United States has been for over a century the testing-ground, one might say, for different remedies prescribed for social and political ills. This constitution, though considered a model and copied extensively by our sister Republics to the south of us, nevertheless has had to be amended from time to time to meet new conditions as they arose and affected the body politic. The latest amendment, the eighteenth, called the Prohibition Amendment, has probably caused, and is causing, more controversy than any other that has ever been passed, with the exception, perhaps, of that which enfranchised the former slaves.

The Government of the U. S. is based on party rule, that is to say, the legislative branch; so, when any party in Congress is in the majority, that party rules the country, at least for the time being. The minority, even though a large one, may and generally does protest against the policies of the majority, but yet with more or less grace submits to that rule. It does so because it is the custom.

To amend the Constitution of the U. S. is no easy process. An amendment, after its introduction and its release by the Committee to which it has been referred, must then receive a two-third's vote of each House of Congress to ensure its passage. It is then submitted to the several States for ratification or rejection. This is done by the Legislatures of the States.

A two-third's vote of a Legislature is necessary to confirm the amendment, as far as that State is concerned. Three-fourths of the States must confirm an amendment to the Federal Constitution before it becomes an integral part of the law of the land.

In the case of the Prohibition Amendment, forty-five out of the forty-eight States endorsed it—surely a sufficient answer to the objection raised that the people did not have a proper “say” in the matter. Each representative and Senator in Congress represents a certain number of voters. We may be sure, therefore, that few would vote contrary to the wishes of their constituents on such a momentous question as prohibition. We must credit them with wisdom enough not to jeopardise their chances for re-election by antagonising the electorate. In the case of members of State Legislatures the same argument applies.

We must also bear in mind that what prohibition we had prior to the passage of the Federal Amendment—and it covered a considerable portion of the country—was brought about by the direct vote of the people and not through the votes of their legislators. Right here, it is interesting to note that since the ratification of the eighteenth amendment, Alaska—one of the last places one would look for such a thing—and our neighbour over the Canadian line, Ontario, have voted “dry” by direct vote. These are straws which show the direction of the wind.

In some of the big cities where the saloon has long wielded such power over morals and politics, and in certain sections where the foreign-born citizens predominate, prohibition is undoubtedly unpopular. Also, though to a less extent, among the rich and the wish-to-be-thought rich it is the fashion to condemn the amendment, generally with the statement that it interferes with “personal liberty”. They quite overlook the fact that all social laws interfere more or less

with personal liberty. Nations, as they advance in civilisation, restrict, through mutual consent of the citizens, many of their personal liberties for the common good.

It is claimed that "terrific pressure" was brought to bear on Congress to pass this amendment, especially by Church influences and what are known as "soft drink" manufacturers. No doubt that pressure was strong, but hardly to be called terrific. If one wants to get measures passed through Congress, one surely has to bring pressure—not corrupt pressure by any means, but pressure which has public opinion behind it. We must also remember that the "pressure" of the liquor interests—wholesalers and retailers, with great pecuniary interests at stake—was likewise "terrific"; and quite actually so, backed as it was by enormous monetary resources. We may be very sure that the liquor interests and the wretched list of sordid interests that lived by reason of the liquor traffic, left no stone unturned to prevent the passage of the eighteenth amendment.

There is one influence that helped mightily in bringing about prohibition. That influence is what is known in the commercial world as "big business". For years before national prohibition went into effect, large employers of labour, like transportation companies and plants that required workmen of clear brain and steady hand, frowned upon the use of liquor by their employees. In fact, it was well known that advancement depended largely on sobriety. In consequence these men are high-grade men, and since the enactment of the eighteenth amendment, whenever the question of its repeal has been referred to them, they vote NO by a big majority. Efficiency of labour is the aim of big business. Labour more or less under the influence of alcohol is not efficient, especially in these days of intensive industry. Big business backed up the prohibition movement, quite substantially in fact, from an economic rather than from a moral point of view. It is well

known that many labour leaders and many labourers were with big business in this movement. Almost every reform for social uplift has its inception on the moral plane of life, and rightly so. However, to make a social reform effective, it must be shown that it is economically sound as well as morally so. Big business recognised that prohibition was economically sound, and so added its potent influence to the other strong forces to bring it about.

Is the Prohibition Amendment effective? No, not entirely so; and its most ardent advocates hardly expect it to become effective for a considerable time. Those who have stocked up their wine cellars—and how often they like to boast of it!—still have a limited recourse to liquid refreshment of an alcoholic nature; provided always that thieves, called “liquor bandits,” do not raid their cellars—an almost daily occurrence, according to the Press. The old toppers are having a hard time, no doubt, and drink anything with a so-called “kick” in it. In certain sections, especially the mountains of the Southern States, illicit making of corn whiskey has gone on for years. These illicit distillers of corn whiskey are called “moonshiners”—probably from plying their trade mostly at night—and are still in the business; but, according to reports, not perceptibly more so than in years past. The U. S. revenue officers make this trade very precarious. Wood-alcohol claims some victims, but the people are getting wise enough to see its deadliness. Domestic brews and decoctions are tried with indifferent success. However, taking in all the sources of supply, legitimate and illegitimate, to satisfy the thirsty, the amount is infinitesimal compared with the whole number of citizens. In fact, the big majority of citizens have not drunk alcoholic beverages for years.

It is claimed in some quarters that the loss of revenue from prohibition is the main cause of the deplorable condition

in which we find public education, especially the outrageous underpay of the teaching staff. Well, how about the many Western States that have had prohibition for years, and yet, in educational standards and in pay of the teachers, stand high? They surely did not depend on revenue from liquor to support education. Is it not more probable that what they lost in revenue from liquor they more than made up in diminished expense for criminal court cases, pauperism, upkeep of jails, asylums and alcoholic wards in hospitals? No, the outrageous underpay of teachers, both public and private, is due to other causes very foreign to prohibition. It is a world-wide condition, but its causes are not germane to this article.

Since prohibition has come into effect, we have statistics that present cold-blooded facts. In general, statistics show a reduction of one-half to two-thirds in criminal court convictions. Wards for alcoholics in the hospitals have been closed or turned over to other purposes. Banks, in the industrial centres particularly, report greatly increased savings accounts. Standards of living are raised and many of the so-called luxuries of life are now being enjoyed by the industrial classes. While there is so much of good on the economic side, who can estimate the joy and happiness that has come to many a sad household since the drink spectre no longer threatens?

There is another claim by the opponents of prohibition which should be refuted. That is, that the use of narcotic drugs has increased greatly since the eighteenth amendment has come into force. Government statistics will hardly support that claim. No doubt some chronic alcoholics tried to forget their misery by resorting to narcotics, when they had the price. The Federal Government, through the Harrison Law, has the narcotic menace well in hand, so that it is becoming more and more difficult, and frightfully expensive, to procure narcotics.

There are a good many who think it was a mistake that the amendment did not allow the manufacture of light wines and beer. In fact, there is quite an agitation on foot to modify the law, so as to admit their manufacture. A good many of these people are honest and sincere in their attitude. The strongest pressure to bring about this modification of the law, however, comes from those sections where the saloon and its allied interests formerly flourished. We must not be deceived. No half-measures will do on this question. There is something subtle in the atmosphere of America that does not allow of half-measures. The atmosphere is itself stimulating. The physical and emotional bodies of its citizens are, as it were, becoming too sensitised to admit safely of artificial stimulation. Instinctively, one might say, the need of complete prohibition was felt, and the eighteenth amendment is the result.

There is also some talk of its repeal. If one keeps in mind the great difficulties to be overcome in securing an amendment to the Constitution, one must also realise that its repeal is equally difficult and requires the same processes for repeal as for enactment.

We hear it said that you cannot make a man moral by legislation. Be it so; but legislation can remove temptation, and that is what the eighteenth amendment will do. The advocates of prohibition look farther afield than the present discomforts of the personal liberty patriots. They look forward to a generation of clear-headed men and women, to a generation of cleaner sex morality. Theosophists, who believe that the U.S. is to be the cradle of the sixth sub-race and also of the sixth root-race, should find no difficulty in seeing the true significance of this prohibition amendment, nor should they be slow in defending it when attacked.

Public statistics have long shown that alcohol has been the cause of most crimes, especially those of violence. It is a prime factor in causing insanity, pauperism and infant

mortality. As a factor in sex immorality, prostitution and the spread of venereal diseases, there is only one conclusion possible in regard to its baneful influence.

If evolution is "God's plan for men," surely every enactment of legislation that tends to assist that plan should have the sympathy and support of all who believe in that Divine Conception. It is quite obvious, I think, that a sound mind in a sound body was never more urgent than at the present, when tremendous problems of life—social, economic and moral—await solution. These problems are world-wide, and whether humanity is to mark time or advance is in the balance.

The U.S. has enacted two epoch-making pieces of legislation, which stand out prominently among others of less importance. The one, the abolition of chattel slavery, a crime of her own making and abolished only through the agony of a fratricidal war. The other, the overthrow within her borders of King Alcohol, long the ruthless monarch of humanity. It is plain to those who wish to see, that his authority is being questioned the world over, and not even the plea of "personal liberty" will eventually save him from a complete and lasting downfall.

G. H. Wright

TWO AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS ¹

By JOCELYN UNDERHILL

DURING the last two months I have travelled widely through the United States, both North and South, visiting such cities as Philadelphia and Washington in the North, and Atlanta, Birmingham, Montgomery, Chattanooga and Savannah in the South. In all of these I have been gathering impressions on two great problems of the day: prohibition and the revolutionary movement. I have discussed these questions with many people, and my considered opinion in regard to both will form the subject of this article.

In regard to the first, I have found that the outstanding feature of public opinion is resentment. There is a vast feeling that the way in which prohibition was placed on the Statute Book, as the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, was unworthy of the importance of the subject and of the usages of nations in regard to great political reforms. It was never submitted to the popular will of the people by a direct referendum, and the general expression of opinion that I have heard on all sides is that, had this been done, the nation would never have consented to the amendment becoming law. It was, and is, unpopular. How, then, was it brought about?

¹ This article and the preceding one are published together on account of the difference in the views expressed on the same subject.—Ed.

A great movement was started by various branches of the Church, leading up to complete prohibition. State after State eventually went "dry," either completely or partially. In the State of Alabama, for instance, the law for several years forbade the sale of liquor in open saloons, but did not object to its being imported in specified quantities—a dozen pint bottles of beer and one bottle of whiskey per fortnight for each male adult—which permitted moderate drinking only in private houses and did away with the grossness and general harmfulness of the "saloon," which was admittedly the source of much crime, poverty and suffering. The Church and various companies interested in the sale of "soft drinks" financed the movement; finally, in Congress itself a "lobby" was formed for complete prohibition, partially as a war measure, and terrific pressure, under many veiled forms of threat, was brought to bear on the members. The prohibition party in the House finally held up the Liberty Loan for a period of seven months, until they were assured of the passing of the prohibition law. (This, I have been told by one of the leading Theosophists in the South, will eventually react in a terribly bad fashion, as it forced additional inflation of the paper currency and may presently be a main reason for a financial panic.) Finally, the law was assured of its passing and eventually found itself incorporated in the Constitution.

With what result? As I have said—resentment. There are thousands of people who believe that this law was a direct onslaught on the personal liberty of the people—was an infringement rather than an amendment of the Constitution—and who have more or less tacitly bound themselves to ignore or break it. It has been used mercilessly by the rich for their own pleasure, inasmuch as they have filled cellars and continue to enjoy what is forbidden to their less fortunate fellow-citizens. In Philadelphia I was tendered a reception,

for instance, where "*Veuve Cliquot*" and "Johnnie Walker" were found in friendly rivalry, with "the Widow" foremost in favour. And I am a Theosophist! Nevertheless it was the very greatest honour that could have been shown me, and I appreciated it accordingly. At one time it was possible to be a total abstainer without offence; but now, to refuse a proffered drink, or a visit to the cellar, is about as direct and deadly an affront as could be offered. I find it so, particularly as a visitor from Europe and Australia, where every one is supposed to drink, and in consequence to find the regulations here especially galling. After five years wandering about Europe I am apparently supposed to have developed a taste for such liquors.

But this feature is by no means the worst. The resentment I speak of has led many people to decide that they *will* have such beverages, and consequently they either distil or brew them privately or obtain them illicitly. In the South I have found that there is an unlimited supply of "corn liquor," which is very much more potent than whiskey and decidedly more ruinous in its results. One or two cases of inebriation which I saw recently were horrible in the extreme. Terrible cases of wood-alcohol poisoning have been narrated, and the effects of such liquors are likely to affect the national life in a terrible way.

I wish it to be clearly understood that I am a good enough Theosophist to be personally temperate, and in a general way I would strongly support any legislation that tends to uplift and better mankind; but since I have been in the States I am constrained to wonder if anything in the way of making people "good" by Act of Parliament can be accomplished in the mass and against the will of the people. Once over again it is a question of individual education spread over a period, and not a sudden change, that will effect results.

There is another serious feature. The revenue derived from the liquor traffic was devoted almost entirely to education, and no provision was made to obtain fresh money or provide new sources of revenue. The result is that schools and teachers are suffering in a way that is incomprehensible to me. They are neglected and uncared for ; schools are in a state of disrepair, and teachers are the lowest-paid persons (with the exception of ministers of the Gospel) in the South. There are vacancies for nearly 4,000 teachers in the State of Alabama ; the State of Georgia is shorter still. And there are daily resignations because there are so many opportunities for other and better-paid occupations. A canvasser for a Life Insurance Company informed me that after graduating from a University he took up teaching and was brilliantly successful in his results, but was forced by the poor remuneration to go in for some other form of livelihood ; he then took up insurance work as a beginner, and in the first year made over four times what was his salary in the teaching profession. Moreover, the cost of enforcing the liquor legislation is an ever-increasing liability, so that the States are forced to recognise that in addition to the loss of revenue there is a direct and unduly large expenditure.

All the while there is the certainty that sooner or later this eighteenth amendment will be either annulled or modified. Of all I have discussed the question with, there are none who wish to see whiskey or spirituous liquors back ; but the demand for light wines and beer is growing every day, and will be one of the foremost features of the presidential campaign. Both of the great political parties—Republicans and Democrats—are waiting for the lead to be given ; in this State the fight has become, in the election of a Senator to replace a deceased member, a straight-out fight on this question of beer and light wines. I am informed that the consensus of opinion is that the candidate favouring

these will be elected by an overwhelming majority. I have listened with interest to the speeches of various candidates and I have noted the enthusiasm that the declaration of such a political faith arouses.

The other question that is occupying the minds of thoughtful people here, as elsewhere, is the revolutionary movement in politics. This country has offered an asylum to all the political dregs of Europe for the last three decades; these have abused the hospitality so generously offered them in the most barefaced way, by making America the home of all forms of revolution. "The Industrial Workers of the World," whose avowed aim seems to be the making of work impossible, started their propaganda here, and many another such organisation. There are the "Reds" to be considered in every election, in every strike, and in all big movements. Were they allowed to go unchecked, there can be no doubt that in a very little time as chaotic a state of affairs as that existing in Russia would result.

It is being met in two ways. There is a vast movement to organise a Union of all those who are not definitely manual workers and who are also not Capitalists—in a word, what used to be known in England as the "great middle class". They are *The People*—not merely the labouring people, who are for the most part excellently organised, and who are given to using this organisation mercilessly to extort what they could not otherwise obtain, but the great mass of the people who pay the taxes and uphold all the public functions and civic activities of life. Recently there was a huge railway strike; the mass of the people had no sympathy with it; so they simply came together and volunteered to keep the service going, so that the city could be supplied with food, milk, etc.; and so the strike was broken. The organisation of the labouring classes had given them a strength

greater than their numbers or services warranted; when they were using such strength to the detriment of the body politic they were beaten by the reaction of the people whom they were paid to serve and to whom no service was being given. And there is a movement afoot to make this Union a regular part of the national life. The great mass of the people, other than those who are already organised for more or less selfish ends, will be organised in such a way that any service of national importance can be kept going in the event of the regular workers failing to perform their special and specific duties. Herein is the way to salvation, so many think.

There is yet another movement, small as yet, but daily growing in importance. It is the International Reunion of Churches. Every newspaper and magazine is being filled with advertisements bearing on the International Church Movement. The partial, if not the complete, failure of Christianity has at length been realised, and this is a definite move to revivify the great body of the Church. A great storm of revival, in the best sense, should be the outcome of this movement, and the "great wave of the grace of God" should be found as its outcome. This will be the best way of meeting all such revolutionary propoganda as is making life hideous for those of us who are war-weary and have a great desire for peace. It will also be the best answer to the wave of false and pernicious psychism that is attracting so much attention at the present time and getting so many victims.

But most important, unless some of us are vastly mistaken—it will be the very finest preparation for the Coming of a Great One who will "give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, and guide our feet into the way of peace". Never in modern history has righteousness been overwhelmed, or unrighteousness been so exalted, as now,

and never has the call been more imperative for One great enough to destroy evil and to uphold good. It is the very greatness of the world's need that convinces some of us that soon, very soon, such an One must appear, lest the culture and the civilisation of centuries pass away. And so it is that, with the writer of the *Apocalypse*, we are constrained to pray: "Even so, Lord, come quickly."

Jocelyn Underhill

A LA SOLDATE

EVER it sings, my soldier Soul,
As on I tramp to my far-set goal.

Friends reproach me, foes deride—
Shall that put me out of my stride?

Folly and failure they descry;
No more? The worse for their eyes, say I!

Ever it sings, my soldier Soul,
As on I tramp to my far-set goal.

For I know, life's fitful fever cured,
Shall shine forth That its frets obscured.

Yes, *Other's* hectic hour once past,
Same shall come to its own at last.

MARSYAS

JAPANESE WOMEN AND THE VOTE

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *Japan: From the Age of the Gods to the Fall of Tsingtau*, etc.)

THERE is considerable trouble in Japan at the present moment. Strikes are spreading in the Mikado's Empire at an alarming rate, and the speedy dissolution of Parliament is contemplated as a stratagem on the part of the Premier with a view to securing a majority in the Diet in order to defeat suffrage reform. Translations of Karl Marx are read with avidity, and Socialism is gaining ground in a country where only a few years ago the Emperor was revered as the direct descendant of the Sun Goddess.

We have so long regarded Japan as a kind of fairyland—a notion fostered, perhaps, by having seen *The Geisha* and *The Mikado*, and also because we have made our own the glowing raptures of Pierre Loti in *Madame Chrysanthème* and of Lafcadio Hearn in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*—that these grave disturbances move us to wonder and surprise. Where, we ask, is the smiling geisha who walks along with such minute steps, her kimono as gay as a tropical butterfly, a joyous creature ever ready with song and dance and exquisite courtesy to minister to the happiness of men? She is still in Japan, but she is not so deferential as she used to be: not so shy, so coy, so utterly seductive. She is no longer content with a steaming cup of flower-scented tea, with Nature-worship and the adulation of men. She now demands the vote with all the militant

eagerness of our English women a few years ago, and, in demanding the franchise, we sentimental lovers of Old Japan see our rosy dreams depart as suddenly as a mist vanishes on Mount Fuji or as cherry-blossom is blown away by the wind.

It would be interesting, and probably amusing, to know what Kaibara, the celebrated Japanese moralist, would have thought of universal suffrage. We may be sure, judging from his book, *The Greater Learning for Women*, he would have regarded such a state of affairs with marked disapproval, for at the time he wrote, in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, he considered women as wayward creatures constantly in need of sound but most uncompromising advice.

It is worth noting that the Chinese ideogram for "mysterious, unknowable" consists of two parts, the one meaning "young" and the other "woman". It was Mr. Arnold Bennett who said that there is no mystery about women, and certainly Kaibara endorsed that opinion. He knew nothing, and cared less, about what we call the "eternal feminine". In his opinion woman was too simple to be complex, and with much pomposity he proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that women were considerably inferior to men. "The only qualities," says he, "that befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy and quietness." He specially emphasised quietness, for we read: "Never set thyself up against thy husband with harsh features and a boisterous voice."

Japanese women laugh at these admonitions to-day, as our own women laugh at the moralising of a Jeremy Taylor. The ladies of Japan now wear the latest Paris fashions in preference to their much more charming native costume. They precede their husbands on entering and leaving a room, instead of meekly following behind, as they used to do. It is now found expedient for the husband to obey, and to drop for ever the solemn warnings of obsolete moralists.

Before Japanese women began to ape their Western sisters, their greatest joy was service in their own homes. They preferred to be ruled rather than rule. But where is the educated woman in Japan to-day who is likely to read, much less obey, the following advice of Kaibara? "In the morning she must rise early, and at night go late to rest. Instead of sleeping in the middle of the day she must be intent on the duties of her household, and must not weary of weaving, sewing and spinning." The modern woman of the Land of the Rising Sun would snap her pretty fingers at such female drudgery, and call such a teaching by the Japanese name for twaddle. She has tasted power, recognised the equality of the sexes, and will probably get the vote; but if she loses her sweetness and charm, she will have lost much more than she gained, and said "*sayonara*" to the priceless heritage that made her the most lovable woman in the East. As Yone Noguchi sings: "Her weapons are a smile and a little fan." Let her go on smiling, even if it be behind a fan: let her remain a Japanese, and not an Anglo-Japanese, woman, and we will give her anything!

F. Hadland Davis



SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

By H. W. MUIRSON BLAKE

THE rôle that Science should play in Education is still a very undecided quantity in spite of the immense amount of discussion on the subject that has gone on. Until Science has been very much changed, its advantages, though so obvious to all, will never be properly realised.

This is only saying the same thing as those who have pointed out that Science can give no ethical training. The chemist has discovered the methods of nitrating cellulose

and glycerine, but exact science has never been able to state as precise facts why the resulting high explosive should not be driven over in shells and detonated amongst one's fellow men, or why all its achievements should not be utilised for the advantage of the few and the exploitation of the many of the working classes. When Science or human wisdom can give the exact reasons why this *must* not be done, just how the achievement of one human mind over matter is the property of the whole race, and so can only with safety be used for the advantage of the whole—then, and not till then, will it become a real motive force in the inner life of man as it now is in the outer, and be embodied in the systems for the developing of the mind.

The mass of facts necessary to make Science exact in the moral realm, as it now is in the physical, can only, in our opinion, be found in the modern Theosophical cosmo-conception, which has been deliberately shaped for this purpose. The chief characteristic of modern life is exact physical knowledge, including, as it does, all our material achievements, our sky-scrapers and steamships, our aeroplanes and industries; and this is the one half of life of which Theosophy is the other—they are each one of the two interlacing triangles that go to form a perfect life.

Possibly it was partly the thought of how little had been done along this line that made F.K., in his letter to this magazine of April, 1920, write: "We are sound asleep over a vast treasure of knowledge"; for we certainly have here in Theosophy, right in our very hands, all the elements necessary for transmuting the whole physical and mental life of our times into something indescribably more beautiful than it is at present, and yet so little has been achieved by us so far towards doing that. It must be remembered that this is not accomplished by the mere spreading of the teachings of Theosophy—that alone would never do it—but the thinking

of these out into the common forms of life, the blending of the two *halves* which at present are separate and apart.

The whole summary of modern knowledge—in short the “knowable”—is Evolution, the process of growth from the fire-mist, or nebula, to man; which comprises all the facts of all the sciences—Cosmology, Geology, Biology and so forth—the individual sciences minutely describing in detail the various sections of the process with which it is its business to deal, while the whole process is summed up as one vast mechanical cosmic process by general evolutionary science. It is through the general conclusions of this evolutionary science that modern thought has been mainly influenced, and with which the generality of people are concerned, for the details of the process are the business of specialists alone; and it is on the line of these generalisations and their interpretation that Theosophy, so we believe, will influence modern thought most.

Now Theosophy, after postulating the existence of the One, the Logos, or the one Creative Principle behind all appearance; following the example of all the religions, states that the phenomenal universe is the result of a triple manifestation of this power. Three outpourings of divine life are postulated, numbered generally as they would appear in manifestation. The first supplies matter, the wherewithal to manifest; the second, the life which descends into and ensouls this matter, builds it up into forms—in short, organises it into vehicles of consciousness; and thirdly and lastly, appears the outpouring of the Spirit, the individualiser, the last and by far the most difficult and incomprehensible to us in its function.

Now the theory of evolution is an attempt—perhaps the first by this humanity—to describe accurately and explain a large field of this cosmic process, and a moment's thought will show us that this attempt at description and explanation is

based on our knowledge of matter alone. We know the rocks by the chemical elements contained in them, and sometimes by the crystalline forms these assume; in Biology, the form that a few of these elements take up under very particular circumstances is minutely studied, still purely from the point of view of matter, as the form is traced from the simple inorganic materials of which it is constituted, and the dust into which it eventually disintegrates—wherever we look, it is a study of matter, and only matter. Now our analysis of the Universe as the interplay of three different modes of cosmic activity or thought, must signify that a true understanding and interpretation of the process can only be the result of a blending of three corresponding methods of observation, of which modern science is only one.

For evolutionary science, therefore, to be able to draw correct conclusions as to the real significance of the system it is attempting to interpret—with all that that means as to the nature of such fundamentals as what growth, form and individuality really are—the Divine Wisdom shows that there must always be a triple interpretation of all fact, and the whole process must be viewed from the standpoint of the life and the spirit as well as that of the matter, with which Science alone deals. Then and only then can true deductions be made, only then will human knowledge become a really health- and joy-giving force in the world, and become a true reflection, as it should always have been, of that abstract Divine Wisdom which exists always in the inner worlds, for the immediate study of which all our lower knowledge is only the preparation. A little thought along this line should show the student the relationship between our Theosophical knowledge and the facts of ordinary science, and might also point out the way that some of the jewels hidden in our revered wisdom may be converted into realisable values.

Now the first method of regarding the evolutionary process—from the side of matter—is the only one followed to-day by Science, which regards it primarily as only a succession of an immense series of related forms. Each one of these forms is related to those that precede it in its series, and each one survives its brief existence only as it is able to hand on its properties to its offspring, to those that follow it in its series. An animal receives its body from the living materials of its parents, and then, taking more materials into itself as food, it grows and reaches maturity, when it in turn can produce offspring—the only way in which it can perpetuate itself in the system—so that when it dies, the only way in which it survives lies in its perpetuation in its descendants. This method of thought applies to worlds and planets also: a new nebula may arise, so it is thought, out of the disintegrated particles of some past and forgotten world, which will only persist in the memory that these particles may retain of their past activities; and from this nebula the new universe will be condensed.

Briefly, this system of thought always considers the individual as a mere link in a chain, as commencing and ending with that link, and assumes that the entity serves no other purpose than that. The organism is always thought of as commencing at birth and therefore naturally ending at death, when all its possibilities are over and done with. Now in spite of the extremely limiting effect of this form of thought upon life, and the harmful effect it may have upon those who follow it—except in the case of the most vigorous or most noble natures—it must yet be acknowledged as absolutely true from the side of the question on which it has been approached. That the organism begins and ends with itself is a truism from the point of view of matter; the only thing that the student of the Divine Wisdom has to add to this is the fact that there are also the two other modes of interpretation as well as this one, and that final conclusions may only be drawn as

to the real nature of the organism and the individuality when it is also studied from that of its contained life and its spirit, as well as the materials that go to form its manifestation.

It is in the very limiting conclusions of matter alone that we can perceive the differences between Theosophy and modern thought. All the finality and limiting of the life, with all its infinite possibilities, to the form, to the organism which is only its temporary representation in time and space, is simply and solely the result of observing and reasoning from the point of view of matter alone; and a great deal of the intensification of the misery and wretchedness of life in the world to-day, in spite of the advances of our civilisation, has been due to the pessimistic influence of this form of thought. For the life in all nature is immortal, and man is an individualised fragment of that eternal substance, while the physical methods of manifesting are merely a temporary mode, a passing period in the history of evolving nature; and, as these beliefs are inherent in the life in all its forms, a very limiting system of thought like the above is bound to have a most depressing effect on it. A really happy and harmonious thought-world cannot be built up out of such materials.

We can understand from the above that for a true conception of the process of evolution, the organism, or what we have alluded to as the separate link in the evolutionary chain, must be studied not only from the side of matter—the only side from which so far it has been approached—but also from that of the life side and of the spirit, corresponding to the second and third outpourings respectively. As every object in the universe reflects in its nature its triple origin, it follows that a triple interpretation is requisite for a complete understanding; and only when that has been done can any general conclusions be drawn upon their fundamental nature, or the absolute principles of evolution deduced.

Let us now look at the whole problem from the point of view of the life; from this, the individual is a unit of force, a portion of the immaterial, eternal medium which descends and ensouls matter; it came originally from the spiritual realms of nature, and when its work in matter is achieved it will return there with all its garnered experiences. Now what is the relationship between this unit of life and that form which it ensouls? How can it survive that form, and especially how can we fit in this idea with the very clear conception we have of the organism as a link in the evolutionary chain? The answer is, of course, that the unit of life not only returns to its spiritual home at the completion of the evolutionary process, but also retires to the inner planes of nature at the end of every manifestation, when it digests and assimilates its experiences into its permanent nature; and then, when that is complete, it descends and manifests again as a later link in the chain, its freshly acquired experiences causing it to mould its new-born body slightly differently from its last one.

A few moments' thought will show that this theory effectively and simply solves a number of immense difficulties in evolutionary science; it will go a long way towards solving what we mean by innate and acquired characteristics, what is the mechanism of heredity, variation, what is growth, and what is the individuality.

When the life-unit manifests again, it will naturally bring with it all the past characteristics it brought with it in its previous manifestations—under normal conditions—plus those it acquired last time; these will all be innate, and having itself in the past supplied certain traits to the common hereditary stream of the series or chain to which it belongs, it will, as it were, awaken these from the germ-plasm as it builds up its form. Growth itself, which biology states is simply a brief recapitulation of the *hereditary* past of the organism, becomes a much more real and reasonable function when it is shown

to be a recapitulation of the *past of the life-unit itself*. The unit of life learns through ages of effort to build up cells into certain forms and organs at one stage of its growth, and it simply uses this power in all its later manifestations when it builds up its body according to a plan it has always followed in the past.

This throws also great light upon the monistic theory, which always attempts to reduce all duality to unity, and states that matter and force are one and the same thing. The form is the life according to the Theosophic conception, inasmuch as that life-unit has built it up, not simply in the present in the brief period of gestation and growth, but really during that comparatively immense period in the past of which the gestation period is only a recapitulation. From this point of view we can say that the life is the form, as that life-unit has built it up by pouring its own nature into it, but this does not mean that the life is dissipated when this form comes to an end; the life-unit displays its past as it builds up its body in the present (the past is not the past of the form but of the life); similarly it must also do this again and again in the future.

In this manner we can see clearly how the highest generalisations of evolutionary science can be flooded with light by Theosophy, and how, perfectly satisfying the demands of exact knowledge, it can also fully meet the needs of the life in man itself—that demand of the inner nature which knows that it must persist beyond the body it wears at the moment, and that the suffering of the life while manifesting must signify that the physical life is only a transitory form of existence, a phase preparing it for wider possibilities later on.

The question of individuality introduces us to the function of the third outpouring, the most transcendental in its nature and significance. We can comparatively easily see how the life can go on existing—in fact we can see it doing so in the memories of the past which we find persisting in the forms

which it builds up—but the problem as to how units of this tenuous, highly mobile medium can persist as units is most difficult for us to grasp and understand. All individuality, however high or however low it may be, is the gift of the Spirit, as reflection of the ONE into the many, and every individual, however transitory it may appear to be, yet in its individuality reflects Divinity. This is the nearest we can get to the mechanism as to how God can become man and how man can become God, in the gradual perfecting of this reflection through the human individuality as it persists from age to age and pushes on towards perfection. It would be possible, so we believe, to write the whole history of evolution from this point of view, though in our physical consciousness we can understand only a very little of the function of the Individualiser. The story of the Spirit is one of wonder and marvel, and it makes every fact, however small, shine with divine light as it displays it as a reflection of the Divine Father of all. This must be the way of looking at things that the disciple attains when he is far along the Path, and can look back and see that really there was no pain in the long run, that really there is no pain in life—only self-realisation and unfoldment, only the joy of Life discovering itself to be Divine.

Now the application of these ideas to a few fundamental conceptions of Science will show us how easily the latter may be transformed. Take, for instance, the correct understanding of sensation. The sensory nerves carry their messages from their peripheries or organs to their respective nerve centres; thus, say we prick our finger, we think we feel pain in our finger, though this may be proved to be not the case by constricting the nerve which carries the message of distress to the centre, when nothing will be felt. Psychology states, therefore, that it is only when this message reaches the nerve centre that the consciousness of pain is aroused. Now the whole of the Theosophic conception of life, in our opinion, may rest upon the

fact that the consciousness of pain does not arise then, but only when this disturbance of the physical molecules is communicated through to a corresponding centre in a superphysical body, with which it is always in very close touch, and it is through the reaction of the matter of this body to the stimulus that it is perceived as painful. It is only then that it becomes logical that the sensation of pleasure or pain can continue after the loss of the physical body, and if the student will follow the train of thought which this suggests, it will be clearly seen just how little and how much the activities of consciousness are affected by this loss. This, then, is one of the facts upon which our whole philosophy hinges. It includes, of course, the whole theory of thought; mentation does not arise when the brain is affected, but only when the activity of a corresponding centre in the superphysical body is stimulated through the changes in brain matter.

Another fact upon which Theosophy sheds a most brilliant light is that of the true nature of the cell, the ultimate organic unit, of which our whole physical body is not only composed—the blood cells, brain, bone and muscle cells—but also that simple unit from which the whole organism has grown, the stem cell or fertilised ovum being only a simple cell. The usual definition of the cell is that it simply consists of a speck of plasm, generally containing a minute darker body called the nucleus, and that this plasm consists mainly of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen atoms, combined together in highly complex molecules, but differing from the inorganic or non-living materials of the mineral kingdom in degree of complexity only. The whole of the Theosophical conception of life depends upon the fact that the cell, or that living matter out of which it is composed, *does* differ from the inorganic materials or non-living matter in a certain fundamental way which it is able concisely to define. The real difference between the mineral and vegetable kingdoms

is that the life of the former is on the physical plane, while in the case of the latter it has shifted into the next higher world, the astral; for evolution from the Theosophical standpoint is not simply perfection of the organism, but is also the return of the life from the physical, when it manifests as the mineral kingdom, back again to its spiritual habitat from which it descended during pre-mineral periods, and on the inner side the different stages of development are marked by the life being at different levels on this arc of return from the physical to the spiritual world. Ordinary aggregations of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen are mineral, and therefore the life in them is on the physical, though invisible; but in the case of the living plasm the life is on the astral, which means that living plasm is not merely a collection of physical molecules, which of course are different only in degree of complexity from the simple inorganic states, but it has also, throbbing around it and through it, a simple super-physical organisation, and it is this that makes it really alive in the usual sense of the word. In other words, the simple cell has an astral matrix about it; and, to fully appreciate the importance of this fact, the student should remember that the whole of the vegetable and the animal kingdoms have evolved from the simple cellular condition—the most primitive organic ancestor—and also that every organism itself grows from the simple cell formed by the blending of two cells at conception; and the train of thought should be followed which arises from the fact that, just as the body of a man grows from this single cell, so does his whole complicated superphysical organisation originate from this simple astral matrix which surrounds the living plasm of the simple cell.

So far the question of the transformation of the *spirit* of Science has been alone discussed, and we have followed along the one line by which this may be done; now let us turn to

the question of the inclusion of a transformed Science into Education.

Though Science rests upon fact, yet all its tendency is to eliminate the mere teaching of fact. Haeckel said many years ago :

The present overloading of the memory with dead material that destroys the finest powers is one of the greatest evils of the day. It is due to the old and ineradicable error that the excellence of education is to be judged by the quantity of positive facts committed to memory, instead of by the quality of real knowledge imparted . . . It is especially advisable to give precedence, not to those faculties that burden the memory with dead facts, but to those that build up the judgment.

In other words, the rôle of Science in Education is to impart the best kind of fact to the memory, and especially to develop faculty, the awakening of the reasoning powers, and the training of correct observation. Faraday said that the great value in mental training was the developing of the power of restraining the judgment upon any subject until the mind had collected sufficient materials to be able to draw true conclusions.

It is certainly extraordinary that more has not been done along this line long ago, when the advantages are so obvious and the case for it has been put forward by some of the greatest masters of clear exposition; but while there are those who still stand for classical education and are opposed to a greater attention being paid to science, it is, so we believe, certain inner reasons against this that are the most important and potent. In connection with this we avail ourselves of the privilege of quoting from the first letter which appears in the book *Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom* :

How . . . are we to deal with the curse known as the "struggle for life," which is the real and most prolific parent of most woes and of all crimes? Why has that struggle become the almost universal scheme of the universe? We answer—because no religion, with the exception of Buddhism, has hitherto taught a practical contempt for

the earthly life, while each of them, always with that one solitary exception, has through its hells and damnations inculcated the greatest dread of death. Therefore do we find that struggle for life raging most fiercely in Christian countries, most prevalent in Europe and America.

A thoughtful consideration of the above will show at least one most important reason why Science should not become too powerful and universal; for, in its present form, instead of showing the transitory nature of physical life and its unsatisfactory nature, it raises it into an extraordinary place of importance as the only life that man leads, and its spirit is dominated by the theory of "survival"—"survival of the fittest," that the spirit of life and its greatest prize is to struggle up above one's surrounding fellow men—and so can only add to the powers of oppression in the world, instead of drawing men's attention to the harmonies of life, the sacredness of all life, and its importance at whatever stage it may be.

It has often been said that a growth in the knowledge of an individual or a race always causes a decrease in its beliefs and religious observance; that when a man begins to gather facts about life, his belief in God, his trust in a plan with which, somehow, his erring and imperfect life fits in, fades away; and he loses his trust that the truest and best in every individual survives, to be ultimately illumined and transformed into some transcendental being. With the developing of his reasoning powers, these beliefs—"simple as the simplest mind of man"—decay away; but I think we may say that it is a fundamental of Theosophy that belief not only comes from transcendental sources of inspiration, but that it may also spring out of the soil provided by accumulations of true facts, that the connecting up of these into a coherent system through the exercise of the reason may serve as the substance in which "belief" may most effectively flourish in the human mind, the constant memory that underneath all the joys and

difficulties of life runs the divine harmony of joy and love and beauty, for the perfect display of which the physical life is only a preparation.

Evolution, we have seen, links up everything—all facts and all organisms—into one iron chain of necessity, one developing system; each fact is a link in that chain, developing from its predecessor and ending with itself. Any single fact in that system must be regarded by Science as the inevitable consequence of all the facts that precede it and the part cause of all that follow, which we have seen is only, from the Theosophical view, one of the three possible interpretations, all three of which are necessary for a complete exposition. We can understand that each of these links may also be thought of as the direct manifestation of the Divine Will from within, as well as the inevitable consequence of causes from without, and dependent upon that ultimate alone, coming from Him and returning to Him, and eternally free and independent of all else. Facts in this form can then become food for the hungry, which will help all men to get a firmer grip on life and give them the calmness and serenity which will carry them through the difficulties of their life in this world; this is what the world is really ardently longing for; it is upon this form of knowledge—fact with divinity overshadowing it—that the inner natures of our children may safely and happily be built up. Fact may be wonderful and miraculous; the supreme wonder and miracle of human life is the fact of human life being divine life. This, as the basic fact of the universe, should be the first to be taught; the iron chain of cause and effect, that binds these facts together in the objective worlds, can come later, and play its proper part in the life of the mature person.

Summarising what has been said, we see that for Science to be really educative, it must be inspired by Theosophy. This has been done, so we believe, to a much larger extent

than at first appears. The spirit of Science and that of the devotee has often been blended; in fact, the one always requires the other for perfection. Also, the true teacher displays the transcendental nature of the facts he communicates to his pupils, and gives them more through their universal side than through their limited and dry externals. You can feel the wonder which exact fact embodies all through the textbooks of such science teachers as Sir A. Geikie or Sir Robert Ball, in their geological and astronomical manuals; the real changes must come in the totality, the spirit of the whole. Science, instead of playing the part of Shiva, the destroyer, must become the builder of the hopes and aspirations of man in the firm and concrete materials of the human intellect; instead of only negating the Absolute, as a blind, unconscious principle, it must become its revealer and right hand in the objective phenomenal world as the potent and active cause of all.

All these things can only be achieved by Theosophy, for the Theosophical system is the only one that is universal enough to embrace the whole realm of science and extend over into the transcendental world as well. We have already seen how it can take certain particular facts, like that of the relation of consciousness to the matter of the physical nerve centres, or the true nature of the cell, and through a mere addition of a fact or two give an interpretation of the problem—a far more illuminative one than Science at present supplies—on which we can hinge our whole philosophy of life. A little thought will show that belief demands no alteration in the observed facts; the facts of chemistry, geology and biology are merely given a slightly different interpretation when our whole Theosophic conception of life, with all it contains of hope and joy for the whole world, crystallises out as an inevitable conclusion. It needs so little to do this. Theosophy is an interpreter of fact, and its objective proof lies in its power

to interpret more fact than any other system of thought ; it not only embraces the whole recognised realm of evolution, from the nebula to man, with all the sciences, but also the facts of Spiritualism (survival after death) and the religious beliefs common to the vast majority of mankind, and, we might add, the fact that man has the power of contacting truth in other ways than through his intellect, as may often be seen in the minds of simple folk who, nevertheless, have perhaps a firmer grasp of the truth than others who would consider themselves vastly more wise.

It appears, then, that before Science can become potent in the inner life of man, it must be transformed by Theosophy, that in fact the religion of to-morrow is the wedding of human knowledge with divine knowledge, fact with transcendentalism. Modern thought will then be freed from its present dangers, and it will be fit to foster in all who receive it the qualities of compassion and harmony, and build these in the world upon the firmest foundations. Survival will be discovered to be the survival of the true and beautiful in every individual—of the good of the All—and not a mere accidental fitness to a changing environment ; “ that only what the One wills can ever be really good for anyone,” and that this alone can survive. Then will Humanity find that through its thoughts it possesses in the inner worlds a shelter that can guard it from every storm and support it under every difficulty that can assail it ; then will be found the temple of knowledge in which the true teaching to young and old alike can alone be given.

H. W. Muirson Blake

ZAT AND SIFAT

By KHAJA KHAN SAHAB

THE two terms which form the title of this paper signify respectively the Essence or Reality, and the attributes or predicables, of the Divine Being. *Zat* is the feminine form of the Arabic word *Zu* (possessor). Hence *Zat* is that which possesses *sifat*, and is feminine in significance; it is that about which something can be predicated, and a predicate is what can be affirmed about *Zat*. But this is reasoning in a vicious circle. Indeed, the definition in the *Dictionary Al-Magrab*, viz., that *Zat* is "that by being which a thing is what it is," is as vague and nebulous as it could possibly be.

Sheik-Ul-Ishraq (Sheik Shahuddin-i-Muktul), the critical commentator of Aristotle, objected to Aristotle's definition of a definition, viz., "that it is the naming of genus and *differentia*," on the ground that the hearer may be unacquainted with the *differentia*; and hence, without a knowledge of *differentia*, the definition of a thing in the terms of genus and *differentia* becomes unintelligible. He substituted for it "the summation of all the known attributes of a thing". If the attributes alone are given, and nothing asserted about *Zat*, the *Zat* entirely vanishes. "A substance is a collection of qualities—taste, odour, colour—which in themselves are nothing more than material potentialities." It is the same as the Buddhist idea, which reduces *Zat* to a zero. On this ground Imam Gazali ignored *Zat* altogether, and concerned himself entirely with *sifat*. Though a theologian of high standing

and a moralist who has exerted immense influence on the morality of Islām—so much so that he has been given the title of *Hujjat-Ul-Islām* (the proof of Islām)—he has yet been called a “sceptical philosopher”.

It is as if the reality is *Zat* from an internal point of view, and *sifat* from an external point of view; as if the *Zat*, circumscribed within circle after circle, shows itself as *sifat*. It is also a point of contention whether God can be called a *shay* (a thing). A *shay* is that “about which something could be known and of which something could be asserted”; *shay* becomes *Zat* in this sense. In the Qurān it is written: “*Kullu Shaun halik illa waj-ullah*”—“Everything is liable to annihilation except the face of God”. There the inference is that the *Zat* of God is a thing, for no exception could be made from a group, except of a thing of its own nature.

But thinkers have, however, given three *Batini* (internal) gradations or emanations of God: (1) *La-ba-sharte-shay*—“without condition of anything,” (2) *Ba-sharti La shay*, i.e., “with condition of nothing,” and (3) *Ba-sharti shay*, i.e., “with condition of a thing”. Sheik Muhiuddin-ibni-Arab asserts that God is not *shay*, and depends for his authority on the Qurānic verse: *Lai-sa-Kamasah shaun*—“He is not like the example or model of a thing”. This may mean that He is the thing itself. The Sheik has, however, distinctly said: “He is in manifestation and yet not the *Zat* of things; He is He, and *shay* is *shay*,” i.e., *shay* has a separate *Zat* in manifestation.

In the first case, the *Zat* is above all conditions; imagination cannot soar up to it. In the second, its existence is implied without further assertion. In the third, something could be asserted about it. The second assertion gave rise to the sect of Mutazilites, founded by Wasil-ibn-i Ata, who asserted that *Zat* is predicateless and rejected separate attributes. The assertion of predicates militates against the

Oneness of God. The predicates are His essence itself.¹ The first four suppositions in the *Zat*, namely, *ilm* (knowledge), *nur* (Light), *wujud* (existence), and *sahud* (self-consciousness), are essence itself and not superimposition on essence. In manifestation the attribute of existence was superimposed by God on the pre-existing atoms, *i.e.*, on the centres in the unlimited expanse of Consciousness. Nuzzam, the disciple of Abu Huzal-Allaf, who flourished in the middle of the ninth century, called these by the name of *wujub* (modes) of the Divine Being. These are the believers in the Doctrine of Immanence, *i.e.*, that the *Zat* pervades and permeates the whole creation.

In the above summations of the predicables of an attribute, nothing has been said about the eternity of an attribute. Only so much is said—that it is either hidden or manifest. It is considered sufficient to say that in the above gradation of emanations no reference is made to an attribute. It is the stage of *La-ba-sharti-shay*—"without condition of anything". It is called by different names—*Muntakal-Isharat* (the stage at which all indications are dropped), *Ayn-Kafur* (fountain of camphor), *i.e.*, whatever enters into camphor becomes camphor itself, *Zat i-sadij* (colourless reality). In that stage attributes themselves are unheard of, and so nothing can be asserted about them. It is only in the fourth stage of manifestation that attributes are in evidence and anything can be asserted about them.

It is said that a companion of the Prophet, named Zarrara, asserted that the attributes are not eternal. His sect goes by the name of Zarrarins. Imam Hambal and the Mutazilites were persecuted by the Khaliph of their times for having asserted that the Qurān (the speech of God) was created, *i.e.*, non-eternal. The other Imams asserted that it was not created.

¹ Abdul Karim-i-Jili in his *Insani-Kamil* (p. 61) says that *sifat* are always hidden in *Zat*. For if *sifat* appear by themselves, they have become separate entities. Benevolence is never seen as an entity, but only the *Zat* that is benevolent.

The assertion of eternal attributes implied a multiplicity of Gods. The knower, the known and knowledge are one in the stage of *Zat*, like the painter, the picture and its knowledge are one in the *Zat* of the person who paints.

However, the sect of Asharis (founded by Abul-Hasan-Al-Ashari, 873—935) assert that attributes are not identical with *Zat*, nor are they separate from it. It is as if the attributes cannot be compared to anything. There can be no *via media*. God is the ultimate necessary existence, which carries its attributes in its own being, and whose existence and essence are identical. Their tenets are as follows: (1) The essence ranks first, the attributes next; (2) the essence is self-existing and the attributes depend on the essence (like wax and its softness); (3) the essence is unity and the attributes display diversity; (4) the essence has self-consciousness, the attributes have none; (5) the essence is always hidden, the attributes are sometimes hidden and sometimes manifest; (6) the attributes must be in their proper locality; (7) the manifestation of one attribute conflicts with or suppresses the manifestation of another.

The question is often asked whether the *Zat* of God is the same as the *Zat* of the created. In the *Sura Al-Buruj*, 85, God swears by the *Zats* of the Constellations of the Zodiac; so the *Zat* of God is different from that of the *abd* (created).

In manifestation the two are different, and the Qurān used the words most easily understood of the people. But there can be no two *Zats*, any more than there can be two swords in a scabbard. The *Zat* of the creature is the rupee of the juggler who takes up a disc of broken pottery, throws it up into the air, and brings down for the bystander the real rupee of silver.

In manifesting itself through its own ideas (*Ayan*), the *Zat* of the creator becomes known as the *Zat* of the created. In the non-manifest state there is one *Zat*, but in manifestation

it is known as the incalculably immense number of *Zats* of the created.

Innumerable waves of different colours and degrees arise in the ocean, and from namelessness they assume a name, sometimes in the garb of Mujnun and sometimes in the shape of Leila.

The identity of the two is real identity, and the dissimilarity is only phenomenal.

A controversy as to the creation or the eternity of the Qurān raged round the throne of Al Manum, and many were the tortures inflicted on those who denied the eternity of the Qurān. It was said that the attributes were, in the first instance, either *Falali* (glorious) or *Famali* (beautiful); that when the *Falali* attributes appear, all manifestations recede into "nothingness," and when *Famali* attributes are in evidence, the beautiful world comes into being. The first is *tanzih* (getting rid of phenomena) and the other is *tasbih* (assuming the same). Something like this is found in the philosophy of Zoroaster (Zarsdust), who asserted that good and evil are the primary manifestations of the Deity (Yezdan). They were called Ormuz and Ahriman. The Persian Monists, *i.e.*, the Magi who, guided by a rising star, were led out in search of the birthplace of Christ, were true *Muwahhids* (*i.e.*, Unitarians). Some of the followers of Zoroaster construed these to be two Gods, and they were called the Zendiqs, *i.e.*, those who did not pay regard to rank. The Zarwanians alone remained true to their colours.

However, the *Falali* and *Famali* attributes are in evidence in the cult of Islām. Again, the attributes may be "personal," "relative," or "verbal": the first, like Pure, Sacred, Living; the second involving the manifestation of an attribute, like Creator, Destroyer; and the third showing action, like Providence, etc. So far the philosophical aspect of *Zat* and *sifat* has been based on the teaching of the Qurān; the philosophers speculated and theorised on the doubtful verses

of the Qurān (*Ayat-i-Mutashabihat*). Some of the verses have been mentioned above; others are the following :

For God is in the East and the West, so wherever thou turnest thy face, there is the face of God.—*Surat-ul-Bqr* (Chap. ii, 128).

Really God surrounds everything.—*Surat-ul Nisa* (Chap. v, 116).

God is with you, wherever you are.—*Surat-ul-Haded* (Chap. ii, 5).

We are nearer to man than his jugular vein.—*Surat-ul-wakiya* (Chap. xxvii, 78).

I am in your individuality, but you do not observe.—*Surat-ul-Zariyat* (Chap. xxvi, 19).

He is the first and the last—the apparent and the real—and He knows everything.—*Surat-ul-Rahiman* (Chap. xxvii, 26).

God is the light of the heavens and the earth, etc.—*Surat-ul-Anfal* (Chap. viii, 18).

The Qurān is full of the attributes of God, such as speech, seeing, hearing, knowing, etc. The best definitions given are all negative; indeed, as in the definition of a point, nothing could be positive. The *Kalima*, or the first article of the Muslim Faith, asserts: "There is no allah, but Allah." The word Allah is from *al-elah*. *Elah* is simply "that which is worthy of worship". So the *Kalima* means: "There is no one worthy of worship, excepting the One who is worthy of worship." Some people worship several things; some worship anything and everything that helps them in the realisation of their objects. Some worship their good selves; some have the idols of the market-place, the idols of the forum, the idols of the cave and the idols of the theatre to worship. Some worship the phenomena of the universe. The Muslim *Kalima* declares that none of these are worthy of worship. These are all transient, illusory appearances. The One deserving of worship is the God on whom these depend, and this it testifies as in evidence (*shahadut*), unlike the Jewish *Kalima*

(*Shema Israil*) where the testimony is of the ear: "Hear O Israel: Jehovah, our Elohim, is one Jehovah."

Again, the *Sura*, which is the quintessence of the *Qurān* (*Sura-i-Iklas*), gives negative definitions. God is *Ahad*, i.e., His *Zat* is homogeneous. Here He is not *wahid*, if that means one as opposed to two, three, and any other number—implying contrast and comparison—but He is *Ahad*. A pile of grain of the same species illustrates the nature of *Ahad*; where His *Zat* is concerned, it is homogeneity, or, more correctly, oneness of homogeneity. Heterogeneity is in manifestation. Then He is *Samad* (independent).

Everything depends on Him; He does not depend on anything. Though positive in appearance, these are really negative in nature. Also the saying: "He is unbecgetting and unbegotten," is obviously negative in nature. It is the same as the definition of a point—out of which the whole world is formed.

Khaja Khan

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION¹

By JOHN SCURR

EDWARD CARPENTER has always something to contribute to the thought of the world. Profoundly convinced of the essential oneness of life, he directs his energies to discovering evidences for his belief. Humanity is advancing towards a new concept of living, which is in itself a return to that which has existed before, but on a far higher plane as a result of the knowledge and experience gained during our period of travail. Primitive man was intuitively conscious of his oneness with Nature, that is to say, in the same manner as the animals. He was free and went about his business without care or worry. But a time came when he developed an idea of himself as a personality apart from Nature. He developed self-consciousness, and consequently he found himself embarked on a wild and stormy voyage. Although he had gained something by his recognition of himself as a distinct personality, he also lost much which accrued to him before the recognition. He therefore tried to return to the old happiness.

The life of man is therefore a drama in three Acts. First, happiness in the animal state and communion with Nature and the Universe. Second, unhappiness, in a state of individuality, out of communion with Nature, due to the development of the mind. Life is a struggle between self-conscious man and the Universe. The Third Act has yet to

¹ *Pagan and Christian Creeds*, by Edward Carpenter. (George Allen & Unwin, London. Price 10s. 6d.)

be staged, and will witness a return to happiness. Man will discover that he will realise himself best by coming into communion with the Universe. He will realise the true Self.

Religion is the outward expression of this development of humanity. By symbolism and ritual man has always tried to represent his life, and throughout the ages one discovers a unity in the beliefs, the symbols and the ritual. Of course the orthodox follower of any particular creed rebels against this idea. He believes that his own religion is the divine revelation and, particularly amongst Christians, he thinks that the similarities in beliefs and ritual are the creation of the Devil to distract mankind from the true Faith.

Such an outlook may be comforting to the person who, satisfied with his own creed, does not want to investigate. If I believe that I possess the truth, it will disturb me and give me considerable pain to find my ideas controverted and my faith impugned. In matters of the mind, intellect, or spirit, one does try to avoid discomfort. The way of truth is hard, and one therefore objects to the person who insists on enquiring into the validity of one's belief.

But, on the other hand, some are so constituted that they must investigate. A statement has to be verified beyond controversy before they will accept it as correct. Even then they only admit it as true, subject to future revelations. The sceptic is therefore an uncomfortable person to dwell with, but at the same time he is essential to our development. What is overlooked is the fact that the sceptical outlook can never destroy the eternal verities, even though he may question them. He does destroy the hard shell which has grown around them, and by so doing he allows life once more to flow abundantly.

Edward Carpenter points out that there exists an enormous amount of material regarding the development and origin of religions; consequently any school of thought can prove its

case by selecting its material and ignoring what is left as irrelevant. In this volume he attempts a synthesis.

In the present day a new problem arises, namely, how to account for the appearance of this great Phenomenon, with its orderly phases of evolution, and its own spontaneous growths in all corners of the globe—this phenomenon which has had such a strange sway over the hearts of men, which has attracted them with so weird a charm, which has drawn out their devotion, love and tenderness, which has consoled them in sorrow and affliction, and yet which has stained their history with such horrible sacrifices and persecutions and cruelties? What has been the instigating cause of it?

The answer which I propose to this question . . . is a psychological one. It is that the phenomenon proceeds from, and is a necessary accompaniment of, the growth of human consciousness itself—its growth, namely, through the three great stages of its unfoldment.

The communion with Nature of early man produces a feeling of freemasonry with the animals, and the tribe traces its common origin to an animal ancestor—the bear, the wolf, and so on. With the growth of human consciousness the Divine Bear gives place to Man, and the Divine Man gives place to a Divine Being.

All religions have certain things in common. They may be summarised as follows :

(1) The Deity, or central figure of the cult, was born on or very near Christmas Day.

(2) He was born of a Virgin Mother, and

(3) In a cave or underground chamber.

(4) He led a life of toil for mankind.

(5) He was called Light-bringer, Healer, Mediator, Saviour, Deliverer.

(6) He was vanquished by the powers of darkness.

(7) He descended into Hell, or the Underworld.

(8) He rose again from the dead, and became the pioneer of mankind to the Heavenly World.

(9) He founded a Communion of Saints, and a Church into which Disciples were received by Baptism.

(10) He was commemorated by Eucharistic meals.

Mr. Carpenter develops the case for the similarity of religions, and draws upon all sources of evidence of various cults to exemplify it. The line of development from Animism to Christianity is shown very clearly. Man was impressed with the growth of the trees and the food-producing plants. The death and resurrection of the plants impressed him. The death of the sun in winter, and its glorious resurrection in spring, planted itself on his consciousness. The mystery of sex also intrigued him. All these things, together with the early oneness with Nature, crossed and interlaced each other and produced the varying religions with their common symbolism and ritual.

But granted that this be true; granted that, in the narrow sense of the word, no creed has been divinely revealed; is there a reason for this long-drawn-out development, with its glories and its sorrows?

Mr. Carpenter certainly thinks that there is. He believes that we are returning to something greater.

The return, the salvation for which humanity looks, is the return of the little individual self to harmony and union with the great Self of the Universe, but by no means its extinction or abandonment—rather the finding of its own true nature as never before.

This is a comforting idea, and one which will commend itself to all who really feel brotherhood. Every Theosophist will subscribe to the concluding words:

To-day taboos and terrors still linger, many of them, in the form of conventions of morality, uneasy strivings of conscience, doubts and desperations of religion; but ultimately Man will emerge from all these things, *free*—familiar, that is, with them all, making use of all, allowing generously for the values of all, but hampered and bound by *none*. He will realise the inner meaning of the creeds and rituals of the ancient religions, and will hail with joy the fulfilment of their far prophecy down the ages—finding after all the long-expected Saviour of the World within his own breast, and paradise in the disclosure there of the everlasting peace of the soul.

John Scurr

PAIN

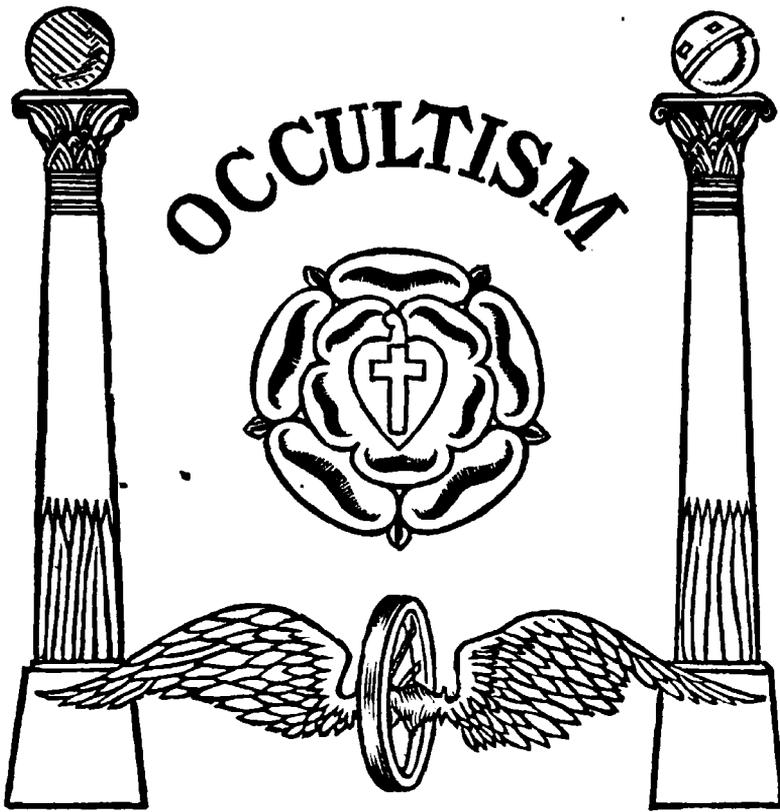
GIVE me the cup and let me drain,
Down to the dregs, the ecstasy of pain—
The bitter-sweet of pain.
I care not how it aches and throbs and burns :
What if the body shrink ? The Spirit turns
Upward through pain,
To Love and Life again.

Pass me the cup before the grip of fear
Fastens and holds me here.
Ah ! let me take the plunge with blinded eyes
Into the mighty fire and upwards to the skies.
Spirit, so true and dear,
Shed not one tear.

Hold to my lips the cup, lest Earth's delight
Bind me with cords too tight,
Blinding the inner sight.
The swift sweet pleasures of a summer's day,
The call of love and friend, of work and play,
Ring through the night—
Sirens of earth's delight.

See ! I have drained the cup . . . Pray for my soul,
Pray that it rise through fire, straight to its goal.
Pray for my soul,
That in the furnace of the deepest pain,
Where joy and sorrow, melting, meet again,
It may rise clean and whole . . .
Pray for my soul.

EL HILAL



INVISIBLE HELPERS

By THE RT. REV. C. W. LEADBEATER

I. THE STORY OF URSULA

IN the course of our work as invisible helpers on the battle-field we encountered Captain Harold, who had recently passed over into the astral world. He readily absorbed such explanations as we were able to give about the new life in which he found himself, and soon became quite reconciled and happy except for one matter that preyed greatly upon his

mind. He was his father's eldest son, and had one brother a year or two younger than himself. The two brothers had grown up together in the closest affection, and even the fact that they both fell in love with the same young lady made no difference to their relations. Harold had become engaged to this girl before the war; his brother Julian loved her also, but resolutely strove to conquer the feeling, out of loyalty to Harold. Both brothers enlisted as soon as the war broke out, but Julian had the misfortune to be severely wounded and incapacitated for further military service after only a short experience of the rigours of the battle-field. Thus it came about that he remained at home, and was thrown constantly into association with Ursula, whom he loved more deeply than ever. She soon became aware of his feeling, and presently, to her great consternation, found herself reciprocating it. No word of love passed between Julian and Ursula, and both were ashamed of their passion, feeling it a treachery to the absent warrior, who of course had no suspicion of it. So as time went on, these two young people grew more and more unhappy at home, and even Harold on his brief visits somehow felt that something was wrong, though he did not know what.

It was while matters were in this eminently unsatisfactory condition that Harold was killed—killed in the very act of leading his men on to victory. He took his death quite philosophically, his only regret being for the poignant sorrow which he knew Julian and Ursula would feel. In his efforts to mitigate this he hovered about them almost continuously, and with the keener insight of the astral world he soon detected the existence of a strong affection between them. He at once saw in this a hope of speedy relief and consolation for both of them, and earnestly tried to foster it; but the strong preconception existing in their own minds led them entirely to misunderstand his well-meant attempts to influence them.

His frequent astral visits kept him constantly in their thoughts; but the more insistently his image obtruded itself in their minds, the more bitterly ashamed they felt of what they regarded as disloyalty to his memory, and the more firmly they resolved to resist temptation. Indeed, Ursula had taken a mental vow of life-long devotion to single blessedness for his sake. Meanwhile, he himself was much worried over the inexplicable disinclination of those whom he loved to accept the solution of their difficulties which he so eagerly desired.

The young helper to whom this case was entrusted soon found that until this family affair was settled it would be impossible for Harold to give his whole attention to astral work, so he accompanied his patient to his ancestral home, to see whether anything could be done to clear up the situation. They came upon Julian and Ursula walking together down a woodland path—glad to be together, and yet all the time feeling guilty and uncomfortable. The boy Cyril tried his hardest to impress them with the truth, but could not overcome their wrong-headed convictions; they felt the insistent suggestion that Harold would approve, but regarded it merely as an illusion born of illicit desire. The young helper in despair called upon an older and more experienced friend, but his efforts also were unavailing; and at last the boy said: "We shall never do it unless we can talk to them face to face; if you will materialise me, I think I can convince them." The elder agreed, and a few minutes later an eager and excited little boy rushed up to the disconsolate couple, crying:

"I bring you a message from Harold; he wants you two to marry and be happy, and he sends you his love and his blessing."

The stupefaction of the unconfessed lovers may be imagined; they were too astonished to resent this sudden intrusion of a stranger child into the region of their most sacred

emotions; but after a few moments Ursula contrived to gasp out:

“Who are you? What do you mean when you say you come from Harold? Don't you know that Harold is dead?”

The boy replied: “I'm Cyril; but never mind about me; there is no time for all that; try to understand what I tell you, and do what Harold wishes.”

Then hurriedly (for he knew that force must not be wasted in holding together a materialisation longer than is necessary) he explained that there is no such thing as death, and that Harold stood there beside them at that moment, as fully himself as he had ever been, conscious of the love they had so carefully concealed, thoroughly approving of it, and anxious only for their perfect happiness.

“Ursula!” cried Julian, “on my soul I believe this is true; I feel it, I know it!”

“Oh if I could only believe it!” replied Ursula, startled out of all her jealously guarded reserve. “But how can I be sure? You say Harold is here” (turning sharply to the boy); “show him to me for a moment, let him tell me himself, and then I will believe.”

“May we?” said the boy to his elder. The latter bowed his head, and the shadowy form of Harold stood there, smiling upon them with starry eyes; he took a step forward, clasped Ursula's hand and laid it gently in that of the awe-stricken Julian. Then he raised his hand, as a priest does in blessing, and a sudden thought seemed to strike him; he felt inside his tunic, and drew forth a tiny golden crucifix, which he held out to Ursula, but before she could take it he had faded away.

The boy turned to the elder helper: “Could we get that for her?” he asked. The elder went aside for a few moments, and when he returned he laid the physical crucifix in Cyril's hand. The boy at once gave it to Ursula, saying: “See, here is the crucifix which Harold wished you to have.”

The lovers still stood with clasped hands, uttering disjointed exclamations of wonder and awe; and as Ursula took the crucifix she said: "At least this proves that it is not all a dream, for I gave this to Harold before he went to the war; see, here are the initials I had engraved upon it."

Julian, suddenly recollecting himself, seized Cyril by the hand. "We have not thanked you yet," he said; "I don't know who you are, and I don't in the least understand all this; but you have done us a service that nothing can ever repay, and if there is anything I can do to show my gratitude——" Here Ursula rushed forward and bent down impulsively, apparently trying to kiss the child; but the horrified boy dematerialised with lightning rapidity, and her arms closed on empty air. There is no doubt that she was both startled and disappointed; but Julian found means to console her, and they probably spent many an hour in discussing the marvellous experience which had come to them. Julian deeply regretted that he had no opportunity of showing his appreciation of what the boy had done for them; and he emphatically expressed a desire that, if GOD should ever bless them with offspring, their first-born son should receive the name of Cyril, in memory of this day; and to this Ursula blushing but whole-heartedly agreed.

Not unnaturally this event aroused in Ursula a keen interest in the conditions of life after death, and in non-physical phenomena generally. Cyril, hovering about her the next day, thought he saw an opportunity for good work here; so as she walked in the wood, alone except for a huge dog, he obtained permission to show himself to her again for a few minutes, in order to suggest to her the names of a few Theosophical books by his favourite authors, which she has since procured. She was overjoyed to see him again, though he was careful to keep at a safe distance this time; and it was interesting to notice that the big dog, though startled and curious at first, distinctly

approved of him, and showed marked friendship in a dignified way.

II. THE OFFICER'S WILL

Another case of some interest was reported by the same young helper a few days later. A dead officer was found to be much troubled about the disposal of his property. The story which he told was this. He has an estate, which was entailed, and also a certain amount of money of which he could dispose by will. His mother had for some time been pressing him to marry a young lady of means for whom he felt no special affection, and he had welcomed the necessity of enlistment as an excuse for postponing a decision which he was loath to make. He had been severely wounded, and during a long convalescence had fallen in love with a French lady who was acting as nurse. He married her according to French law, but did not inform his mother in England of what he had done, fearing her anger at the frustration of her plans, and knowing also that she had a pronounced dislike for foreigners. He thought that he could explain matters better when he was able to take his wife home after the war; and he was not without hope that in the meantime a son might be born to him, and that such an event would soften his mother's ire.

Now all his plans had been upset by his death. It seems that he was endeavouring to save the life of a wounded private, when both of them were again wounded much more severely—indeed fatally. They managed to creep into a shell-hole, and the tide of war swept on, leaving them aside. The dying officer made a most determined effort to write his last will and testament, but was in great doubt whether the document would be found, whether even if it were found it would fall into the right hands, and whether even then it would

be considered legal. Fortunately he had a fountain pen with him, but no paper except the last letter which he had received from his wife. That had a blank page at the back, and on that he began to write as well as he could, recognising that he had but very little time. He contrived, though in great pain and failing fast, to express clearly and definitely his wish that all his property should pass to his wife, whose address he gave; and he also added a request that whoever found this document should send it to his London lawyer. Having signed it, he begged the dying private at his side to attach his signature as witness; the man tried to do so, but the pen fell from his hand when he had written only two or three letters of his name, and in a few minutes both officer and private passed away.

We endeavoured to set his mind at rest by telling him that those who buried the body would be sure to find the paper lying beside it, and to take care of it. But he had many doubts; first, he declared that the place where he fell was a remote corner, which might not be visited, as the tide of battle had rapidly receded from it; secondly, he feared that rain might obliterate the writing, which was already bloodstained; thirdly, even if it were found while still legible, it might easily be included among his other effects, and sent home to his mother instead of to his lawyer. His great hope was that the child whom his wife was already expecting might prove to be a son, and his anxiety was that that son's claim to the entailed estate might be proved. He thought that under the circumstances a holograph will, though unwitnessed, would probably be accepted.

It transpired that he had an old school-friend near at hand, and it seemed to us that on the whole our most hopeful line of effort would be to try to influence that friend in some way. He proved dense, however, as friends so often do; and in this case also, after many fruitless attempts at thought-transference, we had to resort to the materialisation of the young helper.

Various difficulties arose, but were surmounted one by one, and at last the friend was guided to the officer's body, and the will duly discovered and forwarded to the lawyer. The dead man's mind is at rest, therefore, and there seems no doubt that his wishes will be carried out as far as possible.

III. SOME MINOR CASES

Our junior helpers were sometimes able to make themselves useful more directly upon the physical plane. For example, when some peasants were fleeing wildly before German soldiers who were rushing into their cottages and setting them on fire, our young people guided four of the fugitives to a small cave by the side of a river, where they hid until the Germans had finished their ruffianly work and ridden on. Then they returned to their village and contrived to extinguish the flames in one of the houses. They all slept there that night, and next day they made their way to a neighbouring village which had escaped the depredations of the marauders.

A few days later Cyril saved two more lives—a boy's and a girl's. They were the only survivors of a village, for the Germans shoot children. They had somehow succeeded in hiding, and when the soldiers left the burnt village they tried to get away without being seen. They managed to escape from among the houses, but the quick manœuvres of the armies cut them off, and when Cyril found them they were again hiding, this time in a cup-like depression in the ground in the midst of a thicket through which cannon-balls and bullets were incessantly pouring. The slight depression saved them from the shots, but the Germans were in the little wood, and the children were in danger of being caught and killed by them. For a long time the battle raged over their heads as they lay in the

mud, and finally the Germans were driven out of the wood. Apparently the Allies did not occupy it, and the fighting went on round them all through the day and night, so that they dared not move. The cold and the wet were dreadful, and when Cyril found them they had had no food for two days, and the boy had taken off almost all his clothes to cover his little sister. He was almost dying, and the little girl was not much better off, though at least warm. Cyril materialised, but they did not understand him, and were rather afraid, because they could not imagine who he could be or how he came to be there. So he called an older helper, who translated and satisfied them that we meant them no harm. Cyril first poured warmth and strength into the boy, and when he declared he felt quite hot, our young healer got some bread and sausage for him out of the haversack of a dead soldier close by. Even in that extremity the boy made his sister eat first, but fortunately other dead soldiers had provisions, so there was enough for both. Then, when they were stronger, Cyril led them away. They had had no idea which way was least dangerous, but of course Cyril, by rising into the air, could see the whole battle-field and calculated the chances. He encouraged them and helped them along, and at last got them to the back of the firing-line, and to a group of French soldiers who gave them some food and passed them on to a field hospital, where a nurse took them in hand. She covered them with a cloak and told them to sleep. They were then perfectly safe, and were looked after, though all their relations were killed.

In another case there was a long bridge across a river, and a little girl had the idea that by crossing it she would be able to get some bread for her mother and some little ones who were starving. There were soldiers all about, and it was distinctly a dangerous expedition, but she waited for what she considered a favourable opportunity, and then started to run

across. But she was only in the middle of the long passage when a great rabble of defeated soldiers came tearing down upon the bridge and dashed madly across it, the pursuing enemy throwing shells among them as they ran. The mass of men came blundering on, fighting so wildly for room to fly that they trampled one another down, and some were even thrown over the sides of the bridge. The little girl had no way of escape and was paralysed with horror—very weak too with starvation. Instantly Cyril materialised himself and helped her over the side of the bridge and made her squeeze herself in between two of the stanchions underneath and cling there. She remained there in safety, though quaking with terror, till the fugitives and the pursuers had passed over, and then she climbed back again and resumed her errand of mercy.

Presently Cyril discovered a new line of usefulness, that of saving vessels from mines by trying to influence the minds of the steersmen. Of course he, in his astral body, could distinguish the mine without difficulty, and he was successful in inducing several men to avoid such traps. I think at first he tried to tell the helmsman that there was a mine in his way, but apparently it was not easy to get the idea into his head. Then it struck Cyril to make him steer a point off his true course for a few minutes—just enough to enable him to clear the obstruction. Then he allowed the man to wake up, as it were, and he was startled to find himself going wrong, as he thought, and immediately altered his helm, hoping that no one had observed his slip, which he attributed to his having fallen asleep for a few moments. In one case an officer noticed the slight change of course and abused the helmsman, who at once changed back in great confusion, but fortunately he had already passed out of danger.

Cyril's success in this was peculiar, for it is not easy to mislead an experienced quartermaster as to his course. In one case he could not make the helmsman alter his course, so

as he was in serious danger, Cyril materialised a hand and pulled the wheel round himself. The man saw the hand, and dropped the wheel with a shout of terror, and fled from the bridge. There were a few minutes of confusion, during which Cyril steered the ship away from the mine, and by the time the officer dashed up and got control they were out of danger. They decided that the sailor had been drinking or dreaming, and he was a good deal ridiculed, but he manfully maintained that a small white hand had seized the wheel, and he had distinctly felt the wheel move under its pressure. It will make a good ghost-story, for sailors are ready to believe anything supernatural.

C. W. Leadbeater

SONS OF ANAK

By EGYPT L. HUYCK

NO; we, the Fairy Elementals and I, are not planning a dry, dusty talk upon who Anak may have been, nor his progeny. Biblical scholars have threshed the subject quite thoroughly, and the one point that they all agree upon is this—no matter whether Anak was the name of a man or a tribe, he and his sons were giants.

The giants that we are going to describe to you are known to the world as the big trees of California; to woodsmen as the Redwoods; and to scientists as the *Sequoia gigantea* or *S. Washingtonia*, and the *Sequoia sempervirens*. They are called cousins in their family relationship, and are the only trees on earth to-day of, shall we say, their tribe. Their wonder and glory to mortal ken fades into insignificance when compared with the pride, joy and industry of their builders, the Fairy Elementals of the Redwood forests.

It has been the writer's good fortune to hold communion with these elementals, and to sense a tiny part of their life-work and their place in evolution. It is wellnigh impossible to make plain just how this silent speech is achieved with these little creatures who are so different from humanity. Instead of speech it might be likened to an impression thrown into the consciousness—not the brain—and it depends upon the stillness and blankness of the brain cells at the moment of reception, as to how accurately one is able to interpret these impressions. It is an intense, listening attitude that is needed

to catch these impressions, as they are thrown out by these fairy builders in their efforts to hold a conversation with humans, as they call us.

Their patience with the writer was worthy of emulation, for it was not easy to get the ideas into words that actually expressed the image they pictured. They have no mind; what corresponds to our mind in them, when acted upon by the minds of mortals, causes considerable difficulty of expression; while there seems to be none whatever when the impression is received. This was especially true when trying to go back historically and get certain data that *they* approved, to fill in and give a vivid mind-picture of the immense periods of time consumed in building their trees.

I shall have to confess to a very hazy idea in regard to some of their efforts to enlighten me as to their own place in evolution in the history of our world. As the following thought gradually took shape in my brain, it met with their approval. It seems that these little workers are the last remnant of their own particular tribe who elementalised the earth and promoted the growth of the gigantic plant-life that eventually laid the material for our vast coal beds. They seem to have names of their own for these periods of time. This one was called the "Emtery Marn" period. These California Redwoods are the sole surviving vegetation of that period; and this tribe of Elemental Builders, with their overshadowing Kings or Devas, are the last of the once vast and mighty tribe of Marley.

All of the members of this tribe are human in form, and appear as red, green and brown in colour and dress, corresponding to the bright cinnamon red of the heart-wood of the tree, the blue-green of its crowning foliage, and the varying brown shades of the bark. For my convenience and their evident pleasure, I have named them the Reds, the Greens and the Brownies. If you will come with Brownie Marvin—taking note that he is dressed in a tight-fitting suit of brown,

a green, dotted cap on his little head, with tiny pointed brown shoes on his feet, his Mark clasped tightly in his hand, and his silver horn slung at his side—he will show you a few pictures of world-history. Remember, now, that Marvin is taking *his* way to impress upon our consciousness the long periods of what we call time that it took the Fairy Architects to build their trees. Take note, also, that he has a good deal of contempt for humans.

Our little hero draws aside the curtain of time and impresses upon our consciousness the one word—look. We find ourselves amidst the splendours of ancient Egypt at the time of the twenty-first and twenty-second Dynasties (which means three thousand years ago), and we observe that the splendour is fast falling into decay. We see a crafty priesthood, led by the chief priests of Ammon, cunning enough to overthrow the royal race of Ramesides, for the next picture shows that royal race of Ramesides in exile in the Great Oasis. In quick succession the pictures follow. We see the chief priest of Ammon possess himself of the throne; taking the name of Siamon Horhor.

The next step in the drama of the Ancient Egyptians shows Rameses XVI married to a royal Assyrian Princess. After some difficulty and fighting, the priestly ruler is overthrown and an Assyrian monarch ascends the throne of Egypt. Thus the affairs of Egypt were in a state of chaos through the centuries. As we look upon these scenes of warfare, wondering if they will ever cease, we hear the clear, silvery notes of a horn, the rush of a winged sound, and we find ourselves in the midst of a quiet forest; we see our little friend surrounded by his comrades, perched amid the fluted projections of a forest monarch, about on a level with our eyes, in the act of removing the silver horn from his lips. And we think we hear him say: "Our world is best—our work, our peace, our joy. Turn back to yours."

This time we see Alexander the Great at the age of sixteen, being entrusted with the Regency of Greece. This picture fades, and we see him taking Thebes at the age of twenty-one. The next action shows him conquering Babylon when he was twenty-five, and founding the celebrated city of Alexandria, only to die when he was thirty-three years old. Lest we have not seen enough of carnage to sicken us of human life, we must gaze upon short actions in the Gallic Wars where a million men were slain, watch with fascinated eyes the crowning of Julius Cæsar as Imperator, and follow him on to the time when he was assassinated, 44 B.C.

Again we find ourselves in the forest of great peace, and slowly before our entranced eyes pass the great fluted columns of the trunks of these trees that have attained during this thousand years of human joy and woe. On every hand, where there are open spaces, we see young trees starting into growth—thousands of them; and we remember the date—44 B.C. Marvin in his wisdom sees that it is time for his human friends to reflect a bit, and with a flourish of his prized silver horn he blows a blast, and we are alone. Bewildered? Yes. We ask ourselves: have we been deluded and tricked? or have we really seen time folding her robes woven of the destinies of men and nations, century after century, until she has taken ten from the loom of her weaving? Have we been watching the birth down the centuries of the "Sons of Anak," who were growing steadily and sturdily in great strength and serenity while the sons of men were fighting for place and power on the opposite side of the globe from them? Let us turn to modern men of science and see to what degree we can prove this little man of the unseen world to be truthful or untruthful.

Prof. Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale University, says of them:

A tree that has lived five hundred years is still in its early youth; one that has rounded out a thousand summers and winters is still in

full maturity ; and old age does not come for seventeen or eighteen centuries. How old the oldest trees may be is not yet certain, but I have counted the rings of seventy-nine that were over two thousand years of age, of three that were over three thousand, and one that was three thousand one hundred and sixty. In the days of the Trojan War and the Exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt this oldest tree was a sturdy sapling.

The *Sequoia gigantea*, referred to by the U. S. Forestry Service as the "Big Trees" of the tourist, we will examine first. Geologists assert that they and their cousins the *S. sempervirens* are "the lone living survivors of all plant and animal life that existed before the glacial age". They grow on low hill-sides facing the Pacific Ocean, never farther than fifty miles from the sea. The average distance is twenty miles, at an elevation of from 4,000 to 7,000 feet. Their trunks are cast in such heroic mould that the crown, beginning with the first branches at one hundred feet from the ground, often reaches a height of three hundred feet. The bark is fluted from the bottom to the top in almost straight lines, and in full-grown trees it is from one to two feet thick. The leaves are small, scaly and bract-like, dark blue-green in colour. The cones are small, round or oval, one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half inches in length.

In the Government Reports it is stated as the opinion of Mr. Hutchings that the average rate of growth is one inch of diameter for every twelve years. Mr. John Muirs, in this same Report, says that under favourable circumstances these trees probably live five thousand years. "I never saw a big tree that had died a natural death ; barring accident, they seem to be immortal." The age of one that was felled in the Calaveras Grove, to provide a dancing-floor, was 1,360 years old, and the diameter across the stump was twenty-four feet inside the bark, accommodating twenty couples on the floor. Another tree, cut at King's River forest, was about the same size, but its age was 2,200 years ; this tree was felled for exhibition purposes.

The most celebrated big tree is the "General Sherman". It rises two hundred and eighty feet, and has a diameter of thirty-six-and-a-half feet. The tree that we so often see pictures of is the "Wawona". It has the drive-way cut through its centre: this was accomplished in 1880. This tree stands two hundred and twenty-seven feet in height, with a diameter of twenty-six feet. The grove called the Calaveras was the first to be discovered by the early pioneers. It was found by John Bidwell in 1841.

Let us stop and think of some rooms that we know to be twenty-six and thirty-six feet square, and then imagine the trunk of a tree filling that space—the immensity, the peace of Nature's handiwork—ah God! the lover of Thy expressions of nature stands dumb before Thy masterpieces, the oldest living things in the world of dense matter. Three thousand years have they stood,

The giant brood . . .
 Children of elder time in whose devotion
 The changeless winds still come and ever came
 To hear an old and solemn harmony.

—SHELLEY

In regard to the fossil remains of the big tree family, Dr. Asa Gray writes:

The same *Sequoia* which abounds in the Miocene formation in Northern Europe has been abundantly found in those of Iceland, Spitzbergen, Greenland, Mackenzie River and Alaska. It is named *Sequoia Langsdorfii* but is pronounced to be very much like *Sequoia sempervirens*, our living Redwoods of the California coast . . . The Miocene deposit in Greenland is pronounced to be a representative of the *gigantia* . . . The forest of the Arctic Zone in Tertiary times contained at least three species of *Sequoia* as determined by their remains.

As we have established ourselves on firm ground in regard to the size and age of these trees, let us go back to Fairyland. All of the great trees have been named after celebrated characters in history. So we shall select the giant called Roosevelt, in the Santa Cruz mountains, for our communion

with the elementals who are the architects of this particular "Son of Anak".

THE ELEMENTALS

Standing before the great tree in silence, with peace and joy in our hearts, we feel no surprise when a little Red, about three inches tall, gives us greeting. This greeting is not a polite exchange of words, but an exchange of goodwill and joy, without excitement accompanying the resultant vibration. To make him quite happy, let us notice and admire him. He looks to me as if he were a miniature Red Indian of the Sioux tribe, who in some miraculous manner had been rolled in finely-powdered cinnamon bark, which had adhered to him evenly and thickly from crown to toe. He is as quick as a flash in his movements and carries himself proudly. Clasped in his tiny hand is his working Mark, and his arms look very long for the height of his body—a splendid asset while at work. He returns our silent admiration with this piece of flattery:

"Did you know that the poets and silent ones of you earth people are the only ones who hear and see us? Those of you who have been aware of us and our work for many seasons, realise that the people who look at our handiwork and gush like a geyser do not know Nature. They only behold the shell of it. We little Reds are heard and seen only in the silence. We love you silent ones and rejoice to help you in your big thoughts.

"We work inside the tree and carry all the red of the fire, the earth and the air [fire, I understand to mean the sun] into the heart of His Majesty—who is first the babe, then the youth, and finally the giant—to make his wood red, beautiful and perfect. Although we are the tiny ones, we are so energetic that you feel the heat of our all-embracing energy, as we pulse

upward to meet our green sisters, and down again in perfect unison. You silent ones, standing by our tree as we work, hear a sound like the quiet breathing of a giant and the mighty throb¹ of his heart-beats. These come at regular intervals, and are like the muffled beat of a bass drum. This sound can be heard by anyone who will take the trouble to listen carefully with the ear placed in contact with the trunk of the tree. For the 'silent ones' it is heard as a part of the forest sounds, and is the music of the woods. Each tree has a different pitch of tone and rhythm, and the combined notes produce a wonderful harmony."

In my efforts to verify the statements of these builders of the trees, by the findings of the men of science, it may be interesting to note this statement from the pen of Julian A. Dimmock, in a recent article on "The Blood-Pressure of Trees". Speaking of the similarity between a tree and a human, he says: "In the case of a big maple, every year 150 tons of liquid are carried up more than fifty feet to the waiting leaves; the tree feeds upon the sugar thus manufactured, and the surplus is stored in the leaves as starch." If the sun does not shine brightly, the leaves do not make the starch—they "go on strike". This starch, before it can be assimilated by the tree, is turned through a chemical process into sugar, to be used by the tree at night. His article states that the *monifera's* life-sap is resinous, so that in the Redwoods this life-sap would be some form of gum instead of sugar, but the process is similar.

Perhaps this will make the statement of the Red a little clearer. He pulses upward to meet his Green sister, and

¹ It was interesting to me to find how eagerly the members of the Marley tribe watched my work, and the efforts they made to get the ideas of their work over to me as accurately as might be. When writing the first draft of the work, I had used the word "pulsing". In copying I left the word out, and was obliged to erase a few words to introduce it. The next sentence I spoiled completely, so I decided to re-type the paragraph on a fresh sheet of paper. Again, on arriving at this word, the same thing was repeated. I left it out. I realised then that the little Red was there by me, wishing a change made. I fell passive and thought "What?" and the answer was instant and clear—"throb," which I accepted as a much better word to use.

carries to her certain elements that he has gathered within his being, from the earth, air and fire, and hands them over to her. The process of transmission seems to be like the passing of an electric current from form to form. It appears a raying out from all around, like light from an electric bulb. The little Red shines very red when he arrives with his surplus building material. As his Green sister receives the currents through her form, she shines forth a radiant green. Thus is the chemical process explained. At night the process is partially reversed, for the little Red receives back part of the glow and shines red on his downward trip. As this is the unseen process of the raising of the gum or life-blood of the tree, by a Red elemental, it is interesting and more intelligible to the mind to know that the analysis of the gum shows 34.63 per cent of tannin.

This gum is not inflammable like resinous gums, but strongly resists the action of fire. Whether, in its fluid state in the body of the tree, it aids in sustaining the tree's vitality against destructive elements, is not certainly known, but probably is true. It undoubtedly gives the red colour to the wood inside the thin white sap wood next to the bark.¹

Before we can finish this explanation, we must have testimony from a Brownie, for there is one element missing. Sending forth the silent call, it is immediately answered by Brownie Metiler, of the clan of Valerman, of the Brown, Green and Red tribe. Here is his testimony in regard to the work of the clan and the Roosevelt tree: "Our tree sprouted when the moon was full, in the month of May, 900 B.C., and we worked and watched over it hourly, year after year. Our efforts have been rewarded by its steady growth and majestic height."

In response to a question as to its size, he answered: "You will have to look it up, for such things do not count with us; we only rejoice in the majesty of strength to grow

¹ U.S. Government Report of 1900.

and grow." The Redwood tree is made by the quiet, steady work of elementals who live long and grow with the tree into the composite being who is the Spirit of the tree. In the national forest where the Roosevelt tree stands, live the fairy elementals of the giant Redwoods. "To look upon us you must be of a clean life and a pure mind, for when you consider that we belong to the earth, air and water, and that we protect our trees from fire¹ with the salt of the sea and the love of moral strength, you can understand why the Great Builders of our Kingdom let us build such long-lived trees."

The vanity of these charming little creatures of the unseen world (if it can be called vanity) is one of the most striking and interesting things about them. No matter how grotesque they may appear to us, they are always well pleased with themselves, and eager to have their human acquaintances pleased with them also. Behold the dear little Brownie as he sees himself :

"As you see, we, the 'Brown,' are five or six inches tall, with green dots in our peaked caps, and green shoes. My coat, as you think, fits me like a glove, and is the colour of the bark of the tree, and it has no buttons. When I work long enough to deserve it, I shall be given a silver horn to blow. My King will present it to me. At present I carry this rude Metiler Mark, the staff of my calling. It is stamped all over my tree. Ours is the task of building the bark and outer wood—sap-wood—that protects the heart. It keeps us busy bringing to the surface, through the blood of the tree, the chemicals that build the strength of resistance."

¹ Russel Dudley, Vice-President of the American Forestry Association, makes this observation of a felled tree, which was fifteen feet in diameter five feet from the ground, two hundred and seventy feet tall, and two thousand one hundred and seventy-one years old. When it was 516 years old, it received a burn which took 105 years to repair; for 1,196 years no injury occurred; when 1,712 years old, it was burned a second time—two long grooves, one to two feet wide; 139 years followed before the damage was repaired; at the age of 1,815 another fire took place, with a burn two feet across the surface; 56 years were used to recover. Two hundred and seventeen years later, when the tree was 2,068 years old, a scar 18 feet wide was made by fire; when the tree was cut in 1900, the scar was reduced to 14 feet.

How very, very true this statement is; for the young trees, only a few feet tall, give one this sense of great resistance, an unyielding will to thwart all the onslaughts of the elements. This takes us back to where we left the Red and Green to introduce the testimony of the Brown.

Metiler brought us the missing element. Now we have fire, earth, air and water represented and used by the tribe. His statement that "we protect our trees from fire with the salt of the sea," is very interesting when we recall that their trees grow *only* in what is called the ocean "fog-belt," and that salt is an extinguisher of destructive fire. As the Brownies build the bark and sap-wood, they are very industrious little fellows. Indeed it is bewildering to watch them as they race up and down the tree, and in and out through the bark. (Remember, the tree is not dense to them.)

Right here the Green members of the tribe must be described, if possible. To say that I can be sure of them is stretching a point. But one, a member of the clan of Valerman, seemed to still her vibrations long enough to impress upon my consciousness these thoughts.

"We are the gentle ones who build the leafage—that glory of the tree, the crown. How we work, bringing the rays of the sun to build the green! We dress to match, you see, all in green, with little gold threads of sunshine in our hoods. These gold threads are the electric currents, the gift of the King of our Kingdom (your 'Solar Logos'). We don't have wings; it is just the gauzy folds of our cape of gold that vibrate so rapidly as to deceive you. This gold is converted into the green of the foliage by contact with our Red and Brown brothers. They call us electrodes.¹ All the

¹ In connection with this electrical side it may be of importance to some readers to know the following fact. Cabinet workers and finishers of redwood are hindered, when planing and sawing the boards, by the shavings and sawdust adhering to the tools and boards; it has to be forcibly brushed away. It is interesting to watch the sawdust *stick*; it is also the cause of much profanity among the men. No other wood generates so much electricity when it is worked upon.

moisture that the leaves collect and that the Brownies bring up from the earth and carry down from the leaves, is charged with this vital life from the King—your Sun. Let us not forget that the Brownies have a bit of green in their costume, for it plays a part in this work.” . . .

The Brownies seem quite alarmed that too much will be revealed. So with these hints I shall have to stop. The moisture, the salt, etc., carried by the Brownies, the tannin, etc., carried by the Reds, when acted upon by the vital life of the sun's rays as they pass through the Greens, cause the tree to grow. This gives us a hint as to the differences, or rather the positive and negative sides, of the life of the elementals. It is not clear perhaps, but still it shows that in their kingdom there is something that approximates to our human sense of the sexes. Very different in expression in every way, yet they wear the garb of humanity enough to be called male and female.

Egypt L. Huyck

(To be concluded)

PASSIVITY

LIE still, lie still, while in the spellbound hush
The widespread waters kindle to a flush ;
While day's last splendours on the river shine
Let God's great glory fill thy soul like wine.
Around the margent of a thousand isles
The soft light ripples into golden smiles,
And the bright seas of wonder half submerge
The graceful palms that rise upon the verge,
While their long fans and feathers fairy-frail
Into the glow of drowsy waters trail.

Lie still, my soul ! I scarcely dare to draw
This windless air so redolent of awe.
No tremour steals along these nerveless limbs,
The while our skiff past countless islands skims,
Leaving outstretched behind it on its way
'Mid sheets of carmine streaks of silver grey.
Be calmed, my brain. Be hushed, my beating heart :
I stir not lest the spirit should depart.
Passive I lie, and sun and waves that gleam
Pour into me their loveliness supreme.

These isles the peace of Paradise o'erbroods,
And here God's feet have wandered through the woods.
Here countless spirits struggle to express
In form their momentary loveliness.
Wherever ripples on the waters shine
There Spirit flashes in its flame divine,
And where the tides of dying daylight flow
There Spirit kindles with a sumptuous glow.
'Twas Spirit struggling in Earth's bosom dim
That burst into these feathered palm-trees slim.

And yet this glory seems so effortless,
Made in mere love of futile loveliness.
They have not toiled from birth to birth to gain
Their transitory beauties. Free from pain
They burst into perfection unconfined,
When, in the vastness of the Master's mind,
There blossomed forth the faultless forms of thought,
Into whose shape the clay of earth was wrought.
E'en as the crystals in the jewelled grot
They grew into perfection, striving not.

I shall lie still. I shall not bend and toil
 To see the ages count my growing spoil
 Of Happiness and Wisdom, for these things
 Flit from the yearning spirit on swift wings
 When with a fevered longing they are sought.
 Only the peaceful spirit, seeking nought,
 Will gaze within him when his deeps lie bare
 And will behold true joy and wisdom there.

For never where the feet of tempest roam,
 Where cold, pale moons shine down upon cold foam,
 But only on the waters of calm seas
 Can God reflect His jewelled galaxies,
 And only in the silence can we know
 The fountain whence the streams of Spirit flow.
 I shall lie still, my breathless soul laid bare,
 Until I feel around me like the air
 The Spirit that pervadeth everything.
 The pains of flesh will lose their power to sting,
 And I will hold sweet converse, lip to lip,
 With all the lonely stellar sistership ;
 And when the mournful winds arise and pass
 And stir to song the withered, yellow grass,
 The hearing of the Spirit will transmute
 Their weary rustle to the Master's flute.

Body and mind may toil in Matter's power,
 But I shall live in peace as in a tower,
 And gaze upon the selfsame stars that smiled
 On the Chaldean shepherd in the wild.
 . . . And when my changing garments of decay,
 That burdened me for *kalpas*, fall away,
 When, wearied by the toils of age on age,
 I end my sad, æonian pilgrimage,
 Bowed in deep hush before the gates of peace,
 Then come, O Master ! Give Thy child release
 And greet me with Thy sweet, familiar smile,
 So that I deem it but a little while
 Since I went out into these alien lands ;
 But, Master, mine shall not be empty hands,
 For I shall bring Thee when I reach my goal
 This music Thou hast planted in my soul.

JOHN NIEMEYER FINDLAY

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE THEOSOPHICAL TOWARDS DEMOCRACY LEAGUE"

IN the Watch-Tower columns of the July issue of THE THEOSOPHIST of this year, there were several statements that I ask your permission to discuss.

The second paragraph announces that Mr. A. P. Warrington has resigned from the Krotona Board of Trustees. As a member of that Board I am unaware of that having happened. As far as I know, Mr. Warrington has no intention of giving up that office. He has so far only resigned as General Secretary of the American Section.

The third paragraph deals with "The Theosophical Towards Democracy League". It is a league of over 25 per cent of the total membership of the T.S. in America, and cast a vote of 40 per cent of those present at the last Convention. It is composed of most of the earnest and effective members of the Section, and is a truly progressive body. It has no candidates for office.

AUGUSTUS F. KNUDSEN,

Treasurer, Krotona Board of Trustees.

HARD DOCTRINE

UNDER the above head, we find on page 90 of THE THEOSOPHIST of April, 1920, certain imaginary doubts expressed by Mr. H. L. S. Wilkinson. These doubts become imaginary for one who recognises the law of reincarnation. The fact is that differences of development in the history of the individuals brought up under similar circumstances cannot be explained without the law of reincarnation. In the vision of the Western philosophers, the law of heredity has been asserted to explain these differences. But as the difference is a fact, even in the case of twins, some of the Western philosophers are also now inclined to fall back upon the law of reincarnation. This law having been established, we propose to solve the questions of Mr. H. L. S. Wilkinson, who recognises the law of karma—from the tenor in which he writes. His questions and their answers are clearly given below:

1. Q. "Does a man cease to be a Theosophist and become *ipso facto* a traitor and deserter of the cause, if he is not strong enough to burst the bonds of his family or national karma?"

A. No. A man does not cease to be a Theosophist if he does not break the bonds of his family or national karma. There are Theosophists in the making and there are Theosophists made. Theosophists in the making do not cease to be Theosophists. They are becoming more and more Theosophists day after day. In the first stage, the centre of self-love is being harmonised with the social centre which manifests love towards the members of the family. By self-love is meant love towards one's own body, which speaks of the lower nature. To one who understands the law of karma, the physical body ceases to be the self, and real love consists in recognising that the physical body is loved because it is made an instrument of service to the Self, which is all-embracing unity, the only one existence, that knows itself, that is Self-shining. The physical body being loved in this way, the centre of love to the Self is harmonised with another centre, which works for the upkeep of the physical body as an efficient instrument of service in accordance with the dictates of the object of devotion. This centre grows in strength and expands into one, sending out currents of love to the family, to the nation, to the world, to all. This is sacrifice. It is in sacrifices that the Theosophist grows, and becomes a perfect Theosophist at last. If one cannot break the bonds of his family for the sake of the nation, the Theosophist is in a lower school. If he cannot break the karma of the nations for the interests of the world, he is a little higher, but still on the ladder.

2. Q. "If the Society has room only for heroes and martyrs of the first rank, who are ready to sacrifice all ties and 'go over the top' whenever asked, would it not be well to say so?"

A. The Society has room for Theosophists of all grades. The soldiers that fell on the battle-field were martyrs in one sense. But they were so willingly or unwillingly, wittingly or unwittingly; and the manner in which they gave up their lives grades them differently as Theosophists. Those who expected they would be rewarded well after their return from the battle-field, and would enjoy the fruits of their good service with this physical body, those who thought that their families would enjoy a good pension for their service, those who had really the good of their nation in their minds, and those who died for the service of the whole world, fighting for the right cause, were different grades of Theosophists. Their angles of vision were different, and the steps of the ladder which they had climbed towards the goal of their spiritual progress was also different. If such soldiers are suffering and feel they are suffering, we say they are in the infant class as yet; rather we should say they are not on the regular path. If their families are suffering, it is not the karma of the deceased soldiers that makes them suffer. The karma of the soldiers has led them to a higher rung, and death is a gateway for birth in better circumstances, with bodies endowed with more powerful faculties.

3. Q. "Are we to infer that these dire physical consequences are to be weighed as nothing in comparison with the spiritual gain? That the lives, and even the sanity, of those we hold dear are to be ruthlessly sacrificed, if need be, at the call of this higher Duty?"

A. Yes, the answer is in the affirmative, as regards the first part of the question. The law of karma and the principles underlying it show that the life is real and the form unreal, and that spiritual life is the one life underlying all. And when the life—spiritual life—gains anything, it does not matter if it is at the expense of the physical body. It is real liberty. The words “ruthlessly sacrificed” are not appropriate when you take spiritual gain into consideration. There is nothing sacrificed on the physical plane when you go into the spiritual world. The physical plane existence is only a means to an end. The spiritual plane existence is real. And so any amount of sacrifice on the physical plane is not ruthless. It is for increase of life you leave the physical conveniences, or even physical existence as it appears to be. Life can never be sacrificed. It is a mistake to put these words together in this combination and state that “lives are ruthlessly sacrificed”. Life is eternal, but the form is changing. Both the Hindū and Christian scriptures, which demand sacrifice of some kinds, posit gains in a higher degree and of a more subtle nature. They are quite right. They are intended only for those who are determined to tread the right-hand path of virtue; and we wish that all Indians would become such spiritual centres, following the scriptures to the letter for the establishing of the International League, and for putting an end to wars and misery, even on the physical plane. Spiritual gain, though sought at the expense of the physical-form conveniences, results in putting an end to physical misery and physical fighting.

Rajahmundry

M. PARVATESAM

THEOSOPHY AT THE CROSS-ROADS

WITH great interest have I been reading the article in the June THEOSOPHIST, bearing the above title. The discontent which is existing all over the world as regards economic conditions, and in regard to religious cults, seems to have spread now also among the T. S. members—several instances of it we can find in the last numbers of its leading magazine, THE THEOSOPHIST.

As we know that the policy of its Editor is to keep its platform as broad as possible, and to allow a considerable amount of freedom of expression in its correspondence columns, I think it a matter to rejoice over, for in this case, as in many others, “*du choc des opinions saillit la vérité*”. I shall follow up the author of “Theosophy at the Cross-Roads” point by point. I quote:

(1) “The need for the future will be for spiritual Light. The spiritual Light of latter-day Theosophy is too obscured by *psychic smoke*.”

It strikes me principally that the author of this article forgets the enormous differences existing among human temperaments, and that

it is rather unfair to expect provision to be made for every one of them in the Theosophical teachings. General outlines are given in Theosophical literature (and in the T.S. activities they can be practised) for the three main types, and the way for each of them to reach the spiritual Light is clearly pointed out. Even many of the subdivisions of each type can find directions, if proper study is made about the way they can take to reach the Light. And I suppose that, as more and more authors on Theosophical subjects are coming forward, more and more directions as to the Way for sub-types not yet reached will be given. What if that which the author so depreciatingly calls "psychic smoke" is one of those ways? In my humble opinion, however, all directions can only bring us up to a certain point, and then each has to find his way further alone.

(2) "The need of the future will be for a transcendent philosophy, which shall include and transcend the farthest reach of the newest science. . . ."

With the exception, perhaps, of Einstein's theories about the light ray, I do not think that present-day science has touched even the *boundaries* of what Theosophy has proclaimed—for instance, in *Occult Chemistry*.

(3) "The need of the future will be for universal terms and symbols for the expression of transcendental truths, symbols not borrowed from the East and from the past, but self-created. The literature of latter-day Theosophy is largely the jargon of a cult, and needs a glossary in order to make it intelligible to the uninitiated reader."

Apparently the author wants a sort of Esperanto for terms of transcendental truths, and also an Esperanto in symbology; and he prefers an entirely new system for both. The greater the number of symbols which are being used for the explanation of transcendental truths, the greater the number of people that can be reached by them; so the creation of a new system of symbols would be only a matter for rejoicing. But I am afraid that in the end each personality will have his own set of symbols, appealing most to him; and so I think that each will have to find his own language to express the transcendental truths he has mastered, for a symbol can only express one facet of the truth it is intended to express, and as regards the expression in physical-plane language of transcendental truths, those who have tried to bring such truths to expression in that way, and who have discovered how miserably they have failed in their attempt to express their glory, only know how impossible it sometimes is.

A little more unity in Theosophical terms is certainly desirable, and he who should undertake to tackle H. P. B.'s works, and bring her sometimes confusing use of certain terms into relation with the terms used by the present-day writers on Theosophical subjects, could be sure of the blessings of many a student of Theosophy in the present and in the future. Not only has every cult its own jargon, but every

personality has his own, and no Esperanto can assist us in that way as long as all our conceptions of transcendental truths are tinged by our personal colouring.

As regards point (4), I quite agree with this part : " The need of the future will be for an emotional language, containing the passwords which shall admit the human spirit into chambers of enchantment at the door of which it now beats in vain. This language is Art, not as it now exists, but as it is capable of being developed."

I do not think, however, that Theosophy ought to be blamed for not having done anything for Art. It has given a beautiful philosophy, which, if it were more brought into practical application by creative artists, would bring Art into channels as yet unused.

(5) " The need of the future will be some illuminating, inspiring and constructive dealing with the sex-question, which shall focalise and make creative the powerful, joyous, divine forces of adolescence. On the subject of sex, latter-day Theosophy has blundered, and with sex it is now either afraid or incompetent to deal."

This point is rather unfair towards Theosophy, the cleverest exponent of which has dealt with the subject in many of her writings in the purest way. As in all subjects she has dealt with, the highest possible ethics are given in regard to this thorny and most difficult of all things. Yet I have often wished for a simple explanation of sexual relationship in the light of Theosophy, an explanation for boys and girls at the difficult age. But is not this after all a shirking of a difficult duty incumbent on every parent ?

There is no cause for fear. When the Bridegroom cometh, the Theosophic lamp *will* be well filled with oil and *will* be brightly burning, spreading the light of truth in all dark comers.

S. L.

BOOK-LORE

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for 1916; Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology for 1910—11; Bulletins 60 (Part I), 64 and 65 of the Bureau of American Ethnology. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

We have several times had occasion to commend for their well known scholarship and interest the publications of the Smithsonian Institution. We have now received the Thirty-second Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, together with the First Part of the 60th Bulletin and the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution itself for the year 1916. The latter volume is always employed to summarise the recent advance in knowledge, especially such as has been made by the Institution. Its eclectic work is revealed in this volume, which includes: geological explorations in the Rocky Mountains, mastodon from Indiana, palæontological and stratigraphic studies in the Palæozoic rocks, explorations in Siberia, collecting fossil echinoderms in the Ohio Valley, geological work in Pennsylvania and Virginia, expeditions to Borneo, Celebes, China, Manchuria, Eastern Siberia, Danish West Indies, Cactus investigation in Brazil and Argentina, fog-clearing investigations, explorations of ancient Mâyâ cities in Guatemala and Honduras, study of nocturnal radiation, as well as dynamical work, astro-physical observations, and the like. The Report likewise includes 30 articles by well known experimental workers, like Hiram Maxim—on gun-report noises—and Paul Bartsch—on the octopus—and so on. A notable feature is always the plates, and in this case in particular Professor Abott's article, "News from the Stars," is accompanied by some very fine illustrations of portions of the galaxy, and of star-clouds from different parts of the heavens.

The First Part of the 60th Bulletin is devoted to the Lithic Industries of the American Indians and is of interest to Theosophical students in the bearing it has upon the theory of the origins of the beliefs of these people. Mr. Holmes leans to the belief that the American Indians originated in China, and though we do not

follow him here, we take his evidence as valuable corroboration of our own theory that the Chinese and the American Indian are of the same root-stock springing from far-off Atlantis.

The Thirty-second Report of the Bureau of Ethnology includes an extensive paper, consisting of the legends and myths of the Seneca people, collected by Jeremiah Curtin and J. N. B. Hewitt. The stories have the delightful *naïveté* of all the aboriginal, and, particularly in those portions which are literally translated, reveal the curious compression and barrenness of ornament which the Atlantean languages always exhibit. Thus, in the legend of the "Spirit of the Tide" the literal rendering of the opening is as follows:

That ancient time their lodge stands, they two Uncle, Nephew, the lodge it was large, but ever he lay supine, for he was ancient, and there was standing the large several rooted tree. There only they two long time abode. Suddenly nephew spoke.

The stories as written by Messrs. Curtin and Hewitt are, of course, in fine and full English, and probably represent altogether the best collection of those Atlantean tales which have descended for many and many years through the American branch of this people so full of magic and implicit belief in worlds other than this.

F. K.

Men, Manners and Morals in South America, by J. O. P. Bland. (William Heinemann, London. Price 12s. 6d.)

The subject of South America has a special appeal for Theosophists, many of whom think that this comparatively unknown continent is to be the home of the Seventh Root-Race. However that may be, a land where republics rise and fall, and in which governments alternate with a dispassionate frequency, is well worth a visit, and that is exactly what Mr. Bland does. He has visited South America, set down his impressions thereon in pleasant manner, not overburdened the reader with dull, however useful statistics, commercial or otherwise, and he has partially succeeded in conveying the fascination that gripped him while travelling among possibly the most mixed races in the world. For South American people, generally, owe their characteristics to many nationalities. Broadly speaking, they are a laughter-loving race, whose chief pursuits are love and war—and for the rest they do not trouble themselves overmuch. The women are, alas! as yet still in a state of un-European subjection, largely due to the fact that the South American faith in the morality of the average man and woman is very frail. Mr. Bland, on South American morals, tells us pretty much what we expect—not a very

high standard, but climatic influences and other circumstances account for much. The manners of the people would seem to be quite all they ought to be—wonderfully unaffected by German *Kultur*, for France, we are told, is their “spiritual home”.

Mr. Bland visited South America during the earlier part of the war, so that his impressions are much affected thereby. We get a passing glimpse at politics, we feel his antagonism towards Catholicism, and the German and Sinn Fein elements, but apart from obvious prejudices, Mr. Bland displays a real love of the people. The general account is lightened by flashes of humour, touches of sarcasm, and charming descriptive vignettes. A pleasing and readable book, written with sympathy, and not pretending in any sense to be more than a personal impression.

T. L. C.

Occult Chemistry, by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. Revised Edition, edited by A. P. Sinnett. (Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price 15s.)

The student's delight at hearing that this book, so long out of print, has now been reprinted, will be much tempered when he finds that by some singular mischance it has been done without an index, with merely superficial correction of obvious errors, and slight re-arrangement. There is a useful brief introduction by Mr. Sinnett, but this cannot outweigh the loss of a thorough revision, some better plates (showing negative and positive values) and, above all, the new diagram of the water molecule (and perhaps some other compounds) which Mr. Leadbeater has just looked up. This very recent work brings the whole within touch of the ordinary chemist, and it would have been well if a closer co-ordination of the publishers and editor with the authors had made it possible to incorporate these things in this edition. Still, we welcome the book back into circulation.

F. K.

The Other Side God's Door, by Mabel Nixon Robertson. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

Claude's Second Book, by Mrs. Kelway Bamber. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

Letters from the Other Side. Prefaced and Edited by Henry Thibault, with a Foreword by W. F. Cobb, D.D. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 5s.)

The stream of "Messages" from the other world flows on without interruption. The three books before us illustrate well how various is the quality and scope of the teachings which are being bestowed upon the world by various persons "behind the veil".

The Other Side God's Door is a sincere and simple statement of the results of table-tapping and automatic writing. The matter brought through is chiefly of personal interest to the sitters and their circle of friends, though to a certain extent it does swell the general account—of all who are seeking comfort and enlightenment through psychic communications—chiefly in that it contributes one more piece of evidence for the fact that those who are "dead" survive and are happy, and states emphatically that what we on earth need is that "God" shall be made a living reality to us. Both in form and substance this book will appeal to the earnest but quite inexperienced enquirer.

In *Claude's Second Book* we have something a little less elementary. It consists of a collection of Talks given to the world by "Claude" through the mediumship of his mother. Neither author nor writer are novices at their task. As the title indicates, the book is a second volume, and the experience gained in the writing of the first, together with the expansion of knowledge and faculty which characterise the matter given in this last effort as compared with the former series, raise this book considerably above the level of the many volumes of vague and emotional rhapsodies by means of which the psychics are endeavouring to lighten the gloom of the world.

Claude seems to be a very sensible person. He makes a clear and definite attempt to give us some idea of the mechanism of mediumship, not scientifically, but by means of a description of facts which are obvious, visible, audible, and tangible from his point of view. He throws light upon many of its difficulties—its dangers do not seem to have impressed him—and gives some reasons why it is not easy for messages to be transmitted accurately. His other talks deal with such subjects as: Spiritualism and Occultism, the Great Weaver (an explanation of the working of karma), Man's Reincarnation, Dreams, Prayer, and so forth. All through the book the teachings of Theosophy haunt us. Much that our books and lectures emphasise is said here, though in different and often, to the Theosophical ear, clumsier language. Even many of our terms have been adopted—astral, thought-forms, and the like. There is no doubt that books such as this will help very much to spread certain phases of elementary Theosophy among the general public. Their

scopé, of course, is very limited, the interest being confined to the astral plane and its connection with the physical, although the existence of vaster realms is admitted in references to other "spheres"; but as far as it goes, the information given accords, in essentials, with the teachings of our Theosophical investigators.

Letters from the Other Side takes us again into a different atmosphere. It records a series of conversations between a single questioner and a communicating spirit, the answers from the invisible partner in the dialogue being flashed into the brain of a third person, the amanuensis, and written down by her. The names of the three persons concerned are purposely suppressed, but the *bona fides* of the writer is guaranteed in a Foreword by the Rev. W. F. Cobb, D.D. The "spirit," as we gather from some of his remarks, was in his last earth-life a dignitary of the Church of England. He is evidently a man of culture and wide sympathies, interested in such modern movements as Spiritualism, Christian Science, Theosophy, Bahaism, and kindly in his criticism where he does not find himself in agreement with their tenets. As regards Theosophy one is surprised to note that he regards as its main defect "the deification of the intellect, absence of spirituality and love". Furthermore he believes the movement to be on the highway to decadence because it "has taken to itself the deadly elements of priestcraft". Of the Masters of Wisdom he knows nothing. Reincarnation, he says, is untrue or, as he modifies this statement later, is still unproven. Apart from this, much that he has to tell us corroborates many of the details of our teachings and is in accord with the general attitude towards life after death and spirit-communications which a study of Theosophy fosters. Many of the old questions come up: Do our loved ones remain in touch with us after death, and in what sense do they share our life? Does the lapse of years make a difference in our relation to them? Does pain persist in the "next world"? Is there a devil? What is the fate of animals on the other side? And so on. Interesting hints are given as regards the conditions of intercommunication. For instance, apropos of a passage in *Raymond*, in which it is stated that dead people asked for cigarettes, we read:

The cigarettes and whiskey-and-soda were *dreams*, realistic dreams. The medium was not subtle enough to be able to transmit Raymond's statements, so as to be understood. In despair Raymond had to let it pass.

And again:

I only know of Lodge's book what I get from you and others, but I know of the boys and men who slept *here* and in their dreams enjoyed banquets (they had starved on

earth); and remember, these dreams are often transmitted by mediums as well as the waking experiences of those who are here.

One can only mention here a very few of the many interesting points raised, and for the rest recommend the reader to study this volume for himself.

A. DE L.

Native Fairy Tales of South Africa, retold by Ethel L. McPherson. Also, *Hindū Fairy Tales*, retold by Florence Griswold. (George Harrap & Co., Ltd., London. Each 5s.)

The volumes above are two particularly attractive books for children.

The first consists of folk-lore stories from the Zulu and Sesuto which have been collected, freed from their native coarseness, and put into simple, modern language, although much of the original picturesqueness of phraseology has been preserved. As far as one can remember, they cover absolutely new ground; we cannot recall having come across South African *fairy tales* before—although *animal stories* of that part of the world have been presented on several occasions with humour and charm—but it proves a most fertile field, full of fascinating material.

The authoress calls our attention to the fact that “in some of the stories set forth, a remarkable resemblance may be noted to those of classic legend and to the folk-tales of Europe”. In “Senkenpeng and Bulane,” for instance, there is a maiden victim not unworthy to rank with Iphigenia, and a bride who, like Psyche, might not look upon the face of her husband. The book is charmingly illustrated by Miss Helen Jacobs, whose mere name is a guarantee of exquisite colour and vivid imagination; its “get-up” is in every way admirable—good print and good paper—it is a delightful present for a child.

Hindū Fairy Tales, as above, is equally to be commended. It, too, is illustrated by Miss Jacobs, to whose work too much praise cannot be given—the frontispiece, which deals with the story of “The Fairies of the Mountain of the Moon,” being a perfect gem of colour and fancy. The volume contains a series of well-chosen examples from the *Jāṭaka*, that wonderful collection of story-material cast into the form of tales of the Buḍḍha’s former births—a collection as remarkable for its variety as for its antiquity. The selection from it made by Mrs. Griswold is necessarily limited, but such is the artless charm of its presentation, that readers, old as well as young, will, we

feel sure, rejoice to know that many more stories of a similar character are to be found in the *Jāṭaka*, and will join in hoping that, before long, another volume from the same source may be forthcoming.

G. L. K.

The Wonders of Instinct: Chapters in the Psychology of Insects, by J. H. Fabre, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos & Bernard Miall. Fifth Impression. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 10s. 6d.)

Even a fifth impression of a book by Fabre is an event, for it means that so many more thousands of people will come to know of the marvels of insect life, and of the marvels of the writer's ingenuity, wonderful style, and wonderful understanding. To the Theosophist, if he be a true Theosophist, there are no more remarkable books on Nature than those of Fabre. Here we are face to face with the work of the Second Logos, and we feel the pulse of His life. We see, stretching back into an antiquity of millions of years, into the Silurian and even the Cambrian periods, the vista of forms in which that life has learnt, within its narrow range of technique, to perform feats in themselves far cleverer than those of man himself.

Those who know Fabre need no urging; those who do not know him should instantly acquaint themselves. Indeed, if it may be said with no disrespect: "There are only two kinds of people in the world: those who know Fabre and those who do not."

F. K.

MAGAZINE NOTICES

The Psychic Research Quarterly. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The appearance of a magazine devoted to psychic research, under the auspices of such an important publishing house, is necessarily a matter of unusual interest to Theosophical students. Messrs. Kegan Paul's new quarterly supplies a definite and growing demand, namely, for a critical and easily readable record of what may be called the intellectual side of psychic investigation. Already it is possible, through several excellent journals, to keep in touch with most of the various developments now taking place within this field of activity, but perhaps this magazine is the first to approach the subject from a standpoint which aims at combining scientific detachment with widely

inclusive encouragement. This attitude is tersely expressed in the publishers' Foreword, as may be gathered from the following paragraph:

It will be as well to make clear just what our view of the present situation is. We believe that the problems of Psychical Research are among the most intricate and the most important with which the human intellect has ever grappled—quite the last which any prudent man should select as a subject for dogmatic pronouncements. Among them is the task of determining the true causes of a variety of phenomena which, *prima facie*, appear to be due to the continued activity of deceased persons. It is no use saying that such an origin is impossible or absurd; the matter is one for evidence, and for evidence alone—including, of course, legitimate *a priori* considerations—and those who have most critically and thoroughly studied the subject are the first to admit that the evidence in favour of this "spiritistic" view is of a very high order both in quantity and quality. This evidence may be inconclusive, as we ourselves are inclined to believe; it may, on closer examination, prove definitely unsatisfactory; but only ignorance or prejudice will deny its existence.

The contents of this first number consist of six articles by competent authorities on the subject, such as Sir William Barrett and J. Arthur Hill, and include several book-reviews by known writers. "The Scientific Method in Psychical Research," by F. C. S. Schiller, is a careful statement of the conditions that must be fulfilled by experimental research before it can claim to be truly scientific, and is useful as a warning against the many logical pitfalls that surround this method of enquiry. Sir William Barrett's contribution on "The So-called Divining (or Dowsing) Rod" contains much valuable information regarding this curious power and some very reasonable suggestions as to its mechanism, but we do not agree that involuntary muscular action can entirely account for the peculiar behaviour of the forked twig, for we have seen the same results obtained when Mullins, the "dowser," did not touch the twig himself, but loosely held the hands of a stranger who took the twig in his own hands. The religious and mystical outlook on this subject is represented by Lily Dougall, in "Faith and Superstition," the medical by Dr. T. W. Mitchell, in "Psychopathology and Psychic Research," and the philosophic by C. A. Richardson.

As might be expected, *The Psychic Research Quarterly* presents a neat and dignified appearance, and will certainly play a prominent part in advancing the study of psychical phenomena on sound lines. By the way, we wonder why the Editor's name is not revealed.