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OBJECTS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

The principal object is to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood without any distinctions whatever; the subsidiary objects being:

(a) The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies, and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and

(b) The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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“VITA BREVIS.”

Hitopadesha, iv, 68-83.

W^HITHER are gone the great lords of the earth, with their might of chariots and armies? The earth, that witnessed their departure, stands even to-day.

Moment by moment, this body wastes away unperceived; like a jar of unbaked clay set in water, it falls to pieces, and is dissolved.

Unlasting are youth and beauty, life and piled-up wealth, kingly state and the presence of friends; the wise man errs not as to these.

As log of driftwood meets log in the mighty ocean, and after meeting they separate again; thus are the meetings of all beings.

NALA AND THE GODS.

Mahabharata, iii, vi, 5, 6-7.

AND when the king of the Nishadhas had been chosen by the daughter of Bhima, the lords of the worlds in their brightness departing beheld Dwapara approaching, with Kali. Thereupon Indra, slayer of Bala and Vritra addressed Kali :

Tell me, Kali, whither art thou going with Dwapara accompanying thee ?

And Kali answered Indra :

To the self-choosing of Damayanti, and there shall I choose her, for my heart has gone out to her.

Then Indra said to him, laughing :

The self-choosing is ended ! Chosen by her was Nala the King, as her lord,—even in the presence of us.

And thus addressed by Indra, Kali, full of anger, calling all the gods to witness, spoke then this word :

That she took a son of man for her husband, even from amid gods,—for this let there be for her justly a heavy enduring of punishment.

When this was thus spoken by Kali, the heaven-dwellers made answer :

Even with our consent, by Damayanti was Nala chosen ; and what woman would not follow King Nala, in whom all virtues dwell, who knows every law, and walks faithfully in all things, who has read the Vedas four, and all the histories as well ; in whose house the gods are ever delighted with offerings, according to the law ; who hurts no living thing wantonly ; who speaks truth, ever constant to his word ; in whom are righteousness and firmness, gentle charity and fervid will, purity, self-restraint, control, set ever firm in this tiger of men ; in this human ruler, equal to a lord of the worlds.

Whoever, Kali, would desire to curse Nala, being such as this, he, deluded, would curse himself, and of himself destroy himself. Whoever, Kali, would desire to curse Nala, having virtues like these, he would sink in a horrid hell, a wide, impassable abyss.

Speaking thus to Kali and Dwapara, the gods went heavenwards. And when the gods were gone, Kali spoke to Dwapara thus :

I cannot contain my wrath, Dwapara ! I shall dwell near Nala, until I cast him forth from his kingdom. He shall not enjoy the daughter of Bhima ! Do thou also enter into the dice, deigning to lend me thy aid !

Kali, thus making alliance with Dwapara, came thereupon thither,

where the King of the Nishadhas dwelt. And ever desiring to gain power over him, he dwelt long time among the Nishadhas. And in the twelfth year of his dwelling, Kali saw an opportunity against Nala. For the King, having incurred a stain, purified not himself until the evening. And he thereby gained power over Nala ; and going to Pushkara, he spoke thus to Pushkara :

—Come, play against Nala, O worthy one, and thou shalt conquer Nala, at play with the dice, by my aid. Gain thou the Nishadhas for thy kingdom, conquering Nala the King !

And thus addressed by Kali, Pushkara came to where Nala was ; and Kali also, becoming the highest throw, as a bull among cows, came to the side of Pushkara. And Pushkara, slayer of the heroes of the foe, seating himself beside Nala the hero : Let us two play !—thus spoke his brother—for the highest throw !—thus said he, once and again.

And the King, high-souled, did not endure him challenging ; when Damayanti the princess of the Vidarbhas was looking on, he thought the time was fair for play. Then Nala, overruled by Kali, lost there at play well-colored gold, a yoke of chariot horses, and vestures. And him, maddened with the madness of dice, not one of his lovers was able to stop, when that subduer of the foe was playing. Then the dwellers in the city all, with spokesmen, came to look on their King, seeking to stop him in his folly ; and his charioteer, drawing near secretly, announced it to Damayanti, saying :

—Here are the folk of this city, lady, standing at the door, full of concern. Let it be announced to the King of the Nishadhas : All thy subjects are standing there, no longer able to bear the downfall of their King, eager to see justice for him.

Thereon she, with voice full of tears, and oppressed with grief, spoke to the King of the Nishadhas, the daughter of Bhima, her heart stricken sore with sorrow.

—King, the people, the men of the city, stand at the door, seeking to see thee ; they are here with spokesmen all, full of loyalty for their King. Do thou deign to see them.

Thus, verily, she spoke, once and again. But her, of the beautiful eyelids, lamenting in this wise, the King overruled by Kali answered not at all. Thereon those spokesmen, and the dwellers in the city, grief-stricken, and shame-faced, went to their houses, saying : It is not he ! Then that play lasted thus for many months, and Nala always lost.

AN OLD LEGEND.

Chhandogya Upanishad, iv, 1-2.

JANASHRUTI, the grandson of Janashruta, was full of faith, a giver of many gifts, bestowing much cooked food. He caused many houses of refuge to be built, saying : Everywhere shall they eat food of mine.

And swans flew by at night, and swan spoke thus to swan :

—Dim-eyed one, dim eyed one, the fire of Janashruti is as bright as day ; go not near it ! be not burned by it !

And the other spoke again to him :

—Who is this, in truth, of whom thou speakest, as though he were Raikva of the chariot ? As to him who has won with the highest throw of the dice, the lesser throws go as well, so to Raikva goes all that people do well, and it is thus also with whoever knows what Raikva knows.

And Janashruti, the grandson of Janashruta overheard this ; and, on rising, said verily, to his charioteer :

O warrior ! thou speakest of Raikva of the chariot !

—Who is this Raikva of the chariot ?

—As to him who has won with the highest throw of the dice, the lesser throws go as well, so to Raikva go all that people do well ; and it is thus also with whoever knows what Raikva knows.

And the charioteer, after seeking, returned, saying : I have not found him. And he said to him :

—Where one, who knows the Eternal, is to be sought, go thou thither to seek him.

And he came upon him, sitting beneath his chariot, and he addressed him, saying :

—O worthy one, art thou Raikva of the chariot ?

And he replied, saying :

—I, verily, am he.

And the charioteer, returned, saying :

—I have found him.

And Janashruti, the grandson of Janashruta, taking six hundred cows, an ornament of gold, and a chariot drawn by mules, came to where he was, and addressed him :

—Raikva ! here are six hundred cows, an ornament of gold, and a chariot drawn by mules ! O worthy one, instruct me in the divinity whom thou approachest !

But the other spoke again to him :

—For a golden necklet am I to teach thee, slave ! let it remain thine, and the cows as well !

Once again Janashruti, the grandson of Janashruta, taking a thousand cows, an ornament of gold, a chariot drawn by mules, and his daughter, came to where he was, and addressed him :

—Raikva, here are a thousand cows, here is an ornament of gold, here is a chariot drawn by mules, here is a wife for thee, and the place in which thou art sitting is also thine. O, worthy one, initiate me into the teaching !

And Raikva, raising the face of the maiden up to his own, spoke :

—I accept these gifts, slave ! by this face thou makest me speak.

And the place is called Raikvaparna, in the Mahavrsha country, where he dwelt.

The Great Breath, verily, is the storehouse. For when the fire burns out, it enters into the Breath ; when the sun goes to his setting, he enters into the Breath ; when the moon goes to setting, it enters into the Breath ; when the waters dry up, they enter into the Breath ; for the Breath verily enwraps them all. Thus far as to the world-powers.

Then as to the powers within one's self. The Life, verily, is the store-house. For when he sinks to sleep, voice, verily, enters into the Life, seeing enters into the Life, hearing enters into the Life, emotion enters into the Life ; for the Life, verily, enwraps them all. Thus there as these two store-houses : the Breath, among the world-powers ; the Life, among the lives.

RAIKVA OF THE CHARIOT.

In Chhandogya Upanishad, iv, 1-2.

EMBEDDED in the records of the ancient Mysteries, as the fossil in the marble, we find many an old legend and story, which has come down to us without comment or note, without author's or narrator's name, without mark of time or place of birth. At one time these legends may have been, and almost certainly must have been, definite and complete records connected with great historic events, or personages, whose destinies were linked with the story of the Mysteries, and their development. Then, later, as the lives of great men, and the history of stirring and epoch-making events for the most part bear a secondary, symbolic meaning, these narratives, shorn of a large part of the circumstance and detail that clothed them at first may have been preserved as parables, as vivid figures and images of this or that aspect of life, and the events narrated may have been moulded and altered, to conform them to an ideal, universal type.

Lastly, these stories were in many cases preserved, simply because they had already been preserved so long already; their sheer antiquity was deemed a warrant of their special value, and they came down the ages, in a gathering mist of obscurity, often seeking in vain an interpreter who should unravel their long hidden meaning.

One of these strange and antique stories is that of Raikva and Janashruti the grandson. It bears no author's name, and the sole local indication rather darkens than lightens counsel, as the place called Raikvaparna unto this day is no longer known on the face of the visible earth, and the whole allusion to it gives the story the appearance of having been invented, like many another, to account for a name whose origin had been forgotten.

However, there the story is, at the head of a chapter, in what is avowedly and uncontestably a manual for students seeking initiation into the Mysteries; there it is, and we must draw from it such pleasure and profit as we can, before passing on to what follows. To begin with, whatever may have been the wondrous wisdom of Raikva, in virtue of which all the good that men did, accrued to him, as to him who has cast the highest throw at dice all lesser throws accrue; whatever may have been that secret doctrine, in proud possession of which he disdainfully refused the gift of six hundred cows, the golden necklet, and even the chariot drawn by mules, the hidden lore which only the fair face of Janashruti's daughter persuaded him to reveal, we are destined to remain in ignorance of it. For the sentences which immediately follow the consent of

Raikva to unveil his teaching, do not contain that teaching or explain to us what it was ; and indeed these sentences, which we have translated, have quite evidently nothing to do with Raikva at all, or with his wisdom, or with Janashruti's daughter, or the chariot drawn by mules. They might just as well appear in another chapter, or in any other part of the Upanishads whatsoever. Now there are many of these fragmentary teachings thus sifted through the more connected matter of the Upanishads, and whoever feels an irresistible curiosity and longing to know, is at liberty to search and seek among them, if haply he may find some such teaching as may seem to belong more rightfully to Raikva, after taking into due consideration all circumstances of time and place, the character of teacher and pupil, the bribe offered for the lesson, what the charioteer said, and finally, the evidence of the swans.

If we turn to the symbolic aspects of the story, and those views of it which make for edification, we may find a mystical meaning in the rejected offering of cattle, like that of the father of Nachiketas, and the deficiency supplied in that case by the offering of a son ; in this, by the offering of a daughter. We may find a further hiddensense in the number of the herds ; in the fact that the teacher was seemingly a man of no account and little honor ; even, if some manuscripts are to be followed, very abject and forlorn in outward seeming. Yet after all, the truth will probably be that the story was preserved because it was very old.

THE TALE OF A TIGER.

The Book of Good Counsel: Hitopadesha, i.

TOLD BY THE PIGEON KING.

ONCE on a time, as I passed through the Southern Forest, I beheld :—
An old Tiger who had taken a bath, covering his paw with grass, on the lake shore speaks :

“ Hail ! Wayfarers, hail ! Let this golden bracelet be accepted ! ”

Thereupon one Wayfarer, led on by greed, spoke thus :

“ This also befalls through heaven's grace ; yet,—in times of doubt as to one's aim, it is not right to hurry. For it is written :

Even the wished from the unwished receiving,
The end and outcome is not ever fair ;
When there is poison craftily admixed,
Even the heavenly nectar makes for Death.

“Yet in every gaining of wealth, there is cause for doubt. As it is written :

Till he o'ercomes his doubts, no man
attains to wealth.
O'ercoming doubt, he may attain ;
—if he survives.

[*Mahabharata, Adi, cxl, 73.*]

“Thus far, I consider the matter.” He says aloud :

“Where is the bracelet ?”

The Tiger, pushing his paw forward, shows it.

The Wayfarer said :

“How can I have confidence in thee ?”

The Tiger spoke :

“Now I, even I, practice ablutions and am a giver ; I am old, and have lost my nails and teeth ; how am I not a sure ground for confidence ? As it is written :

Sacrifice, study, penance, gifts,
Truth, firmness, patience, lack of lust :
This is the Way long handed down,—
The Noble Eightfold Path of Right.
The first four Virtues of the Path,
The Hypocrite may practice too ;
The last four Virtues ever dwell
In the Magnanimous alone.

[*Mahabharata, Udyoga, xxxv, 56-7.*]

“And mine is such a freedom from greed, that I am willing to give a golden bracelet, that is even now in my paw, to anyone at all ! All the same, that popular saying, to wit : ‘Tiger eats Man,’ is hard to overcome. As it is written :

The World, that ever follows where it's led,
May take as its instructor in right life
A dame of weakest reputation,—or
Even a Twice-born who has killed a cow !

“For I too have read the holy Books of Law. Listen !

As thou dost love the Life of thine own Self,
All other Beings love their own Lives too ;
By Self-similitude, the perfect Wise
Show to all Being pity equally.

“And again :

Ever in all refusing or all giving
In pleasure, pain ; in what he loves or hates

By Self-similitude, a man should act
And follow thus the perfect Rule of Right.

[*Mahabharata*, 13, 5572.]

“ And yet another :

Oh son of Kunti ! succour well the Poor !
Give not thy Wealth to one already Rich !
They that are Sick, alone need healing herbs ;
What use are healing herbs to him in Health ?

“ And another :

What Gift is given, thinking ‘ one should give,’
To one who cannot render it again,
At the right place and time, to the right man,
Such is a gift of Goodness ; this they know.
[*Bhagavad Gita*, xvii, 20.]

“ Therefore after bathing here in the lake, accept this golden bracelet.”

Thereupon, as he enters into the lake to bathe, so sinking down in the deep mud, he is unable to escape.

“ I will come and lift thee up ! ”

—Thus declaring, and by little and by little approaching, held by that Tiger in his paw, he meditated :

’Tis not enough to say : he reads the holy Law
And studies well the Vedas, if his Heart is bad ;
His evil nature ever will come out at last,
As surely as, by nature, milk of cows is sweet.

“ For :

Whose senses and whose heart are uncontrolled,
Is like the bathing of an elephant ;
And like adornments to an ugly face,
A useless load is Wisdom without works.

“ This was not well done by me, that I placed confidence in one whose very Self is Murder. As it is written :

Of every one, the inborn Nature shews,
On trial, and not other Qualities.
Ever outstripping other Qualities,
The inborn Nature triumphs at their head.”

Thus meditating, verily, he, by that Tiger was slain and consumed.

MASTER AND PUPIL.

Shankara's Vivekachudamani : The Crest Jewel of Wisdom, 471-520.

THE TEACHER SPEAKS:

THAT, whose nature no man can define ; where is no pasturage for mind or word ; one, verily, without second, is the Eternal ; there is no difference at all.

The fulness of Being, self-perfect, pure, awakened, unlike aught here ; one, verily, without second, is the Eternal ; there is no difference at all !

They who have cast away passion, who have cast away sensual delights, peaceful, well-ruled, the sages, the mighty, knowing reality in the supreme consummation, have gained the highest joy in union with the Self.

Thou worthy one also, seeking this higher reality of the Self, whose whole nature is the fulness of bliss, washing away the delusions thine own mind has built up, be free, gaining thy end, perfectly awakened.

Through Soul-vision, through the Self utterly unshaken, behold the Self's reality, by the clear eye of awakening ; if the word of the scripture is perfectly perceived without wavering, then doubt arises no more.

On gaining freedom from the bonds bound by unwisdom as to the Self ; in the gaining of that Self whose nature is truth, knowledge, bliss ; the holy books, reason, and the word of the guide are one's evidences ; an evidence too is the realizing of the Self, inwardly attained.

Freedom from bondage and joy, health of thought and happiness, are to be known by one's self ; the knowing of others is but inference.

As the teachers, who have reached the further shore, and the teachings tell, let a man cross over through that enlightenment which comes through the will of the higher Self.

Knowing the Self through one's own realization, as one's own partless Self, and being perfected, let him stand firm in the unwavering Self.

This is the last and final word of the teaching : The Eternal is the individual life and the whole world ; rest in the partless One is freedom, in the Eternal, the secondless ; and this too the scriptures shew. [480]

Through the word of the Guide, and the evidence of the teaching, understanding the highest Being, through union with the Self, he reached perfect peace, intent on the Self, so that nothing could disturb him any more, resting altogether in the Self.

Then after intending his mind for a while on the supreme Eternal, rising again from the highest bliss he spoke this word :

THE PUPIL SPEAKS:

Entangling thought has fallen away, its activity has dissolved, through mastery of the Self's oneness with the Eternal; I know not this, nor anything that is not this; for what is it? how great is it? joy is its further shore.

This cannot be spoken by voice, nor thought by mind; I taste the glory of the ocean of the Supreme Eternal, filled full of the ambrosial bliss of the Self. My mind, enjoying delight, like a watercourse, that had dried up, when the multitude of waters come, is full of happiness, even from the slightest portion of the honey-sweet bliss of the Self.

Whither has this world of sorrow gone? what has taken it away? whither has it dissolved? Now I see that it no longer is,—a mighty wonder!

What is there for me to reject? what to choose? what else exists? Where is there difference in the mighty ocean of the Eternal, full of the nectar of partless bliss?

I see not, nor hear, nor know aught of this world; for I bear the mark of the Self, whose form is being and bliss.

Honor, honor to thee, my Guide, mighty-souled; to thee, who art free from sensuous bondage, who art most excellent, whose own nature is the essence of bliss of the secondless Everlasting, whose words are ever a mighty, shoreless ocean of pity.

As one who was wearied with the heat, bathing himself and refreshed, in the enveloping light of the rayed moon, thus I have in a moment gained the partless excellent bliss, the imperishable word, the Self.

Rich am I, I have done what was to be done, freed am I from the grasp of the sorrowing world. My own being is everlasting bliss, I am filled full, through the favor of the Self. [490]

Unbound am I, formless am I, without distinction am I, no longer able to be broken; in perfect peace am I, and endless; I am stainless, immemorial.

I am neither the doer nor enjoyer; mine are neither change or act. I am in nature pure awakening. I am the lonely One, august for ever.

I am apart from the personal self that sees, hears, speaks, acts, and enjoys; everlasting, innermost, without act; the limitless, unbound, perfect Self awakened.

I am neither this nor that; I am even he who illumines both, the supreme, the pure; for me is neither inner nor outer, for I am the perfect, secondless Eternal.

The unequalled, beginningless reality is far from the thought of I and thou, of this and that; I am the one essence of everlasting bliss, the real, the secondless Eternal.

I am the Creator, I am he who makes an end of hell, he who makes an end of all things old ; I am the Spirit, I am the Lord ; I am partless awakening, the endless witness ; for me there is no longer any Lord, no longer I nor mine.

For I, verily, consist in all beings, enveloping them within and without, through the Self that knows ; I myself am at once the enjoyer and all that is to be enjoyed,—whatever was seen before as separate,—through identity with it.

In me, the ocean of partless Bliss, world-waves rise manifold, and fall again, through the storm-winds of glamour's magic.

In me, the material and other worlds are built up by glamour, through swift vibrations ; just as in Time which has neither part nor division, are built up the world-periods, the years, the seasons, months, and days.

Nor does the Self, on which the worlds are built, become stained by them, even through the deluded who are stained by many sins ; just as even a mighty flood of mirage waters wets not the salt desert earth.

[500]

Like the ether, I spread throughout the world ; like the sun, I am marked by my shining ; like the hills, I am everlasting and unmoved ; I am like an ocean without shores.

I am not bound by the body, as the clear sky is not bound by clouds ; whence then should the characters of waking, dreaming, dreamlessness, belong to me ?

The veil comes, and, verily, departs again ; it alone performs works and enjoys them. It alone wastes away and dies, while I stand like a mighty mountain, forever unmoved.

Neither forth-going nor return belong to me, whose form is ever one, without division. He who is the one Self, without fissure or separation, perfect like the ether,—how can he strive or act ?

How should righteousness or sin belong to me, who possess not the powers of sense, who am above emotion, above form and change, who experience ever partless bliss ; for the scripture teaches that in the Self is neither righteousness nor sin.

What is touched by his shadow, whether heat or cold, or foul or fair, touches not at all the man, who is other than his shadow.

The natures of things beheld touch not the beholder, who is apart from them, sitting above unchanged, as the character of the house affects not the lamp.

Like the sun which witnesses the act, like the tongued flame that leads the conflagration, like the rope that holds what is raised ; thus am I, standing on the summit, the conscious Self.

I am neither the actor, nor the causer of acts ; I am neither he who enjoys, nor he who brings enjoyment ; I am neither the seer, nor he who gives sight ; I am the unequalled Self, self-luminous.

When the disguise moves, just as the foolish-minded attribute to the sun the dancing of its reflection on the water, so one thinks : I am the doer, the enjoyer ; I, also, am slain. [510]

Let this inert body move on the waters or on dry land ; I am not thereby stained by their natures, as the ether is not stained by the nature of a jar.

Acting, enjoying, baseness or madness, inertness or bondage or unloosing are the changes of the mind, and belong not really to the Self, the supreme Eternal, the pure, the secondless.

Let Nature suffer changes ten times, a hundred, a thousand times ; what have I to do with these commotions ? For the lowering clouds touch not the sky.

From the unmanifest, down to grossest things, all this world encountered is a mere reflection only. Like the ether, subtle, without beginning or end, is the secondless Eternal ; and what that is, I am.

All-embracing, illumining all things ; under all forms all-present, yet outside all ; everlasting, pure, unmoved, unchanging, is the secondless Eternal ; and what that is, I am.

Where the differences made by glamour have sunk to final setting, of hidden nature, perceived in secret, the Real, Wisdom, Bliss, and formed of bliss, is the secondless Eternal ; and what that is, I am.

Without act am I, without change, without division, without form ; without wavering am I, everlasting am I, resting on nought else, and secondless.

I am altogether the Self, I am the All ; I transcend all ; there is none but me. I am pure, partless awakening ; I too am unbroken bliss.

This sovereignty, self-rule, and mighty power, through the goodness of thy pity, power, and might, has been gained by me, my guide, great-souled ; honor, honor to thee, and yet again honor.

In that great dream that glamour makes, in that forest of birth and age and death, I wander wearying ; daily stricken by the heat, and haunted by the tiger of selfishness ; thou hast saved me, my guide, by waking me out of sleep. [520]

THE SONGS OF THE MASTER.

III.

VERY much has been written, well and wisely, concerning the inner meaning of the Master's Songs, and the life of the warrior of the chariot, his mystic bow, and his divine companion. Yet it would seem that our first understanding should be that almost every event and instruction in these songs, and in the vaster cycle of verses where they find a place, is the echo and record of some actual occurrence, which happened among the sons of men, as wars and rumors of war happen to-day. We find some difficulty in gaining a true and vigorous grasp of these old happenings, since even what is most actual and earthly among them is always wrapped about in myth, as with a half-transparent veil, which gives us elusive glimpses, that confuse rather than reveal.

But these allegories are not very difficult to understand and unravel, and we cannot do better than illustrate this than by recounting some of the stories that are told of Arjuna, beginning with his miraculous birth. His mother, as we know, was Kunti, the wife of good King Pandu ; but we are told that Arjuna and his brothers were sons of immortals, the father of Arjuna being Indra, king of the gods. Here is a myth to interpret, and the interpretation seems to be this : the "father" seems to be an old veil for a former birth ; the "mother" for the "works accumulated" which give the new birth its form. Thus one of the just men made perfect who returns to the world is born miraculously of a "virgin mother," and a "celestial father" ; pure of works, that is, and from a past birth that had already reached divinity. This myth, then, of Arjuna's sire being Indra, would mean that Arjuna had already been a king, a potent soul, born to sway the destinies of others. Here is the prophecy of Arjuna's future greatness :

"As soon as the child was born, a voice bodiless, loud and deep as the thunder-clouds, filling the heavens, spoke clearly to Kunti, so that all who were in the dwelling heard it : 'O Kunti ; this son of thine will be equal in might to the War-God, in valor to the great Transformer. Unconquerable as Indra himself, he will spread thy fame throughout the earth. As the god, the Pervader brought great joy to the All-Mother, so shall this son bring great joy to thee. Subduing the peoples of the south, the Kurus and many kings, he will uphold the greatness of the line of Kuru. This mighty hero, overcoming all the weaker kings of the land, and his brothers with him, will offer three great offerings. First of all men of valor, he will gain far-reaching fame. His heroism will gain the praise of the Transformer, the god of gods, who will give him a mighty celestial weapon. This thy son, mighty in arms, will slay also

those dark powers whom they call the enemies of the gods. Weapons from heaven will he receive, and potent among men, restore the fallen glory of his race.' ”

Thus the prophecy. It has been well fulfilled, for the name of Arjuna, long famous in his own land, has now been carried into the ends of the earth, five thousand years after the Mighty War of the sons of Bharata. He witnessed, and bore a mighty part in, such convulsions, wars, and race-renewals, as, perhaps, we are destined also to see, as the great time-circle brings in its revenges. From the ashes of the great war a new era arose, an era darkened by evil ambition in spiritual places. It may well be that now, in the fulness of time, that dark ambition to enslave the souls of men shall be cast down and overthrown. And with the name of Arjuna, known in every land, may once more be restored, after conflict and strife, the fallen glories of our race.

At the teaching of the youth, it is recorded that “in skill, and strength of arms, and perseverance, Arjuna surpassed all who learned with him. And the teacher of war, seeing that his pupil was greatly devoted to arms, summoned the cook, and thus secretly commanded him : ‘Never give Arjuna his food in the dark, nor let him know that I had ordered this!’ But after certain days, when Arjuna was eating, the wind rose fiercely, and the lamp was blown out. But Arjuna, undaunted, went on eating, in the darkness. And thereupon, noting this, and be-thinking himself, the strong-armed son of Pandu set himself to practice with the bow, even in the night. And the teacher of warriors, hearing the twanging of his bowstring in the darkness, came to him, and folding him in his arms, spoke thus to him : ‘Verily, I shall teach thee that whereby there shall not be a bowman like unto thee, throughout the earth.’ Thereafter, the teacher of the warriors began to instruct Arjuna in the art of fighting on horseback, or mounted on an elephant, or in a chariot, or on foot. And the mighty warrior also taught Arjuna to fight with the mace, the sword, the lance, the spear, and the javelin. And he also taught him to fight with many weapons, and to meet many in the fight at once. And hearing the fame of his knowledge, kings and princes gathered together to the teacher of the warriors.

Many other stories are told of Arjuna ; of how a dark-skinned prince of the people of the hills shot better than he, and how the teacher, jealous for Arjuna’s honor, very treacherously persuaded the hillman to cut off his right thumb, so that he should shoot no more ; of how Arjuna excelled all the other pupils in shooting at a vulture on a tree, because the other pupils saw the vulture, the tree and the teacher, while Arjuna saw the vulture only, and of the vulture the head alone, and thou wholly intent on his aim, surpassed the others ; of how his skill with the bow saved his warrior-teacher, who, bathing in the Ganges, had been

seized by a crocodile. And they tell how, at a mighty contest of the princes, when the ladies of the court had assembled in the seats round the arena, decked with much gold and pearls, after songs and music had made all hearts glad, Arjuna entered in golden armor, his quiver full of arrows, shining like a cloud lit up at sunset. And Kunti, seeing the glory of her son, was moved to tears at the sight of him. And Arjuna, now in the chariot, now on the ground, shot well and skillfully, striking the swiftly moving iron boar, and sending thrice seven arrows into the hollow of a horn, swinging freely from a rope. And from these lesser conflicts grew in the end such jealousy and hate as afterwards rent the kingdom in two, and kindled the flame of the War of the sons of Bharata.

THE DREAM OF RAVAN.

A MYSTERY.

MANY conjectures have been offered as to the source and authorship of this curious and wonderful book, which appeared in the first instance, some fifty years ago. It will probably be of the greatest interest to examine it somewhat closely, and to state, at length, the conclusion we are led to. To this end we hope to exhibit comparisons between the rendering of this work, and the Sanskrit text of Valuniki's poem, in order to show how far, and in what manner, the author has followed the Indian originals, and in this way to disengage the subjective from the literary element. We shall incidentally see whether the internal evidence may be induced to give us certain clues as to the personality of the author, and at the same time, we shall make enquiries, at the place of original publication, as to whether the name of the author has been preserved, and can be recorded. Whatever we learn, will be set forth here, in due course. Our present conjecture is, that this mystery is the work of a native in Ireland, long a resident in Western India, and a diligent student of Sanskrit there.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.