

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

VOL. 8.

MAY, 1902

No. 1

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“Wait, and while you are waiting, observe, pray, and neglect no labour. However small or trifling it may seem, if true, and performed in the spirit of consecration, it is worth the doing. So life becomes luminous and the tangles straighten out. And the complex becomes simple.”

“Never mistrust nor suspect any one. If you are deceived, God will reward you by giving of your goodness to the offender. So that in time he will repent and change.”

“The experiences of life come slowly, one by one, each carrying its lesson and its promise, will you but receive them. These are the true mile-stones, not the years; and a man’s age must be reckoned in terms of feeling and knowledge. He has drunk of the Fountain of Youth, who having known, felt, and experienced all, still retains his freshness of heart, and who meets death with the dew of the morning on his face. For such there is no death; and of such children is in truth the ‘kingdom of heaven.’”

“Hold yourself ready always to surrender everything—Love, yes; you should never cease from loving, but do not permit the tendrils of your heart to be so entwined about anything in your life or circumstances that you are not ready instantly and courageously to surrender it when the demand is made. The human heart must not be dulled nor inured by pain; do not let your shrinking from the trials put upon you tempt you to this idea. You are not to feel *less*, but *more*. Not to suffer *less*, but *more*. You are to perfect your endurance and learn to absolutely surrender your heart and will in the moment of keenest agony.”

CAVÉ.

“BIRTH A NEW CHANCE.”

Something less than a year ago, we introduced our readers to a new and very striking work on “Cosmic Consciousness,” by a writer who did not know himself to be a Theosophist, though putting forward ideas and principles which have been taught by Theosophists for centuries. The study of this work brought us a threefold gain: We were encouraged and cheered by finding the open and alert mind of an original genius, using materials and devising methods purely his own, led by the sure logic of fact to embrace our own conclusions; secondly, we were led to mark and ponder on the differences which existed between the new work and our own thought; and, thirdly, as a result of this, we were led to see what exactly our own conclusions are, and why we hold them.

We may reach this threefold gain in an equally striking measure, by considering another quite original and independent work, this time entitled “Birth a New Chance,” by Rev. Columbus Bradford. Its author, working in solitude, and hardly dreaming that anyone else had suspected the truths which he came to perceive, has by slow and laborious research and thought deduced the teaching of Reincarnation from the Bible, and the work under notice embodies his ideas and conclusions. Our author believes that he found the teaching of Reincarnation tacitly or openly present in the Bible, and that he worked it out in a natural and logical way. It seems to us, however, that he really found the teaching in the back of his own mind, where it had lain safely hidden from a former birth; and that he would have “discovered” the teaching in whatever system he happened to take up. Yet the idea that this teaching of Reincarnation can be found in the Bible by one who knew nothing of it from other systems, cannot fail to give many minds an intellectual stimulus of great value, waking up many who could be touched in no other way. The very materialism of the present work, if we may call it so, will make it intelligible to many whose minds fail to grasp the more abstract thought of the old Wisdom Religion.

Our readers will find a great deal of pleasure in following the novel and striking thought of this new work; they will also have an opportunity to note many points where our author reaches conclusions not quite the same as their own. This will give them an

admirable chance to consider what views they do in fact hold, and why they hold them.

It may interest our readers to know that the author of the work under review has recently been tried, and found guilty of heresy, by the authorities of his church, who punished him for his views in the only way in their power: by compelling him to give up his ministry. That Reincarnation should have its martyrs is altogether well; that one of these should be punished for finding Reincarnation in the Bible, is matter for great congratulation; and all those who hold that this teaching is vital, should thank the persecutors of this new "heresy," who thus do more than most of us to disseminate the truth they seek to suppress.

The passages that follow are the author's own account of his work:—

1. The human race is a growing race, in process of rising from animalhood to angelhood.

2. Man's so-called "fall" was in reality not so much a fall as a failure to rise, when he had evolved to that plane from which he might have risen rapidly.

3. Though his race has risen slowly, it is as a whole higher to-day, physically, morally, and spiritually, than at any time in its history.

4. Man dies, not because he sinned, but because he was made to die.

5. He was made to die because it was known to a certainty before he was created that he would sin.

6. But it has been designed from the beginning that man shall cease from dying when he quits sinning, and otherwise proves worthy of living forever.

7. Whatever of a Paradise or Eden he may have had before his fall, he can never have any higher heaven than this earth till he quits dying.

8. To live is to live, and to be dead is to be dead. When a human being consciously dwells in a vital organism, called a body, he is alive. When his body collapses and dissolves, he is dead, and remains dead till he lives again in a new, organized vital body.

9. The common belief that the dead are more alive than the living is a heathen fancy, wholly unwaranted by the Bible. Jesus

and Paul, the world's greatest authorities on the subject, called death a sleep.

10. The sleep of Death, like perfect "natural sleep," is a purely subjective state, cutting off completely the dead person's consciousness of his relationship to this objective, material universe. One in such a state can therefore never know whether one is in the body or out of the body, beneath the clods or above the clouds.

11. The human personality, whether called the soul or the spirit, does not go out of the body at death, but retreats within the body, back into the germ from which that body grew, and from which, provided the "deeds done in the body" were not such as to destroy its vitality, there is ground to infer that another body will grow.

12. This germ, or seed, into which the soul retreats at death answers well to the Apostle Paul's metaphor (1 Cor. xv. 37) of the "bare grain," which, he declares, is the only part of the body that is buried that will be in the new body when the dead person lives again.

13. Since an immaterial soul does not require a given amount of space for its operations, it can retain its subjective consciousness in an atom of matter in the earth, and be there as happy or as miserable as it could be in a floating film above the clouds.

14. The short stay of Jesus in this subjective state which he entered by dying, and which he called Paradise, proves that there is no object in long remaining in the realm of the dead, and that to live again on earth in a new physical organism is better for human development and happiness than a protracted repose in Paradise.

15. But, since the only means of emerging from the subjective state of death into this objective life in a body is resurrection or birth; since resurrections in our race history have been very few and births very many; since all who die go into a subjective realm, and all who are born come out of a subjective realm, we are warranted in asking if there is not somewhere evidence that it is the same individuals who are successively dying and being born.

16. If we are to believe that God has any design for our race as a race in this world, as everything visible clearly indicates, we know that he is either bringing back by birth the same individuals

who have lived here before and died, or creating new ones by birth to take the places of the dead. There are abundant reasons for believing he is bringing back the same persons again and again, and next to none for the belief that all who are born now are newly created. There is better ground, therefore, for believing that we shall live again on this earth after death than for the belief that we shall go at once to some other world to live.

17. A place that is good enough for God's creatures to live one time is good enough for them to live a second time, a third time, or a thousand times, if so many times are needed to exhaust the possibilities of that place for human development. There is no more reason for believing that God intends his human creatures to live in a different world when they live again than for believing that he intends them to move into a different house after each night's sleep.

18. Again, a means and a method good enough to be employed by an All-Wise Creator to bring us into life once is good enough to be used in bringing us back to life a second time, a third time, or a thousand times, if so many times are needed to accomplish all the original purposes of birth and death.

19. Furthermore, it is absolutely necessary for all the dead whose bodies have decayed to be born again at least once in order to get in reach of any resurrection power ever brought to our knowledge. None of the dead, except those in undecayed bodies, have ever arisen.

20. There is no record in the Bible or elsewhere of any such thing as a sudden fiat resurrection of a body out of scattered dust, nor is there anywhere the slightest hint that any such resurrection is ever to take place.

21. If the Creator had purposed to resurrect all the dead in that way at the last day, it is reasonable to suppose that he would have so directed events and influences as to allow the body of Jesus to be cremated, and then on the third day would have resurrected that body complete from its ashes. But his Divine Providence seemed specially engaged to prevent its cremation, since that would naturally have been the method employed by the Roman government for the disposal of his body. His body was even protected against unnecessary mutilation, and the body in which Jesus as-

cended into heaven was the body that was organized in the living body of his mother.

22. But "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" that is, cannot evolve a spiritual body from the present natural body. So, at the "last day," "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and the living shall be changed. But from all the examples furnished,—those of Jesus, Lazarus, the daughter of Jairus, and the widow of Nain's son—we have reason to infer that there will be no dead at the last day except in well-preserved bodies.

23. Hence the necessity for all the dead whose bodies have decayed to be born again. God's power is unlimited, but his method of forming a human body is to place a seed with a soul in it in a matrix formed for the purpose, and there let soul and body grow together. We shall therefore get our resurrection body just as we got our present body,—not from the dust of the dead, but from the loins of the living; not from the tomb, but from the womb.

24. Our living again after death will be as much a matter of natural law as was our birth into our present life. To suppose that this was by virtue of a special decree on the part of the Creator for every individual now living on the earth is to make him not only set aside natural law, but in some cases to violate moral law, for some now on the earth were born out of wedlock, some in polygamy, and some by means of incest.

25. Gestation is as strictly a matter of natural law as is digestion. During the present regime of life in the natural body the possession or lack of a personal knowledge of God has no more to do with one's chances to live again after death, than it has to do with the digestion of the food which sustains one's life from birth till death.

26. An individual lives again after death by being born again, and he is born again by virtue of having during his life maintained sympathetic connections with his race. By deeds of kindness and mercy to his fellows, even on a small scale, he maintains this sympathetic connection and comes under the operation of a law as un-failing as gravitation, which draws back the soul-seed of the dead man into the warm life-currents of the living race, and so assures his being born again.

27. A selfish life will sever this sympathetic connection with one's race, and render it impossible for the one living such a life to be born again after death. Hence the utterly selfish will be forever left in a bodiless condition in "outer darkness" and be forever lost.

28. The danger of being lost, therefore, arises more immediately from sins against man than sins against God, as far as this distinction is possible. Hence the warnings of Jesus against the selfishness and covetousness of the rich, his exhortations to deeds of love and mercy, to "make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that, when ye fail, they [these friends] may receive you into everlasting habitations,"—that is, thus maintain sympathetic connections with the living race, and so be born again and again till finally attaining an "eternal tabernacle" (R. V.), a spiritual body.

29. Thus does the judgment always follow death. By this law of sympathetic connections is one judged as to whether or not he will ever be born again. If he has visited the sick and otherwise helped the needy, he is drawn back and lives again, and this will go on till he becomes spiritual enough to be above dying. Those who have neglected to do these kindnesses go away into "everlasting punishment,"—do not live again. We live again, therefore, because of pity more than because of piety.

30. Since no individual is wholly saved till he quits dying, there is no hope of individual salvation apart from race salvation.

In this sense, all who die die unsaved.

31. This race redemption from death is to come through a purification of our common hereditary stream. Hence the importance given in the Bible to a scheme of blood salvation. The perfection of the race on earth is to come by getting all its members so well born they will not need to die or be born any more. This is what Jesus called "The Regeneration" (Matt. xix. 28; Mark x. 29, 30); Greek *Palingenesis*, meaning, literally, "the born-again era."

32. Living again in this way cannot properly be termed a reincarnation, since we have no evidence that death effects a disincarnation,—that is, a separation of the intelligent personality from its material organism.

So far the author. Readers who wish to learn more of this very interesting work should send a dollar to Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Co., 215-221 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THREE GODS OF MAN.

Who could live, who could breathe, if the heart of Being were not Joy?—UPANISHADS.

It is a shallow age, this century of ours: a bushel of words to a grain of thought, and that no such deep one, after all. How well we know how to look down on other times, and point to our own superiorities, as the living dog to the lion dead.

Hear us talk of how other men worshipped God, dissecting their souls to adorn our pages; making the ignominy of some old divinity our academic ornament. These and those savages, we say, bowed down to sticks and stones; while those others were de-luded into reverencing some sacred hill, and one pitiable tribe thought there was something divine in storm and sunshine, or even in the earth's green mantle and the forest trees. And so we, who have never known an hour of honest reverence in our lives, make a mock of these dead men, who must have been low indeed were they not better than ourselves; and so we find in faded faiths, as in all things else, a confirmation for our favourite mood of self-congratulation. We are the people, and wisdom will die with us—it is to be hoped, at least, that that kind of wisdom will.

If we were just a little less self-satisfied, and were disposed to see a little deeper into these things, we might come to learn that there have been many faiths upon the earth, though but one Faith; and that among them all, the lowest, basest, and least honourable to our humanity is the faith we ourselves practically hold, whatever we may say of our great ideals. We talk of savages and their beliefs, and say: This and this were the errors of primitive man. What the first shining races of our kind did worship, would probably fail to find room within our narrow minds and limp imaginations at all; and even the thought of the worshipping savage often eludes us—and not always because that thought is too low.

We are always ready to take forms and outward masks for realities; to lose sight of thoughts in their expressions. Were it not so, we should have sooner seen that the one thing all of us sincerely worship, whether savage or civilized, is power; whatever outward appearance that power may take. I find it hard to believe that there were any such savages as our books of science tell

us, who worshipped the weather; who really adored rain-clouds and wreaths of mist, the grey of the dawning, and the purple dome over all; they may have delighted in these things, with a sincere gaiety which would be riches to us; but what they worshipped was not that beautiful face of things, smiling or stern, but power, the power of the world underneath it. And their practical aim in life was to keep on the sheltered side of that power; to be where broken rocks fell not, and floods broke not; but, above all, their worship was winged exultation in it all, such as we ourselves felt in those young years when we lived over again our own days of long ago.

And when, by what we call a progress, though we might well call it a fall, men came to dwell in cities, and no more in the wide, free air; when they learnt the arts of putting into other things the powers they should have kept within themselves, they still worshipped power, but no longer in the same exultant and clear-eyed way. All their arts and dwellings were so many contrivances to keep away and outwit the power of the world; they built walls between them and the sun and wind; they shut out nature, in order to discover man.

Then they began to worship their second god; and the reality of it, whatever its name, was the power of man. For the earlier stages of these worshippers the tribe or race or clan was the whole of man; all, at least, that they could get within their sympathies. And everyone outside the tribe was the enemy; something to be guarded against, as they had guarded formerly against flood and storm, falling rocks and inundations. Each man no longer lived for himself in nature, but for the tribe, the race, the whole of mankind whom he could understand and feel for; so much of universal brotherhood as his imagination could permit. And, had the world run smoothly, we should have come, along that path, to a true universal brotherhood; a happy family of man upon this earth. But things did not run smoothly, and there is little prospect that they will for some time yet. For mankind, that is to say, we ourselves, fell from that not ungracious social religion to one of individualism; where each man worships his amiable self. That god of self-complacency I will not include among the three divinities, though he has, indeed, received more genuine service and more

rapt devotion than any other in these latter days, and especially in this century of ours; and I suspect that he has still a considerable lease of popularity to run.

Our own self-complacency is the true god of our lives, whether we call our pursuit commerce, or politics, or whatever it be; and the same cynical divinity is not quite unwont to wear such revered masks as science or art. There are men, in these latter days, who love truth and beauty for love of beauty and truth; there are also some who love these things for the sake of names on title-pages, and for a place in the catalogues of the devotees of the pure sublime. And the follower of wealth may exist, though we have not so far found great reason to believe it, who prosecutes his task from a sheer and disinterested love of the precious metals and their admired molecular structure, capacity of reflecting light, hardness, brittleness, and so on. But, on the other hand, we do know, and sincerely believe in, the seeker for wealth who lays himself out from the beginning to capture his own genuine admiration—and finds the task a harder one than he imagined. He gathers stocks and shares not for love of them; he builds him houses, not as an offering to the arts of form; he founds a family, not from sheer affection for young human animals; but indeed does all these things that he may say: I am Somewhat! I indeed am a Man!

The poets have given up the theme of love-making, in these our self-conscious days, so I may say, without fear of incurring their displeasure, that even love-making itself is not so free from that god, self-complacency, and his worship, as one might wish to believe. It is sardonic to say: but two young people, gazing into each other's eyes, see the image there, not of the beloved, but of themselves. It is so nice to feel that one is nice enough to be the chosen of so nice a person. There is wisdom in the saying that such and such a maiden has won an admirer, rather than a lover. And I do not believe that the use of the looking-glass is confined to one sex; in this, at least, the gods are good.

Well, after a while people grow weary of this, and cry themselves out of it, saying they are very miserable. They are, in many senses, still one would rather see them laugh themselves into wisdom. It would be more likely to last. Then they may come, in a

happy mood, to worship the last and highest of the powers: the power of life, of the eternal.

That august divinity it was that stood behind the first of our three gods, the power of the world; and it was the joy, lying at the heart of that, that kindled delight in the rainbow's jewels, the shining feathers of the sun, as he scatters the soft clouds; it was that joy that made our life in nature glad and strong, and death even an exultant thing, with a heart of joy. And in our stiffer and more stilted city life there was a gladness too; the honour of the tribe, the service of our land, were good and pleasant things; though never, I think, full of such self-abandonment of bliss as the naked savage could draw from the cool wave breaking over him, or the keen wind around his body. These earliest days were the days of our delight.

We, who have made all things sentimental, are ever ready to sympathize with the hardships of the wild, open-air dweller, the fighting patriot, the servant of his land; I think it is safer for us, the sympathizers, that these robust folk are dead, else, I suspect, they might resent our tears. We are so certain that we ourselves are miserable—and this, as I have said, with justest cause—that we cannot believe but that others were poor apologetic people too, sad while they lived, and sorry when they died.

The end comes, even of our misery, and we pass under the third and greatest of the gods—the power of the eternal.

INDIAN CHRONOLOGY.

"It holds through all literature, that our best history is still poetry. It is so in Hebrew, in Sanskrit, and in in Greek."—EMERSON.

A curious chapter of the fallibility of human reason might be written on the study of ancient Indian Chronology in Europe during the last century. At this day it is almost as difficult for us to look at Indian Chronology, and the history of the ancient world in general, from the standpoint of only a hundred years ago, as it would have been for the grandsons of the Patriarch Noah to look back to the long, careless days before the Flood, when the water had not begun to rain upon the earth. Between us and the first European scholars who laid the foundation of Indian Chronology is a gap wider than the Deluge—a flood of knowledge and insight the like of which no single century has ever seen. It is curious, indeed almost grotesque, to look back to the pages of the first students of Sanskrit,—Colebrooke, Sir William Jones, Charles Wilkins, Colonel Wilford, and Colonel Tod,—to see the absolute trust—a trust which no doubt had ever touched—with which they constantly recur to the figures 4004 B. C. as the unquestionable and unquestioned limit of the age of the world and man. It is difficult for us to realise the absolute authoritative character which these figures once held in the minds of the whole of Europe, adopted as they were from the traditions of the Hebrew Rabbis, who had derived them, whether rightly or wrongly, from the Hebrew sacred books. It would be an interesting study to trace the gradual growth of these universally accepted figures for the beginning of all things, 4004 B. C., and to follow the steps by which, from being a mere deductive hypothesis, drawn from the Hebrew books, they little by little crept under the ægis of authority, and came in time to share the unquestioned acceptance of the Hebrew Scriptures themselves. But to do so would demand too much time and research for the purposes of this article. It need only be repeated that a century—I might almost say half a century—ago, they met with an acceptance almost as unquestioned and universal as the multiplication table, or the number of hours in the day,

It is easy to see what effect this acceptance would have on the

minds of all students of ancient history and chronology; how it would fetter the imagination, destroy the conception of gradual growth through long ages, and absolutely incapacitate the minds which accepted it from duly weighing the evidence for any antiquity which went beyond that period, or even approached too nearly to the limit which had been set up as the utmost age of man and the world. I need not prove the reality of this warping influence by citations from the pages of Sir William Jones, and Colebrooke, and Colonel Tod, nor from the early volumes of the Asiatic Researches; the fact is too well known, and too evident to require any proof beyond mere statement. It happened, therefore, that when the Sanskrit scriptures, the Vedas, the Epics, the Puranas, were first given to the West, through the labours of this famous band of workers, the whole world of European thought was under the yoke of the Rabbinical Chronology of 4004 B. C. Now, many of the epochs of Indian History stretch back for thousands of years, the central point of all Indian Epic and tradition, the Mahabharata, or Great War, being dated almost exactly 5,000 years ago; while behind the Mahabharata War stretches a vast perspective; the ages of the Vedas, their Brahmanas, and Upanishads; and even behind the Vedas, beyond the Rig-Veda's earliest hymns, lie untold ages of Indian's past, till that distant day, hidden in the mists of time, when the Aryan first descended from the Himalayan snows. Besides these traditional dates, we have a vast system of greater and lesser ages, of cycles within cycles, stretching back for hundreds of thousands, and even millions of years, which form a distinctive feature in the Puranic epoch, and which, more than anything else, have proved unpalatable to European students of Sanskrit thought.

It happened, therefore, when the pioneers of European Sanskrit study came upon these traditions of the Mahabharata War, the Ramayana behind that, and the vast Vedic space beyond the Ramayana; when they came upon the system of ages and cycles in the Puranas, with their hundreds of thousands, and even millions of years; that these scholars—into whose heads it never entered to doubt the absolute certainty of the date 4004 B. C. for the creation of the world; into whose heads it never entered to doubt the absolute certainty of the date 2349 B. C. for the Universal Deluge—had only two alternatives in dealing with the dates of Indian his-

tory and tradition,—either to discard the dates while accepting the reality of the events recorded, or to deny both together, and, labelling event and date as grotesque Brahmanical exaggeration, to consign them at once to the limbo of exploded fallacies. The former fate befell the tradition of the Mahabharata War, and the wanderings of Rama; the latter, the whole system of ages and cycles in the Puranas. The universally accepted eras of India, the dates that had been handed down from generation to generation, were summoned before the bar of Hebrew Rabbinical tradition, before the bar of Archbishop Ussher's chronology, and condemned. It became an aphorism with our early Sanskrit students that all Indian dates must be cut down to the Rabbinical level; must be distrusted and discarded as exaggerations; and from this wholesale distrust of Indian historical tradition sprang another aphorism, that "India has no history." The practical result of this was, that the utmost limit assignable to the oldest Sanskrit works, the *terminus a quo* of Sanskrit literature, was fixed at some 2000 B. C., just this side of Noah's Flood. As this seemed too old to many early students, the date of 1500 B. C. became generally accepted as the *terminus a quo* of Sanskrit literature. Then followed another conclusion,—that, as the Rig Veda, dated, as we have seen, about 1800 B. C. or later, was deemed to be the first outburst of song of the Aryans descending upon the plains of India, it followed that the Aryans must have entered India not long before this date; so that the period of a millenium and a half before the Christian era became gradually accepted as a certain and well ascertained period, at which, and not before, the Aryan invaders must have begun their gradual subjugation of the aboriginal tribes.

I suppose that, writing so many years after the deluge of thought and insight I have referred to, I need not insist on the fact that the year 4004 B. C. can no longer be accepted as the absolute beginning of the world and man; can no longer be considered as the fixed and certain boundary within which all human growth and development must have taken place. Perhaps the latest opinion on the age of the world, and one which represents broadly the conclusion of all thinking people at the present day is that of Sir A. Geikie, who, speaking before the British Association, concluded that the hundred thousand feet of the earth's crust have been laid

down in a period of from seventy-three million to six hundred and eighty million years. Of course, behind this lie the vast ages while the earth was cooling, before sedimentation began; and the vaster ages that saw the primal fire mist condensed into rings; the rings broken and closing up to become cloud-globes, and the cloud-globes worlds. How many ages were needed to form a fire-mist? How many to form the early space-breaths from which it sprang? To answer these is to step into the pathless halls of infinity. It is clear, therefore, that we are dealing with periods which, in sober earnest, dwarf into inferiority the widest span of the Puranic ages and cycles; which are vastly broader and more comprehensive than the longest sweep of the *Yugas* that earned for the old Indian writers, from our earliest Sanskrit students, a sweeping condemnation for grossest mendacity and exaggeration. In the face of statements like that of the famous geologist, Sir A. Geikie, giving the mere crust of the earth an age of from seventy-three to six hundred and eighty millions of years; in the face of the far longer periods claimed by the astronomers, who take up the thread where the geologist lays it down, can we any longer venture to overlook the fact that, while only a century ago the whole of the Western World was cramped within the four milleniums before the Christian era for the utmost limit of the world; the ancient philosophers of India had attained far truer ideas of the vast ages of time, and had assigned to the world an antiquity far more nearly approaching the truth than that which still fettered their critics, the early Sanskrit scholars at the beginning of last century?

Then as to the age of man; it is so well known that I need hardly repeat it, that the certain traces of man, bones, implements, pictures, have been found in geological strata of the Pleistocene age. Now, taking the thickness of the strata formed since that period, and comparing it with the total hundred thousand feet of the earth's crust, we should have for the proved and unassailable antiquity of man a period of from seven hundred and thirty thousand years to six million eight hundred thousand years,—as we accept the longer or shorter period put forward by Sir A. Geikie—as the *minimum* limit of man's existence on the earth. Now, the skulls which belong to the very earliest human remains are as large as, if not larger than, the general average at the present day; that we stand

in the presence of a fully formed man, a skilled hunter, and an artist of admirable power, at a period that cannot possibly be less than about a million years ago, and may quite possibly be six million, and more. But the biologists claim even longer periods than the geologists. Professor Huxley puts the beginning of sedimentation at a thousand million years ago; and this, proceeding on the same proportions, would give for the fully formed and perfectly developed man of the Pleistocene period an antiquity of something like ten million years.

Here is a very different *terminus a quo* from 4004 B. C. of the last generation; which held absolutely canonical authority when the first Sanskrit scholars became acquainted with the tradition of India; in obedience to which authority these traditions were cut down and crushed forward with such force as to bring the period of classical Sanskrit down to the very verge of the Mussulman conquest of India. The conclusion of the whole matter is this, that the foundations of Indian chronology, as understood in the West, were laid under an absolutely false idea of the age of man and of the world; that all subsequent conjectures of the European schools of Sanskrit students have been built upon these foundations; and therefore that all conclusions based on the major premiss of 4004 B. C. for the creation of man are necessarily vitiated from beginning to end. The whole edifice of Indian Chronology, as accepted in Europe, was built on a false foundation of Rabbinical conjecture, and, as a necessary result, the whole pile will need to be erected again on the firm ground of scientific truth. It is evident that a true scientific method demands, not that we should fix an arbitrary maximum limit, an arbitrarily decided *terminus a quo*, and then make our chronology fit in with it as best we may, by lopping off centuries, and crushing ages into years; but by beginning with the present, and reasoning slowly back to the past. A splendid beginning has been made in this direction by the labours of distinguished scholars in Bombay, with the result that the last great milestone of Indian Chronology, the Vikramaditya, or Samvat era, and the period of Sanskrit literature which it marks, have been driven back from the verge of the Mussulman invasion, to which the pressure of Rabbinical tradition had forced them, and have been firmly settled outside

the limits of our era, where ancient Indian tradition had always held them to be.

The reaction in thought has begun to make itself felt; the magnificent discoveries in the history of man and of the world, which mark the middle of last century, have begun to take effect on our understanding of Indian antiquity; and it may be confidently predicted that, within a few years, other cardinal points and milestones of Indian History will follow the example of Vikramaditya and be gradually reinstated in their ancient limits, where the universal voice of Indian tradition placed them ages ago. A proof of this is already present in the admirable work of a learned scholar in Madras, who, discussing the connection between Babylonia and Old India, takes up a line of argument which, if logically followed, would place the whole of Vedic literature which precedes the legend of Manu's deluge at a period anterior to the Noachian Flood, which Archbishop Ussher's chronology assigns to the year 2348 B. C. The reconstruction of Indian traditional chronology on true scientific lines has begun; and it is certain that it will soon be released, once for all, from the fetters of Rabbinical tradition, and placed on a firm ground of scientific truth.

A SERMON

BY A RUSSIAN DIVINE.

Again I stand on the threshold of another year. Again I stand on the crest of a mountain, where I may make a halt and review, before I walk again the path I have trod. I shall halt, I shall rest, I shall hush my troubled heart, be it only for this short moment, I shall hide from the blizzard, which had followed me ever since I set out, and will meet me again the moment I leave my seclusion. Oh, Lord! help me calmly to examine my soul and Thy creation.

I gaze at God's creation, at everything which He has sent to me, which has been placed close to me, which, through His will, has come together in my life, and with my hand on my heart, from the depth of my heart and conscience, I say: All this is very good! Yonder is my happy childhood—how brightly it shines, diffusing its aroma from the distant long ago, how it lights up my path before me, how it freshens my soul, during spells of exhaustion! Yonder is my ardent youth and with it all that brought to my soul the first raptures of feeling. Here are my lessons, my joys, my bitter losses, here are the people to live with whom is my happiness, here are others, whom, hardly conscious with grief, I have buried in the damp earth; here are all, surrounded by whom I grew up, with whom I have received gifts of love and of wrath, from whom have I accepted honour and dishonour; here is Nature, which, at times, appeared to me more alive and more responsive, which had more power to energize my spirit, than living beings themselves; here are my pleasures, my connections, my illnesses. All, all this is very good. All was good, that God's Providence sent into my life. Nothing was in vain. Everything was for good.

My past! How far it stretches back in the wondrous country, whence come to me a glad sound, or a beloved image, consolation, and hope, and bitter remorse. I gaze at it and I smile for joy. I gaze at it and I cover my face with my hands for shame. Yet I know: it is mine, it is myself, it is a part of my life, and no power can take it from me or erase what is written in it. And that which is written in it is the future, it is the fate of man. Many are the lives in it, whose mysterious meaning will be disclosed at some future time, at the time when the seed that was sown, will come

to ripeness, when, in letters of fire, it will bring forward the word, traced on it by eternal wisdom, unrevealed as yet to mind and conscience, but not to be separated from life. Whilst man lived his days, whilst he worked and slept, whilst he laughed and cried, whilst he moved and rested—eternal Wisdom traced this word on his life and sealed it with a seal of its own, putting a magic spell on it, until the time comes for the seal to be broken, and for a dark corner of a man's life to be lit up by the light of God's understanding, which lies hidden in life. It is an agony to read some of these words, but once you have read them, your heart will know, that those are words of God's love, of God's solicitude for man. And with every new word, a mystery is revealed, a veil is drawn away and man is made able to understand the thoughts and longings of his own heart.

All is very good. Yet, even now, my restless heart is throbbing with unknown longing and straining to see into the distant future.

Oh, Lord! let Thy blessing rest on us.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

VOL. 8.

JUNE, 1902

No. 2

AMEN RA.

Hail to thee, Lord God of Law,
Thee, whose shrine none ever saw ;
God of Gods, God Chepera,
Sailing in thy boat along,
By whose word the great gods are.
Thee we hail in song ;
Atmu, maker of mankind,
Forms to all the men that be,
Color and variety.
By his fiat are assigned.
Unto him the poor men cry,
And he helps them in distress ;
Kind of heart is he to all
Who upon him call,
God Almighty to deliver
Him that humble is, and meek,
From the great ones who oppress,
Judging ever
'Twixt the strong and weak.

Ancient Egyptian Hymn.

PHYSIOLOGISTS AND THE SOUL.

We saw in the April THEOSOPHICAL FORUM that physiologists consider subconscious mind an established fact, and that it is becoming accepted by the medical profession quite generally as a valuable therapeutic agent. In so far as subconscious action is related to the physical organism in its control of nutrition, secretions and other automatic functions of the physical economy, resulting in the cure of disease, we may safely conclude that physiologists are dealing with the astral pure and simple. But there are many kinds of evidence of subconsciousness, and where the line of demarcation should be drawn between the astral and the soul or ego, is sometimes perplexing in our limitations. Much interesting evidence and discussion of our subject may be found in "*Telepathy and the Subliminal Self*," published in 1897, by Dr. R. Osgood Mason, member of the New York Academy of Medicine. Dr. Mason studies intelligently and carefully the whole psychical field, so far as it is known, his examination and experiments extending much farther than those of the authorities previously quoted. He devotes the first part of his book to hypnotism, of which he says, "No department of psychical research is exciting so widespread an interest. From the remotest periods of human history certain peculiar and unusual conditions of mind have been observed, during which words have been uttered sometimes conveying knowledge of events taking place at a distance, sometimes foretelling future events and sometimes warning, instructing, commanding." About 1773 Mesmer began curing disease by magnets and later by making passes over the patient and producing a mesmeric sleep. During this sleep use was made of suggestion. In 1842 Braid, an English surgeon, discovered that the mesmeric sleep could be accomplished by gazing steadily at a fixed brilliant object: he introduced the word hypnotism, which is now in common use. But scientists looked upon such experiments with disfavor; and it was not until 1877, when Charcot began his experiments in Paris, lending the influence of his great name to the study, that it came to be considered a legitimate field of scientific investigation.

Many hundred cases of remarkable cures by the early mesmerists are recorded. Dr. Mason gives a number of very interesting

examples illustrating the power of many operators, some of them from the "willing game," which attracted considerable interest at one time. Of this part of his subject he considers the following points well established:—"The reality of the hypnotic condition; the increased and remarkable power of suggestion over the subject; the usefulness of hypnotism as a therapeutic agent; and the perfect reality and natural, as contrasted with supernatural, character of many wonderful phenomena." He admits that "the exact nature of the influence is not known, nor the nature of the rapport between the hypnotizer and the subject." He asserts that, "entirely supernormal perception on the part of some individuals is a well established fact," and cites in proof of the position many interesting examples from Egyptian, Grecian and Biblical authorities down to the present time, showing that a belief in supernormal perception is apparent in the history of every ancient nation. He holds there is abundant evidence of visual perception independent of the physical organs of sight, but what the exact nature or method of this supernormal vision is may not be absolutely settled any more than the exact nature of light, electricity or of life, though of the fact itself in any of these cases there is no doubt. But he is certain that it is "a perfectly natural condition developed by a few though dormant in most." He finds the faculty is most likely to appear in a condition of abstraction, when the mind is acting without the restraint and guidance of the usual consciousness—in other words in concentration—and reaches its most perfect exercise when the body becomes inactive and the mind acts entirely independently of its usual manifesting organs—a condition which is not unfamiliar to theosophists—proving that the mind is capable of intelligent action apart from the brain and the whole material organism.

Of a double personality Dr. Mason argues that, thought in the empirical psychology of the past the unity of the human personality has been considered settled beyond all controversy, certain facts have been observed which, unless they can be interpreted to mean something different from their obvious import, "make strongly against the unquestioned oneness of the human personality." He cites Charcot's experiments and those of others, and the cases of common knowledge occurring in our midst, in proof of a divided or secondary personality. In some of the cases recorded, a few

of which occurred under his own observation, the differing personalities extend to three and four and even five in number, and yet each personality is distinct from all the others; the earlier ones having no knowledge of those which came after, though the later ones have knowledge of the earlier ones, but only as they might have knowledge of any other person. A memory of past births may have some relation to such phenomena, as in the case of Prof. Flournoy's remarkable subject, Mlle Héléne, but our author gives no hint of ever having heard of reincarnation—a loss to him and his readers, since this knowledge might have been of material assistance in his speculations.

In commenting on several cases which he cites, he says:—“The four cases here briefly outlined represent both sexes, two distinct nationalities and widely varying conditions in life. In each case one or more personalities crop out, so to speak, come to the surface, and become the conscious, active, ruling personality, distinct from the original self, having entirely different mental, moral and even physical characteristics; different tastes and different sentiments and opinions; personalities entirely unknown to the original self, which no one acquainted with the original self had any reason to suppose existed in connection with that organization.” Without staying here to elucidate the law, which he thinks “probably underlies the mental state described, and which, if it could be clearly defined, would be of very great value,” he seeks a further clue to it in an examination of somnambulism, dreams and automatism—automatic writing, drawing, painting, planchette writing and crystal-gazing—giving several well attested examples illustrating each phase of the subject. The phenomenon of somnambulism has been examined exhaustively and it need only be noted here that in many cases on record it discloses the double personality. With regard to dreams, the author says that, although authorities differ greatly upon most points with regard to them, there is tolerable unanimity among all writers, namely, the absence in dreams of the normal acts and processes of volition and especially of the faculty of attention, and this, he finds is “exactly the condition which is conducive to the more or less perfect emergence and activity of the subliminal self, under whatever circumstances it occurs.”

In considering automatic writing our author has much to say

about the planchette which was quite the fashion a quarter of a century ago. Not many could get much more than an intelligible sentence now and then from the little machine, but a few got very surprising results, quite equal to any so-called spiritualistic communications; the skeptics as usual cried fraud; spiritualists claimed spirits were writing; and Dr. Carpenter's theory of "unconscious cerebration" was unsuccessfully invoked to explain the wonder. Dr. Mason says:—"From a physical standpoint planchette performances are simply automatic writing and drawing. To deny the automatic character of the movements of planchette at this day is simply absurd. That writing can be produced with it voluntarily no one doubts, but that it is generally produced automatically, that is, without the choice or control of the writers, and without their knowledge of what is being written, it would be waste of time here to attempt to prove; the theory of fraud is untenable, and the real question at issue is the psychical one, namely, whence come the messages which it brings?"

In giving examples from his own experience and others, the author confines himself mostly to such writings as brought information unknown either to the writer or to any person present, and concludes that in thought transference and in the subliminal self, "which has more subtle means of securing knowledge," and in these alone, may be found an adequate explanation of the wonderful instrument. Among its performances there is one which has attracted little or no attention and that only so far as it required special treatment to decipher otherwise intelligible messages—it is merely mentioned by our author—but which will be found of no inconsiderable importance when we come to consider the astral plane as well as the astral consciousness, affording as it does such exact corroboration of the astral sphere with its unbalanced forces and its reversal of what it reflects.

It is found that the little toy in the hands of beginners and especially with children, the latter having surely little aptitude and no purpose in manipulating the answers of the oracle, has the surprising habit of producing what is called "mirror writing," as it can be read only by holding it before a mirror, the messages being written from right to left. This is an unaccountable freak to the ordinary observer, but it is to be expected of immature and inexperienced per-

sons with minds unused to translate by reversing astral reflections, writing them down just as they appear. This is a strong indication that some, if not all, of the information communicated by the subconscious personality is obtained from the astral plane and not from the minds of others, as we are prone to believe; and more obviously is this the case where the persons present at seances are ignorant of the facts related, which are verified later perhaps by some one in another hemisphere, although distance is no obstacle to mind reading, notwithstanding which, however, spiritualistic believers assume without hesitation that if no one at hand has knowledge of the subject matter of the communication it must of necessity be given by "spirits."

Continuing the subject of automatic messages much might be said of crystal-gazing. Crystal parties have been quite a fad in certain social circles in Manhattan and Brooklyn the past season, and strange results have been obtained in some instances. Visualization is by no means an uncommon method of automatism. The crystal and other objects have been used from the earliest times to produce visions and for divination and prophecy. We find frequent reference to them in the Hebrew Scriptures: of Joseph's silver cup when found in Benjamin's sack the steward asks, "Is not this the cup in which my lord drinketh and whereby indeed he divineth?" A mirror, a glass of water or wine, or of any glistening substance, will answer the purpose, as do Mesmer's and Charcot's metallic disks; it is not the thing looked at that produces the effect, but the concentration of thought and vision bringing about a sort of self-hypnotism, and naturally some surprising astral reflections are seen.

Dr. Mason's chapter on Phantasms is in line with occult teaching. He is convinced that the subliminal self is separable from the physical personality; that it can leave the body and journey to a distance of many miles, and be recognized by and hold conversations with friends and others. He relates some well attested cases, which he accepts as establishing these points, and then says:—"Accepting these statements as true, how can they be explained? The theories or hypotheses which have been advanced are:—(1) A vibratory medium analagous to the universal ether. (2) An effluence of some sort emanating from the person. (3) A sixth sense. (4) A duplex personality or subliminal self." All of these theories are

very suggestive and his elucidation of them extremely interesting and instructive, but space will not allow anything approaching a fair synopsis of his arguments. In concluding this division of his subject, he says in part:

"It has been demonstrated by experiment after experiment carefully made by competent persons that sensations, ideas, information, and mental pictures can be transferred from one mind to another without the aid of speech, sight, hearing, touch, or any of the ordinary methods of communicating such information or impressions. That is, Telepathy is a fact, and mind communicates with mind through channels other than the ordinary use of the senses.

"It has been demonstrated that in the hypnotic condition, in ordinary somnambulism, in the dreams and visions of ordinary sleep, in reverie, and in various other subjective conditions, the mind may perceive scenes and events at the moment transpiring at such a distance away or under such physical conditions as to render it impossible that knowledge of these scenes and events could be obtained by means of the senses acting in their usual manner. That is, mind under some circumstances *sees* without the use of the physical organ of sight.

"Again, it has been demonstrated that some persons can voluntarily project the mind—some mind—some centre of intelligence or independent mental activity, clothed in a recognizable form, a distance of one, a hundred, or a thousand miles, and it can there make itself known and recognized, perform acts, and even carry on a conversation with the person to whom it was sent. That is, mind can *act* at a distance from, and independent of, the physical body and the organs through which it usually manifests itself."

The reader will please observe that the preceding three paragraphs are not taken from Eastern Occult literature; they reflect what is fast becoming New York up to date science; the writer is not giving an account of the appearance of a Mahatma to Col. Olcott at midnight in a New York Hotel, but merely relating similar incidents, and describing powers comparable to an Adept's, which he tells you "are developed in a few, but dormant in most." So that occultists differ from him only in saying that these powers are potential in *all*.

One word more from our esteemed author. In the last chapter of his book, in speaking of "the relation of automatism to the religious chiefs of the world," Dr. Mason makes a suggestion which demands more than "a passing consideration," though he introduces the subject in that modest way. He says:—"As prominent examples of those founders of religion we will briefly notice Moses, Zoroaster, Mahomet and Swedenborg. Each either professed himself to be, or his followers have credited him with being, the inspired mouth-piece of the Deity. There can be no doubt in the minds of candid students that each one of these religious teachers was perfectly honest, both as regards his conception of the character and importance of his doctrine and also the method by which he professed to receive them. Each believed that what he taught was ultimate and infallible truth, and was received directly from the Deity. It is evident, however, that from whatever source they were derived the doctrines could not all be ultimate truth, since they were not in harmony amongst themselves; but the authors of them all present their claim to inspiration, and whose claim to accept and whose to reject it is difficult to decide. But accepting the theory that each promulgated the doctrines, theological, cosmological, and ethical, that came to him automatically through the superior perception of the subliminal self, all the phenomena fall into line with the well ascertained action of that subliminal self. * * * That in either case an infinite Deity spoke the commonplace which is attributed to Him is incredible, but to suppose it all, both the grand and the trivial, the work of the subconscious self of the respective authors is in accordance with what we know of automatism and of the wonderful work of the subliminal self"—the Soul.

His last word is:—"The subliminal self acts sometimes while the primary self is fully conscious—better and most frequently in reverie, in dreams, in somnambulism, but best of all when the ordinary self is altogether subjective and the body silent, inactive, insensible. * * * Then still retaining its attenuated vital connection, it goes forth and sees with extended vision and gathers truth from a thousand various and hidden sources. Will it act less freely, less intelligently, with less consciousness and individuality when that attenuated vital connection is severed, and the body lies —untenanted?"

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION IN CHINA.

“And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear
 “your words, when ye depart out of that house or
 “city, shake off the dust of your feet.” *

It is very instructive for us to consider what might have been the result in China, especially in view of the recent upheaval, if the missionaries of the west had literally obeyed this command of the Founder of their religion, and had departed from the city of the Celestial Empire, shaking off the dust from their shoes as a testimony. We cannot doubt that, had this been done in 1860, when the allied armies, accomplishing their purpose, withdrew from Peking, there would have been a saving of many devoted lives, and a great gain to the cause of peace and goodwill among men.

Be it understood that we do not wish to accuse the missionaries of wantonly stirring up strife and discord, nor even of a “zeal for religion, without wisdom;” we fully understand the motives which led to their militant campaign in China, and recognise their action as the natural outcome of these motives. The zeal for missionary enterprise seems to us to have this origin: A religious and spiritual awakening comes to a man or woman, when the immense power and nearness of the unseen forces of life, the substantial yet immaterial powers of the soul, are for the first time recognised, and an inner illumination, a glow of light and warmth, enkindles the whole heart and mind. The presence and power of these spiritual forces is the best approved fact in history and human life, though many varying explanations, many mythologies, even, have grown up about them. Yet no truth has better or more unanimous testimony than the second birth, the awakening of the soul.

The first glow of illumination gradually fades, perhaps from the waning of religious emotion, perhaps from the re-assertion of habitual life; and the awakened individual casts about for some means to restore the first radiance. No price is too great; no task too difficult; indeed, the very difficulty of the task is its charm, as promising the greater reward; and, with the beliefs and traditions

*Since writing this, I find that Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, has used this text with precisely the same application to missionary “zeal without wisdom” in China.

of the West, it is almost inevitable that the task should take the form of missionary enterprise, into which enter the excitements of foreign travel, and the splendid images of possible martyrdom.

We must add another causal element: the perfectly false and mythological notion of the East, and especially of the moral and religious condition of the East, which still fills the popular understanding. Just as it is certain that the tremendous intellectual and moral revolution which springs from Darwinism has as yet hardly scratched the surface of the popular mind, which still holds to the idea of special creation, if it holds any idea at all as to biological beginnings; so it is wholly certain that the general public, and especially that part of it which furnishes the sinews of war to the militant missionary, has no inkling of the tremendous change which has come over our knowledge of the East, during the past half-century, and especially over our knowledge of the East's religious and moral life.

Just as the episode of Joseph and his brethren, of Potiphar's wife and Pharaoh's dreams, supplies the substance of popular Egyptology while the book of Esther and the captivities furnish most of popular Assyriology, so surely do the general notions of China and India as fields of missionary-work, flow direct from the traditions of Prester John and Alph the sacred river, of Xanadu and the phoenix and the unicorn, of the gold-digging griffons and the anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders; the gorgeous tapestry of romance woven by medieval myth-makers like Sir John Mandeville, himself a myth.

We may say it without fear of contradiction, that the average supporter of missionary enterprise might find an abundant source of real knowledge in the Tales of Sindbad the Sailor, which spring from the golden age of Arabian exploration; while the Book of Ser Marco Polo the Venetian would be simply a revelation to them, and in the main a revelation entirely trustworthy, for details of Asian men and places.

This is the imaginary East which looms large before the minds of enthusiasts who, full of their new and very real spiritual awakening, and burning to perpetuate their first warm glow of emotion, determine to give up all, and devote their lives to spreading the light among the heathen. If we are right in our feeling of their

motive, it is open to this criticism, and a very grave criticism it is: that they are moved by a really selfish impulse; that their eyes are fixed on their own condition, and their desire to perpetuate it, and that they are not moved at all by any real knowledge of the moral condition of the "heathen," or any real sympathy for what are the "heathen's" true problems and sorrows in this vale of tears. They determine to "do good" to the "heathen" without any knowledge of what the "heathen" really needs, or any certainty that they can supply that need. It is anxiety for their own salvation, and not for his, which we find in the last analysis to be the true motive cause.

Be it remembered that we concede, and are firmly convinced of, the truth in the religion which the missionaries burn to spread; and further, that we recognize the reality and purely spiritual character of the inner awakening which sets their hearts in motion; nonetheless are we convinced that, in following the missionary impulse, and in the method in which they try to realise it, the proselytisers are moved by a subtle form of selfishness, and more, that in doing what they do, they are quite false to the central thought of the religion of Jesus.

Amongst the endless controversies of sects, and the endless interpretations and confusions of creeds, the One Commandment stands forth as the unshaken rock of the Galilean evangel; and without a quite thorough understanding of our neighbor—our Chinese neighbor, for a concrete case—and a thorough sympathy with his heart's aspirations and the sources of his moral and spiritual life, it is nonsense to talk of our fulfilling the One Commandment towards him, of "loving him as ourselves." This Commandment carries as its necessary condition precedent the duty of understanding, of sympathy, of putting ourselves intellectually and imaginatively in his place; and will the missionaries as a body pretend for a moment that each of them did this, before deciding to carry their message to the Chinese? If so, what a woeful failure they must have made of it, judging by the feelings they seem to have aroused in Chinese breasts.

It is impossible to enter imaginatively into the life of another, until we have in a large degree risen above our own personal bonds; it is impossible for us to enter into the intellectual life and the moral ideals of another, until we have overcome the hindrances of

our own ignorance and prejudice. Supposing that a would-be missionary, one touched with the new life of the soul, and burning to live in that life, were to have his attention turned to the Chinese, and, after mastering their languages and the enormously varied condition of their lives throughout the eighteen provinces, were to go further into the source of this life, the miraculous book of China's past, and reading there, were to come to a true understanding of the springs of Chinese religion, supposing that such a one, with real sympathy and understanding, were to discern that he could render to the Chinese some substantial moral and spiritual service, which they on their part would be willing and ready to receive, we should hold that such a one had really fulfilled the spirit of the One Commandment, in regard to his Chinese neighbor; but convinced of this, we are perfectly certain that whoever had the moral and intellectual power to do this,—and it is a duty which concerns no one who has not the power to fulfill it,—would see, long before his researches were completed, that there were a thousand tasks for him at home, a thousand far more crying needs, a thousand far more poignant evils waiting at his very door to be righted, and that he would willingly set his hand to these. Further that his studies would in no sense have been lost or wasted, for he would have broadened his heart and mind, especially in the vital direction of imagining himself into the lives of others, and that the power thus gained would serve him on every hand in his tasks at home. Lastly, he would have laid a far more certain foundation for his spiritual life, and for the continuation of that high enthusiasm which moved him at the outset, than can ever come from a rash and ill-considered invasion of foreign lands, and a harsh and ignorant condemnation of foreign ways and ideals.

We are, therefore, entirely convinced that a literal fulfillment of the Master's command, quoted by us at the outset, and taken as applying to China, would have been vastly more beneficial than the continuance of Christian missions, and more, we are persuaded that this would have been vastly better Christianity, a course of action far more in harmony with the ideals of the Founder of Christianity, and the One Commandment which he himself set as the head and heart of his teaching.

II.

Suppose that the case we have imaginatively conjured up, had been actually realised: suppose that a young enthusiast, touched with the awakening light of the soul, had determined to understand, before acting; and that, having been drawn for some reason towards the Chinese, he had determined to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the material of their spiritual life before deciding to teach them, what would he have found?

He would have found that the true spiritual life of the Chinese was founded on a religion very like his own; or, to be more accurate, he would find in China a series of Scriptures closely analogous to the Old and New Testaments; for we must all recognise that there is very much in our religion, especially in that popular religion to which missionary enterprise appeals, which is an outgrowth, and aftergrowth of the Bible, and for which, in the Bible, we should find very doubtful warrant. Let us say there are three hundred Christian sects,—in reality, there are far more,—we shall find that each one of these affirms that there is insufficient Scripture warrant for the form of all the others, and we shall thus have an overwhelming majority against any one. Let us add, further, that the Sacred Scriptures are by no means precisely the same thing as the popular understanding of the Sacred Scriptures.

But if our enthusiastic student were to turn to the religious life of China with a duly critical and enlightened sense of the mutual relations of his own Sacred Books, he would find that, rightly viewed, those of China are not greatly different in scope, while in the spiritual essence of their message, they are not different at all. He would find, first, among the Five Classics, as they are called, a very close analogy to the Old Testament Books; he would find, in the Books of Chinese Buddhism, a story of a divine mission, five centuries older than the story of the Gospels, yet very like it: an angelic Annunciation, an Incarnation, following on an Immaculate Conception; a miraculous childhood, a Temptation in the Wilderness, a Summoning of the Disciples; Parables in the Garden, and, finally, a living for humanity, instead of a death for humanity,—a not less real and even more difficult sacrifice.

If, again, our student were to study the wonderful sentences of Lao-Tsze, he would find a counterpart of the thought of Paul, that

metaphysician and mystic among the Apostles; and in the Way of the Tao he would learn to see that very Way which, for the author of the Acts, was the synonym of the new Evangel.

But he would find more than this. Taking a large and broad view of life, and having due regard to the special condition of China, he would find that, as a direct result and expression of the spiritual life flowing from these Oriental Scriptures, there is far more generally and uniformly distributed peace and good-will towards men in China than there is in Europe. He would find, in the words of a celebrated missionary, who actually did follow the course we have sketched, who actually did live himself into the spiritual life, and think himself into the thoughts of his Chinese neighbor, that in China the mass of the people "enjoys personal liberty, lightness of taxation, and freedom from offensive police supervision, such as are enjoyed by no people in Europe."

Turning from the social to the intellectual and moral side of Chinese life, he would learn to say, with the same enlightened critic: "In language more pithy and as expressive as that of the best Western philosophers, in phrases shining with the warmth of lively imaginations, in tropes and figures unsurpassed for beauty of expression, for correctness of diction, for appositeness of illustration, for elevation of sentiment,—the Chinese philosophers have been for more than two thousand years inculcating the precepts of a pure and noble morality. And all the mental toil displayed in their curt aphoristic sayings is for the purpose of illustrating illustrious virtue; and all the intellectual labor of their swelling periods is devoted to enforcing the performance of man's duty to man."

"Man's duty to man," in the opinion of the wisest and greatest of the Chinese thinkers, is to deal with his neighbor as he would have his neighbor deal with him; that very Golden Rule, that One Commandment which is the one thing indisputable in the Christian religion. Finding all this, our lover of things Oriental would have learned, as the famous missionary and historian of the Manchus whom we have quoted did learn, that: "We might sometimes question the infallibility of our own wisdom!"

III.

We are often, even habitually told, that the Chinese have no

religion. I can imagine a disinterested observer not of our own protestations, but of our acts, of our habitual lives, saying the very same thing of us. Therefore we must give the other side due weight, when we come to study China. If we do this, we shall find, first, that so far from having no religion, China is saturated with religion, and that this religion, going back to the very dawn of her national life, is in essence identical with our own.

We are told, even by those who admit the moral and social system of the Chinese to possess a certain excellence, that China has a religion, indeed, but a religion of this world only, rather a Socialism than a Faith; something not incompatible with practical and speculative atheism, and with entire materialism and disbelief in man's soul and immortality. And it is a curious illustration of our human frailty that the very people who tell us this, will in the next breath accuse the Chinese of idolatry, because they pay reverence to the spirits of their dead!

There is nothing like the fine logic of fact in dealing with generalities of criticism and condemnation; and there is nothing like appealing to the great Originals, when you wish to be certain of your facts. Therefore, in order to see how this matter of China's religion really stands, let us turn to her Sacred Scriptures, and first of all to the most national part of them, the Five Classics which are the heart of the great system of Confucius.

Confucius, living some two thousand five hundred years ago, and therefore almost exactly contemporary with two other great teachers, the Buddha of Kapilavastu and Pythagoras of Samos, did not in truth found the system which bears his name, nor did he claim to do so. He is closely to be compared with his contemporary in the religious history of Palestine: Ezra, the Restorer of the Law. Confucius constantly referred to "the Illustrious Ancients" for his doctrine, and, if we would come at the heart of it, we had better do the same.

The Shu King, chief of the Five Classics, is a Book of History. It closely corresponds to the narrative part of the Pentateuch, and goes back in fact to a period four thousand three hundred years ago, just the time to which the patriarch Abraham is assigned by Jewish tradition. The Li Chi, another of the Five Classics, is a Record of Rites, and fairly comparable to Leviticus

and Deuteronomy. The Shih King may be likened to the Poetical Books of the Bible. And to the later Historical Books we may compare the Annals of the Chun Chiu, which come from the hand of Confucius himself. The Yi King, the "Book of Changes," and the Hsiao King, the "Book of Filial Piety," may be ranged against the remaining Prophetical Books, with their double elements, part mysterious like the visions of Daniel and Ezekiel, and part horatory, like the teachings of Isaiah or Jeremiah. We shall not, of course, find the same poignant and piercing emotion in the Chinese books, but neither shall we find the passionate elements which free-thinkers have so often condemned in the Old Testament.

Let us pay the chiefest attention to the Shu King, the Book of History, which is the true key to Chinese national life. As we study its venerable pages, which have seen so many centuries and milleniums wax and wane, we shall be struck first and most forcibly by the profoundly religious tone in which the national life of China is conceived. "Be reverent! Be reverent!" is the constantly repeated injunction, to the Emperors and Kings, and from them to their Ministers and powerful vassals. Reverence is the thread on which all the rest is strung. In the Canon of the Emperor Shun, one of the oldest parts of that old Scripture, we read that: "He sacrificed specially, but with the recognised forms, to God; sacrificed with reverent purity to the Six Honored Ones; offered their appropriate sacrifices to the hills and rivers, and extended his worship to the host of spirits." This very first quotation shows a belief in the Divine, and in immortality. As to the worship of the hills and streams, it is an expression of that pantheism which fills the poetry of Shelley, of Wordsworth, of Emerson. In the saying of the sage Laotsze: "Man takes his law from Earth; Earth takes its law from Heaven; Heaven takes its law from the Soul." We find the veneration of ancestors at the very outset, that is, the belief in their souls' survival. For the ancient Emperor "presented a burnt offering to Heaven, and sacrificed a single bull in the temple of the Illustrious Ancestor." "Let me be reverent! Let me be reverent!" cried the old ruler of China, "let compassion rule in punishment."

Again in the very oldest parts of the Shu King, dating from a thousand years before the Fall of Troy, we find this ideal:

"Pride brings loss, and humility receives increase; this is the way to Heaven.

"Be kind to the distant, give honor to the virtuous, and your confidence to the good.

"Morning and night be reverent, be upright, be pure.

"Teach our sons, so that the straight-forward shall yet be mild; the gentle, dignified; the strong, not tyrannical; and the impetuous not arrogant.

"To obtain the views of all; to give up one's own opinion, and follow that of others; to keep from oppressing the helpless, and not to neglect the straitened and poor."

Or again, we find, in the Counsels of the Great Yu, this moral Decalogue:

"Admonish yourself to caution, when there seems no cause for anxiety.

"Do not fail to observe the laws and ordinances.

"Do not find your enjoyment in idleness.

"Do not go to excess in pleasure.

"In your employment of men of worth, let none come between you and them.

"Put away evil without hesitation.

"Do not carry out plans of the wisdom of which you have doubts.

"Study that all your purposes may be with the light of reason.

"Do not go against what is right, to get the praise of the people.

"Do not oppose the people's wishes to follow your own desires."

Here is a somewhat similar list of the Nine Virtues, from another Chinese Book of Counsels: The Nine Virtues are:

"Affability combined with dignity; mildness combined with firmness; bluntness combined with respectfulness; aptness for government combined with reverent caution; docility combined with boldness; straightforwardness combined with gentleness; an easy negligence combined with discrimination; boldness combined with sincerity; valor combined with righteousness." With this high morality, we have that raising of tone which lifts us into the region of religion: "Heaven distinguishes the virtuous; Heaven punishes the guilty. How reverent ought the Masters of territories to be!"

Let us remember that the ancestors of the Germanic and

Anglo-Saxon nations were destined, in the wisdom of that same Heaven, to paint their savage bodies with blue woad, and to use stone or bronze hatchets, for well nigh two thousand years after these wise words were written in China, not by mere theorists and pedants, but written by kings for kings, on whose fidelity to them depended their tenure of the throne.

We read in the Announcement of Thang, who died in the year which saw the marriage of Jacob, that: "To reverence and honor the path prescribed by Heaven is the way ever to preserve the favoring appointment of Heaven." If we enquire how the way of Heaven is to be found we shall receive this answer: "The great God has conferred even on the inferior people a moral sense, compliance with which would lead their nature invariably right." Again, the king says: "The good in you, I will not dare to keep concealed; and for the evil in me, I will not dare to forgive myself. I will examine these things in harmony with the mind of God."

In a tract of about the same age, it is declared that: "The ways of God are not invariable:—on the good-doer he sends down all blessings, and on the evil-doer he sends all miseries." The same sentiment is echoed in the Book of the Possession of Pure Virtue, some three thousand six hundred years old: "Good and evil do not wrongfully befall men, but Heaven sends down misery or happiness according to their conduct." And this splendid charge to the Ministers and Officials: "Let none of you dare to suppress the remonstrances of the poor!"

A century or two later occurs a text which sheds great light on the vexed question of Ancestor-worship, showing that even three of four thousand years ago it was based, not on any social or formal convention, but on the belief in present immortality: "I think of my ancestors, who are now the spiritual sovereigns. . . . Were I to err in my government and remain long here, my high sovereign—the founder of our dynasty—would send down on me great punishment for my crime, and say: Why do you oppress my people?"

In tracts a little later, say the time of the Judges, we find it declared that: "Heaven is all-intelligent and observing. In its inspection of men, Heaven's first consideration is of their righteousness, and it bestows on them accordingly length of years or the contrary."

Again, is there not something very familiar, and full of the true ideal of Democracy, in this: "What the people desire, Heaven will be found to give effect to. Heaven sees as my people see; Heaven hears as my people hear." Is not this the essence of religion: "The people have been produced by Supreme Heaven, and both body and soul are Heaven's gift."

This is suggestive of Epictetus, though preceding him by a millenium: of the five Sources of Happiness; it is said: "The first is long life; the second, riches; the third, soundness of body and serenity of mind; the fourth, the love of virtue; and the fifth, fulfilling to the end the will of Heaven."

Prayer and divine government of the world inspire these verses: "When he is all devoted to the virtue of reverence, he may pray to heaven for a long-abiding decree in his favor." And this, from the Book of Officers: "I have heard the saying, 'God leads men to tranquil security,' but the sovereign of Hsia would not move to such security, whereupon God sent down corrections, indicating His mind to him. He, however, would not be warned by God, but proceeded to greater disoluteness and sloth and excuses for himself. Then Heaven no longer regarded nor heard him, but disallowed his great appointment, and inflicted extreme punishment. Then it charged your founder, Thang the Successful, to set Hsia aside, and by means of able men to rule the kingdom. From Thang the Successful down to Emperor Yi, every sovereign sought to make his virtue illustrious, and duly attended to the sacrifices. And thus it was that, while Heaven exerted a great establishing influence, preserving and regulating the House of Yu, its sovereigns on their part were humbly careful not to lose God, and strove to manifest a good-doing corresponding to that of Heaven. But in those times, their successor showed himself greatly ignorant of the ways of Heaven, and much less could it be expected of him that he would be regardful of the earnest labors of his fathers for the country: Greatly abandoned to dissolute idleness, he gave no thought to the bright principles of Heaven, and the awfulness of the people. On this account God no longer protected him, but sent down the great ruin which we have witnessed. Heaven was not with him, because he did not make his virtue illustrious."

IV.

These quotations, all taken from that one great Scripture, the

Shu King, the most venerable among the Sacred Books of China, are amply sufficient to show what the spirit of the Chinese religion really is. I have avoided quoting from the poetical books gathered in the Shih King, from the treatise of Filial Piety of Confucius, or from the more spiritual and mystic doctrine of Lao-Tsze, because, after all, the Shu King is pre-eminently the foundation-stone of the whole edifice. It is universally accepted and admitted; it is the heart of that Confucianism which is the heart of China.

And these quotations have amply shown a perfect faith in God, a clear recognition of our duty to Him, and the voice of conscience, a certain apprehension of God as the intelligent and immediate ruler of this our life, rewarding the righteous and punishing the guilty, an unquestioning certainty of the soul's immortality, and lastly, a profound recognition of our duty towards our neighbor, as in that striking phrase: "the awfulness (sanctity) of the people." There is, too, a very democratic sense that the Voice of the People is the Voice of God, as when it is declared that God hears with the ears of the people, and this sense of popular rights, going back to the dim gray dawn of China's past, has ever been the foundation and touchstone of her government. Dynasty has followed dynasty for nearly five thousand years; whenever a dynasty fell, it was clearly recognised that this was the judgment of Heaven, avenging the wrongs of the people, and the neglect of the ancient Law of Righteousness.

I have quoted only the Book of History, from a conviction that the directness and dry lucidity of its style will best convince the understanding; but many things might be drawn from the more poetical or mystical books, to appeal with equal force to the emotions. Take as a single instance this Prayer from the Shih King:

"Let me be reverent! Let me be reverent! The way of Heaven is clear. And its appointment is not easily preserved. Let me not say that it is high aloft above me. It ascends and descends about our doings, it daily inspects us wherever we are.

"I am a little child without intelligence to be reverently attentive to my duties; but by daily progress and monthly advance, I will learn to hold fast the gleams of knowledge, till I arrive at bright intelligence. Assist me to bear the burden of my position, and show me how to display virtuous conduct!"

Finally this, as a warning in the present juncture, from the Master Lao-tsze:

"There is always One who presides over the infliction of death. He who would inflict death in the room of Him, who so presides, may be described as hewing wood instead of the carpenter. Seldom is it that he who undertakes the hewing instead of the carpenter, does not cut his own hands."

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

VOL. 8.

JULY, 1902

No. 3

SUSTAINED EFFORT.

When the waters were draining off the surface of the Earth, ages ago, they began, in places, to wash away the solid rock, grain by grain. At first little impression was made, but still the steadily running water kept on, and century after century, it cut deeper into the rock. Thus perhaps a million years have produced our mountain cañons, with walls of solid rock thousands of feet high, and where, in places, the light of day seldom penetrates to the bottom.

How many years of growth go to make the mighty oak? And how many more have passed over the head of the gigantic Red Wood? The immense beds of coal; the deposits of gold, silver, iron; the growth of crystals, diamonds, rubies and emeralds. Can anyone estimate the vast reaches of time necessary to produce all these?

And so it is all through nature: great results follow steadily sustained, but slight effort.

A minute, or an hour or a day of exertion amounts to nothing, but they all count when combined with other minutes, hours and days, which will go on and on even to the end.

As the Law works in the material world, so it does in the spiritual. Effort, constant effort in the right direction, will as surely accomplish results, as dripping water will wear away rocks. The higher part of man is not material, and so progress may be rapid, in some cases astonishingly so, yet in all cases effort must be sustained.

My aspirations are upward, I desire to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but my personal self is in no wise fit for it. I must transmute my lower nature into Gold, before I can realize on my aspirations.

There are days when I rise upward: I can feel the breath of Heaven in my soul, my progress seems easy, I can feel myself grow. The world around me is bright. Then there comes a day when darkness settles over my spirit: I can see nothing, I become numb, God seems afar off. This is the hour of trial, now comes the need of sustained effort. It may be that with all my strength I can just barely hold on, while the waves of darkness sweep over me. But if I merely can hold on, it is already a great gain. For if I let go even for a moment the opposing evil sweeps me off my feet, and backward, downward, so swiftly that before I can gather my strength, I am far away from the point I had reached.

So *hold fast*. The powers of darkness will spend their force, and our harrassed selves will again come into the sunshine and rise Heavenward.

But if I let go, as often happens, and having been rushed back along the path, I finally check my retrogression. Then comes a moment of sickening regret, a period of discouragement, perhaps of despair. And so long as we continue in this state of regret we shall make no progress.

The powers of evil need not exert themselves then, they may stay quiet watching as we flounder in the toils of remorse.

Therefore, let us swiftly spring away from this despair. God is still our God, and in an instant we can have the sunshine of his love in our hearts again. It is a question of effort. We have the *desire* behind the will, and so we must make our efforts through the force of our will.

As in lifting a log we put our muscles to work through our will, so we must put our mind to work and direct our thoughts.

Thoughts are powers: by them we rise or are cast down.

If we can not lift the log we may be able to lift our end of it, or saw it in pieces, or use some contrivance. But lift it we will in time, when we decide to do so and keep up the effort.

So by constant right thinking we attain our highest desires. No matter how bad our failures, they can be turned into a means of final victory. For we can be sure that sooner or later we shall again reach the point whence we slipped before. And by examining our failures impartially we can train our feet for a firm and unwavering advancement along the path.

Do not despair.

Do not regret.

Learn from failures the way to success and keep up the effort.

Results *will* follow.

THE NATIVITY OF BUDDHA.

I feel more convinced than ever that Ashva Ghosha's Sanskrit Life of Buddha will be the Life of Buddha which will hold the attention of the world once it finds an adequate, readable, and popular translation in English. For, though Professor Cowell's Translation, in the Sacred Books of the East, is certainly adequate, from the point of scholarship, and though we all admit his easy supremacy in the Sanskrit Renaissance Literature, yet it would be flattery to call this formidable volume readable, or, indeed, much more than barely intelligible to anyone who does not follow it with the Sanskrit text in hand. I was fortunate enough to read the Sanskrit version first—several chapters in the middle of the book, that is to say—and only after that I discovered Professor Cowell's admirable scholarly version, bound up with a rendering of the Sukhavati Vyuhā and the Vajrochchhetika, in a volume bearing the accurate but uninviting title "Mahayana Scriptures." I wonder what chance of popularity a book has with a title like that! I wonder how many readers Professor Cowell has had since his volume was published, or, indeed, will have during the next decade? It is sad to think of the vast quantity of splendid work buried, interred, entombed, in the Proceedings of our Oriental Society, our University Series, our Journals of Research, and the like; and to think how wholly they fail to touch the living world of men. Then comes a writer like Edwin Arnold, with his wonderful facility and his great popular gift, and does more for Buddhism than all the scholars put together—and this without any signal erudition, or any great claim to scholarship at all. And the world is with Edwin Arnold, and the world is right. If we cannot make our work effectual in the world of living men and women, then our work is vain.

But to return to the nativity of Buddha. I know not whether we are to ascribe to Ashva Ghosha the first twenty stanzas with their gorgeous description of the Holy City of Kapila Vastu, in which the heavenly child was born. On the one hand, the Tibetan and Chinese versions leave out this description, while, on the other, it is perfectly in place, and even essential to the completeness and unity of the poem, and is quite in Ashva Ghosha's style and manner. Let

me quote a few verses to show how the poet describes the Holy City of Buddhism:—

“There was a City, the mighty sage Kapila’s dwelling-place; girt with the beauty of broad uplands, as with a chain of clouds; its lofty roofs upreared against the sky.

There, neither darkness nor poverty found a dwelling-place, so bright was it with the radiance of jewels; and smiling fortune gladly dwelt among those righteous men.

And, for that there was not seen the like of the City in the whole world, for the beauty of its arbors and arches, and spires like lions’ ears, the dwellings of it could vie with nothing but each other.

And the sun even at his setting, could not forget the lovely faces of its women, that put the lotus-blooms to shame; and hastened toward the western ocean to slake his passion in the waves.

By night, the silver cupolas, lit up by the moon’s white rays, made a mock of the water-lillies; by day, when the sunbeams shone on the golden domes of the palaces, they took upon them the beauty of the yellow lotuses.”

Even in a prose version, and that by no means a final one, we can easily see the rich, Oriental splendour of writing like this. And here let me anticipate a possible criticism. The whole story of the nativity of Buddha, with its immaculate conception by the Holy Law, its angel visitants, its wise men seeing his sign in the heavens, and coming to visit him, cannot but compel comparisons with the old, familiar story of the heavenly Child of Bethlehem, and the shepherds who watched their flocks by night. And it will doubtless be pointed out how the simplicity, humility, and poverty of the one scene contrast with the almost impossible magnificence of the other,—and thus we shall have prepared the way to a total misapprehension of the Buddhist poet’s aim, in piling splendour upon splendour, and scattering the whole earth with pearls, and cloth of gold, and scented flowers. His aim is in the highest degree worthy, and shows the highest artistic sense. This is only one side of the medal; look at the companion picture, Buddha, homeless, friendless, in a single cloth, his beggar’s bowl in hand, with one aim only—to bring the healing wisdom to the world. Every heightened touch of colour bears with it this refrain:—He left it all to set us free! That is, to the Buddhist writer, and to all sympathetic readers, the true mean-

ing of these gorgeous descriptive stanzas that record the Buddha's birth.

The description of the Holy City is followed by a courtly picture of its King, Shuddhodana, who plays a very dramatic part in the chapter of the Renunciation, at a subsequent stage of the story. Here we are told, in a passage of most skilful antithesis, that "though sovereign of all, he was yet surrounded by friends; though very generous, he was not rashly lavish; though a King, he yet dealt equal justice to all; though very gracious, he was full of warlike fire." His consort, the Queen Maya, mother of the Master, was not less richly endowed, for "she was loved as a mother by the simple folk, while the great esteemed her as a friend. She was a very goddess of good luck in the family of the King." Ashva Ghosha tells us that the Buddha was born in a garden, amongst flowering trees, and blossoms of the scarlet mandhara, with the hosts of celestials gathered round to bear him up, and streams of heavenly water to purify the new-born teacher of mankind:—"And the babe, by the brightness of his limbs, dimmed all other lights, as does the sun; he lit up the whole world by his beauty. And, bright as the seven stars, he took seven steps, firm, unwavering, and thus he spoke:—'For wisdom am I born to save the world; this is my final birth.'" Then follows a long, and very beautiful passage, in which we are told how all Nature did homage to the new-born child, and how the heavenly visitants gathered round him, and ministered to him. We shall not be guilty of the shallow criticism which bids us reject all this because it savours of miracle; the true miracle is, that a man, born among men, should win such love and reverence from his fellows that, five centuries after his death, the poets should vie with each other in beautiful inventions and arts to do him honour; and that, twenty centuries later, the poets' words should still be lovingly remembered. It seems to me that much of our criticism of Buddha's doctrine, which represents the sage's teaching as hopeless, harsh, and cold, leaves out of account altogether the vital fact that Buddha has held the hearts of nearly a hundred generations, while such a doctrine as his critics attribute to him could appeal to no one, and even repels the critics themselves. What is certain is that Buddha's personality and words had an immense and immediate influence over his hearers, and a benign influence as well, and no account of his

doctrine is trustworthy which does not reckon with this cardinal fact.

Very eloquent, and full of dramatic power, is the episode of the coming of the sage, Asita, who has been the Buddha's sign in the heavens, and comes from afar to pay him reverence:—

“Then the mighty seer, Asita, through signs and his magical power, perceiving that He was born who should make an end of birth, came to the palace of the Shakya King, eager for the Good Law. And the King's confessor, himself a sage among sages, received the seer luminous with wisdom, and grace, and the magic of devotion. And he entered the inner chamber of the King, where all was gladness at the Prince's birth, full of power and holiness, and also full of years. The King then set the saint upon a seat, and had water brought to wash his feet, and hospitable offerings; welcoming him with deference, as Antideva of old welcomed Vasishtha:—‘Fortunate am I, and favoured is my house, that thou art come to visit us! Let my lord command what shall be done, for I am thy disciple, therefore speak confidently to me.’ Thus the Saint was welcomed by the King, with all honour, as was seemly. And the Saint, with wide-eyed wonder, spoke these words of deepest wisdom:—‘This graces thee well, mightily-hearted King, that thy heart is open to me as a dear guest, who have renounced the world, and desire only the law; this becomes thy goodness, thy wisdom, and thine age. Thus did the Kingly sages,—they who, for the Law, gave up the wealth that perishes, growing rich in holiness, though poor in this world's goods. But what is the purpose of my coming—hear thou, and rejoice:—A heavenly voice was heard by me, on the heavenly way, that a son was born to thee for wisdom. And hearing the voice, and setting my mind to it, and discerning the signs, I am come here; my desire is to behold Him who shall raise aloft the banner of the Shakya name, as they raise Indra's banner at the festival.’

“The King, hearing this word, was tremulous with exultation, took the child from the nurse's arms, and showed it to the man of penances.’”

I cannot resist the temptation to point out that, in spite of the miraculous element, this is a very human touch. Shuddhodana is the proud papa all over, even though he is a King, and his baby a future sage. The seer verified the miraculous marks of the child

—the circle on his palms, the membrane of skin between his fingers, the ring of hair between his brows, as he lay in the nurse's arms, like Agni's son in the arms of his goddess mother. And then comes a profound and pathetic touch. The sage, beholding him, and knowing that he was indeed the Teacher, turned aside with tears trembling on his eye lashes, and sighed deeply, looking up to heaven. The King, seeing Asita sorrowing, was greatly terrified, thinking that some evil should befall his son, that early death threatened him, or that misfortune menaced the kingdom. He begged Asita to tell him truly—hardly daring to name the calamities he feared—"with a sob, and his voice choked by tears." The sage thus replied:—

"Change not thy faith, O King, for what I have said is fixed and sure. I am full of sorrow, not for any evil that shall befall him, but for my own disappointment. For my time has come to depart, but this teacher of the Law, whose like is hard to find, is but newly born. He shall give up his kingdom, free himself from sensual temptations, and win the truth by strenuous effort. He shall shine forth to slay the darkness of the world, for he is a sun of wisdom .

From the ocean of sorrow, whose scattered foam is sickness, whose waves are age, whose swift tide is death, he shall rescue the world, carried away and afflicted, on the mighty boat of knowledge.

This thirsting human world shall drink his righteous river of the Law, whose tide is wisdom, whose banks are righteousness, whose cool waters are the soul's peace, and vows the birds upon its stream.

He shall point out the way of freedom to the sorrowing who are wandering in the bye-paths of the world, in the midst of the forests of sense—who have lost their way.

To the people in the world who are burned with the fire of passion, whose fuel is lust, he shall bring the refreshing waters of the law, as a great cloud brings rain to a weary land.

He shall open the prison—whose bolts are lust, and whose doors are delusion and darkness—and shall set the people free. With the blows of the Good Law shall he break it open, the excellent and invincible Law.

He shall free from the bondage of their own delusions the people, bound, and sorrowing and hopeless; the King of righteousness shall set them free.

Therefore be not troubled at my sorrow ; grieve only for those who will not hear the Law.

All my holiness is lost, its virtue gone, for that I shall not hear Him. I count it sorrow now to enter Paradise.”

It would be hard to match the eloquence and pathos of this passage by any other throughout the whole of Ashva Ghosha's work. It would be hard to match them even from the Bibles of the world.

THE HOLY LIGHT.

The earth was dark, but high above on the mountains hung the radiance of the Holy Light.

And I said:

Behold! I will journey thither, and dwell in the light, and joy shall be my portion forever.

So I journeyed onward, but upon the road I met one who tarried, for he was lame.

And he called to me: "Brother abide here a little and find for me the crutch I have lost."

But I answered: "Surely I cannot stay, knowest thou not, I journey to the great Light yonder? I shall need all my strength to reach it, I cannot spare it to thee." And he said sadly:

"Aye, go thy way, thou art not the first who has given to me that answer."

But I laughed gaily, glad to be upon the path again. And as I wandered further my way led through woods green, and beautiful.

But behold! even here the snare of the fowler made misery. Many creatures saw I trapped, bleeding, suffering, and I longed to stop and rescue them, but the Holy Light seemed so fair, I could not wait. I passed onward. And it seemed to me the very leaves took voice, and cried, saying: "Aye, go thy way, the Holy Light beckons. We can wait."

And if a reproach dwelt in the words, I soon forgot it in thinking of the radiance.

And at length I reached the foot of the great mountain on whose summit shone the light. And as I approached a woman came towards me, and in her hands a great book rested, and she besought me saying, "I pray you tarry here awhile, and unfold to me the secrets of this book?" And I took the volume and glanced at its contents. On its title page was written the word "Love." And I smiled at the woman's earnestness, and gave back to her the book. And I answered: "Nay, I cannot stay, Love is but pain." And I journeyed towards the Light, where all is joy.

And as I passed upward the sound of weeping reached me, but I heeded it not, for the light seemed so near, and shone so brightly.

Now, I had almost reached the summit of the great rock, when suddenly I stumbled.

Beneath my feet lay the body of a man, young in years, but wasted from struggling.

And he arose slowly, and faced me, and I saw that like myself, the longing for the light shone in his eyes. And he cried joyfully:

“At last, Brother, thou hast come to lend me thy help. See I have struggled thus far, though I tarried by the roadside, and in the green woods, for others needed my strength. But the woman down yonder I passed by. Yet as I journeyed on, the heat grew great, and I paused to rest, and now I cannot move without help, my limbs are sore with weariness.”

And he stretched forth his arms, as if to embrace me, but I drew back and answered,

“Surely if as thou sayest, the heat is great, all my strength do I need for myself. The next to come will help thee.”

And I passed on, but the man sank down groaning. And the Light was so near I sang with joy, and soon I heard him no more.

I mounted higher and still higher, and at length I stood upon the very pinnacle of the mountain. It was glorious there.

A thousand rays of colors danced in the clear air; a thousand golden sunbeams fell upon my face; a brightness of Divinity dwelt everywhere.

I breathed in the glory, my eyes reveled in its beauty, my soul sang aloud in its joy.

Suddenly my breath failed, great shooting pains wrenched my limbs, I sank to the ground in agony. My eyes grew dim, and sunken in their sockets. The song of my soul was stilled. Then, while I lay in fearful torture, a soft voice spake from out the Light and said,

“Wherefore hast thou gained the right to stand in the Holy Radiance, to dwell in its supreme joy, to taste of its eternal sweetness?”

And despite my anguish I answered,

“I have journeyed thither, no man helped me. I have a right to that which I have gained.”

Then the voice spake still more softly, and there were tears in it. And it said:

“True! No man helped thee. And thou? Hast thou helped no man?”

Then a great shame came upon me, and I hid my face and would not answer.

After a moment I arose, and turned by back upon the Light, for I had meted out my own punishment. And I took my way down the mountain.

And the man lay there, still weary, and he beckoned to me, but I said: “Rest yet awhile, I must seek the path lower down. I will return and help thee.” And the woman was waiting still, but I cried: “Wait, I have work further back, I will return.” And as I passed through the green woods, they cried to me loudly, but I said: “Cease, I shall come again.”

And behold! the cripple too still waited, and he welcomed me with joy. And I tarried long searching with him for the lost, but in vain. At last I said, “Come, Brother, I will be thy crutch, and we will seek the light together.” But we journeyed slowly, for I bore the burden of two. Then we entered the green woods, and spent many days therein setting the trapped creatures free, but many of them were savage, others ungrateful, still others ignorant of our purpose, and they turned upon us, and struck their sharp teeth, and fierce nails into our flesh. So much time passed ere our wounds healed, and we could pass onward.

At last we reached the base of the mountain. And the woman again gave to me the book. And we sat down, and I turned the pages while the woman held the volume. And we studied it together, and the Radiant Light shone upon its words and made them clear, so that we understood its mysteries. And at length when the last leaf was turned, the woman arose, and grasped my free hand, and we three set out to journey up the mountain. At sunset we reached the weary traveller, and still he could not rise. But the woman read from the book, and gathered healing herbs and with them rubbed his limbs, so that he was rested.

But I had no free hand to hold out to him, and yet he could not walk alone.

And the woman said:

“Give to him the one I have grasped, while I go on before. The book shall be my help and guide.”

The sun had set, but the Holy Light shone steadily. And we came out upon the top of the mountain, and all stood together facing the light, drinking in its wonders.

And as I looked a heaviness fell upon my spirit. This time my soul sang not, neither did my pulses throb with delight. The woman came to me and said:

“What is it?”

And I answered not, only turned from the Light, and looked down into the valley.

The valley was so dark, and silent.

And I began to retrace my steps, but my Brother men sought to detain me.

I undid their hands from my arms, and I said: “I cannot stay here in the Light, and joy. See how my comrades toil in the dark valley. I must go and work with them.”

And my Brother men held me no longer.

“We will stay here,” they said.

But the woman came to my side. “I will go and carry the book,” she whispered, “We will need it down there.”

And so little by little we wandered back, and the Light was forever behind us, but we thought not of it, for our eyes were filled with the tears of compassion, and our strength was given in the service of our comrades. The valley was dark, but we had no time to think of its gloom.

And after many years, we turned to gaze upon the Light, just to look once again at its glory.

And behold! the Light had faded, it had hidden itself forever.

And I cried aloud in my sorrow; I longed so to see the Light again.

But the woman smiled. She drew near, and opened the great book, and where her finger pointed, through my tears, I read these lines:

“And the Light had faded from the sky. It shone forever in their hearts. They dwell in its eternal glory. Truth, and Love have conquered darkness.”

BALZAC'S LITERARY STATURE.

It is a literary problem of great delicacy, to find Balzac's true place among the writers of his country. He has been greatly, perhaps extravagantly, praised by Victor Hugo; a critic so luminous as Sainte-Beuve has carefully measured to him his meed of honor; Taine has dazzlingly recorded his qualities; he has been set on a pedestal beside Shakespeare and Molière. Yet, for a large part of the world, he remains practically unknown. Does he belong to the immortals? Is he to rank with Goethe?—the only modern whose divinity is admitted and assured, or is his place rather with lesser lights, like Hugo or Zola or Flaubert, or Daudet—each of whom seems destined to a niche amongst the lesser powers in the Temple of Fame? Some of his admirers have spoken of Balzac as tremendous; one cannot but feel that this is going too far; yet one feels just as clearly that there is a certain greatness in him—something deserving of more careful and discerning study.

II.

We can hardly answer this question without seeking some kind of an answer to that much larger one: what is it that confers the highest rank on a writer? or, more generally, what is really great literature? what is the supreme quality, the heart of the matter?

It would seem to be this: a revelation of the divinity of life; an intimate unveiling to our souls of our touch with immortal powers, of the angelic and daemonic forces in whose midst we dwell. This is the reason why the books which do this are at once the oldest and the most venerated in the world; man, who in the long run understands his true profit, has found it worth his while to preserve them. We will guard for milleniums those writings only which set us among the divinities, and reveal to us our immortal powers. No boon is equal to this; nothing else has enduring value.

The next quality we demand is humanity; a sane and abundant knowledge of the human heart. The work must ring true; must answer to our own experience; must vividly embody, out of the infinite breadth and richness of this our human destiny, throughout all lands and all times, at least some part, some genuine passion, thought, experience, which we can recognize as human and akin to

ourselves. A national note will not suffice; we demand something wider. A national note is enough for awhile; writers who have struck this note, even forcing it sometimes into a piercing cry, may do for their own time, their own race. But every race passes; for every nation the hour strikes; then the real ordeal comes. Will the men of other races, of alien tongues, find the writing worth preserving? Will they find it speaking clearly enough to them, to induce them to learn a foreign tongue, to think themselves into a strange and unfamiliar atmosphere? If not, the writer is doomed. Provinciality, even when it is called patriotism, is fatal. We demand something more; we demand a note that shall ring true for the whole human race; for some part of each one of us.

Genuine vividness of presentation, a true picturing of visible and outward things, is the next necessity. A writer must have his eyes open, and must paint things as we are used to see them; he must have a sound sense of the furniture of life, the manner in which we carry on our daily work. Pastorals and Eclogues, impossible heroics and fantasies, may amuse and even delight us for awhile; but they can have no permanent hold on us. This is why much that passes as poetry is becoming every year more lightly esteemed; this is why the so-called historical novels are doomed. A sounder knowledge of history will reveal them for the fantastic things they are. We shall find them out, and realise that things never happened anywhere in that gorgeous and amazing way.

Lastly, we have excellence of form, a quality which many of us would be inclined to set first of all. But this seems to be its real place, in part, because a true insight into form is about the last thing a nation learns, and is, moreover, a thing almost wholly unrevealed as yet to our modern world. Witness the amazing hideousness of our clothed portrait-statues, with their top-hats and great coats, and heavily creased trousers. One wonders whether they would make Phidias weep or laugh. So few people realise the value of form, that our writers, like our sculptors, can almost afford to ignore it. Then again, beauty of form means economy of effort, while also meaning very much more. In the olden days, when the preservation of a work, whether by memory or in writing, was a thing of great labour and pains, economy of form counted for very much more. Verse is easier to remember than prose;

therefore verse was unconsciously favored for this reason, while men consciously delighted in it for its finer qualities. The old writers and poets had to economise space, on pain of being forgotten. But nowadays, there is a fatal ease in reproducing even trivial, diffuse and chaotic works; the pressure of the struggle for life is lightened; the law has not yet adjusted itself to our new conditions. The time will certainly come when excellent economy of force will be rightly esteemed, but that time is not come yet.

To propose a canon of criticism of such far-reaching import is already a very considerable compliment to Balzac; but this course is the more justified when we see that Balzac consciously proposed to himself the attainment of excellence in each of the four realms we have outlined. How far did he attain it?

JII.

Balzac was a constant seeker after the divine meaning of human life. He even formulated a spiritual system very like that of St. Paul; a triple division of our powers into body, soul and spirit; or into the natural, psychic and celestial, to use Paul's own words: a triple division used before Paul's day in the Mysteries of ancient Egypt and India. This threefold division of our nature sets apart a middle realm for our more definitely human qualities; that in us which has risen above the animal, while not yet reaching the angel. It therefore escapes the absurdity of attributing merely human passion and weaknesses to our immortal life, and defines a great field of evolution, a preparation for immortality, in which we can well see the purpose of so much that would otherwise seem disjointed and chaotic in our human fate. Balzac also consciously accepted that sense of the continuity of life for each individual soul, which inspired all the great religions of antiquity, and which is surely returning to our modern world, with thinkers like Lessing and Schopenhauer, Emerson and Whitman as pioneers of its acceptance. He further sees the shining goal of all our life, when all "shall be perfected into One," that One which is "all things in all things."

This high intuition of life is with Balzac always; and we can see at once how this lifts him high above so many novelists, in his permanent worth. For without injustice it may be said of nearly all novels in the English language, that they betray no intuition of

life at all; that they seem blissfully unconscious of the abysses which lie about us everywhere. The English novelists never took themselves seriously. They can hardly ask us to do so. They are mere painters of surfaces, and their widest flight hardly goes beyond an infusion of sentimentality, to give their readers thrills, while it is latterly becoming the fashion to reach effect by mere excess of brutality. This is the fatal blemish on a work like "Tess," for instance, which otherwise is not without elements of greatness. The "Anglo-Saxon" novel, to use a wholly inaccurate phrase, is with every year becoming more and more a mirror for maidens in search of an establishment; as if the marrying of girls were the real aim of life. The really popular novel is that which paints a perfect heroine, in which each gentle and aspiring reader can behold her own likeness, and can imagine herself going through those deliciously thrilling tribulations, and receiving those charming tributes to her unbounded worth. They are literature in the sense that a masquerade is a high political function, or that the portraits of a theatrical company are art. In a certain church in an old Austrian town, they have two Madonnas, a blonde and a brunette, who take turns to parade, so that all tastes may be satisfied. I suggest that the "Anglo-Saxon" novel should invariably have two equally perfect heroines, one dark, and the other fair, both of whom should marry delightful young millionaires, and live happy ever afterwards.

The great Russian novels are simply in another world. They are, in fact, the only novels yet written which one could without absurdity compare to the work of Sophocles or Dante or Goethe. They are really written for adults. But, with the exception of golden-tongued Turgenieff, they are marred by grave defects of form and style. We shall have more to say of this, later on.

But when Balzac comes to put his ideas into practice, we are at once conscious of something seriously wrong. His most ambitious flights into the region of mysticism are "Louis Lambert" and "Seraphita." There are very high qualities in the former; the pictures of school-life at the old College of the Oratorians of Vendome is in every way admirable and vivid; it breathes forth reality and life. The ill-kept, unventilated class-rooms, the stuffy atmosphere of faultfinding and shirking, the narrowness, lit up by occa-

sional humane gleams, of the teachers, the poignant and pathetic affection of the Poet and Pythagoras are as good in their way as anything Dostoyevsky or Tolstoi has ever written. But when Louis Lambert escapes from school and begins to lead life in the world, the whole story goes to pieces. Its conclusion, the picture of the crazed and comatose philosopher, standing day and night like a sightless mummy against a wall, while his adoring spouse records the occasional oracles which, descending from above, pierce the darkness of his night, is by no means magnificent or tremendous, as Balzac thinks it is; it is simply grewsome and grotesque. The first part of this really great story, though it is a great story spoiled, irresistibly suggests "Sartor Resartus;" and, for the most part, it is of fairly equal value. But both Carlyle and Balzac, having evolved their enlightened and spiritual heroes, have been greatly embarrassed as to what in the world they were to do with them; Carlyle made his hero Professor of Things-in-general at the University of Lord-knows-where; Balzac plunged his into unworldly abstraction and premature death. The truth is, that while all novelists of the better sort are being drawn away from the pretty millionaire as the type of a hero, and are feeling their way towards some sort of spiritual attainment as the real goal of life, none, so far, has had any gleam of insight as to what should be done with the demi-angel, once you have him hatched. That is one of the problems for our new century, both in literature and in life.

Balzac's other great mystical story, "Seraphita," I must frankly confess, I find simply unreadable. In the old French stereotyped edition in which I read it, "Seraphita" covers some hundred and seventy pages. Seventy of these are made up of two speeches, each delivered without even a pause for breath. First the Pastor speaks thirty pages of encyclopedic biography of Swedenborg; then the mystical being, "Seraphitus-a-um," delivers forty pages on the relations of Matter and Spirit, Doubt and Faith. No wonder the Pastor and Wilfrid were aghast—though the former's own achievement might have prepared his mind for this retributive justice. Balzac evidently has in mind the sexless angels "who neither marry nor are given in marriage," and he has had the wild idea of expressing this by juggling with the personal pronouns. When the androgynous hero-heroine speaks to Minna, it is a "he;" when ad-

dressing Wilfrid, it becomes a "she." This reminds one of the tourist at Heliopolis: "Say, Maria, I'm all tangled up; which was *mister*, Isis or Osiris?" This sort of thing makes us sigh for the pretty millionaire and the dinky heroine of "Anglo-Saxon" fiction.

If we are to compare Louis Lambert with Teufelsdröckh—and we should have noted that the really excellent parts of both are faithful autobiography—then Seraphitus-a suggests comparison with Zanoni, the handsome Chaldean, who falls desperately in love with Viola, in the three thousandth year of his protracted youth. All these stories take us back to that epoch of really great spiritual thought which awoke with the French Revolution, but which, like that revolution, was hardly more than a splendid failure. For a comparative success in this kind of writing, we must go back to the history of Krishna, or to Ashva Ghosha's Life of Buddha; though each is marred by a too luxuriant thaumaturgy. Even Plato's awakened hero rather states the Riddle of Life than answers it. But the mention of Plato and Socrates, of Buddha and Krishna, may remind us how great was the task attempted by Balzac, Carlyle and Bulwer; the attempt was fine, even though success eluded them.

IV.

When Carlyle comes to write of Cromwell, of Frederick, of the great Mirabeau, we at once feel an excellent breadth and height, which are the solid rewards of his earlier metaphysical searching. Here is the payment for having attempted Teufelsdröckh. In the same way, Balzac is repaid for his mystical struggles, when he comes to unroll the great canvas of "The Human Comedy." Here is his real title to greatness. Comparisons with Molière, even with Shakespeare, cease to be absurd; the more detailed we make them, the greater becomes their accuracy and justice. No writer has attempted to portray such a host of different characters. No writer, unless we except Shakespeare, has succeeded so excellently well. And, when it comes to the psychology of children, Balzac is greater than Shakespeare. I wonder whether the remark is original, but it always seems to me that, before the nineteenth century, there were no real children in literature—only little men and little women. That is a vista of democracy which deserves a poet. The emancipa-

tion of children is a vastly greater achievement than the emancipation of slaves.

It is very much against Balzac, that his children are invariably unhappy, and, for the most part, have bad parents, stern and unnatural mothers, and inefficient fathers. Unfortunately, Balzac seems here to have been painting his own life, as he so perpetually did. But, with these drawbacks, Balzac's children are real. His men and women are even more real, and they answer finely to our demand for a wide and human view, no mere parochialism masquerading as patriotic. He paints French men and women with incomparable vividness and truth; but his Lady Dudley is just as true to her nation as they are to theirs. She is, in many ways, a finer English type than one can recall, among a host of English novelists, who are perpetually struggling with namby-pamby misses, perfumed, as Byron viciously said, with bread and butter. Lord Dudley, too, is a fine figure, though less splendidly finished; but there is enough of him to make a sound, national type; and lesser English figures here and there in the "Comedy" are as racy of the soil. There is something reminiscent of the large outlines of Chaucer and Shakespeare in Balzac's English types; and indeed he is steeped in the spirit of Shakespeare, as his treatment, not less than his frequent quotation, shows. Then there are admirable Italian types, like the Neapolitan prince and princess in the story-within-a-story, in Albert Savarus. We must go to Manzoni and D'Annunzio for anything equally good, among the Italians themselves. Here we are once more reminded of Shakespeare; of his Bassanios, his Montagues, his Tybalts. And we can truly say that, for human and national truth, Balzac fairly stands the comparison. The Norwegian Pastor, the German music-master, the Spanish grandee, are all equally true to life, and we need not go farther than the correspondence with Mme. de Hanska, to see how keenly Balzac entered into the spirit of the Slavonic nations. Now, to enter with warm sympathy and true insight into the lives of other nations, is a very great achievement indeed. If we remember that, in this, the Greeks failed not less signally than the Jews, we shall have a truer measure of its importance. Indeed, the vivid sense of humanity as one and indivisible, the ability to "turn to north, south, east and west with thoughts of love," as Buddha used to say, is among the highest and rarest qualities of human life. To say that, in this, Balzac is not far behind Shakespeare, is, perhaps, to say enough for his fame.

MISSING NUMBER:

AUGUST, 1902

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

VOL. 8.

SEPTEMBER, 1902

No. 5

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In the ardour of the fight, enveloped and blinded as it were by the smoke of the battle field, we can hardly measure our blows, much less judge of their effects. Perhaps, however, it is the peculiarity of genius to insinuate something more into its work than is imagined. Talent, which knows everything it does and can account for it, can do so only from being incapable of stretching its view beyond the horizon of its time and the actual bounds of its experience. But genius is really the power of anticipating the future; and from age to age its creations do not change on that account, as is sometimes said, in nature or in meaning, but they must be compared with those laws whose fruitful formulæ include even unforeseen phenomena.

BRUNETIÈRE.

MAN'S RELATIONS TO ANIMALS.

I.

The first object of the Theosophical Society is to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood. Universal Brotherhood is that state of mind and feeling in which all creatures are regarded as Brothers:—Elder Brothers, Brothers of the same degree, or Younger Brothers. This ideal state is based upon the intuition of the spiritual unity of all beings. All beings are embodiments or expressions of one Universal Soul; all live and move and have their being in that Soul; all are therefore Brothers.

It may assist us in our efforts to attain to the attitude of Universal Brotherhood towards those beings which man considers to be lower in the scale of development than himself, namely, the Animals, if we consider what our Elder Brothers have said as to the relations which exist between these two classes of beings—Man and Animals. And if what they have said approves itself to us as a good working theory, we shall be able to give our intuition of the universality of Brotherhood an intelligent expression which will form a basis for practical action.

The statements made are taken from Madame Blavatsky's book, *The Secret Doctrine*, which contains the information given to her by her Teachers, the aforesaid Elder Brothers. The references given are to the 3rd edition of that book. The comparison between the constitution of Man and Animal is based on the fundamental teachings of the Esoteric Philosophy. The historical fragments are from the record of the Tragedy of Man's evolution preserved by the Teachers—a Tragedy, which, when understood, throws vivid light upon Man's condition to-day and points to the way of liberation from the net in which he now finds himself. The events are spread over an immense period of time—between three and four hundred millions of years. This should be borne in mind. We should also remember that the early races of men and animals were nothing like the men and animals we know to-day. Five great human races have successively lived on this earth; but the first three races differed entirely, both physically and mentally, from the present mankind. It was not until after the middle period

of the Third race that the human mind began to develop, thus making man really "human" as that term is now understood. And, moreover, in the very early times there was so little difference between the "bodies" of men and the "bodies" of the animals, that, were it possible for us to see them now side by side, we should have some difficulty in deciding which was man and which was animal.

We will begin by making a comparison between the animal and human constitutions. Both beings are embodiments of the Universal Soul and there is therefore an element in each which is equally immortal, equally Divine.

The term used for that Divine Essence in all things, that Spirit which moves through the grand cycle of Becoming, the Eternal Root-Nature that underlies all those forms which we variously name:—minerals, vegetation, animals, men, gods, etc., is the Monad, the indestructible Unit. Being eternal it is unchangeable. It is its sixfold vesture that changes and develops and the Monads are classified according to the degree in which their vestures manifest the Monadic Essence.

The six elements, constituents, or principles of the Monadic vesture may be named:—Wisdom, Higher Mind, Lower Mind, or Reason, Desire, Vitality and Form. The perfect being has these principles fully and harmoniously developed. In him the Monadic Essence shines forth in its whole glory. Other beings occupy a place in the scale of evolution according to the number of principles active and latent respectively, and also according to the degree to which each active principle is developed.

If we were to make a classification on the lines indicated we should say that a mineral had one principle developed—Form, the others being latent. A plant has two developed—Form and Vitality. An animal has three—Form, Vitality and Desire. The majority of men have four principles developed—Form, Vitality, Desire and Reason; the Higher Mind and Wisdom are not manifested. The Adept has the Higher Mind active and the Mahatma adds perfect Wisdom to the rest. The Monad, the Divine and innermost Self, is One and the same in all beings. All beings are the One Self and differ only in the degree in which they express that One.

The degree "Animal" denotes a being which has progressed from the degree "Plant" and is moving onward to the degree "Man." The degree "Man" denotes a being who is between the animal and the divine. There are, of course, innumerable sub-degrees, but for the present purpose we only want a general idea of the constitution of beings and we need not therefore deal with these.

Names, it will be seen, are applicable only to the development of the vesture of the Monad; the Monad itself can have no name. The term "Monad" is synonymous with "the One." So when an adjective, such as "human" or "animal," is used to qualify the term, Monad, it must be remembered that there is no difference between the Monads, but that the difference is in the nature of the vestures, which are aggregates of forms, substances, energies, faculties, powers, memories, and so forth. These and the Monad make up the being; and when we purport to classify the Monads we are really classifying their vestures; and we use the phrase "animal Monad" as a briefer and more convenient substitute for the phrase "the Monadic Essence manifested by that aspect of Nature called the Animal Kingdom."

It should now be clear what the difference between an animal and a man is. As the Animal Monad is as immortal as the Human Monad, and as the Animal has the seeds of all the principles (including the human) in itself, the only difference between the two is that in the Animal the specifically human principles are latent and potential and await their development in the future, but in the Man they are active and potent. (II, 206, 266, 279, 552.) In the same way the only difference between an Adept and an ordinary man—who has the seeds of all the higher principles in himself—is that in the man those higher principles are almost entirely latent and await their unfoldment in the future, while in the Adept they are potent and active.

But with regard to the impulse to progress as it manifests in the Animal and the Human Kingdoms respectively, there is a marked difference. In the animals progress is not self-conscious. In them it depends on the general evolutionary impulse—modified very greatly by Man, as we shall presently see. But when the full human stage is once reached, that is when the specifically human

principle is developed, then further progress can only be made by individual self-induced and self-devised efforts. (I, 45). It is as though all beings were borne along by Nature until she had taught them to walk alone and then she leaves them to continue the journey themselves.

The Earth is a great field for the evolution of all kinds of entities, and every being either has already reached, or will some day reach the human stage. All are in fact striving towards the realisation of one great Type or Idea, which the ancients called the "Heavenly Man." (I, 205). All will not attain to our human stage in the present period of evolution, but those that do not will have further and better opportunities in the future cycles.

It is perhaps needless to remark that the Heavenly Man, to which all Nature tends, and for the realisation of which all Nature exists, is the perfect Type that includes all the principles and not merely the living human body. But even that is a very imperfect approximation to the ideal Type of body, and as now perceived by the senses, is really only an insignificant part of the existing human vesture. This extends to subtle grades of substance quite invisible to the physical eye.

Regarded physically a human being is only an animal, a living body, the highest mammal on earth. (I, 254; II, 363). His flesh, nerves, bones, blood, and in fact all the constituents of his physical body are identical in their nature with those of other animals; for which fact in Nature there is a very good reason as we shall see. Physically the Animals and Man are of identically the same race; there is no distinction whatever, save in external modification of form. And if the specifically human principle (which is in no sense a physical principle) had not become potent and active in Man he would to-day be living as the present wild animals live, and with no higher mentality than theirs.

But Man is not only a developed physical being; he is a developed psychic being also; and this makes his consciousness totally different from that of the Animal. It brings into activity faculties and powers that in the Animal are entirely dormant. The Animal is a conscious entity, but Man is a psychically self-conscious being, with the consciousness of an animal also, though the latter is very much modified (not always in the right direction) by the presence

of the psychic nature. In other words, while the animal bodies of both Man and Animal are similar, there is in Man a developed psychic body and therefore a mentality which entirely differs from that of the most highly developed animal on earth.

(To be Continued.)

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES.

The great fight in man's destiny is now being waged.

Wise is he who can distinguish the true from the false. Wise is he who can draw a distinction between the Two Thieves. Now is man's opportunity for advancement. He must now surge ahead or fly back to the material world. Now is his time to develop his psychic powers. The two armies are arrayed in dire conflict: The coveted prize is the possession of man's human control. We are on the mountain and it is a question whether we shall say: "My will be done," or "Thy will be done." We are now viewing the promised land and according to the side the "straws will face" the traveler will either place himself in a position to take the bridge over with him, or remain on this side.

All the laborer has to do is to carry the material over the bridge: there is a man over there to do the work. This man alone can look down upon all the planes below, and so if you wish to "lay up treasures," now is the time.

Now is the time for the one thief to pray as the other could not, even if he would.

This is no time to hide behind creeds, doctrines or dogmas. Be yourself and when dissolution sets in *you* will be there.

We must cease to paint psychic pictures if we wish for clear roads upon our return to the physical world. We must take ourselves along for permanent material for our immortal building, else upon our return our path will be strewn with thistles.

Don't look outside for anything. The fight is entirely within. And by our hands we daily crucify our Saviour between two thieves. The one thief may say: "Kneel down and worship me," the other says: "Choose ye this day."

Shall we choose husks or the bread of life?

Only that which was best in our activity and that part of us which we succeeded in making independent of our bodies will be taken over to Paradise. Yet it is the thief who prayed who is to work out the blend with the Father. The inner man must wage the warfare, and make the union with the Father.

The thief at one end of the bridge must pilot his passengers

over the other thief,—the Self will always be at its post to receive your harvest of life.

The bee, in its greed for honey, sometimes gathers more than he can carry and fails to return to its hive. Do your work well and look after the little things, yet select that which will be suitable for your immortal building.

You can only receive benefit in the measure in which you benefit others. Yet if you try to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood of man, and you will soon find, that the bridge, the personality is the only means of access to the real Self. The contest upon the mountain was an instance of this struggle between the Two Thieves. "Thy will be done" triumphed, and Jesus—the soul—crossed over and took the bridge with him. The disobedient son united himself to his Father.

The son rolled the stone away from the sepulchre that his buried Christ might arise.

The psychic road, the soul or the bridge was the only means of advance; and victorious is he who can succeed in selecting proper material from the body and carry it over to the architect at the other end of the bridge who will do the work.

It is that thief who will say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The breaking of our vows is always the cause of our inability to ford the psychic stream.

Psychic perception, the good thief, draws the mind towards the soul. The other thief draws it towards the animal, or even the blind, inert matter.

Pure love draws us towards the one thief. And another something also called love by some people, draws us towards the other thief. The latter is looking for a reward; the former cares naught for benefits.

The praying thief will resurrect to place his harvest of life upon the altar of the Father.

And our day is the day for all praying thieves and prodigal sons to regain their bond with the Father. Now is humanity's chance to turn around and to say: "Pray for me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

A BENGAL BAZAAR.

India is a ruin, beautiful only by moonlight; and, like a ruined temple, old India's beauties dwell no longer in perfect design and harmonious unity, but linger in fragments and details—a shattered architrave, a broken capital, "cornice or frieze with bossy sculpture graven."

The dying genius of India soars no more to broad and lofty conceptions; her failing inspiration is dwarfed and stunted to curious and minute beauties, intricate ivories, quaint enamels, and mosaic miniatures. Where ancient India's sculptors hewed the giant bas-reliefs from Elephanta's rocks, and cut the stately curves of Orissa's Tiger-Cave, her children of to-day carve graceful figures and statuettes of stone but a hand's breadth high; and where the old artist drew Ellora's thousand friezes, the modern intricately adorns an inlaid cup, or delicately chisels a diminutive vase.

In the shadow of some ancient pile of sculptured stones, are huddled together the huts of the modern Indian craftsmen, who busy themselves to reproduce on some ivory miniature, or marble toy, the grand curves and tracery of the mighty ruin above their heads. They initiate nothing, they invent nothing; their traditions and models are millenniums old. There, in the lucent air, under their withered palm-leaf screens, they work away noisily, merrily, with the garrulity of a nation's extreme old age.

Beneath a pale, hot sky that glistens fiercely round the flaming sun, we made our way among the huts, under the stiff plumes of the cocoa-nut palms, along the red, dusty path that led to a bazaar, clustered round the ruins of an old Bengal Raja's palace. The distant rattle of a wandering juggler's drum reached us; the clang of an anvil; the loud croak of a purple crow that looked askance at us from the roof-pole of a doorless hut. Faint wreaths of pungent blue smoke tinged the air, mingling with the damp woody odour of bamboos.

A crowd of chattering naked dusty children escorted us, in noisy, delightful excitement, laughing and shouting to us, "Mem-Sahib, baksheesh! Ekti paisa do, Sahib! Mem-Sahib, paisa do!" and tripping and tumbling against each other in their eagerness;

and one little toddler, a plump coffee-coloured boy, decorated with a belt of old coins and keys, constituted himself our bodyguard, and did us signal service by dislodging the gaunt, ugly pariah dogs that howled and snarled at us, but slunk away rebuked before the little fellow's fat brown fist, or pink, spurning heel, undipped in their dusky Styx. At last, turning a corner under a quaint old arch, or watch-tower, of crumbling dull red brick, we found ourselves in the sun-steeped bazaar, with long rows of sheds of Hindu artisan and Mussulman merchant ranged on each side of the narrow street, with its heaps of red dust, broken straw, sleeping pariah dogs, and brown, naked children; the whole gay with a bright-clad, laughing throng, that our appearance only stimulated to fresh noise.

The burning air penetrated the whole picture, and gave its colours a brilliancy only seen in eastern lands. As we entered the bazaar, an old village woman, in faded grey muslin *sari*, squatting on a much worn mat, began screaming to us the virtues of her wares, heaps of green plantains, scarlet chillies, white garlic, blue brinjals, and brown and yellow nameless fruit, ranged round her in a crescent on the mat. At her right hand, and well within sight and grasp, a little pile of dirty coppers, and brown-streaked cowrie shells, the currency of her village wares.

We appeased her by a purchase and calmed the vehemence that lighted up her thousand wrinkles, receiving some carefully counted covies as our change.

While our bargaining with the old fruit-seller went on, a few craftsmen and shopkeepers left their sheds, and, gathering round us, volunteered advice and criticism, opening up wordy discussions on their own and their neighbours' wares. "Come, Mem-Sahib! come to my shop!" cried one, a keen wiry fellow, with bright, restless eyes, the end of his white muslin scarf flung jauntily over his brown right shoulder;—"Come to my shop and see the new stone platters and dishes I have brought from Patna! very nice, *bahut achcha!* Mem-Sahib!" This last condescendingly in Hindustani, the only native language ladies are supposed to understand. "No, Sahib!" interposed a gaunt, hawk-like, one-eyed man; lean, and

with sunken chest. "Come first and see my beautiful Daccai muslins!"

"Your Daccai muslins, indeed!" laughed a third; "why, you weave them here in a back lane and then put Daccai labels on them!" At this the crowd laughed, and the hawk-like man retired discomfited.

"No, Mem-Sahib!" cried another, a silversmith, redolent of his charcoal forge; "come and see my bangles and female ornaments, all made of Company rupees!"

"Come first and see my lamps and Ingreji (English) goods, Sahib! Mem-Sahib says she wants to buy some silver ornaments!" cried the silversmith. "No! Mem-Sahib says she wants to see my Kashmir cloths," cried a big, Jewish-featured Kabuli merchant, far paler than the undergown Bengalis round him. And so on till we were rescued from this babel-din by the arrival of a white-robed, spectacled village schoolmaster, who at once took us under his protection in virtue of having once been a Government clerk; and whose grey hair and semi-official position, supported by an unlimited assumption of dignity, gave him a position of authority amongst the crowd.

He assured us, with a magnificent wave of the hand, that the cloth merchants were low fellows, and that the only shop really worthy of our visit in the bazaar, was the stone-carver's, an honest fellow, who, by the way, happened to be his brother-in-law. So we were led to the stone-carver's shed by the sympathetic crowd of shopkeepers, with a penumbra of chattering children, the little schoolmaster being in command. The shopkeepers and artisans deserted their wares to join our crowd, in complete mutual confidence, and with a grand oriental politeness that seemed to say that all their own business, however important, must be laid aside while they minded ours.

When we arrived, the sole occupant of the stone-carver's shed was a wrinkled, gray-haired woman, with that air of arid antiquity, and shrewish world-weariness that overtakes all low-caste Indian women in early middle age, but withal a cheerful relic, seated on a clean grass mat, and surrounded by tiers of saucers, rice-dishes, and broad platters of grey Patna soapstone, so soft that, when fresh

quarried, you can turn it on a lathe, or carve it with a penknife.

Here a noisy diversion was created by the arrival of another old woman, more arid than the first, screaming out imprecations, gesticulating wildly, and evidently bent on doing a mischief on her of the stone platters. "Come, Sahib! listen, Mem-Sahib!" she vehemently cried. "Don't look at that vile Padma Bibi's stone platters! Badma Bibi is a base fraud, and may all her dirty platters tumble down and smash her head!" (great applause from the infantile penumbra);—"Come, Mem-Sahib! come quick, and see my stone platters! the best in the bazaar! come quick, before it is too late!"—(this with a despairing glance over her shoulder).

We were at a loss for the key to this mystery, but our crowd of sympathetic counsellors seemed fully to understand and enter into the dispute. The little old schoolmaster took up the cudgels for Padma Bibi, and bore down on the intruder with his umbrella—the Bengali's natural weapon of defence—, exclaiming:

"Get away, you low-caste woman! Don't you be trying to interlope into our bargain with your dirty dishes, you! Here comes my brother-in-law! He knows more about Patna stone than anyone in this bazaar!"

The "low-caste" woman, in reply, poured out a torrent of ob-jurgations on the heads of Padma Bibi, the schoolmaster, his brother-in-law, their man-servant and their maid-servant, and then retreated to her own shop discomfited, and growling at the loss of a bargain. Arrived there, she cooled her rancour, and restored her equanimity by puffing vigorously at a dirty hookah, firing from between her lips wreaths of the vilest smelling tobacco smoke in the world, as if every puff were a shot levelled at the heart of the reprobate schoolmaster, or that infamous rival in platters, his fraudulent brother-in-law.

When the brother-in-law arrived, the objurgatory old lady's eagerness to get possession of us, and her tempestuous uneasiness at his rivalry were justified, for he turned out to be a real connoisseur of stone-carving, and more than deserving of the little schoolmaster's interested encomiums. After introducing himself as the owner of the shop, and the brother-in-law of the little schoolmaster—once a Government clerk and thereby a distant but determined relation of the British Indian Government in general, and

of ourselves in particular, the new arrival began to take down from dusty shelves, little stone figures of Hindu gods, saints, and Yogis, curiously carved, elephant-headed Ganeshas, the milkmaid Radha, her beloved Kisto "Krishna," seated in contemplation in the Lotus-posture, Mahadebs, Naradas, and a dozen more.

From a dark nook among the rafters he brought out a smoke-stained group of half-a-dozen Rishis, joined elbow to elbow, curiously cut in grey stone, and strongly reminding us of some carved oak panel of mediæval saints or apostles. From yet another corner he unearthed some beautifully carved and polished elephants, a few of them exquisitely finished; all diminutive. One little elephant in particular, that held a twisting lotus-stem in his trunk, was altogether admirable as a work of art; the big bosses on his forehead, the skin folds on his flank, the stiffly bent knee, the restless flick of the tail, that almost seemed to move, went as far as the sculptor's art can go.

We could well believe the brother-in-law's assurance that the little elephant was a hundred years old, for the once grey stone had turned to glossy black with age. But the sculptor's ideal must have been millenniums old; for never in India now do you see such sleek, well-favoured pachyderms; the goodly curves of Leviathan have shrunk and shrivelled away with the withering glory of his mother India.

As the stone-carver laid down together on the mat a four-handed, tusked and trunked Ganesha, and this beautifully moulded little elephant, one could not but fall a moralising on the vast gulf that separates the symbolic sculpture of the high-caste Brahmans from the simple, perfect naturalism of some low-caste artist, such as he who carved this little elephant.

What perverse inspiration was it, what malign whisper of the powers that rule unbeauty, that led the metaphysical Brahmans to embody their transcendental imaginings in cosmology in solid marble and lasting stone? These sculptured nine-fold Ravanaas, these seven-headed Serpents, and much-armed Kalis, expressed in stone, are as dissonant and discordant as a chapter on quarternions set to the music of Apollo's lute.

But for this metaphysical cloud to misguide the sculptor's chisels, we might have had an Indian school of sculpture, beautiful

and natural, as this carved elephant showed, even if rather stiff and solemn than graceful, rather Egyptian than Greek. Even now these sculptured Rishis possess in many things the rudiments, or even considerably developed characteristics, of a true Indian school of sculpture. They embody, with a considerable fidelity, a high type of physical development; the craftsmen have even been able to give them a certain moral dignity and thought; and in their repose and quiescence they strongly remind us of the sculptured dynasties of the Nile.

These Egyptian analogies are frequent enough in Indian sculpture; many of the faces in the bas-reliefs of Elephanta are pure Egyptian in type; and I remember once seeing a native clay-modeller, who had never left his village in a remote corner of Bengal, moulding a perfect Sphinx head, Egyptian head-dress and all, under the impression that he was making an idol of the Indian Durga.

Our reflections on the lost school of Indian sculpture were cut short by our guide, the grey-haired pedagogue, who pressed us to conclude our bargain with the brother-in-law, and, at once relieving us of our purchases, entrusted them to the nearest small boy, with instructions to carry them to our tents. Gopal, or Kartik, or whatever his name may have been, was at first reluctant to leave the fascinating bazaar, but at last consented on the understanding that baksheesh was in the wind.

When he disappeared at a run with our treasures, "Mem-Sahib," who had not understood the arrangement, was aghast at what seemed to be the loss of her spoils; but at last the little pedagogue persuaded her that he was a very good little boy, and would take them quite safe. While "Mem-Sahib" was still unpacified, the small boy appeared breathless and radiant for his baksheesh, averring his intention to spend it on *Sandesh*, to us, unattractive compound of molasses, rice, and ghee. Then Gopal faded into the penumbra, and we saw him no more. In the evening, however, "Mem-Sahib" found her treasures all safe, and duly delivered; Gopal was vindicated.

From the stone-carver's shed we turned, still under the guidance of our friendly pedagogue, to a hardware merchant's store,

full of cheap lamps and coloured glasses, stoneware, cups and bowls, glass beads and steel watch-chains, for the most part made in Germany or Belgium.

I am sorry to say that our gray-haired, spectacled guide, who was old enough to have known better, and the whole bazaar after him, expressed the warmest admiration for these worthless examples of showy vulgarity, devoid of every artistic or imaginative merit, and I believe nothing but their respect for our superior purchasing power prevented them, in the character of future possible sellers, from expressing openly their contempt at our strong preference for native over foreign wares. The harm that these wretched imported vulgarities do to Indian taste and Indian arts is very great, for the very reason that these arts are no longer creative, but traditional and imitative, and have no inherent vital force of their own to counteract foreign influences and the attraction of showy novelty.

But the harm that globe-trotting buyers do is far greater. To mention a few cases out of many, their uncultivated taste, or rather total absence of any taste whatsoever, has altered, debased, and vulgarised the style of Madras gold thread work, Delhi silk embroidery, Benares brasses, and Murshidabad ivory; so that at present there are in the market two widely different styles of each of these arts, the one old, and rapidly going out of fashion, representing the real traditional artistic expression of the old Indian nations; the other new, and rapidly growing in favour, an exotic medley of neo-romantic æstheticism with old Aryan designs, a monstrous mixture of modern Bond Street and ancient Benares. It was a relief to leave these Belgian novelties, all unpurchased, in spite of our guide's insistent protestations, and turn to the shed of a clay modeller, whose tastes and methods were still incorrupt.

The modeller, a grizzled little man, with white turban over his smiling brown face, was a genuine enthusiast for his work, and a true artist in his own way. Not content with splendidly modelling little figures of Brahmans, merchants, sepoy, coolies, cultivators, and a dozen others, he even went the length of colouring each with the exact shade of brown, chocolate, or café-au-lait, that race, caste, or occupation had given to each of his subjects. More

than this, he even adorned with eyebrows, eye-lashes, beards shaven and unshaven, flowing locks, or single fore-lock, the faces of his subjects, according to their caste, age, custom, or personal whim; and he had given so much life and character to his studies that an ethnologist might have learned a great deal from his little figures, about the tribes and races of Lower Bengal.

Here, for instance, was a Brahman, pale, with large forehead, finely formed nose, sunken chest and narrow shoulders; a Mussulman, evidently from the North-west, darker than the Brahman, with the turban and slippers of Delhi, and the disdainful air of a conquering nation.

Beside them, a sweeper, a low-caste Hindu, far darker than the others, shaven, but with grizzled chin, three days unshaved; turbaned, but without the jaunty air of the Delhi Mussulman, and carrying under one arm the bundle of twigs that marked the occupation of his caste; then a Bengali policeman, in the queer blue uniform and red turban that the Bengal Government prescribes, his face so finely finished that anyone familiar with Bengal could recognise him for a convert to Islam, but of Bengali blood, and not a follower of the conquering Mughals; beside the policeman, a dhobi—an Indian washerman—, a bundle of clean clothes on his back, with dishevelled turban, light flowered muslin vest, and with that look of pensive, meek humility that Bengali *dhobis* have beyond the rest of the human race. Amusing and interesting to us were a series of Indian servants in the garb and habit that Anglo-Indian custom imposes on its domestics.

The whole series of them were there, the butler, *Khansamah*, with bland, suave visage, every feature breathing consciousness of his importance, and a subdued melancholy in his eyes, telling that he might, an if he would, disclose strange things about his occidental masters; then the *bearer*, so called, perhaps, because he has to bear much besides the clothes and boots that are the rightful objects of his attention; then the *Khidmatgar*, the cook, the deputy cook, the syces, and the whole throng of them that live so well and work so badly.

It seemed to us that the modeller turned from these with regret, and even with some slight disdain, to the other branch of his trade, the making, moulding and modelling of sundry idols,

gods, and goddesses, and dolls, the former for the pious at festival times, the latter for the little dusky wights of our penumbra. There were Naradas, Durgas, Kalis, Rishis, Krishnas, Hanumans, and so on, carelessly moulded and bedaubed with red and yellow and blue, their turbans and robes included in the clay, and not delicately fashioned of fine muslin, like the scarfs and head-gear of the modelled natives.

The dolls were strange beyond imagining; mere red columns of clay, with nobs for arms, ears and noses, and strange conical headdress of clay, painted shiny black. These grotesques at first gave me a poor opinion of native infant intelligence, that would allow itself to be put off with such an apology for a plaything; but when "Mem-Sahib" pointed out that it was greatly to the honour of their imagination that the little Bengalis could build on such a slender basis an imagined thing of beauty and a likeness of the human race.

We bade farewell reluctantly to the gay little modeller, not unfurnished, however, with specimens of his skill.

Next door to the clay-modeller, if one may say so of open sheds that had no door, a withered little man—for almost all Bengali artisans are small of stature—plied one of the strangest arts that even that wild, out of the way bazaar could boast of. He was a maker of the shell bracelets used in sets of four in the Hindu ceremony of betrothal; he cut them delicately with a fine steel saw from the great white conch or *shankh* shells of the Indian ocean. Then, carefully polishing them, a line or two of vermillion, with delicate pencilling in yellow, a hole pierced to bind the four together, and the shell bracelets were ready to manacle the dusky little Durgis and Padmas securely for this world and the next. The pencillings on these shell bracelets are very curious; they seem, with the runic cross marks on the edge, to bear some mystic meaning, the tale of some old talisman, once religiously believed in and dreaded, but now long since forgotten. The tinkle tinkle of the four fold bracelets of shell on the little brown arms is very pretty and musical. After the shell-cutter, our guide took us, still followed by the interested, noisy crowd, with its fringe of merry children, to the workshop of a *Kanchari*, or worker in white brass.

With evident pride in his occupation, he told us that his family had for generations belonged to the brass-working guild of Khagra, a suburb of Berhampore, where they make the finest white brass work in Bengal, and, indeed, as our *Kanchari* told us, in the whole universe. The mainstay of his trade was the manufacture of those brass bowls and platters, goblets and cups which, for food and for devotion, have filled an all-important part in Hindu households since the days of the old law-giver Manu. Without them, no Hindu could duly perform his daily ablutions and prayers, or eat the *chaul* and *dal* that his caste rules prescribe. Without them his mate and helpmeet would be deprived of the most important of her daily tasks—the burnishing and polishing of these cups and platters by the riverside in the morning, before the sun has heated to burning the yellow sand that borders on the stream.

A charming picture they make every morning, on some stream of the holy Ganges, these groups of Hindu women, in their bright muslin *saris*, busily burnishing the shining brass, by the edge of the blue, calm water, mirroring the temples and palms on its bank; and the high-prowed native craft that float lazily down with the languid stream; when the clang of the oar in the row-lock, and the blade's dull splash in the water echo gong-like over the quiet stream, and, ever and anon, some snatch of a boatman's song, weird, musical, unearthly, completes the magic of the picture.

How they make this white brass is uncertain, though tradition says it contains some silver, like the Moscow bell-metal of old; the red ingots of copper are brought in bullock-carts from the boats that lie by the wharves of the river-ports on the Ganges and its streams.

Besides these main subjects of his trade, the *Kanchari* made and painted little brass spice boxes, cups and trays, whose uses were mostly unintelligible to us; and, yet another branch of his art, little brazen gods and goddesses and heroes repeated again the types we had already seen in stone and clay. While the brass-worker and the little schoolmaster were initiating me into the kindred and relationship of all these Ganeshas, and Durgas, and Mahadebs, I noticed that Mem-Sahib, weary of mythology, had disappeared. For a minute or two there was no clue to her whereabouts,

but a laughing, noisy crowd round the *dokan* of the Kashmiri cloth-merchant, who had fallen under the little pedagogue's displeasure when we first entered the bazaar.

Leaving the brazier's shop, and joining the crowd at the Kashmiri's door, I saw Mem-Sahib, in the dark recesses of the shop, gravely discussing with the tall merchant the merits of certain Persian printed cloths which, it seems, she had unearthed from under his bales of Indian muslins.

The objects of discussion lay unfolded on a clean grass mat on the floor; the Kashmiri on one side gravely held up both hands, with fingers spread, to signify the rupees; Mem-Sahib, on the other, with equal gravity held up three fingers to indicate her valuation of the Persian prints. The Kashmiri shrugged his shoulders, raised his eye-brows, and evinced other oriental signs of surprise at the "ridiculous" offer made to him for his wares. "Don't pay the rupees, Mem-Sahib! Very much dear!" whispered the little schoolmaster mindful of his former animosity, and struggling with a very evident fear of the tall broad-shouldered native of Kashmir. "Kashmiri people very thieving people, Mem-Sahib! don't buy that dirty old Parsi (Persian) cloth! Look! buy one of these nice Bilaté (European) shawls. See, I have got one of them myself—" proudly showing a cheap German textile, then the fashion in the bazaars; "and all the Bengali gentlemen wear them now."

Beside these German shawls were several rolls of green and scarlet baize, the former evidently destined originally to furnish billiard-tables; it had, however, caught the popular taste, and almost threatened to oust German shawls in the most fashionable circles of Bengali gentlemen. Since then I believe, green and scarlet baizes have become more and more "distinguished" for ordinary bazaar and collegiate wear.

Mem-Sahib, however, resisted the little pedagogue's blandishments, and hardened her heart to the enticements of Hamburg and Elbrfeld novelties, and at last, after ten minutes hard bargaining, managed to get the pair of Persian cloths for five rupees, evidently to the discomfiture of the Kashmiri, who, however, did not like to hold out, in view of possible further purchases. Evidently the

Kashmiri was unpopular in the bazaar, for the crowd vented its admiration of Mem-Sahib's victory and his defeat as clamorously as it dared, in view of the strong arm of the, to them, gigantic north-country man.

MISSING NUMBER:

OCTOBER, 1902

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

VOL. 8.

NOVEMBER, 1902

No. 7

* * *

First God, second the world, third man; the world because of man, but man because of God.

The life of man is carried on in this way: the mind in the reason, the reason in the soul, the soul in the breath, the breath in the body.

And this (the mediating element between the Soul and the Father) is the administration of the universe, dependent from the nature of the One and pervading it through the mind of the One. This is the good Daimon. Blessed the soul which is fullest of this; unfortunate the soul which is void of this.

Draw to thyself and it will come; wish and it becomes. Lay to rest the senses of the body and it will be the generation of the Deity.

Knowest thou not that thou hast been born God, and son of the One, which also am I?

But the worship of God is one: not to be evil.

Hermes Trismegistus.

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YUGAS AND KALPAS.

The following is an article written for the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM by the late Thomas Willson. When it was first received the editor abstained from publishing it, fearing the division of time on which Mr. Willson based his speculations did not exist in any ancient work of India. Yet having found nothing either to confirm or to dissipate these fears, and at the same time thinking Mr. Willson's speculations highly suggestive, the editor now submits the article to the judgment of the readers.

A great deal of unmerited ridicule has been cast by the thoughtless at the enormous periods of time in the Hindu chronicles; but this only because they did not take the trouble to go behind the "dead letter" of the text.

If any one will take the table given on page 73 of the *Secret Doctrine*, and look at it for a moment as he would at any rebus, he cannot fail to notice that a "Day of Brahma" is merely one hundred thousand of our ordinary days. A "Year of Brahma" is 360 of the Brahma "Days," or 36,000,000 ordinary days, while an "Age of Brahma" is one hundred times more, or 10,000,000 years.

Take a common ordinary day, just the every day of commerce, yesterday, to-day, or to-morrow. As a day and night it contains 86,400 seconds, and as a day it has one-half, or 43,200—the "Maha-Yuga" is given a length of one hundred times as many years.

The whole table is built up on the seconds in a day, and is intended, as it says, for exoteric teaching of the yugas and kalpas of the circles. It has this purpose, or some other of a cognate kind—it certainly can have no relation to actual chronology. To confine it to the letter of the text is simply to make it an object of derision. The use of the ordinary day and multiplication of its seconds by 100, and 100,000, is too apparent for controversy.

A maha-yuga contains 4,320,000 years. An ordinary day contains 43,200 seconds. The number of seconds was not enough and they were multiplied by 100.

As it takes 71 maha-yugas to make a manu, then the manu contains 7,100 days, or 3,550 days and nights, or ten lunar years.

A manvantara is a little longer than a manu. It is equal to

one manu (3,550 days and nights) plus one krita-yuga, which is .4 of a maha-yuga, or 40 days, or 20 days and nights; so that a manvantara (7,140 days or 3,570 days and nights) is nothing more than ten years of 357 days and nights each—the number of seconds in the one being exactly equal to the number of years in the other. $86,400 \times 357 \times 10$ equal 308,448,000 seconds. One manvantara equal 308,448,000 years.

This is hardly coincidence.

The calendar on the yuga side is one of days; on the manvantara side is one of lunar years of 355 days, the Satya Yuga being put in to bring the two into harmony, through the Kalpa.

40 days, or 1,728,000 sec. make I krita yuga of 1,728,000 years.
 30 days, or 1,296,000 sec. make I treta yuga of 1,296,000 years.
 20 days, or 864,000 sec. make I dvapara yuga of 864,000 years.
 10 days, or 432,000 sec. make I kali yuga of 432,000 years.
 100 days, or 4,320,000 sec. make . . I maha yuga of 4,320,000 years.
 100,000 days make I,000 mahayugas, or 1 kalpa.
 100,000 days and nights make I day and night of Brahma.
 36,000,000 days and nights make I year of Brahma.
 3,600,000,000 days and nights make I age of Brahma.

An Age of Brahma, or 10,000,000 years, is the base line of Hindu chronology, as far as it goes.

To go back to the manvantara. It contains 308,448,000 seconds or years.

14 manvantaras contain 4,318,272,000.
 1 Kalpa contains 4,320,000,000.

The difference is one Krita-yuga, of 1,728,000, which must be added to the manvantara to make the kalpa.

Now try it another way. In "days,"

14 manvantaras contain 99,960.
 1 Kalpa contains 100,000.

The difference is 40 days, or 1 Krita-yuga.

The Krita-yuga is a "magic" number. In all Eastern work the circle is represented by 12. The "word" for it usually stands for 12, as in the first verse of Genesis where both the word for earth and the word for heaven are 12. Adam means 144, or the product of the earth by the heavens, while Garden of Eden equals 1,728, or the Cube of 12. This constant use of the magic number

to "correct" the work shows that the figures are abstract, not concrete, and that the ciphers do not count. It gives us a key, in the numbers 4, 3, 2, 1, which added make ten, to *something*. What that something is we should find out.

It is not chronology. That is certain. It may have value in work on the "circles," and there is no harm in trying.

The circle of a day is twelve hours.

Its Krita-yuga contains 17,280 sec., or 4 h. 48 m.

Its Treta-yuga contains 12,960 sec., or 3 h. 36 m.

Its Dwapara-yuga contains 8,640 sec., or 2 h. 24 m.

Its Kali-yuga contains 4,320 sec., or 1 h. 12 m.

This is the decimal division of the whole table, with square and triangle, the 4, 3, 2, 1, all worked in approved shape. The day was made to fit it, for it is the union of the duodecimal and decimal systems, through 4321.

There are no circles of 100 days, except historical. The next circle to the day is the month.

Its Krita-yuga contains 944,233 sec., or 262,28 h.

Its Treta-yuga contains 708,175 sec., or 196,71 h.

Its Dwapara-yuga contains 472,116 sec., or 131,14 h.

Its Kali-yuga contains 236,058 sec., or 65,58 h.

In the circle of the year the division will be as follows, counting in days and nights of a 365 day year:

Krita-yuga—146.1 days.

Treta-yuga—109.575 days.

Dwapara-yuga—73.05 days.

Kali-yuga—36.525 days.

If there is an hour in each day that is Kali for the earth, and two whole days in each month Kali for the moon, and 36 whole days Kali for the sun, then for at least two days in each year there will be an hour when the three Kalis coincide, and all mankind will be under a triple pull.

This opens up a whole ocean of speculation and research.

MAN'S RELATIONS TO ANIMALS.

III.

Having compared the Animal and Human constitutions, and having surveyed the historical relations of Man to the Animals, let us glance at what may be called his present ethical relations with them.

Every animal species, it is taught changes with each new Race. (II, 737). This is not surprising if we remember that the beings inhabiting this earth are not isolated entities, but are all interdependent and are continually acting and re-acting on one another. Man is still one of Nature's Agents for the evolution of the Animals.

The unbreakable chain of being stretches upward to Deity: downward through the Animal world. Above Man there is a Race of beings who, having long since finished their evolution through the human stage, stand to us as our Helpers, Protectors and Teachers—our Elder Brothers. They remain with this Earth to aid Man, as the Law permits, in evolving his Divine nature.

As those lofty beings, next in the scale to ourselves, are to us, so are we to the beings next below us, the Animals. (I, 288). Ages ago some of the Divine Ones incarnated amongst men, taught them their arts and sciences and revealed to them the great spiritual truths which are concerned with Man's higher nature and further progress. When those Divine Teachers have risen to higher worlds than ours, the elect of our humanity will take their places. And the next great evolutionary period will witness the Men of our own cycle becoming the Spiritual Instructors of a Mankind whose Monads are now in the Animal Kingdom. We shall help them as we ourselves were helped. (I, 287-8). And in the meantime, as there is no break in the continuity of Nature, the Animals, as animals, have still to progress through Man. We have *now* exactly the same relative responsibility to the Animals as the Divine Teachers have to us; though as the principle of reason has not developed to any extent in our Younger Brothers, the methods in which the help must be given differ.

But the ignorance of Man of what vitally concerns him is vast and so he carries out his duties to the Animals, or, more fre-

quently, betrays his trust, unconsciously. A great deal of human action is unconscious. Just as in a man's own body various processes go on independently of his will, and, if he is healthy, of his consciousness—such as digestion, the circulation of the blood, etc.,—so the process of helping or hindering the Animal evolution goes on, to a very large extent, independently of his consciousness and his volition, but not independently of the effects of his desires, thoughts and actions.

In the phrase “unconscious betrayal” of Man's duty to his Younger Brothers, I do not of course include the habitual torture and murder of Animals done by Man. That *conscious* betrayal is another matter and requires separate treatment, resulting as it does from Man's selfishness and pride. But apart from this and speaking generally, the evolution of the Animals is aided or hindered by Man through two principal activities.

In the first place that circulation of living substance, made of minute Lives, already referred to, still goes on. These Lives are constantly entering and leaving the human form. When they leave they are attracted to such objects and beings as they have affinity to. That affinity is imparted to them by the Man in whose body they last functioned, through the spiritual, mental, psychic, passionate, emotional, and sensational activities which were proceeding during the time they formed part of his vesture.

Amongst other beings they fly off to the Animals and are taken up and absorbed by their bodies, remaining therein for a longer or shorter period. In due course they are driven off again with the original impress accentuated by their sojourn and they return to the Man who gave them off, bringing with them what they have gathered during their cycle of transmigration. They are absorbed by the body he uses in his next life on earth.

So we may imagine that the Lives thrown off by a Man who gives way to anger would naturally be attracted to a ferocious Animal, thus imparting to it a large portion of the very energy which supplies that Animal's ferocity. On the other hand the Lives of a gentle and serene Man would go to the mild and gentle Animals. In each case they would return with the tendency to ferocity, or gentleness, etc. accentuated. It will thus be seen that we still supply the Animals with an important factor in their bodily make-

up, and that we are constantly interchanging, not bodily forms, but living bodily material with them. This is the real meaning of transmigration. It is not the human being who incarnates in the form of a lower Animal: but a portion of his human substance, which he himself is not using for the time being, is used by other entities, especially the Animals.

In the second place there are the entities known to Esoteric Science as Elementals, which swarm in the earth's atmosphere and in the other elements. These beings are forces rather than bodies. They have no form of their own, but are extremely sensitive to psychic impressions, both high and low, good and bad. They take on the shape of the thought. Every thought of Man as it is evolved coalesces with an Elemental. These entities are constant-being projected by Man; and some of them, like the Lives before spoken of, go to the Animals, and assist or retard their inner and consequently outer development.

Summing up the relations of Man to Animals we see therefore:

1. That, spiritually, Man and Animals are brother Pilgrims journeying through the Cycle of Necessity—Man being some little way ahead in the great procession.

2. That, physically, Man is at present himself an Animal, albeit a spoilt one.

3. That, mentally, there is an abyss between the two Races which will not be spanned by the Animal Monads for ages to come.

4. That Man has provided the Animals with their *bodily forms* and to a large extent with the *substance* of their bodies.

5. That Man stands as the Evolver of the Animal Kingdom, this being a trust committed to him by Nature.

6. That Man is at the present time carrying out that trust (or otherwise) unconsciously by the means described.

7. That in the distant future Man will aid the *mental* development of the Animals, as his own mental development was aided by beings higher than himself.

And what are we to say as to the practical outcome of it all? I could say a good deal as to what I think our ideal conduct towards our Brothers, the Animals, should be, having regard to these our relations with them. But I am not going to say anything at all on that subject. Conduct is a matter for individual determination

and, in any case, all I would like to say has been said much better than I could say it by one of the best of humanitarian writers, Mr. H. S. Salt, Secretary of the Humanitarian League, in his book, "Animals' Rights."

So far as physical action is concerned, I can see no ethical difference between our relations to the animal bodies of Animal Monads and the animal bodies of Human Monads. Killing, for instance, is equally murder in both cases. Torture is equally criminal. I can see no ethical difference between enslaving an Animal and enslaving a Man. So far as spiritual action is concerned, both Man and Animal are immortal beings, and the ethical relations of the Immortals are the same, irrespective of the nature of the mortal elements in their vestures.

But I would not ask anyone to accept this view, which is merely my own interpretation of the teaching. All I would venture to suggest to those who consider that the relations of Man to the Animals have been correctly described: to those who by their membership in the Theosophical Society are pledged to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood without distinction of RACE: to those whose hearts would thrill in response to every cry and thought of all that lives and breathes: is this: When we are brought into contact with our Brothers, the Animals, in our daily lives—whether in the form of a portion of a slain Brother on our dinner plates (procured for us with the infliction of agonies past belief), or adorning any part of our persons (from head to foot), or in the form of a living Brother wearily dragging our omnibus or tramcar, our carriage or other vehicle, or (most ghastly of all) in the form of medical or psychological knowledge (?) gained by the fiendish torture of these, our Brothers and Wards—that we should honestly and with open minds consider for ourselves how far we are faithful to the trust reposed in us; how far we are approximating to our Ideal; how far we are really forming a nucleus of *Universal* Brotherhood. And in like manner when we are giving way to those deadly sins, which need no enumeration, that we should consider what loathsome form of Animal we are thereby dooming a spiritual being, as Immortal as ourselves, to occupy. And having thus honestly and with open minds considered these questions that we should let our answers become a vital factor in our lives.

ARJUNA'S BELIEFS.

In Vedic India there were two quite distinct beliefs as to death and the soul's future destiny; the one belief belonging to the Vedic Hymns, and the other to the Upanishads, and especially to Rajput sages like King Pravâhana, son of Jibala, with whom it was a secret traditional teaching. The belief of the Hymns, which we may call the belief of the Brahmans, was intimately bound up with the ritual that evolved the Yajur and Sama Vedas out of the materials of the Rig Veda. For, according to this belief, a man's hopes of heaven depended above all things on his fulfilment of the ritual, "the works of the law," as Paul would call it; and his stay there depended on the fulfilment of the same ritual by his sons and his sons' sons, in unbroken line. Failing issue, or failing the due performance of ritual by his descendants, a man was, as Jaratkâru's Fathers said, pitifully suspended over the pit of hell, and the great rat, Time, would duly gnaw through his last support, letting him fall head-downwards into the pit.

It is for the purposes of this belief that the Shrâddha is celebrated to this day all over India; balls of food and water being offered to the deceased ancestors of the sacrificer, or to the "Fathers," or *manes* in general. The Shrâddha, says a high authority, "is especially performed for a parent recently deceased, or for three paternal ancestors, and is supposed necessary to secure the ascent and residence of the souls of the deceased in a world appropriated to the *manes*. . . . The proper seasons for the worship of the *manes* collectively are the dark fourth night, the day of the new moon, &c. The presentation of the ball of food to the deceased, and to his progenitors in both lines is the office of the nearest male relative, and is the test and title of his claim to the inheritance." So that the ritual, Brahmanical belief, which springs from the Vedic Hymns is the orthodox official belief of India to-day, the belief which underlies the rights of property and inheritance.

The other belief, quite irreconcilable with this, is the spiritual belief of the Upanishads, with its doctrine of an eternal self, immortal through its own inherent nature, and therefore requiring no nutriment of cakes and water to secure it in heavenly bliss; this self being perfected in self-knowledge through a chain of births;

or, as we might say, the doctrine of reincarnation and Nirvâna. This spiritual teaching, according to the clear language of the Upanishads, is the hereditary doctrine of the Rajputs, the warrior Kshatriyas, as opposed to the Brahmanical priests with their belief in the efficacy of ritual. Having regard to what I have written before in these columns and elsewhere, I may say that it is practically certain that the spiritual belief in reincarnation and Nirvâna is the traditional religion of the red Rajputs, while the ritual belief embodies in the offerings to the *manes* is the religion of the white race that forms the nucleus of the Brahmans, from whom it has gradually spread over the whole Hindu community.

It is interesting to see the conflict of these two beliefs throughout the whole of Indian history. The Upanishads are full of this conflict, as I propose one day to show. The last great episode in the strife was the mission of Prince Sidhârtha, the Rajput, who is known to fame as Gautama Buddha and Shakyâ Muni. By the irony of fate the doctrines of reincarnation and Nirvâna, which we are accustomed to consider as characteristic of the last great Rajput, Buddha, found their way into the accepted beliefs of those very Brahmans who drove Buddha's followers from India, and are now held by them as an esoteric belief, as, for example, in the teaching of Shankarâchârya, who is almost as unsparing towards the "works of the law" as any teacher in the Upanishads. The Brahmans received their esoteric teachings from the Rajputs, and the two greatest Upanishads mark the very moment of their reception of that teaching which "had never before gone to any Brahmin, but was in all lands the teaching of the Kshatriya alone."

This teaching was reasserted for the last time by the Rajput Buddha; before him, it had been urged with vehement eloquence by another great Kshatriya, esteemed, as Buddha was, a divine incarnation. The tradition of this pre-Buddhistic revival is contained in the "Songs of the Master," the famous "Bhagavad Gîtâ." The ritual belief seems to have gained the ascendancy, in spite of the denunciations of the Upanishads; and in the Bhagavad Gîtâ, this ritual belief is represented by Arjuna the Pandu Prince.

We find Arjuna, towards the beginning of the book, declaring his beliefs in this way:—

"In the destruction of family, the immemorial family rites

perish; when the rites perish, the whole family becomes riteless.

When they become riteless, Krishna, the women of the family, go astray; when the women go astray, a mingling of colour is born.

This mingling brings to hell the family and the slayers of the family; their fathers fall, deprived of the offerings of cake and water.

Through the sins of those who slay families, thus causing a mingling of colour, the perpetual caste rites and birth rites are lost.

Of men whose family rites are lost, there is a protracted dwelling in hell—thus we have heard the tradition handed down.”

The ideas to be noted in this creed of Arjuna are that “when the family rites perish, the fathers fall, deprived of the offerings of cake and water;” and that this leads to “a protracted dwelling in hell”—exactly the belief so vividly set forward in the story of Jaratkârû, exactly the belief of the Rig Veda Hymns. What does the divine Avatara say to this belief?

“Krishna answered him, smiling as it were, descendant of Bharata; speaking this word to him, desponding there between the two armies.

[The Master speaks:] ‘Thou grieveest for things not worthy of grief, and speakest words of wisdom! The wise grieve neither for the dead nor for the living.

For verily there was no time when I was not, when thou and these Princes were not; nor will there ever be a time when all of us shall cease to be.

As the lord of the body in this body meets boyhood, youth and age, in like manner he obtains another body; the wise man is not mistaken about this.

He who thinks the self slays or is slain; both these discern not; the self neither slays nor is slain.”

Here, to make the matter quite certain, we have the teaching of the self and of rebirth crowned by a quotation from the Upanishads; and nearly the whole of this second chapter has its origin in the same source.

In the fourth chapter we have a few lines of transcendent interest, when Krishna speaks of the origin of his teaching:—“This eternal teaching of union with the self I declared to the Sun [the head of the Solar race of Rajputs], the sun declared it to Manu

[the Kshatriya, as all Indian tradition calls him]; Manu declared it to Ikshvaku [the first King of the Solar line, from whom Buddha traced his descent]. Thus handed down in sequence the Râjanya [or Rajput] sages came to know it; but in the long course of time this teaching was lost.

This is the same teaching that I tell thee to-day, for thou art my beloved companion, and this is the supreme esoteric love."

Arjuna says:—"Thy birth was later, Master, the Sun's birth was earlier, how am I to understand this,—that thou hast declared it at the first?"

Krishna says:—"Many are my past births, and thine too, Arjuna; I know them all; thou knowest them not."

There is a quite remarkable likeness between this answer and the answer of another teacher to a like question:—"Before Abraham was, I am." One cannot say for certain whether this answer implies the same idea of re-birth that Krishna teaches, but one may say that it looks at least very probable. But this subject is too large to enter on now.

So that the Bhagavad Gitâ confirms quite remarkably what we have said about the two religions of Vedic India; the one the ritual religion which taught the doctrine of a heaven to be gained "by the works of the law," and to be retained only by the fulfilment of the same "works of the law" by a man's descendants, failing which fulfilment, the "Fathers fall into the pit, their supply of funeral cakes and water being cut off," to quote the words of Arjuna. Contrasted with this is the belief of the great Rajput race of the Solar progenitor, the Kshatriya Manu, and the first Rajput King Ikshvaku, as Krishna himself calls it; the teaching which was handed down by the Rajput sages in sequence, and which the Kshatriya Krishna is commissioned to declare to the world once more; the first recipient of his teaching being a Kshatriya like himself, and not a Brahmin. The words "thus the Rajput sages knew [this most excellent esoteric teaching] handed down in sequence" may serve as an eloquent gloss on the already quoted words of the Upanishad:—"Hitherto this teaching came not to any Brahmin, but was in all lands the teaching of the Kshatriya alone."

THE MAGICIANS OF ALASKA.

The following is an article translated from the Review of the Russian Church in America. The author, being a devoted dignitary of this Church in Alaska, can have no possible interest in painting things and people he describes whiter than they are, and seen in this light his narrative only gains in suggestiveness. Readers of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM, please, remember to compare this article with the article in our next number, which will chiefly consist of extracts from Mme. Blavatsky's "The Magicians of the Blue Hills."—*Editor*.

The truth of the common origin of most practices and beliefs of all the races, which inhabit distant and widely different parts of the world, finds more and more confirmations, with every day. Not so long ago, American newspapers announced the discovery of a Russian linguist, who finds an indubitable likeness between the language of a small Asiatic tribe, in the northeastern coast of Siberia, and the dialects of some American Indians. And now "The American Antiquarian" publishes an article by Mr. Charles Hallock, in which the author tries to solve the problem of the origin of the American Indians, on the basis of some archeological discoveries made in Mexico and other localities of the American continents, and comes to the conclusion, that the ancestors of the Mexicans were colonists from Asiatic Corea. Mr. Hallock and some other scientists have much to say in favor of this theory, but, in our opinion, the best witnesses, in this case, are the religious beliefs, and especially the cult of the so-called *Shamanism*, to which the Alaskan Indians still hold very strongly. The similarities between this Shamanism and the Shamanism, kept up by some inhabitants of the Russian Siberia, is simply striking.

In order to understand and appreciate the influence which Shamanism has on the life of savages, it is necessary not to lose sight of the circumstances and peculiar conditions, about which civilized man knows little and in which the aborigines of Alaska have their being.

A rough climate; mountain peaks eternally covered with snow;

the ever tumbling noisy northern sea, which washes the shores of the peninsula, with its innumerable little islands; impassable forests, which, it is true, are ever green, yet so inhospitable;—all this together breeds the love of the mysterious in the northern man, who possesses but few spiritual gifts. The cruel North grants you nothing without a struggle. And but little is given to man even if he does struggle. In truth, nothing is yielded but that, which is strictly necessary for man to enable him to lead the pitiful existence of a half animal, half reasonable being.

After this it is not to be wondered at, that the shamanical cult has preserved many wild rites and primitive notions, and that amongst the Indians of Alaska the belief in sorcerers and sorcery is developed more strongly than anywhere else. But strictly speaking this faith is dual. The Alaskans believe in the *icht*, or the good shaman, and they also believe in the *nuxzat*, the evil sorcerer, two people who ought never to be mistaken for one another, though both their activity and their character have much in common.

The Indians think that in order to become a shaman one must be born with certain peculiarities, which will be evident when the man is still in his earliest childhood. The future shaman is different from the other children even in his exterior, he shuns society, he likes to be alone, and he is often heard speaking to himself. Already in his babyhood, his hair naturally twists itself into little pig-tails, similar to those the grown-up shamans have. He dislikes comfort and pleasure. From a child he feeds only on the coarsest of foods and fears neither heat, nor cold. But the surest sign that a child is to grow into a shaman is that occasionally he sees spirits.

Yet besides natural gifts and an early inclination a man, in order to become a shaman, must use his will, as without constant effort the thing is not possible. Being a shaman means having at one's disposal a certain number of *ecks* or spirits, who appear, when the shaman performs certain rites and invocations, and obediently carry out his orders, helping the people the shaman wants to help, disclosing future events, and especially discovering the secrets of bad men, the foremost amongst whom are the *nuxzats*, or sorcerers.

The command over the *ecks* can be obtained only through complete isolation and exhausting abstinence. The man who has given

himself to this pursuit, hides himself on one of the lonely islands so abundant on the south coast of Alaska, which is cut up with endless creeks and channels. Here, surrounded by the stern mysteries of wild nature, the man begins his training. He is sheltered by giant pines and cedars, which for centuries have kept the sun from penetrating the green gloom under them. At times, uninterrupted rest reigns supreme here; the drowsy ocean murmurs softly, beating against the rocky shore; the green giants are also asleep, gently whispering with their prickly branches.

But when the blustering wind begins to walk over their old heads, they can creak, and crack and thunder in a way, which together with the sea waves booming against the rocks, drives any living being crazy with awe and fear. Birds and beasts alike tremble and shudder in their shelters, helpless and restless with anguish. The future shaman alone has no fear in his heart. In the howling storm and the noises of ocean and forest, he hears the voices from the mysterious world he is trying to cognize. To him, this is the talk of the elements he wants to master and to use. And he firmly sets out to approach the mysterious lives through fasting and abstinence.

For days and even months the shaman has no other food but the bark of a certain prickly shrub, no other drink but the salt sea water. And the fasting must continue until gradually the *ecks* begin to appear to him and the shaman acquires the power to get ecstatic at will, calling forth any spirits he may need. This state is the first grade of shamanism. Henceforward, the man may hope to have the psychic and the physical forces of nature obey him. But the true work of a shaman is still beyond him. To do this he must own many other weapons of the shaman practice. Amongst such are counted the tongue of a badger, various masks, a rattle to attract the attention of the spirits, a cap trimmed with sables and a magic wand.

The tongue of a badger is especially difficult to get. Coming across a badger never was a rare occurrence in Alaska; the difficulty is in the way the thing had to be done. There would be no magical properties in the animal's tongue were it to be shot or killed with a stick or a stone. Sighting a badger, the shaman has to stop short within a certain distance, and, never allowing the animal to come

any nearer, he has to shout *O* in three different tones, and to kill it by the mere sound of his voice. In the case of a truly powerful shaman, the badger falls on its back and expires, with its tongue out, at the first shout. And only when all these conditions are strictly observed the shaman can make use of the thing, carrying it till the end of his days on his breast.

The other requisites of shamanism are much easier to get. But the things that have already been used by several shamans are prized most highly, as the miraculous powers of the former owners are supposed to pass on to the new, together with the material objects.

A shaman must never cut his hair, and his locks frequently smeared with pine rosin, which dries very soon, make a sharp little noise when shaken, like strings of wooden bobins.

A chaste life is required from a shaman only whilst he is actually at work on some miracle, but still the ascetic shamans are held in greater respect, as the powers of the shaman entirely depend on his self-control and abstinence. The Indians believe that the spirits do not like self-indulgent shamans and shun them, whereas if a shaman is truly ascetic in his life, they will follow him, even without any invocations on his part.

Armed with all the objects of his sacred calling and perfectly self-controlled, the shaman becomes a great power indeed, so great as to be able to oppose and counteract the evil doings of the black sorcerer.

The Indians of Alaska firmly believe that their *nurzats*, the natural enemies of the shamans, can bring about epidemics, or cast spells over individuals, which will result in exhausting restlessness, in madness or in any other psychic or physical evil. Exactly like changeling sorcerers of mediæval Europe, the Alaskan *nurzats* prowl about in the shape of a hog or a black cat. They can also fly through the air, and their favorite resorts are cemeteries. They dig out the corpses and tear out their eyes, their hearts or any other part of the body, they may need in their sorcery. A corpse is the most necessary requisite for a sorcerer, because it supplies some powerful ingredients and also serves to hide objects over which spells have been cast.

The most usual way of ruining a man is to get a part of his food

or his clothing, or still better a lock of his hair or a nail recently cut from his hand or foot. Having obtained any of these things, the sorcerer places them into the corpse of a human being—in case none was to be had, an animal's would do,—and if the incantations, which are to work the charm are well said the man will surely be undone in the way desired. If it was a hair, through which the spell was cast, the man will have terrible headaches, if it was a part of his food, his stomach will go wrong, and in every case, as the corpse, in which the things were hidden, decays and is dispersed, so will decay and disperse the part of the victim's body to which they are related.

All this certainly reminds one of the ancient Russian belief that there exist evil people, who can cause the death of a man working through a piece of the sward with his foot-print on it or through his portrait.

Another way of harming a man in use in Alaska is a magic potion, cunningly mixed into his food or drink. And the cases when a man's death or illness are caused by his swallowing some filthy abomination—like a dried and powdered piece of a dead body, for instance—must be very frequent amongst the aborigenes. It is only natural to suppose, that the person who can cause a sickness, must also know how to cure it. And so in the life of the Alaskan Indians, a *nuxzat* is more than a sorcerer, he is also a doctor and in a way a spiritual adviser. No wonder the *nuxzat* is truly a formidable enemy of the shaman.

Both the *nuxzat* and the *icht* are equally great powers in the life of Alaskan Indians, but the *icht*, the good shaman, enjoys universal respect and veneration, whereas the very name of the former is a word of abuse and contempt in Alaska. Calling a man a *nuxzat* amounts to more than a mere insult; it also means accusing him of the meanest practices, the most evil underhand doings. And a man who was so insulted, must publicly prove the accusation was unjust. Otherwise, all the village, even to his nearest and dearest must shun him forever, according to custom.

Whenever the work of a sorcerer begins to be suspected in the sickness of a man, his family call a council and generally decide to have him examined by a shaman. In case the shaman is especially well famed and lives far, the sick man is sometimes carried by his

relatives for miles and miles. And there are numberless stories circulating in Alaska which illustrate the profound belief of the aborigenes into the miraculous, omnipotent healing powers of the shaman.

In our days there are not as many of them as formerly, before the Russian colonial government of Alaska and, later on, the American officials and officers began to oppose the shamans and to try to exterminate their practices. The captain of an American man-of-war, which was stationed in Sitka some time ago, was especially famous for his persecutions of the shamans. Hunting them was a regular sport of his. A captured shaman was brought to the ship, where the captain received him in a polite and even a friendly way, asking him questions about the number of the *ecks* which obey him, the nature of his powers, and so on. Then he declared he also was a very powerful shaman and proposed to measure powers. An electric battery was brought then and the *ecks* of the shaman were challenged to wrestle with the *ecks* of the battery, the shaman holding on to it with both hands. The result of all this was that the tribesmen of the magician saw him writhing in ridiculous and humiliating postures, that they heard him scream with pain, that he lost in dignity and prestige. Moreover, the shaman left the ship with a practical knowledge of the wondrous powers of his white rival, and generally he left it, with his wonder-working locks half shaven off his head, and the captain of the ship in possession of a promise from him that he will never take up the shaman practices any more.

This and similar occurrences in the intercourse of the white man and the Alaskan magician, have forced him to seek refuge in more isolated places, in the midst of wild nature and far from the dwellings of man. But the original belief of the Indians has not been destroyed, it has not even been shaken. Stories like the following, current in every village, bear witness to it.

Some sixty years ago there was a shaman, in the neighborhood of Echkom, who ordered his people to take him into the open sea, one beautiful morning, to wrap him well in a piece of strong cloth and to throw his body into the water. He was greatly beloved by his people and they naturally refused to do so. But he insisted, and at last, having tied around him the end of a very long piece

of leather, made of the skin of a magic badger, they dropped him overboard. He sank so swiftly, that they found it difficult to unwind the leather quick enough. At last the motion stopped, and, having tied the bladder of the same badger to the upper end of the piece of leather, just to indicate the exact spot where their kinsman found a watery grave, they went ashore to lament his death. During four days they came every morning and saw the floating bladder, and knew he was dead. But on the fifth they heard the sounds of a shaman's rattle and attracted by the noise they walked up a rock and discovered their wonderful relative on the top of it, his head hanging down, blood pouring from his throat, clouds of sea birds darting and shouting around him, and he himself cheerfully singing a shaman incantation.

Another shaman, who still lives, is firmly believed to have kept the small pox away from his native island, when the terrible epidemic was raging all over Alaska. A third possesses a wonderful gift of clairvoyance, and so on. Every shaman has some miraculous faculty more developed than the others, and the kind and the strength of the faculty depend on the kind and the strength of the spirits he has mastered, and also on the sort of the magic attributes he has secured.

Year after year, Christianity finds a firmer hold in Alaska, but the ancient cult of shamanism is far from extermination on the islands. And, though the shamans are much scarcer than in olden times, we know of at least five or six of them, who have a great renown amongst their tribesmen and are believed to work wonders to-day, as hundreds of years ago.

"THE PAST."

We desire to call to the attention of our readers the latest book of M. Maurice Maeterlinck. It is called *Le Temple Enseveli*, (The Buried Temple), and consists of five essays: Justice, The Evolution of Mystery, The Reign of the Material, The Past, and Luck.

Among Western thinkers Maurice Maeterlinck presents a striking example of one who grows ever nearer to the Theosophic thought. For this reason the essays contained in "The Buried Temple" should be particularly acceptable to the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM.

The essay on "The Past" is perhaps the most remarkable. In this essay the true meaning of memories: their value and their danger, is set forth so practically, and with such delicacy of ideal insight, that we take pleasure in presenting the following extracts:

"Our past has no other mission but to have raised us up to where we are at the present moment, and to furnish us at this moment with the necessary weapons, necessary experience, thought and joy. If it should, at this precise moment, keep us back or take the least particle of our attention to itself, in spite of all its glory, it would become useless and it would have been better if it had not existed at all. If we allow it to interfere with a single gesture we were about to make, our death begins and the mansions of the future suddenly take the shape of sepulchres."

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"The past is past," we say; and this is not true; the past is always present. "We carry the weight of our past," we also affirm; and this also is not true; it is the past that carries our weight. "Nothing can rub the past out." And this again is not true; at the slightest sign of our will, the present and the future walk back through the past and rub out in it everything that we want them to rub out. "The indestructible, the irreparable, the immovable past." And this is not true, either. It is the present that is immovable and incapable of mending anything for those who talk like this. "My past is bad, it is sad, it is empty," we say to end with, "I can find in it not one moment of beauty, of happiness, or of love; I see nothing in it but ruins which are devoid of majesty." And all this is not true, because you see in it exactly what you put into it the very moment you look at it."

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

VOL. 8.

DECEMBER, 1902

No. 8

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We ought to find it more difficult to condemn people than to consider them simply as one considers trees shaken by the wind or a flowing river. But we find it difficult to abstain from condemning. Then what are we to do? First, we are to learn to condemn ourselves for condemning others, then to abstain from spoken condemnation, when our thought inclines towards it, and lastly to check the thought itself. The man, who knows and judges himself rightly, has no time to condemn others.

Endeavor to interpret favourably the intention and heart of the man next to you: if you do this, you will be safe from a harmful failing and he will find improvement easier.

It is true that good is a power and evil a weakness. But still we must be careful, that the passionateness of our will should not confuse and darken the light.

Let us love not with words, but with deeds and truth. Love does not lose by silence. Reality does not cease when word ceases. Let us trust each other's silence, as we trust each other's word.

Philaretos, Metropolitan of Moscow.

THE EARLY RACES

IN THE POPOL VUH.

(Continued.)

If we be asked in what way the ancient Quiches of Guatemala could preserve the memory, not only of their chronicles, but of elaborate creation stories and myths, such as those which we translated, one may reply in the words of Las Casas:

As for that, it must be known that, in all the republics of these regions, in the kingdoms of New Spain and elsewhere, amongst other professions and those who followed them, there were those who performed the functions of chroniclers and historians. They had a knowledge of the origins of all things touching religion, the gods, and their worship, as also of the founders of towns and cities. They knew the manner in which their kings and lords had arisen, as also their kingdoms, their modes of election, and of succession; the number and character of the princes who had passed away; their works, and memorable acts and deeds, both good and evil; whether they had governed well or ill; who were the righteous men and the heroes who had lived; what wars they had waged, and how they had prospered in them; what had been their ancient customs and primitive populations; the changes for the better, or the disasters that overtook them; in a word, the whole material of history; in order that the understanding and memory of the past might be preserved. These chroniclers kept count of the days, the months, and the years. Though they had not writing like ours, they had, nevertheless, their figures and characters, by the aid of which they could express whatever they wished, and in this way they had their great books composed with such art, such ingenuity and skill, that we might say our alphabet was of no great use to them. Our priests and friars have seen these books, and I myself have also seen them, though some of them were burnt at the instance of the monks, in fear lest, in matters of religion, they might be injurious.

So far the old Spanish writer. We return now to the text of the Popol Vuh, resuming the story at the point where we left off last month:

“Thus was needed a new attempt at forming creatures, by the Creator and the Former by the Engenderer and the Lifegiver :

“Let us try once more ; already the seedtime approaches, and the dawn is near ; let us make those who are to be our sustainers and nourishers.

“ ‘How may we come to be invoked and commemorated on the face of the earth ? We have already tried with our first work, our first creation : we have not succeeded in making them worship and honor us. Therefore let us try to make men, obedient and full of respect, to be our sustainers and nourishers.’

“They spoke. Then took place the creation and formation of men ; of clay was their flesh made.

“They saw that he was not good ; for he was without cohesion, without consistence, without movements, without force, inept and watery ; he could not move his head, his face turned only in one direction ; his vision was veiled, and he could not look behind ; he was endowed with the gift of speech, but he had no understanding, and straightway he dissolved into water, without having the power of holding himself upright.

“Now the Creator and the Former spoke once more : The more we labor on him, the less is he able to walk and multiply : therefore let us now make an intelligent creature, they said.

“Then they unmade and destroyed their work and their creation once more. Forthwith they said : ‘How shall we act now, in order that beings to adore and invoke us may be produced ?’

“Then they said, while they were consulting anew : ‘Let us speak of them to Shriyacoc and Shmucane, who wield the blow-gun against opossum and jackal ; try once more to draw his lot, and to find the time of his formation.’ Thus the Creator and the Former spoke together, and then they spoke to Shriyacoc and Shmucane.

“Straightway they held converse with these soothsayers, the foreempter of the sun and the foremother of light,—for thus are they called by those whom are the Creator and the Former, and these are the names of Shriyacoc and Shmucane.

“And those of the Great Breath spoke to the Dominator and the Azure-plumed Serpent : then they spoke to him of the sun, to

the formative powers, who are the soothsayers: 'It is time once more to discuss together the signs of the man we formed, that he may once again be our sustainer and nourisher, that we may be invoked and commemorated.

"Begin, then, to speak, oh thou who engenderest and givest birth, our foremother and forefather, Shriyacoc and Shmucane; let the germination be accomplished, let the dawn whiten, that we may be invoked, that we may be adored, that we may be commemorated by the man who is formed, the man who is created, the man who is finished, the man who is moulded; thus let it be;

"Make your name manifest, ye who wield the blow-gun against opossum and jackal, twice engenderer, twice life-giver, great boar, great wielder of quills, he of the emerald, the jeweler, the chiseler, the architect, he of the Azure-green planisphere, he of the Azure surface, the master of resin, the chief of Toltecac, foremother of the sun, foremother of the day; for thus shall ye be called by our work and our creatures;

"Make your passes over your maize, your seed-pods, to discern whether he shall be made, and whether we shall sculpture and elaborate his face of wood;' thus was it said to the soothsayers.

"Then came the moment to cast the lot, and to salute the enchantment cast with the maize and the bean-pods: Sun and Creature! an old woman and an old man then said to them. Now this old man was the master of the bean-pod, his name was Shriyacoc; and the old woman was the soothsayer, the formative power, whose name was Chirakan Shmucane.

"Then they spoke thus, at the moment when the sun rested in the zenith: 'It is time to take counsel together; speak, that we may hear, that we may speak, and declare whether wood is to be sculptured and carved by the Former and Creator; if this is to be our sustainer and nourisher, at the moment of seedtime, when the dawn grows white.

"Oh maize, oh bean-pods, oh sun, oh creature, be united, and joined together,'—thus they spoke to the maize and the bean-pods, the sun and the creature. 'Redden thou, O Heart of the Heavens, nor let the brow and the face of the Dominator and the Azure-plumed Serpent be abased.'

“Then they spoke, and declared the truth: ‘It is thus, indeed, that you must make your manikins wrought of wood, which shall speak and reason according to their will, upon the face of the earth.

“‘So be it,’ they spoke in answer. At that same instant came into being the manikins wrought of wood; men were produced, men who reasoned; and these are the people who dwell upon the face of the earth.

“They lived and multiplied; they begat daughters and sons,—manikins wrought of wood; but they had neither heart nor intelligence, nor memory of their Maker and Creator; they led useless lives, living like the beasts.

“They did not remember the Heart of the Heavens, and this is how they fell; they were only a trial, an attempt at men; who spoke at first, but whose faces dried up; without consistence were their feet and hands; they had no blood, no substance, no roundness of flesh; their faces showed nothing but withered cheeks; their feet and hands were arid, their flesh was withered.

“This is why they did not bethink them to raise their eyes towards their Maker and Creator, their Father and their Providence. These were the first men that existed in numbers upon the face of the earth.

“Finally came about the end of these men, their ruin and their destruction,—of these manikins wrought of wood, who were in like manner put to death.

“The bean-wood formed the flesh of the men: but when the women were shaped by the Maker, and the Creator, the pith of the rush was taken to form the flesh of the women; this is what the Maker and the Creator ordained should make their flesh.

“But they neither thought nor spoke in the presence of their Maker and Creator, who had made them and had given them birth.

“Thus came about their destruction; they were drowned in a deluge, and a thick resin descended upon them from the sky; great birds of prey came to tear their eyes from their orbits; great birds of prey came to cut off their heads; great birds of prey devoured their flesh; great birds of prey crushed and broke their bones and sinews; their bodies were reduced to powder, and strewn broadcast, as a punishment for their deeds.

“Because they had not thought upon their mother and their father, on him who is the Heart of the Heavens, whose name is the Great Breath, because of them, the face of the earth was darkened, and a tumultuous rain began, raining by day, and raining by night.

“Then all the animals, great and small, came against them, and even wood and stone rose up against these men, ill-treating them; all things that had served them spoke, their pots and pans and dishes, their dogs and fowls, everything they possessed, ill-treated them openly.

“‘You acted illy towards us; you bit us; in your turn you shall be tormented,’—their dogs and their fowls said to them.

“Their millstones spoke to them in their turn: ‘We are tormented by you; every day and every day, by dark as well as by daylight, always *rattle, rattle, bang, bang*, our sides cried because of you; this is what we endured for you; and now that you have ceased to be men, you shall feel our power; we will pound your flesh, and grind it to powder,’—their millstones said to them.

“And this is what their dogs, speaking in their turn, said to them: ‘Why did you not give us food to eat? You hardly looked at us, you drove us away, pursuing after us; you always found something handy, to strike us with, when it was your own time to eat.

“‘This is how you treated us; we could not speak. But for that, we would not now have given you over to death. How was it that you did not bethink you, how did you not understand within yourselves? It is we who now destroy you, and now you shall learn what teeth are in our maws; we shall devour you,’ cried their dogs, tearing their faces in pieces.

“Then their pots and pans spoke to them in their turn; ‘Pain and sorrow you caused us, smoking our faces and sides; always exposing us to the fire, you burned us, as though we had no feelings; you shall feel it yourselves now, in your turn, and we shall burn you,’ said their pots and pans, insulting them to their faces. Thus did also their hearth-stones, demanding that the fire should blaze with violence under their outstretched heads, for the evils they had done them.

“Then were seen men running, pushing each other, full of despair: they sought to climb upon the house-tops, and their houses crumbled away, letting them fall to the earth; they sought to climb into the trees, but the trees shook them away from them; they sought to hide in the caves; but the caves shut in front of them.

“Thus was wrought the ruin of these human beings, creatures fated to be destroyed and overthrown; thus were their persons given over to destruction and contempt.

“And they say that their descendants are to be found, in the little monkeys that now live in the forests; this is the sign that remained of them, because they were formed of wood by the Maker and the Creator.

“That is why those little monkeys look like men, the sign that remains of another generation of human beings, who were only manikins, men wrought in wood.

“A great number of men were made, and during the darkness they multiplied: ordered life did not yet exist, when they multiplied; but they all lived together, and great was their life and their renown in the lands or the Orient. •

“At that time, they did not worship, nor sacrifice upon altars to the gods; only they turned their faces toward heaven, and they knew not what they had come so far to do.

“Then lived together in joy the black men and the white men; gentle was the aspect of these people, gentle was the speech of these folk, and they were full of intelligence.

“Thus spoke those of that land, seeing the rising of the sun. Now all of them were of one speech; as yet they bowed not down to wood or stone; they remembered only the wood of their Maker and Creator,—the Heart of the Heavens, and the Heart of the Earth.

“And they spoke, meditating on what concealed the coming of the day: and full of the holy word, full of love, of obedience and reverence, they uttered their entreaties; then, raising their eyes to heaven, they asked for daughters and sons.

“‘Hail! O Creator, O Maker! Thou who seest and hearest us! Do not desert us! Do not leave us! O God who art in Heaven and on Earth, O Heart of the Heavens, O Heart of the Earth! Grant us children and offspring so long as the sun and the dawn shall go their ways. Let the seeds spring up, let the

light come! Grant us to walk always in open paths, in ways without ambushes; let us ever be tranquil, and at peace with all our kind; let us live happy lives; give us life and being, free from all reproach, O Great Breath! O Flashing Lightning! O Thunderbolt! Sun-god! Messenger! Lord of Breath! Mighty One! Lord of the Azure Veil, Mother of the Sun, Mother of Light, let the seeds spring up! Let the light come!

"THE PAST."

(Continued.)

"There are other pasts still more dangerous than the pasts of happiness and glory; they are those which are inhabited by phantoms, both too mighty and too dear. Numerous are those who perish in the embraces of the beloved shades. Let us not forget those who are not here any longer; but their ideal presence ought to be a consolation instead of a pain. Let us harvest and garner in a faithful soul, happy in its tears, the days they gave us. On leaving us they left us the purest part of what they were; so let us not lose in the same gloom what they left us and what death has taken from us. If, wise as they are, for having seen what is hidden from us by the phantastic light, they were to return to the earth, they would say, I think: 'Do not cry so. Far from reviving us, your tears exhaust us, because they exhaust you. Detach yourself from us, do not think of us any more so long as your thinking about us brings nothing but tears into the life which is left us in your own life. We only subsist in your memories; but you are mistaken in thinking that we are only affected by the regrets of those who miss us. Everything that you do remembers us and gladdens our spirits, without your knowing it, without it being necessary for you to turn towards us. But if our pale image saddens your ardor, we die a death that we feel more, and that is more irrevocable, than the first death; and if you bend too often over our graves, you take from us the life, the love and the courage, which you thought you were giving us.

"'It is in you that we find being; it is in the whole of your life that our life is to be found; and if you grow, even forgetting us, we grow also; and our shades breathe like prisoners, whose prison begins to open.

"'If we have learned anything new in the world where we now are, it is above all, that the good we did you, when we were on the earth, like yourself, does not balance the evil done by a memory, which lessens the strength and the confidence of life.'"

That the end of life is not experience itself; that experience is only valuable as a quickener of the spiritual sense, is poetically suggested by the closing passage:

“That which is *most* important in the life of Siegfried is not the forging of the mighty sword, nor the moment in which he kills the dragon and obliges the gods to yield him their place. Neither is it the dazzling moment when he finds love on the mountain of flame. But the brief second, torn from eternal decrees, the insignificant little gesture when, having inadvertently put to his lips one of his hands, red with the blood of his mysterious victim, he has his eyes and his ears opened; he hears the hidden language of everything that surrounds him; he discovers the treason of the dwarf, who represents the evil powers, and all of a sudden learns to do that which he should do.”

“THE MAGICIANS OF THE BLUE HILLS.”

It is altogether, a marvellous literary phenomenon, whatever view we may take of the Titanic personality which gave birth to it. But the literary output of Mme. Blavatsky by no means ended with her death; she who taught so much and so vividly concerning the state of the soul after death, has in this, herself conquered death.

Other writers have left a posthumous volume; Mme. Blavatsky has left a posthumous library; and new books are constantly being added to it. We had, first, that wonderfully picturesque and vivid story of her Indian days, “From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan,”—half fact, and half fancy, as she herself was the first to say; but, with all the fancy in it, coming, perhaps, nearer to the essential spirit of India, than many a book of solidest facts.

The next work in Mme. Blavatsky’s posthumous library was the “Glossary,”—a work as clearly defined in its tendencies as the famous French volumes of the Encyclopædists. It was written not to marshall information gleaned by painful research, but to embody the writer’s own original and often exceedingly striking views. Curiously enough, that famous criticism of the great Englishman’s Dictionary would come very near to embodying a just estimate of the “Glossary”: “the stories are excellent, but they are too short.” The truth is that, from a literary point of view, Mme. Blavatsky was, above all else, a writer of great paragraphs. There was too much force, too much of the volcanic element, in her character, to allow her to carry on one ordered thought in a placidly meandering stream; every subject suggested to her a thousand other points of interest; and along each of these thousand by-ways she is driven by her genius, and all the way is finding new and startling aspects of the universe.

Thus far the Glossary; then came a book with a name truly formidable, for which she was not indeed personally responsible. It was “A Modern Panarion”. The meaning of this has been explained to me. It is said to mean “bread-basket”—in the literal, not the metaphorical sense of that expression; and was, I think, the title of a controversial work by one of the Church Fathers militant.

After the bread-basket, we had a new volume of the "Secret Doctrine", containing quantities of weirdly magnificent things, concerning the foundations of the word, the dark backward and abysm of time, fate, freedom and foreknowledge absolute. There are, besides, many strange sayings concerning the mighty dead; the sages of all time and every land, making up that splendid mystic brotherhood in whose hands has been the tutelage of the world, and from whom has poured down influence, since the dawn of Time.

Now we intend speaking of yet another work, and there is no sign that the supply is anything like exhausted. There is one thing which at once enlists our favor for the new volume; it is a part of her writings in her native tongue, and thus shares the literary advantages which won a way for the Caves and Jungles to many readers who were not in the least attracted by her other books.

When she wrote in English, in spite of her undoubted mastery of that complicated tongue, Mme. Blavatsky was under a linguistic difficulty and disadvantage; but there was much more in it than this. She was writing for an audience not merely critical, but even bitterly hostile, antagonistic to the last degree. And, even with her splendid nerve and Titanic force, this sense of steady opposition could not but cause a certain constraint, a certain feeling of conscious effort, a painstaking and laboured hesitation; so that, what is her own in her books, and that, by far the best and most original part of them, is often hidden and buried under the debris of other people's writings, whose facts she has used to strengthen and support her own positions. She was perpetually straining to prove things which, in the nature of things, are incapable of proof; and, as her power of dramatic and vivid expression was vastly superior to her argumentative faculty, the things to be proved are hindered, rather than helped, by the proofs. Yet even the debris of other writers, marshalled by a mind so vigorous and full of originality, cannot but be full of interest; and there is something worth reading on every page she compiled, as there is something worth remembering in every line she wrote of her own original work.

But in the Russian works, she is labouring under none of these disadvantages. The Russians were always proud of their heroic and adventurous country-woman; they saw at once that the element

of force in everything she said and did was in itself a sterling quality, a real thing. And the sense of this at once communicated itself to her, and tinged her Russian writings with a spirit of directness, of personal colouring, of warmth, freedom from constraint; in a word, created that atmosphere in which alone a writer can write well.

I may begin this essay on the latest of Mme. Blavatsky's posthumous children "The Magicians of the Blue Hills", by showing how she can paint, when she has an audience that praises her:

"Blue hills truly. Look at them from wherever you like, at whatever distance you choose—from below, from above, from the valley or the neighbouring heights—so long as they are not out of your sight, these two will strike you, from the extraordinary colour of their woods. Light blue with a golden reflection at a short distance, dark blue at a greater, they glitter like huge living sapphires, which breathe softly and change colour, shining with the waves of an interior light."

That is merely a single stroke of colour, but who can bring forward anything finer out of all the endless tomes that have been written concerning the wonders of the East? I need hardly point to the fact that the Nilgiris are the Blue Mountains of Mme. Blavatsky's book; the Magicians are the Todas and Mulu-Kurumbas, of whom more anon. But, before leaving the subject of Mme. Blavatsky's really magnificent descriptive powers, let me give her an opportunity to do herself more ample justice, in a long and finely sustained passage where many different sides of her high literary gift manifest themselves in turn:

"Listen and try to imagine the picture I am going to describe. Let us ascend the hill, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, which, let it be said in passing, is visible far, far away, like a thin blue silk thread spreading itself over the Malabar coasts, and let us take a good look; we gaze over an extent of at least two hundred miles in diameter. Wherever we look, right, left, north and south, we see a shoreless ocean of green, pinkish and blue hills, of smooth or rugged rocks, of mountains of the most whimsical and fantastic outlines. A blue-green ocean, sparkling under the brilliant rays of the tropical sun, restless and covered with the masts of ships, already sunk or only sinking: the ocean we see sometimes in the shadowy land of our dreams.

“Turn to the north now. The Nilgiri chain, as if growing out of the pyramidal Jellamalay of the Western Ghats, at first looks like a gigantic bridge, nearly fifty miles long, and then rushes headlong onward, jutting out in huge projections and stairs deftly avoiding gaping precipices on both sides, and, at last, reaching the rounded forms of the Mysore hills, which are wrapped in velvety grayish mists. After this, the monster bridge nearly breaks to pieces, knocking itself against the sharp rocks of Pykar; it suddenly jumps off in a perpendicular line, divides itself into small separate rocks, then into mere boulders, and at last is transformed into a mad mountain stream of stone, tortured by impotent rage to overtake a swift bright river, hurrying away from the formidable stony bosom of the mother mountain.

“On the south of the Cairn Hill, for, at least, a hundred miles, spread dark forests, dreaming in the splendour of their unassailable virgin beauty, and the steaming marshes of Koimbatour, ending in the brick-red hills of Khand.

“Further to the east the central chain of the Ghats loses itself in the distance, like a huge stone serpent, zig-zagging between two rows of high volcanic rocks. Crowned as they are with separate clumps of pines, which look like short dishevelled hair on a human head, these rocks offer a most curious sight. Their shapes are so like human figures, that one almost thinks the volcanic force that squeezed them out, meant to prepare a stone model of man, about to be born. Seen through the thin veil of ever-moving mists, they also seem to move, these ancient cliffs in their attire of hoary moss. Like so many mischievous school boys, they hasten to leave the narrow pass; they push each other; they run races with each other; they jump over each other, to reach some wide, open space, where there is room for all, where freedom reigns. And far above their level, right under your feet, as you stand on the Cairn Hill, you see a picture of quite a different character: smiling green fields, speaking of rest, of childlike gladness and good will.

“Truly, a spring idyl of Virgil framed with stormy pictures of Dante’s Inferno. Tiny emerald hillocks all enamelled with bright wild flowers, scattered like so many warts over the smiling face of the mother valley. Long silky grass and aromatic herbs. But instead of snow-white lambs and innocent shepherds and shepherd-

esses, you see herds of huge raven-black buffaloes, and, at a distance, the athletic silhouette of a young, long-haired Toda Tiralli or shepherd priest.

“On these heights, spring reigns eternally. . Even in December and January, the frosty nights are always conquered by spring towards noon. Here everything is fresh and green, everything puts forth abundant blossom and fragrant aroma all the year round. In the rainy season, when the far off plains are nearly drowned by heavy downpours day and night, the Blue Hills have only occasional refreshing showers and look their best, for then their charm is like the charm of a baby, who is ready to smile even through his tears. Besides, on this height, everything seems to be in infancy and rejoicing in the new sensation of existence. The angry mountain torrents are not yet out of the cradle. Their thin sprays spring out of the mother stone and form sweet murmuring brooks, on whose diaphanous beds you see the atoms of the future formidable grim cliffs. In her double aspect, Nature offers here the true symbol of human life: pure and serene, baby-like, at the top; careworn, sad and sombre below. But, above or below, the flowers are bright, painted by the magic palette of India. Everything seems unusual, weird and strange to the newcomer from the valleys. In the mountains the wizened, dusky coolie gives place to the tall, fair-skinned Toda, with majestic face, like some old Greek or Roman, draped in a snow-white linen toga, unknown elsewhere in India; regarding the Hindu with the good-natured contempt of the bull who thoughtfully watches the black toad at his feet. Here the yellow-legged falcon of the plains is replaced by the mighty mountain eagle. And the withered grass and burned up cactuses of Madras are transformed into whole forests of gigantic reeds, where the elephant plays hide-and-peek, without any fear of ever-watching human eye. Here sings our Russian nightingale, and the European cuckoo lays her eggs in the nest of the yellow-nosed Southern myna. Contrasts await you at every step; wherever you look, you see an anomaly. The gay melodious chirping and songs of birds, unknown elsewhere in India, resound in the thick foliage of wild apple trees; and, at times, the wind carries away from the dark, gloomy forest the ill-omened howls of tigers and cheetahs and the lowing of wild buffaloes. Far above the forests,

the solemn silence is also broken, at times, by low, mysterious sounds, half-rustling, half-murmuring, or some stifled, desperate shriek. But soon everything is silent again, basking in the scented waves of pure mountain air, and silence reigns supreme. In these hours of calm, the attentive, loving ear listens to the beating of nature's strong, healthy pulse, swiftly divining its never ceasing movements, even in these soundless protestations of glad life from the myriads of her creatures, visible and invisible.

"No! It is not easy to forget the Nilgiris. In this marvellous climate Mother Nature has brought together all her scattered powers to produce every possible sample of her great work. She playfully exhibits, turn by turn, the products of all the zones of our globe, sometimes rising to lively, energetic activity, sometimes sinking into weariness and forgetfulness. I have seen her somnolent in all the glory of her bright, ardent southern beauty, lulled to sleep by the accordant unanimous melody of all her kingdoms. I have met her also in her other mood, when, as if moved by a fierce pride, she reminded us of her unfathomed powers by the colossal plants of her tropical forests and the deafening roars of her giant animals. One more step, and she sinks down again, as if exhausted by her supreme efforts, and goes to sleep on the soft carpet of northern violets, forget-me-nots, and lilies of the valley. And there she lies, our great, mighty mother, mute and motionless, fanned by a sweet breeze and the tender wings of myriads of magically beautiful butterflies."

I think that whoever reads this, will confess that it would be hard to excel, and by no means easy to equal, as a piece of pure descriptive writing; the colours are so vivid, the imagery is so full of life, the whole picture conceived in such a broad and all-embracing spirit, that this passage should take rank as a classic, among the best things that have been written concerning India.

But it seems to me that something even more interesting than the literary workmanship of this passage, is its psychological quality—the subjective element in it; the insight it gives us into the mind and soul of the writer.

The first element in our subjective estimate is, here, as in everything Mme. Blavatsky said, wrote, or did, the element of force. Power was the key-note of her nature; and she could not

have kept it from showing, through half a page of her work, had she attempted to do so. Take the evidence of power, in one factor, to begin with—the most readily intelligible factor: the sustained effort shown by the production of a description of such great length, and of equally high value throughout. A less powerful mind would inevitably flag and grow weary, under such a protracted effort; and we should have the fact at once visible in weaker and weaker strokes towards the end of the passage. But there is no flagging, or withdrawal of energy here; the description flows onward, with increasing, rather than diminishing force; like a mighty river, that broadens and deepens, as it draws nearer to the sea.

The next element which strikes and interests us, is the deeply pathetic sentiment which pervades the whole; the feeling towards human life: “pure, serene, baby-like, at the top; careworn, sad and sombre below.” There was a great deal of this profound sentiment of sadness in “the caves and jungles of Hindustan.” It is a sadness wholly different from the bitterness of the pessimist; for Mme. Blavatsky was no pessimist, but held the highest possible ideals of human perfection, and held them firmly to the end. But she saw, and latterly came more and more to see, that man has much to suffer, and many sorrows to pass through, before the shining goal can come into sight. And it is the sadness of real sympathy, and never the sadness of a bitter and disappointed mind, which tinges her Russian books. In her English work, this element is almost wholly lacking. And if her English books gain in philosophical quality, they certainly lose in human interest.

Another thing that we cannot fail to note, is the evidence everywhere of a mind not only learned, but, what is much more, truly cultured. Take that one sentence: “Truly a spring idyl of Virgil, framed with stormy pictures of Dānte’s Inferno.” That is not the kind of sentence which is within the reach of mere superficial students of the great books of the world. One must have absorbed the very essence and spirit of them, and possessed them, as a real moral inheritance, before they can come to have this secondary and symbolical value.

THE LIFE OF MATTER.

That Western scientists are beginning to realize the truth of the Eastern teachings in regard to the construction and action of "matter" is becoming more and more evident every day. The investigations of Dr. Jagardis Chunder Bose on the subject of irritability, or response to stimulus, in so-called "dead matter," shows that the Western investigator is approaching the teaching of the *Secret Doctrine* that all matter both "alive" and "dead" is composed of innumerable "lives."

Prof. Bose, though a Hindu by birth, has conducted his investigations on Western lines. He received most of his education in England, graduated from his university with honors, and now holds a chair in Calcutta University, India. For many years he has been experimenting with electric radiation and allied subjects and in his most recent investigations, which are described in his book, "The Response of Matter," Prof. Bose reaches the conclusion that the response to stimulus, which characteristic has heretofore believed to belong to living matter alone, is now shared by what is commonly considered "dead matter"—or at any rate by metals.

During a course of experiments on receivers for wireless telegraphy Prof. Bose attempted to construct artificial organs of sense and he succeeded in devising apparatus that transmitted impressions received from without, these impressions being recorded by an electrical recorder just in the same way that our sense organs, the ear for example, send messages from the outside to be recorded by the brain.

Says *The Review of Reviews* in discussing Prof. Bose's book:

It is hardly to his mind a question of similarity, but rather of identity. For what is the distinctive characteristic of life? Is it not the power to respond to external stimulus? We pinch or pass an electric shock through the arm, and a visible twitch shows that the muscle is still living. A dead body does not respond when pinched or shocked; the sudden twitch is thus an indication of life. Physiologists make the twitching muscle record its autograph on a traveling strip of paper, and the autographic record tells the history of the muscle, the story of its stress and strain. When it is fresh the writing is bold and strong, as fatigue proceeds it is in-

distinct, and when the muscle dies the record comes to a stop. These are, however, but gross indications of the vital condition. There are other and subtler processes which cannot be so easily detected. Nervous impulses, for instance, are transmitted without any visible changes in the nerve. Yet when a flash of light falls on the eye, something is sent along the optic nerve to the brain, there to be interpreted (or recorded) as visual sensations. This visual impulse, produced by the stimulus of light, is an electric impulse.

These electric sensations are regarded as the signs of life, external stress, like light and sound, give rise to them, and the electric currents thus set up excite the brain and cause sensation. But when the organism dies, accidentally or otherwise, the living mobility of its particles ceases, the stress-pulse can no longer be sent along the nerves, and there is an end of response.

The electric twitch in answer to external stress is thus the perfect and universal sign of life, and the autographic records of these electric twitches show us the waxing and waning of life. Their gradual decline shows the effect of fatigue, their exaltation the climax of artificial stimulation, rapid decline the anesthetic action of chloroform, total abolition, the end of life.

But is this electric impulse, the sign of life, entirely confined to living things? Is it quite wanting in what we know as the inorganic?

By means of Dr. Bose's instrument this question can be answered definitely, for when the metals were stimulated by a pinch they also made their autographic records by electric twitches, and thus, being responsive, showed that they could in no sense be called "dead"! Nay, more, it was found that given the records for living muscles, nerves and metals, it was impossible to distinguish one record from the other. For the metals also, when continuously excited, showed gradual fatigue; as with ourselves, so with them, a period of repose revived their power of response,—even a tepid bath was found helpful in renewing their vigor; freezing brought on cold torpidity, and too great a rise in temperature brought heat rigor.

Death can be hastened by poison. Then can the metals be poisoned? In answer to this was shown the most astonishing part

of Prof. Bose's experiments: A piece of metal which was exhibiting electrical twitches was poisoned; it seemed to pass through an electric spasm, and at once the signs of its activity grew feebler, till it became rigid. A dose of some antidote was next applied; the metal began slowly to revive, and after a while gave its normal response once more.

The tracings of the instrument used by Prof. Bose to record these impulses—an instrument similar to that used for recording the human pulse beats,—show this phenomena to such a degree that it is impossible to say whether the tracings have been made by a person, a plant or a metal. Where the effect is shown of stimulant exciting the electric pulse of metal, the tracing is practically identical with that made by the human pulse under the same conditions, and the tracing shown by a nerve, a plant and a metal, where the same poison was used to abolish the response to sensation, are so nearly alike that it is almost impossible to say which is which.

To the Western scientist these researches of Prof. Bose open a new and vast field of inquiry and speculation. We see that no longer can the hard-and-fast line be drawn between that which is called living and that which is called dead, between the organic and the inorganic, between that which responds to stimulus and that which does not. In both we see matter as a whole possessing irritability and passing through the states of responsiveness and irresponsiveness; the animal, the plant and the metal responding to stimulus in many cases identical.

It is but another confirmation of the old Eastern teachings, the teachings that we found and lost and now are slowly finding again. We realize that animal, plant and stone, while outwardly different, are all part of, and are equally identified with the great Whole, and we are brought a step nearer to the breaking down of the barrier of separateness.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

VOL. 8.

JANUARY, 1903

No. 9

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“There are two ways in which to gain occult information: one is to need it for further advance, to be unable to advance without it; the other is to need it for another, to receive it for another’s information. In either case it is in answer to a *need*.”

“There is but one test of character,—the effect we produce on others. It is a solemn thought, and one worthy our deepest consideration. Each creature we contact must be left the better for that contact, must have received inspiration and an impulse towards a higher life. In our atmosphere they must breathe the air of lofty altitudes, and catch glimpses of the heavenly glory. It matters little what you may say, for through your words another voice is speaking—the voice of your Inner Self.

“‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’ Yea, verily. And if you will not receive it now, Karma will prove it you in time. There is no eluding this primary duty. What we are determines it, not what we do. Our mere presence in a room leaves its ineffacable imprint upon that place, influencing not merely those immediately present, but in varying, though exact degree, all who may thereafter enter it. Realize fully that the uttermost parts of the universe are different because you are in existence.

“You will be humble, not proud, if this stupendous idea once possesses you, though the divinity within will rise with added power from its stimulating contemplation.”

CAVÉ.

THE EARLY RACES

IN THE POPOL VUH.

(Continued.)

III.

The story of the "manikins wrought of wood," is ostensibly a cosmic myth, with a brief irruption of the almost universal Deluge legend—so conspicuously absent from the archaic story of Egypt—which here has a touch of volcanic coloring, reminding us that we are in the region where volcanic cataclysms, from Quetzal-tenango to Mont Pelée, have so recently thrilled the world with horror. Incidentally, we may note that there are points of comparison between this Popol Vuh deluge legend and a story of great renown, which at least alleges Egypt as its source: Plato's account of the destruction of Atlantis. These two both give the catastrophe a volcanic coloring, as contrasted with the Deluges of Genesis, and of the Chaldean and ancient Aryan Scriptures.

But there is really a great deal more in the Popol Vuh story than a creation myth. And one cannot help detecting the sly smile with which the narrator mingles that vanished and mythical race of manikins with the people who now inhabit the earth,—our worshipful selves, for example. There is a fine moral to the story; indeed, one may say that it carries the Golden Rule into wholly new regions, which other nations in their moralisings have left altogether unimproved. Oriental nations, in general, are not sensitive in their treatment of animals, and hardly anyone who has visited an Eastern city, from Constantinople to Peking, has failed to enlarge on the miserable lot of the homeless, shelterless and generally dinnerless dogs that roam the streets, and display their leanness to the sun. This cruelty to animals has produced a reaction, embodied in the precepts of some Oriental religions, such as Buddhism, and, even more strongly, its first cousin, Jainism. I have known a group of Jaina capitalists buy up the fishing of the Bhagirathi river for many miles, avowedly in the interest of the poor little fish, and somewhat forgetful of the well-being of the fishermen, whose hovels dot the river bank, among the scented acacias with their yellow nobs of bloom. And we have all heard of the Pinjra Pala, or hospital for

sick tigers, buffaloes, jackals and the like, in Bombay, where holy fanatics give their blood to provide breakfasts for decrepit fleas. But these are the exception. In the East, callousness about the feelings of animals is the rule. In the West, the universal presence of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals at once attests our humanity and the great need for it.

So that the appeal for the dogs and fowl is not quite unprecedented. But outside the Popol Vuh it would be difficult to parallel the plea put forward for the better treatment of inanimate things. There is a wonderful vigor of fancy in this picture of the lords of creation sublimely impressed with their superiority, and maltreating and misusing everything they come in contact with, even to their pots and pans, their dishes and their ovens. If the power to see ourselves in others be the supreme test of morals, then this little sermon of the nameless archaic Guatemalan must take a high place among the precepts and homilies of the world.

But the finest quality of the story is peculiarly American. This mixing up of high and serious matters like the Creative divinities and their wrath against mankind with open fun and merry-making reminds us of the theology of Budge and Toddy,—those epoch-makers in the child-literature of the world; or, even more strongly, of the Biblical moralisings of Huck Finn's dusky friend Jim, who was "more down on Sollermun" than any nigger he ever knew. There is high reverence in the Popol Vuh story; and in other parts of the same scripture, there are prayers full of a noble spirit of sincere and deep religion. Yet this real veneration for things venerable is quite compatible, here, as in the modern American parallels, with a spirit of mischief and humor. Here is a marked contrast with the almost unbroken seriousness, even gloom, of the Semitic scriptures, from the earliest Babylonian tablets to the Koran. In the Semitic books we often find a sardonic and biting wit, which finds a modern analogue in certain Scottish anecdotes; but of genuinely good-natured humor—and humor is essentially good-natured—the Semitic records have hardly a trace. Humor comes of a sense of power, joined with a humane entering into the feelings of others; and, where the Semites have had the humanity, as in certain of the Prophetic books and the New Testament, they have lacked the power. Where power was present, as with the Baby-

lonian conquerors or the Moslems, there seems to have been none of that ability to see oneself in others which is the distinctive mark of veritably human life.

In a famous Vedic hymn, the chanting Brahmans round their altars are likened to the green and brown frogs, croaking with joy around a pool, when the hard earth is cooled and softened by the rains. Another Sanskrit funny story of Vedic age likens the same reverent sacrificers to a row of white dogs, each holding the tail of his predecessor in his mouth, as the white robed Brahmans held the hem of each others' garments, as they marched solemnly around the sacrificial fire. Later Sanskrit fables have as their comic characters mice, crows, elephants, jackals, and, last but not least, monkeys. And it is worth noting that in India the monkeys are regarded as degenerate human beings, and not ourselves as their progressive and pushing descendants. We all remember the famed monkey-king, Hanuman, in the epic of Rama and Sita, with his character for bravery, magnanimity, and high chivalry. There would be less reluctance to own an ancestor like that. Indeed, if we are to credit popular tradition in India, we have no choice; for they say that we Westerners are the offspring of a colony of Hanuman's Simian folk and the outer barbarians among whom they settled, perhaps an allusion to the primitive Aryan invasion mingling with the Euskarians or Silurians, or whatever we call the cave men and their forbears, of paleolithic or eolithic times.

Indeed it is impossible for anyone living in a land also inhabited by monkeys not to be struck by the wizened humanity of much of their lives; they are fanciful and erratic, it is true, but they are in reality far more full of purpose and consecutiveness than the creator of the Bandar-log admits. A recent traveler in the land of the Popul Vuh, for instance, writes of them thus: "high up on the wild fig-trees were black, long-tailed monkeys, common and tame, their wonderfully human faces peering down at the intruders, the mothers clasping their hairy little babies to their breasts with one arm, and with the other scratching their heads in a puzzled manner." The same writer speaks of a little, white-faced monkey with "a face nearly devoid of hair, and as white as a European," so impossible is it to avoid comparisons between Simian and man.

No wonder, then, that the second funny story in the Popul Vuh

is also concerned with monkeys, and, as before, with a markedly anti-Darwinian conviction that monkeys are degenerate men. This second story purports to relate events of a much later cycle than the first, and there are echoes in it of doings known to us from the earliest Central American chronicles, several of which we possess. The tale is so well told, that I give it in full, just as the author of the Popol Vuh left it; premising, merely, that it is the sequel of a very remarkable narrative comparable, perhaps, to the Homeric and Vergilian journeys to Hades:

“We shall now relate the birth of Hunahpu and Shbalanqué. This is their birth which we are going to relate: when she had reached the day of their birth, the young woman, names Shqui, brought forth.

“The old woman was not present, however, when they were born; they were produced instantaneously, and both were delivered, Hunahpu and Shbalanqué were their names, and in the mountains were they born.

“Then they were brought to the house; but they would not sleep: ‘Go, throw them out of doors, for they do nothing but cry!’ said the old woman. Then they put them on an ant-heap, but their sleep there was sweet; so they took them away from there, and laid them on thorns.

“But the desire of Hunbatz and Hunchouen was, that they should die on the ant-hill; they desired it because they were their rivals, and because they were an object of envy to Hunbatz and Hunchouen.

“In the beginning, their young brothers were not received by them in the house; these did not know them at all, and so they were reared in the mountains.

(To be continued.)

THE PERFECT NUMBER.

The article which follows embodies the speculations of a student, and makes no claim to authority. It deals, perhaps, with theories rather than with matters of direct experience.—EDITOR.

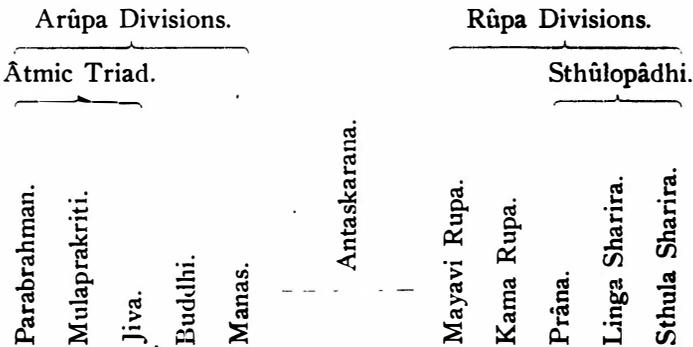
The number *Ten* as well as *One*, is Physical Man's key-note. The number *One* is the symbol expressing Man's unity with the All-Being, the Absolute; and *Ten* indicates the perfect or complete number of his principles or parts, however imperfectly we may divide and name them.

There are many classifications of man's principles; some are more helpful than others; perhaps none are entirely worthless, and each and all serve in some degree the purpose, that of throwing more light on the true nature, and complex constitution of Man, and his relation to the Kosmos. It should be remembered that none of these classifications, however complete or helpful, are hard and fast divisions, for human acts are always involved in faults.

Man should be regarded as a Spiritual Essence manifesting in countless different ways. For convenience, these different manifestations are given names. This Essence manifests on all planes and these planes are generally called Atma, Buddhi, Manas, etc. The most natural classification, perhaps, and the one usually adopted, is that having seven divisions, and this is the one we are all, as students, more or less familiar with. This classification is natural for the reason that it corresponds closely with the seven rays or colors of the spectrum, the seven tones of the musical scale, etc., etc., but however presented, or the names arranged, the sevenfold classification is not complete nor does it enable one to thoroughly understand the nature or composition of oneself. Again, to be accurate, different classifications are necessary for different individuals, depending upon their development—the points of evolution reached by the Divine Ray, for each one is different. We know that a Nirmânakâya has no physical body and that his Kamic principle is changed, and we know also that the principles of an Adept are much different from those of a mere student, as the latter is different from one less developed. Doubtless, a classification that would be true for one would be inaccurate for another. It is said that there is no perfect and esoteric classification of the principles; and if it must

differ with each individual, we can easily see that this statement must be true. Nevertheless, we can give certain broad, general indications which approximate the truth in the average case. There are only four basic elements besides the Absolute or the Unknowable, making five, which go to the making of Man, and the others are but aspects of these. We have first the Absolute, out of which all proceeds; the Primordial Substance, an aspect of Parabrahman which is called Mulaprakriti; the Spiritual Essence, Life, that is called Jiva; the principle of Desire, which is Buddhi; and we have the principle of Consciousness which is Manas. These five basic principles divide up into, or furnish the motive force back of, and the substance for, others; and we can have five, seven, ten or fourteen or forty-nine, or almost any number of principles we wish, and they may be equally correct, for much depends upon the point of view. It may also be said that no series of names or lists or classifications would make the matter any clearer, if the fundamental fact as above stated, is not grasped.

Having then five basic principles to deal with, including the Absolute or Parabrahman, and knowing that these basic principles, as well as other things, are dual in their nature, *i. e.*, have a material or form side, as well as a spiritual or life side, and further, to gain the number *Ten*, the so-called "Perfect Number," let us double these five basic principles, and arrange them with their more material counterparts in order—in sequence—beginning with the finest spiritual principle on one side, and ending with the coarsest material principle on the other side, and examine and consider them as so arranged.



As the Universe, the Macrocosm is Ten in One, so is the Microcosm Ten in One. As the cosmic planes are Ten in One, so are the human planes Ten in One. "As above, so below," is an Hermetic aphorism which applies to all esoteric instruction. "In their completeness, *i. e.*, super-spiritually and physically, the forces are TEN," was said by H. P. B.

I am aware that in the above arrangement all the names are not in reality principles, but this is equally true of the seven-fold classification. The Sthûla Sharira or physical body is not a principle; it is rather an upâdhi, but as it is a vehicle of consciousness and a step downward in the scale of matter, it must be considered. It is the denser part of the Linga Sharira or Etheric Double, and both are molecular in their constitution, as in fact are all the Astral Bodies, however etherealized their composition may be. The Linga Sharira or the Etheric Double is the medium and vehicle of Prana. We know also that Prana is not a principle. It is not made up of the lives nor the cells and molecules of the physical body. It is the parent of the lives. It is Jiva. Its source is the universal One Life, or Jiv-âtma. In cosmos it proceeds from the Ten divinities, the Ten numbers of the Sun, which is itself the "Perfect Number." These numbers are the forces in Space, three of which are contained in the Sun's Atman or seventh principle, and seven are the rays shot out by the Sun. Atman or Jiva is the One Life which permeates the Monadic Trio. This is why it is said that Prana and the Cosmic Jiva are essentially the same, and again, that as Jiva, it is the same as the Universal Deity. In reality Prana has no number as it pervades every other principle, or the human total. Each number would thus be applicable, naturally, to Prana-Jiva, as it is to the Cosmic Jiva.

Again, Âtma has been named as the seventh or highest principle exoterically, yet we know it is no individual principle, but a radiation *from* and *one with* the Unmanifested Logos. Jiva, the "Luminous Egg," is one of the chief principles, for it is the direct emanation from the "Great Ray" in its triple aspect. It is therefore clear that the above ten-fold classification should not be objected to for the reason that it contains numbers that are not principles, for this would preclude many classifications which are accepted as valuable.

Then again, we know that there is something beyond *Ātmâ* or *Jiva*, for *Atma* has three hypostases, its contact with nature and man being the fourth. We have in other words, the "Upper" or Primordial Triangle wherein the *Logos*, creative ideation and the subjective-potentiality of the formative faculty reside, the "One in Three." You may find this presented clearly in the *Vishnu Purana*, and though it is somewhat difficult to trace in the *Upanishads*, one can find it in many places. In the *Kathopanishad* we find that when we have, in the search after Spirit, gone through *Manas* to *Buddhi*, we come to *Ātmâ*, and that beyond *Ātmâ* there is the Unmanifested, and that beyond the Unmanifested, which I have named *Mulaprakriti*, (though another name may be thought better), there is the Absolute which I have named *Parabrahman*. Thus we get the fact, as beautifully put in the *Building of the Kosmos*, "that between the Spirit in man, and that beyond which there is nought, there is given but one stage, the Unmanifested. What is the underlying thought of that presentation? It is to tell those whose eyes are opened, that to the Spirit in man there is but One between it and that which is unknowable." So we find the same foundation as that of the *Shâstras*, you find first postulated *Parabrahman*, on which nothing may be said, and then *Mulaprakriti*, the veil thrown over it. *Mulaprakriti* is undifferentiated substance. The *Logos* is *Parabrahman* manifested as *Mulaprakriti*. (See *Notes on the Bhagavad Gita* by Subba Row, pp. 10-11).

I want to show now how the five principles on the form side correspond with the five principles on the life side, and to do this, I will divide them and arrange them thus:

<i>Arûpa.</i>	<i>Rûpa.</i>
Manas.	Mayavi Rupa.
Buddhi.	Kama Rupa.
Jiva.	Prana.
Mulaprakriti.	Linga Sharira.
Parabrahman.	Sthula Sharira.

Here we have *Mayavi Rupa* or Lower *Manas* opposite *Manas* or Higher *Manas*, the latter representing the Life, the Consciousness, the Ego, the former the vehicle or body of the Life. We know that Higher and Lower *Manas* are two aspects of one and the

same principle. We have been told also that, "In truth and in nature, the two minds, the spiritual and the physical, are one, though separate at reincarnation."

The terrestrial man is reflected in the universe of matter, so to say, upside-down, and this is why the grossest material principle is opposite the finest spiritual principle. Lower Manas is said to be enthroned in Kama Rupa, because it acts through it upon the lower bodies.

The Higher Self is shapeless and without form. It is a state of consciousness, a breath, not a body. The highest form is the Mayavi Rupa. We see from this how natural is our division between the two sets of five principles, though *this* division is imaginary. It is this Mayavi Rupa which at times becomes the form called the Augoeides, the Seventh or highest aspect, the "Radiant." This form is that of the physical body, or similar to it, when not modified by will-power. It is a plastic potency. There is far more to this subject, however, that cannot be discussed at present. H. P. B. said in *Lucifer* that the Kama or desire principle is used by the Adept as the vehicle for the Mayavi Rupa. The Adepts' Kama Rupa is purified and partakes more of the nature of Buddhi than that of the ordinary person. In an Adept the Mayavi Rupa contains the whole man minus the physical body; it is the middle self and the body of the Adept. It is the seat of the emotions and feelings as well as of the thoughts. It is the human soul.

In Manas is the Higher Ego or Self. When It has gained individual self-consciousness on all the planes, there is no Self higher than It. It is Parabrahman. It is Ishwara. In truth there are not five or three bodies; but one body or double under five or three aspects or phases, as the case may be.

There are two principles or aspects of Manas, and there are two principles of that in which desire inheres. Buddhi and Higher Manas are always linked closely together in our philosophy, in fact are inseparable; and this is true also of the Mental Body and Kama Rupa. Kama Rupa is the Astral Body formed of astral matter, and it is the finest part of matter of this body that clothes the "Ray" which proceeds from the Ego, and forms the Mental Body.

Will and desire are the higher and lower aspects of one and the same thing, and both inhere in Buddhi as well as in Kama. The

desires of Buddhi are pure and spiritual; the desires of Kama are more material and therefore more selfish. To get rid of Kama does not mean to get rid of *all* desire, as some think, but to crush out all material, sensual, worldly or selfish desires; to destroy the "lunar body" is to purify the Kama Rupa, not to annihilate it nor disintegrate it, for it should be remembered that Kama, while having as part of it bad passions, emotions and animal instincts, yet helps us to evolve by giving the desire and impulse necessary for rising. In Kama Prana are the physical elements which impel to growth both physically and psychically, and without these energetic and turbulent elements, progress could not be made. Even the Adepts cannot dispense with it entirely. We are, therefore, only to dominate and purify Kama, until only its energy is left, as it were, that energy to be directed wholly by the Manasic Will to the helping and uplifting of humanity. Esoterically, Buddhi reaches perfection only through the Higher Manas, although exoterically it is said to perceive and to be the Perceiver. The consciousness of the senses, being that of the molecules, is in Atma-Buddhi, and is without Manas, *i. e.*, the Manasic Upadhi is not developed in the molecule, though it is latent in it. There is no self-consciousness in the molecule nor in the cell composed of molecules. It is Prana that awakes the kamic germs to life and makes all desires vital and living. It is Jiva that animates Buddhi.

There are said to be enormous mysteries connected with both Kama-Manas and Buddhi-Manas. As Buddhi receives its light from Jiva, so Kama Rupa receives its (lower) light from Prana. As the rational qualities come to Kama from Lower Manas, so do these qualities in a more spiritual sense come to Buddhi from Higher Manas. The *Key to Theosophy*, page 81, in referring to Buddhi, says: "Now the latter conceals a mystery which is never given to anyone with the exception of irrevocably pledged chelas, or those at any rate who can be trusted. Of course, there would be less confusion, could it be told; but as this is directly concerned with the power of projecting one's double consciously and at will, and as this gift, like the 'ring of Gyges,' would prove very fatal to man at large and to the possessor of this faculty in particular, it is carefully guarded. A mystery below, and a mystery above, truly." While we are unable to unravel the mysteries, we can at least per-

ceive a very close similarity between Buddhi and Kama Rupa, the principles opposite each other in our second ten-fold arrangement. One is almost led to think that these two principles represent the duality of one and the same thing, or in other words, the life aspect and the form aspect combined. This is said, of course, when leaving the question of purity from consideration; but what is purity, but freedom from that which is undesirable? A very plain suggestion which may help us, is given on page 70 of the *Key*, as follows: "You have to learn the difference between that which is negatively or passively irrational because too active and positive."

In the *Secret Doctrine*, Kama is called the king and lord of the Apsarases. Again, he is called the monarch of the gods. Kama in *Rig Veda* is the personification of that feeling which leads and propels to creation. Desire was the First Movement that stirred the ONE after its manifestation from the purely Abstract Principle, to create. "Desire first arose in It, which was the Primal Germ of Mind, and which Sages, searching with their intellect, have discovered to be the bond which connects Entity with Non-Entity." (*S. D. II*, p. 185). A Hymn in the *Atharva Veda* exalts Kama into a Supreme God and Creator, and states that, "Kama was born the first. Him, neither Gods nor Fathers [Pitris] nor Men have equalled." Kama is said to have been born from the heart of Brahmâ, therefore he is Âtmâbhû, "Self-Existent," and Aja, the "unborn." (*S. D. II*, p. 186). If unborn, then eternal, permanent.

Buddhi has been called intuition, and Kama is said to be instinct. There is no real difference between the two. The development of Manas has crushed these to a great extent, has obscured or concealed them, but they will again be uncovered, for "there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed." Kama during life does not form a body which can be separated from the physical body. It is intermolecular, answering molecule for molecule to the physical body, and inseparable from it molecularly. A form, yet not a form. This is the Inner or Astral Man in whom are located the centers of sensation, the psychic senses, and on whose intermolecular rapport with the physical body all sensation and purposive action depend. At death every cell and molecule gives out this essence, and from it, with the dregs of the Cosmic Jiva is formed the separate Kama Rupa. Kama Rupa is the structure of the Psychic Man.

This ten-fold arrangement may not appeal to one who has never associated Parabrahman with the Sthûla Sharira, or the Physical Body, nor Mûlaprakriti with the Etheric Double or Linga Sharira, but when we remember that the lower Ternary or lower functional organs are associated and connected with the Higher Atmic Triad, or the "Three in One," it will not seem so sacrilegious. "To those who are pure, nothing is impure."

It will be noticed that our arrangement also agrees with the double line of evolution, and also with the cycles. Extremes meet. Certain ancient occult rules say that desire for existence in a formless state and desire for existence in a form state, are both equally erroneous, and should be abandoned.

Both sets of five principles are equally important. One set is dependent upon the other for development. The Gods do feed upon Men. One set of five form the vehicles for the corresponding set of life principles. The Manasic Body is the shadow of the Higher Ego; Kama Rupa is the shadow of the Spiritual Soul or Buddhi; Prana is the shadow of the Universal Life, Jiva; and in fact, the lowest or most material three, often called the Sthûlopadhi, is the shadow of the "Three in One" or "One in Three," the Unknowable. This arrangement shows also why the effect of the Sun on Man is connected with Kama-Prana, and that of the Moon chiefly with Kama-Manas. Verily, the Middle Path is the right path.

Manas and its body with Atma-Buddhi form together the mirror in which is reflected Parabrahman, the One Self. The Higher Self is a spark of the Universal Spirit which is eternal, yet senseless on this plane.

In conclusion, it is worth while to remember that neither the cosmic planes of substance, nor even the human principles, with the exception of the lowest material plane or world, and the physical body, can be located or thought of as being in Space and Time.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

AN INQUIRY: I.

While the author of those admirable articles on "Ancient and Modern Physics," which we have all so greatly profited by, was still, to use his own phrase, manifested on the prakritic plane of the Cosmos, an outline of the following speculations was sent to him by the present writer, with much diffidence, and with a request for his valued opinion on their validity. The author of "Ancient and Modern Physics" was very kind about it, as indeed he was in all things, and went so far as to say that the matter of the inquiry appeared to him valuable, and should be carried to a further point of speculation, if opportunity offered.

No particular opportunity for enlarging and elaborating these speculations has occurred, so we must present them to our readers in their crude, unadorned form, hoping that, at least, they may interest some, and at best may, perhaps, stir some others to carry the matter further, in some more extended inquiry.

Well, to begin with, "Ancient and Modern Physics" divided our Cosmos into four manifested and three unmanifested planes. Of these, we shall speculate on the four manifested planes only. These, taking them in their order from below, were, it will be remembered: first, the prakritic, the lowest and most material; second, the etheric; third, the pranic, or vital; and fourth and highest, the manasic or mental,—the joining-place, as it were, of the manifested world with the unmanifested and spiritual.

It has been borne in upon the present writer that, if there are these four planes or classes of outer cosmic substance, each of them must have its appropriate forces, the peculiar modes of spiritual action belonging to that plane. So that, if we have four planes of matter, we must also have four classes of force, in the outer and manifested Cosmos; or, to put it in another way, the outer and manifested forces must be divided into four distinct groups.

Granted, then, that there must be four groups or classes of force. The present writer must confess that his clear convictions hardly go farther than this; and that, in what follows, his thoughts begin to grow nebulous and blurred. He is, indeed, in some doubt as to which class nearly all of our known forces should belong; but,

conquering diffidence, he will proceed to put on record the crude products of his mind, rather hoping to be corrected by some wiser head.

Well, then, there come, first, the atomic forces, as we may call them: the forces which attract atom to atom in, say, a piece of lead; the same forces which, with evidently altered polarity, drive atom from atom in a vessel of hydrogen. And here comes the first objection, the first opportunity for the wiser head to correct and revise. For these atomic forces are evidently correlated with another quite different kind of force, which we call heat; in fact, if we heat the lead, and in proportion as we heat it, the atoms cease to be drawn together, and the atomic forces are thereby neutralized and overcome. Just the same thing with the hydrogen. By adding or withdrawing heat, we can increase or diminish the atomic repulsion. What, then, are we going to do about it? This is how it seems to us: though correlated with each other, the atomic forces and heat are really quite distinct, and each remains fixed in quantity, though locking, as it were, into the other. Take an ounce of lead, or an ounce of gold, if the former suggestion sounds too murderous; heat it, cool it, melt it, solidify it; change the temperature to any extent, and in any way; and, at the end of it all, you still have exactly an ounce of lead or gold; that is, a certain number, even though an uncounted or countless number of lead or gold atoms, or, to coin a new phrase, a definite and unchangeable residuum of leadness or goldness: that is, a fixed and constant quantity of atomic force, which the so-called transformation of energy does not in any sense transform. In other words, the present writer is inclined to disbelieve in the transformation of energy between two classes of force, as least while the present arrangement of the Cosmos holds.

Even at this point of consideration of the atomic forces, two things will have already suggested themselves to the reader, as they have suggested themselves to the writer. The first is, that, after all, these atomic forces are only, perhaps, relatively permanent, because we can conceive of gold and lead being resolved into some common primal matter, neither lead nor gold, but anterior to both, and then what becomes of the leadness, or the goldness, which we decided to be a constant quantity? Or, in other words, if your atoms be sub-divided into ions, what becomes of the forces embodied in

your atoms? Clearly they too must be sub-divided, and so cease to be the unchangeable total we spoke of. But, after all, we reply, these ions are quite in harmony with our theory, according to which the prakritic elements are built up from more tenuous etheric elements, to which class the ions presumably belong. And the connection of these ions with electric corpuscles points to the same conclusion.

The second point of consideration is, that when we say an *ounce* of lead or of gold, we at once imply something that greatly complicates the whole inquiry. We have already had to extricate our atomic forces from the grasp of heat; we now find them entangled in the net of a force far more subtle than heat: the force of gravity. For to say an *ounce* of anything, implies gravity; since we estimate an ounce, or indeed any weight, by the pull of gravity exercised on a certain mass of a body; and we then speak of that pull as an ounce, or so many ounces. So that, if we say an ounce of lead or gold, we admit that our atomic forces interlink with the force of gravitation.

That is clearly so: there is no way of getting out of it. But we need not thereby be discouraged; for, gravity or no gravity, heat or no heat, our ounce of lead or gold continues to constitute just so much leadness or goldness, no less and no more; and this is constant so long as lead is lead and gold is gold.

So, then, we assign to our first or prakritic plane the atomic forces; in virtue of which lead is lead, and gold is gold, and each and every one of the chemical elements is that element and not another element. So far so good.

(*To be continued.*)

“THE MAGICIANS OF THE BLUE HILLS.”

(Continued.)

Humorous passages cannot be said to gain by piecemeal quotation; yet I am tempted to gather a sentence here and there, from the first chapter of the “Blue Hills,” rather for the pleasure of doing it, than with any idea that I am doing the subject justice.

Take, for instance, the sentence on the elephants, which, feeling that their end is coming, “plunge into deep mud, and quietly prepare for Nirvana.” Or this, concerning another kind of great ones: “the slumbering livers of the Honorable Fathers of the East India Company woke up; those poor livers of theirs which were torpid, no less than their brains; and, besides, their mouths began to water. At first, no one knew precisely where all these tempting things were to be had.” Or take this reflection: “Between ‘then’ and ‘now,’ there lies an abyss, across which is spread the fearful shadow of ‘Imperial prestige.’ However, there is this consolation, that there exists no difference between ‘then’ and ‘now,’ for the forests and marshes of Koimbatour, as to the leprosy, the fevers, and the elephant-legs, which they freely distribute to their inhabitants and visitors.” In answer to the question, “what is a shikari?” Mme. Blavatsky replies: “The attire of a shikari consists of an assortment of hunting knives, a powder-flask, made out of a buffalo-horn, an ancient flint-lock, which flashes in the pan, nine times out of ten, and, for the rest, his skin. The shikari looks so old, and so sickly, and his stomach is drawn in so tightly, as if by hunger or pain, that a tender-hearted tourist (not a native, of course, and not an Anglo-Indian), is invariably tempted to administer to him a dose of soothing syrup. When out of employment, the poor shikari can scarcely crawl, and his old back is bent nearly double. Taken all in all, he is a painful sight. But, let a sportsman-sahib call out to him, let him show a few rupees to the shikari, and in an instant the old wretch will look erect and strong, and will be ready for any sport. Once the bargain concluded, he will bend again, and crawl cautiously and slowly away, his body all wrapped in aromatic herbs, so that no beast of prey should scent ‘human flesh.’”

That is an instance of humour, as contrasted with wit; look at the kindness of it all; we see at once that the writer has a sort

of liking for the old rascal, and has herself very possibly administered "soothing syrup" to him—in the shape of a few rupees.

The way Mme. Blavatsky mentions for the first time the true heroes of her book, the wonderful tribe of the Todas, is extremely characteristic. The fun is there, even the white man's good natured incredulity before wonders ascribed to unknown savages. Yet listen to the masterly way in which in a few words she awakens your own love of the mysterious, your own unacknowledged, yet intense, longing for the mysterious:

"Further they said . . . what did they say? This, for instance: on this side of the rain clouds the mountains are not inhabited, so far as visible and palpable mortals are concerned, but on the other side of the "angry water," *i. e.*, water-fall, on the sacred heights of Todabet, Mukkartebet and Rangaswami, there lives an unearthly tribe, a tribe of sorcerers, of demi-gods.

"They live surrounded by an everlasting spring, they do not know either rains, or droughts, either heat, or cold. Not only do they never marry or die, but they actually are never born: their babies fall from the sky ready made and then are "growed," to use the original expression of Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No mortal has ever succeeded in reaching these heights, and no one ever will, unless he is allowed to do so after death.

"For, as it is well-known to the Brahmans—and who is entitled to know better than they? the demigods of the Nilgiris have just let a part of their abode, out of respect to the god Brahma, so that a temporary *svarga* may be arranged there,—I suppose, the entresoles of the real place being under repairs at the time."

After many pages of brilliant and absorbingly interesting digressions, usual to her, Mme. Blavatsky resumes her account of how two daring Europeans saw for the first time the White and the Black Magicians of the Nilgiris: the Todas and the Mulu-kurumbas.

"Their weary legs refused to serve them altogether. Kindersley, who was stronger than Whish, did not want to lose precious time; as soon as he was able to stand, he started on an exploration round the hill. He was determined to note every possible detail of their surroundings, which would allow them to make their escape again into the plains; a hard task in the chaos of cliffs and jungles, which stood before his eager eyes. But his exploration was soon

interrupted. Whish stood before him, unable to say a word, ghastly, pale and shivering as if in a fit of fever. With his outstretched arm he convulsively pointed to the distance. Looking in the direction of his friend's finger, Kindersley saw, in a small cavity only some hundred feet from them, some kind of human dwelling, and then figures of men. This sight, which to all appearances should have filled them with joy, had quite an opposite effect; both men stood thunderstruck.

"The dwelling was of an uncanny, never heard of, architecture. It had neither windows, nor doors; it was as round as a tower and sheltered by a roof, which, though rounded at the top, was a perfect pyramid. As to the men, both explorers were at a loss to decide whether they were men at all. Their instinct led both of them to take refuge promptly behind a bush, from whence they watched the strange moving shapes with increasing fright and apprehension. In the words of Kindersley, they beheld "a group of giants surrounded by several groups of monstrously ugly dwarfs." Forgetting their hearty laugh at the superstitious Malabaris, and the daring audacity with which their own hearts were filled at the outset, both men were ready to take these wonderful apparitions for the genii and the gnomes of the place.

"This is the way in which Europeans saw for the first time the shapely Todas in the midst of their adorers and tributaries the Badagas, and the servants of these latter, the Mulu-kurumbas, who are truly the abjectest savages of our Globe."

The book is full of weird and remarkable stories, concerning the magical powers of both the Todas and the Mulu-kurumbas. The former are historically the true lords of the soil, the other four tribes of the aborigenes living close to them only because of their toleration. In spite of their magnificent stature and beautiful faces, in the eyes of a European, a Toda cannot be but an unkempt and not overclean savage. Yet the magnetism of the tribe is of the purest. They constantly perform wonderful cures, using nothing but herbs, roots and the light of the sun; all passions and hatred, everything evil abate in their presence, and the evil practices of the malignant dwarfs can take no effect, when they are about. They are free from self-interest of any kind, no greed and no worldly ambition have any hold on them. In fact the Toda lives free, pure

and untrammelled on the lap of the pure and untrammelled mother-nature, and has always been known to live so.

As to the Mulu-kurumba it is quite different. Mme. Blavatsky takes the numberless tales of the evil-eye, that have gathered round the Mulu-kurumbas, and finds in them an Indian parallel to M. Charcot's hypnotic experiments; to the infliction of pains and sufferings by hypnotic suggestion, as practised at the Saltpetrière Hospital. In a word, she finds in the Mulu-kurumbas neither magic nor yet mere empty tales, but rather the development of a natural and real power which has come within the observation of science in quite recent years; but which was none the less real thousands of years before Braid first invented the name of hypnotism.

But for us the charm of Mme. Blavatsky's book lies not so much in the attempt to solve the riddles of Indian magic and mystery by Western scientific analogies; but rather in those matchless pictures of nature, full of life and power, of mingled force and delicacy, which show, that for Mme. Blavatsky, Nature was one great Life; which show that this unrivalled painter of Nature had as least one of the powers of the magician.

MISSING NUMBER:

JANUARY, 1903

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

VOL. 8.

FEBRUARY, 1903

No. 10

MUSIC.

All the elements of our national life, power, ambition, patriotism, sympathy, spring from the Invisible; the life of nations is a gradual revelation of what was hid in the Invisible.

National force reveals itself in action; national feeling and aspiration reveal themselves in art; and every nation has its peculiar art, fitted to its special genius and revelation; as Greek sculpture, Italian painting, English poetry, German philosophy.

The genius of America inclines most to music, the most vivid and stirring of the arts, and through music will come the deepest revelation of American feeling and aspiration, the expression of that part of our life which is in the Invisible.

And the time is fast coming for us to see in music not a mere decorative embroidery of sweet or harrowing sounds, which appeal to our emotions alone, but a profoundly significant language of the soul, which above all stimulates our wills.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

One of the hardships of an editor's life is that an editor must have no opinions. Many and hard as the difficulties and puzzles are, this one, perhaps, is the most serious of all, because it is so hard to abstain from forming definite opinions and still more hard always to know an opinion from a prejudice or a mere fad.

"But if you have no opinions, I hear myself asked, what is it that guides your work?" Why,—a kind of an unspoken instinctive sense of the general drift of things. This is the nearest definition I can give, but devoutly hope that I have said enough to indicate what a potent enemy a well defined, well poised, self-respecting and consistent opinion would be to this vague, yet imperative sense.

Sometimes I get well written articles about things which have a vivid personal interest for me, articles, in fact, which command my immediate good opinion. Yet unquestionable as the merits of such articles are, there are cases when I resignedly pocket my opinion and refuse to print the article.

The fact is, that my sense of the general drift of things knows its own mind and is not to be argued with. And the one quality it positively and relentlessly demands from the articles for the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM is a certain quick touch of the fire of life, with which the author must be consumed, whilst writing, otherwise the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM will have none of him.

Needless to say an article answering the purpose in this respect, may be very deficient in many others: it may be poorly written, it may be suffering from lack of information, occasionally it may be slightly cranky, and often it may ruffle all the pet theories of the editor. Yet if the touch of the fire of life, a touch which cannot be described, but only felt, is present in the article—in it goes.

Good literary style, an ample supply of reliable information, and the sweet reasonableness of the author are very excellent things, and I do my best to secure them for the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM. Yet pleasing as they are, they are not absolutely necessary, and besides they can be had elsewhere. The one absolute condition of this magazine's acceptance is that the article should be so intense in its feeling, so disinterested in its purpose, so sincere and so im-

personal, as never to fail to speak to the souls of the readers in a direct and irresistible way.

It does not matter whether the soul of the reader is stirred into enthusiasm or ruffled into opposition. Be it but a short lived spark, the fire of life in the heart of the author succeeded in enkindling the heart of the reader. For the moment the barrier of separateness was broken, and that is all that was needed. The true purpose of all true literary communication was realized, the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM smiled approval, and my sense of the general drift of things was pacified.

For the real purpose of true literary art—of all art in fact—is just this lifting of the chains of our limitations: the establishing of good understanding between men, otherwise hide bound by the conditions of their lives, the gradual realization of the fact that your pain is my pain, that your interest is my interest, inseparable as we are in the bonds of the commonness of our humanity. And this commonness of our humanity can not be realized, it can not even be dimly perceived without the spark of the fire of life going from one heart into another.

This will explain to all sincere people why the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM publishes the article, which follows, and to which I gave the title of "From a Lonely Comrade," for want of a better.

Of course, it is not justifiable to talk as it does about "our standard Theosophical Society literature," for the Theosophical Society has no literature, unless it is in the sense of the ownership of books, Theosophical literature exclusively and logically belonging to the Theosophical *Movement*, not to the Theosophical *Society*. Of course, the author has no grounds whatever to talk about the prevalence of religious intolerance in our ranks. Never for one day of my life have I given up my devoted allegiance to the Christian church, in which I was brought up, an allegiance which only grows more reasoned and stable with years, yet though no "petted member of any branch," I am the generally accepted editor of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM and likely to continue so, for my sins. And so the "sting," which my Lonely Comrade is inclined to find so "terrible," would be terrible indeed, if it was true, but then it is not. Of course, I could justly put forward, that, though not

“brotherly,” it is distinctly “motherly” to maintain a struggle against one’s lower nature.

Flaws are not difficult to find in the passionate, therefore not controlled appeal of the Lonely Comrade. But I have no desire to do so. The Lonely Comrade knows just as well as I that “Theosophists truly are the happiest of all people,” *if* they are Theosophists. Moreover, the second part of the appeal most adequately and triumphantly disproves most of the accusations made in the first part, with so much pain and bitterness.

Need I remind my public, that besides “Light on the Path,” the “Bhagavadgita,” etc., we also have the “Song of Life,” which not even the sombrest of pessimists could accuse of being sad.

Flaws are easy to find in the letter under discussion. But so they are in every letter, article or book under the sun. But what is not as commonly found, what most literary productions lack altogether, faultless as they may be under every other aspect,—is a quality of entire sincerity, of passionate devotion and sensitive solicitude, which have the right to command our attention and with which the appeal of our Lonely Comrade is permeated.

No doubt whatever, that for these eager eyes, at least, for this burning heart, the countenance of modern Theosophy is “a beloved face” indeed.

And this is my reason for not only printing the appeal in question, but also three different comments on it, independently written by people, who have nothing in common but the very real attention they give to Theosophy.

My purpose is the hope, that every reader will be enkindled into wanting to see into the heart of the matter, and by his sincerity helping our common work.

FROM A LONELY COMRADE.

As one looks sometimes with alien eyes upon a beloved face, not to detect flaws in an ideal, but to get fresh impressions concerning it, so a devoted Theosophist may put himself in the mental attitude of an unprejudiced observer, with a keen desire to find out why the Ancient Wisdom Religion is not welcomed by the world, as other systems of thought have been welcomed.

That the intellectual world does not give Theosophy its true place in modern thought, is a regrettable fact. That the beautiful ethical teachings have not yet permeated the lives of the masses, is still more sad.

Yet Theosophy has had its martyrs. It has been derided, feared, attacked, slandered, almost exterminated; all that any religion requires to gain a large following, and wield a wide-spread influence.

If it is not recognised to-day as the greatest philosophy of life ever given to man, either it has been poorly presented, or else there is some inherent flaw in the sublime teachings apparent to outsiders, and unnoticed by Theosophists.

We may be able to get this impartial view, by taking the criticisms of acquaintances, and the tone of the press, and by re-reading our standard Theosophical Society literature with this object in mind. What were *our* first impressions of Theosophy—before we grew into appreciation of its grandeur of outline, its vast breadth and depth, its majestic heights—all its divinely beautiful teachings?

Did we not first hear that it was a weird wonder-mongering fad,—a craze from the Orient, to be avoided as a plague, or derided as superstitions of the darker ages of the childhood of humanity? Time has proved that it was not a mere fad. People do not live and die heroically for fads, nor do they lightly sacrifice friendships, social position, and church dignities for a craze. How much were our pioneer Theosophists responsible for this common criticism, and the contempt of scholars?

Perhaps sensational methods were necessary evils at first, but we have all regretted, (in private, anyhow), those quasi-oriental robes, those rather tawdry miracles, those startling effects, that

seemed to attract the type of minds that gloat over the astonishing, the mysterious, remote, select, antique, etc.

All these unfortunate aspects, are of course, flaws in the presentation, not in the philosophy. They are counter to the quiet, resistless spirit of the teachings—but alas—they were what the masses heard of Theosophy, during stormy years of press attacks, ridicule, and calumny. It has antagonized many fine natures whose cultured tastes seek simplicity, not bombast; proofs in daily, beautiful living, not endless noisy quarrellings; dignified logical argument, not assertion, (which never could be proved, because of some occult pledge of secrecy—or other!) the fruits of our glorious teachings in *us*, the disciples. Then no more need of stump lectures, cornet solos, crusades, or law-courts!

This flaw in the introduction of Theosophy need not concern us so much now. It is a matter of the gradual refinement of taste among the people. We can be grateful for all the teachings received through our lion-hearted pioneers, and afford to overlook poor taste, and mixed metaphors.

But what of the second flaw, most often criticised by outsiders? “You are the narrowest little sect, to be so bigoted, I ever heard of!” “The orthodox are broad and *tolerant* in comparison to your small society!”

Show these critics the back of this magazine, and they laugh. “Reverence for other people’s forms of faith? Why, the only thing you all agree about, is that the churches are full of hypocrites, or ignorant fools! How very patronising for this tiny sect, to extend the hand of good fellowship to all churches and societies once a month, or at world’s congresses, while your members are bitterly prejudiced against other religious ways of thinking, and your lecturers attack our most cherished ideals!”

There is a terrible sting in this. We have been chosen to teach brotherly love, toleration, reverence for other faiths, and all creeds. Yet earnest Theosophists, who happened to be Christians, are not exactly petted members of our branches! In fact, a Theosophist from some other society is about as obnoxious, as a Christian, or the member (in good standing) of any other denomination in Christendom. We still prefer a coffee-colored brother from one of India’s innumerable sects—to a white neighbor across the street.

Such is human nature! We Theosophists are to prove that our teachings uplift the human, to a divine plane. There are ways of uplifting which do the work as thoroughly, and more lastingly, than kicks. For centuries, humanity has tried to improve itself by violent means, by attacks, rows, noise, fierce denunciations of evils. It is time that we "occultists" (isn't that a comical name?) learned the beauty of the still, small voice, the resistless power of peaceful and loving thought-vibrations. "More than this, cometh of evil!"

Poor taste is not a serious defect in our beloved Society, but the spirit of religious intolerance is an old foe in new disguise. But after all, these little human frailties, (while they may have retarded, and even injured, the cause for a time), cannot be considered as vital defects in our great movement. The one criticism of the teachers, which demands our thought, is one which is made by almost every one, who looks into Theosophy for the first time: "How sad it all is!—Renunciation, sacrifice—eternal struggle upward, awful loneliness!" Now here, perhaps, is the reason why so-called "new thought" sects innumerable are springing up everywhere, flourishing, and generally respected, while Theosophy, (the real source of their supplies), can barely maintain a quorum of followers. By a divinely appointed instinct for the true, man wants Happiness. Whether his lot here be sad, or pleasant, he hungers for good tidings of great joy for a future existence.

And it is true that an insistent, dominant note of sadness is heard not only in the writings of our martyr pioneers, but through the sublimest passages of our greatest books. Take *Light on the Path*,—or *The Voice of the Silence*, or that glorious bible, *The Bhagavad Gita*!

One can readily understand why the lives of our pioneers were sombre and stern and prone to the dark side of things, but a certain bias of mind towards asceticism, and profound sadness is noticeable among our most modern spirits. Birth on any plane is painful. The re-birth of Theosophical thought into the world called for heroic measures, and heroic assistance. There were endless upheavals, excitements, violent struggles and such outcries, that it was a wonder that the Divine Vibration could be heard at all. But after Earth's cataclysmic throes, the Garden of Eden. Those stormy times have passed away. It is time that our glorious teach-

ings produce a glorious race of peace-loving, well poised and royally minded men and women.

We become like what we think upon. Here is our picture: a nature half divine, half demoniac, perpetually fighting gigantic temptations, in a hideous setting of mediæval darkness and despair. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The man at war within, and fighting shadows without, is not a happy, sane, or well-poised character. Is it *brotherly* for one to maintain a struggle *against* his lower nature?

And is it likely that people will turn to him for help and council, if he is covered with gaping wounds, precious life blood, and desolation? The more we dwell on these mental pictures (images) of sorrows, sins, and suffering, the more we multiply their phantom shapes, and give them place and power to assail us. The present is full enough of mirages arisen from neglected and parched desert places in our natures. It does not exactly cheer and encourage a sensitive person to be continually reminded, not only of the burden of Karma inherited from parents, but a grievous spiritual heredity from his past criminal self! Those endless ages of sin coiled behind him, casting a dire black shadow upon his strange and lonely destiny! Beware the awful danger of starting too soon and rashly on the Path! Beware of madness most of the time, but start at once, or risk being swept into the vortex with hosts of idle souls, if we don't!

Quagmires beneath our feet: ghastly serpents lurk beneath every blossom—(excuse mixed metaphors which do not affect the truth of the picture!) ceaseless efforts onward against fearful odds. Seven incarnations of anxious, desperate struggles towards the Path! Tearing out of our human heart-strings, tearless and awful agony, distrusting of even our highest aspirations, lest, after untold ages, we forfeit the great prize, only to find that we have crowned ourselves masters of selfishness, and lost a sweet earth, for an empty heaven.

Certainly, pain and woe are dominant still, but we Theosophists have been taught their mayavic quality—their inherent nothingness. Then of all people we should be happiest. We may think of Theosophy as of the Divine Light—and of ourselves as light-bringers, bearers of good tidings of great joy! We know the limitless power

of thought on the causal plane. However dreary our external circumstances, we can adapt ourselves cheerfully to the working of the Good Law. We are neither chance-tossed accidents of life in a materialistic world, nor are we (what we long believed!) the cringing, terrified, worshippers of a God of wrath or arbitrary love. We know that we are the results of our past choice of thoughts, and the cause of our future destiny. Knowing this, what shall daunt us? It is true that the "Kingdom of heaven must be taken by violence." Once taken, (and it is a *mental* step, from seeming discord, to real happiness, which must be taken, even by violence to our lower senses), the kingdom is ours. We can well afford to ignore illusions of sin, and sorrow, knowing the place of peace within. The master Christ said of evil: "I never knew you!" He refused to give place in His consciousness to even its embodied form in the black magician before Him. We need give no more thought to these old devils of fear, desire, discord—they wither and blow away into nothingness, without our thought! Enough of shadow-fighting! No doubt a black magician is an awful spectacle, and a very tangible danger to his trembling disciples, or to weak souls on his low level of consciousness, but to us, not of his world, he is about as threatening as the mummy of a long-dead Pharaoh, and as powerful. The illusions of others do not harm us. Let the dead go bury their dead. We live in perfect safety just in the measure we realise our innate oneness with the One divine Life. We have put away childish terrors. The mindstuff is plastic. We will make no more mud-pies, scare each other with no more dreadful ghost-stories. Dwelling on such uplifting thoughts as the omnipresence of the Divine Life, where are the ghouls, the viscid swamps, the hideous dreams, the intolerable loneliness of our past spiritual experience? We have studied quite minutely the protozoa of the ocean of life. Cuttle fish have their place, but they will keep to it, if we keep to our's. We prefer to think more upon the great Elder Brothers of humanity, and of our own glorious destiny as chosen servants of the race. The more exultant our happiness, the better we serve.

Suppose we *have* "built for ourselves forms of phantasmal horror?" We can build better,—and we will. Who shall say when our moment of freedom is to come? It may be now—this moment!

Man is ruler of the story and stronger than old bonds of Karma. There is not a dead atom in all the universe, and in each, is the Divine Life! Our real being is in unimaginable bliss, with arch-angels eager to help us, an eternity for work and joy, a myriad brother-soul to share our divine prerogatives.

“Know ye not that ye are gods?”

AN OUTSIDER'S OPINION.

I am asked to express an opinion on the article entitled "From a Lonely Comrade." Not being a member of any Theosophical Society, having but recently become interested in Theosophy, and, moreover, having but a very vague idea of the causes that led to the various differences of opinion, and the final separation of the parent society into the many branches that exist at present, I am unable to express any opinion on the past history of the Theosophical movement, and must limit myself to giving an idea of how, in my opinion, matters stand at present.

In regard to the miracles: were these so called rather tawdry miracles and sensational methods necessary evils? Doubtless they were, under the former dispensation, or we would not have had them. Surely they served to call people's attention to the new teaching, if nothing else. Personally I must confess to a secret longing, at times, for just a little "magic," of the "tea cup" and "astral bell" kind, but, after all, do the miracles, or the absence of them, affect the truths taught by Theosophy in the slightest degree?

Naturally there have been quarrels among Theosophists, as among every body of people gathered together for a particular purpose, since the world began. And mistakes have been made by people, who had the best possible intentions. To become a Theosophist is not to become infallible, and again, these quarrels and mistakes do not affect the truth or falseness of the teachings of Theosophy in the least. If some people have become antagonized, and have given up Theosophy for something else, is it not possible that they have quarrelled with the teacher instead of the teaching, and while apparently following one of the many lines of the "new thought," they in reality are following the old teaching under a new name?

And is the sadness the result of Theosophy? Is it not rather the natural condition of the people who are attracted by its teachings and one reason, at least, why they are attracted? Were not a man tired of material pleasures, wearied of the things of this world and feeling about for something better and more stable, there would be no attraction in Theosophy. Conditions are not readjusted in a day, and it is unreasonable to expect we can toss aside the things

of this world as one would an old garment. There is renunciation—yes. But there also is the desire to renounce, or why should we be willing, though be it only at times, to attempt renunciation?

And is the way so awfully lonely? On the contrary, it seems to me, that there are many people, who have not the faintest idea of what theosophy is, and yet are good Theosophists.

It seems to me, that the Lonely Comrade takes an unwarranted pessimistic view of the present condition of the movement. To one who has been through the campaign, it is always a depressing sight to see the army disbanded and the soldiers returning to their duties as citizens. And that seems to be the position of theosophy to-day. At first the work was done in a body, many hard knocks were given and received and there was the noise and confusion of battle; Theosophy once given out to the world, the work was done and the army of Theosophical workers disbanded to resume their various callings, still bearing in their hearts the teachings which they can no more forget than a conscript can forget his years of military training.

Theosophy is anything but almost exterminated. When we look about us and see the rapidly increasing "new thought" movements, among whose branches there is not one that did not teach some part of Theosophy or something derived from it, we cannot but realize that the work still is going on. Difficult as it is, in many cases, to identify their connection with what is so truly said to be "the real source of all their supplies," still they are the result of the work of Theosophy. And in the forsaking of dogma, the stirring of dry bones, the striving for spiritual things and the broadening of ideas, we see the results for which the early pioneers of Theosophy worked so hard and so bravely.

AN OLD WORKER'S COMMENT.

I have read the article of a Lonely Comrade with interest, so much does it contain of valuable contribution to questions of present-day moment in the Theosophical world, and so many points does it suggest which it is well worth while to consider. To one who has been a student of Theosophy for a long time, and who has moreover participated in the work of the Theosophical Society, many of the objections raised would appear to be easily disposed of by further information, and the clearer understanding such information of necessity would bring. It is of importance that this clearer understanding become more general if possible, and each opportunity that presents itself should be gladly welcomed. Particularly is this so when our own members are concerned; for Theosophy and the Theosophical Society, both, have shared the common lot, in suffering more from the half-knowledge and intense zeal of their adherents than from any other source whatsoever.

The first point I should like to advance therefore,—one of fundamental importance, and one which this article ignores,—is the essential difference between Theosophy and the Theosophical Society. This point is invariably overlooked by the general public, something in no wise to be wondered at since it is an error into which our own members continually fall. The Theosophical Society is merely a *Society*, “with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose.” In the apt words of a fellow student, “the Theosophical Society has no doctrines, and is merely a place of inquiry,—an ante-room, where the news of the spiritual world are laid out on tables, for every one to take exactly what he pleases.” This was the idea of the original founders; it has always been the idea of those in charge of the government and organization of the Society; and when anyone in a position of prominence or authority has held otherwise, a careful survey of our history will show their invariable removal, sooner or later. That Fellows of the Society have held, written, spoken and acted otherwise, does not in the least disprove this fact. On the contrary, it proves that the Theosophical Society has been true to its chief object, absolute tolerance, and has therefore tolerated its own worst enemies—none the less such in fact, because they believed themselves friends.

The Boston Proclamation, as it is called, contains the exact and literal exposition of the Society's attitude and intentions. (You will note that in it the distinction is made between, "students of Theosophy," and "members of Theosophical Societies.") That individual members do not carry this out either in thought or practise is no fair argument. Broad as our Society is, we must expect to have both the tolerant and the intolerant in our ranks, with a probable preponderance of the latter, since human nature is much given to this error. Bigoted students of Theosophy are just as bigoted as bigoted Christians or bigoted Buddhists. Bigotry is bigotry, no matter what cloak we may try to hide it under. Truly, a bigoted F. T. S. must find himself in an extraordinary position, if he ever stops to analyse it, and realizes what a contradiction he is: there are many such, nevertheless. As for a bigoted Theosophist! well, such simply cannot be: in the mere fact of his bigotry, he would cease instantly to be a Theosophist, no matter how much of the philosophy he had studied, how many lectures he had given, nor how many societies he belonged to or supported.

What a Theosophist really is has been already defined by high authority, and in terms which should make the vainest man hesitate long ere he honour himself with the title. I have worked with students of Theosophy and members of the Theosophical Society for years. All the same I can count on the fingers of one hand all the "Theosophists" it has ever been my privilege to know, and some I have known best were not F. T. S. at all.

So much for the Society. Theosophy on the other hand is a distinct body of philosophy, with distinct theories, explanations of life, etc. It is an elaborate, systematic, and most ancient scheme of thought, claiming the attention and the belief of many, and inviting the investigation of all. Quite true is it that many members of the Theosophical Society are students of this philosophy, a fewer number believers in it, but the Society, for all that, must not be held responsible therefor. In certain parts of the world, the majority of Theosophical Society members are Buddhists. So much so, and to such an extent is this known, that members of the Society have been accused of being Buddhists. I have several times had this happen to me, and have been asked, in all good faith, if I were not a Buddhist because I was an F. T. S! The term "Theosophical,"

we must not forget, has a general as well as a special meaning. Its general significance is well known to all scholars, and makes its use eminently fitting as the title of a Society such as ours. The special meaning has become prominent in recent years, as identified with the writings of Mme. Blavatsky.

One or two further comments and I have finished. The article of a Lonely Comrade starts by inquiring "why the Ancient Wisdom Religion is not welcomed by the world as other systems of thought have been welcomed." Surely that is strange! What great religion ever emerged from its initial period of obscurity and ridicule in less than thirty years? Are we seeking the cheap notoriety and immediate benefit of the short-lived systems, which spring up in a night, become a fad, and disappear utterly from view after a few short years? Like the seed falling upon stony ground "where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched: and because they had no root they withered away." We are sowing, not for time, but for Eternity: we are labouring not for the present generation, but for those to come: our harvest day is still a long time off.

Then we are reproached with sadness! Now for this reproach I can find no reason whatsoever. It would almost seem as if sadness had been confused with *seriousness*. Serious we certainly are, as those who concern themselves with Life and Death and the Beyond, must ever be: but sad!—Only a materialist could find us so. To him all religion, all spiritual thought and speculation, must be sad,—reminding him forever that those things to which his life and heart are wedded, are in their essence ephemeral and transitory, soon to be engulfed in oblivion, he with them. If some of our "martyr pioneers" have been sad, we need not blame them, since they were human after all: still less the philosophy, for which they spent their lives. Without the strength and the courage their faith gave them, they would never have accomplished what they did: and it was where *they* failed, not where the philosophy failed, that the sadness entered in. Immortal life and immortal hope are the keynotes of Theosophy: eternal progress and eternal joy our most clearly defined facts. When our books address the sensualist, or the man of the world, they depict this path of endeavour as one

of woe,—for woe indeed it would mean to him until his higher nature woke to life. And they do this, not to entice him to this path, as the article implies, but to warn him from it, bidding him wait until the eternal progress of the ages will have brought him to another desire and another sense of life. It may appear a hard saying, but all this woe and agony belong to the veriest tyro,—to him who has not yet taken the first step. We are bidden to “grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air,”—not by a painful process of uprooting. This agony is “a phantasmal outer form of horror” which we have built up for ourselves: the reality is “faith, hope, and love,” the “song of life.” “Life itself has speech, and is never silent. And its utterance is not *as you that are deaf* may suppose, a cry: it is a song.”

Only that which is ephemeral is ever sad. All brief-lived things bear on them this sure sign of overshadowing nothingness. We may take comfort for our sorrows in this thought; and Theosophy is misunderstood if construed to teach that pain is anything but an illusion,—the shadow of the reality, which is joy.

One sentence in this article stands out for me in words of fire: “Yet earnest Theosophists who happened to be Christians, are not exactly petted members of our branches!” Can this anywhere or at any time, be, or have been, an actual fact! If there were any branch of the Theosophical Society of which I knew this to be so, I would never rest satisfied until I had succeeded in having its charter rescinded, and its individual members remonstrated with in the plainest and most uncompromising terms. Fortunately I am acquainted with none such nor ever have been since my early days: bigoted individuals I have found in plenty, but branches in which intolerance ran such riot, it has never been my tragic fate to know.

In conclusion it might be wise to state, that the article of a Lonely Comrade contains just criticism of some people’s ideas, but could never be fairly considered a criticism either of Theosophy or the Theosophical Society.

CAVÉ.

Twenty-ninth March, 1903.

PATIENT PERSON'S IDEA.

I have read the complaint of our Lonely Comrade, and find in it much that is suggestive. However, I shall confine myself to one point, and that a very important one: the association of sadness and sorrow with spiritual life. This association, if it is to be found in any marked degree in the books of modern Theosophists, does not by any means begin there. It is as old almost as the history of religion. Let us trace a few mile-stones on the path of man's religious psychology.

In the ancient religion of Egypt, or, to speak more accurately, in one of the many forms of faith and teaching belonging to old Egypt, we have the tragical story of the persecution and death of Osiris, and the scattering of his limbs along the shores of the sea. The story is full of pathos and tragedy, and the atmosphere which surrounds it is full of gloom.

We find fewer of these shadows in the old faith of China; indeed there is a certain sunny calm in the oldest forms of Chinese religion, the like of which it is difficult to find elsewhere. But when we come to Babylonia, we again find the dominant note of tragedy and gloom and when we pass to the younger members of the same stock, the Hebrews, we are in the very midst of religious tragedy. The Old Testament is a record of woes, and the central figure of the New is the Man of Sorrows.

In the oldest of the deeper manifestations of religion in India, the Upanishads, we have once more the sunshine of the golden age; but in all the later manifestations of Indian wisdom, there is the note of renunciation and sadness. The lamentations of Prince Siddhartha over all human life, as doomed to decay, were recently given in these pages; and the other great sage of more modern times, Shankara Acharya, has pages of exactly the same import, full of words of renunciation.

Therefore the history of religion has always been tinged with sadness; not merely in our day, or by some of the writers we may have known personally, but in all lands, and through all times. So far our facts. Let us come now to the explanation of the facts.

Why is religion, or the teaching of the great awakening, the new birth, so universally associated with sadness? What is the hidden link between religion and sorrow? Why is the Man of

Sorrows so universally accepted as the symbol of the new life, in the thought, the art, the devotionism of twenty centuries?

To find the deep and underlying reason, we shall have to consider what the new birth, the great awakening is; and this is a very large question, in reality being the determination of what religion and wisdom and philosophy are, and why they should be followed.

To put it in one way, the great awakening is the change from individual to universal consciousness; from the self-centered individuality, to something wider, including new elements, and therefore breaking down old barriers and limitations. We come to the full growth of the individuality, the conscious personal self, in this way: Life takes as its basis the consciousness of the animal, with its range of sensations, its great dominating instincts of self-defence and race-continuity. Then the psychic life is added to this, the purpose being to change the conscious animal to a self-conscious man. This is done by focussing and condensing the animal consciousness, and transferring it to the psychic world,—in which we all habitually live and move and have our being, merely wearing the animal consciousness as an outer veil.

By focussing and condensing the animal instinct of self-defence, it is permuted to the passion of egotism or ambition, in virtue of which every man or woman has the innate desire to excel or outstrip or overreach, or outdo, or in some way get the better of, every other man or woman in general, or to get the better of some particular man or woman, in some definite undertaking or purpose. We have all this tendency, and we can feel its influence at any moment, in the instinctive habit of the mind to consider ourselves cleverer or better or at any rate more important, more in the center of things, than any other person; with a latent inclination to sacrifice another to our interest rather than sacrificing ourselves to the interest of another. It will be an instructive exercise for anyone to watch this instinctive motion of the mind in its many expressions, with its single essential characteristic, the desire to put ourselves ahead of the other person, to advance our interest, or, much more profoundly, our idea of ourselves, above our idea of the other person.

Besides the instinct of self-defence, the animal has the instinct of individual continuity and race continuity, each moved or guided

by sensation; in the one case the sense of hunger and taste, and in the other the sense of sex. When these are focussed and condensed in the personality, they are transmuted into the desire of sensation, which is present all the time, unceasingly, in complete contrast to the alternate waking and sleeping of the sensations of the animal.

We have thus two things brought to a head in the personality a centralised consciousness, the abuse of which is egotism or ambition and a perpetual sense of sensation, the abuse of which is sensuality. The purpose evidently is, to make a certain approach to divine consciousness, which is clear and vivid, and which is also perpetual. The personal consciousness has, therefore, the qualities of both animal and divine; it gives to the consciousness of the animal that quality of self-knowledge, which belongs to the gods; it gives to the sensational consciousness of the animal that perpetual duration which is of the eternities.

For the animal, there are the two states: waking and sleeping, both for the entire group of bodily powers, and for each sensation. Thus the sense of sex sleeps for months in the animal.

When we have the perpetual consciousness of personal man, this alternation of waking and sleeping is, of course, shut out by the very conditions of that consciousness; it cannot be at once continuous and not continuous. Therefore, as the continuance of one quality of sensation means a deadening and dullness, resulting in a loss of sensation, the only way to secure perpetual feeling is by alternating the quality of feeling; in other words, by splitting sensation into two groups, with the pleasant on the one side and the painful on the other, and by alternating these two, replacing pleasure by pain, and so on. It is evident that, since the one aim of the personal life, is, to get perpetual feeling or emotion, pain is as much its necessary food as pleasure. A stick must have two ends. Sorrow is the bread of life of the emotional nature, because, without alternating sorrow, pleasure would become meaningless and inert. Therefore there are as many tragedies among the world's dramas as there are comedies; and our natures, even unconsciously, always tend to recognize the superiority of the tragedy, the tragical motive, the gloomy plot, as having more dignity, more relation to our human life.

This pedigree of emotion is only a brief suggestion for a

great theme; but this much becomes clear: that the so-called tragic emotions are keener and more strongly felt than the so-called pleasures and we are therefore led to think that, when the great epoch of emotional life is about coming to an end, and getting ready to give place to something else, we shall have an accumulation, a culmination of tragical emotion, the last and finest manifestation of psychic life, when psychic life is about to make way for a life not psychical.

The two things which will be eliminated, are the dependence on sensation for a sense of being alive; and the dependence on egotism, or the feeling of one's own all-importance, for the sense of being real. And we may say here, that, in the getting rid of these two things, there are fine opportunities for emotion, and therefore for the greatest of all the emotions, the emotion of sorrow. These two things, the dependence on sensation, and the dependence on self-importance, are to be put away, and he will indeed be a man of sweet and singularly balanced character, who can do the great work with an unbroken smile.

Thus the outgrowing of the psychical is of necessity subject to sorrow, since sorrow is the quintessence and fine flower of the psychical. What is to take the place of these things, is part of a larger theme.