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THE PRINCIPLES OF PEACE

IN talking to others concerning war and the rigours of war, one has met with a feeling, somewhat widely spread, and held by those whose general love of goodness entitles them to a thoughtful hearing: the feeling that war is in essence so horrible, that peace of itself is so full of gracious beneficence, that war must cease at any cost; that peace must be re-established and secured at any price. What must one say to these passionate advocates of peace?

An attempt has been made, in these Notes and Comments, to analyse the essential quality of war; to bring war, in the literal meaning, to the bar of the highest tribunal, to try the case before the supreme judge. As a result of this attempt, it seemed absolutely clear, first, that war is the very condition of life itself; that all growth, whether of body or of soul, is won by war and in no other way; and, secondly, that every Christian must recognize Christ as the supreme Warrior, the greatest exponent of war, both in his life and in his teaching, that the world has ever seen.

Let us try in the same way to look into the essential principles of peace. What is peace? Is it the mere absence of military hostilities, a cessation of the firing of bullet and shell, of bayonet-thrust and cavalry charge? Will the absence of these things constitute peace, a spiritual condition, supremely desirable? Is it the absence of the practice of violence?—the substitution of the principle of “non-resistance,” as it is somewhat obscurely called: the principle—if such it be—that it is not only inexpedient, but spiritually wrong, to “resist evil,” under any circumstances whatever?

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We may well begin with this principle, so-called, of "non-resistance." Suppose we accept it, and push it to the limit, what will it mean? It will mean this: a consistent refusal to use force, whether one's own or another's, in defence of property or person. If we are prepared to push this "refusal to defend" to its ultimate limit, then we are, in principle, opposed to all war. If we are not prepared to accept the ultimate application of that principle, then we must courageously face the alternative. And that alternative is war,—war with rifle and bayonet and quick-firing gun; war to the last ditch, war to the death.

But this, perhaps, is abstract, and therefore unconvincing. Let us try to make it more objective. What will be the practical working-out of the "refusal to defend"? One meets, in our complex social life, many professors of non-resistance, who say that they themselves would on no account use violence, and who, at the same time, are profiting, day by day, hour by hour, in their persons, in their professions, in their homes, by the organized preparation for violence which is embodied in the police-power. What would these professional non-resisters do if the police-power were suddenly withdrawn?

What would happen, we can easily realize. Even in spite of the ceaseless vigilance of the police-power—and in this we include the whole machinery of the law and of the courts—the forces of greed and hate and lust are perpetually alert, seeking whom they may devour. The contriving of fraud is also ceaselessly active,—as witness the thousand and one trials "for misuse of the mails," which show that hundreds of millions are stolen by means of such frauds every year. We need say little of the vast extent of fraud carried on just within the fringe of the law except this: that, if the police-power were withdrawn, the impulse behind this mass of fraud would express itself more simply. The present perpetrators of fraud would then take by force what they now take by guile. It is not the willingness that is lacking.

The forces of greed and hate and lust.—We live, in this country, in the midst of a curious recrudescence of gang violence; the gunman, the murderer for hire, is as common here today as he was in medieval Europe. For the most part, the murders committed by these "gunmen," and they are to be reckoned by the hundred, are the result of personal spites, jealousies, quarrels, and have nothing to do with any principle, whether social, political or economic. They testify simply to the readiness to kill, as the mass of fraud testifies to the readiness to steal. Even under the pressure of police-power—itsself, perhaps, not always untempered by fraud—the murders which spring from this root are to be counted by the hundred. How large would the total be, if the strong arm of the law were withdrawn?—if lawlessness were given free play?

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Add the evil and sinister forces of lust, which so intertwine themselves with the other two that they often employ the same agencies. If the restraining power of law were withdrawn, where would organized lust be willing to draw its frontier? Is there any limit at all to the desires of evil, once they are given full play? What would happen, in fact, if the police-power suddenly ceased, is, of course, what has happened again and again in frontier communities: men have banded together to protect themselves, their wives and their children, forming Vigilance Committees and organizing Lynch law.

But, according to our hypothesis, that of absolute non-resistance, of the complete "refusal to defend," this course would be forbidden. For under these principles rigidly construed it is morally wrong to defend oneself or one's property; equally wrong to defend the person or property of another. Where, then, under a régime of non-resistance, would fraud and hate and lust be willing to draw their frontiers? Would they consent to draw the line outside our houses, or would they enter? Given immunity to lust and hate, the answer is indubitable: they have no limit whatsoever. No one, man, woman or child, would be safe for an hour.

If one is willing to stand by, with folded hands, while men, or women, or children are subjected to force and violence,—if one is convinced that such an attitude is spiritually right, then one may call oneself a consistent follower of the principle of non-resistance, of the refusal to defend.

If the situation is still obscure, then one is advised to linger over it; to picture concrete cases of the working out of hate and fraud and lust, unbridled; to work these cases out, and face the result. That result would be the ruin of everything of value in human life; the actual and abominable enslaving of the weak by the brutal, the lustful, the evil-minded. If anyone doubts this, let him gain a more real and accurate understanding of the operation of these forces, even now; of the abominable evils they work, even under the ceaseless pressure of the law, which, on the whole, is justly and honestly effective.

It will become clear that the unbridling of lust and hate and greed—and this is what the principle of non-resistance really means—would lead to results vile and detestable beyond conception; would lead to the destruction, first, of everything clean and worthy in human life, and, within a very short time, of human life itself. And we could not logically expect any other outcome from wholesale surrender to the forces of evil, the forces of destruction.

Surely it ought to be clear as day that such a vile and abominable result can never have been the purpose of the Master Jesus; and, there-

fore, that the principles which would lead inevitably to this result cannot by any possibility be the Master's principles; rather, that they are a ghastly parody and distortion of those principles; one among many means put in motion by the active forces of evil, which wage ceaseless war, by guile as well as by force, against the purposes and the work of the Master Christ.

What then of the injunction, "Resist not evil," which is quoted, in their support, by the extreme advocates of non-resistance? Its purport would seem to be this: The Master tells his disciples that, as individuals, they must not resist evil. If one smite them on the cheek, they are to turn the other cheek. Thus, if in conversation, one's interlocutor is bitter, sarcastic, unfair, one must not therefore be bitter, unfair and sarcastic also, but must rather seek to be gentle, kindly, answering in the spirit of conciliation.

But the Master does not say—and this is the heart of the whole matter—if a man smite thy mother, or thy wife, on the right cheek, turn her face to be smitten on the left cheek also! He does not say, if a man take away the coat of an orphan, stand by and let him take the child's life also. He condemned the mean tendency of the mind to "get even" with an opponent. Who would not? But what has this got to do with the defence of others, or with the enforcement of law, or with the hatred of evil?

Let us carry the matter farther. Saint Paul bids us *overcome* evil with good (Romans xii, 21); he bids us "abhor evil" (Romans xii, 9); surely this is the very opposite of the surrender to evil, the refusal to defend others, who are subjected to evil. Surely the command of "the brother of the Lord,"—Resist the devil!—includes resistance to the works of the devil, and to those who deliberately further these works. And what could be more devilish, more bestial, more cowardly, than cruel assaults on women and children, the cold, deliberate murder of the defenceless? Who countenances these, countenances the devil himself.

Those who preach "peace at any price," would have us believe that the soldier and the soldier's business of war, fall under the ban of Christ's displeasure. But what do the records show? Time and again, Christ came into contact with soldiers, as with the centurion, who "had soldiers under him," and of whom Christ said, that not in Israel had he found so great faith. Is it recorded that on any such occasion, Christ expressed disapproval of war? Did he say, "Cease to be soldiers for the soldier's work is evil?" Did Paul, who also came again and again into contact with soldiers,—who for years was chained to a soldier? Was

not the whole tenor of their teaching, Christ's as well as Paul's, that the soldier must be a good soldier, loyal, true, courageous, alert and valourous in duty; instant in the defence of the weak, the helpless?

It will be well to work this question out to the bitter end; in terms of the women and children dependent on oneself, or vividly within the circle of one's own habitual life; and then to face the question squarely: Am I ready to give these up to the unbridled forces of lust and cruelty? That anyone, facing the issue thus squarely, should remain for a moment in doubt as to what true moral and religious duty demands, is horrible. That anyone should believe that the Master Christ, the very soul of chivalry and courage, would counsel us through villainess to make the great betrayal, is yet more horrible. Yet these ghastly distortions of his teaching, with their ghastly results, exist, and will exist, so long as the Adversary seeks to undo the Master's work.

Is it necessary to complete the argument?—to work out the problem from the individual to the group; from the single brute, obedient to the devils of lust and cruelty and fraud, to the organized society, the nation, which has taken cruelty and fraud, greed and hatred, as its gospel, and which, with the fierce energy ever possessed by the active forces of evil, consistently puts the black gospel into practice? Surely it must be clear that, as the danger here to whatever things are holy, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, is infinitely greater, so the imperative duty to withstand the organized forces of evil is even more unmistakable.

If, among the nations, one or a group be found which deliberately takes the counsels of Satan as its policy; which teaches that it is justifiable to rob and murder and lie, to further the supposed interest of that nation; which establishes fraud and lying as an international system, with rat-like burrowings through all surrounding nations; which deliberately organizes the national forces for purposes of tyranny and oppression; which carries out its purposes by the methods of the assassin, the traitor, the poisoner; then it must be clear as day that the well-being of humanity is at stake, and must be defended by ultimate force, as one would defend children from a lustful criminal lunatic, who is, according to sane popular belief, "possessed of devils."

There are times in human life when war, and war to the death, the most effective possible use of bullet and bayonet and shrapnel, is not only necessary, but supremely honourable; when war, and war to the death, is the supreme expression of the gospel of Christ; and so, conversely, there are times when that peace which is the "refusal to defend" the weak from abominable violence, becomes itself abominable. Such a

peace becomes an aiding and abetting of assassins ; not less infamous and detestable than the crimes which it condones. Such a peace, such a palliation of things evil, has its roots not in heaven but in hell. It is the "peace" of plenary surrender to the powers of evil.

*Though Love repine, and Reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.*

—Emerson.

"I come to do Thy will, O God."

That is what we are here for,—to do God's will. That is the object of your life and mine,—to do God's will. Any of us can tell in a moment whether our lives are right or not. Are we doing God's will? We do not mean, Are we doing God's work?—preaching, or teaching, or collecting money,—but God's WILL. A man may think he is doing God's work when he is not even doing God's will. And a man may be doing God's work and God's will quite as much by hewing stones, or sweeping streets, as by preaching or praying. So the question means just this, Are we working out our common every-day life on the great lines of God's will?—Henry Drummond.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XIV

DEAR FRIEND:

DO tell me where you got those questions, and why it is that you wish me to answer them, for surely they are not your own nor can you be ignorant of their answers. Yet, as I promised, I shall try to deal with them.

“How can one kill out a desire—when denying it frequently serves merely to intensify it?”

To deny it frequently is clearly futile; as are all half-measures. It must be denied persistently and continuously. A half starved beast of prey is doubly dangerous. A wholly starved beast is dead.

That seems to me the matter in a nutshell, and were it not for the fact that it is so clear and simple I should say no more about it. But unfortunately we have to talk to people through their minds, and I have not been dealing with yours all these years without discovering that it has no interest in what is clear and simple. It will dwell only on what is complicated and obscure. If I answer you in three lines, you will think about my answer for six seconds. If I take three hundred, I shall command your attention for at least ten minutes; and if I introduce enough dark subtleties, there is no telling but what you may lay hold upon my meaning with the firm grasp of original discovery. So let me proceed, as best I may, to lead you through labyrinthian ways till we arrive whence we have started.

In the Theosophical publications of twenty or thirty years ago a number of articles appeared dealing with the elemental life forms and forces that are created by and that animate human thought and desires. Recently, modern psychology has given a good deal of attention to the same subject, and has studied in some detail what it has termed mental and emotional “complexes,” or groups of associated elements of thought, feeling, and resulting action. Such a complex, formed around any desire that is habitually gratified or long held in mind, comes to possess a certain life and consciousness of its own, drawn, in their elements, from the life and consciousness of the man, but capable of acting as a unit independently of and in opposition to his other desires and general will. There is, as it were, a state created within a state, and rebellion and internal strife result. In extreme pathological cases this causes the phenomena of divided or multiple personality, where first one complex and then another takes such complete possession of consciousness, and exercises such control over thought and action, as entirely to submerge all that is not associated with it, and the man is, to all intent and effect, a different being at different times.

These pathological phenomena are only the extreme form of what may be observed in connection with every desire that is not in line with the general trend of our life and our sense of right. When we give it the upper hand, we feel, think, and act in ways wholly different from those which are natural to us in its absence, and in this sense we are quite as much different beings at different times as the maddest inmates of any asylum. Euclid's axiom that the whole is greater than any of its parts was long regarded as universally valid. Modern mathematics has, I am told, come to see it as but a definition of finitude, as an infinite whole may have an equally infinite part. But in the realm of unregenerate human nature it is the exact antithesis of the patent facts. Euclid may have been a mathematician,—of that I am in no position to judge. But as a psychologist his powers of observation appear to have been singularly limited, and he gives little evidence of having passed through those schools whose maxim was: Man, know thyself. We may grant that both God and man geometrize, but it is certain that their systems are Euclidean only in the most limited of fields. Every time you lose your temper, every time you are dominated by a desire, be it in itself good or bad, you find the whole of yourself vanishing into nothingness in comparison with this part of yourself. The universe is suddenly emptied of all but three things: your desire, its gratification, and that which stands between. Nothing else matters; nothing else exists for you; neither the Masters, nor your own dignity, nor your desire of yesterday, nor the feelings of others, nor right and wrong. What absurdity, then, to talk about the whole being greater than any of its parts! When do you ever think about the whole? When do its interests ever guide and compel your action? When are you ever "whole"? All your life is but the theatre of factional strifes and party triumphs. One desire after another usurps the machinery of government, and rules during its time of power with no other aim than to enrich itself. You? You are as yet but a kaleidoscopic succession of elemental forms, a congeries of elemental lives, no more existing as an individual than Mexico exists as a nation.

It is quite possible that you won't like this view of yourself. Indeed, though I trust you may have the intellectual honesty to grant its truth, I distinctly hope you won't like it. When you get to the point that you really hate it, you will do something about it. We do not blind our eyes to the presence of what we hate, nor do we submit tamely to its continuance. What can you do about it? First of all you can realize its truth. And when you have done this thoroughly, so thoroughly that it nauseates you, you can realize its falsity. Somewhere within you, submerged and hidden beneath the warring flames of opposing desires, or covered over with the soot of that small, mean selfishness of mood which is too often dignified by the name of desire, there is the spark of Selfhood. What it is, no man can say; but that it is all men can know. "Kim, Kim, who is Kim? What is Kim?"

Each of us can ask this of himself; and as we ask it we can find, not an answer, but a fact,—the fact that “Kim” exists, the fact that “I am I.” Not this desire nor that is the Self, not love nor hate, nor fear of pain, nor the craving for ease, nor vanity, nor ambition, nor the lust of possession. I am not these. They rise from and around me; I lend them my light and my fire, I lend them myself; they sweep over and submerge me, they blind and confuse me, they seat themselves in my seat and rule in my name; but I am I, I am not these.

When you reach this point, and, perceiving that you are not what in your outer life you are, perceive that nevertheless there is a real “you” that exists, though it can scarcely be said to live, you will find the desire rising within you to gain self-conscious life, and power of self-expressive action, for this real Self whose sense of selfhood you have stolen to squander on your whims and fancies. The will to be whole and real will be born in you.

Though I am still drawing my spiral round your first question, it is here that I should deal with your second; for it is at this point that we can begin to understand *Light on the Path* and the first four aphorisms of which you ask. The self-pity that made you weep, the vanity that caused your sensitiveness, the resentment that prompted your wish to wound, and the cowardice that held you shrinking from the fear of pain,—these things are not the Self; and before the Self can see or hear or speak or stand in the presence of the Masters and in the world of the real, the eyes and ears and voice and heart must be freed from the usurpation of what is not the Self. It is as simple and as matter-of-fact as to say that if a child is playing with your spectacles you cannot yourself read with them while they are on his nose; or that you cannot talk to your office over the telephone while the wire is kept “busy” with the flirtatious conversations of your idle and faithless stenographer; or that the unfortunate fact that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, prevents your taking your seat at the head of your table so long as it is occupied by the family cat. It is for you to determine how long you will permit these usurpations to continue; but it is worth noting that they are as injurious to the child and the stenographer as to you, and that while the cat’s retention of your chair may give ease and security to the mice in the cellar, it does not enable her to enter the human kingdom nor to take part in the table conversation. Despite her sleek complacency, your place is empty.

The simple truth is that every faculty and power which rightly pertains to the soul,—to the real Self within you,—has been seized upon by one or another of the elemental forms your desires have created, and has for so long been prostituted to the service of its immediate possessors that it fails to recognize its rightful master or to respond to your soul’s will. To explain this further will compel me to move on dangerous ground, where any moment my similes may betray me into

a quagmire from which I may be unable to extricate either myself or you. So, if you would follow me, deal warily with my words. The powers of the soul are vital with its consciousness. They stand around the soul as a royal cabinet stand around a king. To each is entrusted some department of the realm, where his voice is the king's voice, his will the king's will. Bearing the king's signet, the reports and the obedience that are rendered to him are rendered as to the king. So long as his ministers are loyal, and the king himself the centre from which all authority radiates and to which all information and obedience return, all goes well. The division and delegation of power, necessary for close touch with all aspects of the national life, serve only to strengthen the national consciousness and sense of unity. But if the ministers be disloyal, form cabals among themselves, and use their power,—the king's power,—for their own aggrandizement; if they be little by little misled into thinking themselves royal because of the royal salutations accorded their representative capacity, and begin to suppress information and to act from their own initiative in what they deem their own interests,—then all goes very badly. The state is rent asunder. Unity gives way to faction, and faction to anarchy. The forms of royalty persist, so that every brigand and freebooter is as king to his own followers. But the sense of national identity has vanished, and the king himself is left deserted, ignorant of what is done in his name and powerless to command the personal obedience that could alone correct it.

It is so with the soul and its powers. The royalty of the soul is its self-conscious individuality. This it bestows upon its ministers, as the sign that they act on its behalf. All that they do is marked with this sign. The power of sight goes forth and reports "*I see.*" The power of hearing goes forth, and it is said "*I hear.*" The powers of love and hate, of holding and loosing, go forth, and it is said "*I love,*" "*I hate,*" "*I hold,*" "*I loose.*" But this sense of the Self, of the "*I am I,*" thus given to all that pertains to the Self, and originally accepted as a symbol of loyalty no less than of authority, becomes the very means of the Self's betrayal. From the beginning of time it has been God's generosity in the gift of himself that has led to his denial and crucifixion in his universe. Whatever uses the powers of the soul is tempted to think and act, in forgetful disloyalty, as though it were itself the soul,—itself the Self. Thus when our bodies are hungry we say "*I am hungry,*" and that "*I*" means no longer the soul but the body, which here thinks and acts as though it were the Self, existing of and for itself. Or again, the congeries of mental and emotional elements, the psychic "*complex,*" that has been formed around your enjoyment of your after-dinner reading and cigar, resents the interruption of visitors, and you say: "*I wish they would leave me alone,*" though the real "*you*" has no such wish, and has, unfortunately, but little chance to reach or to be reached by your visitors through a personality forgetful even of its existence.

These psychic complexes thus do more than usurp and use for their own ends the faculties and powers of the soul. They assume the royal prerogative of individuality, taking the gift of self-consciousness that belongs to them only as servants of the soul and centering it in themselves. It is this that makes them so difficult to combat; for by this theft they appear to us as ourselves, and their desires seem our own will. Were the soul's self-consciousness ever wholly absorbed by any one complex we should, indeed, have nothing with which to combat it. But this is never the case. "With a single portion of myself I established the whole universe, yet remain separate." Something of consciousness transcends and escapes the dominance of our moods, and this is true even on the lowest plane. In the warfare of our desires first one and then another gains the upper hand; but the victory is never absolute and complete, and there is always something of the Self left in the hands of the defeated parties to cry out the illegitimacy of the one which triumphs. Wholeness exists in the soul only; and the self-consciousness that is torn from the soul, and which gives the appearance of selfhood to the fragment of the self in which it is centered, betrays the deception by its awkward sense of incompleteness. This is our hope of salvation. The will to be whole, the will to be real, and to live the life of the whole Self in the world of reality, may be submerged, but it is not lost or surrendered. It is through this will, this loyal desire, that the Self can war upon its rebellious subjects and regain its powers. But no desire, no habit, no congeries of life forms and forces, can be effectively combated until it is seen as not the Self. The sense of self-identification must be withdrawn from it,—as a royal charter would be withdrawn from one who had proved faithless to his trust.

There are two means that we may use for this purpose. The first is the practice of concentration and meditation. This consists in the deliberate effort to center the self-consciousness in the soul. We take some time, let us say in the morning before we start our outer work, and try to rise above whatever mood we may be in and to regain the sense of our true Self. Sometimes we have to start negatively, denying that we are, in reality, this or that which we seem to ourselves to be. This denial is very different from the Christian Science denial of facts. It recognizes the facts, but it refuses to identify the Self with what is not the Self. Thus if, when we begin, we feel sleepy and hungry and that we want our breakfast, we do not deny these sensations; but we do deny that they are those of the Self. My mind is sleepy; but I am not the mind. My body is hungry and restless, but I am not my body. I am the Self, greater than the mind, greater than the body. These are my servants, for which I must care; but now I must use them; now they must obey me; now they must follow my will and not I theirs. I am the Self. I am I, and stand in the Eternal before the Master who made me what I am. At other times we may begin directly with such positive affirmation, striving to hold it in consciousness, till it becomes

self-consciousness; till we feel and think and live in that self-consciousness. At still other times, and these are the most frequent, we can begin best with some spiritual reading, or prayer; by act of will making ourselves respond to the sentiments which we read, till they awaken,—as it were by induction,—the kindred sentiments that lie in our own soul. But in whatever way we begin, the end that is sought is the same: to be, in those few moments, the real Self that we are, and from that center of reality to look forth upon our life and set our will to the doing of what needs to be done. A very little of this practice serves to loosen the hold of our moods upon our sense of identity, and as we persevere in it and extend our effort, we slowly acquire the power to feel and think and act from the centre of our real Self, bringing to all that we do, all that we are, and making our lives whole where they are now fragmentary. (Here, by the way, Euclid's axiom again breaks down, for in this perfect concentration the whole infinite Self finds complete expression in a single duty, and each fragment of the Self becomes the perfect copy of the whole.) Between the first beginning and this final result there is, of course, a long road to be traversed. But even my circuitous answer to your questions cannot include a treatise on meditation.

The second way of withdrawing self-identification from our "desire elementals" is to force our minds to follow in imagination their full life cycle, so that we see the results of the actions to which they urge us. Results cannot be separated from acts: the two are one. If we identify ourselves with the one we must do so also with the other; and we shall find ourselves quite unwilling to stay with our bad habits to their inevitable ends. It is by this means that life itself teaches us; the final catastrophe shaking the sense of Self free from the "complex" that had held it. But this tuition by Karmic law is slow and very painful, and our reason, if we will use it honestly, may enable us to anticipate its lessons, and prompt our wills to do for ourselves what otherwise life must do for us. The man who has fostered the craving for alcohol till it has taken possession of his consciousness, may be willing now to identify himself with the complex he has created; but looking forward through the years to the hopeless wreck of humanity in which this indulgence ends, he will be by no means so ready to claim it as himself. If he can really see this end as the inevitable consequence of his present habits, he will turn against them with hatred and with loathing.

When we feel in this way toward any habit or desire, we are in a position to attack it positively and effectively. But we shall have constantly to be on our guard against slipping back into that wrong self-identification with it which robs our efforts of all virility. We can plan against this; first in continuing the practice of meditation, and, second, in working upon the "complex" itself. Here we shall be wise to distinguish as clearly as possible between the elements that unite to

form any wrong habit and that habit itself. You used the word "desire" and not "habit"; and superficially it may appear that a desire is a simple and single thing. But what you mean by a desire,—what you alone can mean, if you talk of killing it,—is not a simple thing. It is just such a "complex" as we have been speaking of. The elements of this complex are, in their essence, right and vital attributes of the soul,—powers of the Self which we must recognize are precious. It is the perverted union of these elements, the cabal that they have formed against the soul, that is the harmful thing and that we have to destroy. I tried to make this clear earlier. But we have now come to the point where it is important to remember it. Otherwise we shall be as loath to fight as was Arjuna; and we have need to take to ourselves Krishna's explanation of the nature of the combat, and to see that

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again."

Illustrations often confuse where they are meant to simplify, but truly I think those which I have already used should make this point abundantly clear. When you try to take back your spectacles from the baby who is playing with them, he is quite likely to howl as though you were murdering him, and if you are naturally a timid and sensitive person you may come to feel very much like a cold-blooded infanticide before you succeed in your undertaking and escape from the reproachful glances of the foolish nurse. But once you are safely back in your own study, with your spectacles where they properly belong, reason will assure you that murder was not actually your intention, and that the baby is the better and not the worse for being prevented from straining his eyes. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same scene is enacted when you forbid your stenographer the illegitimate use of your telephone; and I am quite sure that even in the case of your cat you would hesitate to take your own seat at the cost of inflicting a messy death upon it then and there. It is really not a question of "killing" any of these. It is a question of breaking up improper combinations: of the baby and your spectacles; of the stenographer and your telephone; of the cat and your chair; of thirst and alcohol and the desire to escape from the deadness of self. All that is killed is the parasitical life that resides in these combinations and that vaporizes your own. What you do is to set your house in order: turn the baby back to his proper playthings, the stenographer to her proper work, the cat to its proper place, while you yourself assume the position that is yours and the use of what belongs to you.

The problem of "killing out a desire" is, therefore, the problem of separating the elements that unite to form it. There are always at least three of these,—as even Euclid will tell you that three is the least

number of straight lines that can enclose a space, and a stool that has not at least three legs has no stability. Thought, feeling, and some sort of will, are necessary constituents in every complex that can embody self-consciousness and so appear as a "desire." If we remove any one of these elements, the desire as such must disintegrate. Moreover, if we can successfully introduce a new element, another kind of thought, feeling, or will, we create a new combination,—a new grouping which may expel an element previously present, or which may at least possess properties totally different from the first. This is really a matter of occult chemistry, and its best similes are found in ordinary chemical processes. Thus hydrogen, sulphur, and oxygen unite to form sulphuric acid. Remove any one of these elements, and we no longer have sulphuric acid. Introduce sodium in the proper proportion and there is at once a new grouping; the hydrogen is expelled and sodium sulphate is formed. This gives us the clue to the conquest or transformation of our desires.

The crudest and most direct method consists in denying the gratification of our desire. This inhibits the action of the element of will bound up in the desire. The will can live only through exercise. If it be long inhibited, it atrophies or starves. Therefore this denial gradually starves out the will from the desire, and thus causes the latter slowly to disintegrate. This is obviously a slow and laborious process, but it is, if consistently followed, certain to succeed. It is, as it were, a frontal attack, in which we deal with the complex as a whole, opposing its will with our will. As its will is, in essence, a portion of our own will in rebellion against us, this always has the appearance of warring against ourselves,—do what we may to, withdraw our sense of self-identification.

We can hasten the process, and make it much less painful and laborious, by working upon the separate elements of the complex, seeking to introduce new elements beside them, and to draw them off into new combinations. If, for example, I habitually resent criticism and desire to justify myself, I can gradually break down this desire by steadfastly refraining from every expression of resentment,—however subtle and covert,—and by never permitting myself any excuses,—even to my own mind. But I shall find this very slow and very difficult. I can accomplish my end much more expeditiously and easily, if, in addition, I work also upon the separate elements of my thought, feeling and will, and place beside them new thoughts, new feelings, and a new will. Thus I can resolve that whenever I am criticized, and my mind begins resentfully to talk to me of its counter criticisms against the one who has hurt me, I shall think also and more persistently of his virtues; of how much I owe to him; of my need for criticism; of what a beastly unpleasant task I have put upon him in making him criticize me; of what a contemptible thing my resentment is; of the vanity and cowardice that make me wish to be like the ostrich with his head in the sand,

blind to the faults and dangers which everyone else sees in and about me; of my real wish to see my faults that I may conquer them; etc., etc. Such a resolution may seem too cumbrous for effective use in a crisis. It is, however, all summed up in the resolution to remember to welcome criticism and to *think accordingly*. But there is much value in having your mental speech prepared; and you will find that there is ample time for quite a long speech before you succeed in drowning the voices that rise from the complex of resentment.

Similarly we can work upon the elements of feeling and of will. Of the two, the will is much the easier, for it is more external and tangible. Thus the "elemental" that moves us to resentment wants to be nasty,—to say or do something spiteful, something that will put our critic in his proper place as the dust beneath our feet. We can resolve, instead, that we will do some kindness, some *humble* kindness and service. We shall not feel like doing it. But that is just the reason why we resolve to do it. We deliberately introduce into this resentful mood of ours an element of will which is incongruous with it, in order that, from this very incongruity, the mood itself, the psychic complex, may be disintegrated.

The element of feeling is, as I said, more difficult to deal with, and perhaps few of us can hope to modify feeling save through the instrumentality of thought and will. But if we work, as I have suggested, upon our thoughts and will, we shall find our feelings also change. Resentful feelings cannot long survive in the midst of thoughts of gratitude and acts of kindness; and if we try really to feel the injury we have done, and daily do, the Master, I doubt whether our hearts can have much room left for the sense of the injuries done ourselves. We may find at least the beginning of this when we pray: "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

The whole theory of penances has its rationale in this occult chemistry of the dissolution of psychic complexes. It associates with the action of each such complex an element that is so incongruous, so unassimilable, as to be positively painful. If you want to break up a habit, there is no better or quicker way than to punish yourself every time you indulge it, and to do this so persistently, and with such an increasing scale of severity, that the pain outweighs the pleasure. However popular you may be with hostesses, if you chain yourself to a big black, who must thus go everywhere with you, and who thrashes every one who entertains you, you will not continue long to be sought as a guest. It is necessary to remember, however, that it is not so much the severity of the penance as its inevitableness that drives the lesson home. We have got to treat these tendencies of the lower self as we treat the bad habits and the faults of children. The spanking must be severe enough to be remembered,—and to be dreaded,—but the essential thing is that it should be indissolubly associated in the child's consciousness with the fault for which it is administered.

The subject is truly inexhaustible, but I have fulfilled my promise and led you through this long circuit back to where we started. Half measures are futile. But he who has no reservations can accomplish whatsoever he will.

There remains only your third question, which I confess seems to me a mere foolish misunderstanding of words. "Why is occultism necessary? Why is not Christianity sufficient?" As well ask, "Why is religion necessary? Or effort? Or knowledge of self? Is not Christianity sufficient?"

"Occultism" means only the science of that which is hidden. Christ came to make manifest the hidden life of the soul. His life, his teaching, is occultism from beginning to end; and to it there is neither beginning nor end. It is the eternal pathway of the soul: the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Between Christianity and occultism there is no shadow of difference, no possibility of distinction. Between their popular misconceptions there is this difference: Christianity, to many who profess it, means no more than a general desire to do right, a general profession of a name and of a creed, and a weekly attendance at general Church services. Occultism, to many who talk about it, means no more than an unhealthy curiosity regarding particular aspects of the psychic plane and dabbling with the hidden working of vital forces in nature and in man. Thus travestied, Christianity has been made often hypocritical and usually ineffective; and occultism, equally often, dangerous, harmful, or silly, as the case may be; but the one is general where the other is particular. We know very little of ourselves if we do not recognize that before our general aspiration can be of much value it must descend to particular effort. Occultism is but Christianity in detail; Christianity is but Christ's revelation of occultism.

Now I have answered all your questions, and my mind is sleepy and my body tired, and it is time to go to bed. We are not half grateful enough for the way this universe of ours is ordered. We are sleepy at bed time, and hungry at meal time, and tired when it is time to rest. Have you ever thought how easily it might have been reversed, and how horrid the reversal would be? If we were wakeful at bed time and if sleep made us sleepy; satiated before meals, and made hungry by eating; energetic before resting, and tired after it? Thank heaven that there is so much in your life that is thus ordered by a more benevolent intelligence than your own, for unless I greatly mistake them, most of what you call your desires are set on this very reversal.

Let me hear from you when you can, but, please, no more passing on of such encyclopedic questions.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

P. S.—I find I have omitted one point which is of considerable practical importance and of which I had meant to speak. If you had

kept your stenographer properly busy, and if that baby had been kept at whatever babies ought to be kept at, the one would not have been tempted to flirt over the telephone, and the other would not have been interested in your spectacles—which, also, should not have been left carelessly within its reach. Once we have analysed the elements that enter into any complex we wish to break up, we shall be wise to keep each one of these elements fully occupied in some other and legitimate direction.

J. G.

We think it a gallant thing, to be fluttering up to heaven with our wings of knowledge and speculation; whereas the highest mystery of a divine life here, and of perfect happiness hereafter, consists in nothing but mere obedience to the Divine will. Happiness is nothing but that inward sweet delight, which will arise from the harmonious agreement between our wills and the will of God. There is nothing in the whole world able to do us good or hurt, but God, and our own will: neither riches nor poverty, nor disgrace nor honor, nor life nor death, nor angels nor devils; but willing, or not willing, as we ought.—Ralph Cudworth.

FATHER AUGUSTINE BAKER,

AN EMINENT SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR

IT is amazing to think how slight and superficial a thing culture is! We pride ourselves on scientific impartiality, and freedom from historical biases. We crowd into summer schools and winter *seminars*. We plough and harrow the ridges of life down to a dead level of stupidity; there we cultivate native bristles. We stow away all the past into the small compartments of our own provincialism; we cast its dreary shadows forward, blotting the loveliness of celestial towers. Let us, by a radial journey to the centre of life, bring ourselves into contact and sympathy with other parts of the vast circumference—*orbis terrarum*. Let us, wise Protestants as we are, with our house impregnable prudently stablished on Plymouth Rock, turn our attention for a half hour to an English renegade who was prodigal enough to abandon his Protestant birth-right, a refugee who found in France liberty to worship as conscience dictated—which meant for him at the feet of the Crucifix. If extremes meet, perhaps Catholic fugitives who followed the voice of conscience may awake sympathy in us, the children of Puritan fugitives.

Father Baker's lifetime falls within the period of Queen Elizabeth, King James and King Charles. His dates are 1575-1641. Personally, he seems to have taken no part in the intriguing and plotting which marked the contest between the two rival sects. His abandonment of his family's Protestantism was altogether a case of conscience—it had no political motive nor significance. His adherence to the Catholic sectarians brought his share of their karma—unavoidable exile, or illegal residence in his native land. He accepted both. In his old age, he fled from place to place in England and finally just escaped a martyr's crown by dying of fever.

Did not Ruskin once say if there had been more gentlemen there would have been fewer martyrs? As we look back upon the period of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth and the Stuarts we find ourselves wishing that urbanity had given us more true martyrs and not the burlesque of heroism that fills the record on both sides of the struggle. Bigotry, hatred, petty recriminations! It is a wearisome and disgusting contest. We turn from its crudeness and savageness to the courteous heroism of the Maid for true valor and self-sacrifice.

Zeal is not incompatible with dignity. But who could find the bishop in the words of Latimer when he tore down from his cathedral the image of the Virgin? "She, with her old sister of Wolsingham, her younger sister of Ipswich, and their two other sisters of Doncaster and

Penrice, would make a jolly muster at Smithfield." They seem like the speech of a satirical dramatist put into the mouth of some fanatic. And there is something that suggests Mormonism in the haste with which English priests took wives and turned over to them the ecclesiastical vestments to be cut up as trimmings for personal wearing apparel. On the whole the two rival sects balanced themselves very evenly. Three hundred Protestant martyrs under Mary is the usual count. Practically the same number of Catholic priests died during the succeeding reign. Perhaps the balance is slightly in favor of the Protestants. Elizabeth did not persecute Catholics on account of their religious opinions. She had to get rid of them on account of their political plottings.

Father Baker's baptismal name was David. His father was man of business to an earl whose estate was in Monmouthshire. His mother was a clergyman's daughter. The boy's childhood and youth gave no indication of a religious vocation. During his residence at Oxford he seems to have abandoned conventional beliefs and to have become a theoretical atheist. He chose law for a profession and worked at it privately under an older brother and afterwards in London at the Temple. For a time he assisted his father in Monmouthshire as bailiff. While riding across a river on the estate his horse lost the ford, and Baker just escaped drowning. The danger and the escape awoke him to the realities of actual life. He sought religious instruction, found what satisfied him with a Catholic priest and discovered his vocation. Later he became acquainted with some Benedictine monks and resolved to become a postulant. As the English monastic institutions had been destroyed, Baker was compelled to seek a community on the continent. He served his novitiate at an abbey in Padua and in his thirty-second year took his final vows. He was not ordained priest till many years later.

Baker was for a time chaplain in one or two Catholic families and worked also at some historical investigations in England. But England was not a centre for Catholics, and Baker, like many other priests and monks, crossed over to the continent. There the English Benedictines had formed a community at Douay—the Plymouth Rock of Catholicism.

Douay came into prominence in 1562 as a retreat for English Catholics—four years after the accession of Elizabeth. In that year, Philip of Spain [husband of the late Queen, Mary (Tudor), and Elizabeth's life-long foe] the champion of the Catholic cause, obtained from the reigning Pope authorisation to found a University which should be a bulwark against the raging Protestant heresy. Douay, a town in Philip's Flemish possessions, was the centre chosen for the new University. Several exiled Catholic professors of Oxford were given posts at Douay, and much of the tradition of Oxford was continued in the Flemish town. Three years after the founding of the University William Allen, late president of one of the Oxford colleges, arrived at Douay. He had been finally driven out of England after many years of work among

Catholics. He was seeking a centre for a theological seminary in which English Catholic priests might be trained. Allen was a powerful and sanguine Catholic and believed that his cause was merely in eclipse. He felt confident that Philip would finally annihilate the heretic Queen. Allen wished to be prepared for the aftermath, to have a strong body of trained priests ready to restore the pure teachings of former days. The founding of the University and the presence of Oxford professors at Douay influenced Allen to begin his seminary there. It was so successful that after ten years the Pope granted a subsidy which was regularly paid until the French Revolution. In the years that followed its foundation a very large number of men became students at Allen's seminary. Three hundred of these were secretly sent back to England from time to time, for work of conversion, instruction, and intriguing. Of those three hundred Douay priests, one hundred and sixty are enrolled as martyrs. When the seminary was well started, Cardinal Allen plotted with Philip the expedition of the Armada. He tried to raise an auxiliary company among the English students and residents of Douay, but only a few responded. The defeat of the great scheme left the academicians free to turn their attention to a Catholic translation of the Bible. This translation, the Douay Bible, still the standard Catholic translation, was published at Antwerp in 1600.

Father Baker was a member of the English Benedictine community at Douay. From Douay, in his old age, he was sent secretly to England for missionary work. In the prosecution of that work he died, as has been already stated.

A large part of Baker's writing was done at a town near Douay, where for nine years he was spiritual guide to a group of English nuns. He has explained his method of instruction in a life that he wrote of one of the nuns—Dame Gertrude More. After Baker's death, a loyal monk, Cressy, studied diligently whatever he could find of his friend's composition; he went through more than forty of Baker's treatises, made an abstract of the teachings, and published that abstract at Douay in 1657 under the title *Sancta Sophia*, Holy Wisdom. Dame Gertrude More and other nuns wrote their impressions and memories of Baker's instruction. Many of the manuscripts remained in the convent at Cambrai until the French Revolution drove the nuns back to their own country. Some of Baker's writings were lost during the disorder of the Revolution, but others are still preserved in English convents that are descended from the mother house at Cambrai.

The community of nuns that Baker so successfully guided crossed over to Douay in 1623. The community was the fruit of faithful pastoral work on the part of a Catholic priest among English families. (Elizabeth's tolerant policy required little of ordinary Catholic families. She haled priests to prison on account of their intriguing.) That priest, a Father Jones, in his ministrations found nine young gentlewomen whom he thought fit for religious training. Their families gave consent, and

Jones planned to bring his wards together. But as monasticism had ended in England, Jones crossed over with his charges to Douay, whence they proceeded to Cambrai. Three older nuns from an English convent in Brussels were made Superiors of the new group.

The troubles of the young community began at once. Different English priests from Douay were appointed Chaplain and Confessor to the nuns. The training of these priests had been altogether in preparation for argumentative proselytising. They did not know the elements of interior, contemplative living; hence they were unable to give suitable direction to the novices. Baker's pupil, Gertrude More, seems to have been the greatest sufferer from that lack of discipline. She appears to have had no vocation to religious life when in her eighteenth year she left her country and her father. She had merely very strong affection for God and a strong aversion from the life of the world. Her father was wealthy. She had refused to consider marriage. A tradition of devout Catholic loyalty continued in the family—Gertrude More (Helen we should call her, for that was her baptismal name; at her formal entrance into the convent she took St. Gertrude as patron and was thereafter called *Gertrude* More) was the great-granddaughter of Henry VIII's Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. The chaplain of the More family considered their loyalty and the girl's distaste for worldly life as sufficient foundation on which to erect the structure of a religious character. The girl was partly influenced also by the fact that her choice would decide the fate of the proposed convent. The other candidates were poor. Without the contribution of Helen More's dowry which her father agreed to make, the establishment of the community would be impossible.

Helen More made her choice and went eagerly to work to acquire the graces of an interior life. She had a strong and active intellect and had some of the scholarship which distinguished the uncollege-trained ladies of earlier centuries. She inquired of the missionary chaplains and she read diligently all the books she could find. But the books and the *viva voce* advice she received were both harmful. She was not only hindered and retarded but actually lost ground. From a cheerful and pleasant companion, she became morose. She lost her inclination toward divine things and became so hopeless that she regretted the step taken. That was her state after eighteen months at Cambrai. Baker was then appointed Chaplain. At first he aroused her enthusiasm and restored her hope of coming into actual union with God. But the enthusiasm was short-lived. She took a hostile attitude toward Baker as well as toward her Mother, and refused to consult him. This opposition continued for some time. Finally the comfort and aid which other nuns received from Baker's guidance induced her to consult him again. He was able to give her the help she needed, and she followed the method of prayer he suggested during the nine remaining years of her life. She died painfully of small-

pox, but inwardly at peace, in 1633. She was born in 1606—two years after the gunpowder plot.

Baker's way of approach to God may be called Vedantin. It seems abstract to our Western minds. Instead of approaching spiritual communion through the humanity of Christ, which is the normal Catholic way, the approach is made through the *divinity* of Christ. This seems as difficult as the Sankhya way in the East. It also seems unnatural; the *humanity* is a natural bridge for the very purpose of spanning the chasm. Baker is explicit, however, in his directions. An aspirant to spiritual communion is bidden to seek after God nakedly, in the Essence of His Being, and is cautioned "not to allow the soul to rest in even the noblest image that has ever been created, the image of the humanity of our blessed Saviour. For the soul (in some cases), through her strong propensity, is unable to use the image of the humanity of our Saviour at all as a step to the Divine simplicity." Baker's ideas when he writes of spiritual communion bear a striking resemblance to the "absorption" idea of the East. Rightly or wrongly, that notion or distortion—the drop lost in the ocean—represents Western opinion of Eastern religion. Baker writes as follows of the soul and God—a passage which might easily pass for some Vedantin comment. There is nothing in the thought to identify it with a Christian writer. "Like covets like," says the philosopher, and so the spiritual soul of man thirsts after the noblest and most perfect of its kind, the Divine Spirit. He being infinite, the finite spirit of man may satiate and fill itself with Him and in Him, in a way it can not with other things, because the latter are limited and finite. Thus the Divinity is the infinite, profound centre or resting place of man's soul. Hence it ever desires the ocean, which, for its depth and wideness, is capable of containing it and millions of others. She thirsts after the spaciousness and infinity of God, wherein alone she can have her fill and be secure from perils. Nothing can touch or harm a soul while she is immersed in the Divinity."

It is that unusual, un-Western idea that gave to an envious superior a handle for proceeding against the orthodoxy of Baker's teaching. In 1633, after Baker had been for several years guiding the house at Cambrai, a new President of the community was appointed. That new President, envious of Baker's influence, made doctrinal charges. The specific charge was that Baker's teaching about obedience to an interior voice was subversive of obedience to Superiors. A committee of Benedictines was appointed for a searching examination. A close scrutiny was made of Baker's writings, and the Cambrai nuns, after *viva voce* examination, were ordered to give up all notes of interviews with Baker, all comments, all prayers, etc., written or suggested by his teaching. The committee reported complete vindication of Baker. That was inevitable. Interior prayer, interior listening for a silent voice, could never, Baker said, unless at the very beginning, conflict with outward obedience. For that inner activity is not a check to the outer—it goes along simultaneously

with the outer.* Nevertheless, Baker makes no evasion. He puts in the first place the virtue that St. Benedict made the foundation of the Order—obedience. If a person aspiring to union with God is forbidden by a Superior to practise interior prayer, Baker declares that person is to obey the Superior—"God will make it up to him."

Indications of that suspicion against his orthodoxy are frequent in Baker's writing. It introduced into his treatises an apologetic tone that is seldom pleasing. He feels the need to explain, to justify and safeguard.

Baker's abstract, Vedantin views are easy to trace historically. They are an heritage from the Areopagite whom Baker read and passed on to the nuns for study—together with writings of St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross and Tauler. The anonymous work, the *Divine Cloud of Unknowing*, is a link between Baker and Dionysius.

The *Divine Cloud* is an extraordinary writing of which almost nothing is known. There are five manuscripts in the British Museum. There are other manuscripts also. Mr. Edmund Gardner says the manuscripts are at least of the fifteenth century, but thinks that it is safer to assign them to the fourteenth. Baker found himself in complete accord with the teachings of the *Divine Cloud* and wrote a comment upon it. The original and his comments were first published two hundred and thirty years after Baker's death by another Benedictine. The book is difficult to obtain. It is said that Catholic booksellers are forbidden to sell it to laymen—another indication that Baker's way is not quite the normal way of Catholic Christendom.

In his comment, Baker states that the *Divine Cloud* is founded on Dionysius, and he quotes from Dionysius' epistle to Timothy: "Thou, then, Timothy, leave thy senses and sensible exercises, and all sensible and intelligible things. Keep under by a strong effort of thy mind the things which are not and which are, and as far as it is possible to thee, rise up unknowingly to that union with God, which is above all substance and knowledge." Baker's comments reveal profound sympathy between himself and Dionysius. "As God is infinite," he writes, "there can be no true sensible (i.e., of physical senses) image of God. A devout soul should free itself of all such images and retain only an obscure and general notion of God; the mind should remain in a kind of vacuity."

To attain to union through an obscure and general notion of God with the mind held in a kind of vacuity—that is Dionysius' way of negation. Dionysius spoke always of the "Transcendence of the One." To Dionysius the One [God] is above all created things, and cannot there-

* "As to following prayer when the Superior at such time would wish otherwise to employ a person, I say that after the soul hath been some good space practising that exercise, Superiors would fail to hinder her in it by imposing that which to them seemed fit, and the soul would have no desire to resist them, nor could she do it without a check from God Almighty. For no employment which religious women have in religion can hinder them after they have had a good entrance into prayer; because if they pray not at one time they can easily pray at another, or best of all, pray with the work itself, and make the work their prayer."—Dame Gertrude More in her *Apologia*.

fore be reached through created things. The way of negation is the way taught by Baker, also. "The knowledge which Dame Gertrude had of God," Baker writes, "was of that kind which spiritual writers declare to be the truest knowledge of which we are capable in this life and that is by way of negation—that God is none of those things which we can imagine or conceive with our understanding." Baker is perhaps the most thorough-going representative of the Areopagite in the West. He passes far beyond mystics like Richard of St. Victor. Richard embodied the teachings of Dionysius' "Mystical Theology" but he clothed them in Biblical allegories and gave them an appearance of concreteness, familiarity and domesticity. Erigena, the first translator of Dionysius, seems to understand his author fully. But even Erigena holds to the usual Catholic teaching that man must reach God over the bridge of Christ's *humanity*. "He wished to make His Humanity a medium," Erigena wrote, "for the transmutation of all human nature to Divine. He descended alone, in order that He might ascend with many. He, a God, made Himself Man, in order that He might make Gods of men." The unknown author of the *Divine Cloud* and Father Baker reproduce the complete abstractness of Dionysius. They counsel their readers to consider the naked Being of God.

Union with God [the Transcendent One] through the way of negation was the victorious end to which Father Baker led his spiritual daughters. But it is an end—it is not a method. We cannot think that a man of his wisdom would speak about transcendence, the way of negation, etc., to a nineteen-year-old girl in great distress over a mistaken vocation. He pointed out to Gertrude More certain spiritual exercises which he thought would bring her relief. He tried to start her on a simple way of prayer that would lead her interiorly to the spiritual plane. His wish was to make her spiritual life independent of himself personally. Something must now be said about the spiritual exercises Baker gave to Gertrude More.

His plan was to lead her to God along the path of least resistance. That path for her was the one of her natural affection for God. The mistakes of the missionary chaplains and the harm she got from books seem to have been of two kinds. They counselled "doing violence to nature." That is excellent counsel when used under the guidance of a skilful director. But unwise use of it almost wrecked Dame Gertrude's life. The second mistake was the effort to hold her, as a novice, in the elementary stages of meditation—the stages of memory and understanding. Baker saw that Gertrude More was an unusually gifted beginner—that her natural affection for God was strong enough to kindle her will, and that for her the earlier stages of reasoning, which with most aspirants lead up to an awakening of love, were altogether unnecessary. He counselled her to seek God naturally—to let her affections be her guide in ejaculatory (mental) prayer. She obeyed, made selections of sentences from St. Augustine, and used them. That simple exercise seems

to have saved her soul. By it she was brought first to complete acceptance of her life* and afterwards to the higher stages of Meditation.

True to his intention Baker left his pupil to her own course when he saw her steering steadily. Hence he did not know just when she reached the higher forms of Meditation. But he felt confident that she did reach that end. He describes two of the higher degrees. The first is Meditation Active. He defines this as "a prompt, easy, clear, immediate converse of the intellectual soul with the Divinity." He writes eloquently of this stage. "The effects of this blessed, perceptible presence of God in perfect souls are unspeakable and divine; for He is in them both as a principle of all their actions internal and external, being the life of their life and spirit of their spirits; and also as the end of them, directing both the actions and persons to Himself only. He is all in all things unto them: a light to direct securely all their steps, and to order all their workings, even those also which seem the most indifferent, the which by the guidance of God's Holy Spirit do cause a farther advancement of them to a yet more immediate union. He is a shield to protect them in all temptations and dangers, an internal force and vigour within them, to make them do and suffer all things whatsoever His pleasure is they should do or suffer. They not only believe and know, but even feel and taste Him to be the universal, infinite Good. By means of a continual conversation with Him they are reduced to a blessed state of a perfect denudation of spirit, to an absolute internal solitude, a transcendancy and forgetfulness of all created things, and especially of themselves, to an heavenly-mindedness and fixed attention to God only, and this even in the midst of employments to others never so distractive; and finally, to a trustful knowledge of all His infinite perfections, and a strict application of their spirits by love above knowledge, joined with a fruition and repose in Him with the whole extent of their wills; so that they become after an inexpressible manner partakers of the divine nature; yea, one spirit, one will, one love with Him, being in a sort deified, and enjoying as much of heaven here as mortality is capable of."

Baker calls the second of the higher degrees, Meditation Extraordinary or Passive. The first degree man can attain by faithful performance of spiritual exercises. But the second degree is entirely beyond man's attainment. He cannot prepare himself for it because it is a grace or gift supernaturally infused by God. There are two degrees within this Meditation Extraordinary, the lower of which is sometimes

* "The divine obedience of Dame Gertrude consisted in this—that for God and out of love and obedience to Him, she willingly and readily did those things to which she was bound in any way, refrained from those things she was forbidden, and patiently and with resignation, and even cheerfully, endured all the difficulties and sufferings which befell her, whether in internal matters, as contradictions of will or desolations, or in external things, as unkindness or neglect of others, or bodily infirmities, which were often considerable. In a word, her standpoint towards God made her regard all the things of this life, and all that could be done or suffered in it, as mere nothing, save in so far as they could help or hinder the love and service of God and the attainment of God and the attainment of eternal happiness."

accompanied by outward incidents, such as levitation, precipitation of roses, gifts of jewels, etc. When these outward incidents are genuine, Baker says they are seldom heard of until after the death of the individual who experienced them. The highest form of Meditation Passive is the immediate apprehension of some divine mystery. This is altogether interior, and is with great difficulty brought within the scope of the mind. The result of it is that it accomplishes love in the soul: "and all perfection consists in a state of love and an entire conformity with the divine will."

"A state of love and an entire conformity with the divine will." That was the end Father Baker proposed for himself and his disciples in the seventeenth century. His way toward that goal seems a most difficult one—one that we can scarcely desire to follow to-day. For his way—though it does reach the goal—seems to leave out of account the hierarchy, the Elder Brothers, those compassionate Masters of Life who, having attained, desire so eagerly that all humanity shall share their happiness. Attainment through devotion to a Master and loyal adherence to His will seems so much easier, warmer, more human. Gertrude More's death was as cold as her way was abstract. One contrasts with that coldness the passionate love of Soeur Thérèse, the flower of Lisieux, her acute physical pain which no wise diminished the ardor of her devotion. Baker's way seems one for trained intellects. Soeur Thérèse's one for those who are willing to become as little children.*

JOHN WILFRID ORR.

Take, O Lord, and receive all my liberty, my memory, my understanding, and my will, all that I have and possess. Thou hast given it to me; to Thee, O Lord, I restore it; all is Thine, dispose of it according to Thy will. Give me Thy love and Thy grace, for this is enough for me.—Ignatius Loyola.

* "No matter how poor the family is," she said, "enough food is always given to a child. I resolved to win Heaven so. I resolved never to grow up, but always to remain little. For I distrusted my ability to earn my living of immortality."

THE HOLY SPIRIT

INTRODUCTION.

“And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; Who with the Father and Son together is worshipped and glorified; Who spake by the Prophets . . .”

Nicene Creed—A. D. 325 to 589.

THIS is an age of materialism, of unspiritual aims, of mere externality in life and thought. We talk of the love of God, of brotherhood, of prayer; but in fact, we have little clear knowledge of what any of these things mean. They belong to the world of spirit, while we feel that we are largely alive in a world of matter. There *is* spirit somewhere, just as there is God. We know that our souls are more important than our bodies,—even though we forget the fact almost continuously; that they are rulers, and at least potential masters of our bodies; yet how vague is our conception, in thought or in fancy, of this elusive, subtle, invisible, masterful soul in each one of us.

So the materialism of the age goes on living its life, self-absorbed and unconcerned about the spirit; leaving the discussion and belief in such matters to saints, mystics, and religious people.

In the Western world, the Church is founded on a belief in the reality of Spirit. But even the Church is forced to admit her inability to explain what faith impels her to believe. Dogmas have been formulated, definitions abound, but the mystery still remains a mystery. St. Augustine voices an almost universal opinion when he says, “In no other subject is the danger of erring so great, or the progress so difficult, or the fruit of a careful study so appreciable.” He was dealing with the Trinity, which is the Church’s synthetic conception of Spirit,—hence his estimate of the difficulty of the subject. All that the Church maintains is based upon her conceptions of the Trinity; so if an understanding of the spiritual world and of the Holy Spirit are to be found in the Church, a study of the authoritative literature on the Trinity should answer the purpose.

But such study, besides being difficult and highly technical, does not give the desired satisfaction. St. Augustine’s *De Trinitate*, one of the standard orthodox expressions of the Church’s belief, largely quoted by St. Thomas Aquinas and also by more modern Protestant theologians, is a monument of patient mental analysis, and an acute disquisition of metaphysical subtleties. After reading the work, as likewise at the end of nearly all available books on this subject, a feeling persists that the real heart of the matter has never been reached, that the “fruit” of “care-

ful study" has not been what intuitively we feel it could and ought to be, that somehow the mystery has an explanation other than the final and formal statements of theology. Take, for instance, this authoritative summary of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Trinity, quoted from the *Catholic Encyclopedia*: "The essential points of the dogma may be resumed in the following propositions: The Holy Ghost is the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Though really distinct, as a Person, from the Father and the Son, He is consubstantial with Them; being God like Them, He possesses with Them one and the same Divine Essence or Nature. He proceeds, not by way of generation, but by way of spiration, from the Father and the Son together, as from a single principle. Such is the belief the Catholic faith demands." We have chosen this condensed statement as the simplest and clearest among many. But are these terms clear; and what do they really tell us about the essence and life of the Holy Ghost? What has the Holy Ghost to do with the fact of spirit in the universe, and how does it affect us as individual human beings?

Further reflection seems to indicate that the point of greatest obscurity, the part least understood, lies exactly in these conceptions of the Holy Ghost, or Holy Spirit as it is called, in the New Testament Greek. Even the average man, as well as the theologian, has some idea, however vague, about God; though this is too often so vague as to defy verbal description. He has also some idea about the Son, chiefly based on his knowledge of Christ's life as man on earth. But when it comes to the Holy Spirit, he has practically no idea at all, of any kind. The theologian, looking to the life of the Church as the recognized expression of the Spirit's activity, is naturally puzzled and confused by what he sees, however loyal his faith in the ultimate victory of the Church may be. The layman, asked as to his understanding of the Holy Spirit, will answer that it is conscience; or that it is the good impulses and higher aspirations that prompt us; or that it is the voice of comfort that comes to us in times of sorrow, the sense of deeper realities when trials test our faith in God and in our fellow man.

These answers are all indicative of where to look and how to look. That we have a fundamental belief in the fact of a spiritual world, that we instinctively acknowledge a Trinity and a Holy Spirit, and that a large portion of even our materialistic western peoples believe that there *is* truth to be had back of all our dogmas and creeds, the modern religious "revolt" and unrest amply prove. There is a growing demand for understanding of these subjects.

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to explain the Trinity; but rather, as the title suggests, to study the Holy Spirit directly. Inasmuch, however, as the Holy Spirit is "consubstantial" with the other Persons of the Trinity, it becomes practically impossible to separate them, and so constant reference to the Trinity becomes essential. It is here that the *Secret Doctrine*, *Isis*, and many other Theosophical books throw an immediate and illuminating light on much that is abstruse and

enigmatical in the purely Christian thought. Many passages in them, which will be referred to, interpret the texts of the Old and New Testaments, and the writings of the early Church Fathers. In addition, there is assembled an amazing number of parallels between the Christian conceptions of the Trinity and the Holy Spirit, and those of every other known religion. Many of these other religions have a much richer and deeper body of teachings than the Church Christianity that has so far come down to us; and we can see in their light that Christian theology is far from complete. At the same time it is astonishing to discover how much is unconsciously stated by the great early Church theologians from St. Paul to St. Augustine,—unconsciously, that is, as far as modern interpretations and understanding go. That many of them must, in fact, have known what they were writing about seems more and more probable when their works are re-examined without the bias of later theologic interpretations. It is not till our modern all too rigid ideas, often derived, it would seem, from total misunderstandings of these Church Fathers, are broadened and enriched by the wisdom of Oriental religions and of Theosophy, that we begin to get a comprehensive significance out of our own religious formulas and beliefs. The vantage-ground of a new viewpoint is needed before our mental perspective can be more correctly readjusted, and a universal application in our creeds be possible where now too often exists only the cramped vision of a single exclusive system of thought.

Many Christians do not know that there is a Trinity in every great religion. The Hindus have Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Shiva; the Buddhists, or more properly, the Vedantins, call it Mulaprakriti, Prakriti, and Purusha; the Persians teach that "Ormuzd produced *light* out of himself by the power of his *word*." The Egyptians have Osiris, Isis, and Horus. In Chinese, "Kwan-shai-yin is the universally manifested Word, coming from the unmanifested Absolute by the power of its own will, and being identical with the former." The Greeks called it Zeus (Power), Minerva (Wisdom), and Apollo (Beauty). The Scandinavians, Wodan (the Supreme Cause), Thor (Power), and Freia (Beauty). Jehovah and Allah are trinities of Will, Knowledge and Power; while even modern materialism believes in "Causation, Matter, and Energy."

The Christian Trinity therefore, theology notwithstanding, has no unique features when properly understood; and a study of the Holy Spirit can well be supplemented by comparisons with the third person of other Trinities.

An attempt will be made to do this in order to develop our idea of the Holy Spirit; though in the nature of things the field is so vast that comparatively little detail can be brought into the compass of a magazine article. In the first place, however, the particular reason will be given why a clearer knowledge of the Holy Spirit is deemed important; and then analysis will be made of man's own realization of himself in order to clear up as many preconceptions as possible. This

will give a better comprehension of the Spirit as we experience it in ourselves, and will lead directly to the three-fold division of St. Paul, which is the Church's traditional article of faith on the presence of the Spirit in man. This, in turn, will introduce the whole body of New Testament and Early Church teaching on the subject; while finally, the light that Theosophic writings throw on all these divisions,—psychological, theological, historical, and religious alike—will be brought to bear, so that some definite synthesis of this collected material may become possible.

That any final or absolute conclusion can be reached is clearly beyond the powers of such a treatment. After all, we are dealing with a topic in itself transcending mind and mental conceptions, and we are repeatedly confronted with clear statements that this is a mystery. But this does not mean that there *is* no solution for those who are able and determined to achieve it. The answer will be found by making oneself aware of the spiritual world; the "terrace of enlightenment" is for each and every one to reach for himself; books and study alone will not give the solution,—they but serve as stimuli.

I

It is the undivided testimony of the New Testament, and the growing conviction even of modern Protestant theology, that to be without a knowledge of the Holy Spirit is to be destitute of one of the first essentials of Christianity. In fact, if we wish to discover what was the great, distinctive thing in Christianity as it went forth, a new religion, into the world; to find out what it was that constituted Christianity that rousing, saving, spiritual power which it *proved* itself to be; if we wish to seek, in the first place, not *theories* concerning the teaching of Christ, but the record of *facts* as they exist in early Christian literature, we are forced to conclude that the statements and explanation about the Spirit are that thing. The descent of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples at Pentecost was the start of Christianity as such—the birth of Christ's Church; and the power of the Christian religion was believed to reside in those who actually experienced the presence of the Spirit in themselves.

The evidence for this is found throughout the New Testament. Christ's teaching, especially towards the close of his ministry, is full of reference to the Holy Spirit, the Comforter; St. Paul rings on almost every page with stirring appeals to the witness of the Spirit as *the* fundamental proof of Christianity; while the first Christians awaited its coming into their own lives with eager expectation and prayer, and accounted its presence as their greatest blessing.

People today are asking what is a Christian, and how does he really differ in fact from any other good man. Whatever the modern Church has to say about ethical precepts and moral standards, the answer in the New Testament is clear. Morality and high standards of conduct

must always be ; but there is something that underlies and is the criterion even for moral codes. It is the Spirit in man which provides that inner standard up to which all morality must ultimately be measured. Thus Jesus told Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Right conduct alone was not sufficient. And does our formal baptism into any of the Christian Churches in itself realize the truth that Christ here expressed? If not, what did Christ mean? Do we really desire the kingdom of God? Or take St. John, in the third chapter of his first *Epistle*, last verse: "And in this we *know* that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us." Or St. Paul to the Roman Christians, eighth chapter, ninth verse: "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if *any* man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is *none of His*." And St. Paul tells us himself in *Corinthians*, with exquisite simplicity and modesty, "I think also that I have the Spirit of God."

To many these seem extravagant claims or requirements, suitable only to those few early enthusiasts at that special time ; and in a measure this is true. Christ's victory and ascension made possible an outpouring of spiritual power in the world that perhaps has not been equalled at any time in this dark age. But is it not also true that it was the loss of the original purity and loyalty in the later Christians,—the growing use of spiritual knowledge for personal and selfish ends by them, that led to the degeneration of the Church into the mere worldly institution that it has since so largely been? Certain it is that the bulk of acknowledged Christians have little or no realization of what the teaching here touched upon means.

It seems that the Church has departed so far from an understanding of what she herself professes to believe, that ignorance is now taken for granted ; and not only that, but unenlightenment is actually accepted as part of the Divine plan for the growth of the Church. Thus the fact that the Master promised us that "these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils ; they shall speak with new tongues ; they shall hold up serpents ; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them ; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover,"—these promises, too, are disregarded, not believed, or with our superior modern knowledge, limited to the happy but brief days immediately following the ascension. We are constantly told from pulpits, or read in books and articles, that such things cannot now be ; that the day of "miracles" has passed ; that the supernatural is indeed super-natural, and pertains to a future state and not to this world and to this civilization ; or that science and the known laws of evolution do not admit of any such startling invasion into the established harmony and order of existence.

But in denying these possibilities in ourselves, in cheapening Christianity and the word of Christ, are we not indeed in danger, consciously,

or unconsciously through an inexcusable ignorance, of sinning against the Holy Ghost:—that sin which is not and cannot be forgiven, simply because it is we who wilfully deny the credibility of the new birth which alone can admit us into the kingdom of heaven? We are in far worse condition than were those Ephesian Christians spoken of in *Acts* (chap. 19; 1 to 7), for when Paul asked them, "Have ye received the Holy Spirit since ye believed?"—they replied, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Spirit." And Paul, evidently in some surprise, asked them, "Unto what then were ye baptized?" And they said, "Unto John's baptism." Then said Paul, "John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people that they should believe on him that should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus. When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid hands upon them, the Holy Spirit came on them; *and they spake with tongues, and prophesied.*"

It seems that the Church today in her belief has gone little beyond John's baptism of repentance. Certainly our inheritance as baptized Christians does not mean to us what it did, the descent of the Holy Spirit upon us, with power to work miracles and to regenerate the decaying civilization of our day. With us this result is at best a hope for the future or an abstract article of belief.

If the Church today has lost the heart of a teaching which history seems to designate as of primary importance, would it not be well to review the whole field with the set purpose of seeking anew the truth? Assuredly the writings of Madame Blavatsky point to just such a loss of vision, and to just such a need for renewed investigation and for a richer, deeper knowledge and belief.

Further than this, a man of such ability as St. Paul must have meant something very definite when he writes so much to so many and various people on the same topic. Each of his major epistles centers in its spiritual instruction on the Spirit. "Ye are the temples of the Holy Spirit," he says, "and therefore defile not yourselves with evil living." Do we recognize this Holy Spirit in ourselves? What, in all the various mass of thoughts, feelings, and impulses that form our daily consciousness, is of the Spirit? If it be there at all, how is it to be recognized? Why do we not know it better? A consideration of these questions will now be attempted.

II

Nine-tenths of western civilization and peoples today will reject the most overwhelming evidence, even if brought to them without any trouble to themselves, for the simple reason that it clashes with their personal interests or prejudices. And so when every religion and religious teacher unite in saying that Light is to be sought within, the world, just because religion is either feared or despised, or because it is buried under ignorant prejudice and apparently irrational doctrines

and dogmas, continues blindly to ask the question: How are Light and Knowledge to be found, and how do they manifest themselves when found?

It is the pitiful, age-long demand of humanity. But the fact remains that this blindness is largely due to a lack of *real* desire or effort to solve the problem. Man is so content with his lot that exertion beyond a certain point becomes distasteful. Only so could the unquestioning acceptance of dogma, and reliance on a ready-made religious system be possible. But even man has learned that if there is Light and Understanding anywhere in the world, it is to be found in himself. Ultimately he turns to philosophy and religion only to explain himself to himself. The whole of life's experience throws him back upon himself.

The steps by which life has taught this lesson, and the understanding that man has attained, may briefly be summarized as follows:

Crude, physical man bases all his activities on sense-perception, and upon what is, then, to him pleasurable gratification of this sensation. He soon finds these selfish gratifications clashing with the will and desires of other men; and so is brought to self-consciousness and the use of reason. This self-consciousness and reason are the first manifestation of the real Ego in man; it is what differentiates him from animals. Reason is, so to say, the lowest special faculty of the self-conscious Ego, as separate from the mere animal body. It is the first guide of physical man; and by it he is enabled to recognize and analyse himself.

Man has learnt to live largely by the use of this calculating, provisioning faculty. But if his life be guided by reason only, he plans solely for himself, for his personal physical comfort or interests; and he is inevitably selfish, treacherous, immoral. He has, however, another whole range of faculties that self-consciousness and reasoning awaken in him, because his crude, animal instincts are profoundly modified by these new endowments. All his inner life, consisting of incessant sensations, of feelings ever acting upon and agitating him, brought to bear from without or generated from within, a constant stream of reflections, emotions, and desires, are found to conflict with his calculating, reasoning powers. He desires something that reason tells him is harmful,—and in this moment of hesitation a new power opens before him. He no longer acts on instinct alone; for the first time he chooses, he uses will, he acts from a consciously directed will. Will is the next highest faculty of the real Ego in man, and is on a higher plane than the reasoning faculty, simply because it is more powerful, and can control the reasoning process itself.

With will consciously operating, man has reached a new and more developed stage of existence. There results from contact with fellow men an enlightened self-interest; virtues begin to appear; sacrifice becomes a prerequisite for the very existence of friendship; morality and moral standards are set up.

But here a new danger appears. The will itself, because of the pull of selfish instincts and the desire for sense-gratification, is often voluntarily guided and controlled by the lower, the reasoning, calculating faculty. In other words, the man chooses to continue his instinctual, selfish, animal life; and uses his reasoning faculties to persuade the will to acquiesce. At this point two things occur. The first is that if he continues to subordinate and misuse the will in this way, he will lose the real power of choice,—habit will at length bind him, and where an apparent choice confronts him, the ability to choose will already have been predetermined. He becomes the slave of his desires, and has lost the essence of his manhood. Most of mankind are today more or less bound by this slavery to sense and animal desire, even though they refuse to recognize the fact. And as a result will in man has so far lost its true function as to be almost wholly misunderstood and underestimated.

The second thing that occurs is that conscience is awakened. While man acted in an almost purely animal way, instinct and desire took the place of will and conscience. But when the higher element in man began to obtain recognition and to control his outer actions, when the man consciously chose what he would do in relation to his fellow men, when a moral code and the sense of right and wrong were developed, then conscience appeared to urge the man to choose right instead of wrong, to be unselfish, charitable, just, instead of brutal, selfish, and treacherous.

In essence conscience is again a higher faculty than the simple will,—though being an expression of the real Ego in man, it partakes of the same nature. Will might be described as a more impersonal, spontaneous force, while conscience is the conscious direction of the will-power itself,—it is consciously-directed will. In most people conscience is so undeveloped, and so much of the will has been deflected to augment the lower, selfish, and animal desires, that there remains but little of the will-element in conscience itself. But this is not the normal. Conscience should be an invincible will-power; and some small approach to this can even now be recognized in so-called “good” people, for whom it is already a reliable power on most occasions of choice between a virtuous action and its opposite. The vague sense of disquiet, of a wrong committed, or the general admonition of an evil intended,—these are merely the imperfect and weak effects of an undeveloped and almost choked conscience. Fully realized, conscience is the voice of the higher Ego in man, with all the certainty of knowledge, truth, and power of will that can be imagined to belong to his uttermost divine possibilities. It is perceptive will, and is capable of an infinite unfoldment.

When Bergson assures us that an element of will is to be reckoned with in all growth, he is saying that this consciously-directed power is exerted throughout the universe. In the lower orders of nature, in

minerals, plants, and animals, there is on a vast scale the marvelously harmonized creative evolution of infinite degrees of consciousness. In man, with self-consciousness, this evolution takes a new turn. It seeks not only to bring our species or genera of beings as a whole to a certain higher degree of consciousness, but it seeks also to raise each single individual to a new capacity commensurate with the achievement of the whole race. So Brotherhood takes on a profounder meaning, and sympathy is seen to be a quality springing directly from the highest will in us. The individual man must himself attain to all that the whole race attains, as well as supplying that one place which his individuality as a member of the race requires. This double evolution, so to speak, is the task confronting each human being.

To achieve this man must learn to function on a plane above that of animal instinct, feeling, desire, or even of thought. As the bee is impelled by what Maeterlink calls "the Spirit of the hive," so man must learn to become an instrument obedient to the collective will of a united humanity. He must raise his personal will to the creative and powerful will above him; and not content with the mere exercise of choice in the petty affairs of his daily existence, he should succeed in entering that mighty world-force of an undivided and unanimous human will which is the very essence of his own life and being.

This inner world of a united, self-conscious will-power is what is commonly called the spiritual world. In it are those Masters, men once like ourselves, who have broken through the trammels of their merely animal nature, and who have learnt to use all the energies of the lower man for the higher spiritual purposes. These powers are so vast in comparison with those now at our disposal that for centuries mankind has thought to divorce the two from any identity of essence. But with the change of the cycle, and with the growth of self-knowledge which has accompanied the scientific study of our generation, mankind in the West are rediscovering their own inner existence and possibilities. Will is being valued and developed more and more, though it is to be expected that mere self-will and desire are too often mistaken for the real spiritual will of the super-sensuous world.

Bergson was heralded as one who "had rediscovered the soul." In this he but focused the belief of a growing majority of the thinkers of today. It becomes patent that man must have within him, or more truly *be*, the soul. Through the free exercise of will there is opened to him an illimitable beyond; and it is but rational to conceive that he can not always be limited by the physical body, with its dead matter, or nervous system so often diseased and inadequate. That constant stream of self-conscious volition, "the essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself 'I,'" as Carlyle says, necessarily constitutes the *real* man. Deny this, and man is worse than an animal,—“the shame and scandal of the universe,” as Pascal puts it. So we find scientists and philosophers everywhere searching for the soul in man, and the phrases “subliminal” or “subconscious self,” “intuition,” “spiritual apperception,” and

the like, attest the direction of their search. The race is gradually, through its religious and scientific leaders, discovering the windows of the spirit within, and its oneness with all of creation.

It must not be thought from what has preceded that the spiritual world is simply a world of liberated and extended will, or that the Spirit in us is merely that will which makes for righteousness. It is this, and much more besides. We have simply endeavoured to trace those direct attributes or qualities of the Spirit which every man can know and recognize in himself. Briefly to recapitulate, they are reasoning and intellect, will in the sense of free-will as distinguished from desire and selfish impulse, and conscience or perceptive will,—will and knowledge combined.

In all of these we can see that there are degrees of excellence or the reverse, and if degrees at all, then some point of perfection where the whole nature of the quality becomes transformed into what seems to us a higher order. All of nature demonstrates this. Dense ice changes to water, to steam, to gas; air may be solid, liquid or gaseous. Each plane involves a complete change of outer form; and also a great increase of power; while the essence remains throughout the same. So with man. Early, formal, and one-sided reasoning becomes powerful intellectual knowledge, with all its attendant pleasures and wide interests. This, in turn, may become intuition; at first but the flashing visions of genius, finally the instantaneous and certain wisdom which is the dream of every philosopher and the possession of the Initiate. Will, directed first as blind instinct, becomes the self-conscious and free choosing-power of humanity. Its future is as yet but vaguely foreshadowed by such qualities known to us as conscience and sympathy, and we feel intuitively, as well as forecasting in imagination, that the ultimate possibilities of a trained and united human will would exercise a power as yet undreamed of by mankind today.

But that the realization of this dream is the perfectly explicit object of all religious teachers can hardly be denied. What is faith, as Christ used the word, but the conscious reliance of the whole being on the reality and power of the spiritual world? And by faith all things are possible,—faith of this dynamic kind,—opening as it does the whole man to an inflow of spiritual force or will that can only be limited by the acceptance and strength of the man himself. Or take the Vedantins, with their gospel of raising the self by the Self, until the self becomes one with the Divine Self, sharing all its powers, one with its whole life. And similarly with all the religions.

To do this it is obvious that man must lay aside his present misconceptions and inertia. It is to help him do this, to help him create for himself a vivid, conscious, personal life in the spiritual world, that Christ lived and died, and St. Paul laboured and wrote. We shall turn next to these New Testament writings.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(To be continued)

PAUL THE DISCIPLE

PAUL'S life is supremely valuable because it shows the method of the Master, after the resurrection, in training his disciples and in carrying forward the work of the church. We have Paul's distinct testimony that, in each decisive hour of his life, from the great awakening on the Damascus road until he stood for the last time in chains before Nero, the Master was with him, teaching, guiding and strengthening him.

Describing his first commission to King Agrippa, Paul told how the Master had appeared to him, and, speaking in the Hebrew tongue, had thus charged him: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. Rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

Paul saw the Master and spoke with him face to face, and he was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. Direct from the Master came his knowledge and his commission. He makes this clear, when writing to the disciples in Galatia, reminding them that, after he had seen the Master, he let three years pass before going up to Jerusalem to talk with the elder disciples. During the two weeks he then spent at Jerusalem, he talked only with Peter, and with James the brother of Jesus, already beginning to dominate the church at Jerusalem. Perhaps it was on this occasion that James told him that the Master had appeared to him also, after the resurrection, as Paul later wrote to his friends at Corinth.

While at Jerusalem, he again had speech with the Master, as he himself relates: "It came to pass that, when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance and saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me. . . . Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."

Some years later, Paul "went up by revelation" to the Council of Jerusalem, which debated the great question of admitting the Gentile converts to the church, without compelling them to comply with Jewish rites and customs: the question which lay at the root of the work entrusted by the Master to Paul.

Again, after the door had been opened wide to the non-Jewish disciples, in Asia Minor and in Greece, and when, in consequence, the Jews of Corinth were fiercely assailing Paul, the Master once more spoke to him "in the night, by a vision": "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee: for I have much people in this city."

Once again, when Paul had hardly escaped a violent death at the hands of the mob about the temple at Jerusalem and was still in imminent peril, the Master paid a magnificent compliment to the indomitable courage of his disciple, promising him still further opportunity and danger: "the night following the Master stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

The promise was fulfilled. The disciple went to Rome, with chains on his wrists. And in the last dark days, when many friends had forsaken him, when he was summoned before the judgment seat of Nero, presently to receive sentence of death, he bears this superb witness: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Master, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. . . . At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge. Notwithstanding the Master stood with me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion. And the Master shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory for ever and ever."

These are only the most critical events in the long discipleship of Paul. Not only at these times, but constantly, the Master was near him, overshadowing him with inspiring and protecting power, and on many other occasions definitely communicating with him, as Paul testifies in his letters.

These communications referred in part to the earlier work of Jesus, during the period of teaching before his death, as where Paul writes to the disciples at Corinth: "I have received of the Master that which also I delivered unto you, That the Master Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me."

Or the communications referred to the immediate needs of one or another group of disciples in the growing church, as where Paul, writing to Corinth, says: "And unto the married I command, yet not I, but the Master, Let not the wife depart from her husband."

Or the Master spoke concerning Paul's own training as a disciple: "For this thing I besought the Master thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

Through more than thirty years, till the period of active work was closed by Paul's execution, the Master's communication with his disciple was unbroken: a general inspiring influence, with specific, detailed directions, for the immediate need or danger; directions which were decisive in guiding Paul's movements during the vital and critical period in which the doors of the church were thrown wide open to the whole Western world, to the Greeks and Romans as well as to the Jews. At each crisis, the deciding influence was the Master's intervention.

Paul says much which makes clearer the manner of the Master's communication to him. There was articulate speech, so definite that Paul records of the first occasion that the Master spoke to him, not in Greek, but in the Hebrew tongue, the idiom in which the people of Galilee had heard the parables. Paul saw as well as heard. "Have I not seen the Master?" he writes, and he speaks elsewhere of the Master's luminous form: "the Master Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Paul had written earlier of this transformation: "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body . . . and as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

The Master, therefore, appeared to him in what Paul himself calls "the spiritual body," the body of the resurrection, which seems to have taken a form less externally visible after the event which is called the Ascension, though the Master in no sense withdrew from his disciples; he was seen by those who had eyes to see, and heard by those who had ears to hear: the eyes and ears of the spiritual man.

Thus did Paul see and speak with the Master during the long and arduous years of his work as a disciple; and, more than all words, the Master communicated himself, imparting something of his will and consciousness to Paul, and drawing the life of his disciple closer to his own.

The trials and sufferings which Paul endured were a part of the purification which was necessary for this union of will and consciousness with the Master. As that purification was carried forward, Paul grew able to say: "We have the mind of Christ." And his constant effort for the disciples to whom he brought the word of the Master, was, that they too might break through the external consciousness, and be united with the will and consciousness of the Master: "My little children," he writes to the group of disciples in Galatia, "my little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." It was this uniting of the will and consciousness of the disciple with the will

and consciousness of the Master, which transformed the natural man into the spiritual and immortal; and it was the union of many disciples with each other, through their union with the Master, which made the unity and life of the Church. "We are members one of another. . . . even as the Master nourisheth and cherisheth the church: for we are members of his body. . . . This is a great mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the church."

In order that this new consciousness and will may be gained, there must first be a transformation of the external, personal life; a dying and rising again, of which the Master's crucifixion and resurrection are the prototype: "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

After this new birth, this birth from above through the power of the Master, comes the gradual growth of the spiritual man, that "up-building" of which Paul speaks so often to the disciples, whereby we are transformed "to the likeness of his glorious body," growing in the spiritual life "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

To carry the word and power of the Master throughout the whole Western world Paul toiled and suffered: to bring others into touch with the will and consciousness of the Master, thus building up, through their union in him, a divine and immortal life, the spiritual life of the disciples and the Church.

For this work, Paul was chosen and commissioned by the Master, as Paul himself has recorded. The circumstances of his birth and early training, debtor both to the Jews and the Greeks, signally fitted him to carry out the task later entrusted to him.

Paul was a Jew of Tarsus in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city. He was also a Roman born. As a Roman citizen, he was at home everywhere throughout the Empire from Syria to Spain, and therefore well fitted to carry the word of the Master throughout the Empire. Since he was a Roman born, his father was a Roman citizen before him, perhaps his grandfather also. Tarsus was closely bound up with the Caesarian house; through Tarsus Julius Caesar passed from Alexandria, where he had met Cleopatra and buried Pompey, on his way to fight the king of Pontus in that swift campaign which begot the epigram: I came, I saw, I conquered. To Tarsus also came Mark Antony, and on the river Cydnus, which flows through the city, Cleopatra was borne in that famed progress which outshone Aphrodite:

For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavillion—cloth of gold of tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-color'd fans . . .

The city cast

Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air.

From Tarsus came Athenodorus the Stoic, son of Sandon, who was the tutor of Augustus, and who, by the favor of Augustus, became governor of his own city, Tarsus. Nestor the Platonist, who succeeded Athenodorus as Governor of Tarsus, had been the tutor of Marcellus, nephew of Augustus. Close bonds like these bound Tarsus to the imperial house; Roman citizenship in Tarsus meant personal service rendered to the Caesars or distinction conferred by them. It meant familiarity with the history and fortunes of the Caesarian house: the martial deeds of the great Julius, the wise statesmanship of Augustus, the long reign of Tiberius. This Paul implied, when he declared himself a citizen of Tarsus in Cilicia, and a Roman born.

Besides the close relation with the Caesars, Tarsus was famed for Greek culture, with traditions going back to Homer. Strabo narrates that Tarsus was founded by Argives who accompanied Triptolemus in his search after Io. Dion Chrysostom, who was a youth of sixteen or eighteen at the time of Paul's death, when addressing the people of Tarsus, always took for granted that they were familiar with the history and poetry of Hellas.

Strabo relates that the Tarsian philosopher Diogenes went about from city to city, instituting schools of philosophy, and that, as if inspired by Apollo, he composed and recited poems on any subject that was proposed to him. Further, he says that Athenodorus in part owed his influence to his gift for extemporaneous speaking, a power that was general among the inhabitants of Tarsus. One may find here, perhaps, the prototype of the eloquent journeyings of the greatest citizen of Tarsus.

As a boy, Paul must have played in the market-place where Antony had sat enthroned, and wandered along the wharfs where the crowds gathered to hail Cleopatra. He must have known very familiarly the hot, damp plain around the city, overshadowed by the foothills and snow-fringed ridges of Taurus, shaggy with dark cedars, the evergreen vales adorned with glades of saffron. From Taurus flowed the icy Cydnus, passing through the city close to the gymnasium of the young men. The son of a leading citizen, Paul must have had the right to join in

the exercises of the gymnasium; and this seems to be the source of his many allusions to athletics, to gymnastic training, to boxing matches and foot-races. For one who had been an athlete in his youth, it would be natural to sum up his life-work in the words: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my race; henceforth is laid up for me a crown." Paul contrasts the physical training of the athlete with the spiritual training of the disciple: "Bodily exercise profiteth for a little: but godliness is profitable unto all things;" and again, "Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, as not beating the air." Here, and elsewhere in the New Testament, the crown held out to the disciple is the crown (garland) of the victor in contests and trials rather than the crown (diadem) of hereditary rule. Paul, Peter, James and John all use the symbol: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

It may well be that Paul's early training in the gymnasium by the Cydnus, in whose icy stream Alexander the Great had bathed, prepared him for the bodily hardship of his later work. He must have gone on foot in much of his journeying through Palestine, Asia Minor and Macedonia; as, for example, his fellow-traveller relates: "We went before to ship, and sailed unto Assos, there intending to take in Paul: for so he had appointed, minding himself to go afoot." This journey on foot from Troas, the port of ancient Troy, to Assos was probably characteristic of much of Paul's travel; the type of exertion which led him to write to Timothy: "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Such was the atmosphere of Tarsus, in the midst of which Paul passed the most impressionable years of his boyhood and youth. Though the Cilician city was far from Greece, it was full of the Greek spirit and Greek tradition. The background, as in Greece itself, was made up of the great tradition of the Homeric poems. An amusing tale which Strabo tells, concerning the gymnasium where, if our surmise be sound, Paul got his taste for athletics, shows how Homer was on everybody's tongue, his poems in everyone's mind. According to this tale, it was Mark Antony himself, the friend of Julius Caesar and of Cleopatra, who founded the gymnasium, and made Boethus trustee of a fund for its support. Boethus was a fraudulent trustee, appropriating even the oil which was provided for the athletes to anoint themselves with. He was accused of his theft, whereupon he made an angry protest to Mark Antony: "As Homer sang the praises of Achilles, Agamemnon and Ulysses, so I have sung yours. I therefore ought not to be brought before you on such a charge." The accuser answered, "Homer did not steal oil from Agamemnon; but you have stolen it from the gymnasium, and therefore you shall be punished." Yet, says Strabo, the crafty

Boethus contrived to avert the displeasure of Antony by courteous offices, and continued to plunder the city until the death of his protector.

Tarsus was also a famous seat of Greek philosophy. Paul was, without doubt, not only familiar with the names of the Stoic, Platonic and Epicurean schools, but also with their doctrines. Consider the incident of his stay at Athens: "Certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him. . . . And they took him, and brought him unto the Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?" The story is recorded by Luke, the beloved physician and fellow-traveller. But Luke was not with Paul in Athens; therefore the story, with the names of the philosophical schools, must have been given to him by Paul himself.

If we go back to Strabo's account of Tarsus, we shall see how easy it would have been for Paul to be familiar with these and other schools; how difficult, almost impossible, it would have been for him to have been ignorant of them. For the inhabitants of Tarsus, Strabo tells us, applied themselves to the study of philosophy and to the whole encyclical compass of learning with so much ardour that they surpassed Athens, Alexandria and every other place where there were schools and lectures of philosophers. Among the famous Stoics of Tarsus was Athenodorus, tutor of Augustus Caesar, who made him governor of Tarsus. Nestor, who was tutor to Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, and who succeeded Athenodorus as governor of Tarsus, was equally famous as a Platonist. Since Athenodorus and Nestor were great orators, it is likely that they made the public squares of the city ring with the names and doctrines of Zeno and Plato. Paul, therefore, was quite ready to hold his own with the eloquent philosophers of Athens.

The way in which he faced his audience on the famous Hill of Ares under the Acropolis shows how well he profited by the lessons of the Tarsian orators. It was his custom, when opening his great theme to the Jews who gave him the privilege of speech in their synagogues, to use the Old Testament background, the majestic story of God's dealings with Israel; and here he spoke out of a full heart. But when called to address the critical audience of Athens, he took rather, for the background of his oration, the general philosophic sensibility, the somewhat vague pantheism, which was the broad result of Greek philosophy. Men of Athens, he began, having in mind, no doubt, the famous orations of Demosthenes,

Men of Athens, I perceive that ye are somewhat religious. For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, To an unknown God. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you. The God that made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in sanctuaries made with hands; neither is he served by men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life and breath and all things; and he made of one blood every na-

tion of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth . . . for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain even of your own poets have said, 'For we also are his offspring . . .'

Then he went on to speak of that one among the sons of God, whom God had raised from the dead. . . . It would be hard to conceive of a wiser or more skilful approach to the Athenian mind; of a better way of bringing to that mind the mystery of the resurrection. And it is of record that many of his hearers, both men and women, like Dionysius and Damaris, were in fact led through that speech of his to a knowledge of the Master. It would be difficult to find a better example of the orator's art and secret: to take men where they are; to speak to them first of what is in their own hearts. And it was Paul's early life in Tarsus, when, as a boy, he wandered about the streets and squares of the city, listening to the eloquent words of the Platonists and Stoics, that trained and fitted him thus to make overtures to the mind of Greece, where a man of narrower education and sympathies would have met with nothing but derision.

It has been said that the beauty of Paul's style, as we find it in the living, breathing pages of his letters, is the beauty of speech, of oratory, rather than of writing. Take the magnificent passage concerning Charity. . . . It rings like a great oration. This quality of eloquence, then, Paul must have learned and absorbed in those same boyhood days, among a people for whom oratory was one of the supreme aesthetic delights.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(To be continued)

If He calls you to a kind of service which is according to His will but not according to your taste, you must not go to it with less, rather with more courage and energy than if your taste coincided with His. The less of self and self-will there is in anything we do, the better.—St. Francis de Sales.

THE RENAISSANCE

ANY and all human achievement may be considered as theosophic documents, and thus a period of consummate achievement, such as the Italian Renaissance, holds for us a very special significance.

Here a great spiritual force seems at work so near the surface that one can fairly see its tumultuous surge seeking outlet through every possible channel. The whole of Italy seethed with an over-endowment of energy, of passionate hearts and eager intellects and lofty souls, all contributing their quota toward a unified movement; princes were super-princes in brilliance and magnificence, poets burned with the divine afflatus, saints were carried to heights of ineffable ecstasy, and artists were the recipients of an unexampled tide of inspiration. In varying measure it floods the entire output of the time, even the workers in silver and leather fairly surpassing the limits of their crafts, while the great men were a very embodiment of the baffling mystery of creative genius.

It is surely not alone the saints and ethical leaders of a race who guide spiritual evolutions, and it may well be doubted whether any save the greatest masters have done as much for the awakening of the world, toward the deepening of consciousness and the heightening of aspiration, as have the poets and painters and musicians. The impetus given by a Saint Francis or a Savonarola is more easily reckoned and defined, but the very explicitness of their teaching prescribes its boundaries; our argumentative mind meets it on a common ground, accepting or confuting it point by point. But in the presence of great art we become onepointed and receptive and there is an immediate sympathetic enkindling of our higher powers, those above the reasoning intelligence. As we listen to the message voiced by music, speaking through the throb of rhythm, the poignant sweetness of melody and the depths of harmony, each obedient to its own high law, we experience a direct inrush of life itself. With no dogmatism to confuse and confound we may receive straight from the fountain-head and go forth to meet our daily tasks with renewed sense of high courage, of other-worldliness, of essential unity, and by some act of the awakened will make the inspiration bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is a very epitome of the theosophic attitude and the theosophic method.

The imperious summons of beautiful color and form has the same certain appeal, though the mind is more tardy in acknowledging the cause. Their governing rules are still shrouded, still waiting to be reduced to clear formulæ as have those of musical harmony; yet as we study some masterpiece of painting or sculpture or architecture we have a sense of instinctive acquiescence to its inherent rightness, which is

basically an obeisance to an unknown law. The measure of our delight is the measure of our understanding, so that, for instance, in the presence of the marbles of the Parthenon as we yield to the swell and subsidence of the large free lines, we are moved as by great swinging seas under full sunlight, feeling unconsciously that underneath each is the same rhythmic law. It is this "life-enhancing quality" which is the crowning glory of all true art, and which makes it in all its ramifications a legitimate field of study for those who are avowedly interested in latent and hidden powers. Even the much decried province of technique may properly hold our attention, however slight its claims in comparison with the higher gifts. It is as right and natural to admire a beautifully painted surface as to admire the texture of a rose leaf or the sheen on a ring-dove's neck; it charms us of itself, and is, moreover, the swift, sure means to a higher beauty as the artist mounts from height to height in pursuit of his ever-receding ideal. Also the portrayals of momentary moods and fleeting impressions are worthy our serious consideration, worthier, indeed, than even the loveliest material forms, for they are essentially more permanent, the true builders of form, and hence a full step nearer to the world of causes. Through pictorial presentation one can often "look deep into the hearts of others" and moments of despair, of aspiration and of joy are startlingly revealed to us through the deep insight of genius; for we are "so made that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed
 Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
 And so they are better, painted,—better to us,
 Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
 God uses us to help each other so,
 Lending our minds out."

To the artists of the Renaissance the human form became an instrument expressive of their faith, through which to bring home their entire range of thought and emotion and belief, and then to expand in comprehending sympathy the beholder's narrow personal horizon. For complete realization it demands perhaps the very highest development of knowledge and technique, yet that the determined desire for such expression can triumph over all limitations has been well proven. We need only turn to the masterpieces of Giotto to realize that pictures almost childish in drawing and devoid of all surface charm can yet hold in a high degree the one great essential,—the life-enhancing power. In his joyous and tender sympathy, his aptitude for "speaking to the condition" of types differing fundamentally from one another and from himself, in his ability to reach the heart of human significance in scene or event, Giotto is a very apostle of brotherly love; and in art as in life this necessitates and presupposes a complete absence of self-assertive egotism, a supreme good taste. The people of his frescoes, sinners and saints, are

allowed to live their lives in a calm indifference to his own preferences and dislikes, so that by virtue of this ability he has depicted the life of a Saint Francis reverently and sympathetically, holding in complete and courteous abeyance a very lively personal distaste for all asceticism and voluntary renunciation. It is no wonder that since, like Abou Ben Adhem, he might be written "as one who loved his fellow-men," he proved one whom, indeed, the gods loved best, and that to him was granted as to few others great inspirational gifts; that to him was given, in supreme degree, an instinctive feeling for significance in gesture and attitude, together with an infallible intuition for the right, the essentially and everlastingly right, division of space and line and balance. To these laws of division he was innocently and simply obedient, so that we in our turn, through love of his pictures, acknowledge them without suspicion of there being laws, just as we yield to the grace of a normal, well-regulated life without thought that we are paying obeisance to the laws of ethics and religion.

The happy tranquility of Giotto seems strangely free from the troubled brooding which he might well have acquired through his friendship with the harassed and embittered Dante. It is the later generations of the High Renaissance that show his influence, who felt that "He to explore the place of Pain was bold

Then soared to God to teach our souls by song."

There is no need of the illustrations of the Divine Cantos which one and another essayed to prove his hold on their imagination, for on every hand are mirrored his conceptions and interpretations of the unseen world, while each and every one was the direct heir to his habits of thought.

Even so gay and spontaneous a spirit as Botticelli could not altogether escape the brooding melancholy, though we feel his delight in all that was free and natural and untrammelled; in the breeze of the open sea, the brightness of flowers and birds, and above all, in the rhythmic movement of sentient life. The Allegory of the Spring is indeed its very apotheosis, so compelling that as we look we instinctively join the jocund company and become one in some pagan rite which praises the advance of the New Year with the timbrel and the dance. It was movement and rhythm which here held his fancy in thrall; on them "he intended his mind," till there came to him out of the blue the perfect means of conveying it to canvas, the secret power of inwoven pattern and sinuous line, so that at once and for all time it was rendered with supreme artifice, never again quite to be recaptured in all its first pristine loveliness. Yet in spite of the joyousness, there is even here a touch of haunting pathos which in his religious pictures deepens to poignant pity, as, for instance, in those circular compositions which seem to enclose and enfold a Madonna bowed by her weight of yearning over the baby Christ. His drawing may be academically faulty, but its power of expression is faultless; line and color lend themselves so graciously

to the conception that they become indeed "no mere representation of natural objects, but a glamour upon them by which they become alive to the spirit."

He was a true seer, and his was the path of all the heaven-born, whether artist or mystic. Impelled by the genius within, he contemplated, and obtained the vision; with intense and unremitting labor he gave it body and substance, and since in contemplation he had "become one with the object contemplated," it may be said that his works were of his very essence and that "in his own form created he them."

The lesser man, the merely talented, observes, combines and invents. He may be admirably conscientious and painstaking, but if he lacks the power of vision, the result is barren, since it is no great uplift for us to step from our own vital life into one thus made up of threads and patches. It may be right enough for him who actually does the work; he at least is polishing and sharpening tools which will some day serve a purpose, or he may even become an honest purveyor of a dilute milk to some who find Leonardo da Vinci's subtleties unpalatable or the dynamic power of Michael Angelo too strong a meat.

It is to these great ones that we naturally turn in our search for the fullest exemplification of the means and methods and laws of inspiration; men to whom art was a religion, and who became through their devotion to an ideal the most fit instruments in the hands of the high gods for the transmission of the truth of beauty.

The eager and inquiring mind of Leonardo led his genius to manifold modes of expression; he was allured by all the realm of natural phenomena of science, philosophy and the arts. We read of him "brooding over the hidden virtues of plants and crystals; the lines traced by the stars as they moved across the sky; the correspondences between orders of living things, of all that is magnetic in the forces of nature and the modes of their action; and anticipating by rapid intuition facts established by a later science." We know that he sought to solve the problem of human flight through intricate concoctions of wings and rudders; that he designed devastating machines of war; that he devised engineering schemes by which the marshes of Italy should be drained, and that his splendid physique was half ruined by arduous and prolonged search in the dissecting room for exact anatomical knowledge.

Gradually he became imbued with the idea of a never-ending life gathering to itself all experience, and of humanity as wrought upon by and summing up in itself the entire past; the subtle material as having been raised to a plane when only the keener touch and the finer nerve could follow. It is small wonder that his manuscripts, written strangely from right to left as was his wont, contain passages that might have been taken bodily from the lore of the ancient East.

To quote somewhat at random: "The mind passes in an instant from the east to the west, and all the great incorporeal forces have a like speed. Nature is constrained by the order of her own law which

lives and works within her; and every part is disposed to unite with the whole that it may thereby escape its own incompleteness.

"Pleasure and Pain are represented as twins, for there is never one without the other; and they turn their backs because they are contrary to one another. If you choose Pleasure, know that he has behind him who will deal out tribulation and repentance; where there is most power of feeling there of martyrs is the greatest martyr.

"If you kept your body in accordance with virtue, your desires would not be of this world. The Soul desires to dwell in the body because without the members of that body it can neither act nor think.

"The lover is drawn by the thing loved, as is the sense by that which it perceives, and it unites with it and becomes one and the same thing. Intellectual passion drives out sensuality. The senses are of the earth, the reason stands apart from them in contemplation; the soul apparently resides in the seat of judgment, and the judgment apparently resides in the place where all the senses meet which is known as the common sense. The faculty of imagination is both a rudder and a bridle to the senses, inasmuch as the thing imagined moves the sense." Without break of continuity we could proceed in the words of Patanjali: "To conquer transgressions the weight of the imagination should be thrown on the opposite side," or, "The transfer of the powers from one plane to another comes through the flow of the natural creative forces."

In his pictures we have a complete summing up of the man; here are garnered all his anomalous experiences, all his exact science, all his philosophic subtleties. They bespeak "a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit little cell by cell of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions"; here is evinced the truth of the eternal flux, the evanescent magic of vanishing moods. The entire gamut of life is played upon from the inverted spirituality of a Medusa, and the morbid underworld of physical decay, up through the allurements of Mona Lisa's smile, to the deep and sad appeal in the sensitive face of the Christ.

The wonder of his mind was its marvelous capacity, not only for perceiving, but for registering and retaining the fleeting glimpses flashed upon his vision, holding them indelibly fixed for years if necessary, till they ultimately reached an embodiment. There is the witness of his seven-year struggle toward the completion of his greatest portrait; his days of resolute inaction and concentration before the masterpiece of the Last Supper, or of his breathless rush the length of Milan's streets to add just the one felicitous brush-stroke which had at last occurred to him as the perfect means to a perfect end.

In his inner life he must always have dwelt as in a place apart, a silent and solitary thinker; he warns his pupils against companionship, because "when with another one possesses but half, nay less than half, of oneself."

Yet his outer life was that of a brilliant courtier, delighting monarch

and prince and high-born lady by the beauty and grace of his vivid personality, contributing by his wit to their merriment, or charming them by the songs which he sang to his oddly fashioned lyre.

To turn from this versatile and radiant being to his contemporary and only rival, the towering, tragic figure of Michael Angelo, is like plunging from blinding sunlight into the heart of a storm. His sonnet brings him, toiling on the huge dim vault of the Sistine ceiling, vividly and terribly before our eyes:

“I’ve grown a goitre by dwelling in this den—
 As cats from stagnant pools in Lombardy.
 Or in whatever land they hap to be—
 Which drives the belly underneath the chin.
 My beard turns up to heaven; my nape falls in,
 Fixed on my spine; my breast-bone visibly
 Grows like a harp; a rich embroidery
 Bedews my face from brush-drops thick and thin;
 My buttocks like a crupper bear my weight;
 My feet unguided wander to and fro;
 In front my skin grows loose and long; behind
 By bending it becomes more taut and straight;
 Cross-wise I bend me like a Syrian bow;
 Whence false and quaint I know
 Must be the fruit of squinting brain and eye
 For ill can aim the gun that bends awry.”

To such sacrifice and labor we owe the wide heritage he bequeathed us, for whether he wielded brush or chisel or pen, it was the same fiery, sustained concentration which gave form to his crowding thoughts. Obsessed with the idea of the immanence of art and that

“The best of artists has no shape to show
 Which the rough stone in its superfluous shell
 Doth not include; to break the marble spell
 Is all the hand that serves the brain can do,”

he worked unceasingly to free the hidden shapes which he felt about him on every side waiting their release.

It is a far cry from the patient study of a posed model and from faithfully recorded observations, to the furious freedom with which this self-existent genius created his mighty-limbed Titans. His figures are never portraits, never individualized men and women, but embodied forces, visualized ideas: the David is not merely a masterly presentation of the young warrior giant, it is the very spirit of youth and careless daring; the sombre statues of the Medici tomb are meditations carved in stone; his virgin is an almost impersonal type of exalted motherhood, and his Christ-child is the incarnation of an abundant vigor that shall enable him to bear the burden of the world.

But it is in the great Sistine decorations that we find the full marvel of his inspiration. Here it is not human qualities, however abstract, that we feel, but the very current of life itself surging through the universe, an overpowering force as of tempestuous winds and rushing waters under a storm-riven sky. Through compelling line, through massy shadow and the mystery of light, he actually quickens the beat of our heart, and tearing away trivialities and obstructions, he reveals the wonder of great full curves, their power, in sequence and repetition, to lead both the imagination and the senses onward and upward; yet making us aware the while that they are not the whole, finite and complete, but a component part of an infinite progression, through which we may

“touch enough

The verge of vastness to inform our soul
 What orb makes transit through the dark above;
 And there's the triumph! There the incomplete
 More than completion matches the immense—
 Then Michael Angelo against the world!”

We have been told that “number underlies all manifestation”; it is a dark and difficult saying, one from which our mind instinctively recoils, but we can more readily accede to the statement that “number underlies all art,” for here order and arrangement are well in evidence. Furthermore, we know that beautiful curves can be mathematically plotted and constructed, for none are lovelier than the long taut arcs of astronomical science; that just and satisfying divisions of space can be expressed by equations, for Temple and Cathedral and Campanile are there to sustain the architect's assertion; and that without reference to the numerical laws of musical harmony no composer would dare essay a symphony. It is but one step further for us to concede that the differing vibrations of dusky blue and vibrant yellow may be reduced to proper mathematical relations, and but another step to the concession that rhythm and repetition of line, or the crescendos of chiaroscuro may be the steady, awe-inspiring march of an arithmetical progression, making its visible appeal to the eye; that these are laws which are an open book to the awakened eyes of genius, and which are felt by each and all of us as our instruments of perception, growing finer and keener, near the goal of perfect taste.

In this underlying law of number is contained the real unity of the arts, that which makes analogies possible between painting and music, poetry and architecture; yet the finer distinctions of their differences must not be lost sight of; they must be most rigidly adhered to and each art confined within its own special sphere of beauty or there will be a total subversion of the illusive quality of style—as in those hazy attempts to play color or paint music, or worse still, to paint and play literature, with which we are all too familiar. For style demands a

limpid clarity of thought, a precision as clean-cut as the facets of a diamond, while in these efforts confusion is certainly confounded. Nevertheless, it is a real truth that is being sought, if not found; the truth that "in the realm of forces an audible sound is a subjective colour, a perceptible colour but an inaudible sound."

All this the great artists, consciously or unconsciously, have voiced in their work; it is part and parcel of their inspiration; for, to repeat, and sum up our conclusions, the pictures of genius, those having truly the life-enhancing power, are not only representations of objects or scenes or events, though this is a prime function and of value in that it bestirs memory and thought; they are more even than the penetrating interpretations of character and emotion and event, though it is their high privilege to so widen our sympathies and enlarge our horizon; these powers they do indeed possess to our exceeding great joy; but moreover and above this, they hold a direct appeal through the creative use of color and form, to our love of high truth, and of the laws, not man-made and partial, but divine and universal, but another manifestation of the same law of magnetic energy which holds the stars to their courses and draws after it the tides of the sea.

ANNE EVANS.

The greatest burden we have to carry in life is self. The most difficult thing we have to manage is self. Our own daily living, our frames and feelings, our especial weaknesses and temptations, and our peculiar temperaments,—our inward affairs of every kind,—these are the things that perplex and worry us more than anything else, and that bring us oftenest into bondage and darkness. In laying off your burdens, therefore, the first one you must get rid of is yourself. You must hand yourself and all your inward experiences, your temptations, your temperament, your frames and feelings, all over into the care and keeping of your God, and leave them there. He made you and therefore He understands you, and you must trust Him to do it.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

MAHOMET

SINCE the life and work of Mahomet first occupied the pens of historians there has been much controversy over the true nature and value of that work. All points of view have been advanced, from the extreme of the Moslem writers to whom every least tradition about their great teacher is sacred and therefore to be accepted without question, to the opposite extreme of those who hold that the work of the prophet was but the result of ambitious scheming, and his revelations a monument of lying and deceit. For any but a "true believer" the Moslem attitude is, of course, out of the question, but the complete rejection of the man is almost equally incomprehensible, if we regard the facts of the earlier days of his mission. All his strivings after truth, his ecstasies and depressions, his own distrust as to the genuineness of his inspiration, and finally the unwavering steadfastness with which, when once convinced, he faced and overcame, almost alone and unsupported, the ridicule and hostility of a nation,—all these facts testify certainly to no charlatanism and deceit. Furthermore, an examination of his teachings convinces one that the heart of his message was undoubtedly genuine. It is true, however, that the later years of the prophet's life show a marked change not only in the character of the man himself, but in the form of his revelations and in the nature of his religion. And this change, in fact all the apparent contradictions both of character and of work, are most readily explained by a statement which has been made to the effect that Mahomet was a psychic, probably the greatest psychic in history, a statement which is attested by one fact after another as we read the story of his life. The very manner in which he received his revelation is one of the strongest indications of his mediumship; he himself states that he heard sounds like the ringing of bells penetrating his very heart and rending him; and according to contemporary writers he went into a trance—evidently a sort of catalepsy—great beads of perspiration stood out on his face and at times he fell to the ground. His lack of the genuinely spiritual qualities, his manner of interpreting many of the revelations, and in his later life, the numerous occasions on which vanity or self-deception led to the distortion of his message, all testify again to his psychism.

The work of the Prophet falls naturally into two main divisions, first, the period spent at Mecca, a time of doubt and difficulty, and unceasing effort, of struggle not only for the recognition but for the very life of his religion as a religion; second, the period after the Hegira, when his message, gaining a foothold, gathered force in much the way that a rolling boulder gathers momentum, and in a few years swept the whole peninsula. To understand the difficulties of his work at Mecca

it is necessary to understand something of his people and his country. Arabia in A. D. 570, the year of Mahomet's birth, differed little from the Arabia of Abraham and Job. The people were banded together in independent nomad tribes, each headed by a Sheikh, the representative of his people; there was no government in the usual sense of the term, the tribes as an aggregate and also within themselves being held together by no permanent bond, but being so constituted as to allow the utmost independence to the clan, the family and the individual. Yet all observed the same code of honor, and the same moral standards and used the same language, manners and customs. Of these tribes the greatest and proudest was the Coreishite, dwelling in Mecca. This people traced its ancestry to Abraham, asserting that Hagar, when wandering in the desert with Ishmael, made her way to the present site of Mecca and there discovered the well Zemzem, sacred ever after. According to tradition, Arabs from the south soon settled here, the daughter of whose chief was later married by Ishmael, the founder of the tribe. It was supposed to have been on one of the neighboring hills that Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac; later he built, on the site which it now occupies, the temple or Kaaba, the holy of holies of Arabian worship to the present time. In the very early days of the city, the custom had arisen of making pilgrimages to this shrine from all parts of the peninsula, and when to this is added the fact that Mecca was the central point of one of the most important caravan routes of that part of the world, it will be obvious that the guardianship of the Kaaba and of the well was a position of the utmost importance. And from the earliest days to the time of the Prophet, this position was held with but one or two brief lapses of time by the Coreishites.

To the tribe of the Coreish Mahomet belonged. His father died before the child was born, his mother when he was but six years of age; the boy was cared for during some years by his grandfather and on the death of the latter, by his uncle, Abu Tâlib. With the death of the grandfather, who had been guardian of the well and a man of wealth and influence, the power of this branch of the family waned. Nothing of unusual significance,—at least nothing authentic— is related concerning Mahomet's childhood; at one time, he was employed in tending sheep and goats on the neighboring hills, and some writers picture him as studying here the "signs of an unseen power" and beginning his vague wondering as to the explanation of God and the universe. As early as his twelfth year, we are told, he accompanied his uncle with a caravan to Syria and again in this instance there is much surmise as to the deep impression made upon his "childish heart ever yearning after the marvellous," by the sights which he saw, the Christian customs, the churches with crosses and images, and the contact with new faiths. Undoubtedly he was influenced by the religious beliefs of Syria, but as this was not his only trip to that country, our credulity as to the assimilative powers of the twelve year old need not be taxed. At the age of twenty-five,

he went again to Syria in charge of a caravan belonging to Khadija, a wealthy widow of Mecca. The real importance of this trip to the subsequent history of Mahomet it is impossible to tell, but it is of undoubted significance that the region to which he journeyed was the center of the Ebionite and Essene communities—Sprenger in his life of Mahomet traces a close connection between the exoteric doctrines of these two sects and many of those promulgated in the Koran—and that tradition gives strong evidence of his close intercourse with Nestorius, a monk, and with others of the clergy of the Syrian sects.

It was on his return from this trip that his marriage with Khadija took place and we know little more of him until his fortieth year when he first showed signs of his prophetic mission. We are told that as he grew older he became more and more thoughtful, and it is suggested that the contrast between his own idolatrous faith and the facts which he had gathered concerning Judaism and Christianity may have given rise to the doubts which began to disturb him. Frequently he would withdraw from Mecca, accompanied sometimes by Khadija, and retire to a cave in the nearby hills where he remained in prayer and meditation. The earliest suras of the Koran date from this period, rhapsodical passages, bits of impassioned poetry, earnest prayers for help, showing the conflict which was waging within him. This state lasted for perhaps three years, while Mahomet in great mental agitation, torn by doubt and fear as to the genuineness of his visions and as to the heavenly nature of the spirits whose influence he felt, became gradually convinced that he had a divinely appointed mission to perform. At length, during one of these retreats, an angelic messenger, whom Mahomet designated as the angel Gabriel, and from whom were received many of the subsequent revelations, appeared to him and commanded him in one of the verses now embodied in the Koran to “recite” or “read” or “cry” (according as the Arabic word is translated) in the name of the Lord. After this definite annunciation of his mission Mahomet gave out his revelations in the name of God, prefacing every sura of the Koran with the divine command, “Speak” or “Say.” Muir says of him:

“This commission pervaded now his whole career, and mingled with his every action. He was the servant, the prophet, the vice-regent of God; and however much the sphere of his mission might expand in ever widening circles, the principle on which it rested was the same. . . . It is certain that the conception of the Almighty as the immediate source of his inspiration and Author of his commission soon took entire and undivided possession of his soul; and, however colored by the events and inducements of the day, or mingled with apparently incongruous motives and desires, retained a paramount influence until the hour of his death.”

The inhabitants of Mecca, however, by no means shared in this conviction. Ridicule, scorn and abuse met him on all sides, and again he was filled with doubt, this time not as to the genuineness of his reve-

lation, but as to whether his mission were not merely to his immediate family and the few relatives and friends who had already become his disciples. But again the angel appeared to him in a vision and roused him with the words:

“Oh, thou that art covered! Arise and preach” (that is, warn or call to repentance) “and magnify thy Lord.

“Purify thy garments and depart from all uncleanness.”

From this time to the end of his life Mahomet never questioned, but met every obstacle with an unwavering steadfastness of purpose and a firm conviction that the Allah, whose messenger he was, could bring ultimate good out of every evil. His progress, however, was by no means easy, for the people of Mecca were no more ready than before to accept his claims. He possessed in the beginning, it is true, a small body of devoted adherents; among these Khadija is notable for her never-failing faith in him, as well as for her power of filling him with renewed courage and determination in times of depression; notable also among the earliest converts was Ali, a cousin, who later married the Prophet's daughter and became famous in the early Caliphates. Most important for the success of the new religion was the conversion of Abu Bekr, the devoted follower of Mahomet, his companion in the hours of greatest peril and his closest friend to the day of his death. This man possessed great wealth and influence and devoted it to the last jot in the furtherance of the cause.

To understand the difficulties which lay in the way of the new religion it may be well to note here its chief points of difference from the old faith. The religion of Arabia was a combination of Sabianism, idolatry and stone worship. Remnants of Sabianism are probably to be observed in certain of the rites of pilgrimage, particularly that of making seven circuits round the Kaaba,—a rite which may have been connected in its origin with the movements of the planets. Both in the Kaaba at Mecca and in many a shrine throughout the peninsula were idols of Lât or Ozza or others of their goddesses. Set in the wall of the Kaaba, also, was an especially sacred stone, said by tradition to have been placed there by Abraham, originally a pure white jacinth but long since become black from the kisses of unnumbered pilgrims. Elsewhere in the land, as well, were stones made the object of worship, stones which had been in many cases carried from Mecca originally by some pious pilgrim. The importance which was attributed to pilgrimage will be obvious when it is stated that during certain months in the year, the season of pilgrimage, a peace was declared, during which no caravan, however temptingly laden, could be despoiled, and no warlike tribe, however hungry for plunder or eager for revenge, could unsheathe its weapons. And significant of the genuine observance of this peace is the fact that a war once waged against an invader during this season was ever after known as the Sacreligious War.

One point the two religions had in common, namely, a vast store

of Judaical legends and traditions originating in the belief that Abraham and Ishmael were the great forefathers of the race. But it was at the very root of the old faith that Mahomet struck with his proclamation, "There is no God but God," and his denunciation and uncompromising hostility toward idolatry. The oneness of God and the acceptance of Mahomet as his mouthpiece, the favorite of heaven, were the two cardinal points of Islam. In promulgating his doctrine Mahomet declared that his object was the restoration of the religion of their forefather Abraham and that his revelations, throughout, confirmed both the Jewish and the Christian scriptures. And the Koran does, in fact, contain great numbers of the Jewish traditions, many stories, particularly of their prophets, and large portions of Old Testament material. It is claimed by many historians that this incorporation of the Jewish teachings as a part of his own faith was largely a bid for the support of the many Jewish tribes flourishing in various parts of the peninsula. His later treatment of these tribes, when their non-acceptance of his views became certain, makes the theory entirely tenable. Yet it is clear from the Prophet's own words that he hoped to establish a world religion, one which all nations could accept, and with this point in view, he would naturally lay emphasis upon such features as these Jewish traditions, features which should meet with a ready response from Jews, Christians and Arabians alike.

Of the teachings of Christianity he made far less use, many of the Christian doctrines,—particularly that of the Trinity—being rejected by him from the first, and many others being grossly misunderstood, due no doubt to the fact that much of his information came from apocryphal or heretical sources. His system included an angelic hierarchy, borrowed, it is probable, from one of the Syrian sects; the belief in immortality and resurrection from the dead (a belief much derided by his enemies); and also the doctrine of predestination. This last doctrine was a most important factor in the success of his cause in the days when Islam became a religion of the sword. For together with the fact that man must die at his appointed time, was coupled the assurance that death fighting for the faith gained paradise, and this certainty of either earthly victory or eternal bliss won the day on many a bloody field of battle. His material descriptions of heaven and hell have caused much perturbation to European minds. Some have tried to argue that this was symbolical and that the Prophet himself recognized as the highest bliss the abiding presence of Allah, his Maker. There is no denying the fact, however, that Mahomet did describe the joys and torments of heaven and hell respectively in the most minute detail and, too, in the most material terms. But it is also well to remember the people to whom he appealed; his garish paradise and lurid hell kept in the straight path or led through the heat of battle countless fiery sons of the desert, in whom the promise of spiritual joys or mystical beauty, however great, could have roused but scant ardor.

Perhaps one of the strongest features of the religion,—strongest, at least, if it had been made more living and vital—was the principle indicated by its name, Islam, that is, surrender or submission to God, and by the name of its adherents, Musalmans, or those who surrender themselves. And it is worthy of note that the Prophet really endeavored, so far as in him lay, to weave this principle into his life, several incidents of it giving to his character a touch at once lofty and heroic. This quality and his great emphasis upon prayer—indeed, Mahomet is known to have declared that there can be no religion without prayer—were in themselves, if they had not degenerated into a mere formalism, the well-spring of a truly spiritual religion.

As has been stated before, it was not the dissimilarity of the two faiths that roused opposition among the Meccans; indeed, for several years Mahomet went quietly about his work unhindered except for the scoffs and jeers of his townspeople. It was the rejection of their many gods and the realization that the growth of the new religion would seriously jeopardize the old, that gave rise to active hostility and persecution. Such treatment had little effect upon the more influential Moslems, for it was a matter of honor with the head of each clan to protect its own members from injury, or to avenge them if need be. Thus Mahomet for years enjoyed the protection of his uncle, Abu Tâlib, who, while he did not embrace Islam, yet countenanced the work of his kinsman in the face of the united hostility of his tribe. It was the slaves, however, whose sufferings were greatest, torture often being resorted to to force them to renounce the faith. A number of these were bought and freed by Abu Bekr, who spent practically his entire fortune for the purpose; the others were released from their torments by Mahomet, who made a special exemption for such as renounced the faith unwillingly but remained true at heart. It was as a result of this persecution that there occurred the first hegira, the emigration of a small band of converts who, lacking protection, sought refuge by advice of the Prophet, in Abyssinia.

About this time occurred an incident which is worthy of note, though it has met with denial from many a pious Musalman. Hitherto the chief, perhaps the only obstacle in the way of the Prophet's success was the question of idolatry. Was his mission to fail because of this one point? Was the only result of his years of work to be the winning of perhaps fifty converts, as against the alienation of the whole community? At length, during a gathering of the chief men of Mecca, Mahomet, joining them one day, recited verses from the Koran, and finally the following:

“ . . . He also saw him (Gabriel) another time, . . .
 And verily he beheld some of the greatest signs of his Lord.
 What think ye of Lât and of Ozza,
 And Manât the third beside?”

these being the three great idols of Arabia. Then came the answer, still purporting to be a revelation :

“These are exalted Females
Whose intercession verily is to be sought after.”

We are told that all the people were greatly pleased with this judgment in favor of their idols, accepted it gladly and announced themselves thereupon content to follow Mahomet. But the latter was much perturbed ; in a vision he was upbraided by Gabriel for uttering words which had not been given him and in a short time he declared that the true reading of the verse had been revealed to him, substituting, in reply to the question, “What think ye of Lât and of Ozza ?” :

“They are naught but names which ye and your fathers have invented, etc.”

Never again did Mahomet make a deflection from the straight path, or rather, never again did he concede the smallest point to the enemies of Islam. But this was the first instance of a failing which showed itself frequently in later years,—namely, a possible confusion of mind by which the will of the Prophet or the expediency of the moment was regarded as the will of God.

The explanation was immediately offered that Satan had placed in Mahomet’s mouth the words of the earlier rendering, but the people of the city were not ready to accept such a statement. After the recantation, hostility rose to such a point that the Coreish placed under a ban the branch of the tribe to which the Prophet belonged, refusing to marry or give in marriage, or to buy or to sell with them. The families thus ostracized withdrew to a separate section of the city and this condition of affairs lasted for two years. At length the hostility of the citizens, the death of Khadija, and, most serious of all, the death of Abu Tâlib, his powerful protector, led Mahomet, in 620 A. D., to go to Tayif, a neighboring city, in the hope of accomplishing there the work he had failed to do in Mecca. But the citizens of Tayif, worshippers of the great idol Lât, raised the same objections as the Meccans, and after several days spent in the effort to convert them he was driven from the city amid hooting and throwing of stones. His real beauty and nobility of character and his sincerity of purpose are perhaps best shown in the prayer offered on this occasion, as he sorrowfully made his way back to Mecca :

“O Lord ! I make my complaint unto thee of my helplessness and frailty, and my insignificance before mankind. But thou art the Lord of the poor and feeble, and thou art my Lord. Into whose hands wilt thou abandon me ? Into the hands of strangers that beset me round about ? or of the enemy thou hast given at home the mastery over me ? If thy wrath be not upon me, I have no concern ; but rather thy favour

is the more wide unto me. I seek for refuge in the light of thy countenance. It is thine to chase away the darkness, and to give peace both for this world and the next; let not thy wrath light upon me, nor thine indignation. It is thine to show anger until thou art pleased; and there is none other power nor any resource but in thee."

Shortly after this, it being the season of pilgrimage, he talked with and converted a band of pilgrims from Medina and sought assurance of a refuge in their city. Medina, at the time, was torn by conflicting factions of Jews and Arabs and could not assure him asylum, but it was agreed that a year should be spent in gaining converts to the new faith and preparing for his coming. Medina was singularly fitted for the purpose; many of the people were of the same faith as the Meccans, yet because of the large Jewish population had become familiar with the doctrines of the latter people. Furthermore, the fact that the Jews were looking for a prophet may have insured from the Arabians a still more ready acceptance of a teacher from their own race. However this may be, the new faith spread with amazing rapidity, so rapidly, in fact, that it became necessary in a short time to send a teacher from Mecca to aid in the work. A paragraph from one of the historians will give some idea of the condition of affairs in Mecca during this interval:

"Mahomet thus holding his people at bay; waiting in the still expectation of victory; to outward appearance defenceless, and with his little band as it were in the lion's mouth; yet trusting in His almighty power whose Messenger he believed himself to be, resolute and unmoved; presents a spectacle of sublimity paralleled only by such scenes in the Sacred records as that of the prophet of Israel when he complained to his Master, 'I, even I only, am left.' Nay, the spectacle is in one point of view even more amazing; for the prophets of old were upheld (as we may suppose) by the prevailing consciousness of a divine inspiration, and strengthened by the palpable demonstrations of miraculous power; while with the Arabian, his recollection of former doubts, and confessed inability to work any miracle, may at times have cast across him a shadow of uncertainty. It is this which brings if possible into still bolder prominence the marvellous self-possession and enthusiasm which sustained Mahomet on his course."

It is worthy of note that the point mentioned above, namely, the Prophet's inability to perform miracles, was regarded by the Meccans as strong proof of the falsity of his claims. Among the great volume of tradition which grew up in the early days of Islam are numerous miracles claimed to have been performed by Mahomet, but he himself avowed frankly his impotence in this respect and declared that the Koran was his great and only miracle.

The period of waiting on the one hand and of preparation on the other lasted until the spring of the year 622; then came the great Hegira from which the Moslem calendar is dated. First the followers of the Prophet, about two hundred in number, quietly took their leave. And

finally Mahomet and Abu Bekr, the former in danger of his life, fled the city, took refuge in mountain fastnesses till pursuit was over, and at length approached Medina,—approached hesitatingly and with much trepidation. But the day of struggle and hardship was past for Mahomet; Medina had accepted Islam; Medina had believed. And as Carlyle expresses it:

“Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a Nation becomes fruitful, soul elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century,—is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada! I said, the Great Man was always as lightening out of Heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame.”

JULIA CHICKERING.

(*To be continued*)

O MOST merciful Lord, grant to me thy grace, that it may be with me, and work with me, and continue with me even to the end.

Grant that I may always desire and will that which is to thee most acceptable, and most dear.

Let thy will be mine, and let my will ever follow thine, and agree perfectly with it.

Let my will be all one with thine, and let me not be able to will, or anything to forego, but that thou willest or dost not will.

* * * * *

Grant to me above all things that I can desire, to desire to rest in thee, and in thee to have my heart at peace.

Thou art the true peace of the heart: thou art its only rest; out of thee all things are full of trouble and unrest. In this peace, that is, in thee, the one chiefest eternal God, I will lay me down and sleep. Amen.

Thomas á Kempis—IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THEOSOPHY AND BUSINESS

II

IT IS PROFITABLE TO FOLLOW RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES

"Everything is founded on the Law of Sacrifice. God set the example when he created the Universe."—D. R. T., April, 1915, QUARTERLY, p. 354.

"As the silent soul awakes it makes the ordinary life of the man more purposeful, more vital, more real, and more responsible."—LIGHT ON THE PATH, p. 60.

"Therefore the hand must be skilled, and discipline and training alone will do that. But be vigorous, be strong, not passive! I get so tired of these humble, washed-out disciples, who have not strength enough to stand on their own feet, and who simply shut their eyes ecstatically, and sit there! What will they ever accomplish? Nothing, until they are waked up and shaken out of that condition."—Cavé in FRAGMENTS, Vol. I, p. 28.

"Every moment has its duty, and in the faithful performance of that duty you will find the satisfaction of your life."—FRAGMENTS, p. 60.

WE have considered the negative side of Theosophy and Business, reviewing the subject under the disjunctive use of the "and," seeming to find that a departure from religious principles is distinctively unprofitable. But this has been negative. It is now time to see whether the use of such principles is positively profitable. If there be order in the Universe either of any two aspects of life should be governed by the same Law and in the same manner. If this be accepted, then we may, indeed, consider that the "and" in our title is used conjunctively; that the successful business man uses religious principles and practices, even if he does not know it or even desire it.

The successful, money-grubbing modern business man would be one of the first to object to this statement. Yet, as we look into the subject in the spirit of Professor Mitchell's *The Theosophical Society and Theosophy*, quoted in the last number, we should remember, in studying a question in what may be called a theosophical spirit, that, "Therefore the discussions seek unities and not differences."

The business man would instantly challenge the quotation with which this article begins. He would deny that Sacrifice governed business, to say nothing of the Universe! If he were seeking to excuse

himself he might say sometime that he sacrificed himself for the sake of his family or even his business. He would deny that this was universally characteristic. We like to regard both our virtues and vices as distinctively ours—something unique. We hate to regard them as universal manifestations. That is commonplace. Yet that man would be the very first to tell an employee that if he wants to get ahead he must think first of the business and not of himself, or even of his health.

There was a great blizzard once and the suburban services were given up. The head of a metropolitan daily got down to his office to see what he could do. He found one editorial writer had turned up. The young man had walked through snow and fallen electric wires, getting a "lift" now and then. He was used up and tired, but he was there. The "old man" came downstairs and said, "There's a man with a future. He got in somehow. The others did not dare risk their lives the way he did." That young man is now one of the most important men in the newspaper profession.

Have you ever thought of the life that the heads of business lead? Seeing them in their automobiles or hearing of their trips to Europe might lead you to think that their lives are chiefly ones of self-gratification. But they have little self-gratification. They give themselves to their business. Putting aside the many who take their work home—like the bank president who goes over, at night, cards showing every important change in the accounts, that he may see how to hold or get business—few of them ever let the business get out of their minds. A good Religious never forgets the Habit he wears and is conscious at all times of his responsibilities to his Order. A good chief executive never forgets his responsibilities. He is rarely given to letting go of himself or to indulging himself. He may dislike his sales manager personally. So long as sales grow he will be backed to the end. Personal feelings do not govern the successful executive. Of two men he will prefer, other things being equal, the man who is the more congenial, but this is because he deems it wiser to have an organization of men who are mutually congenial.

The laws governing life have been said to be expressed in the three vows—Poverty (self-renunciation), Chastity (self-purification) and Obedience. Take a man like the late J. P. Morgan. Where do we find the vow of poverty in his life? Reviewing the financial history of the past few years, was there ever an emergency in which Mr. Morgan did not respond to the call of duty? Irrespective of his health or comfort, was he not at his post? During the panic of 1904 he was working night and day. He did not seem to need sleep. Yet was it not that he put himself to one side? He sacrificed himself. But, it may be argued, he got big rewards. Who dares to say that the Saints do not get big rewards? Certainly not any one who has read what they themselves have

written. The rewards of obeying the Law must be great, or it would not be the Law.

Take the second vow—when it came to business, say reorganizing a great and bankrupt road, did not Mr. Morgan clean his mind of all other problems? Perhaps one of his yachts was racing, or a dealer had offered him a wonderful painting, or a tempting business opportunity presented itself, but nothing mattered. For the moment he forgot himself and was, let us say, only the up-builder of the Southern Railroad. Was he perfect? No; possibly because he chose to use the great powers that Karma had brought him in a field where perfection is not possible—that is to say, in the world. But it must be admitted that in the world he was great.

The third vow—obedience—may seem something lacking in his life, since he was so thoroughly one to be obeyed. What a fearful lot of misunderstanding there is about that word “obedience”! People seem to forget that God Himself obeys—if He did not, Chaos would rule forever. This subject is marvelously covered in *Fragments*, where Obedience is said to be the one direct road to the Master. It would be desirable, did space permit, to quote the whole of that illuminating discourse, but it may be brought back to the memory by a key quotation: “Do you perceive, further, that at first you are obedient to *your own ideal of the Master*, and *your own highest conceptions of duty and selflessness?*” Can any one who has followed Mr. Morgan’s life deny this? He had his ideals, beginning with his father, who had trained him. Again, he lived in obedience to the traditions of the House. Who has not heard stories where he gave up chances to make money or actually took a loss rather than to break his rule of never increasing a “firm offer” once made; that is to say, increasing the price or changing the terms of an offer that the House had submitted. It may be said that in the long run this paid. If this be true, what stronger argument in favor of unrelenting obedience may be advanced?

There are people who will indignantly deny that such a man observed the three vows. Scandal may be brought up. In the first place, such scandal is mostly lies. Take such a man as Napoleon, one of the very greatest of all mortals, whose life and success were one unending proof of the truth of our proposition. No man has ever been so lied about, unless it be the great Master of the West Himself. Only now, a hundred years late, are people beginning to realize that history was controlled, for a time, by those who feared or hated the all-round Man of Destiny, and that he led a life of personal probity, morality and simplicity that bordered upon the ascetic. It is true that he wore gorgeous uniforms and flaming stars and was surrounded by a brilliant Court, but was it not for the sake of France, to symbolize the Empire, and not for any self-satisfaction? To one who studies his life with any sympathy yet without partisanship, does it not become evident that he hated such things yet sacrificed himself? Was Gregory the Great, when he

enforced respect for and homage to the Papacy any less strict toward himself than he had been as Hildebrand?

One of the weaknesses of our present civilization is that people confuse planes in all sorts of ways. We have been applying certain tests to the late Mr. Morgan as a business man and someone is certain to bring up personal matters about him, as if that were a test of the Law. Were Mr. Morgan an Adept or even a high chela, one would have a right to expect his life to have been well-rounded. He was an intensely human being of great force and like most human beings he had his faults. Some of these may well have been in balance for his wrong use, from the point of view of a Saint, let us say, of his powers.

The Master K. H. gave us a pretty direct hint as to this danger that we suffer from, it might seem, in his story of "the Aryan Punjabee" who was suggested to serve as a connecting link between the Elder Brethren and some of the English investigators in India. "This young gentleman, who is pure as purity itself, whose aspirations and thoughts are of the most spiritual, ennobling kind, and who, merely through self-exertion, is able to penetrate into the regions of the formless world—this young man is not fit for a drawing room." His dress and turban "were very dirty and slovenly." But this did not mean that he had not obeyed the Law in the part of his life where he concentrated his energies. It would have been wrong to have said that he did not illustrate what might be done by following the Law. It did prove that he limited his field of effort—probably to his own loss. To those who have read the delightful descriptions of the great Eastern Master among his devoted followers in the Mountains there is left no doubt that He is equally at home in the drawing room and as charming as he is perfected, but there are, alas! apparently mighty few Masters.

Ordinary men, or even extraordinary men, so long as they live for the world, seem to be set up in business, so to speak, with a certain amount of Karmic capital. They use this and increase it along certain definite lines. Does not this bring back the Parable of the Talents? Perhaps they get into grooves in the use of their talents and, life after life, follow similar occupations—seeking them to find growth. The more "vigorous," the more "strong" and the less "passive" an individual ego, the more one may imagine him as indomitably storming his barriers along a single line. Some of our money kings of this era may be privileged to be the St. Vincent de Pauls of a future day. They will find their training invaluable—once the motive of achievement be changed. If they become saints they will again prove that Master K. H. spoke from knowledge when he said: "The human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low brute energy of Nature," but as he shows, the motive of use is the limiting factor.

One of the first things that the student of things Theosophical learns

is required for progress is concentration. Meditation, held from the beginning of recorded time to be a vital necessity, is not possible until the student has gained control over his mind by exercising powers of concentration. There is not a writer or commentator upon business success who does not point out the same rule of necessity. If one may judge from stories such as of Elijah and Elisha, or of Nachiketas in the House of Death, it is necessary that the disciple shall put his head down and plunge forward toward his goal in utter disregard of any obstacles or barriers that may seem to loom in his path. Is this not the spirit that has made every successful man successful? Is there not good teaching on all planes in the story of Dick Whittington and his cat?

At the head of this article is a quotation from the Second Comment in *Light on the Path*. It is in that section that the effort of the disciple is likened to the concentration of a painter at his canvass or to "a composer listening to the melodies that dawn upon his glad imagination." If it had not been for the danger of seeming to inculcate materialism, analogies might just as well have been drawn from the stock market leader planning a campaign, or from a sales manager considering the development of more territory. None of these men—from disciple to salesman—would be paying any attention to outside, extraneous and unconnected happenings.

Each effort-maker would be using his imagination. St. Ignatius, one of the greatest occult "trainers" or developers who has appeared in the West, advised the use of imagination as a first step. Napoleon used it to bring out the greatest powers in his soldiers in his famous dictum regarding the possibility of every soldier of France achieving a marshallship. St. Ignatius, like Napoleon, used it himself in his own growth, as did St. Francis of Assisi. We think of the men who are the leaders of the present-day commercialism as lacking in imagination, but could one of them have succeeded without it? Curiously enough we recognize its possession in our political leaders—who has not heard the story of Lincoln, of Jackson, of Garfield? When it comes to materialism we doubt it. Perhaps this is from an instinctive feeling that the pursuit of money is essentially not worth while, so we are not as interested in studying the secrets of its achievement. Take a single example: When the young man in Cleveland, who as a clerk founded the Standard Oil, began giving up immediate pleasures and all self-gratification of the physical man to start the savings, which he recognized as the first step in gaining power, could he have resisted the daily and legitimate opportunities for expenditure had he not had great imagination?

St. Ignatius recommends, as a second step, the use of the intellect or the reasoning faculty. Here marks the separation of the paths. The dreamer, be he disciple or shipping clerk, stops with his use of his imagination. The "purposeful," "vital," "real" and "responsible" worker described in *Light on the Path*, and pleaded for in *Fragments*, seizes upon

his imagination as a vehicle to take him forward, and plans how to attain what, with his imagination, he sees may be won.

St. Ignatius, as a third step, urges the use of the faculty of will—the doing of something. Again do we not find that this is true in art, in religion and in business. Having imagined a step, having planned it, does not the man of power then take it? But he guards himself against the loss of his power by taking step by step. He concentrates upon the next step. Mr. Rockefeller had imagination enough to see himself a power. But it is certain that he did not spend his days and nights dreaming about a great Standard Oil Company. He began saving in order to get his first \$1,000, which he himself has said was the only difficult part of his progress. He might have said that he crossed the Rubicon when, having determined to save that sum, he put aside his first dollar. The preliminary quotations, with which this article is headed, close with another from *Fragments*, which seems decidedly worth while to quote again—for emphasis:

“Every moment has its duty, and in the faithful performance of that duty you will find the satisfaction of your life.”

If there be one point pounded upon by all Teachers and teachers it is this. Newton could not have worked out the Law of Gravity if he had not known that two plus two is four. Napoleon could never have crowned himself Emperor if it had not been for those weary hours of self-sacrifice while he, as a young subaltern, worked out military problems and studied elementary mathematics. If Mr. Rockefeller had not decided that his suit of clothes would have to do, provided he brushed it more carefully, the Rockefeller Foundation would not now be working to help humanity. Is this not the secret within the Parable of the Widow's Mite?

Suppose an eager and determined young man makes up his mind and his will that he shall, come what may, get ahead. Would his methods of procedure be any different if it were Heaven on earth he were seeking or a multi-millionaire's palace on Fifth Avenue? Here, I may imagine, comes out a long deferred protest from some of the readers of this: But what about the moral issue? Ah! here again we have that confusion of planes. The Pharisees condemned our Lord as a wine-bibber and worthless fellow, consorting with publicans and sinners. They did not consider His Mission and what Laws He was following as He progressed in it. They used their mean standards to measure Him. Can an American separate a man from his place or position? Was there not wonderful insight in the story (probably apocryphal) of Lincoln's comment on the kind of whiskey that the capturer of Donelson was supposed to drink, and his wish that he could get some for his other generals? It is each man's own responsibility to his Lord for what use he makes of his talents. One's motive is one's own. One's personal mistakes are one's own. But what one works at may be studied to obtain the “how,” where we should not have the right to consider the

“why.” It is here, perhaps, that people get off the track, in thinking that Religion and Business are in opposition and work under different Laws. The head of a great religious movement may feel himself a worthless man, but he does his work and wins success despite this conviction. A successful man in the world may individually be morally worthless, but if he follow moral principles in the organization of his plan of campaign, he will succeed in what he works for. It is conceivable that he might win out in an immoral desire by using moral principles in his efforts. It may be difficult to understand this if we do not keep separate the difference between the man and his work. It will be dangerous to understand this if we do not also realize that such a course is wrong for the individual involved and that, unmistakably, he will pay for it sadly in the evil Karma thus produced by him. Did not the Master Christ say: “It is impossible but that offenses will come: but woe unto him, through whom they come.” (Luke, xvii: I.)

Perhaps the distinction may be made clearer by suggesting that man has free will but that there is no free will in the Law. The Second Law of Force—for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction—works when Jake reacts to Joe’s fist-blow by stabbing him with a knife, and it also works when, in response to the Master’s appeal, another soul starts on the Path. There is apparently nothing moral or immoral in the application of a given Law.

Religion rests on a moral base. It has been said that to follow religious law is the only way to succeed in business. Is there apparent contradiction with our main thesis in the statement that has just been made as to the immorality of the application of the moral Law? Not when the motive be kept separate from the application. The most ruthless individual in business follows the Golden Rule in the methods by which he conducts his business. If he did not do for the other person what that person wants done, no business could be done. It is the customer who sets prices and fashions. Efforts are made to guess at his judgment but he is the court of last appeal. So it is that every successful business is based upon the Golden Rule, although the individuals running that business may be breaking the Rule daily, but the Business itself, as a unified organism, must not, indeed cannot, break the Rule without certain disaster. In other words—the first step in making a business a success is to observe the First Vow and to give up one’s own self-will and to meet the desires of the other—the buyer.

Temporary success may be secured by following the Law part way and then letting its momentum work for a time as progress is made on the wrong path. A business may sell rotten product for a time by observing the First Vow (catering to a popular demand), but it must observe the Second Vow of Chasity (self-purification) if it is to hold its trade and succeed. Furthermore, constantly it must keep this vow within its own life. An embezzler will wreck the business he is conducting for others if he be not spewed out in time. The business must be run on

honest lines or it cannot succeed. There is no debating this. You may say that the Sawdust & Sand Consolidated Exploitation Company is an immoral trust, a hideous monster. It could not be successful if it did not follow morality in manufacturing its product and in selling it. It must keep its promises as to quality and deliveries. It cannot have in it men who are dishonest. Its growth is due to—as its success is measured by—its adherence as a business entity to moral principle. This is didacticism. It will challenge some minds. If it does, try the experiment of seeking unities and not differences—the result may be surprising, wherever applied.

Let us apply the Three Vows to the ruling principles of business once more, in order to see what we may get by seeking unities. Is it not a familiar plaint, running all through history and literature, that business men are only business men; painters, painters; and soldiers, soldiers? Where there is one Caesar or Napoleon who succeeds on battlefield and capitol alike, there are scores of Wellingtons and Grants who lost battle laurels in the political arena. Do we not forget that the Three Vows mark a "profession," involving taking the vows? Do not each one of us make a "profession" when we give our selves up to a desire that is backed by the will? Do we not have to take vows, being what we are in the kind of universe that this is? Is not the only question—"to what shall I vow myself?"—not "what are the vows that I take?" Is the drunkard any less professed than the spotless nun? Is it a question of what power is used; or is it a question of how we shall use the Power that exists and upon which all draw, irrespective of the morality of their demand? Does not this nerve us to seek to make each moment, every action, count on the right side and not be a contribution to the forces of misdirected power manifesting in wickedness and sin?

Soeur Thérèse was only a little French nun, who died in the early twenties, yet her life has influenced thousands of men and women. The story of that quiet little life in a small French convent has outsold the most popular of all the "best sellers"—why? Is it not because our dear little friend proved the workings of the Law? William Penn was a great religious leader. He found that when he consciously put his principles into practice he brought peace and prosperity to his Colony. He had an advantage over those who merely follow the Law in its operations and lack the valuable, even invaluable, aid and power that comes from a conscious use of moral principles, of what the old saints called "intent," a deliberate effort to align one's forces with those of God.

We may see about us, if we will look, that groups of moral men, working with moral intent, may achieve greater successes than if they merely unconsciously follow the exoteric side of the Law. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this, that occurs offhand, is the remarkable record of "The President and Fellows of Harvard College," the Corporation of seven men who have handled the funds of that institution since its foundation.

But we are getting away from our thesis—that business succeeds only because it follows moral law; not necessarily with moral intent. The General Electric Company has succeeded where scores of its earlier competitors failed—why is this? Is it not because Elihu Thomson and C. A. Coffin and their associates gave up everything; risked their money, reputations and future; put in their time and strength, and kept within (were obedient to) the fundamental laws of sound business?

What are these laws? A business is a combination of men and women under rule. The parallel to a religious organization—an Order—is obvious. Let us see how some religious Rule bears comparison: The Benedictine Rule is perhaps the most general. Does the business code show any similarity?

In the "Prologue" we find the famous antithesis of "the labour of obedience" and "the sloth of disobedience." Is there a business in the world that could succeed that did not enforce this distinction? "Renouncing thine own will"—need this be expounded?

"God saith to thee: 'If thou wilt have true and everlasting life, keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak no guile. Turn from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.'" Bearing in mind that which business aims for—material success—could better advice be given within its limits?

Would not every successful man, reviewing his career, although, mayhap, preferring to change the phraseology to make clearer the parallel, accept the following: "But if anything be somewhat strictly laid down, according to the dictates of sound reason, for the amendment of vices ("faults" would say the business man) or the preservation of charity ("success" may be substituted—that being the goal of business and religion alike), do not, therefore, fly in dismay from the way of salvation, whose beginning cannot but be strait and difficult." If John Wanamaker had not pushed his porter's barrow or the Fargos carried their carpet bags when weary, would great department stores and express companies have proved possible?

Turning the pages of *The Via Vitæ of St. Benedict* at random, the eye falls on—"Of the Abbot"—"Let him make no distinction of persons in the monastery." The Abbot is advised to call others into consultation "as often as any important matters have to be transacted." Then—"And, having heard the counsel of the brethren, let him weigh it within himself, and then do what he shall judge most expedient . . . But let the brethren give their advice with all subjection and humility, and not presume stubbornly to defend their own opinion; but rather let the matter rest with the Abbot's discretion, that all may submit to whatever he shall consider best." Could this not be a description of a council of war of Napoleon; of one of the famous daily conferences of the Standard Oil at 26 Broadway, when Mr. John D. Rockefeller sat at the head of the table; or of a meeting of the partners of

J. P. Morgan & Co., or of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., when Messrs. Morgan and Carnegie were active?

Under the heading, "What are the instruments of good works," the Saint gave certain rules—all have modern application—as, for example:

12. Not to seek after delicate living.
22. Not to give way to anger.
23. Not to harbour a desire for revenge (in business it destroys judgment).
24. Not to foster guile in one's heart.
25. Not to make a feigned peace.
34. Not to be proud.
35. Not given to wine.
36. Not a glutton.
37. Not drowsy.
38. Not slothful.
39. Not a murmurer.
40. Not a detractor.
41. To put one's hope in God.
48. To keep guard at all times over the actions of one's life.
53. Not to love much speaking.
67. To fly from vain-glory.
68. To reverence the seniors.
69. To love the juniors.

Right after these, he says: "The first degree of humility is obedience without delay." And whosoever has had charge of an office force will second—"But as for buffoonery or idle words, such as move to laughter, we utterly condemn them in every place, nor do we allow the disciple to open his mouth in such discourse."

As St. Benedict died in 543 the fact that his system is true of 1915 conditions would seem to indicate that he was dealing with fundamentals that antedated Monte Cassino. In fact, he himself gave credit to Egypt for his wisdom.

Could there be a better guide to business or professional success than Patanjali's, "Faithful, persistent application to any object, if completely attained, will bind the mind to steadiness"? And, "Right poise must be firm and without strain"—is that not a picture of the successful man of affairs?

Take the *Imitation of Christ* and see if á Kempis would not have been able to lay down rules to govern the United States Steel Corporation. Take the famous Chapter V (Book III in ordinary editions, Book IV in that of Dr. Bigg) "Of the wonderful effect of Divine Love." Substitute "ambition," let us say, for "love" in Section II and "ambitious man" for "lover," and it will read like an "Instructions for Salesmen."

In other words, the original fundamentals still remain fundamental! It is the use that changes. A microscope utilizes the same laws of optics

whether it be used by a biologist, a metallurgist or an expert witness on handwriting. Mathematical law governs music as well as astronomy, though a Wagner or a Beethoven may not have known a cosine from a digit or a Herschell or a Pickering a clef from *addagio*. No one of these men could have been successful without observance of mathematical laws—immutable. The musician is governed by his ear. The mathematician by his mind. May it not be said that the Saint and the ambitious man in the world use the same Law, but that one uses his heart and the other his head—while the Master uses both to help others? Indeed, so have some of His disciples, such as St. Benedict, St. Ignatius, St. Francis, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Teresa and the beloved Maid of Orleans—a most marvellous example of the power from obedience.

So far we have dealt with the broader applications of our thesis. It may prove interesting and helpful to try turning the theosophical light on the details of business; as, for example, in regard to “Employer and Employee” and “Salesman and Customer,” in order to carry forward the test of the universal application of the fundamental law summed up for us by the Master in His Two Great Commandments.

G. M. MCKLEMM.

“Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.”

LA ROCHFUCAULD.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

“AN article which appeared in the Sunday edition of the *New York Times* (May 16th), by George B. McClellan, at one time Mayor of New York and now Professor of Economic History in Princeton University, expresses a creed which is the exact opposite of everything for which the QUARTERLY stands. It is entitled ‘War Stirs Italy to New Ideals,’ and as it refers to questions which confront every one of us today, I suggest you should mention it in the next Screen of Time.”

This was addressed to the Recorder by the Sphinx. So the Recorder very naturally asked for more light.

“The opening paragraphs of Professor McClellan’s article contain doctrine as pernicious as Bernhardi, Nietzsche or von Treitschke at their worst. This is what he says, writing from Rome on April 16th :

“‘One of the most characteristic of Italian traits is a frankness in expressing desires and ambitions, either private or public, that is almost childlike in its simplicity.

“‘The English have never been able to understand the Italian point of view, and are inclined to consider the present Italian attitude toward the war as being cynical and selfish, because Italy is openly playing for her own hand, instead of disguising her purposes behind a mask of alleged altruism in the interests of the suffering and oppressed. . . .

“‘. . . And so the course of Italy in the present war has been guided and will be guided entirely by what Italians believe to be Italian national interests, without the slightest regard to the wishes, interests or opinions of any other nation. It is perfectly true that the Italian policy is purely selfish, but the spirit of nationality itself is, and can be nothing but national selfishness.

“‘And if in the present crisis Italy thinks of no one but herself, she is doing no more, and no less, than all the nations of Europe have done. No matter what protestations to the contrary they may have made, and their protestations of unselfishness have been many and constant, each government has thought always and only of the particular and selfish interests of its own people.’

“It is possible, of course, so to misuse terms as to describe all motives as selfish. In that perverted sense, the motive of Joan of Arc was selfish when, utterly against her own inclination, she left her home to offer her services to the King of France. She would have been miserable if she had disobeyed her voices. Therefore her obedience was selfish. But that sort of argument shows not only a perversion of reason but of the moral sense. It well may be that a man who acts because *noblesse oblige*, ultimately profits in a material sense by so doing. But it does not follow that his motive originally was selfish. Even if his second thought was that some alternative course of action, such as re-

treat, might ruin him socially and financially, it does not follow that self-interest is his real motive. In cases known to me a man has been ashamed to speak of his chivalry, and has taken pains to assure his friends that what he contemplated doing was 'mere common sense' because of certain obvious advantages accruing. Actually he did not care two straws about these material advantages. His decision was based upon his sense of honour.

"In a nation, which is made up of many types and grades of human beings, the motive which prompts a given policy necessarily is composite. There are those for whom a sense of honour comes as first consideration. There are others who are incapable of this, and who see things always in terms of material profit and loss, perhaps national, but perhaps, in extreme cases, of merely personal gain.

"We must grant that nations, like individuals, often are actuated by purely selfish motives. But some nations have the grace to be ashamed of such motives, as soon as they become conscious of them; and other nations, with low standards and no ideals, lack the grace ever to be ashamed.

"Do we not know the difference between a shameless, habitual libertine, and a man who has momentarily been dominated by evil passions; who has sinned, and who bitterly regrets it?"

The Student interrupted. "I should like to apply what you say to specific cases," he said. "Let us assume that Mr. McClellan's diagnosis of Italy's condition is correct. I believe, or in any case hope, that it is incorrect in so far as it fails to recognize a large element in Italy which has been influenced greatly by other and more generous considerations. However, let us accept his diagnosis for the purpose of our argument. What, then, may be regarded as the difference between Italy and France? France, of course, is capable of very wrong conduct. She has often been guilty of it. But she has fine ideals, high standards. Avowedly she would wish to defend the oppressed and to sacrifice her own interests in doing so, if that were necessary. She says so and means it, and when convicted in her own conscience of conduct 'unbecoming an officer and a gentleman,' she is mortified and ashamed.

"The United States, as a nation, in one part of herself, is both mercenary and selfish. This is due in part to the fact that while the original settlers came here from motives of principle or for freedom of conscience, and sacrificed their material comfort and prosperity when they left their homes in Europe, the large majority of immigrants during the past sixty years or more have come here solely 'to better themselves.' Meanwhile, the old American stock has been dying out. Consequently the majority of voters in this country are slow to see a principle or a point of honour. They think first of self-interest. None the less, the best people of this nation—widely scattered and not necessarily well-to-do—descendants of the earlier stock—have enough standing where they live to carry a majority with them whenever their attention can

so forcibly be called to national issues as to overshadow their provincial interests and limitations."

"You are hard on most of us," laughed the Gael. "But I agree with you none the less. Until the 'Lusitania' was sunk, with a number of American women and children on board, this great war in Europe might have been taking place on the planet Mars, if one were to judge by the daily conversation in innumerable American homes. . . . But I do not want to divert you from your point."

"I have almost finished," replied the Student. "I had intended merely to compare the conscience of the United States, and the idealism of France, with what, according to Mr. McClellan, can only be regarded as the cynical selfishness and materialism of Italy. Mr. McClellan, who perhaps adopts the economic interpretation of history—which is based upon the premise that no man ever does anything except to satisfy his bodily appetites—in any case shows a complete misunderstanding of his own countrymen and of their history. It would be impossible, for instance, to explain our war with Spain on grounds of self-interest only. Doubtless there were many people in New York and Washington who foresaw profit to themselves in such a conflict. Commercial interests in Cuba were by no means disregarded. But the great mass of our people were in favour of the war because they had heard so much about concentration camps and the alleged horrors of Spanish rule. The blowing up of the Maine precipitated the storm. The motive, for the most part, was far from ignoble."

"The same thing is true of the Boer war," interjected the Philosopher. "That war would have been impossible if the vast majority of people in Great Britain and her Colonies had not been persuaded that the Boers were ill-treating men and women of British birth. Several years of campaign work in the press preceded the outbreak of hostilities. This agitation, it is true, was engineered by those who had large financial interests in the Transvaal and who wanted to run the country for their own advantage. Oddly enough, most of these men were German Jews, who found willing leadership in Sir Alfred (now Lord) Milner, who is of German parentage. Chamberlain was a Birmingham manufacturer, who had adopted, both in business and in politics, the philosophy of the Superman. But the selfish and unscrupulous element, though they were able, by demagogic methods (and Chamberlain was an arch demagogue), to precipitate the war, failed utterly to gain their ulterior ends. The idealism of the British people—their respect for liberty, their generosity, their good sportsmanship—asserted itself triumphantly, and by giving equal rights to the Boers whom they had conquered; by accepting Botha, who had fought to the end against them, as Prime Minister of the united South African colonies; by refusing to allow the German Jew element to dominate; by protecting all classes and races equally—they won the allegiance of their former foes and today find in men

like Botha and General Smuts the most effective champions of the principles for which the Allies stand.”

“After all,” said the Sphinx, “it is the motive that counts—the motive which actuates really the great mass of a nation. And I should like to emphasize the fact that I do not accept McClellan’s diagnosis of the Italian motive. I prefer to believe that he had read into their hearts his own unpleasant and absolutely mistaken theories. Here, in any case, is an item from today’s *New York Times* (May 20th) :

“D’Annunzio has received countless letters and messages encouraging him in his mission. One from a poor woman in Bari reads :

““All the roses blossoming in the gardens of Apulia we poor Italian mothers desire to send to thee, who defendeth our dear Italy with such force and enthusiasm. I am representative of all the poor mothers in my town. We all give with joy our children to the country, as for her alone we brought them into the world.

““Thou, who art great, shout again, shout aloud against him who wishes us to be eternally slaves. *We do not want to know what advantages Italy may gain from war*; we wish to avenge Belgium, to avenge the victims of the Lusitania and all the innocent people who have been so brutally killed.””

“There must be others in Italy besides D’Annunzio and that poor woman of Bari who would spurn with disgust the sordid self-seeking which the ex-Mayor of New York attempts to justify. What do you think about it, Friend Gael?”

“It is quite clear to my mind,” said the Gael, “that a nation, in its international relations, should be governed by exactly the same principles that should govern a family in its social relations. This does not mean that a nation should be Quixotic or sentimental or intrusive. It means that it should mind its own business; that it should be self-respecting; slow to criticize or to condemn others; practical in its outlook; thoughtful of the future (“take no thought” means literally “do not *worry* about”); that it should be careful of its physical, financial, intellectual, and moral health.

“But, at the same time, ‘he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.’

“That is the law of Christ, which is only another way of saying it is the law of life, from which there can be no escape, any more than from the law of gravity.

“It means that if a man, thinking to do his duty by his wife and family, sacrifices his honour for them, he is sacrificing them and their permanent welfare, besides degrading his own manhood. He is doing, not only that which is wrong, but that which is inexpedient. He must love honour, truth, justice, duty; he must love the principles which represent Christ in his own heart, better than he loves any earthly thing or creature; otherwise he is unworthy of a woman’s love, and the woman,

whether wife or mother, will know it and will despise and distrust him. (I am, of course, supposing a real woman and not an elemental.) He must hate cruelty and dishonour and cowardice and a lie, with all the fervour and passion of his soul. Otherwise, though he may be in the shape of a man, he is less than a man, and therefore, being a botch on the face of nature, he is less than an animal.

"Suppose that this country were at war with China. Suppose that a large number of Chinese in this country (I am wildly imagining) were to rise against the Government and, fully armed, were to try to seize New York. Suppose them marching through the streets, threatening death to all who interfered with them or who gave information to the Government of their movements. Suppose an American, a married man with children, perfectly confident that if he remains with them in the cellar of his house, with blinds drawn and lights out, he will be able to escape notice and so pass through the strife unscathed. Suppose that his wife thinks of her safety and that of her children before she thinks of her husband's duty and honour, and suppose that she implores him to remain, to hide, to play for 'safety first.' We must also suppose that the man, owning a rifle and ammunition, is in a position to give aid to the authorities. What should he do?

"It will rend his soul to leave his wife and children. But he must choose between them and Christ (he may be a Jew, but the principle is the same); between wife and children on the one hand, and honour and duty and his own manhood on the other.

"Yet this is only half the truth, because the fact is that if he should choose wife and children he will lose them, and if only to keep them as his, he must be prepared to lay down his life for the sake of his understanding of 'Christ.' This is the eternal law, and it is a just law, which no real man and no real woman would annul if they could."

"Quite obviously," commented the Student, "the same law governs the life of a nation. King Albert of Belgium chose for his people. He did not foresee the frightful consequences; neither did his people, because what happened surpassed the worst that the worst enemy of Germany could have imagined, and the Belgians were not enemies of Germany. None the less, unimaginable as the consequences were, would the King undo his choice? Would his people undo theirs? Immortality cannot be won except at the cost of suffering and death, and though men do not know this, there is that within them, if the soul be alive and active, which compels conformity."

"This point has already been brought out in the Screen," remarked the Philosopher, apologetically, "but I suggest it should be emphasized again. I refer to the principle that neither man nor nation should be judged solely by their performance, or solely by their ability to live up to their ideals. If a man asks me, 'Would you, if you saw a wounded man lying exposed within a fire-zone, rush out to rescue him?' what can I say, except that I *hope* I would? How can I tell whether, in time of

trial, my courage would be equal to my sense of what is right, fitting and desirable? My ideal is one thing; my ability to live up to it is another thing. If I excuse myself for my inability, my ideal will rapidly fade from view. But if I deplore my inability and try persistently to live up to my ideals, in little and in big, I shall not only gain the power I now lack, but also shall gain truer vision of my ideals—I shall see where my past vision has been imperfect and incomplete. And as there is no difference in action between the conclusions of worldly wisdom and true idealism; as that which is right is also that which is wise, it follows that my conduct will be justified increasingly in a worldly sense as my vision of the ideal becomes clearer.

“We should not condemn a nation, therefore, merely because it fails to live up to its ideals. We should utterly condemn it, on the other hand, when its ideals are low or mean or brutal.”

“From which it also follows,” commented the unneutral Gael, “that when a nation ‘runs amuck,’ it should be dealt with as a mad dog is dealt with; the neighbours should turn out and put an end to its unfortunate existence. This would be no justification for cruelty, and if asphyxiating gases must be used, they should be as painless as possible in their effect. Wantonly to select gases that are painful in their effect is devilish, and is proof positive that the mad dog stage has been reached. As I said, once that stage is reached, the nation, as a nation, must be put out of existence. You cannot compromise with it; you cannot enter into treaties with it, because its standards are not your standards and you have been given formal notice beforehand that no attention will be paid to such trivialities as promises or treaties should expediency suggest their disavowal. . . . And I must say for Italy that Austria, by her ultimatum to Servia without previous consultation with Italy, violated the letter and the spirit and the purpose of the alliance between Italy and herself, and more than justified the formal repudiation by Italy, on May 4th, of that unnatural and senseless compact.”

“Italy had no business to enter into that alliance in the first place,” growled the Student. “What did she expect! . . . But let me ask this, Mr. Recorder: Is our conversation likely to interest readers of the *QUARTERLY*? Is it not foreign to what they expect to find in its pages?”

The Recorder had been considering the same question, and did not hesitate in his reply. “If much of the *QUARTERLY* were devoted to such topics,” he said, “the editor would be open to criticism for bad editing. But no one is obliged to read the Screen. You can get more than your money’s worth while omitting that altogether! . . . The real answer, however, goes much deeper. One of our greatest needs is to learn how to think clearly and simply. The *QUARTERLY* as a rule deals with general principles of conduct and with the application of those principles to the affairs of daily life—particularly to matters pertaining to the inner life. There are times when sociological problems are similarly dealt with—to the displeasure of a few of our readers, because they are more

likely to have fixed opinions about such things than about matters which, for them, unfortunately are less immediate. But what is the use of principles if we leave them up in the air? We need to solve all problems in the same way and on the same basis. We need to distinguish between the real and the unreal, the eternal and the temporary, between false and true idealism, between materialism and spirituality; quite simply, between right and wrong on all planes and in all circumstances. The principles of Theosophy, once we understand them, make the rights and wrongs of this great war luminously clear. Our daily newspaper reading often confuses the issue because, as yet, newspapers do not as a rule regard it as part of their function to base their opinions on theosophic principles! Furthermore, the newspapers print daily communications from Washington, purporting to represent the opinions and feelings which should govern us; and these, too often, appeal to selfishness and to that short-sighted self-interest which sees tomorrow, but is blind, not only to eternity but to the material results which five or ten years would inevitably reveal.

"It is the mission of the QUARTERLY to uphold theosophical principles and standards, and to protest vigorously whenever these are violated in such a way as to confuse the public conscience."

A member of the Executive Committee was present.

"Under that head," he said, "it would be well to keep in mind what Madame Blavatsky wrote in the third volume of *Lucifer* (pp. 266-267). 'Is Denunciation a Duty?' was the title of her article. This is her statement:

"We may be told, perhaps, that we ourselves are the first to break the ethical law we are upholding; that our theosophical periodicals are full of "denunciations," and [that] Lucifer lowers his torch to throw light on every evil, to the best of his ability. We reply—this is quite another thing. We denounce indignantly systems and organizations, evils, social and religious,—cant above all! We abstain from denouncing persons. The latter are the children of their century, the victims of their environment and of the Spirit of the Age. To condemn and dishonour a man instead of pitying and trying to help him, because, being born in a community of lepers, he is a leper himself, is like cursing a room because it is dark, instead of quietly lighting a candle to disperse the gloom. "Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word"; nor can a general evil be avoided or removed by doing evil oneself and choosing a scapegoat for the atonement of the sins of a whole community. Hence we denounce these communities, not their units; we point out the rottenness of our boasted civilization, indicate the pernicious systems of education which lead to it, and show the fatal effects of these on the masses."

The Recorder broke in: "Pardon me if I interrupt you to say that it is just that attitude which some people find it impossible to understand. Yet it is perfectly simple. For instance, there are or ought to be many German and Austrian members of the Society fighting for their country in this war. We do not criticize them. We do not blame any

soldier of those armies who fights because it is his duty or because he loves his country. We can sympathize with them, and for more reasons than one we can pity them. This is entirely consistent with the most uncompromising condemnation of the community of which they are a part, and also with entire willingness to fight on the opposite side, against the very men for whom we have personally only the kindest feelings—believing them personally incapable of that which their community perpetrates and upholds. . . . If that attitude cannot be understood, Theosophy is not understood and Brotherhood is not understood.”

The member of the Executive Committee returned to his point.

“Almost from the foundation of the Society we have been told that a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked, an unsparing condemnation of crime and corrupt systems of every description, and an endless combat against cant, hypocrisy and injustice of every kind—are the duties of everyone who would call himself a Theosophist.

“When articles appeared in the QUARTERLY criticizing Socialism, one or two people, who did not understand the constitution of the Society, argued that By-Law 35 was being violated: ‘No member shall in any way attempt to involve the Society in political disputes.’ They forgot By-Law 38: ‘No member of the Theosophical Society shall promulgate or maintain any doctrine as being that advanced or advocated by the Society.’ They also forgot the statement displayed at the beginning of every issue of the QUARTERLY, that ‘The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.’ Certainly the Screen is not and does not pretend to be an official document, or anything more than a record of conversations between members—of no importance! I give you permission to quote me, in this instance, as a member of the Executive Committee, because I am speaking only about the Constitution of the Society and the freedom of speech which it is so vitally important to safeguard.

“The fundamental principle of our Society and of its free platform is Brotherhood, and those who understand this principle recognize, as one of its most important implications, that each member should be permitted to uphold the truth and the right as he sees it, and that each should ‘accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.’ Upon that rock the Society was founded, has stood and must for ever stand.

“Each individual member is responsible for his decision as to the rights and wrongs of this great struggle. He is responsible to his own soul and to whatever divine authority he may recognize. He certainly is not responsible to any officer of the Theosophical Society. German members may rest assured that we shall respect their decision as they, undoubtedly, will respect ours.”

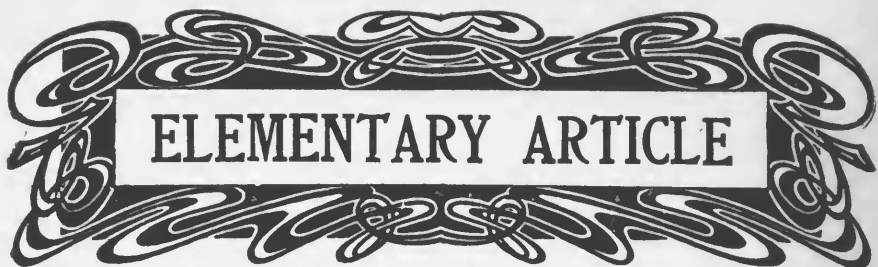
“I entirely agree with you,” said the Gael. “But not being an officer

of the Society, perhaps I may properly say more than you have said. Briefly, this: German and Austrian members are being tested in more ways than one. Their understanding of theosophical principles; their understanding of Brotherhood, of tolerance, of our free platform, of the real purpose of our existence as a Society; their recognition of such truths as we have discussed this afternoon—the universality of moral law: all this is being tried, and perhaps the fate of their nation itself depends, far more than they realize, upon the way in which they pass the test. It would not have needed many righteous men to save the city of Sodom.

“We, too, in this country, are being tested. By what are we governed? Are we capable of ‘a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked’? Can we act because *noblesse oblige*, regardless of consequences to ourselves? Does self-interest come first, or honour? Sentimentality or true Brotherhood? . . . Let us still hope for the best, or, if it be too late for the best—if we have missed our chance for the best—let us still hope for the next best.

T.

Let your will be one with His will, and be glad to be disposed of by Him. He will order all things for you. What can cross your will, when it is one with His will, on which all creation hangs, round which all things revolve? . . . Whatever sets us in opposition to Him makes our will an intolerable torment. So long as we will one thing and He another, we go on piercing ourselves through and through with a perpetual wound; and His will advances, moving on in sanctity and majesty, crushing ours into the dust.—H. E. Manning.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

A RULE OF LIFE

VII.

SELF-WILL

WHEN considering our Rule of Life we should never forget the fundamental principle upon which it is based, which is that it is always and only some form of self which separates us from a full and conscious participation in Divine Life. All sin has its origin in disobedience to spiritual law; a disobedience arising through the promptings of the lower self. Therefore our Rule of Life has for its basic purpose the conquest of self and the gradual merging of our will with the Divine will. In the figure of speech of the devotional book, instead of our will running across the current of spiritual will, thus making the cross and its inevitable suffering, we should harmonize our will with the universal stream, ceasing from all conflict and opposition, and thus find peace.

It is the work of ages; it is so difficult that it can only be done piecemeal; and the rest of this series of articles will be taken up in an effort to describe the different forms of self-will and to suggest methods of discovering and curing them. First, however, it seems desirable to analyse this tremendously important element which plays so vital a part in our evolution and destiny. Perhaps we may get some new light upon it if we approach it from other points of view.

The Buddhists teach that material life is hell and that we should get rid of Tanha, the thirst for life, and of all other desires which can only find expression and satisfaction in material life. This is done by following the noble Eightfold Path,—Right Views, Right Aspirations, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Mode of Livelihood, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness, Right Contemplation. The motive is to find happiness and peace, in place of the misery and pain which is the inevitable accompaniment of material existence. The Buddha had a higher teaching for those who had already made some progress along the way, but this elementary statement serves our purpose, for it is obvious that the desire to live and the other desires which the Buddhist must kill out, are forms of self-will. They are the cravings of the lower nature, demanding

satisfaction. To eliminate them is merely another way of conquering self-will.

The Brahmin, or the Vedantin, teaches that man is part of the Eternal, is the Eternal, but, owing to his dual nature, can follow either of two Paths, the Path of the Gods leading to freedom and light, or the Path of the Fathers leading to bondage and darkness. He who wishes to follow the Path of the Gods and obtain release from the wheel of rebirth, must assert his divine prerogatives, must claim his heritage and conform his life and will to the Eternal Life and Will. It is the Brahmin or Vedantin way of expressing the necessity of conquering our self-will.

Christ taught that the Kingdom of God is within, and that He is the Way to Eternal Life. "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor . . . and come and follow me." "Verily, I say unto you . . . everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Everything He said emphasized the necessity of a complete renunciation of the outer life, of the life of the personal self, *i.e.*, of self-will.

Even Mohammedanism, the crudest of all the great religions, teaches perfect obedience to the Will of Allah as the only sure road to Paradise. They differ in method, but they all agree that the way to liberation lies through self-conquest, through the subordination of the lower nature and all its impulses and desires to the Divine Will; or, in the terms of our thesis, through the conquering of our self-will.

If anyone thinks that this is easy, let him undeceive himself. It is highly probable that the average human being does not have a dozen impulses toward action a week which are free from self-will. The average good man would be a very good man indeed if ten per cent of his motives were free from any element of self. The Saint becomes a Saint when anything over half his mainsprings of action are pure and undefiled by self. From the moment we waken, second by second, minute by minute, hour by hour, until we once more lose consciousness in sleep, our thoughts, our speech, our actions, our desires, our hopes, our imagination, every thinkable activity, is either prompted entirely by self-interest and self-will or at least contains strong elements of them. Please understand that all these are not wholly bad. Self-will does not necessarily drive us into outbreking sin. A very frequent manifestation of self is the method in which we do good, or try to do good, to others. We insist upon benefitting them in *our* way by *our* plan. It is not unusual for us to make real sacrifices coupled with the condition that we shall make them in our own way.

Let us consider together an imaginary day of an average man. He wakes. His first conscious thought is that he does not want to get up. Self-will. He rises reluctantly, after more or less struggle with his laziness and torpor, because he has to. Force compelling his lower self.

His thoughts fly naturally to the day ahead, to what pleasures it may have in store, or to what disagreeable or difficult tasks may await him. He anticipates the pleasures with his imagination, trying to live them in prospect. Or he worries and then tries to drive out of his head the disasters he fears. Self in either case. This occupies his mind while he performs a mechanical toilet. He remembers a conversation of yesterday and thinks of some witty retort which he might have made, or some amusing anecdote he might have told, to the greater glory of his lower self. Or even if his thoughts do not take quite so crude a form, they are still full of and revolve around self. He begins to cast longing mental eyes toward breakfast and wishes he were dressed so that he could have his tea or coffee. As we are dealing with an average person it is highly probable that he will be decidedly cross, short and snappy until he has had his breakfast. When he does get down, as likely as not he is secretly annoyed because someone else has the paper.

He goes to his work, hurrying through the crowds in order to get a seat in street car or subway. He resents having to hurry to avoid being late, he resents the rule that he shall not be late, he resents the necessity that compels him to work at all. All this may not be formulated very clearly, but it is there in his consciousness. It never occurs to him as a possibility that he should submit voluntarily to discipline and rule. And so the day goes. He does his work because he is paid to do it, and because he has to work. If ambitious, he may do it with eagerness and may put some will and effort into it, for that is the road to promotion and higher pay. His relations with his fellow workers may be friendly enough. He will help them occasionally and do them a good turn, for he has found from experience that it pays to be reasonably kind. He may be generous. Lots of people like the sensation of being generous and are willing to pay the price. It is apt to be a discriminating generosity, however, and to take forms that gratify their feeling and minister to their pride.

The picture is already unattractive and I am almost afraid to carry it the step further and deal with the subtler motives and with his thoughts. What are the average man's thoughts? They usually contain a large element that could not be printed. Even the reasonably decent man is constantly thinking unprintable things and the so-called clean-minded man is constantly thrusting unprintable thoughts out of his mind. Then there is that wide range of thoughts which have in them some element of malice, of envy, of jealousy, of suspicion. Which one of us is free from such things? We may be ashamed of them, may fight them, may try to not think them, but they pour into our minds in a constant stream, all day long, and particularly when our tone is low and our mood is suitable. All the readers of this magazine are, I trust, much above the average, but which one of us is free from such evidences of a very "lower self"? And if we are guilty, what of the average man or woman? Who is there in the world today who would dare

to have a photographic record of his mental life for one day thrown on a screen for others to see? Think of it, ye would-be disciples, and realize how far you are from that degree of purity that would enable you to stand in the presence of your Master, who sees you as you really are.

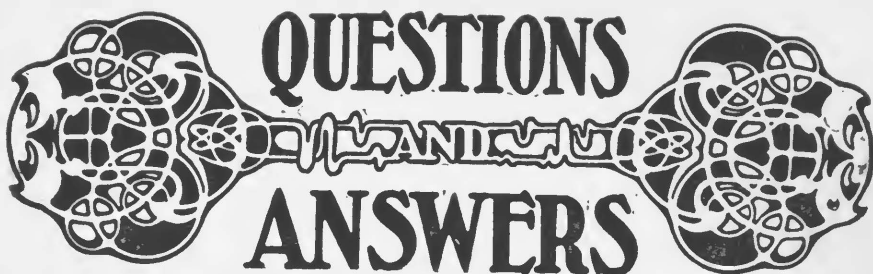
. The whole fabric of our daily lives must break down and be thrown into the melting pot before we can refine all the elements of self out of our motives, our actions and our desires. And long after we honestly believe that we have surrendered our wills and have completed the task of self-renunciation, we shall find whole areas of our natures which are still undiscovered, let alone unconquered territory.

Complete self-conquest is a task of ages, but let no one find in this thought any cause for discouragement. Remember what you are trying to do; you are trying to become not only like Christ, but you are trying to become perfect even as the Father in Heaven is perfect. Surely you should not be dismayed because this will take you a very long time. Furthermore, it should be remembered that the rewards of effort are immediate, or almost immediate. We do not have to reach our final goal before reaping some of the fruits of our endeavor. The stages of progress are known and marked, and each has its gifts of power, of privilege, of joy, of peace, which become ours as we ascend each step of the ladder.

The chief difficulties are at the beginning of the way, for it is then that the enemy we fight is at its strongest, and when the real self in us is at its weakest. It is during these early stages of the battle that we must conquer bad habits, always a harder thing to do than to acquire virtues. This is what *Light on the Path* means where it speaks of the first two stages requiring the use of the surgeon's knife; we must get rid of those things which are undesirable, indeed, impossible possessions of the soul. Once we make up our mind to undertake this great struggle we need a Rule, and the object of our Rule, while it may and should be detailed and specific, must conform to our ultimate purpose, self-conquest, self-renunciation, the entire elimination of self-will.

C. A. G.

Lord, Thy will be done in father, mother, child, in everything and everywhere; without a reserve, without a BUT, an IF, or a limit.—St. Francis de Sales.



QUESTIONS

BY WANDERLUT

ANSWERS

QUESTION 185.—*What does Cavé mean when he says, "Be a follower of no man?" Did not Christ and after Him the Saints set us an example to follow?*

ANSWER.—"Be a follower of no man," would apparently mean, do not follow, or in this connection, worship the man, but only the Divine Spirit which guides or controls him in each act of his life. No Saint would be a Saint were he not doing "the will of the Father," and it is only as an expression of this Divine Will that he should be taken as an example. The human part of a Saint may err at any moment and mislead a follower. A. F.

ANSWER.—"Be a follower of no man." Was Christ mere man? It seems to me that an example to follow is an example only because it borders on realizing an ideal. One should not follow a man but one should follow an ideal. A. K.

ANSWER.—I suspect Cavé of speaking from experience. What could be more disappointing to any leader than to see the message neglected and the manner of delivering it imitated? But is that not what followers do? Even in the world of art see what happens when a new truth is caught by some man of longer vision or greater devotion than his fellows. Do they seek to catch his vision or is it usually to get his "effects"? Those who devotedly seek to find and follow the vision would seem to me to be acting as Cavé indicates, "Be a follower of no man; follow the inner voice." By that road they may reach the leader's vision, and so become what every true leader must desire—not followers but pursuers. P.

ANSWER.—I have just been reading the life of a mediæval saint—one who is renowned for the wise teaching he gave to beginners in the spiritual way. His method with all his novices was to lead them to find interiorly their spiritual Master. The testimony of several disciples shows that he succeeded. All these followers of the saint state that he did everything to detach them from him personally—to make them dependent solely upon the interior teacher. C.

ANSWER.—To be a follower of a saint and to follow the example set by him, are two widely different attitudes. For the first case the saint is made an authority for blind faith, and his followers generally look to him for spiritual bread. But the heavenly Manna doesn't come from any outer source. It must be sought for in its own field, in the kingdom of heaven, which is within us. In the second case the attitude towards the saint is more that of a man, who has set himself the same goal as one ahead of him and tries to reach it by the same means as his successful foregoer.

Supposing that Christ was man only, to follow the example set by him and the saints is, therefore, not to follow any man, but to follow that very God, whose will Christ did and the Saints have tried to do.

Cavé says also: "Follow the inner voice." This voice is the voice of the conscience, the silent whisper of the Deity, who is our Father in heaven, and who is always trying to teach our soul how to do his will, if we only will listen to it.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—We have only to look at the history of Christianity—so-called—to see the need of Cavé's warning. Christ came into incarnation as a man, not that we might follow Him as a man, but that through His humanity we might see Divinity made manifest, see Him as the incarnation of Divinity and follow that Divinity. As the essence of the Divine, the Soul, is unity, so the essence of the personality is separateness. To follow a man is to follow the personality. It is the effort to follow this separate personality apart from the Divinity it manifests, that results in the denial by those of one faith of the truth of other faiths, and all the ensuing hatred and bitterness.

The most pitiful thing about us is our blindness to our own inner light. The effort to follow the example set us by our Master enables us to realize that the goal to which He shows the way is the goal of our own deep desire; that the light that shines forth through all His actions in His high degree is the same as that which we find within our hearts in our puny degree and one with the light that lighteth every man that comes into the world.

J. M.

QUESTION 186.—*What do the words: "Lead us not into temptation" mean? Can God lead us into temptation?*

ANSWER.—I have been told that this phrase is really a petition that we shall not be placed under more "pressure" than we can stand. The object of evolution is the perfection of man. To become perfect man must acquire all sorts of powers and virtues,—by exercise. Life furnishes this exercise. We appeal to the Lords of Life not to try us beyond our strength, not to call upon us to do too much, not to demand the use of more virtue than we possess; in other words, to be easy on us. Why not?

But this is only the first stage. Later we begin to understand the meaning of the other possible translation: "Lead us *through* temptation." We desire to serve and this means that we must grow. We cannot grow without trials. Therefore we welcome trials, but ask to be led successfully through them and to be delivered from evil.

C. A. G.

QUESTION 187.—*How does individual Karma work out in the European war? Can it be that that manner of sudden and frightful tearing of soul from body is the Karmic due of thousands upon thousands of human beings?*

ANSWER.—Yes. It seems probable that every human being in the world is Karmically due to suffer many sudden and violent deaths; due by their good Karma as well as by their bad Karma, perhaps, for it is only a very materialistic point of view that considers death a misfortune. And what reason is there for supposing that death by a bullet or by shrapnel is a more "sudden and frightful tearing of the soul from the body" than death by cancer or consumption or any of the other diseases that kill most of us? Is it reasonable to suppose that the soul is shocked and surprised by what seems to us as a "sudden" death? Is the querent not looking at the matter from the point of view of the lower self with its pernicious craving for material life and its complete lack of comprehension of the life and welfare of the soul?

C. A. G.



T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was held on Saturday, April 24th, 1915, at 21 Macdougall Alley, New York City.

MORNING SESSION

The Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, called the Convention to order at 10.30 a. m.; and asked for nominations for the offices of Temporary Chairman and Temporary Secretary. On motion, duly seconded, Mr. Charles Johnston was elected Temporary Chairman, and Miss Isabel E. Perkins, Temporary Secretary. The first business before the Convention being organization, the Temporary Chairman was instructed by vote of the Convention to appoint a committee to receive and examine the credentials of delegates and proxies. Accordingly, the following Committee on Credentials was named: Professor H. B. Mitchell, Chairman—who as Treasurer had the needed information about the standing of members; Mr. Karl D. Perkins, the Assistant Treasurer; and Miss Margaret D. Hohnstedt, of the Cincinnati Branch. The Committee was asked to retire and prepare its report as speedily as possible. While awaiting the Committee's report, Mr. Johnston addressed the Convention.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

It is the happy duty of the Temporary Chairman to welcome the delegates, members, and visitors; and words are effective as far as you have already felt yourselves genuinely welcomed. Everyone must have felt the Theosophic warmth with which visiting delegates were welcomed, as we assembled, and with which members welcomed each other.

The Theosophical Society gains in age, and I hope in eternal youth. As the years pass, we learn how absolutely indispensable the Society is; and therefore we are reassured by finding such a gathering as this—representing not only the Branches and members, but also, what is more vital, representing the spirit and the life. It has been said again and again that numbers are not the important matter. The Chinese have a proverb to the effect that it is easier to get a thousand soldiers than one general. As the years pass, I think these meetings grow in spiritual power; they are coming to be meetings of Theosophists in the essential sense. It would necessarily follow that the spirit of welcome would be among us, and that everyone would feel it, for the essence of welcome is an essential part of the Theosophic spirit; a welcome not only for the acceptable truth, but also for the discordant truth, for the discordant person, for the person of alien spirit and race. To our enemies, if we have them, we would extend a cordial welcome, to those who are farthest from us in action, in spirit. If we feel in that way toward our "enemies" (the actual enemies are, as we know, within us), then how much more cordial is our welcome to those who have recognized this oneness with us.

Sometimes it has happened to us to have foreign visitors, but in these times we could not expect that delegates from foreign Branches would leave their posts of service even to attend a Theosophical Convention. I find in looking over this assemblage that the American continent is well represented. Those who are delegates and who do not know each other will have a chance to cement and make external that bond which is internal, and therefore effective.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

The Chairman of the Committee on Credentials reported that 19 Branches of The Theosophical Society were found to be represented by delegates or by proxies, empowered to cast a total of 110 votes. The credentials of both delegates and proxies had been examined and found satisfactory. The Committee also had reason to expect other credentials from other Branches which had not arrived at the time of the making of the Report.

The following Branches were represented, either at the time when the Report was made or by later arrivals:

Aurora, Oakland, California	Stockton, Stockton, California
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.	Toronto, Toronto, Canada
Brehon, Detroit, Michigan	Virya, Denver, Colorado
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio	Berlin, Berlin, Germany
Dayton, Dayton, Ohio	Swedish, Arvika, Sweden
Hope, Providence, Rhode Island	British National, London, England
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana	Krishna, South Shields, England
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio	Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
New York, New York	Norfolk, Norfolk, England
Pacific, Los Angeles, California	Sunderland, Sunderland, England
Providence, Providence, R. I.	Altigracia, Altigracia de Orituco, Venezuela
Queen City, Seattle, Washington	Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela

Upon motion by Mr. Clement A. Griscom, seconded by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, the Report of the Committee on Credentials was accepted with thanks, and the Committee was discharged.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION

Upon motion of Mr. C. A. Griscom, duly seconded, Professor Mitchell, the President of the New York Branch was elected Permanent Chairman of the Convention. Mr. Johnston requested Professor Mitchell to take the Chair at once, suggesting that it would be a happy moment for himself and for every one present, except perhaps for Professor Mitchell. In response to this request Professor Mitchell replied that for him it could be an unhappy moment only because we were, for one day, surrendering the privilege of having our meetings conducted by the one who is for 364 days in the year our Permanent Chairman. He regarded it as a very high privilege to serve the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society, and as its Chairman to try to focus its thought and action. It might seem, he said, a small gathering, but it is one that has very far reaching effects.

Upon motion duly made and seconded, the cordial thanks of the Convention were extended to the Temporary Chairman for his services.

Upon motion by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, seconded by Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis, the Temporary Secretary of the Convention was duly elected Permanent Secretary.

The Chairman asked the pleasure of the Convention regarding the selection of the necessary committees. It was moved by Mr. Hargrove, and seconded by Mrs. E. Q. Bell, that the Chairman be directed to appoint three standing committees—on Nominations; on Resolutions; on Letters of Greeting. The motion was carried, and the Chairman appointed the following:

Committee on Nominations

Mr. C. A. Griscom, *Chairman*
 Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis
 Miss Margaret D. Hohnstedt

Committee on Resolutions

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
 Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell
 Judge Robert W. McBride

Committee on Letters of Greeting

Mr. Charles Johnston, *Chairman*
 Mrs. Marion F. Gitt
 Mr. Karl D. Perkins

These committees were directed to meet during the recess between the morning and afternoon sessions, so that they might be prepared to make their reports at the opening of the afternoon session.

The Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, was then called upon to report for the committee.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

In one sense the Executive Committee has not much to report this year. There have been no new Charters issued; and there have not been many serious matters requiring executive mediation; there has been no new territory to open up. This means that a part of the field has been lying fallow, and therefore is more likely to be productive in the future.

The formal part of the work is only a small part of it; in a sense the perpetual duty of the Executive Committee is to give a certain consciousness and continuity to the life of The Theosophical Society, as under our Constitution the Executive Committee is always in session. So, in fact, the Executive Committee would represent the consciousness, purposes and principles of The Theosophical Society.

In speaking a welcome to delegates and members, I said that it seemed that The Theosophical Society was never so essentially necessary as it is now; never was the right opening for The Theosophical Society so wide. Having in mind our first object, and seeing that Universal Brotherhood becomes daily the most vital issue in the history of humanity, it is becoming clear that much of the future history of mankind depends upon the true development and true understanding of races as such. It is becoming the ideal in world politics so to readjust relations as to give scope for the development of race character, that which Divine wisdom has imbedded in a race.

It is essential that our understanding of this principle should be clear and deep. It is not necessary that we should make public declarations on the subject, but it is necessary that we should understand it and should embody it in our lives: it is what we, as members, are, not what we say, that counts.

To-day it is a commonplace to declare that the parts of Christendom are coming together in a spirit that never existed before. This is being expressed in a variety of ways; one of the most illuminating and forceful statements of it that I have seen was in an article written by a high prelate of a church which is strange to most of us. I had the privilege of reading the proof of this article—and I was much impressed with a declaration to the effect that, in Christianity, the era of differentiation had run its course, and that the era of reintegration had begun.*

It would seem that up to the present forces of differentiation have been at work throughout the world, but that from the present the tendency will be one not of differentiation but of reintegration, first spiritual and religious rein-

* See, *Constructive Quarterly*, June, 1915, "The Problems of the Orthodox Church in America," by Rev. L. Turkevich.

tegration, and then reintegration touching other spheres of life. Let me say once more that it is not important for the world that members of The Theosophical Society should issue logical or authoritative declarations on these themes but it is most important that they should so order their own lives as to make possible the reintegration of the spiritual life and indeed the whole life of humanity. Perhaps the first step is our realization that never before was The Theosophical Society so indispensable to the life of the world. Then we may begin to appreciate how vitally necessary it is that every member of the Society should saturate himself with this fundamental principle and should live it into the very fibre of his being. For it is by the presence in the world of groups of Theosophists who *are* these principles that the spiritual reintegration of humanity will be made possible.

The Chairman: If never before was there such need for the principles for which The Theosophical Society stands, then never before was there such opportunity as we have now before us.

Upon motion the Report of the Chairman of the Executive Committee was accepted and the Chairman called for the Report of the Secretary T. S., saying:

For the first time in many years our Secretary is not with us. Mrs. Gregg has not been well and is not able to be here to-day. It would be almost an impertinence for me to tell this Convention what we owe to our Secretary; what she has done, and the spirit that she puts into her letters are known to all of you. So I shall not attempt to say more, but will call upon the Secretary of the Convention to read Mrs. Gregg's Report.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 24TH, 1915

New Branches and Members

This has been a year of great activity in certain directions. With most of the Branches this activity has not included the bringing in of new members; it would appear that large additions to our ranks were not desired for us this year. Diplomas have been issued to 33 new members; in the United States, 14; in South America, 6; in England, 6; in Germany, 4; in Austria, 1; in Norway, 2. One new Branch, formed several months ago in Barquisimeto, Venezuela, has applied for a Charter; the original application was lost in the mails, a duplicate is on its way and may be received before the Convention closes. One Branch in the United States has asked for the cancellation of its Charter; those of its members who are in sympathy with the work of our Society feeling that it is wiser for them to retain their connection as Members-at-large than to continue the Branch, share in its Karma, and assume its local problems.

What would the Masters say, were they preparing a report on our members and Branches for the past year? Have we, as members and as Branches, done what was expected of us; have we met the opportunities as they came? This searching question has been uppermost in the mind of your Secretary in reviewing the outer work of the year. What is the significance of the number of Branches that have found it difficult to hold public meetings, because of the continued illness or absence of so many members? Were they thinking too much of the outer work, or did they, perhaps, need to do more inner work before the outer could be done effectively? The desire for service is so deep, the world's need so apparent, the Society's opportunity so immense, that we must all wish to consider how we can, during the coming year, make ourselves instruments for the Masters' service.

Correspondence

In the Secretary's Office, there is a map that is never shown to visitors, and indeed it is a very ordinary looking affair; but it has been a faithful companion in many an eager journey. When the postman brings a letter from a new correspondent or from an old friend in a new place, out comes the map,

and the Secretary makes a trip to that place—hoping that a light has been kindled there that will shine forth steadily amid the world's fret and gloom. Thus welcome is a new correspondent! And among our members, it is surprising to note the extent to which the files of this office show those members who are most alert to the opportunities before them. There is frequently ground for anxiety about the member from whom no word ever comes; no question, no suggestion, no offer of help.

Sometimes it is very difficult to draw a consistent line between official and personal correspondence; especially when an old member, a correspondent for many years, writes in enthusiastic detail about some new engrossing work. Often it is some mistaken form of the effort we have all made, in one guise or another,—to put new wine in old bottles. Perhaps the member has moved to a new home, finds no Branch of our Society there but does find another Theosophical Society which invites aid, the member desires to work for the T. S., and says—"After all it is not worth while to keep alive dead issues." Many have gone down that road, expecting that, by such liberality in thought and work, they would return with recruits for the service. Without exception they have been disappointed. And how could it be otherwise? The issue between right and wrong is truly an old one, but not therefore one that can be safely ignored or overridden. Suppose you sat at the Secretary's desk and heard from an old friend that she was about to give her winter to such an experiment—would you not be tempted to forget your official restrictions and to cry, "Look out! there is danger!" Another temptation comes when good members write complacently about finding little work to do in their communities, when the need for it is so apparent. One longs to cry to them, "Awake, arise! Put away childish things!" And those who do ask for help; how eagerly counsel is sought about the advice to be given them; the books, the work that will best fit them for larger service. One illustration of the expansion of theosophic interest is the increased demand from outsiders for our books and for the *QUARTERLY*, and their many requests for information and for guidance.

The Book and Magazine Department

Not long ago a stranger wrote that he had been reading the *QUARTERLY* for some time, and thought he should like to ally himself with the Society, but he saw that we had a book list; he had found that in some societies members were expected to buy the books, whether they happened to have time and inclination to read them or not. He wished to know whether we made such a requirement. We all know that there is no such obligation, but the fact that such a question has arisen is another evidence of the foresight that years ago prompted the organization of a department called "The Quarterly Book Department," to conduct the publication of such books as the needs of our work might require. Not a penny of the Society's money has gone into the preparation or publication of these books; and all the profits made are turned into the production of needed new books.

The orders for our own books and for standard books dealing with the inner life have been surprisingly large this year. With the fall, came the long anticipated edition of the *Bhagavad Gita*, as translated and annotated by Mr. Johnston. In spite of hard times and war demands that most attractive and valuable book has gone to many parts of the world. Several new books are promised us for next fall. The second volume of *Fragments* is to come first; and advance orders for that volume are already being placed. It is to contain not only the "Fragments" that have appeared in the *QUARTERLY* since the publication of the first volume, but also a number of additional ones. To those who value the first volume beyond all price, the appearance of the second would be most welcome, even without the special selections that will be new to most readers. A new and revised edition

of Mr. Johnston's *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali* is made necessary by the fact that the first edition is entirely exhausted. There is also constant demand for his *Song of Life* which is out of print, and we are given hope that we may have that in the fall, too.

The Theosophical Quarterly.

In the days when mail was carried by stage coach and courier, when postage was high and periodicals few, how eagerly the family watched for the arrival of its one regular periodical! To many of our members and subscribers the appearance of the QUARTERLY is an equally important event, even though they may live where there is a news stand on every corner, offering every day a newly published periodical. One expression used by readers of the QUARTERLY is perhaps the key to its power; they say that it is "home" to them. By that they evidently mean that it tells them more about their real home than they can find elsewhere, that it shows them how to go there.

The magazine goes to our members each quarter—and how much further its message shall be heard still depends upon them. It is precisely the problem that was so completely expressed hundreds of years ago—"And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" Whoever sends the QUARTERLY to a friend or to a library is surely sending a preacher, and one that speaks to the heart of man in many different languages. There may be comparatively few among our number who are able to write for the QUARTERLY; but there are none who cannot do effective work in getting it into the hands of those who need it.

A month ago I asked some of our members to join in a special effort to double the number of QUARTERLY subscribers before the opening of the Convention. The response was immediate and most gratifying. Many names were at once added to our mailing list; and replies are still coming in—either a subscription for a friend, or perhaps a letter saying that the member has not a dollar to spare, but is glad to send the names of people who need the magazine and are able to pay for it. Then a sample copy is sent to them and they are given a chance to subscribe for themselves. But shall we stop with this one effort? After all, why do we want more subscribers? Surely not to support the magazine; the Society does that; not even to get more members, for we know on the best possible authority that it is not numbers that count. No, we long, do we not, comrades, to carry the good news to a waiting world—and the QUARTERLY is our carrier. What shall we do about it? What will *you* do about it?

Have any Branches tried a QUARTERLY evening? Imagine what interesting meetings could be based on the reading aloud of some series of articles in the QUARTERLY, with such comments and questions as members or visitors choose to bring forward. What a series could be based on "Letters to Friends," beginning with the first letter and reading them aloud consecutively; or take the "Screen of Time" in the same way. The QUARTERLY has so many possibilities which we are not beginning to recognize.

A Personal Acknowledgement

There is one acknowledgement that is always in my heart when I look back on the work of the year,—and this time I should like to put into words my gratitude to the Masters for the privilege of sharing in this their work; the opportunity to work for them is a constant inspiration and joy. And next, among my blessings, I always count my fellow officers, whose support, direction and co-operation has always been given to me in the fullest measure. The election of an Assistant Secretary last year made it possible for me to apportion the work of the office between Miss Perkins and myself, in a way that has been a relief to me, and a pleasure, I know, to her. We have also had willing assistants; Miss

Hascall has been giving three half days to the work each week, with a regularity and devotion that is much appreciated. Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Helle have continued the addressing of the envelopes for the QUARTERLY—their handwriting must now be closely associated in the minds of many with the welcome appearance of the magazine. It would also be a great pleasure to mention other names that come thronging into my mind—of members who have done special pieces of work, of members whose letters and visits have given me so much pleasure; the list is a long one. And if I may not give it, I may at least make grateful record of the fact that among our members there is an increasing number who are endeavoring to live Theosophy; and it is to these that the greater part of our work is devoted.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) ADA GREGG,
Secretary T. S.

Mr. Hargrove: I move that the Report of the Secretary T. S. be accepted with thanks, and that a Committee be appointed to call upon Mrs. Gregg, perhaps in the interval between the morning and the afternoon sessions, and that this Convention shall, by a rising vote, request them to take her some flowers as an expression of our gratitude to her for all that she has done and is doing. She is ill, and I am afraid that she is suffering a great deal of pain, but I am confident that she could receive such a committee; and I, for one, want her to know by word of mouth that those of us who have known and loved her so long do miss her to-day, as we necessarily must. To make our united wish definite, I would move that the Chairman be instructed to appoint a committee to carry to Mrs. Gregg, in the warmest possible words, the expression of our regret for her absence, our constantly increasing affection for her, and our gratitude for her services.

Mr. Griscom: I should like to second that motion; but I am not sure that it would not be well for the committee to delay its visit to Mrs. Gregg until after the election of officers. Mrs. Gregg has had it in her mind that she should resign because of her ill health. That I am sure cannot be the wish of the Society, but I think it might be gratifying to her if the committee that has been proposed could carry her, in addition to our greetings, the news that she has been re-elected. So it might be better if that committee were to make its visit at the close of the afternoon session at which the election of officers takes place.

Mr. Hargrove: That might be too late for Mrs. Gregg's comfort. The Chairman of the Committee on Nominations could place Mrs. Gregg's name before the Convention now, as Secretary T. S. for the coming year. Of course the Committee has not formally met, but the members of it know that the Convention would not let them do otherwise than bring in the name of Mrs. Gregg for Secretary. So why not act now?

ELECTION OF THE SECRETARY

By unanimous consent the Chairman of the Committee on Nominations immediately proposed Mrs. Gregg as Secretary T. S., and she was unanimously elected by a standing vote.

Mr. Hargrove's motion was then seconded and carried. The Chairman appointed the following Committee to wait upon Mrs. Gregg, explaining that he felt that she would be particularly glad to have the out-of-town delegates represented on it: Miss Hohnstedt of Cincinnati, Mrs. Gitt of Washington, Mr. Michaelis of New York. At the suggestion of Mr. Johnston, Mrs. D. M. Helle of New York, who is frequently with Mrs. Gregg, was made the official guide of the Committee.

The next Report in order being that of the Treasurer T. S., the Chairman asked Mr. Johnston to take the chair, and then presented the following report:

REPORT OF TREASURER

April 20, 1914, to April 22, 1915

General Fund as per Ledger

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements</i>	
Dues from Members.....	\$427.51	Secretary's Office	\$226.69
THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY ...	211.30	Treasurer's Office	14.90
Contributions	164.90	Printing THEOSOPHICAL QUAR-	
		TERLY (3 numbers).....	838.64
	<u>\$803.71</u>		<u>\$1,080.23</u>
Balance, April 20, 1914.....	426.62	Deposit to Secretary's Acct...	100.00
		Balance, April 22, 1915.....	50.10
	<u>\$1,230.33</u>		<u>\$1,230.33</u>

Financial Statement

(Including Special Accounts)

General Fund

Balance, April 20,		Disbursements and	
1914	\$426.62	Dep.	\$1,180.23
Receipts	803.71	Balance, April 22,	
	<u>\$1,230.33</u>	1915	50.10
			<u>\$50.10</u>
			\$1,230.33

Special Publication Account

Balance, April 20,		Balance, April 22,	
1914	\$300.00	1915	312.00
Receipts	12.00		312.00
	<u>312.00</u>		

Discretionary Exp. Account

Balance, April 20,		Balance, April 22,	
1914	\$350.00	1915	483.00
Receipts	133.00		483.00
	<u>483.00</u>		

Special (Sales of QUARTERLY, etc.)

Balance, April 20,		Charges and Checks	
1914	\$104.60	returned for cor-	
Receipts		rection	43.79
	<u>104.60</u>	Balance, April 22,	
		1915	60.81
			<u>60.81</u>
			\$104.60

On Deposit, Corn Exchange Bank, April 22, 1915..... \$905.91

Respectfully submitted,

H. B. MITCHELL,
Treasurer.

New York, April 24, 1915.

In comment on the report, the Treasurer said: The \$100 on deposit with the Secretary T. S. is to prevent inconvenience to her in case there should be any delay in the Treasurer's office in sending her remittances to cover the expenditures

she makes for the Society. There has been a shrinkage in receipts during the year; that means that our income has not been equal to our necessary expenses. It does not mean that we have only \$50 to call upon; we have special funds set aside that could be drawn upon in an emergency, though it is our hope to use them only for the special purposes for which they were set aside last year.

The Treasurer would also like to make one or two comments, and must begin them with an apology. Owing to an accident in the Treasurer's Office, where accidents ought never to occur and are never excusable, there is one deposit which I am not sure has been credited to the members who made the remittances. No accident has happened to the money; that went into the bank. The accident was to a certain paper from which entries of names should have been transferred to our cards. I am deeply mortified over the occurrence, but can only express my regrets and ask you to let me know in case you receive bills for dues already paid.

Another point: there is confusion in the minds of some members who think that the \$2.00 sent to the Treasurer every year is sent for the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY; while in point of fact it is sent for the annual dues. To all members whose dues are paid the QUARTERLY is sent free of further charge. To non-members the subscription price is \$1.00. [The Treasurer then read a portion of a letter recently received in which the member spoke of enclosing \$2.00 in payment for the QUARTERLY.] A casual reading of such a letter might lead one to credit that \$2.00 to the QUARTERLY account, especially as there are members who, as they are able, send in remittances to be applied directly to QUARTERLY expenses. The member, whose letter I have read in part, evidently intended to pay dues, but the mention of the QUARTERLY instead of dues might result in that member's getting a bill for unpaid dues.

It may be of interest to you to know that up to the time the books were closed 248 members had paid their dues for the year now ending. During the intervening two days a number of other remittances have been received which it has not been possible to include in this report. Our fiscal year runs from Convention to Convention; and in accordance with our By-Laws, our dues should be payable in advance, as they are in other Societies. When this Convention adjourns, therefore, we should one and all realize that our dues are then payable. In case one gets behind and pays the dues for this year just prior to the Convention, it may seem as though he had paid the dues that will so soon be payable for next year; but still I think our members will appreciate prompt notifications, and that it will be best to send them out as soon as possible after the Convention.

I have received several letters about mite boxes. Some years ago friends in the Cincinnati Branch prepared mite boxes for our use similar to those that are used for the heathen. They were sent to all members; some used them, and some asked whether they might not be excused from the burden of making a daily contribution to the mite box and send in their checks at one time for the amount that they could spare. The Treasurer had to say that they might, because the plan was purely voluntary. Certain members never dropped the use of the boxes; but found that it was a helpful reminder of all that the T. S. stands for, even if, some stormy night, they did not have the coin that should go into the mite box and so were obliged to go out into the storm to get change. Would it not be well to consider whether the mite boxes should be revived—especially if we could all share in the experiences of certain members who say that they have found the use of them helpful to the whole moral nature?

Upon motion the thanks of the Society were extended to the Treasurer and to those who had helped him and the report was approved.

REPORT ON THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

Professor Mitchell resumed the chair and called for a report from the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, Mr. Clement A. Griscom, who said:

I should like to make a nice speech, but I find it difficult to say anything new. I am conscious that what you want is to hear the QUARTERLY praised, and yet I have been so closely identified with it that it is like praising myself. At least I may remind you how little the editor of the magazine has to do with it. You laugh, but it is true; I am not merely talking modestly. The excellence of the magazine is due to the contributors. To be sure there is the printing and the clerical work that they do not do; but there are many thousands of people in New York who could do the typesetting and the clerical work on the QUARTERLY. Those who deserve your praise and recognition are those who write without compensation; I, myself, write very little for the QUARTERLY. In thinking of what I could say to you I recall several small incidents that I think are interesting, and I am going to let them make my speech for me.

The first is indicative of the extent to which the QUARTERLY reaches many of whom we never hear in the Society itself. It happens that in this neighborhood there is a very charming lady whom we have known for many years, and whom we met through one of the churches. I have learned that for a long while she has been a regular reader of the QUARTERLY, and yet she has never spoken of the magazine to us, nor used the word Theosophy. She has bought every issue of the magazine from Brentano's; and she confided to our informant that it had been a source of much inspiration to her.

Two significant comments have come to me. The one was made by a person who is unusually competent to judge a magazine, and is himself a contributor to such periodicals as the *Atlantic Monthly*. He said that he regarded the QUARTERLY as one of the best edited magazines in the country—he was referring particularly to the editorials, so I do not hesitate to repeat his praise. The other estimate was to the effect that the QUARTERLY is the best magazine published in the world to-day. That is, of course, very high praise; it was followed by the statement that the tone of the magazine is on a higher plane, that it maintains a higher standard than any other known to the speaker, who, by the way, is familiar with the best magazines published in both Europe and America. It was said that our nearest competitor is the Hibbard Journal and, possibly, one French magazine; but that neither one of them had the same high purpose and ideals or was so uniformly dignified. This person emphasized particularly the QUARTERLY's interest, dignity and high quality.

Despite its excellence its circulation is still small. Some of those present are among the members who responded to a special appeal that the Secretary T. S. recently sent out—asking members to subscribe for friends whom they desired to reach. That effort met with many responses, and I presume that when the returns are all in we shall find that a number of names have been added to our list of subscribers; but we need to go much further and to try to devise more far-reaching plans for making the magazine more generally known. It is a matter of intellectual interest that here is a magazine that is an extremely good periodical, yet in a world of a billion and a half people, see how few are interested enough to read it. There are some thousands who read either their own copy or the copies found in the libraries, but the circulation is ridiculously small considering the many thousands of people in the world who ought to want to read such a magazine.

Upon motion of Doctor Clark, seconded by Mr. Michaelis, it was unanimously voted that the Convention accept the report from the editor of the QUARTERLY, with sincere appreciation and thanks.

The Chairman announced that before entertaining a motion to adjourn the morning session, he would like to suggest that the three committees appointed should meet during the recess; and stated that all those present, delegates, members and visitors were invited to be the guests of the New York Branch at luncheon at the Hotel Brevoort, at half after twelve. The Convention then voted to adjourn until 2.30.

AFTERNOON SESSION

The Convention was called to order by the Chairman, who asked first for a report from the committee that was named to take the greetings of the Society to Mrs. Gregg and to notify her of her election as Secretary for the ensuing year.

Mr. Michaelis said, on behalf of the committee: Mrs. Gregg asked that her gratitude be sent to the Convention, and her love to each member of it. She said that she had felt for some time that her strength would not permit her to carry the work much longer, and she had been looking for some one to do it; she thought she had found the right person in Miss Perkins, and she had worked hard to train her for the duties of the position. Now since Miss Perkins had been made Assistant Secretary she had felt that it was right and proper to turn over certain branches of the work of the Secretary's Office to her—especially those that required hard physical work, like the packing and shipping of book orders; and those that demanded constant detail work, like the book business and the subscription department of the *QUARTERLY*. This fortunate reassignment of work would leave Mrs. Gregg free to correspond with all the members, as she greatly desired to do.

The Chairman expressed, for the Convention, its gratitude to the Committee for the way in which it had carried out its wishes; and on motion the Committee was discharged. Next the Report of the Committee on Resolutions was called for.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Hargrove, said: There are certain customary resolutions that it is our practice to pass unanimously; and those the Committee wishes to present at this time:

1. *Resolved*, That Mr. Charles Johnston, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, is hereby requested to reply to the messages of greeting from foreign Branches, in the name of and on behalf of this Convention; and to extend to the Conventions of the European and South American Branches our fraternal greetings and hearty good wishes.

2. *Resolved*, That this Convention of The Theosophical Society hereby requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to Branches in Europe and America.

3. *Resolved*, That the thanks of the Convention and of the Society be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality received.

Upon motion these resolutions were carried unanimously.

4. Mr. Hargrove: The Committee on Resolutions recommends a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the Secretary of the Convention. Then there is the Chairman of the Executive Committee, the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, the Editor of the *QUARTERLY*, and the two members of the Executive Committee who retire this year.

The resolution was adopted.

Mr. Hargrove: We have now cleared up these resolutions which though formal are very genuine, and the Committee had not foreseen the presentation of others. Mr. Griscom and I were talking things over during the recess, and we agreed that it would be ridiculous if a Theosophical Convention were to meet and close its session without any reference to one of the greatest events in the world's history, which is taking place at the present time. So I should like to bring the matter up now. It is evident that any discussion of the rights or wrongs of this war would be out of place in this Convention or in a Branch meeting. Therefore we have to adhere to fundamental principles, about which I think there can be little difference of opinion. We therefore move that:—

Whereas, the first and only binding object of The Theosophical Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity; and

Whereas, in the name of Brotherhood, war as such is being denounced from many pulpits and lecture platforms, and in newspapers and magazines, with appeals for peace at any price; and

Whereas, Non-belligerents have been asked to remain neutral; therefore be it

Resolved, That The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled hereby declares:

(a) that war is not of necessity a violation of Brotherhood, but may on the contrary become obligatory in obedience to the ideal of Brotherhood; and

(b) that individual neutrality is wrong if it be believed that a principle of righteousness is at stake.

Mr. Hargrove: I do not think that any long exposition of this resolution is required. It does not suggest that it is the duty of any member of the Society not to be neutral, though, speaking for myself, I cannot conceive of anybody as being neutral. That question, however, must be left to the individual, to his conscience, his heredity, etc. It is not for the Society to decide for him or to express his opinion for him. But in view of the fact that there are clergymen, of all kinds and of all nations, who so hopelessly misunderstand religion as to declare that war necessarily is a defiance of religious principles, it surely is important that we, as members of The Theosophical Society, who have every reason to believe that we can see more clearly into the underlying facts of life, should call attention to this truth—that you may fly to the uttermost parts of space, and yet you do not get away from war. All progress, all growth, is the fruit of conflict, and it is a monstrous perversion of religion to talk of peace at any price, regardless of duty, of honour, of righteousness. We, as a Society, ought to stand for those principles which a member of any nationality should respect. So long as he is willing to lay down his life, for love's sake, for that in which he believes, he ought to have our support, and not, by our silence, our inferred condemnation.

I cannot believe that any member of the Society can see things in any other light, so far as this question has been carried in the Resolution we suggest—and we must not carry it any further. Any member who has tried to live in obedience to his own ideals knows that his life is a life of conflict. Having done that, and so gained some insight, a member must see that you can divide the universe into two great camps; forces making for righteousness, and the forces making for evil. Do we stand aside and say that that conflict is none of our business? That is not conceivable. We have been shown the way by H. P. B., who the moment she drew breath began to fight, and fought like a lion until she died.

The Committee moves that this resolution be adopted.

The Chairman: In presenting this resolution, let me call attention to the ruling that the Chair will make: it is only on the resolution itself and the principles involved in it that discussion will be permitted. Do you wish to discuss the resolution or pass directly to a vote on it?

"Question" was called, from several quarters; and the resolution being put to the vote was unanimously carried. The Chairman then called upon Mr. Griscom, as Chairman of the Committee on Nominations to present its report.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Mr. Griscom: The Secretary already having been elected, it remains for the Committee on Nominations to present nominations for the two vacancies in the Executive Committee, Treasurer, Assistant Treasurer and Assistant Secretary. First, for the vacancies in the Executive Committee, the Committee on Nominations recommends that the two gentlemen whose terms expire, Mr. Charles Johnston and Mr. E. T. Hargrove, should be nominated to succeed themselves, for a term of three years.

Upon motion by Mr. Michaelis, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, the Convention elected these nominees by a rising vote.

Mr. Griscom: For the office of Treasurer we recommend that Professor H. B. Mitchell be elected to succeed himself for the ensuing year.

Professor Mitchell was elected by acclamation.

Mr. Griscom: The Committee also offers the nomination of Mr. Karl D. Perkins for the office of Assistant Treasurer. Mr. Perkins was unanimously elected.

Mr. Griscom: For the office of Assistant Secretary the Committee offers the name of Miss Isabel E. Perkins. The Society owes more thanks to Miss Perkins than it may realize. Mrs. Gregg has been incapacitated for months, and Miss Perkins has done a large share of the work. It gives me pleasure, therefore, to associate our thanks with her nomination as Assistant Secretary for another year.

Miss Perkins was unanimously elected. It was also voted to discharge the Committee, with the thanks of the Convention.

The reading of Letters of Greeting and Reports from Branches being next in order, Mr. Johnston, as Chairman of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was called upon to report.

Mr. Johnston: I find many Branch Reports with the letters of greeting; and the number is so large that it might take the time of the Convention unduly if we were to read them now. I have no doubt that they contain many cordial and appropriate Theosophical sentiments, but our Committee did not have the opportunity to go over them in detail, as some of its members were also on the committee that waited upon Mrs. Gregg in the recess between sessions.

Mr. Johnston read a letter of greeting from the President of the Berlin Branch, Mr. Paul Raatz; explaining that as the European Branches have a central organization the Branch reports are naturally made to that organization. He also read letters from the Venezuela Branches, and spoke of letters from Colonel Knoff and Doctor Keightley, saying that these latter letters were not addressed formally to the Convention as such, but conveyed to the Convention the greetings, and the cordial and sincere Theosophic spirit of their authors.

The Chairman: The mails from foreign countries have been greatly delayed, and it is doubtless for that reason alone that we have not yet received letters from several of the foreign Branches that have never failed to remember us at Convention time.

Mr. Griscom: I would suggest that the Convention authorize the editor of the QUARTERLY to insert in the Report of this Convention, as published in the QUARTERLY, any letters intended for the Convention that arrive too late to be read here. Upon motion the editor of the QUARTERLY was authorized to use his discretion regarding such publication.

REPORTS FROM DELEGATES

The Chairman: We have now to hear from the Branch delegates upon the work of the Society in other parts of the country. I will call first upon Judge McBride, from the Indianapolis Branch.

INDIANAPOLIS BRANCH

Judge McBride: I feel to-day as if I were a mere relic remaining from a former age; I find so many new members here, some of whom have been members for years, active members, and yet have not known those whom I used to look upon as our active original members. But I hope that even if a relic I am not fossilized as yet; I am still able to do my work and to share in Theosophic activities. But I did not come here to talk, I came to listen; and especially to

those New York people who have done more than any others to keep alive the spirit of this organization. I hope to be allowed to listen to them and to draw inspiration from those who are capable of inspiring.

Our Branch is not large but every member of it is alive, and alive to the work. The influence of our organization is being felt. More and more, through the city, people are interesting themselves. One reason why our Branch has not held large public meetings is because we have felt that we did not want to be in the position of antagonizing other societies who were attempting to get recruits. Those societies have not been making much headway,—perhaps because they were chiefly interested in phenomena and the occult side of things. We have thought that we ought to let them alone; they were doing good work as far as it went; and in due time those of their recruits who were interested in living the life would come on to us. We look on Theosophy and Theosophic teaching as akin to religion; we look on it as teaching us how to live, as making us better citizens. I think we are doing good work; we have every week inquiries from the citizens of Indianapolis about our Society; and there is throughout the community a very friendly feeling for Theosophy as we expound it.

CINCINNATI BRANCH

The Chairman then called upon another delegate from the Middle West, Miss Hohnstedt of Cincinnati. She read a letter of greeting from the President of the Branch; and then said: That letter voices the sentiments of all our members. We had to meet a condition like that of which Judge McBride spoke; and for a time many of our members were discouraged. It took a little time for them to realize the meaning of "when two or three are gathered together in my name." The members wished me to tell the Convention that for a time we had a cloud hanging over us, but that we are now working hard to keep our Theosophy pure. Our attendance had been smaller, but at the recent meetings it has been exceedingly good, both among members and visitors.

Mrs. Gregg has spoken in her report of what is done with the QUARTERLY. One of our members who is interested in work for prisoners cuts extracts out of the magazine for use with them. They have been greatly interested, and the selections have been the means of helping many of them. In addition to its regular meetings our Branch has a *Secret Doctrine* class once a week and a Study Class twice a week, in which we have been taking up the QUARTERLY, *Fragments* and the devotional books.

The Chairman asked Mr. Herman F. Hohnstedt whether he had anything to add to the report as given. Mr. Hohnstedt explained that he had not recently been active as an officer of the Cincinnati Branch as he had been away from the city for a great deal of the time.

The Chairman: One of the advantages of the New York Branch is the extent to which it is indebted to members from other Branches who are spending some time in New York. One of them is Mrs. M. T. Gordon, whom I will ask to tell us of the work in Middletown.

MIDDLETOWN BRANCH

Mrs. Gordon: I have no formal report from the Branch to present to you, but I have had numerous letters from the members, and they have asked me to convey their sincere love and congratulations to the Convention. From the letters I have sketched a few facts about the Branch. Of its eight members five are always present at the meetings; the other three are non-residents. Small as it is, the Branch is very much awake; and during the past year it has been exceedingly active. There are always visitors at the meetings. Before the opening of the meetings in the Fall a number of subjects for discussion were selected and printed in a little leaflet. Each member agreed to assume the responsibility

for presenting one or more of these topics. From the marked leaflet sent me, I see that the topic given to or chosen by the blind member was—What is Faith? Can you imagine a more fitting subject for one who is deprived of outer sight, one who is poised, patient, gentle, and true! Certainly this cheery little woman, so resigned to conditions as they are, so full of faith and trust, can and does give much. In one of the letters I received I was told of a visit made by two of the members to a home in the country. They were asked to go there and tell a few people something about Theosophy. They went and gave what they could; and they were urged to come again, with the promise that if they would return all the neighbors should be gathered to hear them. I must not omit to say that these two devoted members walked the whole distance—four miles each way—in order to give what they had received.

PROVIDENCE BRANCH

Mrs. Jennie C. Sheldon, President of the Providence Branch, reported for the Branch:

There is not much to be said of the work of the Providence Branch this year, as most of it has been embodied in our report to the Secretary. We have held our regular weekly and semi-weekly meetings; the former being devoted to the reading of papers, followed by questions. At some of the meetings where there seemed a dearth of questions we studied *Light on the Path*. We have been fortunate this year in being able to get the papers, which have been compiled from so many sources for so many years, typewritten; and after they have done service at our public meetings on Sunday we have used them to give to inquirers. They are of especial value as many of the minor points are left out and the salient features condensed. A number of new members coming into the Branch, it seemed desirable to turn our Wednesday meeting into a study class; and the best book to use seemed to be Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*. This was made doubly interesting by referring to the "Secret Doctrine," and additional light was thrown on both books thereby.

HOPE BRANCH

Speaking for the Hope Branch of Providence, Mrs. Regan said: Our Branch is in its infancy, and like all infants has to grow. If visitors come to our meetings we take up some article from the QUARTERLY. In our very first meeting we took up an article from the QUARTERLY which said that Theosophy has to be lived. We knew that we could not promulgate it, but we could try to live it. When we were asked for a paper for a Club, we gave it; but our work for this year has really been that we just tried.

VIRYA BRANCH

Miss Mary Kent Wallace, of the Virya Branch, Denver, was next asked to report; she said:

I was not aware that being a delegate involved more than the magic art of being a listener. While I am a woman voter of Colorado, and I hope also a member of The Theosophical Society, in good standing, I have not acquired the art of public speaking, so in the few minutes that I had after I learned that delegates were expected to make reports, I wrote down a few notes of what I should like to say for our Branch.

It is a privilege of which I am greatly appreciative that I can be here to-day, bearing the warm and cordial greetings of the Virya Branch to The Theosophical Society, and especially to the New York Branch to whom we owe so much, not merely for the heartiness of their welcome, but also for the fact that we are here brought face to face with the embodiment of the principle which has become our commonplace: that the greatest contribution that can be made is what we are.

No one who comes in contact with this Branch can fail to feel that one-pointedness has come to life among its members. It is a lesson which the younger Branches of the West should emulate.

If we err, as we properly should think we do, it is on the side of Theosophic diversity. Our work has lain among those whose interests are varied, and we have tried, with earnestness, to find and reinforce the good. It has come to be a very real conviction that The Theosophical Society exists, in the strength it has to-day, because it rises from a level formed of the very genuine aspirations of the hearts of other men. This has seemed to us to exemplify the Theosophic Spirit and the Theosophic Method, for which the Society stands. It will be my privilege to carry to my fellow members the message of one-pointedness, by which this attitude of Western openness to others' good may best be made to bear fruit.

The Chairman: Surely in that attitude of openness the Denver Branch is neither Western nor Eastern but is therein reflecting the universal Theosophic attitude. For openness to another's truth is the very foundation of The Theosophical Society.

WASHINGTON BRANCH

Mrs. Gitt spoke for the Washington Branch, saying:

My story is a short one. I was so glad to hear Mr. Hargrove say that the good walker makes no dust; certainly outer dust does not necessarily indicate growth. This year our most active workers have been ill, and that has crippled our outer work, but I believe that our members have never more earnestly tried to live the Theosophical ideals. Each one has his own individual work. We made a departure this season by having no president, but expecting each member in turn to take the chair, and to select the topic for the meeting, the other members falling into line. We found this interesting and helpful. Still we would naturally like greater activity on the outer plane, even though we know it is not necessary to our service of Theosophy. I think the Branch was never stronger, never had a better spirit, never was trying harder to live the life. Those of us who have sought to take part in church work have had all the outer work we could do; and while the Branch has been quiet this year, and has not had so many visitors as formerly, I sometimes think it is better to have such a quiet year.

NEW YORK BRANCH

Speaking as Chairman of the New York Branch, Mr. Hargrove said:

I do not know that there is anything of special importance to report as to the work that has been done or attempted by the New York Branch in the past year; and yet I suppose that the experience of each Branch is necessarily of some value to other Branches: our problems are the same, though our circumstances are different. It would be foolish for any Branch to undertake to follow slavishly the method that another Branch had found successful; but the fundamental principles of our work must always be identical.

When Mrs. Gregg referred in her Report to a problem which confronts some of the Branches—what to do about other societies calling themselves Theosophical—I was reminded that we have no such problem in the New York Branch. There are plenty of such societies in New York, but they do not bother us; we have no relations of any kind with them. We let them go ahead and do what they can; we defy them to bother us. Things only bother us when we pay attention to them. This word "theosophical" is becoming widely known; in the nature of things it must be copied and travestied.

Now occasionally, though very rarely, a member of our Society is somewhat perplexed when confronted with the members of these other societies. He may say, "These people are very decent human beings, they are working for the same

objects for which I am, why should I not work with them?" If I had to answer such a question, I should have to say—"If you are working for the same purpose for which they are working, then by all means work with them, join them, because *this* Society is not working for the same ends. If your interest is really centered on psychism and phenomena, or on Brahminism,—if that is where your centre of interest lies, you should leave us and hasten to your goal." But such a member does not want to do that; he wishes to have a hand in this pie, and then in that pie. This comes about partly through a hopeless misunderstanding of Brotherhood. You do not have to eat out of the same dish with a man, merely because he happens to be a human being, in order to be brotherly; in fact, it would be exceedingly unbrotherly to do so.

If you go into the history of the past, you will find that the Theosophical Society got along pretty well during the lifetime of H. P. B., because she was perpetually banging everybody over the head; if they could not stand the banging, they got out. After she died, William Q. Judge, who had learned his Theosophy from her, and who was a great man, as many of us know, was in charge of the American T. S. He was a real man, and had real inner experience. There was a certain individual—no reason why we should not mention names on such an occasion—Mrs. Annie Besant, who was a prominent and influential member in England. Not long after H. P. B.'s death, Mrs. Besant went to India. There she was swept off her feet by the Brahmins, called herself a Brahmin, and became very intolerant, as most Brahmins are (the Brahmins are priests, and few of them real ones). She began to wear the Brahminical thread; she threw herself, heart and soul, into the practices of the Brahmins, which means that she sat in judgment upon Mr. Judge and everybody else all the time. This is straight talk, but to speak at all one must speak frankly. This attitude of hers could have been overlooked, because it did not at all matter what she thought; but it did matter when she tried to get her Brahminism into the Theosophical Society, which happened when she insisted that a commission should sit on Mr. Judge to decide whether his inner experiences were real or not. Against this we protested. It was not because we knew Mr. Judge and loved him (though we did know him and did love him); it was because we knew that if we were to countenance a judicial commission to sit upon him, there would not be another moment's peace in the Society. Worse than that, if such action were countenanced, it would violate and nullify every principle on which the Society had been founded. So we had to protest. Many members in Europe agreed with the American Section. So we revived the T. S. as it had been founded by H. P. B., and kept on working. We could not prevent other people from using the name—that would be their own serious responsibility—but we went on doing what we knew was right, and have tried to do so from that day to this.

In the very nature of things, the principles adopted and acted upon by these good people whom we see as mistaken, meant an ever widening breach. How could it be otherwise?

Some people may say, "Even supposing that is true, there are individuals joining Mrs. Besant's Society to-day who have never heard of the old differences; why not work with them?" But it is not a question of individuals; it is a question of principles. We have nailed our flag to the mast when it comes to the question of Brotherhood; they have nailed theirs. Their Society is on record as believing in judging and condemning a member or members of the Theosophical Society. One might as well talk about light co-operating with darkness as of co-operating with the members of such a society in matters theosophical. You cannot compromise over questions of right and wrong. You can go to their meetings and can join in their work, but when you do this you not only cease to co-operate with us; you work against that for which our Society is working.

Instead of breaking our hearts about other societies, let us take the commonsense view. See how many churches there are in Christianity! If you want to join any one of them you join, and do not bother about the others. There need be no confusion because there are several societies calling themselves Theosophical; people need only find out which they prefer, join that, and forget the other societies. To think that you can touch pitch without having some of it stick to you is a great mistake. It is impossible to use to real spiritual advantage anything that comes from a contaminated source; and this source is contaminated, for any organization that stands for the condemnation of another Theosophist has gone astray; sound originally, it has jumped the track, and if we so much as touch the edge of it we shall be drawn to destruction.

Without doubt there are societies, calling themselves theosophical, which have branches in this city; but I do not know who belongs to them or where they hold their meetings. The New York Branch of our Society is fortunate in having an independent meeting place. If our meetings were held in an office building and another society began to hold its meetings in the same building, it seems to me that the sensible thing would be to meet somewhere else, so that there could be no possibility of overlapping. In time, visitors would find out what the difference signifies.

When we have considered principles and know where we stand, there is no problem. At the same time we wish to express cordial sympathy with the several Branches which have been struggling with such situations; in a large city like New York they are easier to meet, and I would not on any account have it inferred that we lack appreciation of their difficulties.

There is one other matter I should like to refer to. It is this. When we meet here as a Convention of The Theosophical Society, once a year, I think it is important that we should think not only of the present and the future, but also of the past. As Judge McBride has said, there are many newer and younger members; and it would be strange if it were not so. They are confronting different problems than those of twenty-five years ago, but what exists to-day is the fruit of what has happened since 1875. It will be helpful for us to feel that we are the children of an organization of long standing, with an intensely interesting history. Nothing in the past ought to seem unimportant. Everyone prominently connected with the movement, his success or failure as a member, must concern us intimately. We want to learn from the past and to get all we can from it, and that is why we should rejoice when one who was, as he still is, closely associated with the Society makes the sacrifices necessary to attend our Conventions.

It would not be right if I were to fail to express for the New York Branch what immense pleasure it gives all New York members to see you here. It gives us strength, and we hope it gives you new enthusiasm. May it help us all to realize what a great and marvelous cause it is that we represent. It was and is intended that the Society should act as leaven. If we were to think of ourselves as leaven, if we were to try to become leaven, much would be accomplished. It is not the discussion of intellectual views that is our duty, but the putting into practice, in daily life, of theosophical principles. Wherever we live, we ought, as was said by H. P. B., to realize that a Branch of two or three members, just because they try, can affect the consciousness of their entire city. We ought never to think of ourselves as few in number—the question is, what are we trying to be? If we are sincerely trying, it follows that those who founded the Society are able to work in and through us as leaven, if only we have sense enough to stand aside and let them work in us. This is our great mission.

So it seems to me that a Convention of The Theosophical Society ought to end as well as to begin with mutual congratulations. To join an organization

always means something, but to join one that has the power back of it that The Theosophical Society has always had—is on the one side a great responsibility, and on the other a God-given opportunity.

The Chairman asked Mr. Charles M. Saxe of Niagara Falls to speak for the Members-at-large. Mr. Saxe said that he found himself quite unequal to undertaking to speak for such a large and important body of members, but speaking for himself, he was glad to have the opportunity to say that he had always found every Convention he had been privileged to attend a source of great inspiration and pleasure.

THE CLOSING ADDRESS.

The Chairman: This completes our list of reports, and with it the stated business of the Convention. I do not know how far it is wise for the Chairman of these Conventions to exercise also the privileges of a speaker, but as I was listening to Mr. Margrove, and congratulating myself that what I had wanted to have said was being put so clearly and so cogently, it occurred to me that his points might be further clarified by viewing them from another angle, though still directly in the light of the fundamental principles upon which our Society was founded and now rests.

The Theosophical Society has "no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose," and no member may "promulgate or maintain any doctrine as being that advanced or advocated by the Society." The reason for this is clear. Creeds, dogmas, doctrines, personal dicta and systems of philosophy, are all but intellectual formulations of aspects of a life or a truth which in its wholeness transcends the intellect. They are built of words and forms,—symbols of reality,—whereas what the Society seeks is that reality itself, the being for which the word stands, the spirit that animates the form. We will accept all symbols, but we will substitute none for reality. We will deal with words, not as things in themselves, but in accordance with the meaning that they have to him who uses them; and within all forms, of whatsoever kind, we will look for the spirit.

This search for the spiritual content of life, this will to lay hold upon the essence, is the basis of the Theosophic attitude and method. It has two poles,—which means that the one faculty of spiritual discernment must be applied in two opposite directions. The first is that which has been followed and made familiar to us in every Branch meeting. The second is that of which Mr. Hargrove has been speaking. In the one, the power to look beneath the surface, to perceive the spirit within the form, and to pierce through layer after layer of the wrappings of our subject until we find its essential principles, is exercised to reveal the unity of spirit existing within the widest diversity of mental formulas and verbal expression. Personal opinions, religious, philosophic, and scientific systems, which outwardly and when first approached seemed antagonistic and mutually contradictory, are made to yield to the magic of the Theosophic attitude and method, and show us their inner spiritual content as essentially one and the same.

But the other pole, the converse of this, is no less important. As the one spirit may manifest in many ways, and one truth receive different intellectual formulations in terms of different symbols, so also may the same forms be animated by different spirits, the same words used to denote states and qualities that are essentially distinct, and the same intellectual formulas be applied by different people in such different sense as to lead to diametrically opposite meanings and results. It is essential that we should recognize this. The ability to deal truly with life and our fellows, to penetrate the veil of appearance and lay our hold upon reality, requires that we should be no more deluded by similarity than by difference of expression. It is the inner essence to which we must always look.

I think that an illustration, suggested by two very common expressions, may help us to a clearer understanding of the need for this type of spiritual discrimination. We speak of "the plane of the intellect," but of "the world of the spirit." The intellect cuts across reality as a horizontal plane cuts across our space of three dimensions. Such a plane, cutting through this building and those beside it, would give us a cross-section of each, a flat map of this region, in which the real houses, with their cellars and sub-cellars and many stories, would be represented by flat rectangles or L or T shaped figures. And whether I was thinking of the darkness of the cellar or of the sunshine and airiness of the upper floors, I could only point to the same cross-section, if you asked me to show you where it was upon the map. Yet it is very clear that it is by no means so important to our health and general well being, whether we are living in this house or the next, as it is whether we are living in the damp darkness of the cellar or in the brightness of the upper rooms. This latter distinction the map does not show—and its failure is characteristic of all that pertains to the intellect. It cannot portray, but only map, the world of the spirit and reality. The words that we must use represent but cross-sections of that for which they stand, flat figures, such as squares or circles, beneath which reality descends like a great pit to the depths of hell, and above which it towers to the highest heaven. In one and the same word every level is contained. There is no depth of wickedness it may not cloak, no height of spiritual power that it may not represent. Words can be no bond of union.

It is the failure to remember this, and the consequent failure to look within the form to the spirit which animates it, that causes much of the confusion in the world upon all ethical and religious questions. Words and phrases are accepted as things in themselves, capable in themselves of receiving our support or condemnation, and whatever meaning they may have in the mind of the hearer is ascribed also to the intent of the speaker. To us, for example, Brotherhood is a great spiritual fact and law, standing for the common fatherhood of the Supreme, for self-sacrifice, and the whole-hearted gift of self to the service of others. But to another it may be but the slogan of a materialistic philosophy that denies all divinity to man or to Being,—the cloak of envy, jealousy, and hatred of all that is above him, the pretext for vilifying all that is noble, for pulling down to his own level all that shames him by its superiority, and for despoiling others that he may himself be profited. The one word covers movements of the human spirit that are eternally opposed, and it is the failure to discriminate between them that has enabled the corrupting virus of Socialism, for example, to spread as it has through the whole civilized world. Here, too, is one of the greatest obstacles to true religion, for there is no religious phrase, no religious system, that has not been perverted and travestied into the very opposite of that which it was first used to depict. "The pale Galilean" suggests little of the warrior spirit of the Christ; "pious" and "sanctimonious" are in popular thought, no longer descriptive adjectives which we would wish applied to ourselves. But choose what word you will: love, honour, courage, obedience, self-sacrifice—there is no one of these that cannot be lifted to spiritual power and dignity far above our present use, or perverted to depths of infamy below our tolerance.

These causes of confusion are not absent from our own minds, though we who have been trained in the Theosophic attitude and method have small excuse if we permit them to continue to blind or to mislead us. As difference of intellectual belief cannot separate us in the brotherhood of the spirit, so similarity of intellectual belief,—the use of the same words and formulas,—cannot unite us. It is the spirit alone that concerns us,—the life that is within,—and this is not a matter of words or of symbols, but of reality. Of all the lessons that the Theosophical Society has to teach us none is of greater moment than is this:

that we should seek the animating spirit of all which we contact, and that we should deal with it according to that spirit.

The Chairman then announced that he did not know of any further business to come before the Convention. Prior to adjournment, however, he wished, on behalf of the New York Branch, to extend to all members and visitors present the invitation to come to the Studio at half past eight for the purpose of informal conversation and discussion upon such topics as might be brought up,—these informal after-meetings often proving one of the most helpful features of the Convention.

The Chairman also announced that all present were invited to come, and to bring their friends, to an address to be given by Mr. Charles Johnston on Sunday afternoon at the Hotel St. Denis, at half past three o'clock; subject, "Christianity and War." All were also invited to an informal tea on Sunday, after Mr. Johnston's address. There being no further announcements, Mr. Mitchell moved that the Committee on Resolutions be discharged with thanks; this motion was duly seconded and carried. Upon motion by Mr. Michaelis, duly seconded, the hearty thanks of the Convention were extended to the Chairman and the Secretary.

Upon motion duly made and seconded the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING.

Nothing is more significant of the unity of heart that links our members together than the tone and spirit of the Letters of Greeting and the Branch Reports. They were sent from different parts of this country, from South America and from Europe; yet a characteristic attitude may be seen in them all. Nor is it less evident in those letters from foreign Branches and members that are written in what someone has called Theosophic-English—English learned for the sake of being able to read books on Theosophy in the language in which they were written. If space permitted the printing of all the letters and reports received, the likeness of spirit could not fail to be impressive.

Greeting from the British National Branch to the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention assembled:

On behalf of the members of the British National Branch I beg to tender most hearty greetings and best wishes for a happy and successful Convention.

Our thoughts will be with you on the day, and we must make much of it, for we shall not be able to hold a Convention for ourselves this year.

We sincerely hope the past year has been a great one for the work accomplished, and that this Convention will give fresh heart to all, so that the work may advance in the coming year.

Yours fraternally,

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,
General Secretary British National Branch.

In a Report that accompanied the Letter of Greeting, Doctor Keightley gives the following account of the activities of the British National Branch:

During the past year the work of the Branch has been continued, but since August the activities have, naturally, been interfered with owing to the fact of members having additional work, and in many cases they cannot be at the place of meeting.

It has been decided by the Executive Committee that it is inadvisable to hold a Convention in England this year, so many members being on special service. It is realized that a Convention might have been a great help to all, but it is quite certain that the members would not be able to meet.

What work has been done has been done quietly, steadily and with persistence, and we have gained in numbers.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,
General Secretary.

The quiet reserve strength that characterizes this Report is also evident in the Reports received from various sections of the British National Branch—from Norfolk; Newcastle-on-Tyne; Sunderland; and South Shields. In one of these Reports the Branch Secretary states, with regret, that they have been obliged to suspend their study class, owing to the fact that its members are scattered—one of them is accounted for in this way:

“He has been a prisoner of war since last September. He was captured with many of his men, after holding his position for nine hours against a superior force. It may be of interest of you to know that his Theosophic beliefs and principles have been his greatest sources of help and strength during his long captivity, which is entailing many privations and hardships. As soon as he was able to communicate with me, by postcard only, he asked me to send him some Theosophical books; and he has been studying Mr. Charles Johnston’s translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*, and *Letters that have Helped Me*.”

From South America we had last year the firm assurance that one or more delegates would be present at the Convention of 1915; the European war made that impossible, but two most interesting Reports were received. The Secretary of the “Rama Venezuela,” writing from Caracas, Venezuela, said:

During the present year our principal work has been *Dharma* (the magazine published by the Branch), now in the second year of its existence; also our meetings on Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week; attending to the correspondence with friends and with the Branch at Altagracia of Orituco. Generally we have visitors; and the reading and commenting of appropriate themes makes pleasant and profitable our hours, passed beneath the spirit of tranquil investigation and cordiality. We believe that *Dharma* has rendered good service by giving a certain tonic which has had salutary effect here as well as outside of the country, not alone because of making known the contents of the QUARTERLY to readers of the Spanish tongue, but because, to our way of seeing, it has fulfilled an important purpose: namely, the public and categorical declaration of those principles which constitute our Cause, so that our attitude may be clearly distinguished.

In this manner we are relieved from prejudices and erroneous conceptions and from influences harmful to our real ideal, to the spirit and impersonality of Theosophy and The Theosophical Society. Due to tendencies which came from elsewhere as though to break the link which unites us with our spiritual ideal, we saw ourselves forced to make perfectly clear our principles and to take that firm attitude which purified and compacted the ranks of the real servers of the Masters. *Dharma* fulfilled this duty with perfect opportuneness and fervour.

During the year of 1914 there were admitted to our Branch four new companions. We have hopes of the formation shortly of new Branches in other parts of the country, as also the full security of their rapid march along the highways of the Spirit.

Filled with confidence are we seeing how everywhere the “Voice of the Spirit” is responded to. That is life which, flowing from on high comes as am-

bassador of peace and of justice to the world. Close in heart with our companions, the Branch Venezuela fervently desires the greatest life and inspiration for the Convention soon to take place in your city.

Fraternally yours,

JUAN J. BENZO,
Secretary.

From another Branch in Venezuela, that at Altigracia de Orituco, comes the following:

It is very pleasant for us to inform you of our labor realized during the last year, 1914-15. After cordially greeting you, receive our most true feeling of adherence to the Bright Center where the Masters of our Cause have located its spiritual sun and whence comes to us the light of truth.

Under the shadow of that spiritual movement that you so wisely represent, we have co-operated humbly but sincerely, to make successful the work of our Masters in this country, striving ceaselessly to fulfil our duty and to hold high the spiritual ideal within the area of our influence.

When we began our theosophical work, it could be noticed that there was a feeling against our ideas; now, it is a great pleasure to inform you that such is past, and we have noticed that, on the contrary, we are winning, slowly but surely, the sympathy of this city for the Theosophical Branch we have established here. We owe this victory undoubtedly to the tolerance proclaimed by that High Center and that we have observed with all. We hold meetings daily for the study of the Theosophical Literature and its diffusion. Beside this, the Branch has a Quarterly publication whose principal object is to make known the most important works published in "THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY."

This year some members of this Branch have left it as they were not accompanied by Faith; they found it was too large a work for the mental strength they could employ. However, I think that courage and strongness increase day by day in the heart of this Branch for the fulfilment of its purpose.

With our most faithful votes, and wishing the blessings of the Masters may accompany you to strengthen your work in this year.

A. VALEDÓN,
Secretary.

M. DE LA CUEVA,
President.

From the Union of the German Branches of the T. S., the Secretary, Mr. Paul Raatz, of Berlin, sent this Greeting and Report:

To the members of the "Theosophical Society" in Convention assembled:

DEAR COMRADES: In behalf of your Comrades in Germany, I would not miss the opportunity to send to our brothers and sisters at the Convention our heartiest greetings and best wishes.

Our Convention takes place this year under greatly changed circumstances. The great "world war," which H. P. B. prophesied and which will certainly draw still other nations into activity, has broken out. This makes communication between America and Germany difficult. But the influence of the war on us, the Theosophical Society, is only external. The inner spirit of the T. S., with its duties and objects remains uninfluenced, for our aim is: "to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood." This of course includes *all* nations, those carrying on war, and those not carrying on war. We know that *all* nations are a part of humanity, and that spiritual Unity connects them all, in spite of their warring against each other. We know also, that war, like disease, is nothing but a throwing to the surface of all passions and feelings of hate, envy, arrogance, etc., which have collected on the psychical plane. Therefore we consider war a healing

process, which, when ended, will enable the spiritual, religious life of the nations to manifest itself better than ever.

As in disease, fever is only a process, which burns out the impurities of the body, so in war the psychic and astral impurities are cast out, the bad qualities vanish, giving room for the spirit of sacrifice and devotion, for spiritual insight, and other good qualities.

As Karma makes use of war to help nations to gain *spiritual knowledge*, so we, the members of the T. S., can do a great deal to hasten this process, called war, by manifesting Universal Brotherhood now *more than ever* in our thoughts, deeds and words, spoken and written, and above all in our individual lives. Let us show the world that the sense of separateness, which has caused nations to war against each other, is an illusion, and that it must vanish to make room for the knowledge of the Unity of Humanity and of the whole Universe. May each one of us do his part to realize this.

Fraternally yours,

PAUL RAATZ.

The greeting from the Arvika Branch, Sweden, has always been one of the pleasantest features of the Convention—the following letter from the Branch President, Mr. Hjalmar Julin, explains why we had to miss it this year:

Yours of March 27th came too late to us, that it was impossible to send proxies or greetings to the Convention. The post will sometimes go very slowly now. Telegrams from Sweden to America seem to stay in England, so to send greetings with telegraph is no use now. We will have an extra meeting this day and in thought send you the best wishes.

A Report from the Branch Secretary, Mrs. Julin, reads:

Our work goes on as before, with an open meeting every week, similarly winter and summer. The members read in due order what interests them. Articles from the *QUARTERLY* are most often objects for our reading and discourses. After the reading, there is discussion. All members that live here attend regularly, also outsiders come frequently.

The Karma Branch of Christiania, Norway, reports:

The Branch has been carrying on its work in a peaceful and harmonious spirit, having had weekly meetings every Friday from 8.15 to 10 P. M., except in the summer. The meetings have not been announced in the papers, but the door has been kept open for all. The average attendance has been about 13.

Most of the meetings have been taken up by a series of lectures on the Theosophical Philosophy by T. H. Knoff, mainly based on "The Ocean of Theosophy." Other topics have been:

"The first step. That which is most important."

"Fragments from my Copy-book."

"Religious Life."

An exposition of "The Elixir of Life" has also been attempted in order to avoid misunderstanding of those that read this excellent treatise.

The Branch has now 22 members.

Besides the Branch-Work, Colonel Knoff has had a special Study-Class for outsiders for the study of the philosophy and the Theosophical ethics. The Class, whose work has been going on from October to the end of January, has had a regular attendance of 15 to 20 listeners.

ANNA DAHL,
Secretary.

The Report from Mr. H. A. Alme, Chairman of the Aurvanga Branch, Norway, contains an interesting account of many activities, including not only work in Aurvanga but also lectures in Christiania, and a series of seven lectures in Bergen. Of the Branch work, he says,

During the past year the Branch has held its meetings on Sundays, from 11.30—1; at which meetings members and other persons interested have been present. At these meetings have been discussed the Norse Myths as compared with the Secret Doctrine, and other topics, partly suggested by visitors asking questions.

From the Branches in the United States many Reports and Greetings were received, and were there space to do so extracts should be given from those sent by Dayton; Detroit, East Oakland; Seattle; Stockton; and from Toronto, Canada. It seems appropriate that the last message recorded here should be one sent to the Convention from the other side of our great continent.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 17, 1915.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society, In Annual Convention Assembled:

GREETING:

The members of Pacific Branch of The Theosophical Society, of Los Angeles, Cal., salute you with their heart's love, and with the assurance that they will always be found standing true and firm in the great Theosophical Movement under all circumstances and conditions, as they all have come through the great fire that tests men's souls.

When you are assembled at this Annual Convention be assured that our best thoughts hover over you for the good of all that you may do in the common interest of all humanity, in this the work for the Masters, and may their benison, as a gentle mantle, fall upon you.

Sincerely and Fraternaly,

ALFRED L. LEONARD,
Secretary of Pacific Branch.

NOTICE

The division of work in the Secretary's Office, referred to in the Secretary's Report, requires some changes in the handling of the mail, to ensure prompt attention. Members and subscribers are requested to take note.

(1) All correspondence about books or about the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, should be addressed to,

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,
P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York City.

(2) Dues, donations and other remittances for the T. S. should be addressed,

TREASURER T. S.,
P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York City.

(3) General T. S. Correspondence, and applications for membership should be addressed,

SECRETARY T. S.,
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



OCTOBER, 1915

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE LODGE AND THE WAR

A CONJECTURE

TO begin with, it is wise to say once more, what has been said so often, that, for the views and opinions expressed in this or any other article in *The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY*, *The Theosophical Society*, as such, is in no way responsible; nor are the Editors responsible for the views of any article; though they are responsible for its compliance with the general rules of Theosophical discussion: "Gently to hear; kindly to judge." But, as has also been said again and again, the Theosophical attitude, the true principle of tolerance, in no sense binds one to tolerate evil, or to call evil good. There are situations, and many of them, when to tolerate evil is to become an accessory to that evil; when to gloss over sins against the spirit of truth and righteousness, is to poison the wells of life; to co-operate with the active, alert, malevolent Powers of Darkness.

All who have read more than superficially in the literature of our movement, and this will mean the whole cycle of the religious and spiritual literature of mankind, have had borne in upon their consciousness, to the point of forming an unshakable conviction, that there are very real Powers of Darkness, active Forces of Evil, as conscious, as deliberate, as full of purpose, as individual, as are the holy forces that oppose them, the Masters of the White Lodge. Perhaps the writings of H. P. Blavatsky have rendered no more signal service than this: to bring out, in striking relief, the picture of these two opposing armies, the Lodge of Light and the Lodge of Darkness.

All who have read, with any understanding, the book of their own hearts, will have realized that this eternal conflict is raging there. "As

above, so below." And if we see it in ourselves, as all but fools must, we should be worse than fools if we failed to recognize that our own daily struggles are but the reflection of this cosmic strife. Logic compels us to see in the infinite all that the finite contains; to see in the finite—even in the infinitely little—the utmost of infinity. To scoff at the War in Heaven is to be blind to the facts of life.

Practically everything that H. P. Blavatsky has written concerning spiritual life bears directly on this: the work of the White Lodge with its disciples; the powers of Masters; the conditions of discipleship. And at every point it is made startlingly clear that the Masters of Evil oppose the Masters of Good; the forces of uncleanness and bestiality and tyranny war against the forces of holiness and of light. Those who go through H. P. Blavatsky's writings seeking for clues, for fuller information concerning this grim fact, will find a very complete revelation of the methods and aims of the opposing forces, and will gradually come to realize that the tense, unending battle between them covers the whole field of life; not only the more hidden realms of consciousness, through all the regions of the astral world, but our daily life also, in all its activities.

It becomes evident, too, that this gigantic struggle has gone on from the beginning of human evolution; from the vastly remote epochs when what is now humanity was far less material, far more astral; not yet consolidated to the concrete form we are familiar with. And it becomes evident that the presence of enormous possibilities of evil is inevitable. For it was the Divine Purpose from the beginning to endow the souls of men with marvellous powers, with an archangel's reach and potency; and the possibility of good carries with it, inevitably, the possibility of evil. It is conceivable that beings might have been formed, able to wield enormous forces in one way only, along one line only, without the possibility of going astray. But these would be automata, not archangels. And the development of divine beings with free will and unlimited power, which is the purpose of Divinity, means, and must mean that these beings, once endowed with power, may either use or misuse it. In this sense, God created evil; for He allowed the two alternatives: the free choice between good and evil; between obedience and rebellion.

There have been, therefore, at every stage of the vast progression of our spiritual development, great powers that have chosen good; that have set themselves, through sacrifice and obedience, to carry out, to strengthen and fortify, the work of the Divine Will; the work of the White Lodge, in which is embodied the Divine Will for our humanity. And there have been likewise rebels, who, knowing the good, have chosen the evil; seeing holiness, have preferred foulness, rejecting love and choosing malevolence. And these Powers of Darkness have built

up their organization, their Black Lodge, compact, determined, vigilant; unwearying as only the highest powers, whether of good or evil, are unwearying.

It will follow also that the continued life of these Powers of Evil depends on the maintenance of conditions, which one may call astral or spiritual, consonant with their natures. It is said that certain of the fouler astral organisms can live and grow strong only on the fumes of alcohol or of blood, and that, in order to obtain these, they ceaselessly incite to drunkenness and murder. On a far greater scale, and in a deeper sense, the Powers of Evil, the Masters of the Black Lodge and their disciples, can continue to exist only so long as the aura of humanity is full of evil and darkness, of malevolence and lust, of tyrannous wrath and bestiality. There must be this gross material in the atmosphere of the world. Otherwise the Powers of Evil will starve to death. This poison is as necessary for their existence as carbonic acid gas, which is fatal to human life, is necessary to the life of plants. But while the plants absorb carbonic acid and give off pure oxygen, the Powers of Evil multiply evil, as filth breeds filthy organisms, increasingly destructive.

The power and purity of the White Lodge is fatal to the Powers of Evil, as light dispels darkness. And the White Lodge and its Masters would remain unassailable, if they were willing to dwell altogether in their own high world. But, since their very essence is love and helpfulness—because they embody the great Divine Purpose for all mankind—therefore the Masters of Light have never consented, and can never consent, so to withdraw behind their unassailable battlements. They ceaselessly mingle their life with ours, and thereby render themselves vulnerable, to that degree, to the shafts of evil. Hence there are wounds that can never be healed until the wounds of humanity are healed.

Humanity, therefore, with its races, its individuals, is and has always been the daily and hourly battleground between the forces of Good and the forces of Evil: "War in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon; and the Dragon fought and his angels." And that fight is being waged now, as in heaven, so on earth. There have been, in the past, climacteric epochs, when the Powers of Good and the Powers of Evil have faced each other more palpably, more visibly. The scriptures of all nations hold echoes of these "wars between the Gods and the Titans," these contests between the forces of Ormuzd and the forces of Ahriman. And, beneath the thin veil of symbolism, they are absolutely historical; they are recurrent; they take such forms as the World War that rages today.

In the writings, already referred to, of H. P. Blavatsky, one finds certain of these world-conflicts between Good and Evil clearly depicted,

stripped of their mythological veils; such a contest was that between the Aryans and the Atlanteans, in which Masters openly took part on either side. The sins which gradually ranged the Atlanteans on the side of Evil, which made their civilization a fitting vehicle for the incarnation of the greater Powers of Evil, are there set forth at length. They rest on two chief principles: rebellious will, and bestial self-indulgence; and both strengthen and increase that foul aura of evil on which these detestable beings live, as maggots live on rotteness.

In that contest, the devils were scotched, not killed; and they have ever since looked forward to renewing the campaign, with better fortune, planning with endless patience, with subtle craft, with desperate determination. For decisive defeat means for them a ghastly disintegration, irremediable death, death from which there will be no resurrection. Therefore they fight, and at this moment are fighting, with the energy of despair, knowing that for them defeat will mean "a night with no to-morrow." Therefore they fight with infinite cunning, for the powers of the intellect, misused, are, in a sense, their special prerogative, and enormous natural and supernatural forces are available for their purposes.

If we think once more of the principle on which rests their life; the cold, deliberate choice of evil, the lucid determination to rebel against the Divine Will and the Divine Light, in order to follow out the purposes of their own wills, in boundless, bestial self-indulgence, we shall be able to determine the hall-marks of their presence and their work. The assertion of the will against the Will of God—which is the essence of evil—must mean, equally, the assertion of that will against the lawful will and liberty of others; therefore a gross and truculent tyranny will always indicate the handiwork of these bullying Powers of Evil. Arrogance, vanity, evil ambition—the purpose to grow strong by weakening others—are of the very essence of their atmosphere. Therefore, when they find the sparks of these evil passions in the hearts of men and of nations, they will sedulously fan them into flame. It is always their interest to strengthen the arrogant, to flatter the vain, to encourage base ambitions, since they wax and grow strong on the evil vapors of these sins; since every evil will and base purpose strengthens and reinforces their wills, and so gives them a new lease of life. Therefore, if the Powers of Evil detect, in nations or in individuals, the seeds of arrogant vanity, they will do all in their power—and their power is vast—to feed that arrogance with evil success, to gratify that base ambition, so that the man or the nation who serves them will find himself, or itself, rich in their evil treasure, successful with their foul success.

The relation of the Powers of Evil to the intellect has been spoken of. They have a subtle insight into the laws of material life, a resourceful mastery over the grosser, and some of the subtler, forces of nature.

And they are capable of inspiring and fostering the same knowledge in others: in those who, through the seed of evil in their characters, are, at first unconsciously, the potential disciples of the Black Lodge. A large development of material science, therefore, is, and has always been, within the scope and policy of the Black Lodge. It was so in the days of Atlantis. It is so equally today.

With this highly developed material science will go a philosophy to match: a creed that rests in unbelief, a faith in faithlessness, a devotion to treachery. There will come, gradually instilled into the nation which, by its inclination, has made itself the vehicle of evil, a doctrine of Satanism, a glorification of the brute, hymns of praise to bestiality, a sapping of belief in whatever things are true, whatever things are holy. And, from generation to generation, side by side with immense efficiency and energy—for the Black Lodge is compact and untiring—there will go on this progressive degeneration of the moral nature, this corroding of the moral fibre, until all vestiges of more humane and benignant life are rotted away, and there remain no obstacles at all in the natures of these neophytes of evil, to impede the full tide of cruelty and bestiality in which the Black Lodge finds its account.

Corroding unfaith, scepticism, a disbelief, openly professed, in all things good: in loyalty, sacrifice, purity, love; this is one of the surest signs of the presence of the Black Lodge, in a nation or in an individual. And this profound practical atheism may go with loud professions of national religion, or blasphemous familiarity with the majesty of God. For the devils are hypocrites and traitors from the beginning.

This principle of treason is another hall-mark of the Black Lodge which ceaselessly promises, only to leave its victims cheated and blasted in the end. Treachery: therefore we shall see international unfaith, the brazen defence of broken pledges, the cynical, lying attribution of these same procedures to opponents, invariably present in the nation or nations that have given themselves into the hands of the Black Lodge. It is an old trick of the devils, to try to besmear the angels with their own foulness.

Yet another side of this treachery, and a foul and ugly one, is the wide-spread practice of personal treason. When the nation which has been stamped with the sign of Satan—wearing on the forehead the mark of the beast—accepts the creed of international treachery and lying, the individuals of that nation, men and women, share the karma and the shame, and presently they will be found trying, by personal treason, to further the same evil ends. They find their account in a certain evil vanity, puffed up by the sense of their nation's strength and invincibility. So, where they come into touch with the men and women of other

nations, and especially in positions of trust, they make haste to cheat and lie. And the spy-service of that country becomes an international menace, a living danger to the honour and honesty and safety of the whole of humanity. Treachery then, and the wide-spread organization of treachery—always under the hypocritical guise of national service—is another hall-mark of the active and sinister presence of the Black Lodge.

Lying will go with treachery. The creed of lies, accepted as part of that nation's gospel, will so corrupt and corrode the moral nature of its members, that simple truth in any relation will become impossible. The whole nation will end by lying to each other and to themselves. There will be a methodical, systematic misrepresentation of the motives and acts of other nations, a cynical attribution to them also of motives treacherous, false, dishonorable. The whole nation will be fed on lies, defaming and inflammatory lies, and always—with true devil's hypocrisy—in the name of righteousness and truth, God being ceaselessly called on, to witness to the testimony.

Then, after long preparation by the subtle, fiercely energetic and untiring Powers of Evil, there will come the time when the Black Lodge thinks itself strong enough to fight once more openly against the Light, powerful enough to retrieve the great disaster, when the standards of Atlantis were beaten down. The principles of bullying and lying will set about their task, and the close-knit forces of evil will be let loose upon the world—amid a flood of treachery and fraud. And the weapons of that army of darkness, once it has opened its road by treason and lying, will be abominable cruelty and detestable terrorism, a cruelty that not only does not spare non-combatants, but that, at its climax, finds its crowning joy in foul assaults on women, in the torture and murder of children.

It has been said before, in these Notes, that one of the menaces of our time is the pretence that "the devil is a gentleman," far better company than the smug tedious angels. The devils have but one trick better than such a belief as that; and this is the belief that the devils themselves are myths. It is one of the ghastly benefits of the year through which we have lived, that this veil at least has been torn away. All men, all women, have been convinced of the reality of devilish cruelty, devilish tyranny, devilish lust, devilish foulness. What a terrible account against any nation, that its one positive achievement is to have revived in the world the conviction of incarnate evil.

The lines are set, therefore; the battle is on, between the White Lodge and the Black. Among the nations, there are those that, through inherent arrogance, vanity, foulness, have yielded themselves up exultantly to the Black Powers—who will use them only to betray them.

Among the nations there are those who, from inherent loyalty, love of honour and of justice, of the purer essence of liberty, by the fire of their devotion and their power of sacrifice, have made it possible for the Great White Lodge to make them its instruments. The results, to both, will be momentous, and will change the face of all future time. The veils are being torn away, and the tremendous spiritual forces amid which we walk are becoming visible to all men. From this, to an advance of the elect nations into the very halls of the White Lodge, the step is not a great one, and it will assuredly be taken.

So two groups of nations with varying degrees of consciousness, have taken upon them the immemorial war. Between them, the issues for long ages to come are being fought out, the issues between Light and Darkness, between incarnate Good and incarnate Evil. There are these nations, on the one hand and on the other, warring for God and for Satan. And there are nations that, with appalling folly, affect, in the name of superlative virtue, to stand neutral between God and Satan. For such nations, too, the results will be far-reaching, decisive; for nothing so surely and finally places a nation, or a man, as his refusal to place himself, in the vast conflict between Good and Evil. It matters little whether his determining impulse be vanity, or Phariseism, or cowardice. His final fate will be the same.

But this tremendous battle between Good and Evil is not confined to the belligerents. Nor is the power to make or mar, to help or hinder, restricted to those who are actually bearing arms and facing death. Within the belligerent nations, there are traitorous elements, inspired by exactly the same forces of evil—self-seeking, arrogant, preferring their own supposed gain to the nation's welfare. The great and just law will deal very decisively with these.

Nor does the war of mighty forces stop with these. It comes closer, far closer, and enters our own hearts. Hour by hour, we, no less than the men on the firing-line, are contestants in that battle. Great opportunities come to each of us incessantly. It is notorious, in the external world, that the best service the men of neutral nations can render, is, to provide shot and shell for the men who are fighting for the right. But we also, each of us in our own hearts, have the power to provide the White Lodge with priceless munitions of war: our faith, our loyalty to the right, our spirit of sacrifice, and—vitaly important—our real comprehension of the issues involved in this momentous war; all these things are munitions available for the great White Lodge, just as our selfishness, baseness, cowardice, vanity are valued supplies for their opponents. Who can tell, in the more visible warfare, which shell is to decide an engagement? And which of us can tell whether this or that act of sacrifice or heroism, of loyalty and faith, may not turn the scale towards righteousness, in this momentous battle of the worlds?

FRAGMENTS

WHILE we are fighting our recognized defects, let us at the same time keep our eyes upon our virtues. These are less easy to manage. One is the enemy in the open, the other the enemy in ambush. Even the simplest and humblest amongst us is inclined to feel safe where his virtues lie, as if there he were under cover; and yet my own experience has taught me that the more serious danger exists in that direction, and because of this very sense of security. This is of course hardly true of earlier stages, where crude and rudimentary conditions must be met and adjusted. But once the preliminary breaking up of ground has been effected,—the large stones removed and the wild growths,—then we are wise to expect our impediments to consist in subtler and more insidious forms, and our virtues may well claim our attention.

In the world of duality no virtue can be perfect; for our duality does not alone consist in the virtue and its counterpart vice, but also in the nature of the virtue itself, which will have its light and dark sides.

For instance, you are patient. But where is your patience indistinguishable from indifference? Where is it dyed with the colour of your self-satisfaction? Where is it but a wish to save yourself trouble, the unwillingness to speak the word that should be spoken and to take the consequences, no matter how disagreeable? How often is it a cloak even for cowardice?

Or again, we love to serve others. But how much of this feeling is only self-pleasing? To how great an extent do we completely forget ourselves in the happiness of others? Or are we trying to make them happy *our way*, bending their wills and wishes to our own, and then because we have tired ourselves out over it, fancying ourselves very unselfish,—perhaps even going so far as to think ourselves unappreciated? Unappreciated, good heavens, when perhaps the poor wretch we were “serving,” has had his whole life saddened by our intolerance, our persistence, our utter disregard of his tastes or opinions!

Or our purity; how much of it is merely lack of imagination, deadness of enthusiasm, inability to feel? Psychic anæmia or negativity, should never be confused (though it often is), with that burning white flame in whose heat evil is consumed, and whose encircling fire no devil can approach.

Years ago, Judge told me of the Blackie who, visiting him with hostile intent, appeared in a blue coat, in an effort to disguise his real nature; and the worst forces that move or govern us, are often masquerading in the rainbow tints of angelic virtues. Self-love alone can make the deception a success. Serenely aware of our deficiencies (for true humility is always serene), we shall suspect our virtues, and study them narrowly, detecting their disguise; and so never be obliged to suffer the shame of having them, in the "last day," uncloaked for us before the angels.

There is but one way in which we can prepare for final judgment, and that is to *forestall* it.

Surely he who judges himself with the extremest rigour; who holds himself to the severest account for each infraction of duty; who does not excuse himself, or indulge himself, or gloss over his weaknesses, or dress his faults in the shoddy finery of some imagined motive—what mortification of revelation, what extreme of punishment has he to fear?

Hence in all times and in all religions, teachers of the spiritual life have insisted upon searching and frequent self-examination. The future has then no horrors of surprise for us,—only the endless surprise, the blinding light of the vision of the mercy and love of God, and the Masters' blessing upon those whom they are spared the pain of judging, since their own condemnation had more than satisfied the Law.

A severe but deeply wise Teacher once said: "Give me the man who is tempted to distrust my judgment because of its mildness. I may have difficulty with him, **BUT THAT KIND NEVER FAILS.**"

Try to preserve exterior silence in yourself and in your household; see that voices are low, that doors do not bang, that footsteps are noiseless. The angels do not come to noisy places nor to noisy people. Can you expect to hear the Voice of the Silence in the midst of din and clatter? And only an advanced disciple can distinguish the Master's tones in such conditions. Could you follow strains of music in the uproar of a cannonade? Practise silence then; train yourself to it; train those under and about you. The world hates it; the devil hates it; but it is the very atmosphere of heaven: there is no silence in hell. A devout man is never noisy, and a noisy man is not devout. And if

you ask me if all quiet people are good, I shall answer at once—to *that extent*. Evil of itself creates noise, as part of the confusion it makes in the spiritual and psychic worlds. Not for long can its echoes be kept back even through the dense curtain of material life. Some explosion forces to the surface, though it may be an earthquake on the other side of the world. The burglar who creeps by stealth into your house, may not waken you, but the noise he makes resounds through space. The disciple, whose inner ears are opened, would hear him instantly.

These suggestions will show you perhaps how much silence means, and what is involved in it.

CAVÉ.

I hear so many mourning that the path of discipleship is so difficult. Life is hard enough at the best, they say, but when spiritual effort comes in, it seems unbearable.

I have to confess that I cannot understand their meaning. In the difficulty lies both the interest and the incentive. I do not know what the man is made of who wants only easy things to do, or who finds interest in easy things. I cannot see that happiness would be found in mere mechanical facility, an endless repetition of one single tune, until the keys broke from much fingering.

Those who feel like this have no need to worry. Discipleship is not for them as yet. When it is, their humour will have changed.

I have heard that only he who feels that he must die if the Master do not take him, can send his appeal to the place where the Master hears.

M. T.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

III

“I admonish thee, whosoever thou art that desirest to dive into the innermost parts of nature; if that thou seekest thou findest not *within thee*, thou wilt *never find it without thee*. If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek after the excellency of other things? O MAN, KNOW THYSELF! IN THEE IS HID THE TREASURE OF TREASURES.”

Quoted in Vol. II of *Isis*, p. 617.

MUCH confusion has arisen in the Church's understanding of St. Paul's teaching about the Spirit because, on the one hand, he is, as he himself repeatedly says, writing of “a mystery”; and on the other, because he uses the term in two different senses—a particular and a general. The Church as we know it, having lost almost from the start so much of the mysteries, has had no clue by which to distinguish these differences, and has built up its dogmatic theories almost entirely on misinterpretations of what Paul really was saying. In addition to this, Paul's own knowledge grew and changed with the years, so that a term used with one shade of meaning in earlier epistles would in later become a richer and more far-reaching medium of expression. Again the Church, able to note this external change, but failing in the first instance to grasp Paul's inner intention, was left more hopelessly in the dark by each successive onward step. And when Paul's teaching as understood in this abortive way was forcibly combined with the half-digested speculations about the Trinity, there emerged our modern doctrine of the Spirit, contained in the creeds, elucidated by dogmatic treatises, and understood, in the last analysis, by nobody.

Paul's epistles are rich in direct instruction on the Holy Spirit. When we find him writing in the seventh chapter of I Corinthians, “and I also think that I have the Spirit of God,” we feel that he does speak with authority, with the vital force of a personal experience. Indeed, this constant return to a personal, immediate, ever-present experience is one of the striking features of Paul's whole thesis. There are times (and they have their special significance) when he treats of the Holy Spirit along Old Testament lines, as a basis of all nature, as a background of existence, as a parallel with the Mulaprakriti of Hindu metaphysics. But there are other times, and these greatly in the majority, when Paul seems to be giving us a special revelation, when the Holy Spirit is manifested as a Spirit in each Christian, and above all in each

disciple. Himself a high disciple, he speaks with increasing fullness and emphasis on this personal distinction which the Spirit's possession by a baptized man conferred upon him; demanding a corresponding discipline of life, and an entire obedience to the laws governing the spiritual order. At least partial consciousness of the presence of the Spirit in the disciple's inner life was made the basis for nearly all that Paul taught; and it was so taken for granted that we cannot but suspect that our understanding of Paul without this background, must be faulty in many respects.

Nevertheless there are certain aspects of the subject which seem clear enough; and where a "mystery" is suggested, at least we can assemble all the hints available, and throw on each such additional light as our Theosophical literature has given us.

Throughout the writings of Paul it would be well if it be borne in mind that he was an initiate, not merely in the general and loose sense in which that word was then used of the corrupted Greek or Alexandrian mystery-rites, but in the true sense, as one possessed of Divine Wisdom. Thus we find Madame Blavatsky writing of him in *Isis*, Vol. II, page 241, "There was but one apostle of Jesus worthy of that name, and that was Paul." This sentence sums up several chapters given to an analysis and comparison of Paul with the other apostles, their writings and lives; all of which, without being a final word on the subject, suggests that Paul alone correctly represented his Master. Besides giving Paul's teaching this pre-eminent place as revealing in truest form the spirit of the Master Jesus, she speaks of him some dozen times quite explicitly as an initiate. In *Isis*, Volume II, page 146, she writes:

"The narrative of the Apostle Paul, in his second *Epistle to the Corinthians* (xii, 3, 4), has struck several scholars, well versed in the descriptions of the mystical rites of the initiation given by some classics, as alluding most undoubtedly to the final *Epopteia*. 'I knew a certain man—*whether in body or outside of body*, I know not: God knoweth—who was rapt into Paradise, and heard things ineffable *ἄρρητα ῥήματα* which it is not lawful for a man to repeat.' These words have rarely, so far as we know, been regarded by commentators as an allusion to the beatific visions of an '*initiated*' seer. But the phraseology is unequivocal. These things 'which it is not lawful to repeat,' are hinted at in the same words, and the reason for it assigned, is the same as that which we find repeatedly expressed by Plato, Proclus, Iamblicus, Herodotus, and other classics. 'We speak WISDOM only among them who are PERFECT,' says Paul; the plain and undeniable translation of the sentence being: 'We speak of the profounder (or final) esoteric doctrines of the mysteries (which are denominated *wisdom*) only among them who are *initiated*.' So in relation to the 'man who was rapt into Paradise'—and who was evidently Paul himself [a note states that "Cyril of Jerusalem asserts it"]—the Christian word Paradise having replaced that of Elysium. To complete the proof, we might recall the words of Plato, given elsewhere,

which show that before an initiate could see the gods in their purest light, he had to become *liberated* from his body; *i. e.*, to separate his astral soul from it."

Madame Blavatsky in an earlier passage (p. 90) of the same volume adduces further evidence no less interesting, whose significance will be dealt with subsequently.

"Another proof that Paul belonged to the circle of the 'Initiates' lies in the following fact. The apostle had his head shorn at Cenchrea [Acts 18, 18] (where Lucius, *Apuleius*, was initiated) because 'he had a vow.' The *nazars*—or set apart—as we see in the Jewish Scriptures, had to cut their hair which they wore long, and which 'no razor touched,' at any other time, and sacrificed it on the altar of initiation. And the nazars were a class of Chaldean theurgists. We will show further that Jesus belonged to this class.

"Paul declares that: 'According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation.' [I Cor. iii., 10].

"This expression, master-builder, used only *once* in the whole *Bible*, and by Paul, may be considered as a whole revelation. In the Mysteries, the third part of the sacred rites was called *Εροπτεία*, or revelation, reception into the secrets. In substance it means that stage of divine clairvoyance when everything pertaining to this earth disappears, and earthly sight is paralysed, and the soul is united free and pure with its Spirit, or God. But the real significance of the word is 'overseeing,' from *ὄπτομαι*—*I see myself*. In Sanscrit the word *evāpto* has the same meaning, as well as *to obtain* [long note omitted]. The word *ἐρόπτεία* is a compound one, from *Επὶ*—upon, and *ὄπτομαι*—to look, or an overseer, an inspector—also used for a master-builder. The title of master-mason, in Freemasonry, is derived from this, in the sense used in the Mysteries. Therefore, when Paul entitles himself a 'master-builder,' he is using a word pre-eminently kabalistic, theurgic and masonic, and one which no other apostle uses. He thus declares himself an *adept*, having the right to *initiate* others."

We have quoted thus at length because only as a new light and scope can be given to Paul's familiar phrases will his teaching in its true inwardness be revealed to us. In spite of its familiarity, we must realize that after all, Paul and the whole *New Testament* is Scripture, and contains "all things necessary to salvation," if we can but dig it out. Thus in the *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. II, p. 515) it is stated that "The cautious hints of Paul have all the true esoteric meaning, and it took centuries of scholastic casuistry to give them the present false colouring in their interpretation." In his teaching about the Holy Spirit, then, we may safely look for an index to spiritual laws, and to a divine rather than to a man-made wisdom.

Turning to Paul's epistles with this in mind, we are enabled to regard what he writes in, perhaps, an entirely different light. We are accus-

tomed to think of Paul too often as no more than the energetic worker and courageous martyr whose general example we are boldly inspired to emulate. His arguments against the Judaisers are out of date, circumcision is no longer a burning question, and his theology does not interest us. But Paul was much more than this. If truly an initiate he was possessed of all the wisdom and knowledge we associate with the Secret Doctrine. Frequent allusions to a "mystery," besides the hint of our Foundress, lead us naturally to look for some correspondence between the direct teachings of Theosophy and the heart of Paul's own message. Fundamentally there can be no difference; the source is one. And Paul was addressing, even in these Epistles, "Saints" of the Church, whom on occasion, he characterizes as "wise," into whom the Spirit had descended, and who possessed themselves powers and enlightenment far beyond our usual attainment. It would seem, therefore, that much more could be extracted from Paul than an historical picture, or a system of theology, or even a code of morals and ethics,—and that without subverting the text.

Paul's teaching about the Spirit is so frequent that it is usually passed over as a manner of speech. It is only when the different references, when the many angles of his thought, are all combined that we get something of a view of what it is he really has in mind. In order not to repeat himself he is forced to use phrase after phrase that bring out each its peculiar attribute, and a conception soon emerges whose very existence was before overlooked, and whose interest and import are a revelation.

In the two earliest letters, written *circa* 53 to the Thessalonian Church which Paul had founded eighteen months before (Acts xvii., 1-10), we hear at the outset that his preaching of the Gospel was attended by manifestations of the Spirit. Thessalonica (now Salonika) in Macedonia was in Paul's time the second commercial city of the European Greeks, because a sea-port and the center of the Via Egnatia, the high-road from the Adriatic to the Hellespont. We must not picture to ourselves, then, a little Oriental country village, but a great business town whose populace had all the characteristics of our own materialistic civilization. But to these people "our gospel came not unto you in word only but also in power and in Holy Spirit and much assurance" (I Thess., i. 5)* And the next verse adds: "Ye became imitators of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Spirit." That is, the Spirit which gave power of conversion to preachers, brought to the penitents, in spite of their afflictions, "joy of the Holy Spirit." This joy is of so frequent occurrence as to become a recognized sign, to which Paul constantly refers, using it to remind his penitents of the validity of their experience.

* Both the Authorized and Revised Versions are quoted interchangeably as seems best to develop our interpretation of Paul's meaning. Occasionally our own translation is used where a choice of the meaning of a Greek word seems to give truer colouring.

The conversion of this group made them "an ensample to all that believe, in Macedonia and Arabia. For from you hath sounded forth the Word of the Lord. . . ." Jews and Greeks, prominent business men and women were roused by Paul's words and example, were baptized, and received the Holy Spirit. They then in their turn preached the new gospel, gaining converts, and strengthening their own numbers.

Paul continues, with winning reminders, to narrate how "And for this cause we also thank God without ceasing, that, when ye received from us the word of the message, even the word of God, ye accepted it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which also worketh in you that believe." Here we find Paul speaking of "the word" working "in" the disciples just as later the Spirit is described as working in them.

But if the word of God is working in them, impurity of life must be an impossibility; the Thessalonians must realize that "God called us not for impurity but in sanctification. Therefore he who sets at naught [this calling] sets at naught not man but God, who giveth his Spirit, the Holy Spirit, into you." The Greek *ἐν ἁγιασμῷ*, "in sanctification," implies a progressive holiness, a continual outpouring "into" the hearts of the believers, which renders any act of impurity on their part a contempt of God and of his Spirit. Thus, after the coming of the Spirit at the moment of the laying on of hands (which always accompanied baptism at that time) there is the unceasing renewal of the Spirit unless interrupted by evil living.

Further, at Thessalonica, the Spirit brought with it the power of prophecy, which had been either undervalued or feared as unnatural. Paul, however, writes "Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings, *but* prove all things; hold fast that which is good; abstain from every appearance of evil. And the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire (blameless) at the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The second letter, besides urging these Thessalonians "unto salvation in sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," contains a reference to the "coming" or "presence" of the Master which carries with it a shade of meaning not generally attributed to it. The passage, one characteristically Pauline in its involved juxtaposition of many thoughts, reads in part (II Thess., ii. 1 ff.), "Now we beseech you, brethren, touching the presence [both versions translate "coming"] of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him; to the end that ye be not quickly shaken from your mind, nor yet be troubled, either through spirit, or through speech, (*λόγου*), or through an epistle as from us, as that the day of the Lord is present; let no man deceive you in any wise. . . ." *Παρουσίας*, the Greek word translated in both versions "coming," is derived from *παρεῖμι*, to be beside, and means primarily "a being present." Classically it never implied "coming," though in Paul's time it had the meaning of "arrival." A further study of all the *New Testament*

references to the second coming of Christ seems to divide them into two groups. The simple word *ἔρχομαι*, come, is used by the Master himself to foretell the Second Advent, as also with the other direct accounts given by the Evangelists. But there are similar passages which refer very obscurely to this second coming of Christ, but which take on a greater clearness and naturalness when interpreted to be descriptions rather of the abiding presence, or appearances of the risen Christ to his disciples in the post-ascension age. This distinction can be traced with convincing clearness in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, where it is narrated that the disciples come to Jesus "privately," asking him, "Tell us, when shall these things be? and what the sign of Thy presence (*παρουσία*, not *ἔρχομαι*), and of the consummation of the age?" The Master, answering their questions in order, first warns his disciples against false Christs. "If therefore they shall say unto you: . . . "Behold, he is in the inner chamber; believe not. For as the lightening cometh forth from the east, and is seen even unto the west, so shall be the presence (*παρουσία*) of the Son of Man. This imagery is reminiscent of the appearance of angels and all other-worldly beings as given in every religious literature, from the pillar of fire of the Old Testament to the exoteric stories of Indian, Persian, and Greek mythologies. Jesus then continues, answering the disciples' last question, by saying that "after the tribulation of those days" the Son of Man shall *come* (*ἔρχομαι*) in the clouds of heaven.

If our interpretation of this and cognate passages be correct, those supposed to deal exclusively with the Second Advent may properly be divided into two:—a minority rightly dealing with this Advent, and a majority which seem to intimate manifestations of the risen Christ.*

Apart from other significance as tending to establish the fact that the ascended Master never finally departed from earth, as so often taught by the Churches, their understanding of an immediate presence or appearance of Christ has a particular interest for us because it is "through Spirit" that this perception occurs. There had been controversy in the Thessalonian Church about this "presence," and the explanation is not far to seek. Some, who were sufficiently advanced in discipleship, were aware "through Spirit" of the Master's presence at their "gathering together unto him"; others, less gifted, failed to be so conscious, and mistrusted the epistles of Paul or the talk about it they heard amongst the others. Very possibly, also, these higher disciples did not explain at all fully, what was to them a sacred experience; certainly Paul's explanation

* To the group which, while using the Greek *παρουσία*, bears out consistently the interpretation of the *presence* rather than the *Second Coming* of Christ, the following passages belong. St. Matt. xxiv. 3, 27, 37, 39; I Cor. xv. 23; II Thess. ii. 1, 8, 9, 10; Jas. v. 7 ff.; II Pet. i. 16; iii. 4, 12; I Ju. i. 28. There are also numerous passages which being differently constructed, do not use either word under discussion, but which should be studied in this light. Such are I Cor. i. 8; v. 5; II Cor. i. 14, etc.

Those passages using *ἔρχομαι* and obviously referring to the Second Advent, are St. Matt. x. 23; xvi. 27; xxiv. 30, 43, 45, 46, 50; xxvi. 64; St. Mk. viii. 38 ff.; xii. 26; St. Lk. xxi. 27; St. Ju. xxi. 22; Acts i. 11; II Thess. i. 10; Rev. i. 7.

is veiled in curiously involved and vague language. At any rate there emerges the fact that the Spirit in man is able to perceive and recognize the "presence" of the Master.

So far these references to the Holy Spirit are consistent with the early date of the Epistles to the Thessalonians, for they do not carry us with any exactitude beyond the general experience of primitive Christianity. When we proceed to the next two letters, we find that the Apostle has begun to think out his faith in many directions, and to deliver far more precise and mature instruction, especially regarding the Spirit. A possible explanation of this is to be sought not merely in Paul's own growth due to the lapse of time (I Corinthians, the next letter, was written in 55), but in the spiritual degree of development of the disciples to whom he was writing. For we find Paul addressing them as those "sanctified in Christ Jesus, called Saints."

These Corinthians were again chiefly Greek converts living in a commercial city; and the same dangers threatened to disintegrate this Church as the Thessalonian. But at Corinth there were additional difficulties: a disposition to form rival factions within the Christian body; an anti-Pauline, possibly Petrene and Judaistic, controversy; an intellectual provincialism; above all a levity which refused to take the great realities of life seriously, and trifled with the most solemn of Christian ordinances and with the spiritual gifts.

Paul meets this condition first with a reminder of the manifestations of Spirit that accompanied his own early ministry at Corinth (I Cor., ii. 4 ff.). "My speech and my preaching (testimony) were not with persuasible words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of Spirit and power: that your faith should not be in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." If this be the fact, as it undeniably was, then there is involved not just the everyday appeal of religious morality, but the principles and standards of a disciple's plane of life and understanding. Therefore Paul says, "Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet a wisdom not of this age, nor of the rulers of this age, which are coming to naught: but we speak God's wisdom that hath been hidden, which God fore-ordained before the world's unto our glory: which none of the rulers of this world knoweth: ..." The Corinthians had heard from him none of those typical Greek philosophical arguments, unsatisfying, inconclusive, endless;—despite their sincerity, empty of all vital quality because dispensing with moral discipline, and therefore dissolving like vapours at the touch of any of life's harsher experience. Instead, Paul appealed to the higher consciences of these men, to the witness of the Spirit itself. And this witness was twofold, containing within itself the proof of certain knowledge. "In power," *i. e.*, in that outpouring of Lodge force through the channel of the Master Jesus, which showed itself in miracles, in prophesyings, and in the flaming joys of conversion. Secondly, in "wisdom not of this age," spoken to "the perfect," or the initiated as Madame Blavatsky tells us Paul signified.

This appeal is at once conclusive and the highest that can be made. Paul would not have invoked the Divine Wisdom nor referred to a Secret Doctrine at all unless those Corinthians had already been aware of a mystery,—had already attained a certain degree of discipleship

But he does not stop there with no more than an allusion, but continues to tell us of this wisdom and the channel of its communication to us. "For unto us God revealed through the Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For who among men knoweth the things of a man, save the Spirit of the man, which is in him? Even so the things of God none knoweth, save the Spirit of God. But we received, not the Spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us by God. Which things also we speak, not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth; interpreting spiritual things to spiritual men. Now the psychic man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual discerneth all things, and he himself is discerned of no man."

Surely this language is indeed "unequivocal." To the man whose inner perceptions are awake,—"to him that hath"—already is given the insight and the knowledge; not "psychic," not the uncontrolled, experiential knowledge of the lower rational mind, but the higher, spiritual wisdom of the mystery-doctrine. For Paul closes by saying, "But we [i. e., the spiritual man] have the mind of Christ"; that is, we share up to our capacity in the mind of our Master, Christ.

Paul further (Chap. iii.) explains this great appeal he is making to the reality of the Spirit and of discipleship; to spiritual insight as above psychic; and to the substantial indwelling of the Spirit of God which brings with it discernment of spiritual things and of Christ's mind. "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, as unto babes in Christ. I fed you with milk, not with meat; for ye were not yet able to bear it; nay, not even now are ye able for ye are yet carnal;. . . ." It is noteworthy that in contrast to this Paul later on writes (x. 15), in a reference to the Communion, "I speak as to *wise* men; examine ye what I say." But to return, "According to the grace of God which was given unto me, as a wise master-builder I laid a foundation; and another builded thereon." This, after saying, "For we are God's fellow-workers; ye are God's husbandry, God's building." To show what this really means, what responsibilities it involves;—responsibilities dating from baptism and the descent of the Spirit, be it remembered,—Paul adds, "But let each man take heed how he buildeth thereon. For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." That is, spiritual growth cannot come by man's wisdom because the foundation of a spiritual life, of spiritual existence, is not of man or of the material world, but in the Master. "Now if any man buildeth on the foundation, gold, silver,

precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; each man's work shall be made manifest: for time ["day" in the sense of age or cycle: cf. II. Cor. vi. 2; Jn. viii, 56, etc.] shall declare it, because it is revealed by fire; and the fire itself shall prove each man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work shall abide which be built thereon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by (through) fire." This seems to be a manifest allusion to initiation, to the "fiery trial" that figures in so many religions as barring the path of the unprepared or aspiring disciple in his upward struggle. But it is more than a mere allusion, because this teaching which Paul is giving is "not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth," therefore it is specifically designated as for spiritually minded men, and not for "psychic." Psychic here means "having the nature and characteristics of $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$, *i. e.*, of the principle of animal life." So the challenge is given. If we are spiritually minded, we may understand these hints; if not, we "cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned." At least, we know that Paul is trying to describe to these disciples realities of the Spirit, and to admonish them of the presence and life of the Spirit in them.

To continue: "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, [H. P. B. translates "a temple of a God"] and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." By virtue of baptism the Spirit of God is laid in us as a foundation upon which is built the temple of the Spirit; holy, husbanded by God and developed with man's co-operation; finally, tried as by fire, and when proven, receiving a reward. Taking all things together, linking thought to thought, we here seem to have outlined a teaching concerning the inner life of a disciple. That "mystery," prepared "before the worlds," is revealed to us through the Spirit;—a Spirit not estranged from, or without us, but in us, laid there by God, teaching us, admonishing us, quickening us. For Paul repeats yet again (Chap. vi., 19) "Or know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have from God?" pointing out that because of *this* fact, they must "flee fornication," and "glorify God in your body." In fact, Paul uses this verity of the existence and operation of the Holy Spirit in a disciple as the heart of his doctrine. He tells of himself (vii., 40) "and I think that I also have the Spirit of God," and therefore he can and does set an example it would be wise to follow. Whatever the sin, whatever the difficulty, whether it be fornication, idolatry, drunkenness, or the eating of meats and "things sacrificed to idols," beneath all these lies the actuality of this Holy Spirit, and up to its standard must all things be measured.

So far Paul has been concerned chiefly with two things: establishing the fact of a Spirit within the disciples, and pointing out that, this being so, they are bound to live up to the standards of the spiritual world, are bound to live as disciples, or die. He now turns to the question of

spiritual gifts; and it is from this point onward that more information can be formulated, and a less general idea of what Paul meant by the Spirit in us gleaned from his all too fragmentary statements. The main outlines have now been given us. There is Spirit, and there is a Spirit in each disciple. Discipleship resolves itself into the life of this Spirit; and Paul's epistles are exhortations to the life of discipleship. Everything he has to say hinges on this subject, and all throw light on the nature of the Holy Spirit. The more detailed and specific references to the Spirit do but give the ground-plan; for after all the Spirit world is not limited by mechanical and diagrammatic outlines, but is a life, and can only be revealed to us in terms of life. Hence Paul's teaching, though in places it seems vague, must be taken as a whole; and as the spirit of his message is assimilated, are we closest to an understanding of the heart of his doctrine.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(To be continued.)

Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience, and little duties make the will dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, heart and conscience. We need not to be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.

H. E. MANNING.

THE TELL-TALE PICTURE GALLERY*

ALTHOUGH the gallery of pictures about which I now write has long ago been abandoned, and never since its keepers left the spot where it was has it been seen there, similar galleries are still to be found in places that one cannot get into until guided to them. They are now secreted in distant and inaccessible spots; in the Himalaya mountains, beyond them, in Tibet, in underground India, and such mysterious localities. The need for reports by spies or for confessions by transgressors is not felt by secret fraternities which possess such strange recorders of the doings, thoughts, and condition of those whom they portray. In the brotherhoods of the Roman Catholic Church or in Freemasonry, no failure to abide by rules could ever be dealt with unless some one reported the delinquent or he himself made a confession. Every day mason after mason breaks both letter and spirit of the vows he made, but, no one knowing or making charges, he remains a mason in good standing. The soldier in camp or field oversteps the strictest rules of discipline, yet if done out of sight of those who could divulge or punish he remains untouched. And in various religious bodies, the members continually break, either in act or in thought, all the commandments, unknown to their fellows and the heads of the Church, with no loss of standing. But neither the great Roman Church, the Free Masons, nor any religious sect possesses such a gallery as that of which I will try to tell you, one in which is registered every smallest deed and thought.

I do not mean the Great Astral Light that retains faithful pictures of all we do, whether we be Theosophists or Scoffers, Catholics or Free Masons, but a veritable collection of simulacræ deliberately constructed so as to specialize one of the many functions of the Astral Light.

It was during one of my talks with the old man who turned into a wandering eye that I first heard of this wonderful gallery, and after his death I was shown the place itself. It was kept on the Sacred Island where of old many weird and magical things existed and events occurred. You may ask why these are not now found there, but you might as well request that I explain why Atlantis sank beneath the wave or why the great Assyrian Empire has disappeared. They have had their day, just as our present boasted civilization will come to its end and be extinguished. Cyclic law cannot be held from its operation, and just as sure as tides change on the globe and blood flows in the body, so sure is it that great doings reach their conclusion and powerful nations disappear.

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It was only a few months previous to the old man's death, when approaching dissolution or superior orders, I know not which, caused him to reveal many things and let slip hints as to others. He had been regretting his numerous errors one day, and turning to me said:

"And have you never seen the gallery where your actual spiritual state records itself?"

Not knowing what he meant I replied: "I did not know they had one here."

"Oh yes; it is in the old temple over by the mountain, and the diamond gives more light there than anywhere else."

Fearing to reveal my dense ignorance, not only of what he meant but also of the nature of this gallery, I continued the conversation in a way to elicit more information, and he, supposing I had known of others, began to describe this one. But in the very important part of the description he turned the subject as quickly as he had introduced it, so that I remained a prey to curiosity. And until the day of his death he did not again refer to it. The extraordinary manner of his decease, followed by the weird wandering eye, drove the thought of the pictures out of my head.

But it would seem that the effect of this floating, lonely, intelligent eye upon my character was a shadow or foretoken of my introduction to the gallery. His casual question, in connection with his own shortcomings and the lesson impressed on me by the intensification and concentration of all his nature into one eye that ever wandered about the Island, made me turn my thoughts inwards so as to discover and destroy the seeds of evil in myself. Meanwhile all duties in the temple where I lived were assiduously performed. One night after attaining to some humility of spirit, I fell quietly asleep with the white moonlight falling over the floor, and dreamed that I met the old man again as when alive, and that he asked me if I had yet seen the picture gallery. "No," said I in the dream, "I had forgotten it," awakening then at the sound of my own voice. Looking up, I saw standing in the moonlight a figure of one I had not seen in any of the temples. This being gazed at me with clear, cold eyes, and afar off sounded what I supposed its voice, "Come with me."

Rising from the bed I went out into the night, following this laconic guide. The moon was full, high in her course, and all the place was full of her radiance. In the distance the walls of the temple nearest the diamond mountain appeared self-luminous. To that the guide walked, and we reached the door now standing wide open. As I came to the threshold, suddenly the lonely, grey, wandering eye of my old dead friend and co-disciple floated past looking deep into my own, and I read its expression as if it would say,

"The picture gallery is here."

We entered, and, although some priests were there, no one seemed to notice me. Through a court, across a hall, down a long corridor we went, and then into a wide and high roofless place with but one door.

Only the stars in heaven adorned the space above, while streams of more than moonlight poured into it from the diamond, so that there were no shadows nor any need for lights. As the noiseless door swung softly to behind us, sad music floated down the place and ceased; just then a sudden shadow seemed to grow in one spot, but was quickly swallowed in the light.

"Examine with care, but touch not and fear nothing," said my taciturn cicerone. With these words he turned and left me alone.

But how could I say I was alone? The place was full of faces. They were ranged up and down the long hall; near the floor, above it, higher, on the walls, in the air, everywhere except in one aisle, but not a single one moved from its place, yet each was seemingly alive. And at intervals strange watchful creatures of the elemental world moved about from place to place. Were they watching me or the faces? Now I felt they had me in view, for sudden glances out of the corners of their eyes shot my way; but in a moment something happened showing they guarded or watched the faces.

I was standing looking at the face of an old friend about my own age who had been sent to another part of the island, and it filled me with sadness unaccountably. One of the curious elemental creatures moved up near it. In amazement I strained my eyes, for the picture of my friend was apparently discoloring. Its expression altered every moment. It turned from white to grey and yellow, and back to grey, and then suddenly it grew all black as if with rapid decomposition. Then again that same sad music I had heard on entering floated past me, while the blackness of the face seemed to cast a shadow, but not long. The elemental pounced upon the blackened face now soulless, tore it in pieces, and by some process known to itself dissipated the atoms and restored the brightness of the spot. But alas! my old friend's picture was gone, and I felt within me a heavy, almost unendurable gloom as of despair.

As I grew accustomed to the surroundings, my senses perceived every now and then sweet but low musical sounds that appeared to emanate from or around these faces. So, selecting one, I stood in front of it and watched. It was bright and pure. Its eyes looked into mine with the half-intelligence of a dream. Yes, it grew now and then a little brighter, and as that happened I heard the gentle music. This convinced me that the changes in expression were connected with the music.

But fearing I would be called away, I began to scan carefully the collection, and found that all my co-disciples were represented there, as well as hundreds whom I had never seen, and every priest high or low whom I had observed about the island. Yet the same saddening music every now and then reminded me of the scene of the blackening of my friend's picture. I knew it meant others blackened and being destroyed by the watchful elementals who I could vaguely perceive were pouncing upon something whenever those notes sounded. They were like the wails of angels when they see another mortal going to moral suicide.

Dimly after a while there grew upon me the explanation of this

gallery. Here were the living pictures of every student or priest of the order founded by the Adepts of the Diamond Mountain. These vitalized pictures were connected by invisible cords with the character of those they represented, and like a telegraph instrument they instantly recorded the exact state of the disciple's mind; when he made a complete failure, they grew black and were destroyed; when he progressed in spiritual life, their degrees of brightness or beauty show his exact standing. As these conclusions were reached, louder and stronger musical tones filled the hall. Directly before me was a beautiful, peaceful face; its brilliance outshone the light around, and I knew that some unseen brother—how far or near was unknown to me—had reached some height of advancement that corresponded to such tones. Just then my guide re-entered; I found I was near the door; it was open, and together we passed out, retracing the same course by which we had entered. Outside again the setting of the moon showed me how long I had been in the gallery. The silence of my guide prevented speech, and he returned with me to the room I had left. There he stood looking at me, and once more I heard as it were from afar his voice in inquiry, as if he said but,

“Well?”

Into my mind came the question “How are those faces made?” From all about him, but not from his lips, came the answer:

“You cannot understand. They are not the persons, and yet they are made from their minds and bodies.”

“Was I right in the idea that they were connected with those they pictured by invisible cords along which the person's condition was carried?”

“Yes, perfectly. And they never err. From day to day they change for better or for worse. Once the disciple has entered this path his picture forms there; and we need no spies, no officious fellow disciples to prefer charges, no reports, no machinery. Every thing registers itself. We have but to inspect the images to know just how the disciple gets on or goes back.”

“And those curious elementals,” thought I, “do they feed on the blackened images?”

“They are our scavengers. They gather up and dissipate the decomposed and deleterious atoms that formed the image before it grew black—no longer fit for such good company.”

“And the music,—did it come from the images?”

“Ah, boy, you have much to learn. It came from them, but it belongs also to every other soul. It is the vibration of the disciple's thoughts and spiritual life; it is the music of his good deeds and his brotherly love.”

Then there came to me a dreadful thought, “How can one—if at all—restore his image once it has blackened in the gallery?”

But my guide was no longer there. A faint rustling sound was all—and three deep far notes as if upon a large bronze bell!

BRYAN KINNAVAN.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XV

DEAR FRIEND:

SO we—who saw each other last when the world seemed at our feet and all our hearts' desires open to our claiming—are together once again, but now at the Gate of Failure: the gate through which I passed long since and yet have never left; "for without moving, O Holder of the Bow, is the travelling on this Path." And now you, too, are entering through that portal. Should I weep for you—as in those first days of my despicable self-pity I wept for myself, till my soul was seared with the reproach of Ayxa to Boabdil: "You do well to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man?" No. Those days have passed. And now I welcome you—my old-time comrade from the world of dreams—to the sternness of reality. I do not promise you your wounds will heal. But I do promise you that, if you will, you may play your part in this great war of life despite them. No—more than that—because of them: for "before the soul can stand in the presence of the Master its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart."

For twenty years you have read those words. Did you think to stand by any other means? Was it more than a dream that you could serve or hold till you had learned to stand? "It is useless to pause and weep for a scene in a kaleidoscope which has passed"—as useless as it is weak. The dream is gone. But reality remains. "There is no existence for what does not exist, and no non-existence for what exists. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth, nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be." *You are*. Though you be stripped of all that made life pleasant to you—though now life be bitter, and seem to stretch in one long, dreary, desert way of pain ahead—you *are*. And neither death, nor time, nor failure nor success, can alter that eternal fact—that fact which you have never faced, and which now you have to face. Let me go with you, old friend so newly found, the few steps that I may go, and let us look out together upon this strange, terrible, lonely fact of Being, which you must prove alone, though all the angels of heaven companion you on your way.

But first—here in the shadow of this great gate—look closely at these sharp flints that wound your feet, this ancient, burning dust no wind ever reaches, no moisture ever cools. What footsteps do you see? None? What? Are you the first that have entered here? Your eyes are still blinded by your tears. Look again—more closely. You see them now, so thick set, so lying one upon another, that nowhere is there space between. The very dust itself is but the flints ground fine by the age-long pressure of the feet of men—by the myriads upon myriads that have

stood, as you stand, and have heard these iron gates clang to behind them, with the clash as of a final doom, shutting off forever the easy pleasancess, the green meadows and the cooling streams. Where else, in all the worlds, will you find a highway so trodden as this straight, narrow track through the Gate of Failure, where each man must walk alone? One by one, through all the past, all who have entered into life have entered here. Here are women's footsteps, and children's, mingling with the heavy print of warriors whose mighty armies could not serve them here. Here Rameses stood beaten, baffled, all but crushed. Here trod Cæsar and Attila, Ghenghis Khan and Tamerlane, Charlemagne and Napoleon; and each alone. Here Peter laid his head upon his hands and wept—the Master taken and his own loyal faith denied. Here Paul stood in his chains. Here Joan of Arc lay through the long martyrdom of her imprisonment to face the defamers of her king with the truth of her own soul. Here Osiris walked, here Buddha. Here Christ himself sank beneath his cross, to rise again and struggle onward to Golgotha—to the place of skulls, and victory. Is such victory too high for you? Would you tell me man cannot tread the path of God? Then see these other footprints, of the weak, the vicious, the pariah outcasts of the world. They too have passed, and must forever pass, this way. For this, the Gate of Failure, is the Gate of Life; and whether it be as hero or as craven, as god or as devil, no man enters into life save through the shadow of these portals, over these sharp flints and burning sands.

Oh my friend, one part or another you must play. One thing or another you must be. What records are your feet leaving on this time-old path? How are you fronting what no man can escape? Here is the test of what you are. Here you face your own being, for look where you will there is no other thing that you can face. There is no break in this great wall. The past is past. The gate has closed, and you stand, as naked as at birth, alone with your own soul—save for these footprints, that point onward to the desert where you, too, must go and learn to live according to the thing you are. From where you stand "each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life." What way, what truth, what life, is yours?

Look out again upon this vast solitude. What is it that you see? Nothing? Nothing but dreary, desert waste? No fertile spot, no soil that has been tilled or watered, no sign of human labour, no fruit of human worth? Look closely, friend. This desert is yourself—the thing you are—and lies here before you: your way, your truth, your life, your all. Stand no longer like a craven sluggard—a weak, whimpering slave that must be scourged to his labour. If this be in truth the desert that you deem it, what then? It is your way. Will you not walk it? Would you be forever a pauper on life's bounty, reaping what you have not sown? Have you sunk so low you think the daily dole of charity a right, or that you are wronged by its withdrawal? Here before you lies all you ever gave to life, to love, to duty, to those who sought your aid,

or as in return for the love on which you lived. What other thing could you give than what you were? And all you were you are. The fates that strip you cannot take one jot or tittle from the self. At the Gate of Failure they take back what is their own. But what you are is not theirs to take. Upon them is the law: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still." Only you can alter what you are. What are you, friend?

Look back dry-eyed upon the past. Beneath the dream you dreamt, was the reality different from what still is real? You loved? You still can love. Love is not changed by failure. It is only love of self that failure wounds: not love, but vanity and lust, that go forth seeking to return enriched. What was the truth? Was it yourself you loved? Was it only to take, that you strove to give? How much of baseness lay in the metal you passed as gold to all you called your friends?

You served? Then you still can serve. Here you say I lie. You did serve,—and now you serve no more; and this is the bitterness of failure, this the loss that leaves you desolate. Look well at this. You, who once served, serve no more. Be it so. But, O my friend, bow down your head and thank the gods for this their greatest gift: that you have served—you, being what you are. For service is the heritage of Masters; its heart the heart of God; and he who shares it shares the highest privilege of heaven. How did you lose it? Was it here in this desert of reality? Surely no, for here you have never been before, and here no thing is ever lost. Was it snatched from you at the Gate of Failure? No; it was its loss that brought you to this gate. It was in your dreams you lost it, if lost it be: in the dream that you could hold in pleasant places one whose way lay ever forward; that you could love a soul, and close your heart to all to which that soul aspired; that you could serve a warrior, and be careless of the cause in which he fights. Have you thought what an insult that dream was? Would you yourself be held, or loved, or served, in such a way as that? It was not so you served when you did serve. Lift up your eyes and see the thing your dreams have made you—the self with which you sought to serve—your gift of love. "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor and blind and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thy eyes with eye salve, that thou mayest see." My friend, my friend, it is well for you that now you see. Here at this very gate—here because of you—day after day, while you lay dreaming, the one you thought to serve looked out upon this desert of your heart, and sought in vain to waken you.

Let us look back no more. The old life of dreams, the days that drifted with the tides of circumstance, the aims you borrowed from your friends

and took unquestioningly to be your own, the goods the gods had given you which you left idle and unused, and those others that you let usurp the place of your own will till they grew rank and foul and choked your soul with its possessions—all these are shut behind the iron gates, and you stand, freed from all, to face the Eternal and yourself. Here there are no winds or tides to move you. Whether it be to good or evil you must move by your own will. Here what is is, and will be till you change it. Here what is not is not, and never will be till you create it. Your world is now your Self.

“When the sun is set, Yajnavalkya, and the moon is also set, and the fire sinks down, and the voice is stilled, what is then the light of the spirit of man? The soul then becomes his light. With the soul as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns. What is the soul? It is the consciousness in the life-powers. It is the light within the heart. This spirit of man wanders through both worlds, yet remains unchanged. For when the spirit of man comes to birth. . . . he goes forth entangled in evils. But rising up at death, he puts all evils away. Felling the wood himself, and himself building the dwelling through his own shining, through his own light; thus does the spirit of man become his own light. There are no chariots there, nor steeds for chariots, nor roadways. The spirit of man makes himself chariots, steeds for chariots and roadways. Nor are any delights there, nor joys and rejoicings. The spirit of man makes for himself delights and joys and rejoicings. There are no lotus ponds there, nor lakes and rivers. The spirit of man makes for himself lotus ponds, lakes and rivers. For the spirit of man is Creator.”

It cannot be counted loss that “lotus ponds” are no longer your desire. Your soul does not wish to dream by them again. But whatsoever thing you will to be, that thing you may be; for the soul “is made of desire, and what is beyond desire.” The desert that you now see as your own self is but the raw stuff of being—you do not know how fertile it may prove when you have tilled and watered it. You do not know what lies beyond those hills that rise on the horizon, nor how vast a world is this real world of the Self. Does it seem to you that so its loneliness is deeper? That I am saying you are doomed to live forever in a universe emptied of all but self? Would any man care to live and labour for himself alone? Do not turn coward with such childish thoughts as these. It does not matter at all whether you care to live or no. You *are*. And if you, “then God.” The Self is vast with the vastness of the all. Between it and God there is no bar or wall. “The walls are taken away.” Here is the loneliness of God. Here is His closeness to every creature. Here is the reality of every pain, of every joy, of every fear and hope your heart has ever held. Here is all holiness; here the deepest depths of infamy to which holiness may be perverted. You enter here the thing you have been. You live here the thing you will to be.

What is your will? Is it only this coward shrinking? You must decide. For *be* you must.

What is this loneliness you dread as you look out upon the Self? Is it in truth the Self? Is it God's solitude? If it be, then you must face it. But is it? Is it not a thing of the past rather than of the future,—a secret pain whose pressure you have always suffered but striven to forget and to deny? How often, in what should have been the closest touch of friendship, have you not surprised this loneliness unaltered in your soul, and found your love impotent and baffled before that strange sense of isolation and of otherness, that seemed to wrap your friend away from you as space wraps round the separate stars. Was this not so, again and yet again, growing, and not lessening, through the years of friendship? You would not face it, but was it not there? See: it is no new thing you fear, but only that the old fear, the old pain, can no longer be denied. May it not be that now, when at last you face it, you may find its cause and cure?

The loneliness you know and fear is not the loneliness of Self,—but of the denial of Self. You do not see it so as yet, but in your own experience there is that which should tell you of its truth. Was not your disappointment keenest, love's failure most bitter and complete, when you turned to your friend in order to escape yourself; when, for what you dared to call your love, you laid aside your duty? Did you not seek him as one *other* than yourself? Is it strange, then, that this sense of otherness should have risen between you, or that you should have found what you yourself had brought? And if you see now, and tell me, that you sought him not so often to escape yourself, as to find that upon which to feed yourself, I answer that that, too, was a denial of Self, as well as a denial of love. "Love seeketh not itself." But what I would have you recognize, as clearly as may be, is that, in each case,—indeed in all your outlook upon life—it was the lesser self you took to be yourself, and not the greater. In your mind you saw your friend *and* you; your possessions *and* you who possessed them; your pain and joy *and* you who enjoyed and suffered; your life *and* you who lived it. Your friend, your love, your very life were thus yours, only through this conjunction. In your hunger for sensation, in your longing to possess, you saw as external, and as other than the Self, all that is most truly the Self's own being. It is from this that loneliness arises; for this is the great heresy of separateness, which holds you, in an intolerable duality, ever other than the thing you love.

"Alas! we two, we *two* thou say'st!

Yea, *one* wast thou with me

That once of old. But shall God lift

To endless unity

The soul whose likeness with thy soul

Was but its love of thee?"

It is oneness that love craves: and oneness can be found only in the Self. What does it mean to seek others as the Self: to love your neighbour *as yourself*? It means to put away this heresy of separateness. It means to seek within yourself the thing you love. You will not find it there at first. But you will find that which is like it. By the will that is born of love, the Self then labours on the self to increase this likeness: to strengthen those interests which are your friends's interests; to learn to love those things your friend loves; to aspire to that to which your friend aspires; to fight for that for which he fights, waging the war he wages, not because the cause is his, *but because it has been made your own*. Thus likeness deepens and passes into oneness. Not outside your Self, not as other than yourself, but *as yourself*, one with the Self, do you then find and love your friend.

Do not mistake my meaning. You who have passed through the Gate of Failure, you who now front the real, cannot return to take imitation for reality. All that I have said says this. You cannot make your own that which is not your own; and the effort to live by another's light will mean only that you leave your own untended, till at last both fail you and you fall into utter darkness. The desire, the will which is to move you now, must be your own. You must "seek the way by re-creating within," till you have found the truth that is yours. If it be love you find, if such love as you have thought was yours be yours in truth, if the deepest craving of your heart be oneness, and your basic will the will to serve,—here lies your road. At first, it will seem to you you travel it alone. This needs must be; for only as day by day you push onward through the desert, guided by the light within, facing its loneliness, trusting yourself wholly to the Self, seeking no other thing than your own Being,—only so can the heresy of separateness fall from you. Here you are separated from all but Self, that you may prove that in the Self there is no separation: that in it lies oneness with everything that is. And always,—when the loneliness is deepest, and it seems that you are lost where neither God nor man had been before,—you will find these footprints close beside the place you stand. Look: here went the ones you love. Here your Master walked that you might follow. Here, from the Gates of Iron, through the desert sands that lead into the boundless Self, there runs the pathway to the Gates of Gold.

All your life you have thought you sought this Path; you failed to find it because you looked outside yourself, where it was not. Now it lies before you. The words you have read, and read again, and never understood—though you thought you understood—unfold their meaning. Turn to them and find their truth in all their clear simplicity.

"And then the heart will bleed, and the whole life of the man seem to be utterly dissolved. But, O disciple, remember that it has to be endured, and fasten the energies of your soul upon the task. Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the Eternal." The Self is

the Eternal, untouched by failure or success. "This is the lasting might of him who knows the Eternal, that he grows not greater or less through deeds. Let him find the pathway of the Soul. Finding it, he is not stained by evil.... The mighty Soul unborn grows not old, nor dies, for the Soul is immortal and fearless. The Soul is the fearless Eternal. He grows one with the Eternal, the fearless Eternal, who knows this."

"Kill out all sense of separateness. Kill out desire for sensation. Kill out the hunger for growth. Yet stand alone and isolated, because nothing that is embodied, nothing that is conscious of separation, nothing that is out of the Eternal, can aid you..... Desire only that which is within you. Desire only that which is beyond you. Desire only that which is unattainable. For within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the Path. If you are unable to perceive it within you, it is useless to look for it elsewhere..... Seek out the way. Seek the way by retreating within. Seek the way by advancing boldly without..... Seek it by making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within. Steadily, as you watch and worship, its light will grow stronger. Then you may know you have found the beginning of the way. And when you have found the end, its light will suddenly become the infinite light."

My friend, in all the years of your seeking, have you ever made this profound obeisance of the soul to the dim light that burns within? Have you ever bowed your heart in adoration of the good that it itself contained? You have knelt in prayer before the altars that other men have raised, you have revered the spirit that lived in other lives, but the spirit that was given to live in your own soul, has it ever known your worship? Has your own self ever been to you the temple of the living God? You have sought you know not what. You have worshipped you know not what. But now in this desert, where no light may shine save that which shines within, you are to know; for that light "shines from your Master's face." "Obey him, not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself, and his spoken words were the utterance of thy secret desires; for he is thyself, yet infinitely wiser and stronger than thyself..... He is thyself. Yet thou art but finite and liable to error; he is eternal and is sure. He is eternal truth. When once he has entered thee and become thy Warrior, he will never utterly desert thee; and at the day of the great peace he will become one with thee."

God speed thee to that day of the great peace. Pray for me that I, too, may tread the way aright, and find you there—as here—for now you must go on alone.

As always,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

MAHOMET

IT would be difficult for even the far seeing gaze of a prophet to find in the early days of Mahomet,—in the lonely struggling figure, sharing with his handful of followers little but opprobrium and ignominy, a promise of the mighty prophet, to whose rule, both temporal and spiritual, flocked countless multitudes, and whose least word was law, fixed and unchanging for centuries to come. Yet such was the miracle wrought by so apparently unimportant an event as the flight from Mecca to Medina. Tradition gives a very full account of the Prophet's arrival at Medina; of his reception by an enthusiastic multitude; of his entry into the city on his camel Al Caswa, and of his decision to make his home on the spot where the camel chose to stop. Many are the picturesque details of the first few months of this new life, when the Faithful all joined in the raising of a mosque on the site chosen by the camel, Mahomet taking a leading part both in the work and in the rhythmic chant which all sang as they labored. The mosque, a large structure, was of wood with a thatched roof, and at the side was built a small cabin for the prophet's wife, a new cabin being put up with each addition to his harem, which finally numbered ten. Every detail of the worship of these early days became the fixed ritual followed by the Faithful through the twelve centuries that have intervened. The call to prayer, for instance, now heard from every minaret and dome in Mohammedan countries, was first sounded by Bilâl, the Prophet's servant, a stalwart negro of mighty voice, after a controversy in which it was decided that neither the Jewish trumpet nor the Christian bell could be adopted for the new religion.

Five times daily, from the roof of the mosque, the cry rang forth, summoning the Faithful to prayer, and each day saw an increasingly greater response, for soon the followers of the Prophet included nominally the whole city. These followers were divided into the converts from Mecca, known as the Refugees, a small band, upon whose unswerving loyalty Mahomet could depend to the uttermost; the converts of Medina, known as the Citizens, who vied in loyalty and enthusiasm with the Refugees, but who were bound to defend Mahomet only in case of attack; and besides these, a large number of unconverted citizens who at first remained neutral, but later became known as the Disaffected, when jealousy and discontent stirred them to political antagonism. Another important factor in the community were the three rich and powerful Jewish tribes, dwelling in separate settlements on the outskirts of the city. These Mahomet made every effort to win over, stressing all points common to the two faiths, adopting certain parts of their ritual, encouraging them in every way to make public such of their scriptures as would substantiate his claims, and finally,

entering into a treaty with them by which they were assured the undisturbed practice of their religion and the possession of their property.

To weld together factions so varied and, by this means, to develop what had at first been a mere movement of reform into the magnet which should draw to itself all tribes and all peoples, would have been a well-nigh impossible task but for two things: First, on the part of the Prophet, an indomitable will and a firm determination to have vengeance on the Meccans, and second, on the part of the Arabs, an innate love of plunder and conquest.

As has been said before, the Citizens were pledged to fight only in case of attack and the Refugees were few in number, yet even in this difficulty the Prophet recognized no obstacle to his desire for revenge. One of the chief trade routes of the Meccans passed between Medina and the sea coast, and Mahomet began operations by sending out small bands of Refugees, perhaps thirty in number, to attack the richly laden caravans. The gradually increasing success of these expeditions, bringing a greater number of volunteers to each succeeding raid, and culminating in the battle of Bedr, is a needlessly long story. Its chief interest lies in the skill, one might almost say the craft, with which Mahomet strengthened his position with every victory and plausibly turned to his own account even his defeats, showing by special revelation that such reverses were sent to sift the true from the untrue. For, with the change from Mecca to Medina, the character of the revelations changes; they are ready at hand with every exigency, explain away every difficulty, and second the Prophet's wishes on every concern, from domestic discords to matters of world empire.

The battle of Bedr is one of the great days in Moslem history. In it, a handful of Citizens and Refugees (for many of the Citizens were now taking part in all ventures), met and overwhelmingly defeated a large army from Mecca, roused by the depredations on their caravans. This victory told tremendously in favor of Mahomet, being regarded as proof that the Divine sanction was vouchsafed both him and his cause. It was followed a year later by the battle of Ohod, between the same army from Mecca and a larger force from Medina, but this time victory was on the side of the Meccans. This, as the Moslem army hastened sadly home, in fear lest defeat should be followed up by an attack on the city, would have acted correspondingly against the Prophet, but for his quick grasp of the situation and his decisive action. Though much disheartened by the turn of affairs, he concealed his chagrin, and in the face of the murmurings of the Disaffected, announced an immediate expedition in pursuit of the Meccans, with subtlety emphasizing the fact that none but the heroes of the field of Ohod might accompany him. This expedition saw no fighting, merely making a brave show in the rear of the enemy, but it effected the desired result at home where those who had fallen in the disastrous battle were soon regarded as glorious martyrs to the faith, and those who had held aloof were glad

to cover up their shame. In one other great battle—the Battle of the Ditch, in which Medina was besieged for fifteen days—victory was on the side of the Prophet and was ascribed by him to the miraculous intervention of the heavenly host. In all this warring of kindred tribes, it is interesting to note that the Coreishites were loath, at the last minute, to enter into actual combat with fathers, brothers and kinsfolk, whereas the Moslems already began to show the zealous fanaticism so characteristic in later years, and Mahomet himself, filled with the desire for vengeance, inspired his men to martial valor, calling on the Lord to put his enemies to confusion and consume them in the fires of hell, and giving forth revelations filled with the promise of victory. Another curious thing in the accounts of these battles is the strong contrast which they offer when compared with military tactics of the present day. Two great armies (consisting of perhaps one, two or three thousand men) were drawn up in battle array. Mighty heroes from the opposing sides, next challenged one another and fought single-handed, Homeric fashion. The two armies then fell upon each other hurling clouds of arrows and stones; unevenness of the ground or the disadvantageous position of the sun would determine the battle one way or the other, and after a bloody contest the armies would withdraw, one having lost perhaps five men, and the other as many as twenty.

As time passed and Mahomet's religion grew increasingly more positive and definite, he became more and more troubled by the Disaffected and the Jews, the latter in particular, asking him questions difficult to parry, and attacking him with poems and lampoons which were quick to pass from mouth to mouth. Already, however, the devotion of the Faithful was such as to secure to him a far-reaching system of espionage, as well as the means of removing those of his enemies who were particularly objectionable to him. Fanaticism had reached the point where brother would turn upon brother; and at the Prophet's impatient exclamation, "Who will rid me of this troublesome man"; there were always ready those who would assassinate the offender, and receive in return the Prophet's hearty commendation for having slain an enemy of the Lord. In no long time, by means of this policy, Mahomet's power became absolute; by his open practice of polygamy, he had sometime since broken definitely with the Christian faith, and he now ceased entirely his conciliatory advances toward the Jews. It will be remembered that Jerusalem had for long been held as the center or Kibla of Moslem worship. Coalition of the two faiths having become recognizedly impossible, Mahomet was not slow to realize the advantage of taking the Kaaba as his Kibla, thus identifying his religion with the very heart of the religion of the peninsula. However, no plausible excuse could be found for such a change, so at length, according to tradition, he remarked to Gabriel, "O, Gabriel! would that the Lord might change my face at prayer away from the Kibla of the Jews!" And in time the answering revelation came, "—we shall cause thee

to turn toward a Kibla that shall please thee. Turn therefore thy face toward the holy temple of Mecca. Wheresoever ye be, when ye pray turn toward the same." This is a fair example of the politic uses to which the revelations were now put.

The first excuse for an open break with the Jews came through a trifling political question and resulted in the complete expulsion of one tribe after a siege of several weeks. One by one, the other tribes were commanded to leave, and the fact that these rich and formerly powerful people allied in one way or another, with many of the leading factions in Medina, could be thus summarily dealt with, shows the height of power to which Mahomet had ascended. There are many moments in this chapter of Moslem history when success hung by a thread, as, for instance, in the long seige of this fated tribe, when the Disaffected, though holding aloof, might at any instant, have thrown their support on the side of the beleagured Jews. The latter, however, at the critical moment, openly supported by no one and thinking their cause hopeless, yielded, and by adding one more to the Moslem victories, still further strengthened the Prophet's position. The story of his treatment of the Jews shows Mahomet becoming ever more and more skilled in his understanding of men, in his ability to gauge to a nicety the loyalty of his followers, to weigh all the factors of a political situation, to choose the most critical moment and to strike, whether with calm deliberation or with swift decisiveness, the most telling blow,—in a word it shows the development of a genius for leadership.

One incident in his dealing with these people evidences a treachery which had hitherto been unapparent. The last of the tribes, that of the Coreitza, having undergone a severe siege, offered to lay down arms and leave the city, but were refused this privilege and finally surrendered, on condition that their fate should be decided by one of the tribes of Medina, formerly their sworn allies. This tribe was in favor of most lenient treatment, but agreed that the question should be left to some one of their number. Mahomet accordingly chose a man whom he knew to be filled, because of a recent injury, with a bitter hatred toward the Jews, and the sentence pronounced was death to the men, slavery for the women and children, and division of the spoils among the army. Mahomet promptly declared this decision to be "the judgment of God pronounced on high from beyond the seventh heaven," and there followed the execution—practically the massacre—of seven or eight hundred men, lasting all day. Thus was accomplished the removal of the last nucleus of disaffection and opposition, but without doubt, the deed was the darkest blot on the history of the Prophet. It is noticeable that in every case, political difficulties form the basis of these attacks; Islam had not yet reached the point of openly forcing men to join its ranks; yet it is probable that any one of these enemies could have bought his freedom by professing the faith. This last act was by no means met with general approbation, but by now, the decrees of

the Prophet were clothed with a mysterious and supernatural sanction, and his treatment of the Coreitza had the effect of terrorizing all who opposed him.

Six years had now passed since the Refugees fled to Medina, years of the utmost activity, for aside from the numerous enterprises already mentioned, Mahomet had been occupied in a never-ending effort to win to his banner, either by conquest or by treaty, the tribes of the desert,—a people as shifting as their desert sands, their allegiance here today and gone tomorrow. His next step was a master-stroke. For some time he had realized the importance of giving practical evidence of his devotion to the ancestral faith; frequently had he stressed it as an essential element of Islam, yet for six years he and his followers had been unable to perform either of the pilgrimages which all had been brought up to consider an indispensable part of their religious life. Tradition states that in a dream he saw himself and his followers entering Mecca, without strife, making the circuit of the Kaaba, and performing all the rites of pilgrimage. It was immediately determined to make the attempt. The Arab tribes who had entered the alliance were called upon to join the expedition, in order to make it as imposing as possible, but few responded. However, about fifteen hundred in all, set out on the journey, in pilgrim garb and without arms, a supply of arms being sent separately in case of emergency.

The Meccans, on hearing of the approach of this host, were greatly alarmed and, fearing treachery, set out with an army to meet them. Mahomet, however, turned aside and went by another route to the very edge of the sacred territory; here the camel Al Caswa again stepped into history, refusing to advance further, and Mahomet, regarding it as an omen, decreed that there they should remain. The Coreish, who had fallen back to protect their city, now sent messengers to the camp for an explanation. The parley was long and at first wholly unsatisfactory, but as the Meccan deputation saw the extreme reverence which was accorded Mahomet, they became, by degrees, more and more deeply impressed, and at length, though they flatly refused to admit the pilgrims to the city, they entered into a truce by which peace was assured the two parties for ten years, and by which, also, permission was granted Mahomet and his followers to enter Mecca one year from that date, and occupy the city unmolested, for three days time. Mahomet thereupon sacrificed the victims he had brought, and returned home.

To the army of pilgrims, depressed and disappointed, the expedition seemed a lamentable failure. But Mahomet recognized in the affair the triumph that it really was. Without striking a blow, he had, in the making of the treaty, received recognition as the potentate of an equal, independent power; by the ten years truce he secured a time of peace in which his faith might gain ground among all peoples; and he was assured, in addition, all the rights of pilgrimage for the following

year. He accordingly reminded the people that his dream had set no date for their entry into Mecca, and a divine revelation further aided him in convincing them that they had in reality witnessed a great victory (a revelation of this sort, chiding the Faithful for various sins and delinquencies, frequently saved the Prophet from the odium which a direct, personal rebuke might have incurred). The same Sura meted out as punishment to those who had failed to make the pilgrimage, the exclusion from future expeditions of plunder—a most efficacious punishment, as the next year saw a victorious attack on a northern Jewish tribe from which vast stores of wealth were taken. When the month of pilgrimage recurred, two thousand of the Faithful, with sixty camels for sacrifice set out in their pilgrim garb, for Mecca. As a safeguard, arms were again carried separately under a guard of two hundred men. The Coreish, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, evacuated the city to a man, and for three days watched from the surrounding hills, the worship of the Moslem invaders. Mahomet led his people in the performance of all the rites, the whole two thousand making the seven circuits of the Kaaba, shouting in unison:

“There is no God but the Lord alone! It is he that hath upholden his servant and exalted his people! Alone hath he put to flight the hosts of the Confederates.” Mahomet would gladly have remained longer and established friendly relations, but the Coreish would have none of it, and true to the agreement, every Moslem had departed by night of the third day.

In less than two years time, a trifling difficulty between two tribes, one allied to the Coreish and the other to the Moslems, gave Mahomet a pretext for declaring that the ten years truce had been violated. Almost on the instant, he set out with a large army, taking the utmost precautions to keep his destination hid; allied tribes were summoned, to swell the number en route, and an overwhelming force appeared suddenly before Mecca, to the consternation of its citizens. The victory which followed would be amazing but for its testimonial to the prestige which Mahomet had gained. Messengers were dispatched from Mecca, who, realizing the hopelessness of the situation, embraced Islam, and were sent back to the city with the assurance that all who took refuge in the Kaaba, and all who remained behind closed doors, should that day be safe. Mahomet then divided his army into four parts and marched into the city by four different roads. In this triumphal entry into the city of his birth, better perhaps than in any other part of his history, we see evidenced the true greatness of character which made possible the fulfilment of a great mission. He was returning to the city which had cast him out, to the people who had reviled and rejected him; he returned a conqueror, their very lives in his hand, yet he showed not the least trace of his former desire for vengeance. It is true that leniency was the politic course to follow, but on this occasion, his magnanimity and generosity were too great to have been determined by mere expedi-

ency. His expressions of joy at once more dwelling in his home city were so evidently sincere as to win over even the Meccans and to cause much alarm among the allies of Medina, lest he desert his adopted home. He lost no time in granting a universal pardon, and contrary to the usual custom on such occasions, the list of the proscribed numbered but a mere handful (some of them real criminals), and even of these, all but a few were eventually pardoned. In the presence of a great multitude he received from its custodian the key of the Kaaba, only to return it with a perpetual guarantee of its possession. All the idols in the Kaaba were then hewn down, with the cry, "Truth hath come and falsehood gone; for falsehood verily vanisheth away," and heralds proclaimed throughout the city, the decree that all images of whatever sort must be destroyed without delay. Bilâl then gave the call to prayer from the roof of the Kaaba, and following the ritual of the mosque of Medina, Mahomet led the great multitude in worship.

The majority of the citizens accepted his authority and professed Islam, and Mahomet, according to his usual custom, left the remainder to become converted without compulsion, for he was called from his triumph almost immediately, by the uprising of several tribes, notably the inhabitants of Tayif who had stoned him from their gates in his days of desolation. These few remaining tribes were soon reduced to submission, for the victory at Mecca decided his supremacy once for all, placing him in position to assert his authority over the whole peninsula. No such authority, it is true, had ever been held by the chiefs of Mecca, but Mahomet had proved his power beyond question, and his subjugation of Mecca, the spiritual center of Arabia, gave him the semblance, at least, of a right to wield it. Furthermore, acceptance of Islam meant entire acceptance of the power of the Prophet both temporal and spiritual. Already he had dreams of a world power, letters had been sent, sometime since, to the monarchs of several empires—notably those of Rome and Persia—summoning them to consider his teachings, and plans were being made for the conquest of Syria. "The Mosque of Mahomet was now the scene of frequent embassies from all quarters of Arabia. His supremacy was everywhere recognized; and from the most distant parts of the peninsula the tribes hastened to prostrate themselves before the rising potentate, and by an early submission secure his favor. They were uniformly treated with consideration and courtesy. Their representations were heard publicly in the court of the Mosque, which formed the hall of audience; and there whatever matters required the commands of Mahomet, such as the collection and transmission of tithes and tribute, grant of lands, recognition or conferment of authority and office, or adjustment of international disputes, were discussed and settled. Simple though its exterior, and unpretending its forms and usages, more absolute power was exercised, and affairs of greater importance transacted, in the court-yard of the Mosque of Mahomet, than in many an Imperial palace."

One more bold stroke remained to be dealt at home; the year after his great triumph, Mahomet refrained from making the pilgrimage on the ground that many of the worshippers at the Kaaba were still unconverted and heathen rites were still largely used. Three hundred men from Medina, however, made the journey and with them Mahomet sent by messenger, a divine revelation, to be proclaimed before the assembled worshippers. This Sura commanded the Moslems at the end of four months time to "fight against the Heathen, wheresoever ye find them; take them captive, besiege them, and lay in wait for them in every ambush; but if they repent, and establish Prayer, and give the Tithes, leave them alone, for God is gracious and merciful." It further declared the unbeliever to be unclean and forbade his approach to the Holy Temple after the lapse of one year. The immensity of the distance that had been covered in little more than nine years, will be evident when we compare with this a Sura delivered before the flight from Mecca:

"Follow that which hath been revealed unto thee from thy Lord;—there is no God but he;—and retire from the Idolaters.

If God had so desired, they had not followed idolatry; and We have not made thee a keeper over them, neither art thou unto them a guardian.

Revile not those whom they invoke besides God, lest they revile God in enmity, from lack of knowledge."

The same revelation that decreed death to the idolaters, granted to Jews and Christians the privilege of holding to their faith, but only on payment of a heavy tribute—one-half of all their income. The Faithful alone were allowed, or rather required, to pay tithes.

The following year, the Prophet made his final pilgrimage every detail of which remains, in loving memory, a part of the ceremonial to the present day. In a discourse of some length, made before leaving the city, he lifted his face to heaven and cried, "O Lord! I have delivered my message and discharged my ministry. O Lord! I beseech Thee bear Thou witness unto it," and but a little while after this, he prophesied his death, saying, "Verily, the Lord hath offered unto one of his servants the choice betwixt this life and that which is nigh unto Himself; and the servant hath chosen that which is nigh unto his Lord." Even so, the people were not prepared for the end, and received the news with disbelief and vehement denial when, a short time later, he died after a few days of violent fever.

In his public life Mahomet displays a most confusing contradiction of qualities; his moral courage, loyalty to his cause, and unswerving steadfastness of purpose bear witness to a greatness of character amounting, at times, to nobility and grandeur; he was capable of a lasting friendship, which in many an incident proved exquisite in its sincerity

and strength; to those of his own followers who offended against him, even in matters of considerable moment, he was lenient and forgiving to a degree; in his private and semi-private life he was gentle, kind-hearted, sympathetic and generous (it is said that he never struck anyone, even a servant, except in the service of the Lord); his mode of living was marked always by an extreme simplicity and even in the height of his power, while he permitted no familiarity, he was easy of access to all and treated every suppliant with quiet courtesy and consideration. Yet this leader of men whose greatness drew to him countless multitudes, whose winning personality bound to him many who would have shed, for him, their last drop of blood, was capable of treachery and deceit when dealing with a foe; stooped to underhand methods against the enemies who threatened his rising power; practised the most amazing fraud (in many instances, it would seem, a conscious fraud and no mere self-deception), in the matter of the divine revelation of the Koran; and has recorded against him the most remarkable career of physical indulgence, accredited to any man of equal greatness. Many men, considering these manifest inconsistencies, and regarding Islam as it is today—the unspiritual religion of an unspiritual people—brand his work as wholly man-made, having no connection with the fountainhead of Truth. Whether or not Mahomet accomplished what he was sent to perform, we have no way of judging,—what we are *permitted* to do, in our blindness, self-will and excess of zeal, is probably, all too often, far from what the Divine Powers would have us do,—but with all the great weakness and imperfection of the instrument, there is in the work of Mahomet, particularly in its beginning, much that is powerfully convincing, that bears the stamp of genuine inspiration. With this in mind, one feels an instinctive conviction of the truth of his cry, “O Lord! I have delivered my message and discharged my ministry!” And in the history of the succeeding twelve centuries, centuries of glory and triumph, albeit of outward growth largely, may there not be the answer to his further petition, “Oh Lord! I beseech Thee, bear Thou witness unto it.”

JULIA CHICKERING.

(To be continued)

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace; well, then, he can also live well in a palace.

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

A SEARCH FOR THE SOUL*

AS far back as the records of time carry us, we find thoughtful men seeking for answers to the questions: What are we? Whence do we come? and, Whither are we bound? These questions appeal to us, as to our forbears, with undiminished insistence. Can they be answered? Can light be found to pierce the darkness out of which we come? We long, for some searchlight to be fashioned that will illumine the shadows cast by the wings of death, so that we may know whether the friend who leaves us fares, forth to fields elysian or drops into a gulf of nothingness. Is it demonstrable, either as a certainty or even as a probability, that the something to which we give the name "soul" is an actual and definite entity? What is death? Is it the end, or is it only a change? Is there anything in the universe that is permanent, immutable, and unchanging? If so, what is it, and what relation does the soul bear to it?

Modern Spiritualism claims to furnish an answer in so far as relates to the immediate future of humanity. If its claims are justified, the death of the body does not end our existence as conscious and intelligent entities. Accepting its claims as true, death is not the end. An intelligent something survives. A something conscious and intelligent that is identical with the conscious intelligence that inhabited the body that has returned to its original dust. But whether that continued conscious existence is of limited tenure, or whether that which survives physical death is immortal, are questions concerning which Spiritualism, as I understand its claims, does not furnish any evidence. While Spiritualism has satisfied a great many people, including many of high standing who have won distinguished honor in Science, in Literature, and in Philosophy, as well as in other fields, it has thus far failed of general acceptance. This is due to the following, among other causes:

First: While a few eminent men of recognized standing in scientific circles have investigated the subject, and have declared themselves convinced not only of the genuineness of much of the phenomena but also that the human entity does, in fact, survive the dissolution of the body and can and does communicate with us, it is certainly true that the great majority of scientific men stand aloof and refuse to treat the subject as being worthy of serious attention. That this aloofness may be due to bigotry and unreasoning intolerance does not change the fact nor diminish its effect on the non-scientific multitude.

Second: The evidence is from the very nature of the phenomena of a character that can only appeal to persons having an intimate per-

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sonal knowledge of the alleged communicator and of the facts involved. Circumstances that would be accepted as convincing and conclusive to one person may have no evidential value whatever to anyone else. To one who has an intimate personal knowledge of the one from whom the communication purports to come and of the facts involved, the evidence may be such as the law calls direct and primary and therefore conclusive. To all others it is only hearsay, or at best, circumstantial. Communications coming or alleging to come from such a source are so far outside the common experience of mankind that the average person can only be convinced of their genuineness by evidence that is direct, primary and positive. While they may listen with respect to the declaration by others that they have had convincing proof, the evidence will not be convincing to them, because to them it is hearsay testimony concerning something that to them seems incredible. Instead of being convinced, they are more likely to believe that the narrator has been in some way deceived and imposed upon.

Third: The phenomena are as a rule of a character that lend themselves readily to the perpetration of fraud. Many such frauds have been detected and exposed, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the true and the false tends to discourage investigation and to make people sceptical as to the genuineness of all such phenomena.

These are among the reasons why the general public declines to accept as satisfactory the evidence offered by modern Spiritualism.

The Society for Psychical Research has collected and placed within our reach much evidence that is entitled to respectful consideration, and that would be considered conclusive if the phenomena it relates to were within our ordinary experience. It is only because such phenomena transcend our ordinary experiences, and because they are not susceptible of proof in any ordinary way, that we hesitate to accept the evidence as conclusive. The genuineness of much of the phenomena is placed beyond question by the character of the men who attest their occurrence, and by the precautions observed by them while the phenomena were being produced.

May it not be possible, by processes of legitimate reasoning, to add to the evidence furnished by Spiritualism, evidence of a different character that will serve to strengthen and possibly confirm its claims? May we not find some reasonable ground for a claim not resting on faith alone, or on phenomena of uncertain validity, that as intelligent and conscious entities we not only do survive the dissolution of our physical bodies but that we are immortal? It seems to me that it is at least worth a trial.

Such a search necessarily involves an inquiry into the relations existing between life with our physical bodies which it builds and animates, and that hypothetical something which we call the "soul." In this connection, and for the purposes of this paper, I shall use the word "soul" as being synonymous with Spirit, and embracing all of that

something which is supposed to survive the death of the body. Incidentally, it is not only interesting and valuable, but possibly essential to the inquiry, to consider the origin and development of physical man, in its bearing on the possible existence within the same organism of two natures or two entities so radically differing from each other,—one purely animal and chiefly interesting to the biologist in connection with its physical evolution, and the other having its chief appeal to the student of psychology. It can hardly be doubted that there are, within the human entity, two radically differing natures. The biologist who considers man's nature only from the viewpoint attained by him in his study of physical evolution, makes no attempt to account for that side of his own nature that makes it possible for him to conduct such an investigation, which empowers him to observe, collect and collate the facts relating thereto, and to speculate and reason as to their bearing; unless it may be said that he undertakes to account for them by asserting, as some of them do, that the results of his labors and his lucubrations are mere secretions of his brain. For it is to this conclusion that the extreme biological evolutionist would lead us. If they are right in this, it follows that instead of that which we call "mind" being a phase, an attribute, or a faculty, of an entity that inhabits our bodies, and that can and does influence and direct their action, it is itself a mere product or effect of the action of one of the organs of that body; the brain is a mere mill, and our so-called thoughts are simply the meal that falls from its hopper. If this were true, their learned productions would evidence no more than efforts of the meal to explain the mill that made it. Instead of this manifestly absurd conclusion, do not the facts point to two distinct lines of evolution, and to the production of two distinct entities, each on a different and distinct plane? Back of the visible physical universe, reason tells us there is an infinite and intelligent power that originated, that controls and that directs it. Is it not more reasonable to conclude that back of the visible physical man, but associated with him while living, is an intelligent, a definite, and a concrete entity, and that the brain is merely an instrument which it uses? Does not all of the available evidence point that way? True, this intelligent entity is invisible, and we know of its existence only by its effects, but we do know that it exists. We stand beside one of the great presses on which a daily newspaper is being printed, and watch the white paper as it starts on its way through the rollers. We see it emerge, covered with printed characters, folded, ready to bring to our fireside a record of what men have been doing throughout the world, and we need no other evidence that back of that wonderful piece of machinery lies embodied intelligence and embodied power. We shall search the mechanism in vain for either the intelligence or the power, but we know that they are definite and concrete realities. We know that neither is the product of the machinery, and we also know that the machinery is both their product and their servant. We know that em-

bodied intelligence designed it, and that embodied power constructed it. We also know that embodied intelligence and power are directing and controlling its operation. We might as reasonably say that the intelligence exhibited in the working of the press is a mere product of its work, as say that the intelligence that directs the movements of our bodies is a mere product of one of the organs of the body.

It is necessary to distinguish between the ascertained facts of evolution and the guesses and speculations based on those facts. The fact that the human body, as well as other physical organisms known to us, are the products of a long course of evolution, is indisputable. It does not follow from this, however, that mind is simply one of the products of that physical evolution. The organism through which the mind acts is unquestionably a product of evolution, but no sufficient reason can be given for the assertion that that physical organism produces that which uses it and which is certainly in some respects, at least, its master and controls it. Nor, perhaps, is it material that in the evolution of physical man, his forbears may have been monkeys, or more remotely, oysters. But of this I shall have something to say later. The evolution of man physically has, as we know, been the work of that which we call "life," influenced by environment, and controlled and directed by a law which at all stages spells advancement. It is in this one thing alone that man's physical development has anything in common with the development of that which we call his non-physical nature. Both obey that which seems to be one of the great laws of nature, and which is embraced in the terms, evolution, development, and progress. The active element in the development of the physical body is that which we call life, while the moving force or forces in the development of the non-physical man is a something or somethings which we somewhat vaguely and variously characterize as spirit, as mind, as consciousness, or as will.

We know that we are infinitesimal atoms in an infinite universe. However insignificant we may be relatively to that universe, we are in and part of it. Physically, we are mere animals. In generation, in processes of growth, and in the manner of nutrition, there is no essential difference between us and other animals; and, like other animals, we die. Therefore, from the physical point of view, the questions,—what, whence, and whither, are easily answered. We come from that laboratory whence all of nature's organisms come; we are animated pieces of mechanism built by a mysterious power we call life, from the same material that forms the bodies of other animals, and when the life force no longer energizes us we dissolve into the elements from which we are formed.

But what of the non-physical and invisible things that go to make the complete living man,—the things we know as life, as mind, as soul, as spirit? If we survive the change called "death," what is it that survives, and is that which survives immortal? If we are immortal,

is it in that which we know as life that immortality resides? We speak of life after death. If a conscious something does survive the death of our bodies, is that conscious something energized by the same force that built and energized our bodies? Or, is it true that our real and immortal self is to be found in another something,—that something to which we have given the name “soul”? What is the soul? Is it a reality or a mere product of our imagination? Is it a distinct and complete entity, separable from physical man and apart from life? If so, can we demonstrate the fact of its existence, and can we analyze it and know of what it consists and wherein the element or quality of immortality is to be found? These are some of the questions that confront us in such an inquiry.

A study of life discloses no apparent difference between the life force in a human being and the life force in any other organism, animal, or vegetable. It seems to be a common possession of all of them,—apparently a mere non-intelligent form of force or energy;—one of the many modes in which universal energy manifests itself, as it manifests in those equally mysterious modes to which we gave the names gravitation, electricity, magnetism, attractions and repulsions of various sorts, etc., the true nature of all of which is as little known to us as is the true nature of life. Life has neither initiative nor discretion. Its work is done along certain and circumscribed lines. While the forms it builds may be and are gradually changed or modified from time to time, such changes can always be accounted for by changes in environment or in other conditions. If we are indeed immortal, it is plain that immortality is not to be found in that which we know as life. There is nothing of immortality in any of the myriad physical forms in which life manifests. That which we know as life builds, nourishes, and maintains our physical bodies, but in so doing it follows a beaten path, affected only by what seems to be a universal law of progress and development. All forms of organic life begin with a germ. The germ, while it has life, can never be anything more than a mere germ until it is fertilized or energized by contact with another living something, whereupon the combined life force of the two takes on a new sort of activity and develops a cell. The cell has the power of multiplication along certain defined lines and within certain definite limits, the extent and character of such multiplication being determined by the character of the fertilized germ. Each fertile germ is the embodiment of a creative thought,—a focal point which marks the beginning in the development of that thought into a visible form. There is no immortality in the germ, nor in the form into which the germ develops. A given germ marks the genesis of a particular form of life. History, as recorded in nature's enduring book of records, tells us of unnumbered species and forms of life that have sprung from primordial germs, have developed and flourished throughout ages, and vanished. No power can reclothe their fossilized bones with flesh, or send the currents of life coursing through their

restored forms. Nor have they left any successors. The entire type to which they belonged has disappeared.

Certain men, eminent in the ranks of Science, seeking to account for the origin of man, have imagined that all of those myriad forms of life that have flourished and that still flourish on the earth, must have sprung from a single germ. Ignoring the existence of many other "missing links," they have spent lives of patient effort in searching for a missing link with which to complete the chain between the monkey and man. Haeckel has assured us that he found that missing link in the fossil Ape Man of Java. The world is greatly indebted to these men. By their patient labors they have added vastly to our store of knowledge. But while we must accept the facts of evolution, it will be the part of wisdom for us to distinguish between those facts and the inferences that the extreme evolutionists draw from them. Thus: They infer that not only all existing forms of life, including man, have been evolved and developed from a single primordial germ that in some way spontaneously generated in the ooze and slime of a far-away geologic age, but that man's intellect, with all of its associated powers and qualities, all of that mysterious, unseen but apparently dominating side of our nature, has coincidentally been developed from that same germ, owes its existence to our physical organism, and disappears when that organism dies. It seems to me that the first of these inferences is open to serious question, and that the second is wholly untenable. The second is the vital one. I refer to the first not because I think it has any decisive bearing on the question of man's immortality, but because its advocates seem to think it has, and what I say concerning it is merely by way of an aside from the main question. What rational ground is there for believing that the power that produced the original primordial germ exhausted its power in so doing? On the contrary, once such power is recognized, it is only reasonable to conclude that the same power could produce still other germs in unlimited number, from each of which a different form of life might develop, nor is there any evidence or any rational ground upon which to base an assertion that the same power may not be still engaged in producing other germs from which in time may be evolved other forms of life as yet undreamed of by us. What reason have we for such a limited conception of that Infinite Power that we know was able to and did produce a germ that marked the beginning of life's activities? Does not the power to produce a germ from which the monkey has evolved, imply the power to produce a different germ from which man has evolved, as well as different germs from which each and all of the various types of animate life have developed? Their first inference is based largely upon the similarity and apparent identity of the germinal vesicle in the various forms of vertebrate life, and the similarity observable in the earlier stages of embryonic development. It is obvious, however, that this similarity does not mean identity. The biologist may be unable to discern the

differences, but it is certain that the life force is never deceived or uncertain as to what mystery is enfolded in the germinal dot. When life takes up the work of developing a given germinal vesicle into a living organism, it finds its work definitely marked out for it. It never makes the mistake of developing the germinal vesicle of a dog into a man, or of a man into anything but a man. The dog it produces may be an improvement on its progenitor, but it is unmistakably a dog. So, the man produced may show advancement, but nevertheless it is a man. However, it is not with the development of the physical organism that we are chiefly concerned. It is not material to that inquiry whether or not man's ancestral line reaches back through the millenniums to the slime in which the original germ made its solitary and mysterious appearance, as some imagine. We are interested, however, in the second inference, that all of those things that we know under the term consciousness trace their origin to the same source. The products of physical evolution are all transient and all perish.

The eternal and unchanging things are all invisible to mortal eyes. We recognize the facts of evolution,—the facts of development and progress. What valid reason can be suggested for limiting the idea of originative power and of development and progress to these temporary and transient forms, or to the plane of visible matter? Is it not more reasonable to conclude that on the invisible plane and among the things that are permanent and enduring, that same Infinite Power may have produced, and may be producing, on other planes of existence, other germs that mark the beginning of other lines of evolution and development? Do not the things we have discovered concerning the operation of nature's laws suggest to us that those laws all mean eternal progress and development, not only on the gross and material physical plane, but on every conceivable plane of existence? Do they not assure us, with convincing certainty, that progress neither begins nor ends within the range of our limited vision? Do they not assure us, with equal certainty, that what we can see of progress and development in connection with organic forms, is but a link in an infinite chain? But, as to life,—life never appears as an originator, as a designer, or as a master, but ever as a servant, a builder, and a maintainer. While life is itself invisible, it acts on the physical and visible plane. It deals with physical things, and its work consists of the building and maintenance of physical structures. Those structures may be those of the microscopic microbe and animalculæ, or they may be those of the gigantic elephant or whale, or of those other monsters of the prehistoric age known to us only by their fossilized remains; they may be the microscopic algæ, or the giant sequoia, or they may be man. But whether they are one or the other, the life force that builds them is the same. The physical man is apparently, up to this time, its crowning work. We know that all of its work may be done in the absence of any of the phenomena associated with mind or consciousness. In all the myriad forms built

by life, it is in a relatively small number that we find any evidence that mind is present, except as the designer. Even in man, as yet life's highest achievement, we know that the body may be physically perfect, and may perform all of the functions necessary to its nutrition and its growth, and yet exhibit no trace of that which we know as mental action. This is true in cases of complete anesthesia or complete unconsciousness from any cause. Cases are not uncommon where such a condition of unconsciousness has continued for months, during all of which time life could only be sustained by artificial feeding, but the bodily functions,—aside from eating and drinking—went on without interruption. Life, therefore, is entirely independent of mind. But it is said that while this may be true, mind is not independent of, but is dependent upon, life; that mind can only manifest through a living brain; hence comes the argument that mind is a mere product of brain action, and thought a mere secretion of the brain. Plausibility is given to this claim by the indisputable fact that impairment of the brain is invariably accompanied by a corresponding impairment of mental power. This would, of course, be an inevitable result if that which we call mind is a mere product of brain action. But an explanation of a phenomenon is only satisfactory and conclusive if it covers every phase of the phenomenon and excludes every other satisfactory explanation. If the facts are open to another equally satisfactory explanation, of course the first is inconclusive; while if the latter explanation tallies with other known facts not explained by the first, the latter must prevail. If it is true that we find mind in nature separate and apart from the structures built by life, that fact alone would seem to be conclusive evidence that mind is not a mere product of brain action. It is too obvious to admit of doubt, that mind is back of and an active agent in all the phenomena of nature. The evidence is indisputable that the universe is ruled by law, and law cannot exist or be conceived of as something separate and apart from a designing intelligence. If the brain, instead of being the cause or the source of mental processes, is merely the instrument through which mind acts, the same results would follow an injury to or other impairment of brain substance. A workman cannot make effective use of a defective tool. The brain, considered as an instrument, is a more sensitive and more delicately adjusted piece of mechanism than anything ever constructed by the hand of man. If it is true that the something we call mind not only exists independently of the brain, but that it exists entirely separate and apart from the human entity, we have at once an explanation that invalidates the theory that mind is a mere product of brain action. By reason of that fact we know that the brain is only an instrument which mind uses.

We know that mind exists. What is it, and whence does it come? Nothing can come from nothing. In every phase of its activities it differs from any mode in which energy manifests. Therefore its origin must be sought elsewhere than as a mere mode of energy.

The structures which life builds show evidences of design, and are obviously the products of an intelligence that is beyond our power of comprehension. If we are to find a clue to the mystery, we must seek for it in this designing and controlling intelligence that appears to dominate life.

The man who is honest with himself, who has studied the workings of nature's laws, and who has enough intelligence to comprehend the significance of the universal and uniform reign of law, knows that the universe is controlled by an infinite, conscious intelligence, acting with power that is also infinite. It is not a matter of guesswork, or even a question of probability. It is to him an absolute certainty. He knows, also, that in the very nature of things, this intelligent and conscious power is eternal and changeless, and that it is the causeless first cause of all manifestation. It is not material whether or not he attempts to give name, form, or locality to this ruling something. He may call it God; he may give to it any other name; he may give to each of the many aspects in which he recognizes it, a different name, and call each a God; or he may call it the unknown and unknowable; but withal, he knows that It is. Men of all races and in all ages have not only recognized the existence of this Infinite Power, but have attempted to personify it, and have invested it with imaginary attributes which have only served to measure their own limitations. The limitless cannot be limited. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. In it we find the only thing which in all the universe is immortal, unchanging and perfect. In it we find that something that lies back of all beginnings, that something to which all other things are subject and subordinate. Wherever the human mind can recall, we find evidences of that Infinite and Conscious Intelligence and Power. Indeed, the universe appears to be an embodied consciousness combined with infinite wisdom and infinite power,—the embodiment of an in-dwelling, all-knowing, and all-controlling soul of things which we vainly seek to personify and limit when we give to it the name "God."

While we thus attempt to personify and thereby limit and define this combination of infinite knowledge, infinite wisdom, and infinite power, by giving it a name, the finite human mind is incapable of an actual personification of that which in itself embraces omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence, and which is of necessity without possible limitation. Its grandeur and its glory are ineffable. The nearest approach to its ineffable name ever penned is found in the story of Moses and the burning bush,—the bush by Mt. Horeb that "burned with fire" and "was not consumed." "I AM THAT I AM." In it we find the original and ultimate expression of all that is embraced in the ideas of spirituality, of mentality, and of power. Here we find the origin and source of that which we know as "mind," for mind is one of its inseparable attributes. By mind, as thus used, we mean that which thinks, which reasons, which knows, which plans, which directs. It

embraces everything that can be conceived of as pertaining to or falling within the definitions of intelligence and consciousness. Here also, in the completeness, the perfection, and the unerring certainty of its laws, we find something which co-ordinates knowledge into that which we call "wisdom." Withal, we find the obvious seat of that power which controls and enforces the operation of nature's laws. Infinite knowledge, infinite wisdom, and infinite power are among the aspects in which it manifests. Notwithstanding the anthropomorphic ideas associated with the name, our language furnishes us no other single word but "God" as the name for that infinite ruling power,—that power characterized by Jesus as "Our Father which art in Heaven." That Father of whom he spoke to the woman of Samaria when he said to her "God is a Spirit." Can we not recognize in that "Spirit" the soul of the universe from which radiates the infinite intelligence and power that we know rules all things and from which emanates mind?

What is man's relation to this infinite, intelligent and conscious ruling power, this God that is Spirit, and this Spirit that is God? When we come to study man, we find that which seems to show a direct and immediate relationship between God the Infinite and man the infinitesimal. As in God, we recognize all that is embraced in the definition and in the varying manifestations of mind, combined with power, so we find in man a similar, although, it is true, a miniature combination of the attributes of God, consciousness, intelligence and power. It is to this combination of qualities in man that for the purposes of this paper, we give the name "soul." We find in man conscious intelligence, coupled with power consciously and intentionally to direct and control the action of nature's laws. That is, we learn that he can consciously and intentionally set in operation forces that would otherwise have remained quiescent, and having set them in operation he can control their action and make them his servants. We find in him that development of mind that we know as reason. We find the power of abstract thought,—the power to create mental images,—the power to correlate facts, and the power consciously and intentionally to change the direction or to modify the action of most, if not all, of nature's forces. We find a something which is capable of directing and controlling the action of the body. True, its action is often influenced by the conditions of the body, and it often yields to the body's cravings and desires, from which is deduced one of the arguments in the effort to prove that it is a mere product and servant of the physical body. But, on the other hand, we find it capable of resisting and overcoming those cravings and desires, and in such manner as to demonstrate that when it wills to be the master it rules and the body obeys, even though obedience means the body's destruction. We find that it is capable of formulating and compelling the adoption of a line of conduct which brings pain and suffering to the body; conduct at which the body revolts, but to which this dominating something compels it to submit. We find also that while this some-

thing is a common possession of all, in the sense that all possess it in some degree, its action is not merely the uniform action of a principle common to all, but is a voluntary exercise of a power that is common to all, a power that, while it is *in* the body, is not *of* the body. We do find, however, that this potential power is present in greater or less degree in each individual unit. We here find a dividing line between life with the body it has built, and the combination of conscious intelligence and power which we call the soul of man,—that something in us that thinks, that reasons, that knows, that plans, directs, and controls; that something which numbers among its attributes imagination, inspiration, aspiration, faith, and will; that something which can love and can hate; that something which can sink in the depths of despair, or rise on the wings of hope; that something which has power even over life itself, and which can deliberately and at will extinguish the spark of life in the body it inhabits, a something which knows no such limitations as those which bound the activities of life. We feel that that something is the real "I." We also feel that it is an entity apart from our body, and that it is the seat of that power by which the body can be controlled.

Evidences of the existence of this other, different, inner and real self are to be seen in that class of phenomena recognized by students of psychology, and which they attribute to a something to which they give the names—the subjective mind, the subconscious personality, the subliminal consciousness, the subliminal personality, etc.,—phenomena which lie on the threshold of, or beyond the boundaries of, ordinary consciousness. Other evidences of its existence are seen in that which we call intuition, and again in that which we somewhat vaguely denominate conscience, that inward monitor which we can only partially account for as an echo of early and partially forgotten training and admonition.

While life acts within boundaries which it cannot overpass, we can set no limit to the power of the soul. Man can sound the depths of time and space,—can compel the forces of nature to do his bidding,—can create and can clothe his creations in words, or give them shape with chisel, pencil, or brush. The structures that life builds perish, but the products of mind, when they have been clothed in the symbols of speech, possess a quality that seems to partake of immortality. The words of Socrates, of Plato, or of Paul, are today as instinct with living fire as they were in the days when they first stirred the consciousness of Greek minds. An idea, when once given form in speech, whether written or oral, lives on through the ages. We may say that the great Teacher is dead, but we know that the things he taught still live. Jesus died on the cross centuries ago, yet his teachings live to stir the souls and mould the lives of millions. Confucius and Gautama the Buddha, both of whom died centuries before Jesus, live in their teachings to other millions, and the words of the dead Mohammed, whether for

good or for ill, shape the lives of other millions. The unknown grave on Mt. Nebo may yet shelter the dust that once was Moses' body, but Moses still lives in the laws he gave to his people, and he still orders the daily lives of orthodox Jews, wherever they may be. Whence comes this wondrous vitality? Whence comes this power that sways the souls of the children of men, although the tongue that spoke and the hand that wrote the words crumbled centuries ago? Whence could it come save from that boundless reservoir of conscious power that rules the universe? When we compare this element in man's nature with life and its limitations, are we not forced to the conclusion that they are entirely separate from each other? Do we not find in it an entity that is only dependent upon life to the extent that life furnishes it with a vehicle for manifestation? It is not a mere function of the body. It is the power that controls the body. The body is its habitation and its servant. In it we recognize the immortal soul of man.

As the infinite consciousness embraces all consciousness, it follows that the consciousness of the individual man is in some way a part of the Infinite Consciousness of God. God is therefore in a true sense our Father, in whom, in the language of Paul, as he spoke to the people of Athens on Mars Hill, "we live, and move, and have our being." It is in this element of man's nature that we find the only thing which seems to possess the essence of immortality. Whether the attempt to demonstrate by legitimate processes of reasoning that man is made in God's image, and possesses immortality, is successful or unsuccessful, does it not at least lead us to a point where we are justified in following the example of investigators in the field of science, and adopting the seeming conclusions as working hypotheses, and applying them to these, with other problems? If so, we find here an answer to the queries:—What are we, and whence do we come? We are living souls. We are immortal entities, emanating from and made in the image of God. And while it is true that we are but atoms in a limitless universe, we are in touch with each and every other atom, and the infinite and eternal spirit that pervades that limitless universe is in us and a part of us. Instead of the idea of our individual immortality being an incredible and unbelievable thing, it is the only rational conclusion that can be deduced from the known premises. Knowing as we must know that that part of us that possesses consciousness, the part that thinks, the part that reasons, that knows, that decides, and that compels our bodies to do, partakes of the same nature as that infinite consciousness that is back of all manifestation, and possesses a measure of its powers, we know that the things that enter into it are immortal. We therefore have a reasonable basis for the belief that it is an immortal entity. This being true, when we sift the evidence furnished by the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism, and winnow out the fraudulent and the doubtful, we find a solid basis for something more than a mere belief that what we call death is only a change. Are we not justified in saying that we know

that the body of our friend which we laid away in the ground was only his temporary habitation? Do we not know that he was an immortal entity and that he could not die? Reason harmonizes with the phenomena which the Society for Psychical Research certifies to as genuine. The working hypothesis not only is in agreement with all the facts, as attested by that organization, but a greater and more important truth is demonstrated. The soul is not only a reality, it not only survives the dissolution of the body, but it is immortal.

Our quest is ended. We have found the soul, and we know that it is immortal. But here we find ourselves on the threshold of other mysteries,—mysteries which, while they lie beyond the purview of this paper, are suggested by it. We have found that through unnumbered millions of years nature has been evolving and developing innumerable forms of living creatures, all evidencing design. But why? We have found man, the highest type of life yet developed, admirably fitted for occupancy by a tenant and actually thus occupied. Biologists have traced the physical organism back to its beginning in a germ and a cell, but whence and how came the germ and the cell? What is the mystery of the association of the tenement and its tenant? Whence came the tenant? Like the body, it seems to be also a product of a line of evolution. Can its line of descent be traced? Or rather, can we trace its line of ascent? Because, in both tenement and tenant, we recognize advancement instead of retrogression. We find that everything in nature is governed by law. We know, therefore, that the development of both body and soul have been in accordance with law. The biologist essays an interpretation of the operation of that law as applied to the development of the body. What, if anything, can we learn of the law that governs the development of the soul? These, with other problems, all lie beyond the scope of this paper. Other questions are also suggested with reference to the phenomena in connection with Spiritualism, so-called, and the communications which purport to come from disembodied souls, which call for brief consideration.

Suppose it is true that the purported communications that are received in one way or another through the phenomena of Spiritualism are in part genuine, and that they do, in fact, come from those who have passed out of the body, to what extent, if at all, can we verify them and assure ourselves of their trustworthiness, and to what extent are the methods employed in obtaining them justified by the results obtained?

The phenomena of Spiritualism may be grouped under three heads:

First: Those that are physical in their nature, including such phenomena as rappings, moving of articles, materializations, levitations, slate writings, etc.

Second: Trance, including automatic writing, trance speaking, etc.

Third: Clairvoyance and clairaudience, where without losing con-

sciousness or self-control, the operator or medium is able to see and hear things not within the reach of normal vision or hearing.

As to the first class, we are assured by those who claim to know that much of the ordinary phenomena thus produced do not come from the immortal part of the departed one, but from a part of the personality that, while it survives the dissolution of the physical body and possesses a measure of mentality, is itself physical and mortal, the matter of which it is composed being on a plane that makes it invisible to normal sight. Much of the phenomena appears to sustain this claim, but I know of no method of either proving or disproving it to the satisfaction of the average person so that it will be accepted as an established fact. Phenomena of this class might be conceivably produced by a class of physical bodies composed of attenuated matter as above described. Such phenomena are as a rule of a character that lend themselves readily to the perpetration of fraud, and at best can have little evidential value, especially as proof of immortality.

As to the second class, we can speak with some assurance as to the probable effect of such methods upon the living, and therefore as to whether the results obtained justify the method followed. In this class of phenomena the body of the medium is supposed to be at least partially occupied and controlled by a disembodied personality. The body of the medium becomes a mere passive instrument, its legitimate owner allowing the invisible entity to enter, control, and use it. Accepting this as correct, the danger to the medium is at once obvious and great. Concede the possibility that one can thus temporarily vacate or surrender control of the tenement he or she inhabits, and thus allow another to enter, occupy and use it, what possible safeguards can be provided as to the character of the temporary tenant thus admitted? If one disembodied personality can enter, why not another? If one thus voluntarily submits to being temporarily dispossessed, why may not the intruding tenant gain such control that it cannot be dispossessed? This would at once explain many cases where mediums have lost themselves and have been declared insane. Again, the intruder may be one who in life was depraved, vicious, immoral or criminal. The dangers are open and obvious and should lead anyone to hesitate long before consenting to encounter them. We are told also of injuries thus occasioned to those who seek to communicate, but this again is a matter where we can furnish no proof. Much of the most convincing evidence furnished us by the Society for Psychical Research has been obtained in this manner, and while it is of great value, I submit this query:—Is not the possible resulting harm to the medium or instrument through which it is received too great to justify a resort to it?

There remain those things which I have classed under the head of clairvoyance and clairaudience, where the operator has either acquired or been endowed by nature with the power to see and hear things not visible or audible on the ordinary visible plane, while he him-

self still retains full control of all his faculties. That such a power does exist, and that it may be acquired, is attested by an abundance of reliable witnesses. Even in this class of cases there are dangers. There is the danger that one will be suspected of being the victim of hallucinations, and possibly suspected of being mentally unbalanced. Indeed, the untrained psychic possessing this power will in many instances not be able himself to know whether the things seen are real, or whether they are mere phantasmagoria, due to a disordered optic nerve, or possibly even to a disordered condition of the brain. There is also another well understood danger, viz.: If that which the percipient sees is real, it is upon a plane with which he is unfamiliar, and he may be unable to understand its real significance. His difficulty in giving a correct interpretation to the things seen would be far greater than would attend the efforts of a savage who had never seen or heard of any of the common and familiar appliances of modern civilization, to understand, without assistance or explanation, the phonograph, the telephone, the trolley car, the automobile, or the electric light.

Beyond this I will venture no other suggestion.

ROBERT M. McBRIDE.

A FLOWERY PATH TO HEAVEN

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS declared that a pagan who had not heard of Christianity, if he had nevertheless lived up to the full measure of his understanding of righteousness, would be baptised by an angel specially sent from Heaven for the purpose, provided the man's eternal salvation needed the rite for its security. The declaration is a recognition of the essential unity of all righteous effort. It inspires one to attempt a restatement of spiritual laws in secular terms. The vocabulary of religion is worn, and has been so often misused, that it revolts many individuals. Some of those individuals, revolted by the old phraseology, look upon themselves as godless, though they are aspiring very earnestly toward an ideal which may be part of a Master's own view. If spiritual laws can be stated in secular terms, then like Aquinas' hypothetical pagan, such persons may find themselves in Heaven without ever encountering the hedge of thorns that is commonly reputed to bristle along Heaven's highway.

Let us take three common stages of the spiritual life and apply them to secular pursuits and interests. The three stages are (1) rebellion against God, (2) love of God for the benefits He confers (3) love of God for His own sake without respect to His gifts and benefits. Those three stages may be called (1) Hell (2) Purgatory and (3) Paradise. Everyone would grant perhaps that no man can by his own act pass from the first stages to the second—the passage from hatred to love, from Hell to Purgatory can be effected only through help from outside—outside removal of barring causes. But on the other hand, progress from the second stage to the third, from imperfect to perfect love, from Purgatory to Paradise, would seem to be not so much a matter of conversion as of a new birth. The length of the journey will vary with the intensity of a man's desire.

In every day parlance let us say that ignorance of any subject or thing and indifference to it correspond with stage one;* that the moment a human being has an interest in some special study or thing, the interest may be regarded as a Master's gift, as the Master present within the personality, and that stage two has been reached. Now whatever the interest may be—music, biology, dogs or business—it is for the individual his pathway to Heaven. In the truest sense it is "that state unto which" it has pleased God to call him. The man's task then is to develop his interest, the thing he cares most for—to work away from mild concern and casual attention until he arrives at complete knowledge and perfect

* Aristotle regarded ignorance as sin. Dante makes ignorance one of the three characteristics of Satan.

love. With knowledge and love would come power—the three characteristics of Deity.

In order to avoid abstractions and generalities, let us take such a widespread taste as love of flowers and endeavor to study how the love might make of a man a disciple. Fortunately through friendship with several ardent lovers of flowers I am able to write down facts—not speculations. Let us begin with a man whose garden is a wonder of loveliness—its profusion and perfection and delicacy and poetry drawing the word “wizardry” from neighbors and friends. Many years of neighborliness and effort on my part to imitate his achievement have brought me into his confidence. This wizard neighbor of mine does not look upon his love of flowers as an acquired taste (as I do). He cannot remember a period of his earliest childhood when he did not hanker for the blossoms that were then forbidden fruit. (May we not regard such inborn love and taste as the Master’s gift from a previous life—the Master brought over with us, if we may so speak? The passage from indifference to interest, from Hell to Purgatory need not necessarily be remembered. Through past merit one may be born into Purgatory.) Observation and inquiry revealed a reverse side to my neighbor’s love of flowers—a willingness to sacrifice himself for the sake of the love. Thus as a very young boy of nine and ten he would hoard the infrequent pennies that fell to him until he had a total equivalent to a flower. He told me that not till he had grown to manhood did he understand his little self denials as sacrifices—he was not conscious of any sacrifice. He wanted one thing, a flower. He did not want (except in much less degree) candy. He merely left to one side the thing he did not want in order to get the thing he wanted. He felt no more of a sacrifice than if, when offered pie *or* bread, he had passed over the bread and chosen the pie. His feeling was not that he had renounced candy but that he had gained a flower—the thing he really wanted. A few years later at fifteen, when pennies were still infrequent, he would hoard lunch money for the sake of some plant that had caught his eye. He would walk for hours in the big flower market, going the rounds over and over again, in the hope of wearing out the florists or of finding a “nice” one who would give up the coveted plant for the insufficient sum in his pocket. He was rarely successful in obtaining the plant he wanted. For though he was steeled against candy he was unable, in his longing for some special prize, to resist the appeal of humbler flowers, and thus while aiming at *japonica* would actually draw *lantana*. Years passed. He planted and digged and delved. Experience brought power. It brought him also the consciousness that for the sake of flowers he would give himself (and others) much discomfort. But he never felt the discomfort because his attention was not given to it. He was contemplating his end—wonderful blooms. In early spring, he would get out of bed after midnight without hesitation to rescue from sudden rain a box of seedlings that had been sufficiently watered. In hot midsummer he

burned a foul kerosene stove half a day in his bedroom to dry out some "slips" the prolonged dampness was threatening to rot. His plants seemed conscious of his love, his care, his pain, his taste. They responded to his desire.

One day while visiting him in his garden, I found him eagerly uprooting a lot of tulip bulbs. He had found a softer shade of rose in tulips and was enthusiastic over his discovery. "And where shall you put the former plants?" I inquired. "On the compost heap," he replied, with perceptible disdain at the stupidity behind my question. "The moment I find a finer flower," he continued, "I care nothing at all for the old one; I want to get rid of it as soon as possible."

His words amazed me. They belied the opinion I had for years been forming. I had always thought and spoken of him as an eager lover of flowers. But where was love in the make up of a man who with utter unconcern could toss away for the manure heap plant creatures that had done their best to please him? Was not my neighbor's whole interest in his garden a thoroughly selfish interest? Was not any small sacrifice that had been made, or discomfort incurred, made for himself? Did not my neighbor care for flowers because they gave him pleasure? Was not this feeling merely an extension or projection of self-love? Was it not merely a cultivated refinement of the glutton's interest in food? I can imagine that my friend through a long past had indulged his tastes and desires until the need for variety which such indulgence entails brought him to the world of flowers. He sought and found satisfaction there, but, to maintain his satisfaction, was driven to a more and more fastidious choice of colour and form and perfume. Of course he had succeeded in thoroughly deceiving himself in this process. He looked upon his taste and interest as very disinterested and unworldly. He contrasted the wonderful beauty created by his hobby with boresome shelves of cups, trophies of golf and other games. He even used the word "spiritual" occasionally of his æstheticism when he wished to impress himself or others with its wonderful superiority—though had he been pressed to explain the word he could have gone little beyond "refined."

This neighbor seems to me a type of the mid-region Purgatory. The potentiality of love is in him but not love itself. He has made a definite choice between God and the Devil. He has quit the works of darkness, malice, unrighteousness, and has put himself on creation's side. He has made this choice because of the gifts and benefits that he sees proceed to him from God. He has escaped from the self-destruction of hell and cares now for self preservation. But he has yet to learn a higher love of self.

My friend will incur one grave danger when he awakes to consciousness of his real selfish attitude toward his garden. He will be annoyed. He will be ashamed. He will also be honestly sorry for his mistake. His danger will be that he may attribute to the flowers

some of the error and mistake that is wholly in himself. Realisation of his own selfish feeling would probably come from perceiving in another a feeling higher and deeper than his own. The contrast would show him the meanness of his own position. Now as no revelation of true love or beauty can be made apart from the Master through whom they exist, his perception of another's true love for flowers will probably be accompanied by some intuition of the spiritual world. The aspiration that in a perverted form marked his whole life will spur him with desire to dwell in the spiritual world—to come himself to knowledge of the Master. He will make an effort to turn his back upon past error. But in his mental confusion and blindness, instead of turning on his own axis away from the pole of self, he will very probably rigidly maintain his former attitude, and merely turn from the external thing upon which he has wreaked the wrong inherent in himself; he will choose another road, which he thinks is surer, to the Master. His "first fervour" will lead him to choose something quite different from his former interests. He will ban those—shut them out as from the devil, and will plunge forward in the new road.

All this is error. And if it is continued the man will find his image of the Master so unattractive as to repel instead of inciting. The Master was in his first interest. It is the Master's loveliness and grace that the man unknowingly admired in the many flowers. And the man will find the Master by learning to know the flowers as they really are, by loving them for themselves, because they are so sweet, and lovely and wonderfully coloured. He must come to respect and reverence them as creatures, and conduct himself toward them with the courtesy and gentleness and affection due to children of the Great King.

Unfortunately records do not abound that will enable me to make this point clear. But legends and poems will aid somewhat. Fairy tales speak of flowers as sentient and conscious. Perhaps we have regarded such tales as mere fancy. The poets speak of flowers as containing the secret of life hidden within them. Wordsworth gained not only happiness from a daisy, but intimations of hidden wisdom;

And all day long I number yet,
 All seasons through another debt,
 Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing;
 An instinct call it, a blind sense;
 A happy, genial influence,
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
 Nor whither going.

Browning thought a fancy suggested by a flower bell sufficient to stir up endless questions on life, death and immortality. Mr. Noyes has built up a long symbolic poem on Tennyson's line, "Flower in the crannied wall." With the vision of ultimate truth which poets from time to

time are granted, Mr. Noyes sees that all Heaven and all souls are contained within the compass of the smallest flower :

Within the Temple's holiest heart,
 We came upon a blinding light,
 Suddenly, and a burning throne
 Of pinnacled glory, wild and white ;
 We could not see Who reigned thereon,
 For, all at once, as a wood-bird sings,
 The aisles were full of great white wings
 Row above mystic burning row ;
 And through the splendour and the glow
 We saw four angels, great and sweet,
 With outspread wings and folded feet,
 Come gliding down from a heaven within
 The golden heart of Paradise ;
 And in their hands, with laughing eyes
 Lay little brother Peterkin
 And all around the Temple of the Smallest of the Flowers
 The glory of the angels made a star for little Peterkin.

Wordsworth said he believed every flower enjoys the air it breathes. We may have thought that a pretty sentiment. Let my neighbor begin by asserting to himself his conviction of its truth, and by acting as if the conviction had really permeated his being. He must change his ruthless selfishness. He must no longer rudely and coldly toss away a rose the moment its brilliance dims and its form loses perfection. Without any sentimental sadness, let him endeavor to feel beneath the body of the rose its spirit. Let him treat the rose somewhat the way he would an ageing friend whose mellowing soul he feels is assimilating the experiences of an incarnation at the very time that the vehicle of incarnation is disintegrating. Is it not the shallowest materialism to believe that the rose life is contained in its petals? As a point of the Master's Beauty—a tiny cell of the Logos, shall we not expect a rose to share His immortality? What an enlargement it would be, what breadth, what power and knowledge, thus to come through sympathy with the rose creature into rapport with its consciousness. Consciousness cannot be limited to human grades. Just as we admire and enjoy individual human beings whose mentality varies from *o* to *n*, so may we not aspire in time to enjoy creature consciousnesses that are no less individual than human, though of a different order. Legends have told us of the language of flowers. Let us put aside our scornful scepticism. If we have a selfish interest in these lovely creatures, finding a selfish diversion in their tones and fragrance and lines, let us make a hearty effort to learn and love them as they are. That achievement will require a putting aside of self. In the effort lies a path of discipleship. When the man has removed his barrier of self, and really sees and loves the flowers

for their own sake, he is loving the Master and has found Him. He has learned how to love.

Conclusions drawn from observations in a neighbour's garden are applicable, if they be true at all, to other conditions and vocations. Most artists, perhaps, musicians, painters, sculptors, regard their own ideals and efforts as something foreign to religion and immeasurably superior to the religious aims and practices with which they are familiar. They feel that religion interposes a sifting lens between the world and the retina which permits only drab rays to filter through. Like Browning's madcap monk, they thrust the lens aside, and for their own satisfaction, look at the world as it is,

The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
changes, surprises.

Artists usually spare themselves no pains as they strive to express through colour, form or sound the beauty they have glimpsed. By reason of this self-sacrifice the artist is pointed out in *Light on the Path*, as an example for emulation. "The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the occultist, who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life." A close scrutiny of motives under the surface might, however, reveal that few artists reach the degree of purity suggested in *Light on the Path*. They sacrifice themselves, as my neighbour did when he left his bed at night to go out into pouring rain. But self-pleasure is, ultimately, the end of all their sacrifices. They do not really sacrifice at all. They choose between two pleasures, reject the slight one and accept the vivid. New and harmonious arrangements of colour on canvas bring keener enjoyment to an artist than comfortable living in a fashionable neighbourhood. Therefore he accepts the discomforts of attic or stable for the sake of his canvas.

What would be the effect upon an artist's work of a new birth into recognition of the spiritual world? Would it not bring rivers where before there were only streamlets of beauty? Love of Art for the pleasure it gives had produced wonders of beauty under his skillful touch. But suppose the artist should apprehend Beauty itself in its Source, the Master, instead of the broken rays reflected from the clouds of matter. Might not miracles be wrought through his tremulous fingers? He would have passed from toys and self-amusement to Reality and self-devotion. He would find the small thing that he had cherished in a slight way magnificent in grandeur—and enveloped with the charm of personality, that last and final sweetness which gilds the gold dust of the stars.

C. ALVIN.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

IN telling why I joined The Theosophical Society, as I purpose doing in this communication to the QUARTERLY, I can describe no state of mental unrest or spiritual dissatisfaction impelling me to quarrel with or to question the theological views held in the home and the neighborhood of my childhood and youth. I was subjected to no torture of soul involved in the doctrines of Calvin; indeed was scarcely aware of such harrowing teachings until I had reached years of discretion and could heartily concur with Dr. Holmes' assertion, If a man really believed in such dogmas, as he believes fire will burn, he would be in an insane asylum in six months. Reared in the atmosphere of New England Liberalism I was content with the reasonableness of its theology. Not scourged to revolt against the influences of my environment, I have, as already intimated, no wrestlings with inherited opinions to chronicle, but merely a simple account of how the theosophical philosophy fitted in with and supplemented visions of life—mortal and immortal—already mistily entertained. Such a story will be to members of the Society more than a twice-told tale. But I am constrained by a long-unkept promise to tell my simple experience—having no other to relate. I combat my reluctance to keep it, with a tale of so little significance, by the thought that it may chance to meet the eye of some one unfamiliar with theosophical doctrines who may thereby be lead to an examination of them.

The earliest knowledge I had of Mme. Blavatsky and her message was presented to me in a theosophical leaflet which came into my hands by accident. The little treatise told in three small pages of the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma. Brief as it was, it was the first clear and sensible teaching of rebirth I had ever met. I was well acquainted with Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*; had been greatly interested by the story of Prince Siddartha and by the Buddhistic teachings of the poem. I knew also of the ancient doctrine of metempsychosis, but these conceptions, coupled with their fantastic fables, made no impression on me. The simple theosophical account of the soul incarnating in repeated earth lives, until it has acquired the experience and spiritual development requisite to fit it for a higher plane of existence, was a wide departure from the idea of men being reborn as animals and insects, and it arrested my attention at once. This saner teaching appealed to me as something not altogether new and strange. It may have been "the reminiscent knowledge of a prior existence" which

prepared me to accept the doctrine of rebirth "in advance of Evidence." However that may be, I received it unhesitatingly as logically satisfactory; and, taken together with the correlative doctrine of Karma, as adequately explanatory of many of the mysteries of existence. In particular it afforded, to my mind, an absolute reconciliation of the astounding paradox of the cruel irregularities of life persisting in a universe created and controlled by Infinite Power and Infinite Love. Believe every one's condition in the present life to be the natural and inherent inheritance of one's own individual prior existence—and all becomes just and fair. Moreover I had felt for some time that the theory of the birth of the soul with the body was irrational and untenable. Apart from the manifest corollary that if the soul be without ending it must be without beginning, I had begun to doubt that the Creator would leave the consummation of the superlatively-greatest of His creations, an immortal soul, to man's contingent co-operation. I think the first hint of this doubt came to me not from a theological, or metaphysical, or mystical source, but from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' whimsical poem describing the courtship of his great-grandmother, wherein he asks, What if she had said "No," Should I have been I? Is it conceivable that the *soul* of the benignant Autocrat depended on that answer? Thus Reincarnation required no special pleading to win my assent. With its complementary tenet of Karma, emphasizing in unthought of ways and making clear the compelling teaching of the Master of Nazareth, I welcomed the message of the East,—was glad *to listen*.

With the introduction by the little leaflet to these novel but arresting ideas I read A. P. Sinnett's *Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism* and Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*, in the order named, and was fully launched on a systematic study of all the authorities I could reach. And at the beginning of this study I was greatly impressed by the lofty standard inculcated by the Masters—the spiritual elevation implied in the insistence on the absolute negation of self in any seeking for the Kingdom of Heaven. (I well remember hearing a revered Unitarian teacher—the Rev. James Freeman Clark—tell his people that a man who was selfishly and absorbingly concerned in saving his own soul hadn't a soul worth saving; and a greater Teacher has said, He who seeks to save his life shall lose it.)

The authority of personal and intimate knowledge with which these startling philosophies were expounded, even the assumption of absolute knowledge of the Hereafter did not deter me from giving ear to them. I had accepted as "gospel truth" Huxley's postulate that in the limitless past of Creation there must of necessity have been evolved beings as superior to man as man is to a black beetle; and I recognized the theory of the evolution of the soul as the necessary complement of Darwin's *Evolution of Man*, since such evolution is but a

half-truth without it. Therefore it was not difficult for me to believe in the source of the Eastern Teachings, nor difficult to accept the revelations regarding man's origin and destiny as based upon specific knowledge acquired by the Brotherhood of Masters through the long lapse of the eternal ages. Accept Darwin's and Huxley's theses—and who questions them?—and belief in the Masters, and in what they disclose of the past and of the future, comes easy. Believing from earlier than I knew in Jesus of Nazareth as The Master, reverentially so called by His Disciples—not the Deity, but the Son, as He called Himself—I could naturally believe in other Masters, other Sons—advanced beings such as Huxley predicates “*of necessity.*” Nor is it unreasonable that they should be living on earth today. Not in the crowded haunts of men, but in this physical existence like ourselves, and devoting their, to us, marvellous powers to influencing the world in ways and by means beyond our dreaming; and that “they know whereof they speak,” even of that which lies beyond the Veil.

And finally the light the Eastern Teachings shed upon Him who came to bring Immortality to light seems unmistakably corroborative of the identity of Source from which have come the Christian Gospels and the Eastern Wisdom. Each supplements the other, leaving, to my intelligence, no room for doubt of the external verity of both. Accepting thus the teachings of Theosophy as in strict consonance with the present conception of the true meaning of the message of Christ, I was instinctively drawn to the fellowship of the Society which is publishing and studying the literature of the Eastern Sages.

A.

“It is not what the best men do, but what they are, that constitutes their benediction to their fellow men.”

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

GERMAN MEMBERS AND THE WAR

“THE problem that confronts the German members of the Theosophical Society is how to help Germany. But to help Germany they must understand her, and it is notorious that to understand that of which one is a part is supremely difficult. To understand oneself we need and must have the help of others. So of necessity, if the German members are to serve Germany as they wish, they should be willing to give unbiased and impersonal consideration to the opinions of those whose friendliness for them, as fellow-members of the Society, it would really be ridiculous to question.”

It was the Philosopher who spoke. He met with instant response from the others present, for they also had been thinking things over and had come to a similar conclusion.

“I do not think we have been sufficiently explicit so far,” said the Student. “In my opinion the time has come to be quite frank, quite simple, and the *Screen* provides as good a medium as any other.

“The German members have not understood our attitude, and, irrespective even of the motive which the Philosopher has advanced, we owe it to them to make that attitude as clear as daylight.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

“Complete understanding, mutual and sympathetic, should always be the aim of members of the Theosophical Society. That we should agree is not in the least degree necessary. In fact, the Theosophical Society is not supposed to be made up of people who think alike, but, on the contrary, of people who, thinking differently, recognize that Truth is one and indivisible, and who are willing always to credit their fellow-members with the same whole-hearted desire to discover the Truth which they themselves have made the ruling desire of their lives. . . . Suppose, therefore, that instead of half saying what we think, for fear of wounding or offending others, we proceed on the supposition that we can trust them not to be offended, but to recognize both our honesty and our unqualified affection for them personally.”

“Good,” replied the Philosopher. “You have approached the subject from a slightly different angle, but you arrive where I do. We shall have to begin at the beginning, which means, in this case, we shall have to define our terms.

THE STUDY OF NATIONS

“First, however, there are three things I should like to make very clear. One is that we do not regard America as perfect, and that we

shall always be grateful for any light that German or other European members can throw on our national characteristics. I doubt if they could say anything which we would not immediately accept. It has been our effort for so many years, not only to understand ourselves, but to understand others, in order to help them—to understand both individuals and nations—that it would be strange if we could not see the lamentable defects in the American national character. As a group we have had many unusual opportunities to see nations as they really are. One or more of us has actually lived in Germany, in France, in England, in India, in Australia. As a group I doubt if there is a continent in which we have not passed considerable periods of time—Africa, north and south; Asia, America, Europe, Australasia, including New Zealand. So our opinion ought to be worth something—even of America itself! And if German members could realize the agony of shame which we have experienced during the past fourteen months, because of things which the United States has done or has left undone, it seems to me that they would be more open to receive, without prejudice, the light on Germany which we offer them.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

“The second thing I want to make clear,” continued the Philosopher, “is the vast importance of understanding *per se*. For one member of a community thoroughly to understand that community; to recognize its wrong-doing for what it is, and to deplore it as Daniel deplored the sins of Israel (“And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes. And I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my confession, and said, O Lord, the great and dreadful God . . . *we* have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments”); for one member of a community to see and to act as Daniel acted, carries light and repentance to others as nothing else can. It does not follow, of necessity, that a word need be said. To see is to enable others to see; to repent is to bring others to repentance. Nothing in the world is so contagious as right thought.

SIN AND ITS REMEDY

“This brings me to my third point. If an individual has done wrong, the most fatal and most foolish next step is to try to brazen it out. God is not mocked. Even our neighbors are not deceived for long. There is but one sane thing to do, and that is at once to confess, at once to repent, at once to atone, at once to do generous penance. And it is the same with a nation. If a nation has committed some great wrong, she will go from bad to worse and from disaster to disaster, unless she has the courage openly to confess her wrong and promptly to try to atone for it. Otherwise, whether for the individual or for the nation, there is only one salvation, and that is to be beaten to her

knees. It is because the divine powers love us—not because they hate us—that they fight always to bring us to our knees, first by trying to work on us interiorly, through our conscience, and then, if that fail, by aiding life itself, and the just law, to force upon us from the outside that which we have been unwilling to do on our own initiative.

“Consequently, if Germany has behaved as we believe, every German who sees it and who repents for and with his country, lightens the blows of national Karma to that extent, even if the force of his repentance be not great enough to carry his nation with him.

RESPONSIBILITY AND OPPORTUNITY

“The responsibility of a member of the Theosophical Society is far more serious than that of others, because his opportunity to see the truth is greater, and because his connection with the Lodge gives him influence for good or for evil such as no others can possibly possess.

“In the nature of things, the divine powers want to save all that is best in Germany. They cannot save her except by bringing her to her knees. She is resisting that with all her will. She resists it, in most cases, to the point of persuading herself that she has not sinned at all; to the point of justifying all that she has done; to the point of considering herself harshly and unjustly judged by others. It is what every weak man does when he has sinned: he sees himself as misunderstood, as a martyr, and then either hardens himself against criticism, or bellows his complaints, or accuses his friends of lying.

“This, I am confident, could never be the wish of our German members for their fatherland. Their wish would be to know the truth, about the war as about all other things that concern them; and then, fearlessly facing the truth, their one thought will be to do what is right in the light of it.”

THE WAR NOT A POLITICAL QUESTION

“We should begin, I think,” said the Student, “by clearing up this misconception about politics. In that admirable letter from our Brother Raatz, which will appear in the current issue of the QUARTERLY—it is the only one of the two letters I have seen—he urges that to discuss the war is to discuss politics. That is a mistake, and I wish that German members could see why. Perhaps comparison with the recent Frank case will help them.

“For their benefit, let me state briefly the facts of that case as I recall them. A young girl of Irish descent was foully murdered in the State of Georgia. A man named Frank, of Jewish descent, was accused of the crime. He was tried several times, and was condemned to death. The Governor of the State did not think the evidence conclusive and commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Local feeling had run very high. It was announced beforehand that Frank would, in any case, be killed. Finally he was taken by force from prison and was hung by masked lynchers.

"I did not follow the case in detail. I do not know and I do not care whether the Governor was a Republican or a Democrat. I have heard that a Populist writer has been held responsible by some people for the intensity of the local feeling. But that, again, has nothing to do with the issue. Surely our German members will agree that mob violence, that lynching, that defiance of legally constituted authority, are wrong *per se*, and that such things should be condemned by every member of the Theosophical Society, not because they were done in Georgia; not because the girl was Irish and the man Jewish; not because either Republicans or Democrats were or were not involved,—but solely because such conduct is wicked, and because wickedness stands out above political and personal considerations.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION

"The same principle applies to the murder of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife. That was a murder. It was a crime. For a Serbian member of the Theosophical Society to have defended that, or to have insisted that it was a question of politics and should not be discussed or referred to in the *QUARTERLY*, would have condemned him as blind to the real issue.

"That crime ought to have been punished, and if Austria had reason to believe that the Serbian Government would prove unable or unwilling to bring the murderers to justice, Austria ought to have used every effort to enlist the co-operation of Russia, Italy, France, England, Germany, to compel Serbia to do her duty. Incidentally, as no effort of that kind was made—Austria from the first taking the law into her own hands—it is a fair inference that the punishment of crime was not Austria's real motive, but that she used the crime as an excuse to further her other ends.

"That, however, is not the point. The point is that a crime is a crime, and must be seen as such regardless of possible political associations.

"So far, would our German members agree or not? I think they would.

NATIONS MUST BE JUDGED

"It is daylight clear to my mind, and to practically all educated Americans, that Germany, since the beginning of the war, has been guilty of many crimes, and that unfortunately her Government, which is not hostile to the sentiment of her people, is in every sense responsible for what amounts to wholesale murder and to wholesale treachery. In other words, the responsibility for what Germany has done cannot be laid upon a group of irresponsible individuals. Every nation contains cowards and scoundrels. It would be grossly unfair to condemn Germany for the isolated acts of some of her soldiers. We do not do that. We simply recognize the fact that the German Government,

which is said to be supported by the German people, has proved itself dishonorable, barbarous, and guilty of monstrous murder.

"If our members in the State of Georgia are blind to the fact that the lynching of Frank was a crime, quite regardless of whether he had or had not murdered Mary Phagan; if, because we say what we think about it, they accuse us of 'anti-Georgian prejudice' or nonsense of that sort—one can merely hope and pray that later on, when their passions have subsided, they will recognize, not only our impartial sincerity, but that it was our duty, for their sakes, and for the sake of civilization and of Theosophy, to give them the opportunity now to hear the Truth as we see it, and to proclaim that Truth to all who are willing to listen."

"Now for the facts——"

IF ANOTHER HAD DONE IT

"Pardon me," broke in the Gael; "but before you recite the facts, I should like this question to be considered: suppose that France, while bound by treaty to observe and to protect Swiss neutrality, were to demand tomorrow of Switzerland the right to march troops through her territory and to occupy it temporarily, in order to attack Germany on her flank. Suppose that Switzerland were to refuse, and that French armies were then at once sent to 'hack a way' through to Germany. Suppose that France were to do this on the ground that the present German lines are too difficult to pierce and that therefore 'military necessity' compelled her to violate Swiss neutrality. Suppose that the Swiss were to resist to the utmost, and that, as punishment for this unexpected and irritating resistance, France were to burn cities and villages; were to blackmail, with threats, other cities, levying vast sums as the price of immunity; and were to put to death many hundreds of women and children and non-combatants.

"Suppose that, a year later, to defend herself against the whole world's execration, France were to assert that since she did this, and as a result of her occupation, she had discovered among the Swiss archives the report of a conversation between a Germany military attaché and a member of the Swiss General Staff, concerning what would happen and what could be done in the event of a French invasion of Swiss territory; and suppose that France tried to twist this conversation into evidence of conspiracy and were to point to it as a sort of *post mortem* justification of her conduct.

"What would our German members think and say? Would they protest and condemn merely because they are German and because Germany had been exposed to attack; or would they see a crime as a crime, and would they protest and condemn in the name of God, of justice, and of humanity?"

"Yet, in view of what their own nation has done,—*could* they protest, until they have admitted, in sackcloth and ashes, that Germany had sinned the same hideous sin?"

"You have stated my first fact for me," said the Student, "although it will be well to add certain evidence while we are about it. Thus, as to Germany's original motive and original excuse for violating Belgian neutrality, it will be best to let the German authorities speak for themselves.

GERMANY'S MOTIVE

"On the outbreak of the war, the German Foreign Secretary explained that Germany must go through Belgium to attack France because she could not afford the time to do otherwise. This is what Herr von Jagow said:

"The Imperial Government had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with the operations and endeavor to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death with them, as, if they had gone by the more southern route, they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of roads and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition, entailing great loss of time. This loss of time would have meant time gained by the Russians for bringing up their troops to the German frontier. Rapidity of action was the great German asset, while that of Russia was an inexhaustible supply of troops.'

"In the Reichstag, too, on the 4th of August, 1914, the German Chancellor stated in referring to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg:

"The wrong—I speak openly—the wrong we thereby commit we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained.'

"The violation of Belgian neutrality, therefore, was deliberate, although Germany had actually guaranteed that neutrality; and surely there has been nothing more despicably mean than to attempt to justify it *ex post facto* by bringing against the innocent, inoffensive Belgian Government and people the totally false charge of having plotted against Germany.

"In view of such statements, there can be no possible question as to Germany's original motive. Furthermore, the step she took was not decided upon hastily, in a moment of crisis. It had been premeditated, for years. Avowedly, the military strategy of Germany has been and is offensive, not defensive. It was impossible to conceal the construction by Germany of strategical branch railway lines leading direct to the frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg—lines which were completed several years before the war. . . . No, as I said, there can be no question as to the motive, the intention, the predetermination.

GERMANY'S PRETEXT

"Yet, in view of the outcry against her which her action raised,

Germany later did her utmost to reinforce her one original pretext,* namely that France was intending to do what she herself had done. It is an absurd pretext. France was most anxious to secure the moral and, if possible, the material support of Great Britain. France was asked specifically by Great Britain if she intended 'to respect and maintain the neutrality of Belgium' in the event of war. France responded by telegraph received on August 1, 1914, saying that she was 'resolved to respect the neutrality of Belgium.' In reply to the same question addressed to Germany, Great Britain, through her Ambassador in Berlin, was informed: 'I have seen the Secretary of State, who informs me that he must consult the Emperor and the Chancellor before he could possibly answer.' Pressed for something less evasive, Herr von Jagow expressed doubt as to whether he could respond further, 'for any response on his part would not fail, in case of war, to have the regrettable effect of divulging a part of the German plan of campaign'!

AN AFTER-THOUGHT

"The charge that Great Britain had plotted to violate Belgian neutrality was not advanced until the Autumn of 1914. It was based upon a Belgian record of a conversation with the British Military Attaché. This conversation was so unofficial and unimportant that it was never reported either to the British Foreign Office or to the British War Office. On the face of it, as given in German publications, the conversation referred only to the contingency of Belgium being attacked; it showed that the entry of the British into Belgium could take place only after violation of Belgian territory by some other power, and it showed also that no convention or agreement existed between the British and Belgian governments.

"Not only was there no convention; there was positive and official assurance by Great Britain that British troops would not be landed in Belgium except in the case of violation of its territory by another power. Germany, as late as September, 1915, had not permitted the reproduction of the document which proves this, and which proves that her own accusation is untrue. It is a dispatch from Sir Edward Grey to the British Minister to Belgium, dated April 7, 1913, in which Sir Edward states:

"'In speaking to the Belgian Minister today, I said, speaking unofficially, that it had been brought to my knowledge that there was apprehension in Belgium lest we should be the first to violate Belgium's neutrality. I did not think that apprehension could have come from a British source. The Belgian Minister informed me that there had been

* The original pretext is given in a Proclamation dated August 4th, 1914, signed by Von Emmich as the General commanding the army of the Meuse, and addressed "Au Peuple belge." The German troops, it says, are compelled to cross the frontier of Belgium. "Elles agissent sous la contrainte d'une nécessité inévitable," "the neutrality of Belgium having already been violated by French officers who, *in disguise* (the italics are mine), have crossed Belgian territory in an automobile in order to penetrate into Germany." Could anything be more absurd!

talk from a British source which he could not name, of the landing of troops in Belgium by Great Britain, in order to anticipate a possible despatch of German troops through Belgium to France. I said that I was sure that this Government would not be the first to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and I did not believe that any British Government would be the first to do so, nor would public opinion here ever approve of it. What we had to consider—and it was a somewhat embarrassing question—was what it would be desirable and necessary for us, as one of the guarantors of Belgium's neutrality, to do, if Belgian neutrality was violated by any Power. For us to be the first to violate it and to send troops into Belgium would be to give Germany, for instance, justification for sending troops into Belgium also. What we desired in the case of Belgium, as in that of other neutral countries, was that their neutrality should be respected, and as long as it was not violated by any other Power we would certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory.'

"As a Belgian is reported to have said :

"The Chancellor bases his accusations against Belgium of having violated her neutrality on the fact that the military attachés mentioned the possibility of military operations in case Germany attacked Belgium. With equal justice a murderer could plead that his victim was justly put to death because friends of his had been heard talking to him of coming to his help in case he was assaulted.'

"It would perhaps be well to add," said the Newcomer, "that so particular were both France and England to keep their part of the contract, that even after German troops admittedly had entered Belgium, it was not until the Belgian Government, on August 4th, had asked for French aid, that French air-craft, on August 5th, were authorized to do scouting service in Belgium. Not until the 6th were orders given to a corps of French cavalry to assist the Belgian army, and not until the 8th did the Belgian Government issue instructions that the Belgian railways were to be placed at the disposal of the French military authorities. France did not move in any particular until Belgium had requested her to do so. Neither did Great Britain—though her action came so much later that, in this respect, it has less significance."

THE ESSENCE OF IT

"Your facts are interesting, and I agree with every word you have said"—this was from the member whom we call the Ancient—"but any facts, no matter how well authenticated, are open to dispute, and Germans I have met, have so rooted a conception as to what took place at that time, that I doubt if you will find one of them prepared really to sift the evidence. Further, I do not think that the facts are essential. Let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that both France and England did everything that any German can allege against them; that they violated Belgian neutrality before Germany did so, and that they had plotted with Belgium against Germany (how any German can make such an allegation while his Government is trying so hard to prove that Belgian

Ambassadors were afraid of French aggression, is of course a mystery, but is one that need not be solved). Let us accept all these allegations as true. It follows, says our German, that his country was justified in doing what she did.

"What does this imply? It implies that if my neighbour steals from me, I am justified in stealing from him. It implies that Germany had and has no code of honour, but merely reflects her neighbours at their lowest level. Otherwise, no matter what England or France had done, Germany would have said, '*Noblesse oblige*.' "Because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." I have promised and I must keep my promise.' She would have gone to the rescue of Belgium when asked by the Belgian Government to do so. Until then, she would have respected the neutrality of Belgium because she was pledged to respect it. Honour is honour, and a promise is a promise. Germany, on the face of it, does not think so; accepting all her claims and allegations, she does not think that honour comes first. There is no possible escape from that conclusion. The facts, one way or the other, do not affect it. And that is why Germany is universally condemned; that is why her wrong-doing is proved out of her own mouth, quite regardless of substantiating evidence. . . . But this is an interjection, and you, my friend the Student, can continue your own line of thought as if I had not spoken."

So the Student continued:

MORAL BLINDNESS

"Germany, then, violated her own guarantee, treating it as a mere 'scrap of paper.' She was treacherous, cowardly, dishonorable. And although it is true that her Chancellor publicly described what she was doing as 'a wrong,' he added in the next breath that 'necessity knows no law,' thus seeking to justify the wrong on the ground of expediency, and showing that he had no conception of any law, either human or divine, whether of honour or of principle, except his own notion of what would make for German military aggrandizement. He stood for the doctrine that 'might is right'; he was, so far as we know, supported by the whole German nation, or by an overwhelming majority of that nation, and he proved, in a sentence, that Germany is not to be counted among the civilized states of the world.

"The most appalling fact of all is that the vast majority of Germans would not understand what I am talking about. Even if they were to accept my statement of the facts, they would ask with hair-lifting self-satisfaction, 'Well, what of it?' They would resent the word 'uncivilized.' They would resent being told that their conduct might have been expected from certain Indian tribes of North America, or from some of the former Amirs of Afghanistan. But they would fail utterly to see the connection between the facts and the verdict,—the truth being that the worst penalty of sin is the blindness which sin

induces, and that Germany as a nation holds fast to the creed of her Emperor—"There is only one law, and that is my law"—and for many years past has acted upon it."

NO NEW THING

"Pardon me," interrupted the Gael at this point. "You say 'for many years past.' I think that is a grave and also a very common mistake. Sir Oliver Lodge, in his recent treatise on the war, speaks of the Germans as having been 'an incurably idealistic and mystical people,' and then, without seeming to see the incongruity, he quotes from characteristic German sources:

"It is reserved for us [Germans] to assume in thought that creative rôle in religion which the whole Teutonic race abandoned fourteen centuries ago. . . . Germany and the whole Teutonic people in the fifth century made a great error; they conquered Rome, but, dazzled by Rome's authority, they adopted the religion and the culture of the vanquished. . . . For more than thirty generations Germany has struggled and wrestled to see with eyes that were not her eyes, to worship a God that was not her God, to live with a world-vision that was not her vision, and to strive for a heaven that was not hers.'

"The point is that Germany was never really converted from barbarism; that she still believes in barbarism; that her adaptations of Christianity are barbaric, and that while there has been much talk about Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi, you need go no further afield than Mommsen to realize that his history of Rome is in reality nothing but a glorification of force and a defence of the German spirit. Even Lord Cromer writes of the 'collapse of the moral forces of Germany which has taken place during the last forty or fifty years.' There has been no such collapse. So long as the Germans were suppressed—and there have been periods in history when they were; so long as they lacked self-confidence, they tried hard to imitate and to adopt the customs and beliefs of their civilized neighbors. Hegel and Fichte and others labored industriously to persuade themselves that there was something in Christian idealism—tried hard to reduce Christianity to a formula that would conform to German mental processes; but they would never have done this if imitation at that time had not been fashionable. As soon as self-confidence was recovered—completely only after 1870—the entire nation turned with a sigh of relief to its natural paganism.

WHAT GERMAN MEMBERS HAVE CONFRONTED

"Do you mean to tell me that German members of the Society can fail to recognize the devils they have been fighting in Germany ever since the Society had a footing there; that they can fail to recognize, 'There is only one law, and that is my law,' as the real creed of their nation—working out, with ever-increasing ruthlessness, with the most vulgar self-assertion and the most brutal egotism, into all departments

of life—into the relations of men and women, parents and children, into art and science and commerce? Have they forgotten the poster which advertised broadcast the Cologne Exhibition of 1914—the naked Hun, with flaming torch, on horse-back? It has been said that that flamboyant poster was part of the German Emperor's deliberate campaign to advertise Germany to the Germans, and to impress upon the German people their characteristics and their destiny as he proudly saw them. But there is no need to bring the Emperor into it. The advertisement tells its own story. . . . Truly the German members ought to understand. They have had their hands full enough. Like St. Paul, they have had 'to fight with beasts at Ephesus.'"

GERMAN DISCIPLINE

"How do you reconcile so anarchical a creed as you have cited, with the German genius for order and discipline?" It was the Objector who raised the question.

"There is no contradiction," answered the Gael. "German Imperialism and Socialism are twins. That was demonstrated years ago. M. Demolins merely repeated unanswerable arguments. It is a fact we have often discussed and which has often been referred to in the *Screen*. And when an entire nation shares a creed and is set on its realization, not only personally but nationally; when, as in the legions of Satan, the individual sees that his own ends can be gained only by concerted action, then discipline becomes Satanically perfect and organization is used for selfish and evil purposes. Such discipline contains elements of violent disruption, but, if one may judge by the Black Lodge, these elements may be suppressed for an astonishing length of time."

INHUMANITY

"Do not let us side-track our discussion," said the Student. "We have considered Germany's most obvious offence in this war—the violation of Belgian neutrality. I should like to know whether the German members have read the 'Report of the Committee on Alleged German Outrages' in Belgium and France, and if they have read the reply of their own Government to that Report. The Committee, as probably they know, was presided over by Viscount Bryce. It reported that after a lengthy and detailed examination of all the available testimony, including the personal diaries of many of the German dead, it is proved—

"(i) That there were in many parts of Belgium, deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population, accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages.'

"(ii) That in the conduct of the war generally, innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women violated, and children murdered.'

"(iii) That looting, house burning, and the wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German

Army; that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of the war, and that the burnings and destruction were frequent where no military necessity could be alleged, being indeed part of a system of general terrorization.'

"(iv) That the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire, to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag.'

"That report was signed by Lord Bryce, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Sir Edward Clarke, among others; and the old-fashioned conservatism of Sir Edward Clarke's statements are famous. The Report consists of 61 pages. The Appendix consists of 196 pages of carefully considered evidence."

SOME PARTICULARS

It should be understood that the evidence from Belgian and English sources merely corroborated and amplified the testimony contained in German letters and diaries. One or two extracts from these will serve to show their nature. This, for instance, is from the field notebook of an officer in the 178th Regiment, XIIth (Saxon) Corps:

"August 23rd. . . . Every house in the whole village (Bouvines) was destroyed. We dragged the villagers one after another out of the most unlikely corners. The men were shot as well as the women and children who were in the convent, since shots had been fired from the convent windows; and we burnt it afterwards.

"August 26th.—We marched to Nismes. After passing Merlemont we came to Villers-en-Fagne. The inhabitants had warned the French [very properly] of the arrival of our troops by a signal from the church tower. The enemy's guns opened on us [the invaders] and killed and wounded quite a few. So in the evening we set fire to the village; the priest and some of the inhabitants were shot. . . . The pretty little village of Gue d'Ossus, however, was apparently set on fire without cause. A cyclist fell off his machine and his rifle went off. He immediately said he had been shot at. *All the inhabitants were burnt in the houses. . . .*"

Or this, from the diary of a German soldier named Eitel Anders:

"We then arrived at the town of Wandre. . . . Everything was examined. . . . In one house a whole collection of weapons was found. The inhabitants without exception (samt und sonders) were brought out and shot."

BELGIAN TESTIMONY

"There was a Belgian official report on these atrocities, equally convincing. The French Government also has investigated, and has published the result, covering a wider field because including an account of the horrors perpetrated in France. But perhaps it will be claimed that committees appointed by hostile governments can bring in only one verdict—an unjust supposition in these cases, considering the personnel, and

yet an imaginable objection. Let us therefore include the testimony of a man like Emile Verhaeren, who probably, before the war, had more friends in Germany than in Belgium itself, and who was at least as highly regarded by intelligent Germans as he was by the literati of his own nation.

"In Verhaeren's recent book, translated under the title *Belgium's Agony*, he recalls that within two hours of Germany's ultimatum she was breathing forth the purity of her intentions toward Belgium. He continues:

"She could have dared to offer open battle, but she preferred a treacherous ambushade. And by this deed she has created against herself in the hearts of Belgians a hatred so passionate and so universal that it will go down from this generation to a depth that no man can foretell. * * * The Germans have waged no real war against us, they have been ravagers, thieves, pillagers, assassins. Courageous enough in actual battle, after each fight they have behaved like brutal cowards.

"They have not been satisfied with the devastation caused by their armies; they have deliberately created a famine in Southern Belgium. Now, in the full twentieth century and in Europe, there are cries of a people dying of hunger. Help pours in from all sides. America is splendid. But how far will these gifts go to satisfy the hunger of whole provinces? It is an unvarying rule that conquered territories must be provisioned by their conquerors. But the Germans recognize no duties in warfare. They are glad that those whom they have not been able to slaughter should die a death even more horrible."

"As an instance of wholesale pillage, Verhaeren tells how the station at Malines was blocked with 700 pianos taken from the homes in that town. He recites acts of savagery inflicted on men and women. He tells of a merchant who decided to stay in his country house near Antwerp with his two daughters, 17 and 20 years old. Five German officers took up their quarters in the house and were treated as hospitably as possible. An abundant dinner was prepared for them, but before sitting down to it the oldest of the officers ordered the father to be confined in his own cellar. . . . When he was released the next morning his daughters had been given over to the common soldiers, and one of them was insane. The other has since killed herself. The facts are vouched for by the French Minister of War.

MAKING BAD WORSE

"The German answer to all these charges, including those contained in the Bryce Report, is simply a general denial, with the extraordinary reservation that because the men, women and children of Belgium fought to defend their homes; because they used every possible weapon, including boiling water, for that purpose,—therefore whatever was done in retaliation was justified; yes, the rape of women and the maiming of children, like the violation of Belgian neutrality,—justified

on the ground of military necessity! I do not mean that any single case of outrage was admitted by the German Government; but the sum and substance of its reply was—'Whatever truth there may be in any of these charges is easily understood for the reason that the women and children did so-and-so'!

"Now here again is an absolute parting of the ways between civilization and barbarism. There *can* be no justification for such outrages. The German Government, and presumably the German people, or most of them, think otherwise.

"What salvation can there be for Germany until the elect of her people see it, deplore it, and, for the whole nation, confess it to God with heart-broken remorse? And that would be but a beginning, for the nation itself must repent, must be converted, must be brought to its knees not only outwardly but in its heart, if, as a nation, it is to escape destruction.

"That is why so much depends upon the German members of the Theosophical Society. Do they realize the extent to which the fate of their country is in their hands? If pride and racial prejudice were to blind them, I should regard Germany as irretrievably lost."

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WAR

"Before we adjourn," said the Orientalist, "I really think that the Philosopher ought to explain what he meant when referring, earlier in the conversation, to the agony of shame which we have experienced during the past fourteen months, because of things which the United States has done or has left undone. I know, of course, what you meant" (turning to him), "but I should not like others to misunderstand."

THE VERDICT OF HISTORY

"When history comes to be written," answered the Philosopher, "I think it will be recognized that to mind one's own business means to mind it, not to shirk minding it; and if I, having children, live on a street where another family of children is unmannerly and rough to the point of throwing stones at neighbors, it becomes part of my business to protest by every means in my power against such misconduct. New York and Paris are closer today than were Paris and Berlin in the time of George Washington. In fact, all nations now live on the same street.

NEUTRALITY

"It may be that those of us who have travelled a great deal in Europe, and who hope to travel there again, feel our present situation more keenly than others. I can imagine myself in France, in England. I am from New York. 'Oh, an American!' It would be entirely polite. The contempt would be of the heart; not of manner or voice. On the international 'street,' I should have come from a house which had kept up 'cordial and friendly relations' with the house which had violated every

canon of decency, every code of honor, every principle of neighborly behaviour; which had attacked and injured other people on the street, so that nearly every house that counted, except my house, had risen in protest, had risen in arms—for the sake of the street as well as for its own sake. My house had remained 'neutral.'

"Neutral—'not yet ascended into Hell.' It is where Dante placed them. Heaven and Hell alike reject them—Heaven, to keep itself free from stain; Hell, 'lest the damned should gain some glory from them.' Naked; stung by hornets and wasps so that their faces streamed with blood, in perpetual pursuit of a flying banner 'unworthy of all pause'; crushed with the misery of their utter worthlessness—souls that refused to judge, that never gave themselves to anyone or anything, that feared the risk of failure, that neither a good cause nor a bad could ever force into the open! Neutral, as Pilate was neutral! The bitter shame of it!

A MORE HOPEFUL VIEW

The Gael half laughed, half groaned. But he is optimistic. "Remember," he said, "what a French officer said recently to Rudyard Kipling: that Germany is saving the world by showing us what evil is. Even we may learn to hate it—and may learn thereby to love righteousness more than we love ourselves."

FROM AN OCCULT DIARY

That was the end of our talk. . . . And now for what may seem to some people like a violent change of subject, but which actually is the same subject—the one subject: 'Thy Kingdom come;' the everlasting struggle between good and evil, right and wrong, God and Satan.

The Recorder has come across an old entry in one of the diaries of Mrs. S., whose inner experience was made the subject of several *Screens* a year or two ago.

"I was feeling dreadfully dry and unresponsive," her entry begins. "In fact, my mind was thoroughly tired, and I had to use my will to read even St. Teresa—an unusual experience for me. What I read was a reminder of the Master's supreme power. So I turned to him, saying in my heart: 'Yes, what she says is true, and it follows that thou couldst give me all that I ask, all that I desire. My desire is to love thee passionately and completely, and to love others with the same love, because of thee and in union with thee. I ask thee, therefore, to take my heart and to make it wholly thine.'

"Actually I did not say as much as that, and before I had finished it seemed that the Master hurried to reply—almost impatiently, but perhaps that impression was due to his desire to use instantly, and before my mind wandered to some other topic, the opening I had given him. His words I do not clearly remember, but this is the sense of them: 'My child, what else do I want? For what else am I laboring? Do I not long to give you what you ask? Yet you know that I cannot over-

rule your free will. It is by small acts of self-denial that you must give me the material—the clay—with which to work. Then I can do all things.'

"At once I said to him: 'Thy grace is sufficient, dear Master.'

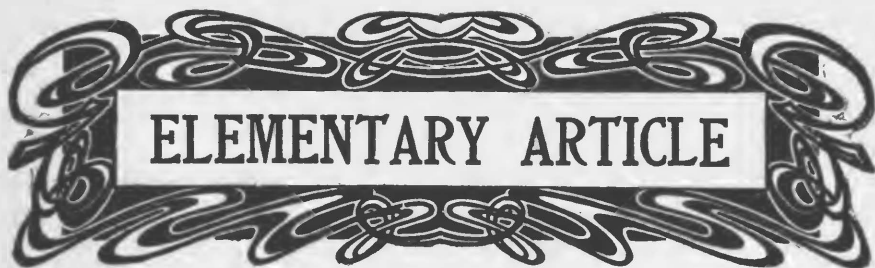
"'But if thou wert not to use the grace I gave thee, what injury to thee! And I would be compelled to recover it, for what I give is my life, and I am answerable and must not lose it' (He said this in about ten words, in place of my forty).

"There was no answer to that, so I changed my tactics. I told him how tired my mind was, and how difficult I found it to galvanize my will to the point of making these small yet constant acts of self-surrender, which I well knew, as he said, were necessary if he were to do for me what he wanted and what I, in my real self, also most fervently desired. How could I galvanize my will?

"Now, I had been dreaming dreams of work elsewhere of other and more stimulating kinds, and the Master, smiling but not unrepublishing, brought those dreams back to my mind. Then, without words, he made a sort of picture of a man grinding corn—and so tired of it; so deadly sick of it! The man would enlist—would do anything, rather than forever grind and grind that corn. And the Master asked me what I would say to that man? I knew! How foolish that man! Would it be weeks or months before he grew as tired of his drill or of his marches as he now was of his grinding?

"'He is tired of himself and of working for himself: and he need not and should not do either. He could grind God's enemies to powder; he could provide me with endless force for the victory of God on earth; he could support armies; could uphold the hands of their leaders—just by grinding with that *intention*, selflessly and for love's sake. Are you capable of less? Realize that those small acts of self-surrender are all contained in one,—the surrender of this foolish thought that they are small.'

"That is what I want, O Master: to think no longer of my happiness but of thy happiness; to think no longer of my comfort but of thy comfort; no longer of my fate but of thy fate; no longer of my interests but of thy interests; no longer of my pains but of thy pains. I want so to be filled with love of thee that there is no room in me for love of myself. To know thee is to love thee; to think constantly of thee and about thee leads to knowledge of thee and so to love of thee. Therefore give me thy grace that, whatever I do or see or hear, I may act as for thy hands, may see as with thine eyes, may hear as with thine ears."



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

VIII

STANDARDS OF CONDUCT

THE subject of self-will is so important that I want to give some illustrations of its more subtle ramifications, and in particular of the part which it plays in our connection with the Religious Life.

People may be divided, roughly, into three classes: the immense majority who are frankly materialistic in their aims and desires. Most of them know of religion. They may even observe its outer forms and attend its ceremonies. But when the teaching of religion runs counter to their desires, which it does at once and completely, in nearly every direction, they thrust its appeal aside, preferring not to think of the rather unpleasant subject at all; or at the best, they make an unstable and uneasy compromise between what it demands and what they are willing to give. When circumstances arise which call for sacrifice or self-abnegation, it is an instinctive code of what is proper that influences them, rather than a conscious religious appeal. The world, as a whole, inherits from its own past a certain standard of conduct, which has little or nothing directly to do with religion. People are expected to maintain this standard, and anyone who falls short of it conspicuously is likely to be conspicuously blamed. A man who saves his life in a public accident when women and children perish is looked at askance unless he has a satisfactory explanation forthcoming.

Of course, the world's standard of conduct varies according to peoples and classes. We do not expect an African negro to act in all circumstances as we would expect a peasant to act; and the world demands a much higher level of performance from a gentleman than from a peasant. The point is that people do, as a very general rule, act according to their world standard. We expect and usually get a definite type of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation from the savages. If not, we are genuinely surprised. We expect and usually get a higher and less ignoble standard from the European peasant. If not, we are surprised and shocked. We expect the gentleman of any race to react in definite ways to circumstances, and if he does not we are very properly grieved and disgusted.

It is sufficiently obvious that this overwhelming majority of the

earth's inhabitants, who react to an instinctive world standard of conduct, have as yet very little to do with religion. Religion holds but a small place in one corner of the code of the best of them, and has no place at all in the lives of the rest. One can safely say that self-will is completely triumphant in this whole class.

It must also, I think, be obvious that this class includes a large number of "Church-goers," and of those who, from the standpoint of the statistician, rank as "religious." But there is another class, very, very much smaller, which emerges gradually out of the higher ranks of the first, and which does not in its lower levels differ essentially from the first. It is the class of people who really make some effort to shape their conduct by the ideals and precepts of religion as well as by the world's instinctive code. One might be inclined at first glance to believe them to be more numerous than they are. But this is an error, for the ordinary good person, even if he attend church service and listen to sermons, follows the world's code on six days in the week and finds that sufficiently difficult and onerous. He has to suppress his self-will many, many times a day to comply with that code, and the higher and greater demands of religion he regards as quite impracticable for business and the ordinary activities of every-day life.

There is, however, this second class of people. They recognize the higher standard and make tentative, repeated, sometimes almost vigorous efforts to live up to it. In moments of enthusiasm, when under some strong external stimulus, such as a revival meeting, they become, for a short time, quite fervent. For days they may maintain a distinctly higher level of attainment. But the impulse wears out, and the life settles back to ordinary levels and ordinary standards, until the smothering soul makes another desperate effort to rouse the will; or until the circumstances of life, usually in the form of pain or misery, spur the flagging energies to renewed effort.

Such lives are a perpetual oscillation, and such people are almost invariably unhappy. I shall come back to them, for this is the class which includes many readers of the *QUARTERLY*; but first I want to touch briefly on the third class—those fervent souls who have earned the privilege of loving, of feeling, and who, through love, through the intensity of their interest, no longer compromise with life, but, like St. Paul, keep the natural man in subjection, and press toward the mark of their high calling. They may still be full of faults, but they never waver in their effort to conquer them. They may still stumble and fall, but no matter how bruised or bleeding, they never hesitate to continue climbing. Fatigue does not daunt them; discouragement no longer shackles them; self-indulgence no longer ensnares them. All the common pitfalls of the struggling soul yawn fruitlessly in the face of the ardour of their love, which, burning always at white heat, carries them over every obstacle and past every obstruction. Oh! for some of their white fire to invigorate the flickering flame which is the best we can

show to the Master's longing gaze. Read the lives of the great Saints and disciples and you will find that they all have this common possession, so great a love for their Master that, no matter what the sacrifice, the effort, the degree of self-abnegation, nothing is too great to give and to give freely and completely for the goal towards which they strain. And they were happy, with an obvious and an increasing joy, which is a complete mystery to those who have had nothing of their vision. They do not see how anyone could be happy while giving up all those so very desirable things which the Saints obviously had to relinquish, and obviously (though strangely!) no longer cared for. Is it not just those things which redeem this rather soggy life from complete vacuity? Eliminate those and what is left? So reasons the secular and inexperienced reader.

Wherein does the joy of the Saint consist? It is a mystery to all but the Saints, but a mystery which they have explained again and again. They say their joy comes from love, from ability to feel. That this mystery of love is an inextinguishable fountain of happiness; that sacrifice ceases to be sacrifice when made for love's sake; that pain ceases to be pain and becomes rapture when borne for love's sake; that poverty, deprivation, all that the world dreads and turns from with a shudder of horror, are but badges of honour when worn in the service of love. As they have accomplished it, we must believe it, even though we may not understand.

How, then, can we of the second class, the oscillating neophytes, gain this great gift of love, that makes possible the doing of all those things which we find so impossibly difficult? That is the supreme question for our consideration. We can compose Rules of Life endlessly, but what is the use of them if we lack the will-power and energy to carry them out? How are we to go about acquiring the power to love, so that, for love's sake, we shall have the energy and will to mount the difficult steps that lead to Heaven? How many, many would-be disciples have asked this same question! What reply do the books make? They answer first of all in a paradox, a triangular paradox: to love the Master, we must know him; to know him, we must obey him; to obey him, we must love him. In other words, if I may be permitted an interpretation, I believe that the process is one of simultaneous and rounded growth. We try, and the reward of effort is the ability to try harder; we sacrifice, and the reward is the ability to sacrifice further; we deny ourselves, and the reward is increased self-control; we struggle, and the reward is a stronger will; we press forward against the grain, and the reward is a lessening of the disinclination; we try to love adequately, and the reward is ability to love better. In still other words, it is all a question of action. We must do something about it. Heaven is gained, not by reading, not by wishing, not by theorizing, not by teaching, or preaching, or by any other thing whatsoever, but by being and doing. We must act, not balk; do, not resolve. Reading is good if it be followed

by action; wishing is better, if it be dynamic. Teaching and preaching are admirable, if they be done for the love of the Master, as he and not as we want to do them. To paraphrase the Bhagavad Gita, which says that he who is perfected in devotion will find knowledge springing up spontaneously within, cannot we say that he who conquers his self-will and follows the will of the Master, who suppresses his lower nature, who keeps his Rule of Life faithfully, who sacrifices his inclinations and performs every least duty with conscientious thoroughness, will be rewarded—not all at once, but by degrees, as he remains steadfast—with that greatest of all gifts which makes everything so easy: a God-given capacity to love, fervently, ceaselessly, mightily.

C. A. G.

“Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.”

LA ROCHFUCAULD.



REVIEWS

Ruysbroeck, by Evelyn Underhill, is the only thorough study in English of one of the world's greatest mystics. This Flemish Saint, for Saint indeed he was, has recently become known through the single French work of Mr. Maeterlink, *L'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles*, a translation of one of Ruysbroeck's most complete and popularly intelligible treatises, and to which there is prefaced a "beautiful but unreliable introduction." In English there have so far appeared only the first sixteen chapters of Ruysbroeck's *The Book of the Twelve Béguines*, and a few extracts quoted in books on mysticism. According to Miss Underhill, by far the choicest and most original contributions of Ruysbroeck to mystical literature lie buried in old and almost inaccessible Latin and Flemish manuscripts. Certainly her quotations are drawn largely from his other chief works, *The Book of the Kingdom of God's Lovers*, *The Seven Degrees of the Ladder of Love*, *The Book of the Sparkling Stone*, and *The Mirror of Eternal Salvation*. It is, therefore, a matter for special congratulation that Miss Underhill's indefatigable labors have introduced this leading Christian teacher to the English-reading public. Let us hope that a full translation of Ruysbroeck's works will speedily follow.

John Ruysbroeck was borne in 1293 and lived to be eighty-eight. At eleven he ran from home to his uncle in nearby Brussels, where he was taken in and surrounded by ideal conditions for the development of a religious vocation. For this uncle had but recently been converted "from the comfortable and easy-going life of a prosperous ecclesiastic to the austere quest of spiritual perfection." A Canon of the Cathedral of St. Gudule, he brought the young Ruysbroeck into an atmosphere of self-denial, charity, and prayer; to the example of lives governed by love for the church, humility, and zeal in labour for Christ. So we find Ruysbroeck "deeply impressed by the sacramental side of Catholicism," and for those who find the Sacramental ideal a stumbling-block in their conception of the Church, no more illuminating interpreter can be found. Two of his works, the *Spiritual Tabernacle*, and *The Mirror of Eternal Salvation or Book of the Blessed Sacrament* deal directly with this subject.

For twenty-six years, till he was fifty, Ruysbroeck lived the hard-working life of a secular priest in Brussels. During all this time he was steadily advancing in the mystic way, acquiring that degree of meditation which is called "continuous," and learning to serve and reach the Master through daily occupations and labours. Finally, in 1343, he retired to the hermitage of Groenendall in the not far distant forest of Soignes. At first a recluse, his popularity soon forced him to adopt the Augustinian habit, and in 1348 the famous Priory was founded. Here Ruysbroeck lived and ruled till he died.

Miss Underhill's book devotes but one long chapter to Ruysbroeck's life: the remainder is a sympathetic and masterly study of his mystical teaching. Any such attempt suffers by comparison with the writing of the mystic himself, and Miss Underhill's understanding seems to fall short of grasping certain seemingly simple spiritual ideas. For instance, Ruysbroeck's intimate conversations with the Master are explained away as "the intellectual framework in which

his sublime intuitions were expressed,"—as springing from the ingrained traditions and theology of the Catholic Church. We meet, also, such startling phrases as "impact of Reality," and "deeper and closer correspondence with Reality" to describe these communions; while further on we read that this Reality (always with a capital R) is the "'simple' or synthetic unity" of God, the "Absolute Sphere," "Wholeness," or just "the Absolute." Such a conception of the spiritual world, or such phrases to describe its super-intellectual realities, reveal a lack of understanding not only of mystics but of a vital truth fundamental to all the higher spiritual states of consciousness. Miss Underhill seems to ignore and exclude all personality and individuality from the spiritual world other than the personality of the particular mystic of which she is then writing; forgetting, seemingly, not only the existence of the "Communion of Saints," but of the potent fact that personality can only become conscious at all through contact with another or other personalities on whatever plane they may be conscious. Personality cannot have intimate communings of mind, heart, and soul with impersonality. To limit spiritual "Reality" to an impersonal Absolute is to deny at once its Absoluteness and Wholeness. Miss Underhill's intellectual position is half-way between Western misconceptions of Nirvana, i. e. total loss of identity in an universal spiritual solvent, and the intensely human union of a disciple's whole consciousness and being with that of a divine Master. Consistency itself demands that as the upward process of mystical development is a refining and intensifying of the individual consciousness, so at the culmination and fruition, there should meet the soul in its new plane of achievement a consciousness real and vivid to a degree hardly imaginable by thought-bound minds.

Ruysbroeck, together with every saint who has attained this degree of mystical experience, testifies to this meeting with the Master; and with his disciples of all ages. Jesus Himself prayed "That they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Yet Miss Underhill would credit Catholic tradition and theology with inventing such a, to her, unphilosophic conception.

Aside from this drawback, which runs through all that Miss Underhill has written, her interpretation and elucidation of Ruysbroeck's system,—her carefully analysed and brilliantly detailed vision of the steps in the "Seven Degrees of the Ladder of Love" to the final goal of "glory" in the life "beyond the Trinity Itself . . . where all lines find their end"—is made so admirably lucid that the struggling phrases of the mystic take on a new clearness and richness of meaning. No writer from the outside could arouse a greater respect and sympathy for the spiritual life than does Miss Underhill.

Above all she has caught the peculiar charm and individuality of Ruysbroeck himself. He becomes a real, sentient human being, akin to us even if immeasurably greater and more noble. We learn to like him, and to understand the devotion of his many pupils and followers. And reading of the joy he gave and himself experienced, we are inspired to live as he lived and achieve what he achieved.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

The War and After, by Sir Oliver Lodge. This is a modest little book of some 230 odd pages, sold in London for a shilling, and addressed, not to experts, but the English voter, whose time for reading is so short, whose responsibility is so great. There are three main divisions, The Past; The Present; The Future. The chapters on The Future are of least interest; the issues of the conflict are yet too uncertain to make speculation in futures convincing, however necessary it may have been to meet the demands of the author's local audience. There is much to challenge attention in the rest of the book.

Those of us who are continually asking ourselves—*Does* England understand, as this country so pitifully does *not*, the real issues of this war?—may

find reassurance. It is evident that the class of Englishmen whom the author represents *do see*; and his short, terse terms make clear the spiritual significance of the conflict, and its imperative demands.

Perhaps of most interest to readers of the *QUARTERLY* will be that section of his book in which Professor Lodge handles the problems that confront many Christians whose limited understanding of the Master's mission and teaching has now a wonderful opportunity to broaden and to clear itself—as His will and way are again objectized before the world. What the author says of “Non-resistance and Defensive War”; of “Christianity and Pacifism,” has the clear vision and sound interpretation that characterize Mr. Johnston's ‘Christianity and War’ (a pamphlet published in August by “The Quarterly Book Department”). The reviewer, who is admittedly smarting with shame over the attitude of this country, could wish that these chapters and that pamphlet might be put before every individual in the United States, who, caring more for right and righteousness than for ease and riches, still has “an ear to hear what the Spirit saith.” No summary of these chapters can do them justice, but a few sentences taken from them may show their trend.

“It must be remembered . . . that bodily violence in face of wrong was in the Master's case unnecessary; denunciation was sufficient, since his denunciations, unlike ours, were effective . . . There was not a trace of pacifist non-resistance on his part, save in respect of personal injuries. He was not one to wash his hands and excuse himself from intervention when the innocent was unjustly accused, or when confronted with the power of Satan. No, the typical pacifist was Pilate! But, by Christ, the Devil and all his works were resisted to the death.”

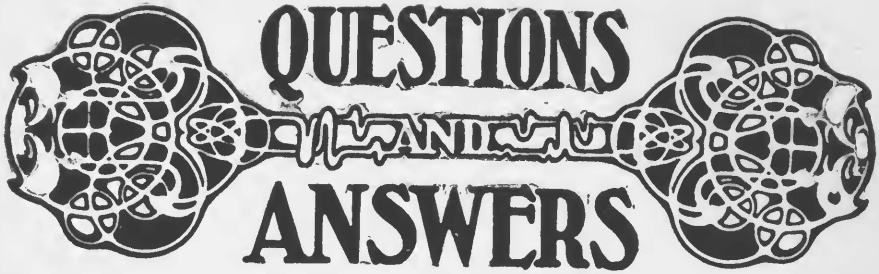
“It is the divine attributes of Deity that we have to learn, not their merely human aspect only; and some of those attributes are fierce and inexorable. With all the powers of the Universe at His command He can stand by while inhuman tortures are inflicted, and interfere no more than He did at the scourging and the crucifixion.

“Great pain can evidently be tolerated by One who sees both before and after, with far-reaching vision. Death and bodily pain are not the worst of evils; and slaughter—even wholesale slaughter—is from time to time permitted, if thereby evils can be eradicated from humanity which otherwise would remain dormant.”

“God acts in accordance with law and order; if evil is to be exterminated, it is exterminated by means, and by appropriate and available means. When there was a revolt in heaven, orthodox people are given to understand that it was put down by suitable means, by contest and violence; in other words by war. It was not tolerated nor treated leniently.”

“The privilege has been granted to us to be not slaves but sons; . . . and not only for individuals but for the whole human race on this planet, if it chooses, there remains a magnificent era. The will of God shall yet be done on earth, some day, when it has become the human will likewise. In no other way can it be done; and this present distress is moving us all nearer to the time . . . when all shall serve Him from the least to the greatest and when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

P.



QUESTIONS

ANSWERS

Readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are invited to send questions to be answered in this Department, or to submit other answers to questions already printed where their point of view differs from or supplements the answers that have been given.

QUESTION 188.—*I am associated in business with a man of whom I am sincerely fond. He has certain obvious faults, which necessarily must stand between himself and spiritual progress. Ought I to call his attention to those faults?*

ANSWER.—Is he trying to make spiritual progress? Has he asked you to call attention to his faults? Do his faults interfere with the success of business in which you and he are mutually interested? My answer to your question must depend upon your answers to my questions. If, in his desire for spiritual progress, he has asked you to call his attention to his faults, you, at great personal sacrifice, would perhaps be willing to grant his request. But I say with intention, "at great personal sacrifice," because no such thing can be done either with safety to yourself, or with benefit to him, unless it be against your inclination and to your own discomfort. If you find the least enjoyment or satisfaction in correcting him, you may be certain (until you become a full disciple) that your motive is wrong and that you had better remain silent.

If your friend's faults interfere with the success of business in which both of you are mutually interested, then, with many apologies for what otherwise would be an unpardonable impertinence, it may be necessary for you to speak to him about them.

But what I wish to emphasize is that those who are old and experienced in the spiritual life are the least inclined to undertake the reformation of other people. It is the novice who suffers from "Reformer's itch"—a terrible disease, which accounts for quite a large part of the world's unpleasantness and of the world's discontent. "Save us from our friends," is a cry heard even more frequently in Heaven (I suspect), than on earth. The angels are notoriously conservative. At most epochs of history, they are positively reactionary. At least, "thus have I heard." And, strange as it may seem, if you see a fault in your friend—the seeing of which is often inevitable and in no sense wrong—what happens is that your sudden and perhaps unusual illumination attracts the attention of the angels to *you*. Think of that! For they see all sorts of things—faults included; and many of those faults as yet unrecognized—certainly unconquered. And because the angels are one-ideaed, they do not see the other man at all, and cannot work with you on him but only (so sad is life!) with you on yourself.

When it is your duty to attempt to reform others, it will be a perpetual crucifixion, for which you will be glad and grateful as best you can—because it is crucifixion, and because, occasionally, though very infrequently, you will see

in those you have tried so hard to help, some promise of the resurrection which crucifixion alone makes possible.

But beware, meanwhile, of Reformer's itch. Do not, of course, be indifferent. Desire, pray, sacrifice. But of all sacrifices let that of words come first. Learn to keep silent.

The Beatitudes were given to disciples. There are others, more elementary. One of them is: "Blessed are those who mind their own business."

E. T. H.

QUESTION 189.—*Why are our moments of inspiration only momentary—why do barriers immediately arise? Is it because we lack will-power to hold fast to what we have experienced or is the cause outside of ourselves?*

ANSWER.—The answer would seem to be that the cause is Karma; or, to say the same thing in other words, the cause is the condition of the psychic body. In our Karma, or in the psychic body, there are accumulated impulses, tendencies, desires, impurities, from "unnumbered tens of millions of past births," as Shankaracharya quaintly says. When, through our aspiration, which is the answer of our wills to the spiritual Power impressing us from above, the psychic clouds break for a moment, the ray of light comes through. Then, in the light of that inspiration, we set about the long and arduous task of purification, turning self-will into divine will. As a result of that effort, and of the spiritual Power above, which ceaselessly helps and urges us, the clouds break again and more light comes. More effort, more light: that is the rule. The time will come for unbroken sunshine, when, in the words of Ecclesiastes, "nor the clouds return after the rain."

It is without doubt *possible* for the will to be so full of fiery strength, that the effort is practically continuous and unbroken; but it is also supremely difficult. On the one hand, we must not court discouragement by assuming tasks which are practically beyond our power; on the other, we must not be limp and lazy, telling ourselves that such efforts are too hard. There is a golden mean. Practically, we never do as well as we could, if we tried—therefore, let us *try harder!*

C. J.

QUESTION 190.—*For some time I fought against "spiritual contagion," regarding it as a form of hypnosis; my question then was, to what extent is the element of hypnotism found in so-called spiritual contagion?*

ANSWER.—It would seem to be true that all "contagion," whether physical, lower-psychic, higher-psychic, or spiritual, depends on the unity of all life, on the primordial Oneness. Unless there were unity of natural life between cattle and men, vaccination would be impossible, just as the use of cow's milk for food would be impossible. So with the lower-psychic, such as mob-feeling. There must be a great deal in common among the members of the mob, in order that "mob-consciousness" may be evoked. There was a basis of truth in the contention of the old lady who refused to weep at a moving sermon because "she didn't belong to that parish." So that any and every form of "contagion" is simply the setting in motion of a part of one's nature, by the same nature, already in motion, in someone else. The voice of someone who speaks to me, sets in motion the air, and then the nerves in my ear, and I hear his words. So we are ceaselessly impressed from outside, just as Saint Paul says, "No man liveth to himself alone, or dieth to himself alone." The practical question, therefore, is: What kind of impressions am I receiving from outside? Are they such as arouse better sides of my nature, or worse sides? Do they raise me or lower me? Strengthen or weaken me? If they arouse and strengthen my spiritual nature in such a way as to *bring forth fruit*, then without doubt they are good, and to be welcomed.

C. J.

QUESTION 191.—*In the "Bhagavad Gita," the Master says, "Among sacrifices, I am the sacrifice of unuttered (interior) prayer." Does this mean that interior prayer is the most excellent sacrifice? Why? ("Bhagavad Gita," 10, 25.)*

ANSWER.—Perhaps because, in interior prayer, one offers one's heart, one's aspiration, one's love. The contrast is with the sacrifices of the temples, "the blood of bulls and of goats." We may compare with this, another protest against an external sacrificial system:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? said the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. . . . Wash ye, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well. . . . (Isaiah, 2, 11, 16.)

Or this:

"For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (Psalms, 51, 16-17.)

Or this:

"Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. . . . Is it such a fast that I have chosen? . . . Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free?" (Isaiah 58 4-7.) C. J.

QUESTION 192.—*How and when are disciples initiated?*

ANSWER—The following from *The Path* for September, 1889, page 187, seems to answer the question:

"WHAT IS THE DAILY INITIATION?"

"It is supposed by some that initiation is always and in every case a set and solemn occasion for which the candidate is prepared and notified of in advance. While there are some initiations surrounded by such solemnities as these, the daily one, without success in which no aspirant will ever have the chance to try for those that are higher, comes to the disciples with almost each moment. It is met in our relations with our fellows; and in the effects upon us of all the circumstances of life. And if we fail in these, we never get to the point where greater ones are offered. If we cannot bear momentary defeat, or if a chance word that strikes our self-love finds us unprepared, or if we give way to the desire to judge others harshly, or if we remain in ignorance of some of our most apparent faults, we do not build up that knowledge and strength imperatively demanded from whoever is to be master of nature.

It is in the life of every one to have a moment of choice, but that moment is not set for any particular day. It is the sum total of all days; and it may be put off until the day of death, and then it is beyond our power, for the choice has then been fixed by all the acts and thoughts of the lifetime. We are self-doomed at that hour to just the sort of life, body, environment, and tendencies which will best carry out our karma. This is a thing solemn enough, and one that makes the "daily meditation" of the very greatest importance to each earnest student. But all of this has been said before, and it is a pity that students persist in ignoring the good advice they receive.

Do you think that if a Master accepted you He would put you to some strange test? No, he would not; but simply permitting the small events of your life to have their course, the result would determine your standing. *It may be a child's school, but it takes a man to go through it.*

HADJI ERINN."



T·S·ACTIVITIES

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editorial Board publishes the following letters from Germany, reference to which will be found in "The Screen of Time" in this issue of the QUARTERLY. "The Screen of Time" in the July issue also dealt with this subject, referring particularly to those provisions of the Constitution of The Theosophical Society which have any bearing on this discussion.

BERLIN, July 31, 1915.

To the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society.

DEAR MR. JOHNSTON—The Secretary of the Theosophical Society has probably informed you that we (at least the Berlin members) have not received a copy of the January number of the QUARTERLY. It reached, however, an Austrian member, and he had the kindness to send it to me. On reading "Screen of Time" I was pained to learn that our magazine had become involved in political matters.

By-Law 35 of our Constitution contains the following: "No member shall in any way attempt to involve the Society in political disputes." In conformity with this I ask you to kindly request the editors of the QUARTERLY to refrain hereafter from publishing political articles in the organ of the Theosophical Society. There exist good reasons for inserting this By-Law in our Constitution, and a member, although he has a right to his personal opinions, can involve the Society in political disputes by writing articles of a political character in the organ of the Society. It is true that every writer is himself responsible for what he writes, but the editorial department should take precautions that no article whatever is published which is contrary to the spirit and principles of the Theosophical Society. Political articles, however, violate this spirit, because they show partiality for one nation or individual to the detriment of another. They awake opposition and disputes, thus undermining the chief object of the Society: 'to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood.'

I wish purposely to make no reference to the contents of "Screen of Time," as it would be doing that against which we are protesting. It is our opinion that no information about the events of this war with its complicated political background is or can be at present authentic and complete. When relied upon it will only lead to groundless condemnation on hearsay, which is surely a sin for every earnest Theosophist. Is it not better to let the Great Law and the Masters, who can look deeper into the true causes of the present war, pronounce judgment? Is it not better, instead of inciting one nation against another, to endeavor to point to that which is above nationality? Is it not better to compare the weakness of a nation with our own weaknesses and to remember that we ourselves, in reality, are a part of every nation? How often have we been told that we can achieve nothing through criticism, because it is negative! We have been told to seek the good in others and so strengthen the positive and bring it nearer the ideal of Unity, thus realizing the chief aim of the Theosophical Society.

This is the reason why H. P. B. so firmly insisted on the prohibition of politics

in the Theosophical Society. In an official article signed by H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott are found the following words:

"The tenacious observance by the Founders of our Society of the principle of absolute neutrality, on its behalf, in all questions which lie outside the limits of its declared 'objects,' ought to have obviated the necessity to say that there is a natural and perpetual divorce between Theosophy and Politics. . . . So convinced am I that the perpetuity of our Society—at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary Governments—depends upon our keeping closely to our legitimate province, and leaving Politics 'severely alone,' I shall use the full power permitted me as President-Founder to suspend or expel every member or even discipline or discharter any Branch which shall, by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world."

I am positive that all earnest members of the Theosophical Society sincerely believe that this is just as true now and must be as strictly obeyed to-day as in those days when H. P. B. was alive.

Very sincerely and fraternally,

PAUL RAATZ,

*"Sekretär der Vereinigung deutscher Zweige der
Theosophischen Gesellschaft."*

DRESDEN, May 20, 1915.

The January QUARTERLY (1915) came to hand only a few days ago and so it is only now that we can take cognizance of the article under "On the Screen of Time."

We protest primarily against the appearance at all of such a political article in the QUARTERLY, as in our opinion, it is a violation of Art. II of the Constitution of the T. S. as also of No. 34 of the By-Laws.

We further protest against the acceptance of an article having a certain political tendency, because such an article is likely to create discord among the theosophists of the different nations. The QUARTERLY is—and shall be—the organ of the *original* international T. S.; as such it is our organ too—even if, in spite of the international character of the Society, it appears only in one language for the present, instead of, as more correctly, in two or three. Which it must in future, if it is to be at all possible "to reach *more souls* with the message that goes out through the QUARTERLY," as the Secretary of the T. S. wrote us only recently. This only incidentally.

We further protest against giving out statements in our (German) name before having received our consent. In our opinion it is more correct to wait, until the German theosophists shall themselves define their position to this question. For without prejudicing the right of every member of the T. S. to express his opinion, we truly believe, that only a native born German theosophist can speak on this subject;—one to whom it was given to live through and experience the truly great and incomparable Time here, body and soul.

We protest emphatically against the manner in which our national government, our Emperor and our German Fatherland is assailed, as if they were implements of the Black Lodge. On the contrary, we are inclined to seek the tools of the Black Lodge there, where the lines for judgment, laid down in the words of the Master of Nazareth, "By their fruits ye shall know them," compel us to find them.

We further protest against "such articles" appearing in the organ of our international T. S., for they do *not* serve the theosophical ideas so often propounded and clearly explained by our esteemed members: Prof. Mitchell and Ch. Johnston: "to emphasize that which unites us."

No, the spirit of such an article tends towards discord, separation and doubt and contains the bacillus of decay.

Particularly we members of the "Dresden" Branch—and probably the other German branches too—have always supposed all the branches of our international T. S. to be, midst all this turmoil since outbreak of the War, the only unmoved Poles within the nations' rush (varying Schiller's words: "die einzig ruhenden Pole in der Erscheinung Flucht.") Instead of this we must experience in our own organ something so *incredible* and to us *incomprehensible*. What has become of the practice of the chief purpose of our T. S.: "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, nation . . . ?"

We further protest against drawing our great teacher, H. P. B., and in this way, into the discussion; for it was she who said again and again: "Theosophy must be made a living power in our lives." But where is there any trace of her spirit in this article? On the contrary we believe, that were H. P. B. still in the body, she would have expressed an opinion, which would probably have called forth less of the author's admiration of her defence of truth, law and order.

Furthermore it is our opinion that only he can truly judge the situation and events here, who himself has experienced them, but *not* someone who, though calling himself philosopher (*i. e.*, friend of wisdom), declares that his sympathy is with the Allies (English, French and Russians). Consequently not Wisdom's friend, but friend of English, French and Russians. Unnecessary to say more. *Sapienti sat.*

It is also unnecessary to discuss the one-sided remarks about the happenings in and about Belgium, as so much has been cleared up, and History has spoken through its records of subsequent events. We can only say, that with us almost every child going to school is better informed (and not one-sidedly) than the author of this article, in spite of his pretended study of the German White Book. Our government does not need to lie to us and the world—it always endeavors to disseminate the truth, "*intra et extra muros.*" It leaves keeping its people deficiently and insufficiently informed, and lying to them to the governments of those nations, who are destined for it by Karma.

As for the rest, we must declare that there is to-day no "official" and "unofficial" Germany. There is only *one*. And our Emperor's words: "Ich kenne keine Parteien, ich kenne nur Deutsche" (I know no parties, I know only Germans) gave expression to a *fact* and were not merely the expression of his wish. Only he who is living here in Germany at this time, can judge of this—only he who has experienced the unanimity of the German people realizes of what immense value this epoch is for Germany and what undreamt of progress the German nation has made in its evolution. Only he who has experienced the workings of charity, the willingness to help, the "one for all and all for one" spirit, can realize that all this can only be the action of the Soul and never the deed of Lower Nature, of Egotism, of the dark side of humanity as the author would have it.

But just because these are all facts that need not shun the "Light of Truth," and just because, as the author says, H. P. B.'s slogan was (and we trust still is!) "Truth," we consider it our duty to join with our great teacher in this call for truth here in our QUARTERLY—and to enlighten erroneous and misinformed interpretation.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, "DRESDEN" BRANCH (GERMANY).

In reply to an earlier letter from Mr. Raatz, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society, wrote as follows:

BERGENFIELD, N. J., April 16, 1915.

Mr. Paul Raatz, Berlin, Germany.

DEAR BROTHER RAATZ—I have received your letter of the 20th of March, pro-

testing against what you deem the untheosophical attitude of certain recent articles in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

I confess to being not a little amazed at this protest from you, for though it was, perhaps, to have been expected that you should not now agree with these articles, you have been for so long an earnest member of the Theosophical Society that such a complete misunderstanding of its ideals as your letter reflects ought not to have been possible. However much your present vision may be darkened by the Karmic ties that unite you to your nation, and by the half-knowledge on which alone your judgment of its actions can now be based, this obscuration should not extend to the ideals and principles of the Theosophical Movement. Let me try to go straight to the heart of the matter.

I. You are wrong in thinking it is any part of the Theosophical idea to refrain from taking a decided stand upon great moral issues. The exact opposite is the truth. It is the duty of every Theosophist to attack wrong and evil wherever he may see them: first of all in himself, for there he may see and attack them most directly, but also wherever he may find them. A brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked, an unsparing condemnation of crime and corrupt systems of every description, and an endless combat against cant, hypocrisy and injustice of every kind, have been again and again set forth as the duty of all who would call themselves Theosophists. Our love and service of the good mean nothing, and become but an empty pretence and sham, if they do not lead us to hate and attack evil.

II. From the foundation of the Theosophical Society the unsparing condemnation of evil has marked the policy and attitude of all those periodicals that could in any way claim to represent its spirit. There has been no change such as you have imagined in the attitude of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. If you will turn back, for example, to its articles on Socialism you will see that its policy has been the same throughout. And if you will go still further back to the long series of articles and editorials by Madame Blavatsky, published in *Lucifer* and *The Theosophist*, you will see, in their scathing denunciations, her own steadfast adherence to the duty she so constantly enunciated.

III. It should be needless, in the light of the forty years through which this principle has been illustrated, to point out that it is a requisite of true brotherhood and not a violation of it. It is not a condemnation of individuals but of evil,—of the evil that may take possession of an individual or a community and be made manifest in acts to their own undoing. Confusion upon this point should be impossible to one who has grasped the essentials of Theosophy or who has even read which Madame Blavatsky has written,—as for example, in the article "Is Denunciation a Duty?", *Lucifer*, Vol. III, pages 266-7.

"We may be told, perhaps, that we ourselves are the first to break the ethical law we are upholding. That our theosophical periodicals are full of 'denunciations,' and Lucifer lowers his torch to throw light on every evil, to the best of his ability. We reply—this is quite another thing. We denounce indignantly systems and organizations, evils, social and religious,—cant above all: we abstain from denouncing persons. The latter are the children of their century, the victims of their environment and of the Spirit of the Age. To condemn and dishonour a man instead of pitying and trying to help him, because being born in a community of lepers, he is a leper himself, is like cursing a room because it is dark, instead of quietly lighting a candle to disperse the gloom. 'Ill deeds are doubled with an evil world'; nor can a general evil be avoided or removed by doing evil oneself and choosing a scape-goat for the atonement of the sins of a whole community. Hence we denounce these communities, not their units; we point out the rottenness of our boasted civilization, indicate the pernicious systems of education which lead to it, and show the fatal effects of these on the masses."

IV. One contributing element to your confusion is your mistaken assumption that the questions discussed in the articles to which you take exception are purely political. They constitute, on the contrary, the most grave moral issues that confront the world. Before such issues, neutrality or silence is cowardice and treachery to all for which THEOSOPHY stands. It may be that you cannot see this now, blinded as you are by the Karma of your nationality and by the official suppression and distortion of the truth that keep your countrymen in ignorance. But this is the more and not the less reason why others, not so blinded, and far more fully informed, should state their convictions with all the clearness and force that they can command. To do otherwise would be to betray the very brotherhood we profess, and the time will come when you are no longer blinded and will see this gratefully.

This is the heart of the matter, and I have tried to put it as simply and directly as I could. There are, however, two other points in your letter which it may be well to make clear.

The January issue of the QUARTERLY was not sent to any member in Germany. The reason for this was purely one of consideration for them. It was feared that, in view of the strict German censorship and official suspicion, it might be embarrassing to you and your fellows to receive a magazine through the mails containing a condemnation of your country's attitude and acts. It was this and this alone that caused the magazine to be withheld.

Technically, no more than morally, is there any basis for your protest. By-Law 35, which you quote, "No member shall in any way attempt to involve the Society in political disputes," is on an exact parity with By-Law 38, "No member of the Theosophical Society shall promulgate or maintain any doctrine as being that advanced or advocated by the Society." In the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, even more prominently than in your own magazine *Theosophisches Leben*, there is displayed the statement: "The Theosophical Society as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document." "On the Screen of Time" is not, and does not purport to be, an official document, so that even were the opinions expressed in it political and not moral, it could in no remotest way be considered as an attempt to involve the Society. As Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society, therefore, I should have no more ground for requesting the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY "to publish no political article in the future" than I should have for requesting him to publish no expression of opinion upon any doctrine whatsoever. Nor is there any ground for your protest against the editorial policy of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY that would not be equally valid as the basis of a protest from our English members against the attitude of the *Theosophisches Leben*. No such protest has been made by our English members,—nor would one be heeded, if made, upon any such grounds as these. The fundamental principle of our Society and of its free platform is that each should be free to uphold the truth and the right as he sees it, and that each should "accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own." This is your privilege as the editor of *Theosophisches Leben*, and it is also the privilege of the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

Your decision as to the rights and wrongs of the great struggle itself is, of course, a personal matter to be decided by yourself alone, you alone being responsible for your decision. We shall respect it as you should respect ours.

Believe me, as always,

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

(Signed) CHARLES JOHNSTON.

To the Editor of the QUARTERLY.

SIR—Among other achievements of the war I should like to point to the revival in the QUARTERLY of something of H. P. B.'s old-time spirit. We were becoming too mealy-mouthed. We were forgetting that the hard hitting of evil is just as important as enthusiasm for what is good. Madame Blavatsky was absolutely uncompromising. Her editorials in *Lucifer* were sledge-hammer blows for justice, for righteousness, for truth, and she flayed hypocrisy, dogmatism and brutality wherever and whenever she found them. She stirred us out of our sleep, she compelled us to take sides, she loathed the people who were neither hot nor cold. When other means failed, she pounded heat into them by tempestuous abuse. We were needing more of the same spirit. The war has worked it.

Yours truly,

AN OLD TIMER (T. S. 1886).

BOOK NOTES

FRAGMENTS, VOLUME II, by Cavé. The publication date is now set for December 1st; but we still hope that it may be possible to mail the book, before that date, to those who have sent in advance orders. In size and style, Volume II will be uniform with the original volume; the price is also the same, 60 cents.

To those who know Volume I, we would like to suggest that the new volume makes an ideal Christmas book. (We will send it out appropriately wrapped when so ordered.) There were never so many people to whom such a book could be sent, with the assurance that it would be enjoyed and appreciated. The great world conflict is bringing realities home to many who had not time for them before. Now struggle and heroism and pain are freeing many hearts; teaching many to harken for echoes from the inner world.

THE SONG OF LIFE, by Charles Johnston. This little book, long out of print, is so eagerly sought that we are bringing out a new edition, to be ready about December 1st. Price, heavy paper binding, 30 cents.

The new edition of Patanjali's *YOGA SUTRAS*, with commentary by Mr. Johnston, has suffered some delay because of Mr. Johnston's desire to review the text most thoroughly and to make some additions before there is another printing.

Just published. A pamphlet by Charles Johnston, entitled "Christianity and War." Price, 10 cents. To-day many young men who have been accustomed to consider religion as the special province of their mothers and sisters are asking pointed questions—Did Christ approve of war? What did He say about fighting? Can a man be a good soldier and a good Christian? What was the mission of the Prince of Peace? To these questions and many more heart-searching ones, the author gives clear and convincing statements of the truth as he sees it. Another class of men to whom it will prove of immense interest is that section of the clergy who are familiar with the words of the Master, but doubtful how they should be applied. Single copies will be mailed, postpaid, at ten cents. Customers who wish to do so may send us with their remittance lists of names to which they would like the pamphlet sent; cards will be inserted if they accompany the order.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. The reprint of this article from "The Theosophist" has been unobtainable, for many years. We learned that the indefatigable Secretary T. S. had for some time been sending out typewritten copies of it. That meant too much work. So we have decided to issue it in pamphlet form.

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT.



JANUARY, 1916

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE KARMA OF NATIONS

IF we hold to the view put forward in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for October, 1915, concerning the war: that it is in reality a gigantic, hidden battle waged between the White Lodge and the Black, the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness; and if we ponder over this, we shall see that, inevitably, the spirit of every nation involved in the war must be tried to the uttermost; that hidden virtues, as well as hidden sins, will be brought unflinchingly to light; that, for long spaces of time to come, the nations will have to abide by their showing in this war. Their own delusions concerning themselves will count for nothing. What the Great Lodge sees them to be, that they are; and they must stand to that and reap the consequences. This is one reason why the war perhaps will be long, longer than any of us may at present expect. It is necessary that the process of fermentation, of melting, shall be complete. The High Gods, having set the piece, will see that it is played out to the end.

It will follow, too, that if a nation or a group of nations have given themselves up, to be the agents of the Black Lodge in this momentous struggle—if they have deliberately chosen cruelty and foulness, treachery and lying—then no more terrible Karma could well be conceived. What it implies in the long run, we may, perhaps, show by a similitude: There is, in a certain corner of the world, a region, the people of which, after attaining a very high degree of material and political civilization, did that very thing: surrendered themselves as a nation to the terrible powers of evil. As a nation, they were swept away. Their very name is forgotten. But the region they inhabited, once a very paradise on earth, is now a rank and ghastly desert, where grow only poisonous plants and evil growths set with thorns, while the life of it, what life there is,

consists of scorpions, noxious insects, poisonous creeping things. Nature has cursed the place, so that no benign life can find a place there. And thus it must remain, until the time of purification be fulfilled.

So, too, all those who give themselves up to the Black Lodge, whether by direct participation or by countenancing that which they know to be evil, must go through long periods of woe, until, as the result of their suffering, comes realization of the wrong they have done, and then repentance and restitution, followed by rehabilitation, slow and arduous, climbing three steps for every step they took downward.

For the nation or nations, then, that have opened wide their doors to the powers of evil—and not one man or woman is numbered among those nations, save by his or her Karma, his or her free and deliberate choice in some moral crisis—the punishment will and must be dire. They have sinned against humanity, for they have ranged themselves on the side of the ruthless, devilish foes of humanity, who, without these treasons in the human ranks, would have small power to harm; they have sinned against themselves; for the choice they have made, involves the worst self-prostitution; they have sinned against the White Lodge; for, in the last analysis, it is the effort and suffering of the White Lodge that checks the onrush of their sin.

And in the compassion of the White Lodge lies their only hope. Let them never ask for justice. Justice, for them, would mean damnation. Let them ask for mercy. Let them throw themselves on the pity of the Holy Powers. That is their one door of salvation.

Of necessity, then, there must be in store for these nations such punishment as shall make them cry to Heaven for mercy. Only thus can the divine law be fulfilled. And as it can scarcely be hoped that the present war will go deep enough to wring their hearts to repentance through the ultimate misery, we must face the grim fact that yet other wars may come, with the same antagonists, until the measure of the Gods shall be fulfilled. Future generations, if their punishment be inadequate now, will treacherously follow the same evil hopes. Future generations of those who oppose them now, will, if faithful, once more oppose them, and bring them chastisement. Only if that chastisement be drastic and convincing, convicting them to themselves of evil, is there any possibility, under the divine law, that these recreant nations may survive as nations, and escape complete disintegration.

But it is of vital importance to remember this: the fiery melting heat of this great Karmic hour will bring forth to the daylight whatever lies hidden in other nations also, whether of good or evil; whether these nations be combatants or neutrals. And the nations that have, to their

own thinking, "done nothing," holding aloof, whether from sheer cowardice or through some of the self-deceptions of vanity, may find that, on the contrary, they have done much—towards their own degradation. It is written: Inaction in a deed of mercy is action in a deadly sin; and there are nations that, falling under the pall of sanctimonious cowardice, have been deaf to the appeal of suffering and sorrow, standing aloof, washing their hands with the great historic "neutral."

So of the belligerents; that which was hidden, shall be revealed. What was told in secret shall be cried aloud from the housetops. Such terrible searching power has the dread Karmic law. Let us try, then, to view the Karma of certain of the nations, as the fires of trial are already revealing it.

Take the case of the British Empire. First, the unity of that Empire, of its constituent parts, India, the Dominions beyond the sea, the recently organized Union of South Africa, has shown itself immensely stronger, more firmly rooted, deeper, than its enemies hoped and believed. That unity fundamentally rests on a tremendous moral principle: on reverence for law, on obedience to law, and, in a lesser degree, on the worship of a freedom founded upon law. It was, in the last analysis, to uphold the law of righteousness among nations, the supreme law of honour so grossly violated, that the British Empire went to war; and it was precisely because they profoundly and reverently recognize this, that the Dominions beyond the sea have risen so finely to the occasion absolutely tearing to shreds the delusion of discord, so greedily, so foolishly believed and propagated by their enemies.

Take the case of India, the land for which all lovers of the Sacred Science feel so deep a reverence, the home-country of so many of the Great Ones. All India must know, from the premier Prince of the Empire, ruling a kingdom equal to any in the west, to the humblest ryot, the peasant wading knee-deep in his rice fields—what they owe to the English genius for conservation. Nations, peoples, tribes, customs, religions, all has been preserved, as a sacred trust, by the English Governors of India; and when the day dawns for India to take up once again her sacred birthright, as a great spiritual power, it will be acknowledged that to England she owes the continued possession of her national genius.

Take the great Dominions, Canada, South Africa, Australia, each of which owes its Constitution, its organic law, to the lawmaking power and genius of England. These great Dominions—the nations of coming centuries—know with entire lucidity what they owe to the Empire, and

to their share in the great destiny of the Empire. Therefore with deliberate, conscious choice they have set themselves on the side of the Powers of Righteousness; for reverence for law, for the obligation and bond of honour, is a fundamental principle of the Great White Lodge.

But the fiery, penetrating Karma of the war, the "melting heat of trial," has brought to the surface great weakness as well as wonderful strength. There has been the imperial sense, underlying everything, and able to rise to a vast opportunity; but there has been deplorable bickering under fire; there have been shameful campaigns of self-advertisement, under the guise of higher patriotism; there has been,—and this is, perhaps, the worst element brought to light in England,—an entirely base and unworthy attitude, gross selfishness and coarse self-seeking, in those very classes which recent legislation has sedulously sought to favour. Socialistic legislation has brought the Nemesis which always dogs the footsteps of that materialistic, self-seeking movement; those to whom the hand was given, have greedily tried to seize the whole arm; in this showing the inspiration and motive-power of him for whom that proverb was first made.

Another grave weakness which the war has brought to light in England: a seeming inability really to appreciate, really to meet, the great strategic problems of the war, a lack of the spiritual imagination without which there has never been a great soldier. If we are right in our conjecture that this is, in the deepest sense, the Lodge's war, then the English fighting generals stand accused of a failure to grasp the plans of the Lodge, of a certain blindness and obtuseness to direct and insistent spiritual leadings. Is not the explanation this: that, through lazy, overfed generations, these men, with all their reverence for law, with all their genuine reverence for honour, have been very incurious concerning spiritual life and the spiritual world; and therefore have, in a certain degree, deadened and dulled their inner eyes, their power to perceive clearly the things of the Spirit?

Yet even here their fate, their standing in the sight of Karmic law, is infinitely happier than that of those who did diligently seek the laws of invisible things—in order to prostitute them to evil uses, just as they pored, in a kind of demoniac devotion, over the mysteries of science, of mechanics, of psychology—in order to discover new poisons, new instruments of cruelty, new and fiendish terrorisms. Compared with this alert mood of evil, the sleepy nonchalance of the too fortunate Englishman is something to be envied.

It is impossible to pass from considering Britain, without a word, at least, concerning the sister island which, in a very remote past, had

certain high elements of spiritual greatness, long obscured by an effervescent, treacherous vanity. There has been a good showing there, far more loyalty, far more effective courage, than the prophets of evil hoped; but much, very much, is yet lacking, before one can say that the national life there is well and firmly laid. There has been good promise, hardly more.

To come next to that nation among the friends of law and honour which holds an Empire almost rivalling that of England in its vast expanses, and which is the home of the largest, and in some ways, the most homogeneous, of all the white nations. Here, great weaknesses, and very brilliant gifts, have been brought to light in almost equal measure. We shall put our fingers on the worst, the most dangerous of the weaknesses, when we speak of that failure of personal honour, that blindness to the obligation of personal honesty, which manifests itself in wholesale bribe-seeking, in the foul and deeply corrupt habit of seeking a dishonourable personal profit in the needs and exigencies of the nation. One must say that, in part because the nation is still so young, so undeveloped, so elemental, in part because there was lacking in its history the epoch of chivalry, which laid such splendid stress upon personal honour, upon disinterested service of an ideal, upon clean hands in every obligation, the individual consciousness of this great nation has not yet been aroused and attuned to the demands of spiritual law. There are not yet men enough among its millions, who can be trusted to handle large responsibilities in the pure spirit of duty.

But, on the other hand, there has been, throughout the whole of that great nation, a high religious fervor, which has perfectly interpreted the vast spiritual issues of this war; which has seen the Light, and has preferred the Light to the Darkness. And, if these have been far too few among its administrators and their agents who have put in practice a high ideal of personal rectitude, there have, on the other hand, been millions among the simple manhood of the nation, who have given up their lives cheerfully, gallantly, with fine forgetfulness of self, knowing that they have given their lives for the same cause as did the Master whom, as a nation, they fervently worship. And, just because of this strong devotion, they have had put upon them the national trial,—outwardly the direct cause of which was inpreparedness and slipshodness in the purchase of munitions of war—seeing their armies beaten in the field, their fortresses beaten down, their territories occupied. It will be well if this great object-lesson be taken to heart, and the very serious weakness which causes it, courageously rooted out.

But, even in this there have not been present the elements of evil vanity, of treacherous envy, of cruelty and tyrannous terrorism, the

deep sins against God and man which give such ready access to the Dark Powers: those Dark Powers whose only purpose is, to kill every vestige of the spiritual life of humanity, since every spark of spirituality in mankind is the threat of their own inexorable extinction.

There are smaller nations in the war, which have, nevertheless, been great in suffering, great also in that unconquerable valour which is dear to the Masters' hearts. According to their suffering will be the measure of their purification, and therefore the measure of their reward. And even if their manhood be more than decimated, even if only a remnant be left, we must remember that those who have passed through the purifying fires of valiant and valorous death, because of a fiery love of their nation and a fierce resentment of brutal and ruthless bullying, will be held in the magnetic aura of their country, every ounce of their gallant patriotism counting in the struggle, and they themselves enabled with the supreme advantage of that purification, to finish the work that they have so gallantly begun.

There is one region of the war-zone which has, from Karmic causes, a special significance: that region which belongs, or belonged very recently, to the Turkish Empire, from Egypt, through Palestine, to Constantinople and Macedonia. For ages, this region has been what one may call a colonial territory of the Egyptian Lodge. The Egyptian Initiates told some of its older secrets to Solon, from whom they were passed on to Plato, and recorded by him in his story of Atlantis. Then, in the period which closed with Plato himself, very much was accomplished, very much more was attempted, through the earlier spiritual life of Greece. Then again, four centuries after Plato, came the Western Avatar, once more closely connected with the Egyptian Lodge, and, so to say, seeking to reincarnate, in the field of the Roman Empire, the substantive life of the Egyptian Lodge.

As a part of that effort, the apostle Paul, an agent of the Egyptian Lodge, worked over very much of this southeastern battle-zone; Neapolis, where he landed in answer to the Macedonian cry, is the port of Kavala on the Ægean; Philippi, where he sat by the river-bank, speaking of the mysteries that burned in his heart, was on the river now called, in Turkish, Kara-Su, the Black Water; Philippi, which served him so loyally in the days of his bondage, and to which he wrote a letter that is immortal:

"Now ye men of Philippi know also, that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving, but ye only. For even in Thessalonica ye sent once and again unto my necessity . . . Rejoice in the

Master always: and again I say, Rejoice. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Two milleniums do not exhaust the potency of a blessing such as that, uttered by Paul with authority, in his hieratic character.

The Thessalonica of which Paul speaks is, of course, the Saloniki or Salonica where the armies of the western nations are even now seeking their entrance into Macedonia; and to the disciples there, Paul wrote, not one letter but two: "Thessalonians, ye were ensamples to all that believe in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad. . . . Now the Master of Peace himself give you peace always by all means. The Lord be with you all. The salutation of Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle: so I write. . . ."

Of Athens, much the same thing may be said now, that was said and thought by Paul himself. Yet the whole of this region is, as we have expressed it, colonial territory of the Egyptian Lodge. That is a Karma which does not readily exhaust itself, and there are always possibilities of resurrection. But we can see at once that this must mean, first, a very thorough tilling and harrowing of the soil, and the burning up of many weeds and growths, coarse and rank. Among the group of little nations there, are treacheries, vanities, evil ambitions, cruelties. Each must bring its Karmic punishment, and, if the soil is indeed to be prepared for new effort of the Lodge, as may be the case, then the purification will have to be as drastic as the trials of discipleship; as drastic as the trials which Paul the disciple suffered, in these very cities: "And the multitudes rose up together against them; and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them. And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison. . . ."

Therefore we may perhaps expect to see the tide of war, and of suffering, ebb and flow there for some considerable time to come. And, as to the issue, we may bethink ourselves that there are few sins the Lodge punishes so unsparingly as treachery. For that sin is of the very essence of the Powers of Evil.

We come now, at the last, to the one power that, from the burning, fiery furnace of trial, has come forth resplendent; the power whose superb spiritual qualities,—even now being manifested to all the world, and, to the world's lasting credit, being largely recognized,—point to its being the world's dominant nation for long epochs to come. Of that power, one can at last speak with enthusiastic admiration and gratitude, as being the well-tempered and tested and splendidly effective sword in the Master's hand. No praise is too great; no promise for the future

so high, that such a land cannot realize it; nay, surpass it; for France is but on the threshold of her superb regeneration. There, in her heart and in her shining and resplendent soul, lies the hope of humanity, in the days to come.

It may be possible for a nation to go through a deep, interior change, without the world at large being conscious of it. But the noteworthy thing about France is the suddenness and completeness with which all who have seen her soldiers have awakened to the same profoundly enthusiastic admiration for them, and, what is even more significant, have seen the tremendous spiritual impulse that is revealing the real heart of France. Even the most neutral nation—with no high inspiration of valour of its own—has chosen just this time to unveil a statue, in its greatest city, of the Maid of France; and Rudyard Kipling, never inclined to admire foreigners, has declared that he felt inclined to kneel before the common soldiers of the army of France.

But a more striking testimony, because going deeper and piercing more to the root of things, is that of Edith Wharton, who has just published a noteworthy book concerning the war. Mrs. Wharton tells us that, on the eve of the first attack by the enemy the universal French attitude was indicated in the words, "We don't want war—*mais il faut que cela finisse!*" "This eternal menace has got to stop!" With that determination the French went to their task, and it has been the backbone of their calm valour ever since. But the "tone of France," as Mrs. Wharton calls it, has come through several phases. The first days of the war were full of a kind of unrealizing confidence; not boastful or fatuous, yet very different from the clear-headed tenacity into which it had developed a few months later. Self-restraint was the most notable characteristic of the people. The crowd that stood looking at the first captured German flag was silent, as if already realizing what it would cost to keep it and add others to it.

"After six months of fighting, the French soldiers in the trenches, even the youngest, impressed the author as having a look of quiet authority. All their little oddities, meannesses, and vulgarities had been burnt away in a great flame of self-dedication.

"One of the most striking of Mrs. Wharton's observations is, that, even in these few months, the very faces of Frenchmen are changed. She was impressed by this all along the Western front; it forced itself upon her mind again in the Vosges mountains. Not only were all artificial barriers between men of different social classes broken down, but their mental and moral fraternity was complete. 'They were all fairly young, and their faces had the look that war has given to French

faces—a look of sharpened intelligence, strengthened will, and sobered judgment, as if every faculty, trebly vivified, were so bent on the one end that personal problems had been pushed back to the vanishing point of the great perspective. . . . In the dusk of the forest that look followed us down the mountain, and as we skirted the edge of the ravine between the armies, we felt that on the far side of that dividing line were the men who had made the war, and on the near side the men who had been made by it.’ ”

This searching and heart-stirring testimony is the more worthy of careful consideration, because Mrs. Wharton is, by nature, of a somewhat dry and sceptical spirit; and because she has already written admirably of France, as France appeared before her great initiation. What that initiation has accomplished, Mrs. Wharton wonderfully expresses: As the slow months have dragged by, bringing a calamity unheard of in human annals, the white glow of dedication throughout France has not waned, but has gradually deepened into exaltation, energy, the hot resolve to dominate the disaster. Mrs. Wharton does not deny that there have been faltering notes, mothers and widows for whom a single grave has turned the conflict into an idiot’s tale. But there have not been enough of these to change the national tone. The vast majority hide their despair and seem to say of the great national effort: “Though it slay me, yet will I trust in it.” This, says the author, is the finest triumph of France; that its myriad fiery currents flow from so many hearts made insensible by suffering, that so many dead hands feed its undying lamp.

It is again noteworthy that even to write of France has deepened and transformed the spirit of this recorder, pouring new spiritual life into her veins. A like transformation has been wrought in many Frenchmen, who, in past years, have done much, in their writings, to obscure the genuine spirit of France. Among these, none has written better than Commander Viaud (“Pierre Loti”), the somewhat over-ripe sentimentality of whose books has been turned into a pure spiritual flame. Within the last few weeks, Pierre Loti wrote the paragraphs with which we shall close these Notes and Comments:

“When we meet, on the station platforms where men are entraining for the front, some young woman keeping back the tears in eyes full of anguish and of courage, with a little child in her arms, come to give a last greeting to a soldier in the dress of the trenches, let us say: he whose return will be so longed for—the enemy’s grapeshot doubtless awaits him to-morrow, to cast him nameless, among thousands of others, in one of those charnel-heaps that are the delight of the enemy, and which that enemy only longs to fill once more!

“Especially when we see passing, in their brand-new blue uniforms, our ‘younger classes,’ our beloved sons, who go forth so magnificently, with proud joy in their young eyes and with bouquets of roses in the muzzles of their guns, oh! let us plan our holy vengeance against those who are lying in wait for them, over there,—and against the great accursed one, *who has night for a soul!* . . .

“From this vaulted redoubt, where we are at this moment, and where, in order to look out, we must raise up steel periscopes, we still see the avenue with its green grass, the avenue so quiet in the waning light of evening; we no longer hear the barbarians, they no longer talk, or move, or breathe, and we keep only the unquiet sadness, I would almost say, the discouraged sadness of feeling them so near.

“But, to regain hope and joyous confidence, it is enough to retrace our steps along these underground corridors, where the evening meal of the soldiers is nearly over, in the lovely twilight. There, as soon as we are far enough from the enemy, so that our soldiers can chat freely and laugh freely, we are all at once bathed in holy gaiety, and in consoling, absolute certitude. There is the true reservoir of our irresistible power; there are steeped and steeped again all the wonderful mainsprings of our dashing attacks, of our final victory. What first strikes one, around these tables, is the admirable good understanding, the sort of affectionate familiarity, between the officers and the men. For a long time now, we have made a practice of this in the navy, where long exiles and dangers shared in our narrow shells bring us forcibly close to each other; but I believe that my comrades of the land army will bear no grudge against me, if I say that this familiarity, so compatible with discipline, is a shade newer for them than for us. It is one of the benefits reserved for them by the war of the trenches, that they are obliged to live closer to their soldiers, and to make themselves more loved by them. Already they know almost all their comrades with cloth stripes, call them by their names, chat with them like friends. Thus, when the solemn hours of assault come, when, instead of driving them on from behind with blows of whips, as happens among the savages on the other side, they go on ahead in the French fashion, they have small need to turn back to see if all are following them. They are well assured, besides, that if they fall, these humble companions will not fail to hurry up to them, at every risk, to defend them and carry them tenderly away.

“Therefore it is to this superhuman war, and especially to this life in common in the trenches, that we owe this union which makes us great, that we owe these mutual devotions so sublime that we feel drawn to kneel before them. Is it not also to this life in the trenches, and to these long and intimate conversations between officers and men, that

we owe to some degree these flashes of beauty which have come to penetrate all intellects, even the least open and the rudest? They know now, these soldiers of ours, to the last man among them, that our French has never been so worthy of admiration, and that her glory illumines them all; they know that a race whose hearts are thus awakened, is indestructible, and that neutral lands, even those that seem to have the heaviest scales upon their eyes, will end some day by seeing clearly, and by giving us the noble name of liberators.

“Oh! let us call down a benediction upon them, these trenches of ours, in which all social classes are mingled, in which friendships have been formed, that would have seemed impossible yesterday, where ‘men of society’ have learned that the soul of the peasant, the workman, the mechanic, may be as fine and noble as that of a very elegant gentleman, and even more interesting, because more original, more transparent, with less packing about it. Trenches, underground corridors, dark little labyrinths, little underground nooks of suffering and abnegation, in them will be held our best and purest school of social unity. But by this word, too often profaned, I mean, as may well be understood, the true social unity: that which is the synonym of tolerance and brotherhood, that, in a word, of which Christ came to give us the clear formula which, in its adorable simplicity, sums up all formulas: ‘Love one another!’”

TWO LOYAL FRIENDS

IN the last few weeks The Theosophical Society has lost through death two of its most faithful, loyal and effective workers: Mrs. Archibald Keightley ("Jasper Niemand"), on Oct. 9th, and Miss Katherine Hillard, on Nov. 3d. Or, to speak more truly, since that which has genuine spiritual life can never be lost, these two splendid Theosophical workers have joined that large and increasing assemblage of our friends and brothers who, with the serene eyes of immortals, watch us and wait to welcome us in the quiet temple of everlasting day.

The Theosophical Society was founded in America, in New York. And here, in America, in New York, all its greatest trials have been faced, all its most signal and enduring victories have been won. In its stormy and momentous life, two of the earlier epochs are of especial significance; the first years of the initiation of our work, when Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, toiling with superb energy and devotion, helped by the love and understanding sympathy of W. Q. Judge, and reinforced by the then vigorous co-operation of Colonel H. S. Olcott, was laying the foundation for the whole future life of the Theosophical Society; then, after an interval of stillness, came the period opened by the magnificent work of W. Q. Judge, a loyal understanding of whose mission was destined to prove the touchstone of genuine Theosophical life in later years.

It is to the epoch of Mr. Judge's work that both Mrs. Keightley and Miss Hillard especially belonged; not that they ever ceased, or ever will cease their devoted labour; but that, by force of circumstances, their work at the beginning had a peculiar and incomparable value. The story has more than once been told, how Mr. Judge guarded the spark of spiritual fire committed to his charge, and, with the breath of his matchless devotion, fanned it into a flame that was to warm many hearts to spiritual life.

It is to these days when, after the first complete loneliness and isolation, Mr. Judge found friends and co-workers gradually gathering round him, that Miss Hillard and Mrs. Keightley belong, as to their most distinctive work. Miss Hillard, a very distinguished Dante scholar, had been working in her author's own Italy. Returning through London, she visited Mme. Blavatsky at 17 Lansdowne Road, not many months after Mme. Blavatsky's coming to England, in the spring of 1887. Then, on coming back to the United States, Miss Hillard volunteered for regular service with Mr. Judge. To-day, after years that have been almost silent in comparison with the loud notoriety of our earlier years, it is difficult for newcomers to realize what a difficult and serious sacrifice that kind of work then meant. It is not too much to say that, especially in the days

immediately following the attacks on Mme. Blavatsky, made first in India, and afterwards repeated in London, when so many of the former friends of that indomitable martyr to our Cause fell away from her, a cloud of obloquy rested on the Theosophical Society and on every one actively connected with it. They incurred the charge almost of lunacy; it was not "respectable" to be a Theosophist; it was especially perilous for anyone depending on intellectual work, and on the reputation that is needed for successful intellectual work. This was Miss Hillard's position. As a successful writer, she had won a reputation for careful research, for sound judgment, for trustworthy craftsmanship. Also, and this was, in a way, even more delicate ground, she had a singularly warm and close and highly valued circle of relationships and family ties. All this, reputation and intimacies, she knowingly and most willingly risked—and to some degree lost—by her determination to work openly and methodically with Mr. Judge, a resolution which she courageously carried out, reading valuable papers before the Aryan Theosophical Society, of which Mr. Judge was President; and contributing to his magazine *The Path*, articles generally signed in full; sometimes initialed only. Work of this kind gradually developed, and, with changing needs, took changing forms; but, so long as she was able, under the burden of gathering years, Miss Hillard continued to work. And, when external work became impossible for her, she gave of the treasures of her heart.

To the same period, the most distinctive part of Mrs. Keightley's work also belongs; most distinctive for the same reason: because in those days loyal and effective workers were so few. Coming of a family distinguished on both sides by gifts of a high order, herself very successful as an essayist, dramatist, and translator of verse; the brilliant centre of a very brilliant social life, Mrs. Keightley practically gave up all these valuable privileges and prizes and devoted herself wholly to the work which Mr. Judge then had in hand, and especially to *The Path*. Under the pen-name of Jasper Niemand, and in response to the instruction she had received from Mr. Judge—much of which was published later in the form of *Letters that have Helped me*—Mrs. Keightley wrote a series of wonderful articles, of which it may fairly be said that, for the first time in the history of the Theosophical Society, they sounded some of the depths of the inner, spiritual life. For many, her articles were the first impulse in the present life awaking dormant intuitions of the soul's august mysteries.

But Mrs. Keightley's work was greatly varied. She wrote in *The Path* not under one pen-name, but under many, editing departments, completing articles, and, what was less known but equally vital, giving invaluable help in proof-reading and the technical part of getting out the little magazine, a task for which her own wide literary experience well fitted her. From the collaboration of these early days came a magazine which, for inspiration, for immediate response to the thought of the celestials, has not been surpassed in the history of our movement.

As Mr. Judge's work and his personal mission became more clear, Mrs. Keightley became more and more closely identified with that work and mission. By her life, she kept up the living tradition of the miraculous soul; by her knowledge and understanding of Mr. Judge, she imparted understanding and sympathy to others; and, in the critical days when the Theosophical Society was on trial, both in this country and in England her wise influence steadied many who otherwise might have gone astray. Of this side of her work it is more difficult to speak; but there are many who know and understand how effective that work has been—a work only suspended by her death a few weeks ago.

So, while we lose two of our most valued and beloved workers, we add to our honorable roll of those who have died fighting in our ranks; who have been faithful unto death.

FACES OF FRIENDS*

Among the "Friends" whose faces *The Path* has been presenting to its readers few, if any, have a greater claim to a prominent place than "Jasper Niemand." To most an unknown but dear friend, dear because of the heart-touching help and light which for many has come from the writings bearing this signature—a *nom-de-plume* as all must have known. The personality thus veiled hitherto is that of one personality very dear to many an earnest worker in the T. S.: that of Mrs. Archibald Keightley, more widely known perhaps in the ranks of the T. S. under the name of Mrs. J. Campbell VerPlanck.

Her maiden name in full was Julia Wharton Lewis Campbell, daughter of the Hon. James H. Campbell, a prominent Pennsylvania lawyer. Her father's was a highly distinguished career. He commanded his regiment during the war; served as a member of the U. S. Congress for several terms; held two diplomatic commissions under President Lincoln as U. S. Minister to Sweden and Norway, and subsequently to Bogota in South America. Her mother was Juliet Lewis, daughter of Chief Justice Ellis Lewis of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, a writer of verse possessing great poetical charm and value.

Mrs. Keightley's childhood was chiefly passed among the Pennsylvania mountains, and later on the continent of Europe, where she was educated and entered the society of foreign courts at the early age of sixteen. Even then she had already developed the literary talent for which the members of both branches of her family had been noted, and had displayed for generations in the occupations of their leisure hours. Her early writings consisted of transactions from the poems of the present and late Kings of Sweden, in original verse, tales and descriptions published in *Harper's Magazine*, the *Galaxy*, and other periodicals,

* Reprinted from *The Path*, Vol. IX, No. 1.

under her own name as well as the *nom-de-plume* of "Esperance." That the work itself was of fine quality is shown by the fact that full market rates were always gladly paid for it; while the deeper tendencies in the writer's nature are seen in the fact that the spur of exertion lay in the desire to give for the helping of others somewhat she had herself *earned*, and not merely the superfluity of that wealth which the accident of birth—or Karma?—had placed at her command. The child is truly the father of the man—or woman; and how happy must she have been when feeling so early that she could already, by her own efforts, do something to lessen the misery of others?

Miss Julia W. L. Campbell (as she then was) married in 1871 Mr. Philip W. VerPlanck of New York; and six years later, in the course of a single year, she lost her husband and both sons suddenly by a most dramatic series of reverses—including dangers and losses of many kinds. Long and terrible illness followed these sudden blows.

During her recovery Mrs. VerPlanck wrote her two successful plays, "The Puritan Maid" and "Sealed Instructions," the latter having had a marked success during two seasons at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, as well as throughout the country.

To turn from the outer to the inner life. By long established family custom, Mrs. VerPlanck belonged to the Episcopal Church—"The Church of England"—but she found no spiritual life there. Indeed, she had ceased to seek for any such life, content apparently with the ideals of literature and art, in a happy domestic and social circle where leisure and refined conditions permitted the cultivation of personal gifts. Yet an interior want now and then made itself felt.

One day, however, quite by chance as it were, when lunching with her close friend, Mrs. Anna Lynch Botta, the name of Madame Blavatsky was mentioned, and mentioned as that of an exposed fraud. From thence to Theosophy was but a step; Mrs. VerPlanck had never heard of either, and Mrs. Botta, whose circle comprised almost every distinguished member of society at home and abroad (that well-known circle unique in American life), invited her friend to accompany her to hear Mrs. Arthur Gebhard speak on Theosophy to Mrs. Ole Bull, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, and others in the drawing room of a friend. The impression made upon Mrs. VerPlanck was so deep that she joined the T. S. within two weeks, and thenceforward began her unceasing work for Theosophy.

Living with her parents at a distance from New York she wrote for *The Path* under the names of "Julius," "August Waldensee," "J," and later on as "Jasper Niemand," as well as unsigned articles, and also corresponded with T. S. enquirers. In those days writers were so few in the Society that they had to take several names, and often one would write up the notes or finish the articles of another.

In answer to some enquirers as to the "Jasper Niemand" writings, Mrs. Keightley writes: "When I began to write articles along these

lines, H. P. B. sent me a pen which I always used. The articles were and are always written in full objective consciousness, but at these times there is a feeling of inspiration, of greater mental freedom. The *Letters that have helped me* were received at my Pennsylvania home. They were written for me and for Dr. Keightley—and for the use of others later on—by Mr. W. Q. Judge, at the express wish of H. P. Blavatsky. The letter which is the source of this request, and which conveys assurance of Mr. Judge's qualifications for the office of instructor, purported to be written *through* Madame Blavatsky (it begins 'Says Master'), and is one of those so ably described by Col. H. S. Olcott in the *Theosophist* for July, 1893, where he says that communications from high occult sources received through H. P. B. always resembled her handwriting."

This modification of H. P. B.'s handwriting is decidedly interesting in the above-mentioned letter, whose data amply justify the manner in which "Z" is spoken of in Niemand's preface. Moreover, H. P. B. spoke of her friend Mr. Judge as the "exile," and Annie Besant wrote later on, "You are indeed fortunate in having W. Q. J. as Chief. Now that H. P. B. has gone, it is the Americans who have as immediate leader the greatest of the exiles." (The technical meaning of these titles, "Greatest of the Exiles" and "Friend of all Creatures," as employed in the East, is totally unknown in the West; the latter being a phrase that has more than once been applied, half in jest, to W. Q. J. by his intimates on account of his often enforced doctrine of "accepting all men and all things"—providing they *work* for Theosophy.—B. K.)

It is to be hoped that the Editor of *The Path*, a journal so indissolubly connected with the Theosophical writings of the subject of this sketch, will not from personal hesitation exclude from its pages information which is really a moderate statement on behalf of "Jasper Niemand" in reply to questions coming from all parts of the world. The statement would have been made earlier, were it not for a wish, on Jasper Niemand's part, to continue helpful private correspondence carried on with many persons who addressed under the protection of her impersonality.

After the departure of H. P. B., Mrs. VerPlanck now and again joined the New York staff of workers as a reinforcement during Mr. Judge's prolonged absences.

Mrs. VerPlanck continued to live with her parents in Pennsylvania until the autumn of 1891, when she married Dr. Archibald Keightley of Old Hall, Westmoreland. After a year's residence in New York they were called to England by the ill-health of Dr. Keightley's mother.

And here this sketch ends for the present. It is not for me to say more, nor to dwell upon the respect and affection which its subject has gained in her new sphere of duty. But I know that I voice the earnest wish of all in expressing the hope that many years of equally fruitful and valuable work for our beloved Cause still lie before her.

FRAGMENTS

SORROW and pain come to all in this world, which is a place of discipline, not of rest. Accept your position bravely and patiently; out of this will grow peace. Have a more living faith in the inner meaning and purpose of your life, and live unflinchingly in accordance with that faith. You must not tangle the inner and the outer. You know what trouble and real grief you have whenever this occurs.

These are heavy times . . . never mind. The end is not yet, but will be; and we must go on, through the darkness as through the light, immovable, serene. Live *inside*: there is your place, there, where the outer turmoil comes not, nor blindness, nor obscuration. Aspiration and effort bring you there, and an *insistance* of faith makes it living instead of dead. Hold yourself still, in meditation; dwell constantly on the inner life, not the outer; and see in all about you symbols merely, pointing the way of reality and truth.

Your lighted torch must be kept unflickering: no easy task this in the turmoil of these days. But *try* it: if you try hard enough you can do it. Do not be deceived by any outer thing. Your heart is your guide and monitor,—there where I reside;—listen to it. At the darkest hour it will whisper, “All is well,” and you will find quiet and strength where you thought a battle raging. Do not be discouraged. Never despair. The hour of fierce conflict must show your mettle, prove the force and purity of your inner life. . . .

Patience and silence. Shut no one out of your heart. Emotion and sentiment pass away, principles remain; and impersonality will enable you to judge others with a wider charity, because it gives the necessary perspective. Never allow yourself to be carried away by any feeling either for or against. Hold the scales evenly in your hands, and weigh your own heart and your own judgment as impartially as you do another’s. So striving you will grow toward the true justice, practically unknown in this world of blind passion and ignorance; often least understood by those who think they understand the most, and who sometimes should.

The old Jewish commandment, “Thou shalt have none other Gods but me,” is applicable to every department of life, if one considers the *me* to be Krishna, the Higher Self. You are learning lessons of profound value out of these things; what more do you want? Life is for training, not for diversion and distraction. Accept it so and half your questions are answered.

CAVÉ.

EMILE VERHAEREN

A NEW literary epoch began in France with the publication in 1904 of *Jean-Christophe*. One characteristic of the new epoch is its religion—it is intensely Christian. The Christianity of the new period is not of a secular type—the minimum effort required to keep one on the right side of the fence; it is Christianity as practised by the saints—the maximum that loving fervour and devotion can inspire. A result of the fervent practice of religion is intimacy. The spiritual world, the Angels, the Master Himself—these become vivid, real, close; they are no longer vague and distant abstractions, intangibilities. They are warm and human. They respond to appeals from men—even talk with men. One will recall Christophe's impassioned conversation with Christ, recorded toward the end of *Le Buisson Ardent*. No small part of Péguy's three volumes of *Mystères* is taken up with the conversation of God Himself—conversation of a very human kind—humorous, ironical, gay. It is Paul Claudel who definitely points out the contrast between the new epoch and what preceded it. In his *Cinq Grandes Odes* Claudel writes:

Soyez béni, mon Dieu, qui m'avez délivré des idoles,
Et qui faites que je n'adore que Vous seul et non point Isis et Osiris,
Ou la Justice, ou le Progrès, ou la Vérité, ou la Divinité, ou l'Humanité,
ou les Lois de la Nature, ou l'Art, ou la Beauté.
Seigneur, Vous m'avez délivré des livres et des Idées, des Idoles et de
leur prêtres.
Seigneur, je Vous ai trouvé.
Je crois sans y changer un seul point ce que mes pères ont cru avant moi,
Confessant le Sauveur des hommes et Jésus qui est mort sur la croix.

Claudel does not leave in any doubt what he means by the religion of his fathers: Deliver France, he exclaims, from "les Voltaire, les Renan, les Michelet, les Hugo, et tous les autres infâmes." The religion of Claudel, Rolland, Péguy and others is not some attenuated or allegorised Christianity; it is the faith of the ages, of the Fathers and Martyrs, of St. Geneviève and Jeanne d'Arc.

The change from levity and mockery to ardent faith is so great and so recent as to amaze us. It is the more difficult to accept as credible on account of its suddenness. It seems to have come in the night, without being prepared for. We had grown used to *les Renan*. Whatever soul France might have, we had thought, must surely be a compound of scepticism and dilettantism. True there are points and individuals that since the death of Renan and Verlaine (1892 and 1897) stand out in protest against the degradation of French ideals, in life as in literature.

Bourget is one, Brunetière another. We can see the sympathy between their efforts and those of *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. But the two distinguished men of letters seem detached individuals—quite insufficient to bridge the distance between the France of 1890 and the France of today. To find the true work of preparation, the effort that has made possible the miracle of a revival of faith in France we must turn outside her own boundaries to Belgium. Emile Verhaeren, Belgian, is the transition from the old to the new in France. Since 1870 he has done for French literature a service like that his country did for France in 1914. Belgium threw herself into a gap, checked destructive forces, gave France opportunity for getting herself together, and thus saved France from disintegration. Verhaeren, a man of Titanic force, threw himself into the chasm of disintegrating individualism in literature—"l'étrange vanité d'être seul à s'admirer ou à se comprendre lui-même." He was a magnetic nucleus around which younger men clustered. But Verhaeren did not advance into the Promised Land of faith in which Claudel and Péguy found themselves at home. He is in strict sense a poet of an age of transition. He wanders between two worlds. His service to France was like Belgium's. And he shares the fate of his country today, though on a more acute plane. In the spiritual sense, he is homeless and foodless.

His first volume was published in 1883—*Les Flamands*—ten years after Verlaine's *Paysages Belges*. Verlaine, a French dilettante, saw Belgium of the débâcle as *motifs* for aquarelles in *rose et verdâtre* with sufficient *brume* to make studied contrasts :

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut dans la ville.

Verhaeren, a robust compatriot of Rubens, saw Belgium through Flemish eyes. His verse in the first volume is like Flemish painting—huge bulwarks of ruddy flesh with arteries and veins so full that the purple blood almost spurts through the skin. Excess, a tendency to be gross, is characteristic of many artists of the first rank,—Tintoretto, for example, or Michelangelo; it is not a fault found in minor artists. Great artists get it under control and it becomes magnificence, grandeur. Verhaeren was long in dominating his tendency to excess, and worked it off partly on the physical plane. For several years he gave himself up to debauchery that brought him to the very border line of madness. Born in 1855 of an orthodox Catholic family, he was destined for the priesthood. But after completing his academic training at Louvain, he prepared for law examinations at Brussels, and threw overboard the moral and religious principles that won his admiration as an adolescent. There followed a period of riotous excess that brought with it physical disease, melancholia and mental disintegration. Through this period of disease and decay he continued an artist, studying his own moods and sensations, and recording them with apt symbols. The titles of the volumes written at this time of dissipation and disease are indicative of their

contents—*Les Soirs, La Débâcle, Les Flambeaux Noirs*. His imagery is that of Dante's *Inferno*, blackness, smoke, fog, mud, ice. The world is hung around as with a dark curtain, and its gloom is intensified by the black torches which flame against it. Warmth, life and sunlight have disappeared from the earth. Everything is locked in an eternal winter.

La neige tombe, indiscontinûment,
Comme une lente et longue et pauvre laine,
Parmi la morne et longue et pauvre plaine,
Froide d'amour, chaude de haine.

Ainsi tombe la neige au loin,
En chaque sente, en chaque coin,
Tonjours la neige et son suaire,
La neige pâle et mortuaire,
La neige pâle et inféconde,
En folles loques vagabondes
Par à travers l'hiver illimité du monde*

Of actual landscapes, he finds the dreary desolateness of an English winter most consonant with his mood, and he speaks of "ce Londres qui est mon âme.

Et ces marches et ces gestes de femmes soûles;
Et ces alcools de lettres d'or jusques aux toits;
Et tout à coup la mort, parmi ces foules;
O mon âme du soir, ce Londres noir qui traîne en toi!

These volumes describe conditions that are morbid and that often seem insane. Yet, they will hold a place among similar morbid verse by reason of the artistic form in which Verhaeren has expressed his gloomy musings.

Verhaeren watched his approach to madness, and wrung a forlorn comfort from his despair in the thought that complete madness would put an end to the painful alternations of sanity. He was saved, however, from the débâcle he contemplated. The secret prayer of his soul for deliverance was heard—perhaps something in his early religious training had penetrated below the layer of his mind. He was "converted." From the fog and soot of his spiritual London he was led into air and sunshine by St. George. The splendid, ringing, martial poem which describes that conversion, remains after many years and many volumes, his best.

* Cf. also the poem "La Pluie":

La pluie,
La longue pluie, avec ses longs fils gris,
Avec ses cheveux d'eau, avec ses rides,
La longue pluie
Des vieux pays,
Eternelle et torpide!

Ouverte en large éclair, parmi les brumes,
 Une avenue;
 Et Saint Georges, cuirassé d'or,
 Avec des plumes et des écumes,
 Au poitrail blanc de son cheval, sans mors,
 Descend.
 Il m'a rempli de son essor
 Et tendrement d'un effroi doux;
 Devant sa vision altière,
 J'ai mis, en sa pâle main fière,
 Les fleurs tristes de ma douleur;
 Et lui, s'en est allé, m'imposant la vaillance
 Et sur le front, la marque en croix d'or de sa lance,
 Droit vers son Dieu, avec mon cœur.

Verhaeren's conversion removed scales from his eyes and he looked out upon a new world filled with beauty. It is at this point that the tangent of futurism shoots off from his work, though he is no more responsible for that heresy in art than are many others who, through conversion, have been awaked to a beauty that radiates through the world. Self-indulgence had clouded his retina, until he could see in the universe only the projection of his own foul and morbid moods. Conversion changed his polarity from self and enabled him to see the world as it really is. In his reaction from his state of black despair it was natural that he should go to an extreme of joy. The man who with jaundiced eye can see nothing in snowflakes but a relentless storm of soot, may, in his ecstasy over recovery, so spread his own rosy happiness over the face of things as to take a cloud of soot for drifting snow. The changed appearance that conversion brought into the face of nature for Verhaeren is not an isolated phenomenon. Something of that kind happens whenever a man is converted from the self-indulgence of sin to positive efforts at right living. Traherne and Jonathan Edwards are cases parallel with Verhaeren's. Traherne relates what Eden-like splendour shone from trees and grass and stones at the beginning of his life.¹ There followed an eclipse of that celestial light, and all

¹"All appeared new, and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was Divine. . . . The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared; which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine."

became dark. Then came his conversion which restored earth to more than her pristine splendour.²

Edwards' experience shows a close parallel. His inward change wrought so powerfully on outward nature that violent thunderstorms became his delight. They had formerly terrified. Verhaeren's experience is as normal as these others. He had been restored by St. George from death to life. He is in ecstasy over life. The very ills that modify life's exuberant course can delight him inasmuch as they testify to the presence of life. One can quite easily understand such enthusiasm. A boy's face swollen out with mumps is scarcely an artistic subject; but compared with a corpse the boy is to be congratulated—mumps could not exist in death, it is an incident common in the course of life, and because thus associated with life it acquires by transfer some of the worth of life itself. It is thus that Verhaeren rejoices over all the incidents and accidents of life—trivial or vulgar. Even the casualties of somnambulism would come in for admiration and honour. Can we not see that an unfortunate lady* precipitated down a staircase would receive on every step convincing evidence of the vitality of her nerve centers? Let us remember that every man of force collects around him like a magnet a crowd of followers. The followers often catch only a superficial mannerism. Verhaeren must not be held responsible for the vagaries of the futurist school.

Warmth of color and backgrounds of gold (over and over he uses *gold* in the plural, *les ors*, gold in many shades banked up like sunset vapours) replace the rain and ice of his Inferno. In *Les Flamands*, he paints as Rubens and Teniers. In verse like the *St. Georges*, his color is Memling's or Van Eycks'. But there is a fervour, a rush of aspiration that is not Memling's or Van Eycks', that one finds in the great Italians, in Titian's Assumption, and in Tintoretto.

Verhaeren's production is not uniform. The morbid verse of personal despair came to an end. But along with the most exquisite and winged poems such as are found in *Les Heures Claires*, there occur volumes that are raucous, brutal and mad. A reader is puzzled by the violent and repulsive contrast. Verhaeren's dual production will be understood if certain facts that occur outside the usual sphere of literature be considered with attention. Those who have been privileged to gain experience in rescue mission work such as that described by Mr. Harold Begbie in *Twice Born Men* know that the conversion of drunk-

² "He thought within himself that this world was far better than Paradise had men eyes to see its glory, and their advantages. For the very miseries and sins and offences that are in it are the materials of his joy and triumph and glory. So that he is to learn a diviner art that will now be happy and that is like a royal chemist to reign among poisons, to turn scorpions into fishes, weeds into flowers, bruises into ornaments, poisons into cordials. And he that cannot learn this art, of extracting good out of evil, is to be accounted nothing. Heretofore, to enjoy beauties, and be grateful for benefits was all the art that was required to felicity, but now a man must, like a God, bring Light out of Darkness, and order out of confusion. Which we are taught to do by His wisdom, that ruleth in the midst of storm and tempests."

* "Portrait d'une Nue descendant un escalier."

ards and other vicious men is a thing of degrees. A few men, cured of their foolish self-will by the "hard luck" that follows prolonged self-indulgence, will finally make a surrender of themselves, and in humility lead a new life. Their conversion though progressive is thorough going. Others, though making only a partial surrender of self-will, will nevertheless get rid of alcoholic intemperance. The new freedom brings exaltation. In time they come to look upon this freedom as accomplished by their own will-power rather than by Divine Grace, and their heads become full of conceited notions. The last state of such men is often worse than their first. True they may not return to hard drink. Their self-indulgence nevertheless takes a less obvious outlet. They have not emptied themselves of the selfishness which manifested itself as ruinous alcoholism; they have merely stopped up the lowest hole in the hogshead. The contents, all undrained, will now leak out through some hole higher up on the side. Self-indulgence has not been ended—it has taken a subtle and more dangerous form. Such "converts" often become tyrants in their families or Bible class. If we may compare the higher grades of life with the lowest, Verhaeren's experience would seem more like that of the false convert than of the true. He was delivered by St. George from common madness—madness on the physiological plane. But he did not yield himself wholly to the divine influence of St. George. The interior spiritual disorder which was manifesting itself on the physical plane as insanity, was checked only in its place of manifestation, and came to expression again in Verhaeren, subtly, as philosophical madness.

The metaphysical madness that pervades much of Verhaeren's writing is the familiar system of Nietzsche; we need delay for no comment upon it. It is the detestable idea of brute force as righteousness—a disregard of morality, honour and the restraints that decency and civilization impose upon selfishness.

So many critics have spoken of Verhaeren as a Belgian Walt Whitman that the resemblance ought to be made clear or disproved. In truth there is no essential likeness between the two poets, though a hasty reader might be misled by a superficial trait. After all prejudices and repugnancies are overcome, and all subtractions made for grossness and uncouthness, the real Whitman remains a prophet of spiritual living. His great and characteristic strain is a call to spiritual warfare.

As I ponder'd in silence,
Returning upon my poems, considering, lingering long,
A Phantom arose before me with distrustful aspect,
Terrible in beauty, age, and power,
The genius of poets of old lands,
As to me directing like flame its eyes,
With finger pointing to many immortal songs,
And menacing voice, What singest thou? it said,

Know'st thou not there is but one theme for ever-enduring bards?

And that is the theme of War, the fortune of battles,
The making of perfect soldiers.

Be it so, then I answer'd.

I too haughty Shade also sing war, and a longer and greater one than any,
Waged in my book with varying fortune, with flight, advance and retreat,
victory deferr'd and wavering,

(Yet methinks certain, or as good as certain, at the last,) the field the
world,

For life and death, for the Body and for the eternal Soul,

Lo, I too am come, chanting the chant of battles,

I above all promote brave soldiers.

It is not slander or disparagement to say that Whitman did not maintain the high level of that poem—it is in the nature of a poet to be unequal. There are strata of poetic consciousness that, for all their impalpability, are similar to the solid layers of geology. The individual poet rises and falls through those strata as mercury does in a thermometric tube. The highest strata are the domain of those unutterably sweet melodies of which Keats dreamed

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

It is a realm where harmony of sound and line and color become harmonies of act, real existences in the spiritual plane, that filter down through denser strata as musical and poetic magic. Whitman rose to that high stratum, and caught his vision of a supramundane world in which the distractions and discords of earth are resolved into harmonies. He saw brotherhood as the law of the "communion of the saints"—a brotherhood of the heart, not a brotherhood distorted by the intellect into socialism and democracy. But as Whitman's mercuric consciousness dropped from that lofty plane to the lower levels of his personal life, his mind began to interpret what it remembered of his soul's experience in terms of its own personal limitations. That mental interpretation is necessarily a distortion and a limitation of the original truth perceived. In Whitman's case, the joy he felt over conditions in the spiritual realm became crude, gross and blatant satisfaction with material progress. It is on this downward point that Whitman and Verhaeren for a moment touch. When the first fervours of his conversion had cooled, Verhaeren's delight in all that his eye could see became easily gross acceptance of unideal conditions—a blatant content with material evolution.

Whitman, however, was something of an inspiration to Péguy, who in spiritual wisdom far outdistances his older friend, the Belgian poet. Yet it would not be correct to give the impression that Whitman is responsible for the new and virile note in French poetry—that inspiration is a thing passing thus from man to man. To believe the latter

statement would be an assumption that the universe is a man-managed place instead of a creation divinely guided. I am tempted to go outside the field of literature in order to look for evidence of the divine guidance which endeavours constantly to lead men to better things. In my search I turn to the religious orders, and from many contemporary records, I select the autobiography of a Carmelite nun, Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux, whose brief life covers the period from 1873-1897. The autobiography was written in obedience to a direction from the Superior of the convent who wished a record of Soeur Thérèse's progress for the benefit of other nuns in the Order. What Thérèse writes herself, as well as what is written and narrated of her by other nuns, is marked by the qualities that characterise Péguy's verse—gayety, humour, and a human intimacy with divine things and beings. Here is the narrative of a nun who explains the circumstances that brought her a wonderful and charming letter from Thérèse. May we not think that the letter was truly inspired by the Divine Master whose name Thérèse signed to it?

"Being somewhat of a child in my ways, the Holy Child—to help me in the practice of virtue—inspired me with the thought of amusing myself with Him, and I chose the game of ninepins. I imagined them of all sizes and colours, representing the souls I wished to reach. The ball was—*love*.

"In December, 1896, the novices received, for the benefit of the Foreign Missions, various trifles towards a Christmas tree, and at the bottom of the box containing them was a *top*—a rare thing in a Carmelite convent. My companions remarked: 'What an ugly thing!—of what use will it be?' But I, who knew the game, caught hold of it, exclaiming: 'Nay, what fun! it will spin a whole day without stopping if it be well whipped'; and thereupon I spun it round to their great surprise.

"Soeur Thérèse was quietly watching us, and on Christmas night, after midnight Mass, I found in our cell the famous top, with a delightful letter addressed as follows:

TO MY BELOVED LITTLE SPOUSE

PLAYER OF NINEPINS ON THE MOUNTAIN OF CARMEL

Christmas night, 1896.

"MY BELOVED LITTLE SPOUSE—I am well pleased with thee! All the year round thou hast amused Me by playing at *ninepins*. I was so overjoyed that the whole court of Angels was surprised and charmed. Several little cherubs have asked Me why I did not make them children. Others wanted to know if the melody of their instruments were not more pleasing to Me than thy joyous laugh when a ninepin fell at the stroke of thy love-ball. My answer to them was, that they must not regret they are not children, since one day they would play with thee in the meadows of Heaven. I told them also that thy smiles were cer-

tainly more sweet to Me than their harmonies, because these smiles were purchased by suffering and forgetfulness of self.

"And now, my cherished Spouse, it is my turn to ask something of thee. Thou wilt not refuse Me—thou lovest Me too much. Let us change the game. Ninepins amuse me greatly, but at present I should like to play at spinning a top, and, if thou dost consent, thou shalt be the top. I give thee one as a model. Thou seest that it is ugly to look at, and would be kicked aside by whosoever did not know the game. But at the sight of it a child would leap for joy and shout: 'What fun! it will spin a whole day without stopping'!

"Although thou too art not attractive, I—the little Jesus—love thee, and beg of thee to keep always spinning to amuse Me. True, it needs a whip to make a top spin. Then let thy sisters supply the whip, and be thou most grateful to those who shall make thee turn fastest. When I shall have had plenty of fun, I will bring thee to join Me here, and our games shall be full of unalloyed delight. Thy little Brother,

JESUS."

A second testimony from another nun shows no less good sense and good-humour.

"I had the habit of constantly crying about the merest trifles, and this was a source of great pain to Soeur Thérèse. One day a bright idea occurred to her: taking a mussel-shell from her painting table, and, holding my hands lest I should prevent her, she gathered my tears in the shell, and soon they were turned into merry laughter.

"'There', she said, 'from this onwards I permit you to cry as much as you like on condition that it is into the shell!'

"A week, however, before her death, I spent a whole evening in tears at the thought of her fast-approaching end. She knew it, and said: 'You have been crying. Was it into the shell?' I was unable to tell an untruth, and my answer grieved her. 'I am going to die,' she continued, 'and I shall not be at rest about you unless you promise to follow faithfully my advice. I consider it of the utmost importance for the good of your soul.'

"I promised what she asked, begging leave, however, as a favour, to be allowed to cry at her death. 'But,' she answered, 'why cry at my death? Those tears will certainly be useless. You will be bewailing my happiness! Still I have pity on your weakness, and for the first few days you have leave to cry, though afterwards you must again take up the shell.'

"It has cost me some heroic efforts, but I have been faithful. I have kept the shell at hand, and each time the wish to cry overcame me, I laid hold of the pitiless thing. However urgent the tears, the trouble of passing it from one eye to the other so distracted my thoughts, that before very long this ingenious method entirely cured me of my sensibility."

In view of such a life as that of Soeur Thérèse, may we not think of Divine Powers working above and behind the visible scheme of things and imparting their wisdom and force to those who can pass it on to others? Whitman in America would seem to be one of many transmitters. Those Divine Powers seem to have touched responsive hearts in France also, and to have revealed much of themselves through Péguy and Soeur Thérèse. They touched Verhaeren's heart too, and aroused him sufficiently to make of him a great poet, though he is not their faithful servitor. At a period in French literary life when scepticism and dilettantism held the reins, Verhaeren's genuine religious experience, and his immense vitality, served as example and encouragement for a younger set of writers who were to dethrone usurping Disbelief. Verhaeren's philosophical verse—poems that deal with material evolution are of slight value. His lyrics—even those of morbid moods, but above all the love poems—will rank him high. In *Les Heures Claires*, he has written to his wife verse that takes one back to Michelangelo's for Vittoria Colonna. It is love poetry equal to Rossetti's at Rossetti's best, without the fleshly suggestion that sometimes taints the sonnets of *The House of Life*. It is by *Les Heures Claires* and *Les Heures d'après Midi* that Verhaeren will win many ardent admirers.

Chaque heure, où je songe à ta bonté
 Si simplement profonde,
 Je me confonds en prières vers toi.

Je suis venu si tard
 Vers la douceur de ton regard,
 Et de si loin vers tes deux mains tendues,
 Tranquillement, par à travers les étendues!

J'avais en moi tant de rouille tenace
 Qui me rongerait, à dents rapaces,
 La confiance.

J'étais si lourd, j'étais si las,
 J'étais si vieux de méfiance,
 J'étais si lourd, j'étais si las
 Du vain chemin de tous mes pas.

Je méritais si peu la merveilleuse joie
 De voir tes pieds illuminer ma voie,
 Que j'en reste tremblant encore et presque en pleurs
 Et humble, à tout jamais, en face du bonheur.

CLARENCE C. CLARK.

AN UNATTRACTIVE HEAVEN*

I DOUBT whether many readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are looking for proof of the immortality of the soul. To those who are doing so the literature of spiritualism must prove the more disappointing the more thoughtfully it is examined. The most recent addition to this literature that has come under our notice—*Letters from a Living Dead Man*, written down by Elsa Barker—is no exception to the general rule, for between evidence and proof there is a world of difference.

Indeed I do not know how one ever could *prove* the survival of consciousness, for I do not know how its present existence may be proved. My own consciousness is certainly more fundamental to me than any proof could be; and, having to be taken for granted in all proofs, becomes a premise which cannot be made a conclusion. I am certain of it not by proof, but by experience. And as I cannot prove it to myself, I must suppose I should have great difficulty in proving it to anybody else. If they chose to regard my words as the productions of their own minds, my appearance as an optical illusion, my movement of their arms and bodies, if I were to shake them in my exasperation, as a new kind of St. Vitus's dance, what on earth could I do about it? I have never really been confronted with this problem, as my friends and acquaintances have so far been good enough to indulge the assumptions of my existence and consciousness. But I am appalled at the contemplation of its difficulties should they ever see fit to change their minds about me. Again and again I have had to retire, baffled and beaten, before their mere challenge that I should prove my reasonableness; and to prove oneself reasonable is simple child's play to proving oneself existent and conscious. This may seem like a contradiction, for one instinctively feels that one could not be reasonable without being conscious. But when you look back over the course of many lengthy, hard fought arguments, you are compelled to observe with what facility your own reasonableness—once proved—is claimed as the reasonableness of your opponent. You either have not proved your reasonableness, or else you have convinced him that it is his own just as much as yours. So if he should persist in his prejudice against your existence, this presentation of reasonableness—and all the labour you expended upon it—must go for nothing. It is his own reasonableness, and you may continue a myth for all of it.

I am prepared to make a free gift of this argument to our spiritualistic friends, to help them to fill their long felt need of some excuse for the general trivial imbecility of the mediumistic communications which they consider they receive from the spirit world. No one of us is as

* *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, written down by Elsa Barker, Mitchell Kennerley, New York, 1915.

prone to claim imbecility as wisdom, and what we disclaim for ourselves runs a fair chance of being attributed to some one else—and so of convincing us of some one else's existence. I do not regard this as a very good argument. But the advantage of any argument, as Bertrand Russell says of a proof, is that "it instils a modicum of doubt as to the validity of the result," and it is highly desirable that the immortality of the type of consciousness, reflected in the ordinary spiritualistic seance, should be doubted as energetically as possible. Were these doubts to fail us, existence would be indeed a horror.

These *Letters from a Living Dead Man* cannot, however, be ranked with the usual productions of spiritualistic experimentation. They are as far removed as possible from imbecility. On the contrary, they are marked throughout with an excess of mentality that is almost equally repellant. They furnish no *proof* of the continued existence of individual consciousness beyond the death of the body; but they do take their place in that great mass of evidence, trivial and weighty, trustworthy and untrustworthy, attractive and repulsive, which points to this conclusion, and which in its totality is overwhelmingly convincing.

On the paper wrapper of Mrs. Barker's volume is the facsimile of a letter written by her to the publisher, Mr. Kennerley, giving him her personal assurance "unqualified by any reservations whatever, that the experiences recorded in this book occurred precisely as I have explained in the Introduction." Indeed the inherent evidence of the "Letters" themselves bears out what is said of the way in which they were written, and perhaps we cannot do better than to give this in Mrs. Barker's own words.

"One night last year in Paris I was strongly impelled to take up a pencil and write, though what I was to write about I had no idea. Yielding to the impulse, my hand was seized as if from the outside, and a remarkable message of a personal nature came, followed by the signature 'X.'

"The purport of the message was clear, but the signature puzzled me.

"The following day I showed this writing to a friend, asking her if she had any idea who 'X' was.

"'Why,' she replied, 'don't you know that that is what we always call Mr. —?'

"I did not know.

"Now, Mr. — was six thousand miles from Paris, and, as we supposed, in the land of the living. But a day or two later a letter came to me from America, stating that Mr. — had died in the western part of the United States, a few days before I received in Paris the automatic message signed 'X.'

"So far as I know, I was the first person in Europe to be informed of his death, and I immediately called on my friend to tell her that 'X' had passed out. She did not seem surprised, and told me that she had felt certain of it some days before when I had shown her the 'X' letter, though she had not said so at the time.

"Naturally I was impressed by this extraordinary incident.

"X" was not a spiritualist. I am not myself, and never have been a spiritualist, and, so far as I can remember, only two other supposedly disembodied entities had ever before written automatically through my hand. This had happened when I was in the presence of a mediumistic person; but the messages were brief and I had not attached any great importance to the phenomena."

Certain earlier incidents are then given which show that Mrs. Barker had long been subject to psychic or "hypnagogic" visions and had dabbled more or less with mediumistic and psychic phenomena. "But to the whole subject of communication between the two worlds I had felt an unusual degree of indifference. Spiritualism had always left me cold, and I had not even read the standard works on the subject."

It was to please her friend that she consented to let "X" write again—"if he could." A letter came through her hand with the usual "breaks and pauses between the sentences, with large and badly formed letters, but quite automatically, as in the first instance."

From that time on, the letters continued to come: "sometimes several times a week; again nearly a month would elapse without my feeling his presence. I never called him, nor did I think much about him between his visits. During most of the time my pen and thoughts were occupied with other matters. . . ."

"While writing these letters I was generally in a state of semi-consciousness, so that, until I read the message over afterwards, I had only a vague idea of what it contained. In a few instances I was so nearly unconscious that as I laid down the pencil I had not the remotest idea of what I had written; but this did not often happen."

These are, of course, the usual characteristics and concomitants of mediumistic productions. Of the various hypotheses upon which such writings are explained, the first—that of deliberate deceit—constitutes a charge which few who read the book will be likely to bring. That they are "the lucubrations of my own subconscious mind" is quite possible, but that theory "does not explain the first letter signed 'X' that came before I knew my friend was dead," unless we assume a very far reaching and extraordinary knowledge on the part of the subconscious self—and assume also that it would "set out upon a long and laborious deception of me on a premise which had not been suggested to it by my own objective mind or that of any other person." Therefore, Mrs. Barker says, "If anyone asks the question, What do I myself think as to whether these letters are genuine communications from the invisible world, I should answer that I believe they are. In the personal and suppressed portions reference was often made to past events and to possessions of which I had no knowledge, and these references were verified. This leaves untouched the favorite telepathic theory of the psychologists. But if these letters were telepathed to me, by whom were they telepathed? Not by my friend who was present at the writing of many of them, for their contents were as much a surprise to her as to me. I wish, however, to

state that I make no scientific claims about this book, for science demands tests and proofs. . . . As evidence of a soul's survival after bodily death, it must be accepted or rejected by each individual according to his or her temperament, experience and inner conviction as to the truth of its contents."

My own temperament and experience—I should like it to be observed that I do not say my "inner conviction as to the truth of its contents"—are such as to lead me to give ready assent to this conclusion of Mrs. Barker's, and I am quite willing to deal with these letters as "genuine communications from the invisible world." The precise meaning to be given to the word "genuine," when thus applied to automatic writings, may well be questioned; but, even if we allow it to retain its fullest significance, there are certain things which we must note—things that are universally true of all letters, automatic or not. No matter what may be the subject of a letter, its primary revelation is of the mind and nature of its author. The American tourist, writing home to some little country village a description of Paris and its customs, is actually describing not Paris but himself. If any support were necessary for the truth of this statement it could be found in all the present talk about a "new" Paris and a "new" France. France is not new—but the oldest of European nations, and its traditions and its character have continued unbroken for over a thousand years. Today, in the great light of war,—the searcher of the soul's of nations as of men—her soul stands forth as it has always stood in danger or in crisis, and we gaze in awe upon it as a new creation. And why? Because the life of that soul is and has ever been so deep and strong and rich that it has offered to every man whatsoever thing he himself sought of it. To one it has been the great treasure house of art. To another it has been the ancient mistress of all learning, forever renewing her youth in the tireless, unremitting labour of her savants. To others it has meant the rue de la Paix and the avenue de l' Opera, the milliner's shops, and source of bargains and of fashions; while to still others it has appeared only as the cafés of the Boulevards, of Montmatre or the Quartier Latin. He who writes of Paris writes always of himself.

If this be true of any effort to describe an earthly city—if each man finds there that which his own taste and temperament led him to seek and have taught him to see—it is inconceivable that it should not be true in still greater measure of any effort to describe the Kingdom of the Heavens. He who writes of it must also and always be writing of himself; and the most "genuine" account of after-death states must be subject to precisely the same limitations as would be the equally "genuine" account by a Mexican cowboy of the contents of the Bibliothèque Nationale. It would take a master of life to describe the one, as it would exhaust the resources of human sympathy and learning to describe the other. Nor must we assume—as for some unknown reason most of our generation seem to assume—that the Kingdom of the Heavens and the world of after-death consciousness are synonymous. The more

one reads of such writings as these letters—though I confess at once that my own curiosity in regard to such has not been extensive—the more convinced one is that if heaven exists so also does hell: and that what is felt and described as heaven by one would constitute a very complete hell for another. Let us, therefore, not make the gross error of regarding these *Letters from a Living Dead Man* as descriptive of either heaven or hell or of “the invisible world” that includes them both. They are descriptive of the after-death consciousness of Mr. —, as he was able to write of it through the hand of Mrs. Barker.

Of Mr. —, beyond the fact that he was not a spiritualist, Mrs. Barker only tells us: “X” was not an ordinary person. He was a well known lawyer nearly seventy years of age, a profound student of philosophy, a writer of books, a man whose pure ideals and enthusiasms were an inspiration to everyone who knew him.” She does not add—what the letters themselves make apparent—that the dominant note of his life was intellectual curiosity, which, he naively assumes to be the purest and highest of motives; and that he was ignorant alike of any great love and of the meaning of devotion—whether to a cause or to God or to man. It is, in consequence, his curiosity that holds his consciousness at the hour of death, that moulds the forms of its later states, and whose gratification constitutes the major portion of his heaven. He is not, however, devoid of kindness or without ambition to do good to his fellows. To this latter ambition he himself ascribes his desire to record his experiences (p. 149).

“My object in writing these letters is primarily to convince a few persons—to strengthen their certainty in the fact of immortality, or the survival of the soul after the bodily change which is called death. Many think they believe who are not certain whether they believe or not. If I can make my presence as a living and vital entity felt in these letters, it will have the effect of strengthening the belief in certain persons in the doctrine of immortality.

“This is a materialistic age. A large percentage of men and women have no real interest in the life beyond the grave. But they will all have to come out here sooner or later, and perhaps a few will find the change easier, the journey less formidable, by reason of what I shall have taught them. Is it not worth while? Is it not worth a little effort on your part as well as on mine?

“Any person approaching the great change who shall seriously study these letters and lay their principles to heart, and who shall will to remember them after passing out, need not fear anything.”

In an earlier communication he explains his reasons for writing, more or less fragmentary and desultory letters, rather than attempting to dictate a more imposing work (p. 118).

“If I had set out to write a scientific treatise of the life on this side, I should have begun in quite a different way from this. In the first place, I should have postponed the labour about ten years, until

all my facts were pigeon-holed and docketed; then I should have begun at the beginning and dictated a book so dull that you would have fallen asleep over it, and I should have had to nudge you from time to time to pick up the pencil fallen from your somnolent hand.

"Instead, I began to write soon after coming out, and these letters are really the letters of a traveller in a strange country. They record his impressions, often his mistakes, sometimes perhaps his provincial prejudices; but at best they are not a rehash of what somebody else has said."

It is these mistakes, ignorances and prejudices—revealed on every page in entire unconsciousness by the writer—that have done more than anything else to make the book interesting and provocative of thought to the student of Theosophy. One will search in vain through its pages for any coherent doctrine that has not been far more clearly and fully expounded in the literature of the Theosophical Society. The whole philosophic and intellectual background of the book is, in the narrow and popular meaning of the word, theosophical. Reincarnation, karma, above all, the fact that man determines for himself the nature of the world in which he lives, are taken for granted and illustrated in letter after letter. But though "X" states this latter fact with the utmost clearness, as perhaps the basic law of the afterdeath states, and though he sees and relates its working—often very amusingly—in the case of those with whom he meets and talks, he is apparently blissfully unconscious that all that he himself sees and relates must be self-coloured and self-determined in precisely the same way.

He writes, for example (p. 59): "Those people who think of their departed friends as being all-wise, how disappointed they would be if they could know that the life on this side is only an extension of the life on earth! If the thoughts and desires there have been only for material pleasures, the thoughts and desires here are likely to be the same. I have met veritable saints since coming out; but they have been men and women who held in earth life the saintly ideal, and who now are free to live it.

"Life can be so free here! There is none of the machinery of living which makes people on earth life such slaves. In our world a man is held only by his thoughts. If they are free, he is free.

"Few, though, are of my philosophic spirit. There are more saints here than philosophers, as the highest ideal of most persons, when intensely active, has been towards the religious rather than the philosophic life."

And again (p. 94) he writes: "Do you not understand that what you believe you are going to be out here is largely determinative of what you will be." This theme is illustrated by many stories of people whom he meets: the story of the woman who was still finding fault with her food—poor soul, it was her only enjoyment while on earth; the story of the materialist who had set his mind and will stubbornly against the possibility of any consciousness after death, and who, in consequence,

is sunk in a profound unconsciousness deeper than any sleep, till "X" obtains his awakening at the hands of his "Teacher."

This "Teacher," "X" regards as an adept or Master; yet as we read what is said of and by him we are not reminded of the Masters of whom Theosophy teaches, but rather of a phrase of X's own: "The average college professor is not a being of supreme wisdom, whether here or there."

It is to those who are perfected in devotion that the promise of spiritual knowledge is made. "X" finds what he seeks. When he was about to die, he determined, he tells us, to carry with him memory, philosophy and reason. In their enjoyment he spends—as he had wished—his devachanic period; wandering through purgatory, heaven and hell, content to observe and study. But because at no point can he bring the light of love to bear on what he sees, because no greater will than his own ever moves him, because to nothing has he even the beginning of devotion, he forever misses the heart of what he looks upon; and the sentimental vision of his "Beautiful Being" is the travesty his temperament works upon what should be the communion of love. Such travesties do not make pleasant reading; and the self-complacent patronage of his attitude to all about him—to things sacred as well as profane—is so much more than unpleasant that it can only be described as revolting in its sacrilege. Yet we have to remember that this self-complacent conceit of his intellect must have been fostered through long years here on earth, and that suddenly to have stripped him of it would have been, indeed, to have plunged him into what would have been for him a hell. We must ardently desire to be rid of our faults, before either life or death can suddenly free us from them. There is no evidence that "X" ever wished to learn the lessons of humility. We have also to remember that what is sacred cannot be made less sacred because ignorance and conceit may travesty it. Only he is injured who accepts this travesty as truth, and few readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are likely to make such an error.

To many readers the book may do far more harm than good, as it contains much that is true, and as half truths are more misleading than falsehood. To read it for these truths, for what it may show us of the laws of life or death, would be sheer waste of time for anyone who has made any study of Theosophy. But if we come to it as a study in psychology, seeking the causes for the blindness and the errors which it reveals, it can aid us in an undertaking that may be wholly beneficial. The causes of blindness, the roots of error, are in us as in "X." Day by day, in the desires we foster or let live unchecked, we are creating the forces that will mould our after-death state, determining our own heaven or hell. That which we desire we shall be given. The secret longing of the heart will be enacted openly. This is the eternal law; and we, who know it to be the law, have need to pause and judge our hearts before we are judged by them. What future are we making for ourselves?

H. B. M.

PAUL THE DISCIPLE

II.

AT THE FEET OF GAMALIEL

“**I** AM a Jew, born in Tarsus of Cilicia, but brought up in this city, at the feet of Gamaliel, instructed according to the strict manner of the law of our fathers.”

Paul, as he spoke, was standing on the steps of the Roman guard-house which overlooked the great courtyard of the temple. Under the shadow of the holy shrine on Mount Moriah, made sacred by the Master's footsteps, he told the story of his life, inspired by this splendid background for his oration, as, five or six years earlier, he had stood under the shadow of the Acropolis of Athens, and, looking up to the pillared beauty of the Parthenon, had repeated the verse of the great Hymn to Zeus, "For we are also His offspring!" It was the first day of his bondage, the first day of many years when he wore the chains upon his wrists, the chains that clank and rattle through all the epistles of his bondage: "Paul the prisoner, Paul in chains."

And now, speaking in the contemporary dialect of Hebrew, the current speech of Aram, and for that reason called Aramaic; standing in face of an audience pre-eminently Hebrew, Paul went back in memory to the days, some thirty years before, the great days of his studentship, when, at the feet of Gamaliel, his heart was fired and enkindled by the splendid epic of Israel, the grand story of God's way with the Nation that centered about this temple on Moriah, about the citadel of Zion, that David made his capital, after the kingdom had passed away from Paul's prototype, Saul the son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin.

We see the Jerusalem of Paul's youth, of the years, let us say, from 20 to 30, through the terrible clouds of the great tragedy, that darkness that rested there from the sixth hour to the ninth, when the earth trembled, and the veil of the great shrine on Moriah was rent from top to bottom; we rightly see, in the utter destruction that came, in the year 70, upon the City of the King, the punishment, the righteous Nemesis for the black deed of Golgotha, when the whole nation cried out, invoking their inevitable doom, "His blood be upon our heads and on our children's!" And we think, perhaps, that in the Jerusalem of Paul's student days, there was nothing but the bitter wrath, the iron bigotry, that crucified the Master. Without doubt these were already latent there, but they had not come forth from their lurking-place in passionate, rancorous hearts; and there was much that was full of aspiration, of sunnier, gentler spirit; something of the inspiration that breathes in the more beautiful of the psalms: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

There was such a period of expansion and aspiration, just before the Master began openly to teach. It is foreshadowed in the scene of his own boyhood in the temple; we catch the echo of it in his passionate, heart-breaking outcry of infinite regret: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" There was aspiration; but the age-long tragedy is, that there was not aspiration enough. There was a deep passionate interest in the things of religion, that kept these men about the Master, hanging on his words; but there was the terrible darkness and hardness of heart beneath it, that turned the impulse of religion into passionate hatred.

Of the sunnier years, of which the Master had said, "if I had not come, ye had not had sin," Gamaliel is still remembered as the greatest light; the revered doctor, the man of supreme culture, who gave form to the thought of the age, and incarnated it in himself. He may have been one of those doctors with whom the boy Jesus talked in the temple, both hearing them and asking them questions. As a Pharisee, he held the belief in the resurrection, in the constant ministry of angels, which contrasted with the legalist materialism of the official Sadducees; the one speech of his that is recorded, is full of the spirit of a wise and gentle tolerance: "But there stood up one in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in honour of all the people, and commanded to put the men forth a little while. And he said unto them, 'Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves as touching these men, what ye are about to do . . . I say unto you, Refrain from these men and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown: but if it be of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them; lest haply ye be found to be fighting against God.'"

One wonders what would have been the difference in the history of the world, if this wise, honoured doctor, who thus manfully and tolerantly defended Peter and the other apostles, had come forward as courageously a few months earlier, when their Master was on trial in the same way. There was a chance for a man to change all history. He might have held a place in the Creed, not, like Pilate, a place of eternal shame, but of high honour and renown.

Be this as it may, it was at the feet of this wise, gentle, highly honoured doctor that Paul passed his student years, his mind already full of Greek culture, of the orations of the famous Greek Platonists and Stoics of Tarsus; of the Tarsian memories of Alexander the Great, of Julius Cæsar, of Antony and Cleopatra and her splendid pageant upon the river Cydnus. Paul's mind, thus aroused and enkindled, now swung from Hellas to Israel; and during the months and years of his studentship under Gamaliel, he filled his heart and soul, his imagination and his memory, with the splendid passages of his national scriptures, the expounding of which made the substance of Gamaliel's lectures, as of all the doctors of the law.

During these formative years of Paul's life, the great genius among the Jews was Philo of Alexandria, who, with the soul of a mystic and a Platonist, re-read the Hebrew scriptures as a magnificent allegory, the revelation of the Logos, the "Mind of God." It is certain that Philo enjoyed an unrivaled authority throughout the whole Jewish world, which extended from Babylon to Rome, from the shores of the Black Sea to Egypt, and it is impossible that Philo's works and Philo's thoughts should not have been known at Jerusalem, during the years when Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, which were also the years of the ministry of Jesus. Since the writings of Paul are full of the ideas of Philo, while, at the same time he practically never uses the words and phrases that are most characteristic of Philo, though both are writing Greek, it would seem certain that he came to Philo's ideas, not directly, not by his own reading, but indirectly, through some intermediary; and one may hazard the guess that this intermediary was no other than Paul's master and instructor, Gamaliel, whose spirit, so far as we are able to judge it, is thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of Philo. It is probable that, lecturing at Jerusalem, under the shadow of the great temple, Gamaliel would use the Hebraic dialect which is called Aramaic; that, in quoting Philo in his lectures, if our hypothesis be correct, he would translate his thoughts and phrases from Alexandrian Greek to Aramaic; and that Paul, thus receiving Philo's ideas in Aramaic, later retranslated them for himself into Greek, often choosing other words than those Philo had used, though following Philo's ideas very faithfully.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Paul did study the Law and the Prophets under Gamaliel, and that, in his interpretation of the Law and the Prophets, he follows in Philo's footsteps, besides accepting the whole Platonic background of Philo's thought. But it is not so much with this aspect of Paul's work and thought that I wish just now to deal, but rather with the impression made on his mind by the grandiose Hebrew scriptures. If we take pains, we can almost follow the working of Paul's mind, as he listened to Gamaliel's lectures, almost reproduce the emotions which were awakened in his heart by this or the other famous passage from the Book of the Law.

I have already written very fully of Paul's understanding of the first great story in the Hebrew Scriptures: the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, of the Serpent's temptation, and of the Fall of Man. It is enough, at present, to say that Paul understood the whole story as an allegory, exactly as Philo did; and that the part which Adam and the Fall have been made to play in dogmatic theology largely rests on a misunderstanding and on the persistent mistranslation of Paul's words: "As in the Adam all die, even so in the Christ shall all be made alive." The Adam and the Christ mean here the natural and the spiritual man, the latter vivified by, and blended with the very life of the ever-living Christ, the Master.

The next great story in the Books of the Law, which made a

profound and indelible impression on the mind and imagination of Paul the student, is the story of the covenant with Abraham, as told in the fifteenth chapter of Genesis:

After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward. And Abram said, Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless? And Abram said, Behold, to me thou hast given no seed: and, lo, one born in my house is my heir. And behold, the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, This shall not be thine heir: but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir. And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be. And he believed in the Lord: and he counted it to him for righteousness. . . .

It is a passage of wonderful beauty, and one may boldly say that no passage in the whole compass of the Scriptures meant so much to Paul, or so greatly swayed his heart and mind. In the first place, it was because of his profound and passionate belief in the miraculous destiny and mission of the seed of Abraham, thus promised to him under the glowing stars of the Arabian desert, that Paul, conceiving this destiny to be in some sense menaced by the mission of Jesus, with the Master's unsparing condemnation of the Jews, thought it his duty to destroy the work of the disciples, the task he had in hand upon the Damascus road. And, in the second place, after Paul, through personal contact with the Master, beginning on the road to Damascus, had divined the splendid truth that precisely in and through the work of the Master was the promise to Abraham spiritually fulfilled, this passage took on for him a new and more majestic meaning: he saw a first covenant merged in a second covenant; an old testament transformed and resurgent in a new testament, and it is precisely through Paul's vision and application of this splendid metaphor, that the books concerning Jesus the Master are called the books of the New Testament, unto this day.

It was at that very same period of Abraham's life that he came into contact with the great, mysterious figure of Melchizedek King of Salem, and to the study of that meeting, we owe the superb passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which Jesus is magnificently called a High Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.

We may say, therefore, that this period in the life of Abraham, the meeting with Melchizedek, the vision under the starry sky, filled the whole background of Paul's mind; and that through Paul's love for this story, it has become of the first significance in the spiritual history of two thousand years, deeply colouring all subsequent thought concerning the work of Jesus, as the fulfilment of the promise, and the standing of Jesus as the great High Priest. No other passage, therefore, in the whole of scripture, made such an overwhelming impression on the mind and heart of Paul.

In the story of the Exodus, Paul's mind held and brooded over the miraculous manna, which fell from heaven, to feed the Children of Israel in the wilderness; and, with the tendency to see allegory everywhere, which was the essence of the school of Philo, he later turned the story of the manna to a new and unexpected use: The disciples in the regions of northern Greece were well supplied with the good things of the world; the saints at Jerusalem, the first and central group of disciples, were miserably poor; therefore Paul gathered of the abundance of Macedonia, and gave it to the older group of disciples, thus bringing about an equality: As it is written he says, He that had gathered much had nothing over: and he that had gathered little had no lack.

But the central element of the Exodus, for Paul, as for all subsequent time, was the giving of the Commandments, the majority of which Paul quotes, not once but many times, citing, indeed, all those which most closely define personal conduct. The whole majestic narrative of the law-giving on Mount Sinai was vivid and living in Paul's memory, and he made constant use of it in writing to his disciples.

From Leviticus and Numbers, Paul quotes such phrases as these: Ye shall therefore keep my statutes, and my judgments: which if a man do, he shall live in them. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . I will set my tabernacle among you: and my soul shall not abhor you. And I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people. . . . The Lord will show who are his. . . . Depart from the tents of these wicked men. . . .

From the Book of Deuteronomy, Paul quotes more at length. There are detached sentences like these: . . . at the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established. . . . For he that is hanged is accursed of God. . . . Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn. . . . Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them. . . . Yet the Lord hath not given you an heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear, unto this day. . . .

But the most beautiful passage in Deuteronomy cited by Paul is that in the thirtieth chapter, which he adapts to his own purpose in writing to the Romans:

For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil. . . .

This eloquent passage, Paul uses thus:

For Christ is the end of the Law for righteousness to every one

that believeth. For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the Law, That the man which doeth those things shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead). But what saith it? The word is nigh unto thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach.

This is a very fair example of the way in which Paul turns to his own uses the texts of the Old Testament, following the spirit, not the letter. It is in entire harmony with the method of Philo, the method which Philo himself calls Allegory; in entire harmony, indeed, with the whole Rabbinical method of exegesis at that time, for which a text meant anything that it could possibly be made to mean, either by a strained literalism or by the most liberal use of allegorical interpretation.

There is another passage in the book of Deuteronomy, which was peculiarly dear to Paul, and indeed to all the devout men of his time and nation: the passage which is beautifully suggested by the author of the Apocalypse, And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.

The song of Moses comes at the very end of the five Books of the Law, introduced by these words, And Moses spake in the ears of all the congregation of Israel the words of this song, until they were ended:

Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth. My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass: because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, his work is perfect: for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he. . . . Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee. When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him. . . .

From this beautiful song Paul quotes not once but many times; he has a perfect ear for the most eloquent and poetical phrases, images, histories.

This practically completes the list of Paul's quotations from the five books which we know as the Pentateuch, but which Paul thought of as the Torah, the Books of the Law. As we saw, three great passages

stood out in his memory, as being of supreme significance: The story of Adam, which he regarded as an allegory; the covenant which the Lord made with Abraham, and which he re-interprets in terms of the new covenant of Christ; and the life of Moses, from the tremendous days on Sinai, with the giving of the law, to the swan-song that closed the great Prophet's ministry. Of the three, the promise to Abraham stands out in brightest colours; it was so deeply engraven on his heart that, through his love of it, through the constant return of his mind to it, we have come to think of that promise as the first covenant, rather than the old traditional first covenant, which God made with man when the flood abated, setting the rainbow to it as his seal.

From the book of Joshua, Paul quotes the story of Achan and the accursed thing, the wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, which he secretly took from among the spoils; using it to underline the secret sin of one of the disciples at Corinth.

If we are to attribute to Paul the great letter to the Hebrews, as I am convinced that we should, then in a single verse we have summed up Paul's readings in the book of Judges:

And what shall I say more? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets: who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. . . .

There is here, of course, a summary of the whole later history of Israel and Judah, from the days of the Exodus to the days of Daniel, who "quenched the violence" of the burning fiery furnace. But from the historical books Paul quotes with peculiar love two passages, God's promise to David, and the splendid protest of Elijah. The former is introduced thus:

And it came to pass that night that the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying, Go and tell my servant David, Thus saith the Lord, Shalt thou build me a house for me to dwell in? . . . I took thee from the sheepcote, from following the sheep, to be ruler over my people, over Israel: . . . and when thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee, and I will establish his kingdom. He shall build a house for my name, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom for ever. I will be his father, and he shall be my son. . . .

The latter passage, the appeal of Elijah, Paul quotes to confirm himself in the hope that, in spite of their putting Jesus to death, a remnant of Israel might be saved. The appeal runs thus:

And he (Elijah) said, I have been very jealous for the Lord of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and

I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus: and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria: and Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel: and Elisha shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room. . . . Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him. . . .

May we not believe that Paul saw in the majestic, lonely figure of Elijah, whom the people sought to slay, a likeness to his own fate, a prophet in daily danger? And did he not remember, as he pondered over the sending of Elijah to the wilderness of Damascus, his own momentous days in that same wilderness, after the decisive meeting with the Master, on the high road to the city; the days he thus describes: When it pleased God to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood: neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus. . . .

From the poetical books, Psalms, Proverbs and Job, Paul quotes so abundantly that, to assemble all the passages he cites, would mean, to transcribe many pages; above all, he chooses those passages which, at that time, were held to be prophecies of the Messiah, for whose coming all Israel looked. Very many quotations from the Psalms are in the epistle to the Hebrews. One cannot lay the same stress on these, as illustrating Paul's mind, until it is more generally admitted that he is the author of that epistle.

Among the Prophets, Paul quotes from Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Hosea, but much more abundantly from Isaiah, and almost always passages of the Messianic hope, in which he loves to find foretellings of the Christ. The most notable of these passages are the following:

Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. And he shall be for a sanctuary; but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence . . . and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem. And many among them shall stumble and fall, and be broken . . . I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him. Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and wonders in Israel. . . .

For though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, yet a remnant of them shall return. . . .

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, a branch shall grow out of his roots: and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears: but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with

the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and his rest shall be glorious. . . .

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! . . .

He hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors. . . .

Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord; and I will heal him. . . .

And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord. As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord: My Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever. . . .

From the remaining books of the Prophets, Paul quotes a sentence from Ezekiel: My tabernacle also shall be with them; yea, I will be their God, and they shall be my people;—and a sentence from Hosea: I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God. . . .

Though there be, as has been said, much difference of opinion as to the authorship of the epistle to the Hebrews, we may, on the supposition that it was written by Paul, conclude our citations with a passage from that epistle, which, in a way, sums up the entire Old Testament, as it came to be understood by the writers and followers of the New:

By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure.

By faith Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau concerning things to come. By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon his staff. By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel; and gave commandment concerning his bones.

By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child; and they were not

afraid of the king's commandment. By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible. Through faith he kept the passover, and the sprinkling of blood, lest he that destroyed the firstborn should touch them. By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land: which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned. By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days. By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace.

And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets. . . .

Here, we have cited the Books of the Law, the Histories, the Prophets; and, without doubt, in the verses that follow, there is a summary of the later national wars, which are detailed in the books we call Apocrypha.

Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh; and we may confidently hold that this wonderful knowledge of the whole cycle of the Hebrew scriptures, which Paul so continually shows, was gained by him in those student days which he has himself outlined for us, when he studied the Law at the feet of Gamaliel.

In this way, from Paul's own letters, we can glean the treasures of his mind and memory, perceiving the very impress made upon his heart by the great writings of the holy dead. And always it is the most beautiful and significant passage or sentence, the fairest image, the noblest phrase that we find him quoting. He shows himself a great poet in these, his borrowings from the old Hebrew writers, just as, in what he took from Philo, the Platonic background of his thought, he shows himself a profound philosopher.

When we thus trace the debt of Paul to Gamaliel, who first led his footsteps through these devious ways, we cannot but feel once more, with a renewed poignance of regret, the profound tragedy that Gamaliel, who spoke so bravely on behalf of Peter and John, could not have spoken as wisely, as courageously, for their Master, when he was brought to trial only a few months before. To his intercession, Peter and John owed it, that their lives were spared. Peter lived thereafter some three and thirty years; John, nearly twice as long, each of them doing work of world-wide import, writing words that have proven immortal. What, then, might Gamaliel have accomplished, had he won, by his wise eloquence, the conservation of that far greater life; if the work then cut short by death, had been continued; the divine, compassionate, still unfinished work?

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XVI

DEAR FRIEND:

YOU are asking of yourself that which the Master does not ask of you, and are striving to solve problems that are not now yours and that may never be yours. If you can see the one next step ahead, if you have the will and strength to take that step, you have all that is needful. The past is past. The future is not yet. The present alone is yours to make or mar: to prove you man or weakling, faithful or recreant. And yet you let its golden moments pass—the golden moments that turn into the leaden days because they are not seized—while you stand mourning for the opportunities that are no more, and fearful of the future that may never be. We are not meant to bear this triple burden. Our present strength is for our present need, and is sufficient for that need. Let the dead past bury its dead; and for the future: “Take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost.”

Try to understand this. You will come to understand it if you meditate upon it and act upon it. Meditation will bring the light and faith to make action possible, but only as you act will you really know; for knowledge comes from experience, and experience from action. This is the basic fact of consciousness, the central thread of obedience that is the essence of discipleship,—the instant, moment by moment, obedience in action to the inner movement of the Holy Ghost. That obedience is all that concerns you or any man. Its demand is never abstract or theoretical, never of the past or of the future, but always concrete and definite, always of the present. And with the demand comes the strength to fulfil it; for both demand and strength are but the movement of the greater life that supports our own. We fail only as we ourselves divide what is given us as one,—as we apply to other purposes the full cash payment that accompanies every order which life sends us.

See what it is that you are doing, and upon what you are spending the strength that is given you. These long hours of painful introspection, of weakening doubts and self-distrust and self-created fears—what part have these in the life of the Holy Spirit? Surely you cannot think the Master asks them of you, or that the life you draw moment by moment from the full heart of Being was meant to be so dissipated. And if you do so squander your gift of time and power of brooding thought, can you wonder that you have scant energy or courage left with which to meet the demands that are really made upon you?

Yes, you say, that is just it. But how can I help these doubts? How dare I trust myself, and even assume to meet such obligations as must rest on those who would follow Him? My heart turns in a thousand ways to earth, and not to heaven. I have not mastered one of the rules of discipleship. Nor can I even find the honest will to master them. I do not wish to outwear pleasure and pain: to have my eyes incapable of tears, my ears without sensitiveness, my will and life without ambition. There is no lust of the flesh or of the world that is not mine—that does not seem to me to have a rightful place in life, with gifts to give for which life is the richer, not the poorer. Because men use them evilly are they evil in themselves? And I—I want them all. I want them rightly, I tell myself; not wrongly. But want them I do. And in my heart they lie, their good and evil so inextricably intertwined and blended that I can neither take nor leave them. How can I help but doubt? How can I follow when I cannot move; act when I cannot even will? And if I do not follow, if I do not will and act, there is no peace or rest or shred of honour left me. For through it all there is a call that will not cease, an inner urging from the depths of me,—a loyalty that is crucified in each instant's hesitation, and whose death would be the death of my own soul.

Do you think I do not know this ancient battle ground of truth and falsehood, cowardice and courage, self and loyalty? Do you think yourself the first that has shrunk from the combat? Turn to the first chapter of the Bhagavad Gita and read again the dialogue of Krishna and Arjuna. You cannot escape the battle once the call to it has sounded. To refuse to fight, to be but driven by the press of those who do fight or fly, is to prove yourself a coward, false to all to which you owe allegiance,—false to all that makes a man.

But the battle is not what you now think it. You do not have to meet at one and the same time, single handed and alone, all these forces that you see ranged hostilely against you. Neither do you now have to strike blindly in the dark, ignorant of whether your blow will fall on friend or enemy (though there come times when so it seems to you). All that you are asked is to follow where your Master leads you; and only that is your foe which stands between you and your obedience.

Can you not see this? It would be as you think it if we were masterless men; if we were ourselves, our personal selves, the captains of our own souls. Then, indeed, we should have cause for fears and doubts, and need to do what we know we cannot do: sift all the good and evil in us into separate camps and choose between them. But strong and fine as that phrase sounds, it is mercifully a lie. No man is "captain of his soul." Were he such he would be not man but devil. The soul itself is captain; and it is for us to recognize its captaincy, to follow faithfully its leadership, knowing that it, too, is "one under authority," moving in obedience to its Master's will. It is the Master who plans. We have but to obey.

I think that it is the very simplicity of discipleship that makes it so difficult for men to understand and to accept it. What is that inner urging that you feel ceaselessly pressing upon you? Is it not the simple call "Follow me"? It is possible that to other and stronger souls it may come in different terms; but to us, to you and to me, who are but babes in the spiritual life, it is the simple call of the father to his child. Why must we make such a to-do about leaving the toys with which we are playing? From whose hand did we receive them if not from his; and does not the Father know the things of which we have need? Can we not trust him? We have been using far too grown-up similes in our talk about battle-fields and enemies. We are babes, and must be fed upon the milk for babes; and nine-tenths of these fine heart-searchings of ours is but our unwillingness to take our pudgy toes from our own mouths that we may be given suck of life. We are convinced that, if once we let go, we shall be toe-less and empty-mouthed forever.

But enough of similes. Let us try to look at the situation as directly and simply as possible. You find a very tangled skein of desires in your own heart, good and evil lying side by side and so hopelessly knotted together that you cannot separate them even in thought. You do not have to separate them. That is the marvel and the inestimable value of discipleship. You have only to follow where the Master calls. As you follow, the knots one by one are untied; the good and evil separated, the issue made clear cut. Then, and then only, have you need to choose, and need to fight. If you choose rightly, and gain victory for the good over the evil, you are led on till the next knot is untied and the issue again made plain. The thread of good is always in the Master's hands. As we follow, it is freed for us from the evil to which we ourselves attach it; and being thus freed becomes our own,—something that we can take with us wheresoever we may go.

The secret of it all is thus obedience. Is this a difficult concept? Do we not know what we mean when we speak of following the Master? We hear his voice in two ways very clearly. First, and most unmistakably, in our outer duties. If we are honest there can be little doubt of these; and if, in any given time or circumstance there is an honest doubt, it need trouble us little if we are faithful where no doubt exists. We are too prone to excuse our neglect of the duties that we know by talking to ourselves of possible duties that we do not know; and to do this is to turn away from our path. The second way is in the inner voice of conscience. It is not so clear as is the voice of duty. For we have corrupted it, and let our minds explain it away so often that now we cannot always tell just why it is sore and troubled. But here also, if we will be obedient to what is unmistakable we need not fear that we shall be left to go far wrong in silence or in blindness. If we listen to these two voices—to the voice of duty and the voice of conscience—obeying them *as the Master's* voice; and because of our will to follow

him, we *do* follow him; and, following, are his disciples. It is as simple as this.

The question that confronts you, therefore, is whether you have this will. You are not concerned at all to disentangle the good and evil that may lie in the "lusts of the world and the flesh," in personal ambition, or in the extraordinary caricature your fancy has painted of what the disciple should be. All that concerns you is whether your desires and fears are stronger than your will to be faithful to your duty and true to the unquestioned standards that you know within your own heart. Will you take pleasure at the expense of duty or of conscience? If so, discipleship is not for you. Nor should you sully it with such a thought. But if not, if the good that may lie in the things of the world be not for you a greater good than your soul's loyalty, then the path is open to you; and though you stand now at its very portal, ignorant as yet of all it has to teach, there is no height to which it may not lead you. The test does not lie where you cannot distinguish good from evil. It lies where the issue is open and clear cut.

Do you see this now? I wish so earnestly that I could help you to see it. It is your own truth that you must be true to—what the Master asks of you as you are, and asks now. The law for angels is not the law for man, until he shares the light by which the angels' hearts are lit. Do not think that I am lowering your standards. You will not think so if for one hour you try to live by what I have said. But it is only by living that you can learn.

Let me try to take a case that is not yours—so that you can see it in truer perspective. Let us imagine a man, dominated, as you are not, by love of personal comfort. He might read, as you have read, that line in *Light on the Path* that bids us kill out our desire for comfort; and it might seem to him that comfort was a good, a thing that rested him and gave him strength for his work and made his life richer and not poorer. Perhaps it is hard for you to imagine him getting all worked up about this, and picturing a comfortless existence, and asking himself whether such were really his ideal, and whether he could really sacrifice all comfort for ever and ever, and whether, loving comfort, he could really be a disciple, or even dare to try. Such a procedure would seem to you very childish and hysterical and preeminently silly. You would wish to say to him: "Man, it does not matter a rap whether comfort is in itself a good or not. It is not half so interesting and vital as the things you are missing while you cling to it. You know perfectly well that no matter how comfortable you are in your arm chair by the fire, you would get up without a thought if something you were really interested in called you out. All this talk of sacrifice is moonshine. You would not even know you were making a sacrifice once your interest was roused. You are just being a sissy."

It would be quite clear to you that it was not comfort which was the evil but the way in which his desire for it impoverished his life

and interfered with all his other desires. You would see the significance of the wording of the rule: "Kill out *desire* for comfort." You would see, too, that if he were really a man and really saw his own condition, he would attack that inordinate softness of his by deliberately denying it: by choosing the uncomfortable instead of the comfortable chair, etc., etc. In other words, as far as this weakness of his was concerned, he would follow Mr. Judge's advice of never doing anything which the lower self desired for itself alone. This is what he would do if he were strong and could see. And by doing it he would gain the power to be comfortable—really to enjoy comfort—without impoverishing his life and sacrificing to his weakness those about him.

But if he were not strong, if he were nothing but a child unable to see and so unwilling to will, you would urge him at least not to let his imaginary fears of a comfortless existence, his metaphysical speculations and doubts as to the good or evil of his desire, keep him from pursuing the unquestioned good his life offered him. You would know that if he did pursue any real aim with all his heart, so that he was willing to sacrifice his comfort concretely for it, even though he were unwilling to do it abstractly, that then little by little these repeated concrete surrenders of his comfort would wear away its hold upon him.

It is this—and far more than this—which life itself does for us once we give its direction into the Master's hands. We can leave aside our abstract doubts and fears and metaphysical questionings. Resolved moment by moment to do the duty of that moment as perfectly as in us lies, to seize in each instant the highest good that instant offers, we cut through all these abstractions by the sword of definite obedience. We follow Him—our greatest good—careless of whether that which we leave behind be good or evil, knowing that all our good comes to us from Him and is safe only when held by Him.

Let me be quite frank. Though I said above that you must choose, you have in fact no choice. One does not choose one's duty. One either fulfils it or is false to it. You do not choose the Master. He has chosen you. And you are either loyal or disloyal—a man or a weakling. You have denied your manhood long enough. It is time you woke and willed, lest you bear in your soul that most scathing of all condemnations: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ISLAMIC IDEA

TO present in any detail the development of the Islamic idea after the death of its founder is the work of the Oriental historian. In the present space it is possible to give only the salient points, showing in a general way the trend which the faith has taken, and making clear the reason why Mohammedanism is often referred to as a scourge of the world. Some historians as they relate the facts of the great uprising just after the death of the Prophet,—a disturbance in which many of the tribes, taking advantage of the absence of strong authority, renounced their allegiance to return to their old rites and customs,—state that the faith was then seriously in jeopardy and that, except for the career of conquest already proposed, all would have been at an end. Of the desert tribes, many of whom were brought to allegiance originally by force of arms, this statement may be true; the greatness of Islam might have been immeasurably impaired. But to imply that all Islam was stirred by this motive, that the mighty empire which rose with such miraculous swiftness, rested on no firmer foundation than love of conquest, mere bloodthirstiness and desire for plunder, is doing a gross injustice to the true Moslems who were imbued with the spirit of the Prophet and devoted to the perpetuation of his work.

The first of these Companions to occupy the position of Caliph or Successor, was Abubeker, the father-in-law and closest friend of Mahomet, elected to the office on the day of the Prophet's death. Abubeker reigned but two years (A. D. 632-634), during which time he successfully put down the revolt of the disaffected and then turned the energies of the Saracen armies to the conquest of Syria, starting that mighty tide so soon to break over the tottering empires of Rome and Persia. His death occurred just as Damascus, the ancient city of Syria, fell into the hands of the Moslems, and by his appointment Omar, another of the early converts, succeeded to the Caliphate. The new Commander of the Faithful not only continued, but greatly extended his predecessor's policy of conquest. During his rule, Syria was completely subdued; large parts of Persia were subjugated, all of Egypt, and a part of Africa to the west. Already in a little over ten years from the death of the Prophet, a powerful empire had been built up.

The detailed story of this conquest as given in Ockley's *History of the Saracens* is interesting in the extreme,—a tale of the rapid fall of city after city in what had been, so short a time before, the most powerful empires of the world. But with individual battles we have to do here not so much as with the spirit in which they were fought, and

above all with the spirit of the commanders on whom rested the responsibility for the work. Of these leaders four men stand out in especial prominence: at home, Abubeker and Omar, the first two Caliphs, and in the field, Abu Obeidah and Kaled, two great generals.

The last named was so valiant and so zealous for the faith as to win the title of the Sword of God; fanatical from one point of view, to be sure, but a man of impetuous bravery and splendid courage, a warrior through and through. Many tales are told of his personal bravery, his good generalship, and his care and consideration of his men; one in particular, coming as it does from the despotic east, is interesting to note: a subordinate, aggrieved at being excluded from an important expedition, berated his general soundly, but Kaled "gave him very gentle and modest answers—for he was admirable in this respect that he knew no less how to govern his passions than to command an army, though to most great generals the latter frequently proves the easier task of the two."* On another occasion, though deposed from his generalship through favoritism, he continued, as a subordinate, to act with all his former vehemence and zeal, declaring that whosoever had the standard, he was resolved to fight under it for the propagation of religion. Abu Obeidah, his associate in the field, was as cautious and temperate, as pious and meek, as Kaled was impetuous and warlike, but the two generals were united in the intensity of their zeal. One instance after another is given of the sincerity with which they lived their religion, applying to daily life the teachings of the Prophet.

And still more fully was this the case in the lives of Abubeker and Omar, both men exemplary in their neglect of worldly things. Even after the victorious Saracens had made theirs the fabulous wealth of the Chosroes, Abubeker and Omar continued to live in the same simplicity which the Prophet had observed (so opposed were they to a departure from this standard that, by Omar's command, certain of the soldiers who ventured to dress in the silks they had captured, were dragged face downward in the dust). Abubeker is said never to have taken from the public treasury, in return for all his services, more than three drachmas (a gold piece in use at the time), for his personal needs, and Omar, on receiving from a foreign ruler the gift of a priceless jewel, sold it and placed the money in the treasury, with the remark that it would be more than he could answer for to the public. In contrast to the pomp and ceremony of later caliphs we find an interesting picture in the simple lives of these first successors of the Prophet, sitting on the steps of the Mosque, surrounded by beggars and friends alike, reading aloud the latest news from the field of battle, joining in the general thanksgiving for victories vouchsafed, and conferring with the people on matters of state. When his victorious generals sent word that Jerusalem had fallen but would submit only on condition that the articles of security be given by the Caliph in person, Omar with his customary

* Ockley: *History of the Saracens*.

lack of pretension, set out on the long journey at once with only his camel and two bags of provisions. And a signal instance of his good faith is shown in his refusal to pray in any Christian Church of Jerusalem, lest later followers make that an excuse to seize the Churches for their own worship, thereby violating the terms of the treaty.

The true spirit which actuated these men is best seen, perhaps, in the exhortation of Abubeker to one of his newly appointed generals; the latter was bidden "to take care to live religiously, and to make the enjoyment of the presence of God and a future state the end and aim of all his undertakings, to look upon himself as a dying man, always to have regard to the end of things; remembering that we must in a short time all die, and rise again and be called to an account. He was not to be inquisitive about men's private concerns, but take care that his men were diligent in reading the Koran," etc.* On a similar occasion when the Caliph, this time Omar, had finished speaking, the general asked and received permission to advise his ruler in return. "I bid you then (he proceeded) fear God more than men, and not the contrary; and love all the Mussulmans as yourself and your family, as well those at a distance as those near you. And command that which is praiseworthy, and forbid that which is otherwise.' Omar, all the while he spoke, stood looking steadfastly upon the ground, leaning his forehead upon his staff. Then he lifted up his head, and the tears ran down his cheeks, and he said, 'Who is able to do this without the divine assistance?'"

Such was the spirit that brought victory to the Saracens; absolute acceptance of the teachings of their Prophet, implicit faith in their God; "Allah Akbar," God is great, was the cry on every field of battle. Men fought for religion as an act of obedience to God; they fought with the assurance that the gates of paradise were open to none but champions of the cause; they accepted reverses as sent by God that the honors of martyrdom might be granted to the fallen. Utter fanaticism, we may call it, but against the power engendered by such faith what army could hope to stand. Other causes, it is true, aided in the conquest; the empires against which they fought were too vast to be manageable; many of the enemy, in the most responsible places were false to their trust and treachery added its weakening effect; the terms offered by the Saracens were such as to appeal strongly to a people who had little to lose by a change of rule. But even had these facts been otherwise, the Saracen armies were invincible and as Freeman in his *History and Conquests of the Saracens* says, "It was no sort of disgrace to the armies either of Rome or of Persia to have been discomfited by enemies like these. The ordinary and natural inducements of the soldier, average courage, average patriotism, average professional honor, could not possibly keep him up to a conflict with men whose whole spirit and motives savored of the extraordinary and supernatural."

By the hand of a malcontent from a subjugated tribe, Omar was assassinated and with his death came a change in the spirit of Islam.

Othman, his successor, was a man of considerable piety but possessed little talent for governing. He made the mistake, at the start, of removing various officials in the conquered territories and appointing in their places, his own friends and relatives. Through these and other impolitic acts he alienated his subjects; every means was employed by those opposed to him, to stir up sedition in the provinces, and after a stormy reign of twelve years he was besieged in his home by an army of his enemies and finally put to death.

With the ensuing election of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, began a period of far greater internal strife. Many people regarded Ali as the rightful successor at the death of Mahomet, many people regard him so to the present day, and the discord resulting therefrom has rent the Mohammedan world, again and again. To ignore entirely the struggles of the various factions each claiming the rightful succession to the caliphate (a struggle finally dividing the empire into three rival caliphates) would be to pass over the greater portion of Moslem history; but for the present purpose it is here sufficient to state that Moawiyah, the natural successor of Othman, accomplished the downfall of Ali, wrested from the latter's son the right to rule, and began a succession of fourteen caliphs of the Ommiade dynasty covering the years 661 to 750 A. D.

The characteristic of this rule were little different from those of any other oriental monarchy; we are told that the Ommiades were masters of slaves rather than leaders of free men. It is a period of tyranny on the one hand and rebellion on the other, yet, for the empire as a whole, a period of ever-increasing power, reaching its highest point at the close of the seventh and beginning of the eighth centuries, in the caliphates of Abdalmelik and Walid. Omar, less than a century before had made his chief fare barley-bread and water; knowing almost nothing of books, he had ordered the destruction of the Alexandrian library, with the remark, "What is contained in these books is either agreeable to what is written in the book of God (meaning the Koran) or it is not; if it be, then the Koran is sufficient without them; if otherwise, it is fit they should be destroyed"; knowing even less of navigation, he first inquired of one of his generals what the ocean looked like, and then forbade all maritime expeditions on the part of the Saracens. In Abdalmelik and Walid the caliphs had reached the opposite extreme; they were men of luxurious habits and elegant tastes, living in the greatest magnificence. They gave their attention to architecture, and splendid edifices, richly adorned, were multiplied as monuments to their memory; they turned their attention to letters, and their literary favorites were overwhelmed with honors and riches; they extended their conquests by sea as well as by land, and everywhere the name of the Saracens became an object of terror. "While Walid was living in luxury at Damascus and gratifying his artistic tastes, his generals were fighting for his empire in Asia Minor, in Korassan, in Africa, and making his authority every-

where felt. They ravaged Cappadocia, Armenia, Pontus, and Galatia, and brought to Damascus the usual crowds of captives bearing rich spoils. They crossed the Oxus, drove before them the hordes of Turkestan, and captured the city of Bokhara; they went again to Samarkand and, after a siege, obliged it to pay a great tribute annually in gold and to contribute three thousand human beings every year to the slavemarts of Damascus; and they undermined the religion of the Magians; they overran Scinde, and penetrated in that direction as far as the great river of India.”*

By 710, they had reached almost to the borders of China on the east, and on the west the first expedition across the straits of Gibraltar was undertaken. In Spain where the Goths had been ruling for some three hundred years, power lay now in the hands of Roderick, a recent usurper of the throne. The son of the previous ruler had retired to the African shore of the straits and regarding Musa, the general of the caliph, as a useful ally, negotiated a joint invasion of Spain. At first only a small party was sent, but so great was their success, so rich their offering of spoils and captives that a large army soon followed. With remarkable rapidity, the country was subdued: Roderick was killed; Elvira, Cordova, Toledo fell into the hands of the Saracens; even to the shores of the Bay of Biscay, the conquering armies advanced. Musa, filled with the assurance of victory, planned to return to Damascus by way of Constantinople, subduing the nations north of the Mediterranean, and completing the conquest of the entire ancient world. At this point however, he was suddenly recalled and arrived at Damascus with rich trains of booty, just at the death of the caliph.

The new government, in Spain, proved more moderate and liberal, and apparently more acceptable than the old. According to the treaties, the Christians were to remain undisturbed in their religion and were to enjoy entire security both for themselves and their property, providing only that they upheld the government and paid the tribute agreed upon. The Saracens continued their military expeditions, advancing over the Pyrenees into France, overrunning the Loire region, and the valley of the Rhone, and even going so far as the Rhine. But this time, it appears, little attempt was made at lasting conquest; their leaders were continually changing and the main object of their warfare was to sack, to pillage and to destroy. The year 732 brought a climax in the memorable battle of Tours,—one of the decisive battles of the world,—between the Saracens on the one hand and, on the other, the forces of Charles of Austrasia who there won his title of Charles Martel or Charles the Hammer. By the decisive victory of that day, the northward advance of the Saracens was effectually terminated and Charles Martel was left free to build up the power which later he bequeathed to his illustrious grandson, Charlemagne.

That the Saracen army made no further attempts on Frankish territory was due partly to difficulties arising at home, which necessitated its

* Gilman: *The Saracens*.

withdrawal from the western field. For with the death of Walid, the glory of the house declined. His successors, it is true, made an attempt against Constantinople during which, according to at least one historian, Christianity and civilization were in greater peril than ever before. But this attack proved unsuccessful and no subsequent monarchs of the line possessed more than moderate power or ability. To add to the difficulties of the situation there had been growing rapidly and in secret, a new faction, the Abassides, which claimed the right to the throne for the descendants of Abbas, an uncle of Mahomet. This party as well as the Alyites, had been preaching the coming of a new caliph, a true descendant of the Prophet, and exerting every effort to rouse hatred of the reigning dynasty. In 749 a great battle was fought between the two factions and Abu Abbas, the victorious leader of the Abassides, undertook the extermination of the entire house of the Ommiades, accomplishing his purpose with the exception of one man, who escaped into Africa and later, in the reign of Charlemagne, became head of the rival caliphate at Cordova.

The Abasside dynasty extended its rule over a period of five hundred years and in wealth and magnificence surpassed by far anything the Saracens had previously known. In the reign of their third Caliph, Mehdi, the ruler, on pilgrimage to Mecca, takes with him tents to protect him from the sun, camels laden with snow to cool the air, millions of gold coins to throw among the people, every possible contrivance to make the journey an easy one. And with the life of luxury came the inevitable sapping of strength, lessening of courage, weakening of moral fibre. This was a time of outward magnificence but of inward decay, and it is not surprising to learn that, far from continuing the former policy of conquest, "the armies of the caliphate were hardly sufficient to perform police duty at home." Even now, though, one army carried terror into the Roman world, besieged Constantinople, then under Empress Irene, and withdrew only after exacting tremendous tribute. This expedition was under the Caliph Mehdi, and but a few months after the death of the latter, there came to the throne the great Haroun al Rashid, famous in the *Arabian Nights*, "under whose rule Bagdad became magnificent almost beyond the power of words to express, to readers accustomed to the comparative simplicity of nineteenth century magnificence." Of the period of his rule, a few lines from Gilman's history give a most graphic description:

"It is a land of dreams to most of the world, but it was far otherwise to the citizens of Bagdad then. To them Haroun was a flesh-and-blood monarch; his scimitar was no phantasm of a dream; his caprices were not the entertaining story of a fascinating Persian genius; the brilliant Oriental imagination had not yet wrought out its rich pages of adventure and despotic marvels; the people of Bagdad did not smile at the erratic deeds of their chief ruler: to them he was one whose words made every subject tremble, lest the fate of the Barmecides,

perchance, might be theirs; lest the whirling scimitar of the executioner should cut through their own necks. The people—in that day did not enjoy the charms of the scenes they were surrounded by so much as we may now; for every step they took was dogged by fear—fear that was based upon ghastly experience of the tyranny and peremptory savagery of the ‘good’ Haroun al Rashid, of which poetry so gayly speaks to us today.”

The first part of this rule was given over to luxury and ease and devoted to the cultivation of arts and letters. Later in life the Caliph undertook an expedition against Constantinople, but with what contrast to the wars of the first Saracens. They fought to gain glory in a future state, and to win realms for Allah and his Prophet; the wars of Haroun are said to be the plundering expeditions of a mere slave hunter. They were brought to an end by revolts and uprisings at home.

The reign of Haroun saw the passing of the glory of the Saracens. From this time on, there was steady and rapid decay not only political but religious as well. For years, there had been many religious sects holding to heresies of all sorts, creating dissension of greater or less importance, but never meeting with any general recognition or acceptance. But soon the Faithful were to see the strange sight of a caliph himself permitting the official declaration that the Koran was no longer decreed an eternal and uncreated book; of his accepting and promulgating the teaching that reason, not revelation is the only source of religion; even of his refusing to admit the prophetic claim of Mahomet, and threatening those who opposed his ideas. Thus was begun a process “by which that implicit faith which had been at once the foundation and the inspiration of Islam, which had nerved its warriors in their terrible warfare, and had brought the nation out of its former obscurity to the foremost position among the peoples of the world, was to be taken from them.” From this time on, murder, dissimulation and intrigue reigned in the palace, anarchy and rebellion in the empire. The country was torn by the uprisings of religious sects, governors of provinces revolted and established independent principalities, robber chiefs fought their way to power and established themselves without hindrance, and continually the caliph became weaker, more and more of a figurehead, less and less able to right his government. Early in the ninth century, the caliph surrounded himself with a body guard of men taken prisoners in Turkestan. This guard gained power with ominous rapidity: a subsequent ruler admitted them to the privy council, still another increased their number to seventy thousand and their power proportionately. In a short time all power was in their hands; a descendant of the Saracens still sat on the throne of the caliphs, it is true, and this continued for a considerable time, but he was a mere puppet made or unmade at the will of his so-called servants. The rule of the Turk had come.

In view of the tremendous difference between this last period and

the spirit of the first believers, it may seem strange that the greatness of the Saracens could have endured even as it did. The heart of the empire had been dead long since to be sure, but for years the spirit of the early Saracens had continued to animate the frontiers, where each new conquest awakened new enthusiasm and frequently communicated itself to the conquered peoples. For the final downfall of Saracenic greatness, historians give four reasons: 1st, the division of the caliphate (during the reign of the Abassides in the East, the Omniades set up their rival house in Spain, and still a third claimant, the Fatimites or descendants of Fatima, established themselves in Egypt); 2nd, the growth and dissensions of religious sects; 3rd, the withdrawal of remote provinces from the empire as a whole; 4th, the usurpation of power by the Turkish mercenaries. In these four elements we see the direct and external causes, but behind these what causes were at work? In viewing the history of Islam in its entirety, do we not become convinced, to a greater or less degree, of the truth of the following statement, made by Freeman: "A man, himself sincere and righteous, the greatest of reformers and benefactors to his own people, a preacher and legislator of truth and civilization, has eventually done more than any other mortal man to hinder the progress alike of truth and of civilization. The temporary and partial reform effected by Islam has proved the surest obstacle to a fuller and more permanent reform. A Mahometan nation accepts a certain amount of truth, receives a certain amount of civilization, practises a certain amount of toleration. But all these are so many obstacles to the acceptance of truth, civilization and toleration in their perfect shape." Admitting this statement to be true, we find at once a more vital reason for the check to Saracenic greatness. Accepting even partially the fact that a Moslem world-power would have been subversive to human progress, have we not the inner and real reason for its fall.

JULIA CHICKERING.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The Editors of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY believe the following correspondence will be of interest, as giving the point of view of a modern Mohammedan.]

LONDON, 27th August, 1915.

MADAM:

It was with greatly mixed feelings that I read your article in this month's THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and it struck me as being a weird mixture of Truth and Ignorance not untinged with Egotism.

It was not until I was half way down the second page that I discovered to my surprise that you were against and not for Islam and when I turned back and reread the words "from the extreme of the Moslem writers to whom every tradition about their great Teacher is

sacred and is therefore to be accepted without question," etc., etc., and then reading further "his lack of genuinely spiritual qualities" . . . "numerous occasions on which vanity and self deception led to the distortion of his message . . ." I could not help feeling sorry that you should have been led to think so wrong about the great Prophet of Arabia (Peace and blessings be upon him).

As a true Moslem, and on behalf of my religion, I feel compelled to make a defence for Islam. I presume that hitherto you have read the Holy Koran as a Christian, with your mind already prejudiced against it, and, coming upon what you think to be faults (but which are really sentences distorted by yourself) you take them each as a weapon to strike against Islam, the whilst you belong to a Society whose aims are, I understand, to bring all religions together with the idea of searching after "Truth."

What, might I ask, do *you* consider as "genuinely spiritual qualities?" And might I also ask, do *you* consider the Holy Prophet Muhammad (upon whom peace) as a lying, treacherous impostor, (Allah forbid)! or as a mad fanatic, or what? This is not sufficiently clear from the various conflicting points of your article. If the former, do you think it possible for any living man with such a terrible hypocrisy and deception weighing upon his soul to live the pure, holy, stainless life that He did? Do you think that it is or was possible for such a man to die the death that Muhammad (upon whom peace) did, calm, peaceful, and serene till the last? *No!* a thousand times *No!* Such a man would have writhed in a terrible agony of torment at having done such a thing, were it an imposture, especially after having thundered against the unbelievers the terrible torments of Hell. No, such a thing is utterly impossible. Nay, it is absurd.

And if the second, do you think that any madman could have controlled the fierce, intractable spirits of the wild Arabs with the firm unswerving power that he did? Do you think it possible for any madman to have lead the wild, savage, or, semi-savage tribes of the desert into battle with the cool courage and heroism that he did? *No!* such a thing is utterly impossible and ridiculous.

Again, do you think it was all mere human power that upheld the brave Arabs and their Holy Prophet through their trials and the tortures placed upon them by the *Christians*, *Jews* and the more barbarous heathens? Was it mere human power that helped the poor linen-clad ill-armed Arabs when they hurled themselves against the splendid, firmly-formed, well-armed and bronze-covered Legions of Cæsar? It must have been like the breakers upon a rock-bound shore, and yet they hurled themselves upon it, time after time until the mighty legions of the Romans were scattered like chaff. What power do you think it was that urged them on? Certainly no human power.

And again, do you think for one moment it would have been possible for a poor camel driver as Muhammad (on whom peace) was,

to have *invented* such a glorious book as Koran? The Koran, as you probably know, is and always has been, the standard work of the Orientals for eloquence and poetry. No man living has ever been able to compose any other work that can hold a candle to Koran. Why! *because Koran is not a human work.* Muhammad (on whom peace), was not the founder of Islam, Islam is the name for the religion of the Moslems, but it is also the name for the Jewish, Christian, and Moslem religions combined, Islam does not date from the year of the Hegira, but from the time of *Adam*, Islam has been the religion of the world since the creation, not since the time when the voice of the Prophet (on whom peace) was first heard in the desert. What struck me also was the words "borrowed no doubt from one of the Syrian sects" . . . Borrowed! Borrowed! how can that be when Allah is the one Deity of the universe?

In that case, looking at the subject from an atheistic point of view, Christ (on whom peace) borrowed the Christian religion from the old Testament, the Torah, and Moses (on whom peace) borrowed the Hebrew religion from the older Hebrews, who borrowed it from—whence?

Pardon me, but you are quite wrong, Islam, or call it Judaism if you like, was the religion from the Creation, either of the world, or of Adam, down to the time of Moses, and from thence till the time of Christ, then from that time down till the time of Muhammad and will be until Christ comes again, and after, when He sleeps beside Muhammad in the Sacred tomb at Mecca, on, on until the day of the Resurrection. Allah-u-Akbar.

Then, with regard to the words which Muhammad (on whom peace) spoke concerning the heathen Goddesses Allat and Allozza, (curses upon their names), doubtless all these idols which the heathens worship have some power, the power of the devils they represent, ambassadors of Satan, and the Holy Prophet Muhammad (on whom peace) was after all only human, and might have been taken by these devils (curses upon them) unawares. That he did not fall into their power is fully shown by the words following, spoken by the Angel Gabriel, when, as you say, he upbraided the Prophet (on whom peace) for following other paths than the true one, even as Solomon "Went astray after false gods."

But the greatest surprise I received when I read the back of the book and found that the Theosophical Society is formed for the purpose of uniting all religions. Surely this is not the way to go about it, trying to find faults in each others religion; were I a member of the Society, I would be one not one day longer after having read your article. Although, pardon me for saying so, the way in which you argue shows that you fully understand your subject, and have read well thereupon, though I, for one, am together with many other Moslems, strongly against Muir for not having a better opinion of Islam than he had, especially after having studied the religion so deeply. Margoliouth,

also was recently exposed concerning a chapter in one of his books, the chapter was entitled "Islam as a secret Society," and a more childish work I never read. I think Irving is the best, or perhaps a book entitled *The Story of the Saracens* is the best. I forget the author.

I sincerely trust you will pardon me for writing to you, but I feel that on behalf of myself, my fellow Moslems and my religion, I could not pass a blow such as you have struck, you seem to be apologizing for Islam as though it was a bad egg, or something like that.

Trusting you will pardon me, and think somewhat better of Islam in the future, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

MISS JULIA CHICKERING,
New York.

J. W. PEAECH.

New York, Sept. 11, 1915.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter in regard to my article on Mahomet in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY was of very great interest to me,—the more so as I had not realized that what I had written could appear so unfavorable to Islam. I am by no means prejudiced against the faith as you think and was glad to have the subject presented from your point of view. At present I am reading the *History of the Saracens* (Ockley's, I suppose you meant) and shall get Irving's book on my return to New York.

In reading the QUARTERLY you evidently did not notice that the Society as a whole is not responsible for the opinions of any contributor to the magazine,—otherwise you would doubtless not have written, as you did, that you would not remain a member of the Society a day after reading my article. Articles in the QUARTERLY may quite frequently contain opinions contrary to those held by many members of the Society, but it is part of being a member to try to maintain a tolerant attitude toward the views and beliefs of others. For this reason the articles are given a hearing, with the fact in mind that they are by no means necessarily representative of Theosophy itself.

I have shown your letter to the editor of the QUARTERLY and he has requested me to ask your permission to publish it in the next number of the magazine, to be issued within the next few weeks. I hope you will give this permission, and will you let me know also whether or not you are willing to have your name used with it?

Yours very truly,

To J. W. PEAECH,
London.

JULIA CHICKERING.

25th Sept., 1915.

DEAR MADAM :

I am in receipt of your letter of the 11th inst, which I read with great interest; it showed that, as you say, you are certainly not so prejudiced against Islam as I first thought, and indeed, any Moslem would quite naturally have thought. Pardon me, but if this is so, why, may I ask, did you use the word "impostures"? That is a terrible word, one that should always be used with care and never without certainty to back it.

I willingly give you full permission to make whatever use you like both with my letter and my name. You may also, if you think fit, use this letter also. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to protect the Holy Prophet (on Whom peace) and His name to the best of my ability against any argument.

You are perfectly correct, I did not notice that the Society is not responsible for any opinions of any contributor to the Magazine. This considerably surprises me.

Seeing that you are not prejudiced against Islam, I cannot understand how you came to use that spiteful word "impostures" against the Prophet (on Whom peace); did you read what I said in my letter about His death? Think, when Death was drawing near and all the past rose up before Him as it always does with the dying, do you think He could have died with the calm fortitude that He did? Do you think that an impostor could, ere Death took him, raise himself upon his elbow with his last fast-failing strength, and cry in the faint, yet firm and confident voice of one who is sure: "Allah! My work is done, I come to Thee, Oh Allah"! and then fall back with a peaceful happy smile upon His lips and—Die?

I ask you, *Is that the death of an impostor?*

If you are a Christian (and I presume you are) you believe that Christ (on whom peace) died upon a cross at Calvary, and you also believe that he was the Son of God, and was sent to redeem the world, Why then was it that he cried (or the man upon the cross did) "My God, My God, Why hast thou forsaken me"?

Does that sound like the words of a Son calling to his Father? "Why hast thou forsaken me"? *Forsaken*. Even when I was a Christian I could not understand this, looking at it in the light of a Christian Truth, but now, looking at it from a Moslem point of view, it is by far the more incomprehensible. It is an open insult and a reproach to Almighty God. And you say that Christ was sent to redeem the world, he must have known his ultimate end long before it arrived, and yet you say that he reproached his "Father" when it did arrive! I presume you are acquainted with the Moslem view of the Crucifixion. How the likeness of another man was placed upon Christ and vice versa, and how the man was crucified in the *place* of

Christ. That also explains the curious conduct of Judas, casting the silver talents at the feet of the Judges and saying that it was the price of the blood of an innocent man, so it would be, Christ was accused of being a defamer, etc., and was therefore guilty in the eyes of the Jews; but the man was not, Judas discovered the mistake and declared that it was the price of the blood of an innocent man. So it was. That also explains the words of Christ (or rather the mistaken man) before Pilate when he was asked if he was the Son of God. As you know the answer was "Thou sayest." So he did. The man accused of so being did not admit and he did not deny. Do you think that if it was really Christ (on whom peace) he would have answered so; do you not think that he would have admitted it and began preaching. He would have had a sufficiently needy audience.

Islam is a religion that can adapt itself to all races, classes and localities. It is free and open-minded. Moslems have been accused of being an arrogant, proud people, and their religion a religion of the Sword. The former is false with regard to the *True* Moslems. For does not the Koran say:—"Whoever is humble for Allah's sake may exalt his eminence," and "Mankind are all the sons of Adam, and he was from dust." With regard to the latter it is not altogether untrue; only you must take into consideration the great necessity for the use of cold steel. Does not the Koran instruct Moslems not to attack; but, if attacked, fight; and not only to fight, but to follow it up; and the first Moslems, being the fierce warlike Arabs of the Desert, quite naturally did not hesitate to carry this out to the full. Mohammed (on whom peace) finding not only his own life, but the lives of his brave followers in danger, was compelled to take to the sword. But, did he not say to the great Meccan host before the walls of Medina, "Verily, if the sword of Islam is unsheathed, never, until my purpose is accomplished, shall it be again sheathed"; and well the sinful world has known it.

Do you not think that the world at that time needed something higher, purer, and better than the corrupted Christianity and Idolatry of the period? Those calling themselves Christians then worshipped God, Christ, Mary, Peter, Paul and many of the other saints, and those who were not Christians were either a kind of Paganistic-Jews or pure—or rather impure—idolaters and heathens. Do you not think that Islam came as a blessing upon the world at that time and ever since? Do you not think that Islam came as a gleaming light of Hope and Salvation in the dark evil days of pagan Arabia, the days of tyranny and strife? Terrible reports come down to us of those far off days amid which Mohammed (on whom peace) was born and grew up in the pure, stainless life he did. Brothers, Sisters and Children were killed with impunity, or sold into slavery; drunkenness and vice were rampant; some few records—which seem incredible, and I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement—tell how even Mothers were taken to wife and Fathers married even their own daughters! Murder and

theft were the common things of the day and what little law and order there was did not even attempt to stay this, or even hold it in check. Do you not think then that the world has benefited by the coming of the Holy Prophet (on whom peace); coming amidst all this Vice, Sin and Strife, and struggling for Mastery; at last sweeping it all aside and trampling it all underfoot; founding the mighty Empire of the Saracens, a nation of purity and freedom? And yet you call him an "impostor."

More than once I have had the question put to me "Look at what Christianity has done for us, built up this vast Empire, is this not enough proof of the truth of Christianity?"

I answer, "No," decidedly, "No." An Empire such as England, America, France, or any of the other great Empires of the world could have been built up just as well upon Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, or any other sensible religion. A religion does not make an earthly Empire. Who, then, I ask, built up ancient Egypt. Did Ammon, the King of the Gods of the Egyptians, build up the Empire? Did Ra, Osiris, Horus, Set, Menthu, or any of the two thousand odd gods or goddesses build it? (Personally I think that beneath the grotesque cloak of idolatry of the Egyptians there was hidden the truth of the One God, but that is not the subject). Who built up Babylon? Did Nimrod? Did Baal? Did Astarte, or Astoreth? Or any other of the infamous deities of this people build up the vast Empire of Babylon? Who built up Assyria? that fierce race of warriors who came from the Babylonians? Who built up Rome, Greece, Phœnicia, Carthage? Could not England have been raised up out of the sea in the same manner as these dead nations have been raised up? Could not France, etc., etc., etc.?

Did not God say:—"Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but my words shall remain?"

I have written at some length, and, I fear, taken up a great deal of your time; not however, I hope in vain; and, if you have not already consigned this letter to the flames, I trust you will pardon me for writing so fully, but you can readily understand how your article stung me. Who, since I became a convert to Islam some years ago, have learned to love and reverence, with a love that only Moslems can feel, the Holy, Pure, Noble-minded, and High-souled Prophet of Arabia, Mahommed (Peace and blessings be forever upon His name) the Saviour of the World. The Prophet who, knowing what it was to be the faithful husband, the loving father, and the resolute General, stepped forth amid the whirl of Darkness, Sin, and Strife, and, with firm step and undaunted courage, thundered against the Sinners the tidings of the Vengeance of Almighty God; exhorting them with fiery words to come unto the Light of Islam. The Prophet whose divine words shattered the Idols in the Kaaba, and softened the flinty hearts of the wild, untamed, desert rangers. The mighty General whose ill-armed warriors flung back the united power of Rome and Palestine, and swept

on to Victory thundering forth the Moslem hymn of Triumph, that has echoed down the arched domes of the ages, the glorious song of Victory that has lead the Moslems into battle and to Death and through Death unto Life, aye, and shall echo round the world from pole to pole until:—"the stars shall be scattered and the earth shall be cleft asunder," from everlasting unto everlasting.

I should esteem it a honour if you will let me have your opinion on the books and also on Islam in general.

Trusting you will think better of Islam in future, I remain, awaiting your reply,

Yours very sincerely,

MISS JULIA CHICKERING,
New York.

J. W. PEAECH.

P. S.—Perhaps soon I shall be able to let you have some copies of the *Islamic Review*, but I understand owing to the war it is not permitted that any periodical be sent out.

J. W. P.

November 25, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR:—

As I read these letters over, there seems to be little need for comment on my part. On receiving them I was considerably surprised to learn that my article was regarded as so strongly inimical to Mahomet. I had felt no such prejudice as is ascribed to me but had rather felt deep admiration for the many truly great qualities which his life exhibits. The writer says it is not sufficiently clear from the various conflicting points of my article, whether I consider Mahomet "as a lying treacherous impostor or as a mad fanatic." As I was endeavoring, not to convert others to my way of thinking, but merely to present facts, I had not considered it necessary to make clear my personal opinion of so great a man. As a conservative, reasonable and, (from a Christian point of view) unbiased expression of opinion on this point, however, I should accept that of E. A. Freeman, in his *History and Conquests of the Saracens*:

"In everything we see at once how great was the immediate reform effected by Mahomet in his own land, and how utterly inadequate his system was to effect a permanent reform in other lands. The master of such immediate scholars" (the first Saracens) "could not have been the 'wicked impostor' depicted by Dean Prideaux; but the author of such ultimate results must surely have mistaken his calling when he announced himself as the Prophet of the whole world."

Yours truly,

JULIA CHICKERING.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

IV

IT is evident from that which has preceded that Paul had himself a very clear idea of what the Spirit in man was, what it meant as a "fact of supernature," and what new and personal responsibilities its possession involved. Further, this conception was so fundamental to everything that Paul believed and taught, and was so knit into the texture of his daily thought and life, that it occupies *the* pre-eminent place in his doctrines, whether these be ethical, or purely spiritual, in character.

Once this idea is fully grasped the whole of Paul's discipline reveals itself as united about one main endeavour:—to bring to realization in the consciousness of his disciples the new life awaiting them in the Spirit, together with an understanding of the laws that govern its existence. Baptism, with the laying on of hands and accompanied frequently by the occurrence of genuinely spiritual and not merely psychic phenomena, marked the birth into the new life. The virtues of this genesis to the disciple's own consciousness was the Spirit itself, the gift of the Master Christ. By and through it he "*knew*," he "discerned spiritual things," he became aware of the presence of the Master Himself.

Because of its setting in the *New Testament*, and because of the traditional mould into which our thought is so often directed by habit, this experience, common in St. Paul's day, is regarded more as historically interesting than as a current fact in the upward path of the soul. It is true that St. Paul's circle was relatively very small when the world's population is considered, and that therefore these people to whom he was writing were to a certain degree in advance of their generation in that they were capable of any response at all to his appeal. But too much can be made of this argument, because it supplies a ready excuse for our present-day lack of virility and for an inertia that selfishly considers every step before venturing the unknown. The fact remains that Paul's disciples were sinners and often crude sinners; so that comparison shows that it only rests with us how much power the Master can use both to establish us on the disciple's path, and to reveal those "mysteries of the kingdom" about which Paul is hinting.

Moreover, judging by effects, the experience of these early Christians is by no means unknown throughout the Christian era, and even right up to our own day. Lives of the saints, however discredited by those who have not studied them, contain autobiographical material that resemble these *New Testament* experiences to a remarkable extent; and well-known books such as James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*,

or Harold Begbie's *Twice-Born Men*, or any of the rescue mission Reports, contain a mass of testimony to the reality of the Spirit in men, and to the immediate power of Christ. So that no longer do the links connecting us with the past seem so lacking as at first sight they appear to be, and as our traditional attitude toward *New Testament* events leads us unthinkingly to maintain.

So far, then, St. Paul in his teaching of the Spirit has not outstripped to any great degree the actual experience of many whose lives are more or less at one with our own. His vision of the Spirit is more precise than ours; he emphasises certain features that are not the common property of every religious man; and religious experiences that to us have had no special meaning, he designates as specific evidence of the Spirit in us. When, however, in *I. Corinthians*, xii, he takes up the subject of "spiritual gifts," we approach a new and higher conception of the function of the Spirit in us, and one having great significance because throwing light on Paul's own conception of the Church as a spiritual fact. This in turn links itself with what was said in the July QUARTERLY about the future possibilities of a trained and united human will; the attainment of which, it was suggested, was the perfectly explicit object of all religious teaching.

Undoubtedly the physical contact of man with man has taught him to be a social creature; he has learned to unite against a common enemy, to enforce a minimum standard of moral conduct, and to relinquish a few personal desires for the good of the whole. But the essence of the social contract is a compromise between selfishness and the fear of consequences; there is the barest existence of anything that may properly be called selflessness. As a man raises himself above this world-standard by the development of a pure love that will off-set his animal self-love, he escapes from the self-centeredness of his personal existence, and begins really to enter into and share the life of his fellow-man. Friendship, true marriage, the parental ties, are first steps in the new direction; and the essence of these experiences is no longer governed by the rational and selfish judgments of the mind, but is a free expression of all that is best and most altruistic in each individual human heart. The advantages, often mutual, of physical relationships; the interests of the material personality; all those human activities which pertain to the animal nature and to our lower desires, emotions, and impulses—these things are of a different order from that inner life or force or will which is called love, and is of the Spirit. For it is this love or spiritual energy which lies at the bottom of friendship, marriage, or whole-hearted devotion to any cause, and which makes them what they are.

The simple tendency of human evolution, therefore, may be expressed in terms of degrees of love. First self-love; then unselfishness,—that degree where self is deliberately renounced for the sake of another; and finally that degree of selflessness where there is no longer any restrictions from selfish or self-pointed desires, and where it may be said that

the will or service of one's fellow-man becomes the sole motive for action. When this stage is reached a new order of consciousness is entered upon, new powers appear, and life is lived with consciousness of the whole at its center, rather than with that of the fragmentary individual personality.

At present mankind is a mixture of all three stages; no one of us is wholly free from selfish, animal desires; and few indeed have any consciousness at all of the highest degree.

But St. Paul, following the example of his Master, lived just such a life of selflessness, and that, too, in the face of specially critical and trying circumstances. His teaching conforms to the motive of his life. And the point of interest for us lies in the fact that these simple and understandable human qualities of our practical, daily living, when synthesized and brought under the immediate influence of Christ, become elements of this new spiritual order. Here we begin to discern the connection between our familiar material and psychic worlds, and that world of spirit which we are told is so near, and which seems so remote and undiscoverable.

If life, moreover, be not only an evolution, but an exfoliation of spiritual force as well, the steps in the evolutionary process must in some way express the tendency of the spiritual impulse behind them. And if, as was outlined in the earlier parts of this article, a double evolutionary task confronts the free-will of humanity, we should expect to find St. Paul's vision, and his special efforts with more advanced disciples, directed toward a comprehension of, and preparation for, this twofold achievement. For with every advance along the great pathway of life, the leaders and pioneers would be expected to find vital and personal for themselves those larger problems which do not as yet effect the majority of mankind.

Turning for confirmation of this to St. Paul, we find that his whole endeavour seems to be to make us feel not only the nearness and reality of the spiritual world, but to make us feel it in terms most familiar to us by extracting out of our daily consciousness those elements that are of the Spirit, and then building upon these. So that even if we look from below up, we can gain the assurance that at least there *is* a world of Spirit. If we can see in terms of evolution that the individual perfection is measured by will, and that the perfection of the race depends upon the capacity for co-operation of each individual with the will of the whole, we at once find a point of contact with St. Paul's conception of charity or love as the great acting-power of the Christian life. So also his Church becomes the outer representation of an inner fact, the fact of a spiritual oneness of mind, heart, and will in Christ; just as in evolutionary psychology we can speak of a national spirit, the united consciousness of members of one nation.

But Paul goes much beyond this. Once having established the reality of a world of will, of love, of Spirit, he proceeds to tell us about

this world. He shows us by analogies with our mental and psychic worlds; by pointing out the effects of Spirit when it is born in us; and by direct teaching, as far as we are able to understand it. Those qualities in us which we recognize as highest, he shows to exist not feebly as with us, but as magnificent powers and capacities. Will and love, self-control and selflessness, these are not only ties that bind us to the spiritual world; they become after the new birth the mainspring of our lives. They are the substance of spiritual existence. And the lives of his disciples, lived consciously on this plane, and knit together in one fellowship, drawing on the spiritual flood of Christ's power, formed the Church, the "body of Christ." The Church, then, in this conception, far from being the man-made organization familiar to us in history, becomes instead the actual life of the Spirit in the world.

To these two achievements—that of the individual and that of the Church—Paul devotes all his writings, all his teaching, all his life and example; and it is with these that we have to deal in our effort to interpret the remainder of his works.

V

Perhaps the most noticeable, because the most striking, effect of the new birth and the accomplished possession of a Spirit in the disciple, was his power to perform "miracles." In the natural order this first struck outsiders with wonderment; and it seems also that those beholding such powers in themselves mistrusted or did not fully understand them. In chapter XII of *I. Corinthians* Paul takes up this subject. "Now concerning the things of the Spirit, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." We have not translated *περὶ τῶν πνευματικῶν* "spiritual gifts," as is done in both Versions, because it seems that Paul is treating not only of *χαρισμάτα*, that is, powers to perform miracles through the operations of divine grace, but rather of the diverse activities of the Spirit in man on all planes and in all ways. We must remember that Paul is teaching disciples, men who already possess phenomenal powers, whose instruction has passed beyond the simple and literal early stages; and we must be on our guard against limiting this instruction to the merely phenomenal side, forgetting that back of all expressions of spiritual power is the life of the Spirit itself. So, then, taking up the things of the Spirit, Paul says, "Wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking in the Spirit of God saith, Jesus is anathema; and no man can say, Jesus is Master, but in the Holy Spirit." Manifestly this must apply to something more than a superficial lip-service; and Paul must be referring to a spiritual perception and knowledge of Christ. Not until the chela has advanced far on the Path can he say *of his own knowledge* that Jesus is Master. And such an one who *has* attained so far cannot speak ill of the Master and remain a disciple.

“Now there are diversities of gifts (*χαρισμάτων*), but the same Spirit.” Here the key-note is again struck. We are dealing with the background of the Christian life. “Diversities of gifts—diversities of ministrations—diversities of workings”—but behind all, within all, is the Father, perceived by and through His supreme gift of a Spirit, essentially one and inseparable from His creations. “But to each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal.” There follows a list of gifts, given, not as we might say, *from* or *by* the Spirit, but *through* the Spirit, that Spirit in each established disciple:—the gifts themselves coming from the Father. These gifts include “the word of wisdom,” knowledge, faith, “gifts of healing,” prophecy, “workings of miracles” (powers), discerning Spirits, and “*divers kinds* of tongues,” as it is translated. All but this last gift are fairly well recognized as universal faculties of the Spirit; the final one has been a source of controversy from the early Church Fathers to the present day. And the reason seems to be quite simply that all the commentators knew so little of the realities of the Spirit as to miss the hint contained in the text; the issue being further befogged by mistranslation and unenlightened copyings of the texts.

The words supplied in both Versions, i. e., “*divers kinds*” of tongues, have no parallel in the Greek, and are inserted to make the passage conform more closely to Acts II, 4ff., which passage Madame Blavatsky tells us has been so far tampered with, added to, and falsified as to be practically beyond reconstruction. In *I. Corinthians* the Greek reads *ἐρμηνεία γλωσσῶν*, which means “interpretative tongues,” or “interpreting tongues.” Plato uses the very word *ἐρμηνεία* in a strikingly similar connection in Bk. VII, Chap. VII, Section 524B of the *Republic*, where he is discussing the “interpretations which the soul receives” of the *ideas* of hard and soft, light and heavy. In St. Paul we have a reversal in that it is the Spirit in the disciples which interprets the mysteries to other lesser disciples and even to outsiders. Every great poet, every mystic, every religious teacher has been endowed with this interpretative gift, without which their teaching is lost in abstruse metaphysics or obscure symbolism. It is the ability both to discern another’s need and then to “speak to his condition,” as Fox put it. We are also reminded of the third aphorism of *Light on the Path*: “Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters it must have lost the power to wound.” If we again remember that Paul is writing to disciples and is speaking of and to the Spirit in each one of them, it will be less difficult to believe that these several gifts are no impossible achievement.

Paul now turns to that new spiritual effort and outgrowth of accomplished discipleship, the Church. The Church is the link, or first step, that leads us from our isolation as individuals to the body-corporate of disciples. Above the Church, above the disciples, stand the Master and the Lodge; and there can be no reasonable objection, since Paul was himself an Initiate, to seeing in the early Church the most direct

thoroughfare from the world to the Lodge. Certainly Paul gives us every evidence for believing this. So that the Church, regarded in its primitive, that is to say, Pauline sense, becomes not a man-made, man-directed organization pointed heavenward, but rather a Lodge instrument thrust down into the world, with Christ at its head; and properly governed by initiates and disciples. The sequence of Paul's thought, and the fact, which so often escapes us in reading him, that he is really speaking to *disciples*, will prove that this is so.

Putting together Paul's testimony on this point, we find him saying: "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ." This is the spiritual Christ, the Master, standing at the focus whither ascend all those "chains" spoken of in Letter XII in the *Letters That Have Helped Me*. "For in *one Spirit* were we all baptized into *one body*, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free; and were all made to drink of one Spirit," (compare the symbolic rite of drinking the Soma juice in the Hindu initiations). The italics are mine; they emphasize this aspect of unity brought out by Paul as the characteristic of this new spiritual relation of the disciples. There follows a closely reasoned analogy between the physical body, with its separate parts and functions, and this corporate spiritual body. The passage closes with the sentences—"Now ye are the body of Christ, and severally members thereof [or members each in his part]. And God hath set some in the Church, first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers, then powers [moral or spiritual], then gifts of healings, ministers to the sick, administrators, divers kinds of tongues." But, Paul asks, are these signs of the Spirit essential? Are all in the Church endowed with gifts such as these? "Rather desire earnestly the greater gifts. And a still more excellent way show I unto you."

What follows is perhaps the high-watermark of Paul's utterance. Its significance for us lies in two directions. On the one hand Paul has brought will and love, volition and the highest feeling, together. He has shown that actions without right motive have no more immortality than a noise; and that mere existence, the bare living of life, does not profit anything in the scale of spiritual values and realities. Will, and all the forces in us of desire and instinct that are governed by the will, must be brought under the control of love. On the other hand Paul is teaching a group of Christian disciples; charity or love is the "greater gift" compared with "the gift of prophecy," or possession of "all mysteries and all knowledge" and "all faith"; so that charity or love must be the key-note of the Spirit of the Church.

This ideal of charity as the mainspring of action is, like the Sermon on the Mount, addressed to disciples; and, therefore, while having value as an ideal for all men, is to be taken as a practical, immediate factor in the disciple's life and consciousness. Indeed the life of the disciple as

a disciple and not merely as a man in and of the world, is seen to depend on how clearly and repeatedly this ideal actually does enter into his daily thoughts and actions. So also with the Church, the body of Christ, a spiritual body of a spiritual Master. Love is its fundamental principle: without love between members the Church would cease to exist, whatever outer organization might remain among the minds and bodies of its former members.

These two chapters of *I. Corinthians*, the thirteenth and fourteenth, are so packed full of suggestions that only a few can be selected for special comment. But once this idea of the spiritual import of Paul's words be fully grasped, once the Church is identified in our minds not with ritual or with creed, but rather with Christ, the Master, a living reality of the spiritual world, then much that is obscure, or that seems beyond our present knowledge, can be related and in part at least, appreciated. Thus we get a hint in the long discussion about the relative value of speaking in a tongue and of prophesying. Paul says of tongues: "For he that speaketh in a tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God; for no man heareth; but in the spirit he speaketh mysteries. . . . He that speaketh in a tongue buildeth up himself. . . . But now, brethren, if I come unto you speaking with tongues what shall I profit you, unless I speak to you either by way of revelation, or of knowledge, or of prophesying, or of teaching? . . . So also ye, unless ye utter by the tongue speech easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye will be speaking in air. . . . For if I pray in a tongue, my Spirit prayeth, but my mind is unfruitful. What is it, then? I will pray with the Spirit, and I will pray with the mind also: I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the mind also. Else if thou bless with the Spirit, how shall he that filleth the place of the unlearned say the Amen at the giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest?" Surely the relation of this with what has gone before—with the saying, "Now the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them because they are spiritually discerned,"—and with this whole conception of a spiritual order, transcending mind, which is open only to those brought to birth as a Spirit in this world;—surely this can now be seen to bear directly on the life and functions proper to Spirit.

The same passage, scrutinized from another angle, yields another point worthy of notice. Prophesying is of all the gifts the one singled out by Paul as most to be desired and sought. The reason is simple: the gift of tongues "buildeth up" the disciple himself; "but he that prophesieth buildeth up the Church. Now I would have you all speak with tongues"—that is, Paul would have each individual attain—"but *more* that ye should prophesy; and greater is he that prophesieth than he that speaketh with tongues, unless he interpret, that the Church may receive edifying,"—that is, the disciple must consider more the needs of the Church, of his fellow-disciples, than his own development, thereby

giving practical application to the principle of love. We are reminded that the Master Himself came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; and that He said, "whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all" (Mk. X, 44, 45.) And so Paul himself,—“I thank God I speak with tongues more than you all: howbeit in the Church I had rather speak five words with my mind, that I might instruct others also, than ten thousand words in a tongue.”

Perhaps the putting of a few of these passages together, and in the setting that seems properly to belong to them, has showed Paul's teaching to us not, on the one hand, as something divorced utterly from the natural development of man's consciousness in the evolutionary process, nor, on the other, as entirely beyond the capacities of our everyday knowledge and experience. If the spiritual world be anything, it must be a synthesis of all that we see as separate and often uncorrelated in the lower worlds of mind and matter. To approach from below requires the treading of innumerable mental paths, else the mind is not satisfied. But if once we can see by any one approach that there is a synthesis possible, and that the spiritual world does exist, we can then turn around and, by working from the center outward, see how all the outer circumference is connected by radii with the center.

In Paul we find both methods. His earlier exhortations and appeals build up arguments and testimony to establish the fact of the spiritual world. Then he tells us of birth and growth in this world, the birth and growth of a Spirit in each one of us. Finally, he reveals to us the Church, coterminous with the birth of Spirit in us, because with this birth we became an integral part of the body of Christ. And his teaching is now directed toward an elucidation of the life, activities, and function essential to the Church, and to the disciples as members of the Church, all united as one in the "mystical body" of the Master.

The relation of Paul's further teachings with Christ's own words on this subject, together with some commentaries in Theosophical literature upon them, will have to be left to another section.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(To be continued.)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

“THE war takes precedence,” said the Recorder, wishing to avoid preliminaries. “You agree with me, do you not?” turning to the Philosopher.

“Certainly I do,” the latter replied. “The war is still serving as the Great Sifter. It has come ‘that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.’ Every one of us is tested daily as we act and react because of it. The opinion and feeling of the humblest among us is important, not only for each one’s own sake, but as a world factor. ‘Thoughts are things.’ Clear-cut thinking affects and consolidates the vague cogitations of a nation. And when that clear-cut thinking is right thinking, which means when it is in harmony with the thinking of Masters, it amounts to an externalization, at least on the plane of thought, of the spiritual world, of the ‘Kingdom,’ and therefore has unlimited power back of it. No member of the Society, it seems to me, should for one moment allow himself to forget this. He is just as responsible for his thoughts as for his deeds, and he should strive earnestly and constantly to think rightly about matters which, though they may not seem to concern him personally, must on the face of it be of vital interest to the Masters. The future of the race is being fought out objectively.”

“Would it not be well to remind ourselves more frequently,” asked the Disciple, “that the test of our love for Masters and for their Movement is the extent to which we make their interests our own? Is not that always the supreme test of love, of sympathy? We cease to care for things or aims unless we can share them with those whom we love, while their interests, perhaps at first quite foreign to us, we adopt automatically as our own as soon as we hear of them.

“But besides right thinking about the war and its causes, and the questions of ethics and honour and principle which it ceaselessly raises, let us also draw as many lessons from it as we can of a practical and personal kind. The war, after all, is merely a manifestation, on a large scale, of the eternal struggle between good and evil taking place within ourselves. Let us note, for instance, the advantage Germany has gained by taking and keeping the initiative. It is what the powers of evil always try to do against us; but it is our own fault if we let them. The Allies ought to have taken the initiative in the Balkans. They did not. We ought always to take the initiative against the evil, the sin, the weaknesses that threaten us. We should strike and should strike hard on the side of right, by proper mortification of our appetites, and by deliberate, methodical efforts to exercise the virtues of which our faults and failings are the perversions, the deflections. To conquer self, we must deny self; and there is no better way to deny self than to make it

say a kindly word when it does not want to; or to make it write a letter when it wants to read a newspaper; or to make it get out of bed when it wants 'just five minutes more' of dozing. Method, system, are essential to success. But the point is that without over-taxing our strength, we should take the aggressive and should keep it. Otherwise we risk surprise; we enable the enemy to attack us at our most vulnerable point; we fight on ground of his, instead of our own choice."

"What a warning for all of us also," said the Philosopher, "in the misconduct of such politicians as Carson and Churchill in England. They did not mean to be disloyal. They may have been right in many of their criticisms of the Government they were leaving. But right or wrong, their avowed motive in speaking as they did was *self-justification*. What a motive! The result of course was to weaken their own cause and to encourage the enemy. They risked that—and it is impossible to acquit them of running that risk knowingly—they risked that because they put self before their Cause. Oh yes,—I know that Churchill at once went to the front and that, theoretically at least, he now risks his life. But this merely means that he values his life less than he values the good opinion of his fellows. He has not surrendered *all* to his Cause. He has surrendered part, and only part. The question is,—are we doing likewise? What are we holding back, unsundered, while we flatter ourselves that we are devoted heart and soul to the work of Masters in the world?

"It is true that the world itself did not condemn those two men for their self-assertion. The *New York Times* remarked: 'It will be said, of course, that a patriot in civil life should bear the loss of reputation as heroically as the patriot in the field of battle faces death, and that Mr. Churchill, in defending himself by blaming others, may have increased the difficulties of the Government by shaking the public confidence in some of its leaders. *But this is to take a very lofty view of human nature, to judge the retiring minister by the altruistic ideal.*'

"From one of the best of the New York papers, such a comment shows how low our own political standards are. The ideal I have suggested, obviously cannot be described as 'altruistic.' It is by no means so exalted. The question is one of honour, of self-respect, of loyalty. Nor does my opinion hinge on some lofty view of human nature. I would grant that there exists in everyone of us a tendency to justify ourselves on the slightest provocation. But that is not the point. The question is, what are we going to do with our tendency? Satisfy it, or deny it? Feed self or sacrifice it? Which would we prefer to do? We might prove utterly unworthy of our own ideals if tempted as Churchill was tempted; but for Heaven's sake do not let us lower our ideals because of our self-distrust. Let us use our fear as an incentive to greater effort. Let us recognize the ideal all the more clearly by reason of that other's failure. We dare not condemn the man; we know we cannot judge him. But we can and must condemn his action."

"Yes," mused the Student; "it is not merely that we have to think of this life, and of how we should like to act in an emergency as loyal members of the T. S. There is the next life also to be considered. Suppose we were reborn in a nation which it were possible to love whole-heartedly, and that we were to occupy prominent and responsible positions in its Government or in its army; how dreadful it would be if self were to blind us to honour, to patriotism, to duty! Truly it is wise to take time by the forelock and to sharpen one's perceptions now, so that ideals and obligations may be stamped indelibly on our hearts and wills for ever."

"Do you aspire to rank and responsibility?" asked the Objector.

"You expect me, perhaps, to say No," the Student answered. "But I could not truthfully say No. As I am today, my ideal is to feel responsible for every word I say, for every thought I think, for every expression of my face or of my eyes, for every movement I make. I do not see that rank or position makes any difference, except that rank may give greater opportunity for service."

"Well," remarked the Philosopher, "if you are ticketed for high position, I do not envy you. But I suggest you take your own medicine and learn what you can from present plentiful and awful warnings of how not to do it!"

"It is curious," the Student replied. "There is England, trying to run the war by committee of the whole: a debating society, trying, by analogy, to captain a football team during a championship game! Then there are the pro-Ally newspapers in this country insisting that the struggle is between democratic and autocratic principles, while the success of France has been made possible by the voluntary surrender of democratic principles and the adoption of methods as nearly as possible autocratic!"

"But that is not all," said the Philosopher. "If it comes to lessons in leadership, beware of following when you are supposed to lead; beware of deluding yourself with the idea that your first duty is to be the servant of the national will. The nation will not thank you in the end. It will despise you.

"A nation is like an individual. This country, in particular, loves its comfort; it is slow to respond to higher motives, and when honour calls it away from comfort, it often grumbles and, for a time, even turns a deaf ear to the appeal. None the less, if a woman—a wife or mother—in similar circumstances supports the lower instead of the higher impulses in a man, while he may be grateful at the moment, he will resent it later and will blame her for his own failure. In other words, as between a man and a woman, the woman can keep her hold on the man's allegiance only at the price of encouraging the best of which he is capable. If she does otherwise, in the end she will lose him.

"Exactly the same law governs the relations of a choir and a choir-master; a baseball team and its trainer; of any group and its leader.

You must expect and demand the best or the group will desert you; you must interpret that group, or nation, to itself, in terms of its higher capabilities, ignoring its sloth and insisting upon the reality and vitality of its submerged ideals: otherwise, long before your failure breaks through into the understanding of your 'followers,' they will instinctively feel you to be a fraud, and for leadership will turn elsewhere. Even if, at this juncture, you try to recover the ground you have lost by responding to and following the better impulses which have come to the fore in your people, though you may pacify them for a time, they will shelve you at the second if not at the first opportunity."

"Why is that, do you suppose?" asked the Visitor.

"Is it not because the soul is more real than the lower nature, than the animal self? But my answer suggests the need to qualify what I said before, because that was based upon the supposition that the individual or the nation will react from its own baser tendencies. There are cases, of course, in which the compliance of the woman or of the leader results in the prolonged degradation of those whom they should inspire."

"Do you expect, then, that this country will revolt from its present leaders?" the Visitor inquired.

"I do," answered the Philosopher, "unless they have the courage to admit their earlier mistakes. The conscience of the nation is stirring. We are beginning to see that our conduct has been weak, timid—even cowardly. We have been actuated by fear of discomfort, and no good thing ever came out of fear. You cannot fool all of the people all the time, and the people know that the judgment of the whole world is unlikely to be radically wrong. Now the whole world despises this country, for one reason or another, with all its soul: in any case it despises our Government. The actions and the utterances of many citizens, in flagrant opposition to the attitude and recommendations of our Government, have done much to mitigate the severity of the world's contempt. The work, for instance, of the American Ambulance in France: that has done wonders, because Americans daily have risked their lives for justice, for honour, for love of all that France fights for."

"Do you not think that our large gifts of money must have impressed Europe with our sympathy, and in that sense have counteracted the impression of selfish aloofness, of willingness to profit by the other man's misfortune, which our Government has created?"

"No," answered the Philosopher, "I do not think so. We have tried to salve our conscience by means of money,—again placing money first. But just because Europe has not placed money first, she sees through our motive, as you or I see through the motive of the rich man who sends a cheque to the United Charities in order to feel comfortable when rejecting personal appeals. What would you say of a man who, having been party to a murder, makes a large donation to some Church in the hope of bribing God! God is not mocked. Neither is Europe deceived."

"You spoke a moment or two ago of Americans risking their lives for love of all that France fights for. It seems to me that France is fighting for herself, and in that sense is doing exactly what we have done." This was from the Objector.

"I should like to answer that," said the Gael, whose silence recently has been noticeable. "I can tell you for what France is fighting. She is fighting for the world's immortal beauty; for the love of women and for the souls of little children and the sacredness of homes. She is fighting for the invisible against naked horror; against the yells of murderers that she may hear the footsteps of Christ along her lanes and round her altars. She is fighting for the fruits of the spirit—for love and joy and peace and gentleness, for purity and for all things noble—against rapine and treachery and cold-blooded egotism and brutal bullying and all the other fruits of hell. She is fighting for the world's hopes and for human brotherhood and for the loveliness of the heart of God. And she knows why she fights—she and all her children, so that when they die they die in ecstasy, the angels, who cannot die, envying them their lot.

"That is why France fights. Is that why we refrain! And yet, deep in our hearts, in spite of selfishness and the grip of material comfort, we feel a divine nostalgia for heroism. Some day we may hear that Master's passionate cry—'Debout les morts!'—and, hearing, we, even we, may respond!"

"You had better explain your quotation," suggested the Recorder.

"Oh, you mean that story from the trenches? It was illustrated in the French and English weeklies. A company of French soldiers had been ordered to hold a trench to the last. Everyone of them had been killed or wounded. They were lying in heaps at the bottom of the trench. Suddenly one of them was wounded again. The pain of his new wound roused him. He opened his eyes to see that the enemy were on them. Grasping his musket he sprang to his feet and, lifted by his fervour into Paradise, he cried with a loud voice, 'Debout les morts!'—Arise ye dead! Those dying men heard him—Nay, they heard the Voice which his voice echoed. Galvanized into momentary and super-human life, they hurled themselves at the enemy, driving them back and finally saving the day. This done, those men, with one exception, dropped where they stood, stone dead."

"It may interest you to know," said the Historian, "that the survivor was interviewed by Maurice Barrès, who tells the whole story in much greater detail in the *Echo de Paris* of November 18th. As a variety of religious experience, it will take lasting rank among the most remarkable."

"As I understand it, your idea is," said the Visitor addressing the Gael, "that the French soldier echoed an appeal that is being made to all of us, and that his ear caught it as his fervour lifted his consciousness and his senses to some inner, spiritual plane. But do you suggest that

the spiritual powers are urging us to join in this war? Would that be the meaning, for us, of 'Debout les morts?'

"An appeal to the highest and best in each of us," answered the Gael. "An appeal to forget our narrower, selfish interests, and to give whatever we have or are to the cause for which the spiritual powers fight. The outer is only a reflection of the inner warfare. Yet, so far as our limitations permit, whether as a nation or as individuals, we should do what we can on all planes, and with the weapons adapted for use on each plane, to overcome, with good, the unblushing evil let loose upon the world."

"The trouble is," commented the Student, "that the large majority of people in this country, and I suspect in England too, still fail to realize the extent of that evil. Things already done have been bad enough. But it is the principle even more than the things done which needs to be exposed and execrated. That principle is: Stop at nothing in order to win. Worse than that, in a most carefully censored press, newspaper writers, without rebuke, declare in the name of God and of humanity that that principle should govern. Not long ago, for instance, an article by Dr. Heinz Pothoff, leader of the Progressive party in the Rhine Province, was published in the *Deutsche Kriegsschriften*, in which the author said: 'If Germany should ever be brought to the verge of actual starvation, it is certain that the General Staff will do anything rather than allow the victorious German armies to be called home from France, Russia and Belgium owing to the lack of food . . . If necessary, *we must kill hundreds of thousands of prisoners now consuming our supplies*. It would be frightful, but it is inevitable if there is no other way of holding out' (quoted in *The Evening Sun* of December 1st, 1915).

"'Why not eat them too!' was the comment of one American writer. And the fact that he joked about it proves that he did not take the threat seriously. None the less, that threat, and even the joking inference from it, are the logical outcome of the principles which now govern Germany as a nation. We must make every allowance for exceptional individuals; even for many exceptions: but until the people repudiate their Government; until they revolt against this monstrous and hellish doctrine that the end justifies the means, they must be regarded as the enemies of God and the enemies of mankind."

"How do you reconcile that statement with your belief in universal brotherhood?" asked the Objector.

"I find in it, not a contradiction of brotherhood, but an overwhelming proof of it. Neutrality is a denial of brotherhood. Those of us who insist that in no sense are we separate from what is taking place in Europe, thereby affirm the truth of brotherhood. We are so far from being separate that if my own brother were to steal and murder, I do not think I could feel more outraged or more indignant than Germany has made me feel. I should want first to thrash him and then to lock him up for an indefinite period of time. And I should want

to do this, not because I hate him but because I love him. If, in addition to his theft and to his murder, I saw him on the point of committing further murder or worse, and I had no other means of preventing him, I would shoot him without a moment's hesitation. My love of him and the honour of my family and my sense of justice—in other words, my duty to God, to my neighbour, and to myself—would all compel me to do so . . . So far from being separate, we are distressingly of a piece!"

"Have we not further proof of that interdependence in the good Karma that Germany is now making?" the Orientalist questioned. "Her very crimes have united the decency of the world against her; have, by contrast, appealed to all that is chivalrous and best in other nations capable of such response. She has helped us even when trying most to injure. The world, in that sense, is enormously in her debt. In the eternal justice of things, this must count finally in her favour. Her sons have not died in vain. The hairy back of Satan is being used once more, as by Dante, as a way of escape from Hell. The White Lodge uses the work of devils as we use stepping-stones to cross a river. By climbing over our sins the spiritual summits are gained. We were asleep, and Germany woke us. We were content with material progress, and Germany, by showing us how vile a thing material progress can be, turned our minds and hearts to spiritual values and to everlasting truths . . . It is why the powers of evil are foredoomed: their success will become their undoing. Satan himself must someday discover that the more active he is, the greater and more overwhelming must be God's triumph. Seeking to oppose, he and all his works are used by immortal powers for the accomplishment of immortal ends.

"Brotherhood, clearly therefore, is a law of life: not a sentiment, but a responsibility. Our sins may drag others down and often do. But they cannot leave others unaffected, and when the good in others is stronger than the evil in us, or vice versa, the sins committed, though invariably the cause of suffering, may, because of the suffering, turn a good woman into a saint, or a self-distrustful nation, such as France, into one that is conscious of its superhuman mission."

"The Gael has gone," said the Inquirer at this point. "I wanted to ask him what he meant by 'the foot-steps of Christ.' Was he speaking with poetic licence? Does he believe that Christ today is in some sense a real person?"

"Suppose we leave it to our Churchman to answer that question," the Recorder suggested. "He cannot speak for the Gael. But he can answer for himself, and we can criticize him if we disapprove!"

"I will try, gladly," responded our friend. "But I shall use my own terminology . . . The question, as I understand it, is:—In what sense can or should Christ be regarded today as living? Is it in the sense of a Spirit, infinitely remote; or all-pervading, endlessly diffused and therefore utterly impersonal? Or, if personal, did the Ascension into heaven mean departure from earth?"

"My answer is that Jesus of Nazareth is living in exactly the same sense as he impressed on Thomas who doubted. 'Then saith he to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." And Thomas answered and said unto him, "My Lord and my God." Jesus saith unto him, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."'

"He is alive today as he was when, after the walk to Emmaus, he tarried with Cleopas and the other disciple, and sat at meat with them, and was known to them at last by the breaking of bread.

"He is alive today as he was when, by the sea of Tiberias ('this is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead'), he prepared a fire of coals, and fish laid thereon, and bread, and gave the seven to eat.

"'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world'—not as a disembodied spirit, but substantial and human in an illimitable and glorified sense, never to be divided from the Godhead, but also perfect for ever in his manhood, the Guide, the Friend, the Saviour of all who seek him.

"So he has revealed and proved himself, from that day to this, as all his saints and children testify; for they have known him. They have known, too, that Heaven is not remote, but literally 'at hand,' seeing that in God 'we live and move and have our being,' and that wherever God is, there is Heaven. When, therefore, he ascended into Heaven, to the right hand of the Father; when a cloud received him out of sight, he neither departed from the things of earth nor deprived himself of the power to show himself to whomsoever he wills. Today, as then, he says: 'He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and *will manifest myself to him.*'

"St. Paul knew because he had seen, not once but often. Does he not tell us that the Master stood by him (not figuratively, but literally, as a tree stands) in times of crisis such as the riot in Jerusalem, and when, as a prisoner, he was brought before Cæsar in Rome? Do we not find, in every age of the Church, that the Master has been known in his humanity and has many times appeared to those who fulfilled the conditions—to those who have loved and who have obeyed him? Or to those who, by some supreme act of self-surrender, have lifted themselves momentarily above the blindness of the mind, to vision? Soldiers in battle and saints on their knees: but for the saints the intimacy is constant, and the vision of frequent recurrence. Spiritual biography is full of such incidents. It would be more full than it is if, too often, and even among those who most earnestly strive to obey and whose love cannot be questioned, there did not exist the thought, 'Impossible for me; impossible today,' as an insuperable mental barrier.

"If I convince myself that I cannot walk, I cease to be able to walk; if I am sure I cannot see and cannot become able to see, then I must

remain blind. The opposite of child-like faith and trust is not enlightenment, as a misguided intellect might wish us to believe, but is self-hypnosis and the narrowing of the universe, which is infinitely rich and boundless in possibilities, to the microscopic limits of our own past experience.

“‘Impossible for me!’ This is not humility. It is self-assertiveness of the mind. It is a rejection of divine authority, a denial of Christ’s wisdom. Are not we also the children of God, and did not he, our Elder Brother, assure us that if we have faith as a grain of mustard seed, we may remove mountains? Nor is this a question of removing mountains: it is a matter of becoming conscious of that which *is*,—by the conquest, primarily, of our preconceptions and mental inhibitions.

“‘We are not saints,’ it may be said, ‘and only the saints and the very great saints have seen the Master.’ The answer is that it is the duty of everyone who calls himself a Christian to strive to perfect himself ‘in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.’ Therefore we must assume—though some will reject the word ‘saint’—that those who call themselves Christians are labouring to perfect themselves, as men and women, as wives, mothers, husbands, fathers, sons, daughters, in business, in some profession; and once this is granted, it remains only to extend our understanding of what perfection means in that particular calling, to include the utmost for which saints have striven.

“Very often, also, it is at the beginning of the way that the Master makes himself most strikingly objective. It was so with St. Paul. It was so with the original apostles after the resurrection. It has been so with many of the saints, to more than one of whom, after they had come to know him intimately, the Master has said in effect that it was now no longer necessary to deal with them on the exterior plane. It is with a purpose that he reveals himself, and presumably that purpose is to stimulate effort and to draw the disciple from dependence upon the visible to reliance upon the invisible,—consciousness of the invisible preceding vision in ever ‘ascending’ scale . . .

“Perhaps I am talking too much and for too long: but you have started me on that which, of all things in life, is closest to my heart. His own followers have exiled him from the world. He is near,—nearer than hands and feet—and they will insist that he is far away, or obtainable only by means of a priest and the Sacraments. ‘Spiritual communion’ they believe in and advocate; but those who practise it are inclined in most cases to limit the results by mental preconceptions which dreadfully limit him. He it is who should be called ‘the greatest of the Exiles’—exiled from his own earth by his own children; and yet, exiled only in their thought; in fact, ever present; longing to make himself known; a beggar for our human love; appearing to blinded eyes and appealing to deafened ears—‘last, loneliest, loveliest’ of the sons of men—some day to be recognized as King.”

Our friend was striding the room. “Make no mistake,” he said.

"Even as things are, he is the King! Results are in his hands. His human agents may blunder and devils may seem to win: but results are in his hands. He works for eternity and we work in time. We expect him to do things our way and he, knowing better, prefers his own which is his Father's. Therefore men, being fools and vain, say there is no God.

"But I am digressing. Your question was precise. 'Footsteps'; why not, even in the most literal sense? Poets sometimes speak more truly than they know, but I do not think the Gael is a poet of that kind. He gave me once a copy of a letter which he used to carry round with him. It was about an Order, not yet known to the world, but the most ancient of any in the West. This is an extract from that letter:


"Granted our unworthiness!—which one of us could ever doubt it?—yet his cry through all these ages has been, "My child, give me thy heart!" And through all this darkened world he wanders up and down, searching for us and distressed until he finds us,—as he has described himself in the parable of the Good Shepherd. What he asks of us is that we answer his call and follow; that we give him, oh! marvel of marvels, love for love.

"The complaint of many in the church today is that of Mary, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." What comfort to these souls to find that he has been translated to a distant heaven! But let *us* remember that it was only the body of him they had laid away, and that in the garden, in the grey morning light, Mary met the Master face to face, and he spoke to her. So may it be with us. For whether or no the Master be in heaven, this of a surety, that *he is on earth*, and walks among men as truly as he walked in those old days by the Lake of Galilee! The beginner's eyes are holden that they do not see, but he calls and we may follow and find him,—not in some allegorical fashion, but in fact and in truth.'"

"I remember that letter," said the Disciple. "It is of extraordinary value. But if quotation from it in the *Screen* be authorized, would it not be possible to include a paragraph which follows, about how to begin?"

"I did not read it," responded the Churchman, "because it is not connected directly with our immediate line of thought. But I agree with you none the less. The letter continues:

"Where to begin, they ask? Tell them here and now, wherever they are placed, with just those circumstances, conditions, people. Each one of us is always, at each moment, in just the place best for him to be. We it is who spoil our lives fretting and fussing that they are not different, and so missing our golden opportunities, which we would perceive by cheerful acceptance and by making the most of them. We can become disciples through any and all conditions. There are no bars to discipleship save of a man's own making, *deliberately*,—and the most serious of these are want of faith in his ability, or in the Master's willingness.'"



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

IX FAITH

THE last section spoke of Love as the necessary driving power that will accomplish the immensely difficult task of self-conquest. Faith is another power, also necessary:—necessary to guide the dynamic power of Love. Indeed, it is necessary as a preliminary, to give direction to Love itself. We cannot love our Master until we believe we have a Master to love, and it is by Faith that we travel along the pathway from disbelief or doubt, to certainty about his life.

St. Paul defines Faith as the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Another definition is that Faith is the reflection in the personal consciousness of the knowledge of the Soul. The Soul knows the Master and loves him with an endless love. But we, who as yet only partake of the Soul's consciousness through the workings of our conscience and our intuitions, have but such scraps of its knowledge as we have acquired by our previous efforts towards purification and self-control. Of course it should be our object to increase our Faith, or, to put it the other way round, it should be our constant endeavor to bring about a more and more complete *rapprochement* between our personal consciousness and the consciousness of the Soul. As we do, we shall enter further and further into the life and consciousness and knowledge of the Soul. This, however, will require elucidation, for it involves the whole question of the progress and development of man.

The eternal and divine spark of life in man, at the beginning of this cycle of evolution, had acquired many great qualities as the result of previous cycles of evolution. For instance, it had acquired free-will. It also had acquired consciousness, but it did not have personal consciousness, or self-consciousness. The purpose of this cycle of evolution is said to be the acquirement of self-consciousness. In order to gain this self-consciousness, the Soul descended into matter, that is, it created in the physical world of manifestation, a simulacrum of itself, endowed with its own life and powers, in which it could see itself reflected, and so gain self-consciousness. Another way of putting the same thing is to say that it wanted to acquire personal consciousness, therefore it created a personality, this same simulacrum of itself.

Then trouble began. Having endowed its "double" in physical life with its powers, its life, its consciousness, its *free-will*, the double took the bit in its teeth, and began to violate spiritual law. It—the double—invented self-will,—and Evil and its attendant, Pain, came into being.

Readers who remember the earlier articles in this series, will see how we have travelled around a circle, and are now back at those fundamental statements about life with which we began this series, but we now have a further explanation of why those statements were true, and *how* they were true. I said then that in the process of becoming self-conscious through the exercise of free-will, we broke many of the laws of God. This made barriers and limitations which clouded our vision. But these barriers and limitations contain within themselves their own antidote, which is Pain; Pain,—the friction caused by rubbing our wills against the Divine Will,—the whip used by Life to drive us back upon the Path.

All of these great processes of evolution can be expressed in many ways. It is perhaps obvious that in the earlier articles an effort was made to explain them from the standpoint of the personality. The first part of this article endeavors to express the matter from the standpoint of the Soul. I shall try to elaborate this point of view.

Let us imagine a Soul, or a reincarnating Ego, or a spiritual Monad, or whatever name we may wish to give a unit of Divine Life, at the beginning of evolution, acting under the impulse of universal law. It has consciousness, but no self-consciousness—no personality, which it is its destiny to acquire during the coming period of outer activity or manifestation. To acquire self-consciousness, or personality, it was necessary to create for its own use, and by its own power, out of a portion of itself, as it were, a human being, a center of activity on the outer plane of manifestation, the physical world. This it endowed with its own life and power and gifts. It was, in a sense, itself. Or, from the point of view of the human-being, it is, in a sense, the Soul. But only in a sense; for, although created by the Soul, out of a portion of itself, it is not and could not be a complete embodiment of the Soul, for the Soul can only be completely embodied in a very different kind of personality, one that is the product of millenniums of evolution. Jesus of Nazareth was a completely embodied Soul, and there have been a few others. The Saints were fairly complete embodiments of Souls, and every would-be disciple is a partial embodiment of a Soul, more or less, according to the stage of progress reached.

Going back, however, to the beginning, it is obvious that each Soul, while only partially incarnated in its personality, is still wholly responsible for that personality, responsible to the universe for its good and bad deeds, for its every act and thought. It is the creator of the personality, and it is responsible for its creation. It is the Soul's life and force which give the personality its opportunity to exist, and the Soul is held to strict accountability for the use made of its powers by the personality. Moreover, it is a ray of the consciousness of the Soul,

incarnating in the personality, which unites it with Divinity, and which gives it the opportunity for immortality. Above all, it is the free-will of the Soul, incarnated in the personality, which gives the latter power of choice between good and evil, and which leads to all subsequent complications and trouble. It was not necessary for the personality to sin. It could have accomplished its purpose, and enabled the Soul to acquire self-consciousness, personality, without sinning. But having free-will, as it had to have in order to be a perfect mirror of its parent, the Soul—having the right of choice; having the ability to act, the personality chose to disobey the law of the spiritual world, and so sin, evil and pain were born.

Thenceforth, the original purpose of enabling the Soul to gain self-consciousness necessitated the purifying of the defiled and sinful personality from its sins. To these two accomplishments all the powers of the Soul, all the powers of the Universe, have since been devoted. Progress is slow, for the personalities still have the ability to sin, still have the power of choice between good and evil, and still too often choose evil. The sins of the past have created barriers and limitations which make the task more difficult. As a Soul, at each new incarnation, must send forth from itself, something of its own life and consciousness and power, to vivify and inform the new personality, so it must gather together and mould into the coming man, all the threads and effects of all its past incarnations. Fortunately it is also able to endow the new birth with what has been gained from the struggles and efforts of the past. It does not use raw material. It uses the material, good and bad, as it has been shaped and moulded by the past.

Filled with an intense desire for self-conscious reunion with the Center of Divine Life, it broods tenderly, yet firmly and sternly, over the new-born product of its own past. It guides, directs, controls, in so far as it is able. How far it is able to do this is measured by the closeness between the nature of the personality and its own nature. It is the whole purpose of evolution to make that likeness complete.

Is it not obvious that as the personality becomes more and more like the soul in its nature, that more and more of the Soul can express itself in the personality, that as they grow alike, they grow indistinguishable, for after all we must not forget that the life and consciousness and power of the personality are portions of the life and consciousness and power of the Soul, and as the body and other parts of the personality become more and more fitting instruments for the use of this life and consciousness and power, more and more of them can be incarnated.

As the personality purifies its body and its psychic nature, more life and power can safely be entrusted to it; as it purifies and disciplines its will, more will can be given to it; as it raises its habitual consciousness, it reaches nearer and nearer to the point where its consciousness and the consciousness of the Soul become one. There is, in a word, a gradual merging of the two entities, until the two become identical. Long before

the process has been completed, the man has entered upon the path of discipleship, and when the process is completed he has become more than man.

The Soul, with its inexorable purpose to acquire self-consciousness, by merging its full life with the life of its personality, knows that it can do this only when it succeeds in purifying and perfecting its personality to a point where it partakes of its own divine nature. It knows that its personality is full of impurity, full of evil, and that these must be eradicated. So before birth it plans each life for the purpose of training the personality. It places it in incarnation in an environment that, inevitably and naturally, will throw its weak places into relief and compel the exercise of corresponding virtues. It disciplines, directs, guides, encourages, stimulates, admonishes, punishes, as the case may be and as circumstances warrant. It is *itself* that it is training, from one point of view, from *its* point of view. The point of view of the personality is often very different! It usually thinks that it is having a beastly hard time of it, and that some perverse Fate is busy making it miserable. But the Soul knows that its goal, and the future life and happiness of the personality, lie along the same path; and that even if the road lies uphill throughout all the way, even to the very end, yet that there can be only one end, and this end justifies the means used for its accomplishment. The merging of the consciousness of the Soul and the personality is the only true immortality, and immortality is worth fighting for, worth suffering for, even when the suffering is dumb and the effort is not consciously directed. So the Soul takes small account of the likes and dislikes, the prejudices and opinions and preferences of the personality. It *knows* what is good for both and it pursues its purpose with that serene inflexibility which is a quality of the spiritual world.

By a rather round-about path, we have come back again to Faith, which we defined as the reflection, in the personality, of the knowledge possessed by the Soul. We can see now what an important part Faith must play in the evolution of a Soul, or a personality, if you prefer. The personality has to do things to itself, has to do violence to many of its tendencies and preferences and desires, before it can raise its consciousness to the point where it can be merged into and be reunited with the consciousness of its parent, the Soul. Its Will to do these difficult things, the driving power back of its efforts, may be fear, may be hope of reward, may be love of the Master, but, whatever the reason, it must have *Faith* in the thing itself, in its future, in the possibility of attainment, before it can make the effort that is required. Old Thomas à Kempis, when moralizing upon the evils and annoyances of existence said, "I do perceive, O Lord, that patience is a very necessary thing." Cannot we who have made this rapid survey of the evolutionary process also end our article by saying that we do perceive that Faith is a great and very necessary quality, without which the personality has small hope of reaching its reward?

C. A. G.



REVIEWS

Two recent books, both by eminent men whose opinion carries well-earned authority, give a new insight into the literature and thought of ancient Egypt. Such strides have been made in the last decade by modern research and scholarship that our age-long ignorance of Egyptian civilization bids fair to be replaced by so realistic and accurate an historical reconstruction as will be without parallel in any other field. The peculiar climatic conditions have preserved records as in no other known part of the world; and the deciphering of these records is rapidly becoming possible, checked by comparisons with anthropological and archaeological discoveries. Some definite conclusions and historical tendencies are now emerging from the mass of facts collected from these many sources; and attempts are therefore being made to establish with greater exactness the whole course of the life of this great, mysterious people.

The Literature of the Ancient Egyptians, by E. A. Wallis Budge of the British Museum gives one aspect of their activity; while the *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, by Professor James Henry Breasted, is a carefully worked out analysis of the documents presented in the other work. Mr. Budge's book should therefore be read first, especially as it contains an excellent summary of the sources and descriptions of the texts and actual records, which knowledge is taken for granted by Professor Breasted. There are about two hundred and fifty pages of actual translations and interpretations, comprising the body of Egyptian literary remains. Mr. Budge offers but little comment, leaving the stories and poems to speak for themselves. Some are purely literary in form, and are obviously intended for the reading public. The rest are purely religious, and bear the same relation to literature *per se* as do our canons of the mass and other liturgical rituals. Both are dull reading except to the student of comparative religion; and we doubt if Egyptian gentlemen had only these few fragments of true literary works to enliven their leisure hours. What little we have, however, is so full of human interest, humour, and a high degree of artistic perception and appreciation of beauty, that one is compelled to remember that there is "nothing new under the sun," and that Wordsworth is by no means the last word in Nature poetry. It takes a little effort to become accustomed to a strange phraseology, but once done, the flavour of Egyptian thought and feeling can gradually be assimilated, affording a novel and pleasant experience, and the glimpse of a completely new intellectual vista.

Professor Breasted has attempted something much more ambitious and difficult. He has not merely placed before us a large body of collected texts (fully one-half his book is direct quotation from original sources, selected and ably combined), but he has attempted to penetrate to the essence of Egyptian thought and religious feeling; and has also given us the first consecutive sketch of the development of a religion believed in and lived, by his reckoning, at least three times as long as Christianity, and practically ending some hundreds of years before Christianity began.

In the nature of things Professor Breasted could not be expected really to interpret the Wisdom literature of Ancient Egypt, some of whose Mystery-rites

he has before him; but he has at least directed the attention of the thinking world to the fact that vital religious ideas and teaching lie within and behind the sometimes crude symbology and mythology of the available texts. To the Theosophist there is much that is suggestive in the passages cited from some very ancient sources bearing on the "Ka" of a man; as a comparison, for example, with the *Voice Of The Silence*, will show. For this ka, created in the beginning by the God, is a "second figure, identical in external appearance" with the individual; corporeal though of finer substance; and acting as guiding genius and interpreter to the personality of those things pertaining to life after death and the future needs. In some way it was counted as an achievement to "reach" or be with one's ka, and it is often said of great souls that they are "going to" their ka. Originally a tradition that only princes had kas—derived perhaps from the days of initiate kings—the belief extended, with the increase of a democratic ideal, to all the people, and everybody was supposed in some way to be possessed of them; until finally the name became stereotyped for that of the resurrection body. These changes are traced by Professor Breasted, the ka representing in his interpretation the "inner man" of the individual, his heart, soul and highest thoughts;—"the heart of man is his own god" as one Pyramid text puts it.

Whatever else students of the subject may be able to find, this book has at least given us the threads of what has been discovered of the recorded Egyptian beliefs and also what seem to be their initiation-rites, so that a comparison of these with the spirit and rites of other religions may well enable us to bind up the loose ends into one coherent whole.

One amendment of Professor Breasted's work suggests itself. If we correctly understand Madame Blavatsky's chronology, texts here assigned to the Pyramid Age, or about 2800 B. C., should really be pushed back an additional eight or nine thousand years; and similarly texts dated at 3500 or 4000 B. C. should be correspondingly and proportionately still more ancient.

Of the positive work accomplished much could be said. *The Book of the Dead*, hitherto barely translatable and little understood because so much reconstructing of the symbology had to be mere guesswork, has now become almost a new work. With a range of newly translated and edited texts covering thousands of years preceding the *Book of the Dead*, it falls naturally into place; and in Professor Breasted's opinion contains but a fragment of real Egyptian teaching, and that of the later, degenerate, and by no means most vital or interesting part.

Another point of interest is the change that the Egyptian religion underwent before the later days of its degeneration. With the importation of Osiris from outside, which succeeded because of his popularity with the common people, we get the period of greatest simplicity and at the same time, traditionally, of glory and splendour that Egypt ever had. The whole scheme of life both here and hereafter became "Osirianized," and the change can be clearly traced. Whatever connection this may have with the immigration of Atlanteans when their home commenced to sink before 12000 B. C. remains as yet unestablished; but the astonishing achievements of archeology may yet unravel this problem when more about Atlantis has been discovered.

One feature of Professor Breasted's book deserves special mention, and that is his openmindedness and freedom from prejudice. He is genuinely seeking the truth, and any conclusions are not impossible provided they fit the facts. This spirit will do more to recover the lost history of Egypt and her glory than any amount of scientific investigation along the older and more dogmatic lines.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

The Land of Suspense: a Story of the Seen and the Unseen. Elsewhere in this issue we have given a review of *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, under the title of "An Unattractive Heaven." *The Land of Suspense* deals with the same

theme, the after-death experiences of an "average" man, who was not bad, but who had done many things he should not have done, and which he knew he should not have done. He does not go to hell; he is not bad enough for that; but he does experience a state of consciousness which he does not enjoy, and in which he remains until he realizes fully the mistakes and sins of his past, and is sincerely sorry for them.

The spirit of the two books is entirely different. There is not a ray of spiritual feeling in *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. It is brutally materialistic, in spite of its occasional approximations to the truth. *The Land of Suspense*, on the other hand, while not perhaps any closer to the facts, does at least deal with the situation with feeling and, for want of a better term, we might say, in a spiritual way. It is not offensive and does not violate our instinctive canons of good taste. That is saying a good deal of books on this subject. It is worth reading and is published by Edwin S. Gorham, New York. C. A. G.

*A Little Pilgrim** is another book dealing with the after-death states, and quite the best of the three which are reviewed in this number of the QUARTERLY. It is religious, and that is saying a good deal. The pictures it gives are, to be sure, as unattractive and unappealing as even the orthodox streets-paved-with-gold Heaven; but at any rate, they are not offensive or repulsive.

Why is it that no one as yet has been able to imagine and describe a Heaven that a sensible person would want to go to? Next to the Utopias of earth, the celestial Utopias are the most impossible places; they would bore us to death in a few years. Is it, perchance, because our minds and imaginations are so fearfully unlike the minds and imaginations of the denizens of Heaven that we are unable to imagine a Heaven that we should like? What is our idea of Heaven? What would you, dear reader, like the after-death state to be? Have you ever thought about it and tried to construct a picture that would satisfy you? Try it, for it is a self-revealing process.

Mahomet faced this issue squarely and frankly by making Paradise a place of sensuous delights. He thought of everything an Arab of the desert liked, and promised them the quintessence of that; gardens, flowers, plenty of fruit and other food, and above all, an unlimited supply of houris, each more beautiful than the last. It might do for awhile, but, after say, a few hundred years, one would get tired of eating and drinking, even in the company of lovely houris. What then?

The *Little Pilgrim's* Heaven is not open to this type of objection. It is not coarse, she is described as being happy. Happiness and joy are said to be the conditions of the place, but she spends much of her time in tears, and most of the people she meets have secret sorrows. They also weep and are waiting for something they want; some friend who has not yet joined them; some comrade who is in Hell, for there is a Hell and it is a very horrid place indeed.

As a matter of fact, while this reviewer does not pretend to know what Heaven is like,—he humbly suggests that it will differ for every human being—it may not be too bold to express the opinion that in certain important particulars the *Little Pilgrim's* Heaven is true to fact. The inhabitants are not unqualifiedly happy. Why should they be? Is any one entitled to unqualified happiness who is not unqualifiedly good? Secondly, the inhabitants have things to do, have work assigned them. It is difficult to conceive of any Heaven that would not include the doing of work, useful work, and I trust it is not profane if one finds playing a harp outside of this category. They do not play harps in the *Little Pilgrim's* Heaven but they do things almost as banal. Particularly unsatisfying is the second part of the book, describing the City of Delight. It is less enticing and distinctly cruder and more material than the earlier states.

* *A Little Pilgrim*. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

But it is the account of Hell that is really interesting and which shows the most highly developed imagination. There is no doubt that the place would be very unpleasant indeed. I wonder why we can picture a variety of hells which we would hate to go to, but cannot imagine a Heaven we should like. Is there any special significance in this? If so my intuition tells me that it is not a flattering one!

What is Heaven, anyhow? What do we mean by it. In simple terms, I think we use the word to describe the after-death state of very good people. What do we know about it?

Common sense would suggest that we go to the records of very good people and consider what would make them happy and what their after-death experiences are likely to be. If we do this,—if we consult the biographies and autobiographies of the Saints, we find a remarkable unanimity of opinion as to what constitutes final happiness. It is love, such a depth and intensity of love, that it becomes ecstasy, that one loses one's sense of self.

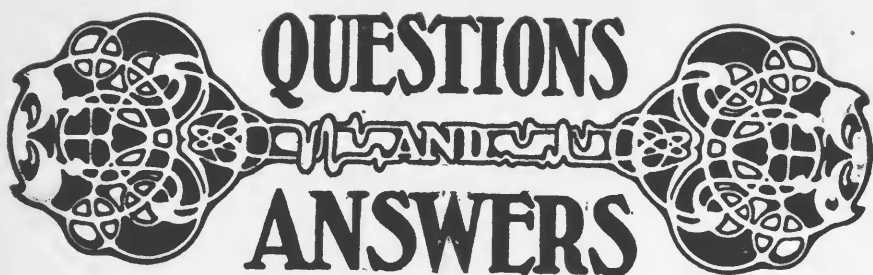
Have we not a clue here as to why we cannot imagine a satisfactory Heaven? It is because we do not as yet know how to love with sufficient intensity, and not being able to imagine or realize the actual experience of those in Heaven, we fail, very naturally, to picture a condition that we would find satisfactory. Heaven is the apotheosis of love—and Hell is its absence. C. A. G.

Dharma. The arrival of this magazine, published quarterly by the Branch of the Theosophical Society in Venezuela, is always a welcome reminder that the flame lit by Mr. Judge, more than a quarter of a century ago, is still burning clearly and brightly. Throughout the magazine there is the spirit of loyalty to Mr. Judge and with it a true understanding of the principles on which the Theosophical Society is founded. The constantly increasing number of the standard theosophical books that are being made available through translations into Spanish is in itself a testimony to the growth and strength of the movement in South America.

The current number of *Dharma*, attractively printed on excellent paper, contains eighty pages of original articles and carefully selected translations from the works of Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, Mr. Johnston and the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. As with the QUARTERLY the articles cover a wide range and appeal to many different types of mind. They include parts of Mr. Johnston's translation of the *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali*, and Mr. Judge's *Letters That Have Helped Me*, a selection from Cavé, the marvellous article, "War seen from within," by Men-Tek-Nis, a full report of the convention of the T. S. in New York last April, as well as a number of interesting original articles.

A reading of the magazine leaves a member of the New York Branch with a strong desire to make the acquaintance of his brothers in Venezuela.

J. F. B. M.



QUESTIONS

YANKEE

ANSWERS

QUESTION 193.—*Can Theosophists consistently say the Apostles' creed?*

ANSWER.—I think so. As in all things one has one's own understanding of the meaning of what one says. A. F.

ANSWER.—The Theosophic method, as I understand it, is founded on the fact that no mind can contain the whole of Truth and, conversely, that in every opinion sincerely held there is something of truth. Spiritual Truth transcends the mind and can not be expressed in mental terms without some distortion and error as a result of trying to impose the limitations of the finite mind on the Infinite. On the other hand a formula that for centuries has expressed the faith of countless thousands must contain within itself much truth, much Divine Wisdom. A theosophist is interested in finding the truth, not the errors, and in the tenets of every religion should see more truth, not less than is seen by its untrained adherents. Was it not Mr. Judge who said that a theosophist should put his circle of vision around the ordinary man's, containing and expanding it?

The more of a theosophist a man is, the more at home he should be in every religion and the better able to say, for instance, the Apostles' Creed. And this does not mean that his broader vision makes his faith less clear-cut and definite but more so. It means that he has gained the power to recognize, behind its many forms, Truth in its essential unity. J. M.

ANSWER.—One is tempted to answer this, Yankee-fashion, with a question: "Can any one other than a student of Theosophy use the Apostles' Creed?" and this is advanced seriously. So long as my thought was held within the narrow bonds of separatist dogma I could not use the Creed with conviction. Since I joined the T. S., and especially since I became a regular reader of *THE QUARTERLY*, I have not only used the Creed but accept it with a simple literalness that the Church alone never succeeded in giving me, so long as its teaching seemed apart from the soul and its efforts to become self-conscious, and, especially, apart from our Lord as a living Master. G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—As the answer to this question must depend on what meaning the different clauses of the Creed has to him that says it, the proper answer can only be given by the man himself. It is evident that if there is a clause in the Creed which a student of Theosophy does not agree with, then he cannot partake in the saying of it. But to another student the same clause may hold a different meaning, which to him stands for something very deep and holy. The ministering clergyman, and many of the congregation may interpret the clause in quite a different way, but this does not interfere with the student's saying of it any more than the many ecclesiastical mistakes and misinterpretations of the teachings of Christ and St. Paul interfere with his attitude towards the Church as a whole.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—It seems to me that this question is one that everyone must answer for himself. Perhaps it is not impossible to give the words a meaning that a "Theosophist" can agree with, but I am afraid no "Theosophist" can consistently say the Apostles' Creed with the meaning our Church gives it. H. J.

ANSWER.—Why not? I do; and I try to be a Theosophist. And, strange as it may seem, being a Theosophist enables one the more consistently to say the Apostles' Creed. I see nothing in the Apostles' Creed inconsistent with the life and thought of a Theosophist,—worthy the name. Is there anything in the creed against Toleration in Religion? "The principal aim and object of the Theosophical Society is to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color." "In essence the Society is intellectually an attitude; practically, a method; ethically, a spirit; religiously, a life." (*The T. S. and Theosophy*, H. B. Mitchell, p. 9.) L. C.

ANSWER.—I do not see why Theosophists cannot say it consistently. If you ask whether a Theosophist will utter the words with the same meaning as a boy who has just been "confirmed," the matter is different. A professing Christian may believe in the resurrection of this mortal body: the Theosophist does not. But the words do not define what body is to resurrect: and it is at least open to the Theosophist to utter the words while reserving to himself what he conscientiously regards as their inner meaning. And as with this, so with other passages. A. K.

ANSWER.—I have been told that theological text books (Protestant and Catholic) call the Creed *symbolum fidei*, a symbol of faith. May it not be possible that consistent Theosophists find the Creed a satisfactory symbol of the faith that is in them? T. A.

ANSWER.—There are two ways of approaching any creed or statement of belief, each being represented by Churches within the Christian fold. The first, represented by the Roman Catholics, have pushed a concise and definite interpretation of each word and phrase of the creed to its utmost limit. They have made a science of dogmatic expression; and have established through centuries of intellectual labor a school and tradition that attempts to be absolutely rigid in its conclusions. Only a proficient in this school, trained in this particular way, believing that the Church and Christianity are one, could hope safely to state *his* orthodoxy of belief. This Church is content to require, therefore, of the lay majority no more than a verbal assent to the results achieved by other minds, by this professional school of interpreters. The layman says "yes" to any question asked demanding an assent, and he is admitted as a member of that Church. In addition to this the majority of Catholics are trained from children to make this assent, quite aware that the intricacies of theologic debate are beyond their attainment: they are relieved of responsibility.

The other method, represented in varying degrees by the many Protestant Churches, is in essence still comprehensive. The effort is made to maintain some authority, to limit the freedom of belief to at least certain essentials (so-called), and yet to avoid that rigidity of formulation which excludes evolution or growth. The result of this has been too much in the direction of license of belief—that is—no real belief at all; but that a proper balance is now rapidly becoming possible is due to the fact that each method has been tried, and found wanting. Here is the opportunity for a new ideal, a clearer and truer vision of the truth, a return, in fact, to the method and vision given us by the Master Christ.

Theosophy stands for an absolutely open platform of belief, no dogma, no creed, no formula. But this does not mean that Theosophy stands for nothing,

has no belief at all. It means that the Theosophist is in reality bound, not by a man-made formula, but by the searching test and standard of all Truth, of the great White Light that floods all the world of science, art and religion itself. If he humbly but boldly dares to measure himself up to this standard, he will not fail of belief; nor of action also. And among other acts he will see the necessity for the first of the subsidiary objects of the Society—"The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies, and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study."

If he should turn to a study of the Creeds, their origin and interpretations, he will find an essential *oneness* in them. The Roman Schoolmen were, after all, mystics at heart, as a study of Thomas Aquinas at first hand will reveal. These schoolmen were only endeavoring to express the great truths of the Christian religion in theologic terms; and they did this better and more accurately than most of us could do if we attempted a statement of our beliefs. Both the Roman and the Protestant Churches state that the Creed is an "ecclesiastical symbol," and that there is a "relative *difference* between the ecclesiastical and the Christian, between the letter of the symbols and their spirit, between form and idea." Martensen, who is a Lutheran, but whose work is the text-book assigned for priests in their preparation for ordination into the Protestant Episcopal Church, states very clearly, in his *Christian Dogmatics*, that any symbol (he specifically treats with the Apostles' Creed) is an inadequate formula of belief. There must be more than mere assent to a formula. "We intend to hold that *type* of sound doctrine which is therein contained. . . . By the *type* of Lutherism we mean its ground form, its inextinguishable, fundamental, and distinctive features. . . . Therefore, while dogmatic science on the one hand holds to the Church creeds a relation of dependence, it must, on the other hand, in this relation be free to pass critical judgments on the formulæ of the symbols, and also to exhibit the fundamental ideas contained in these symbols in a fresh form, corresponding to the present stage of the development of the Church and of theology." We "must regard orthodoxy as something which not merely is, but is yet to be, attained," and we must by "a constant spiritual return to Christ" acquire "the gift of being able to try spirits" (cf. I John IV: 1).

There is nothing in this to which a true seeker after Divine Wisdom cannot assent. He is given almost complete freedom in his interpretation of the Creed,—but a freedom subject to Christ himself. The Creeds no longer stand as barriers; they become, rather, channels which direct and sustain our thought as it seeks the Master. Members of the Society would do well not to condemn the Churches unheard, and because they are ignorant of the facts. They *can* say the Creed "consistently" if they have honestly gone to Christ for its truth, and have not merely accepted off-hand the loose, popular, traditional explanations.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

QUESTION 194.—*What is the real meaning of "Opportunity" in relation to Karma in our lives, both in the world and as would-be Theosophists?*

ANSWER.—One who would be a Theosophist must take all circumstances and events in life as opportunities. The work of Karma is also, I believe, to give us opportunities to learn.
HJ. J.

ANSWER.—As Karma is the law of cause and effect, and acts on all planes, "opportunity," in relation to Karma in our lives in this world, would mean a chance to balance accounts for previous misdeeds. By doing something right and fair and true, we might compensate for some wrong we had done, perhaps in a previous life. In doing the wrong of long ago we caused as an effect in this life, conditions or ties which hold us until we have made compensation. Our

opportunity would be the chance to pay our debt, and thus free ourselves from the debtor's bond, the undesirable conditions in which we had imprisoned ourselves and others.

As Theosophists our work, or use of opportunity, would be on the spiritual plane which we know to be the plane of causation. There we should not so much balance effects as create new causes, which would occasion desirable, helpful results for others, as well as for ourselves later on. A. F.

ANSWER.—"Opportunity" may mean "Light on the Path,"—in the world and for would-be Theosophists.

Opportunity in relation to Karma may be a "stepping-stone to higher things." It may be a "stepping-stone of one of our 'dead selves.'" Opportunity may mean the payment of a debt (not necessarily financial), incurred in some previous existence. "Because things are unpleasant, that is no reason to be unjust to God." —VICTOR HUGO.

To a would-be Theosophist, opportunity, whether in the guise of pleasure or of pain, is Karma. "When we reach that state wherein the adjustment of the finite in us to the infinite is made perfect, then pain itself becomes a valuable asset. It becomes a measuring rod with which to gauge the true value of our joy." (*Sadhana*, Tagore, p. 63.) L. C.

ANSWER.—Opportunity may be a possibility brought around by law—a possibility of working off and getting rid of evil tendencies started long ago. A soul of undisciplined will may incarnate in an environment that gives frequent exercise to violent temper. That environment is the soul's opportunity. Violence of temper is an outward symbol of an undisciplined inner state. By accepting this fact the soul may work off its Karma—get control of itself. G. E.

ANSWER.—Our lives both in the world and as would-be Theosophists should merge and gradually become the same. In the process—a long one, perhaps—we learn how to time our acts and thoughts in accord with the principles of Theosophy and the Rules of the life of the Soul. All our energies are then so manifested. In the process, come the moments of choice. We can act and think in accord with those principles and Rules or we neglect to do so. We can continuously centre our attention on them or we do not do so. Such moments of choice are, I think, our opportunities in relation to Karma. A. K.

ANSWER.—Opportunity seems to be a point where we have the chance, if strong enough, to obtain a clearer vision of the Master's own vision or plan for us, and hence for a more direct course of life in pursuance of this plan. Karma and the Master work together to guide us, direct and pilot us through the maze of our wilful, stupid, and also blindly virtuous actions, until we reach a place where we are able to see for ourselves some hint of the direction which our lives ought to take, and so begin to co-operate. The Lords of Karma are masters of detail, and it would be a mistake for us to think that opportunity only comes at most a few times in a life. On the contrary, each moment, each instant of thought and feeling is an opportunity. And until we learn to avail ourselves of these little opportunities, and to choose rightly in them, the larger opportunities cannot in reality exist for us, because our evil habit has doomed us to failure. Increased activity means increased responsibility, which means greater opportunity. But this also means opportunity for greater failure as well as for greater achievement. So we must safeguard our lives by "eternal vigilance," piling up the good forming habits which can carry us safely through some crisis of action. Would-be Theosophists have a double responsibility, not only as related to their own development, but as inheritors of a trust given but once a century to our fellow men. They should above all others not *wait* for an opportunity, but *make* each and every moment an opportunity. JOHN BLAKE, JR.

T.S. ACTIVITIES

NEW YORK BRANCH OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

PROGRAM FOR 1915-1916.

The following topics will be considered in the order in which they are printed, but as the discussion of a subject may occupy more than one evening no definite assignment of topics to dates has been made in advance. At the close of each meeting the topic for the next meeting will be announced.

TOPICS.

Zeno, one of the ancient Greek philosophers, made a three-fold classification. First, things that are good; such as Courage, Justice, Temperance. Second, things that are bad; Cowardice, Folly, Injustice. Third, things that might be good or bad according to the use made of them. This third class of variables included certain pairs of opposites, such as,

Health,	Disease,
Wealth,	Poverty,
Pleasure,	Pain,
Noble Birth,	Low Birth,
Life,	Death.

This classification will be the subject of discussion in the meetings of the New York Branch this season. The following questions suggests points for consideration.

I. What light do Reincarnation, Karma, the Seven Principles of Man, and the Occult World throw on this classification?

II. Is health ever injurious? Is disease ever beneficial? How so? How can the benefit be extracted from obscure mental and nervous cases (a) for the invalid; (b) for his family and friends? Is Christian Science (or Mental Science, or Divine Science) a manifestation of religious aspiration or the reverse?

III. Is poverty always an evil? Is unequal distribution of wealth an injustice? Are there any legislative remedies? Is great wealth an evil? Is it wrong to live on inherited wealth which one has had no share in acquiring?

IV. How can life and death be of variable benefit? Are war and peace variables also? Is taking the life of a fellow man ever justifiable?

V. What is loyalty? Why should there be loyalty to a nation? What is a nation? Do such political divisions militate against the Brotherhood of Man? What gives to courage, justice and honour their high value? To what extent is our conception of them merely the "social" or "class" instinct? What are conventions?

VI. If life and death, as Zeno implies, are merely tools, what is it that uses them? To what end? How far ought one to go in attempting to arouse another

to the meaning and purpose of life? In our own experience what has been used to arouse us?

VII. Is evolution the unfolding of a spiritual purpose? If so, what are we to do about it? To what extent can a man change his character and temperament?

VIII. Is there a spiritual world? If so, are we conscious of it? What are

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

NEAR THE TRENCHES, FRANCE.

NOVEMBER 6, 1915.

The Theosophical Society, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECRETARY T. S.:—Thank you so much for my October copy of the T. S. QUARTERLY, which arrived a few days ago, being forwarded from England. It is a splendid issue, and amid all this noise and strife, brings back the true meaning of one's mission in life. Tho' I am a staunch American, I felt it was my duty to actively support the Allies against the "Enemies of the Light." I could not be neutral, and bitterly deplore that my country has not put herself on record as positively opposed to such methods and ideals as Germany represents today. The love of ease and money has, I fear, taken the place of our national honor, so dear to us in the past.

As I am in the artillery I have to witness often terrible slaughter and destruction, but the words of Krishna to Arjuna always comes to me, and I then feel that I am only an instrument of the absolute, and must play my part in this tremendous drama as such.

When the war is over I hope to return to New York, and be an active member in the Society.

With very best wishes to yourself and the T. S., I remain,

H—— B——.

P. S.—We can be a Theosophist even during the stress of a battle—it is not merely an "arm-chair philosophy," thus proving its tremendous value in any crisis of life.

NOTICE

The division of work in the Secretary's Office, referred to in the Secretary's Report, requires some changes in the handling of the mail, to ensure prompt attention. Members and subscribers are requested to take note.

(1) All correspondence about books or about the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, should be addressed to,

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,
P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York City.

(2) Dues, donations and other remittances for the T. S. should be addressed,

TREASURER T. S.,
P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York City.

(3) General T. S. Correspondence, and applications for membership should be addressed,

SECRETARY T. S.,
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



APRIL, 1916

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE SOLDIER AS MYSTIC

ONE of the most noteworthy outgrowths of the new spirit in France, the spirit of splendid sacrifice engendered by the great war, is the preface, by Paul Bourget, to a story by Ernest Psichari, which is called *The Journey of the Centurion*. That Bourget writes with the highest literary beauty, that his spiritual analysis is both deep and true, goes without saying, but there is the genuine breath of new inspiration in certain of his appreciations of life, and notably of the life of the soldier, that could never have been reached but for the spiritual ordeal of the war. So valuable are Bourget's words, that we think it wise to quote them almost without omission. He begins his preface thus:

"This is a very beautiful book, and one which will double, among men of letters, the grief which was caused them fifteen months ago by the premature death of its author, Lieutenant Ernest Psichari, who fell heroically in Belgium at the time of the retreat from Charleroi. His first story, *The Call to Arms*, had produced, it will be remembered, a very vivid impression. Two reasons contributed to this. Ernest Psichari was the grandson of Ernest Renan, and the contrast of his thought with the thought of his great ancestor could not fail to cause wonder. But above all, it was the revelation of a talent already of the highest order, and of a singular freshness, in which the gift of keen expression, the sustained natural magic of the visionary artist, was associated with an incomparable subtlety of psychological analysis.

"*The Call to Arms* related to us the simple story of an officer, Nangès, who cured a young soldier of the worst anarchist and pacifist delusions by the sheer suggestion of his personality. Few events, a uniform—I

had almost said an 'earth to earth' narrative, and the portrait was complete, in such high relief that Nangès even now remains for me as living as if I had known him in the flesh. In that story, among other things, there was a conversation between comrades in garrison on the soldier's profession, equal in tone, and superior in reach, to Vigny's celebrated passage in the second chapter of *Servitude and Greatness* which begins: 'The army is a nation within a nation . . .' Vigny adds: 'It is a vice of the times.' For Nangès, on the contrary, the avowed spokesman of the author, the most precious task of the soldier is, to constitute, within the nation, a type apart. He and he alone represents a principle of obedience, of sacrifice and of danger, as necessary to the general tone of society as the secretions of one or another gland could be to the general energy of the organism. . . .

"This study of the true character of the soldier formed the theme of *The Call to Arms*. It is also that of this posthumous story, to which its author has given the enigmatical title: *The Journey of the Centurion*. The title is explained by two verses from the Gospel according to St. Matthew: . . . the centurion answered and said: 'Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.' You are at once informed that this new essay in military psychology is also an essay in religious psychology. The author claims the right to associate the gospel and the sword in virtue of a text which proves that there can be, that there must be, a Christian doctrine of war. Christ who said to the rich man: 'Leave thy riches,' does not say to the centurion: 'Leave thy service.' In listening to his words of discipline without reproof, he makes them his own. Nay, he admires him who pronounces them: 'And when Jesus heard it, he marvelled. . . .' He adds: 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'

"It is, then, the soldier who believes, that Ernest Psichari is going to depict for us. He does not intend merely to paint a picture of manners, although this picture is there and its lines have a realism which does not shrink from brutality. Being himself a soldier, the author loves the humble details of service, but he loves even more the spiritual meaning, or, better, he does not separate them; and it is this special quality which we must understand, if we would enter fully into the spirit of this narrative.

"Already in *The Call to Arms*, there was talk of the *mysticism* of the soldier's profession. This expression is not peculiar to Psichari. In his latest contributions to the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, Péguy employed it constantly, and *The Call to Arms* is dedicated to Péguy. This formula

reveals a feeling which seems to have been that of a whole chosen class of the youth of France before 1914 and the terrible war. Actual experience can only accentuate it. . . . When Psichari makes Nangès say that the army has its morale and its mysticism, he intends to affirm that our activity, to be complete, must have a hidden sense and imply a faith. In every human action he distinguishes two elements: a positive application exterior to the man, and a secret significance which is interior to the man. The soldier makes war. This is the exterior application. He develops in himself secretly, he brings to the highest tension, certain virtues. He nourishes, he enriches his soul through his profession. This is the interior work.

“The life of the soul thus becomes the deep and ultimate reason of the effort, even of the most technical act. The act of faith is there in that affirmation that the spiritual world is not only a reality, but that it is the reality *par excellence*. Outside himself, the best adapted energy of the most intelligent man does not differ from the work of the spider spinning his web . . . this mechanization of being, a Péguy, a Psichari, recognize quite as much in the curiosity of the man of science, in the libertinism of the voluptuary, as in the slavery of the bureaucrat or the toiler. It is against this that they appeal to the higher, spiritual powers which are at once the highest and the deepest of our being.

“Open *The Journey of the Centurion*, and note the light in which the author introduces to you his hero, Maxentius, an officer of sharp-shooters, who is leading a column of Meharists in Mauritania: ‘. . . his father—the colonel who was a man of letters, a Voltairean and worse—had been deceived. Maxentius had a soul, made in the image of God, able to discern truth from falsehood, good from evil. . . . Yet this upright man followed a devious way, a doubtful path, and nothing warned him of it except the rapid beating of his heart, his restlessness. . . .’ You lay down the book, and, if you are one of those who were twenty years old thirty years ago, you remember how your generation thought and felt.

“It oscillated between extreme intellectualism and the pursuit of success. We were scientific, Monist, then Nihilist, or simply brutally ambitious, like Rastignac and Julien Sorel. What a distance covered in a quarter of a century, and of what reactions the thought of a race remains capable! How these renewals of sap disconcert the best supported inductions, the most completely justified prophecies! Let us be very careful about relegating to the powers of the past the ideas and feelings by which our fathers lived. Is their force exhausted? We can never tell. . . . It is one of these unexpected returns that *The Journey of the Centurion* relates to us, the bubbling up anew, in an intellect and a feeling, of a spring which had seemed dried up. *The Call to Arms* had declared to us the military vocation, and shown us in what psychological

mould, if one may so express it, this human type of so distinct a cast—the soldier—takes its shape. *The Journey of the Centurion* shows us the awakening of the believer in this soldier, shows us how the religion of duty leads this devotee of discipline to all disciplines. . . .”

So far Paul Bourget's wonderful preface. When we come to Ernest Psichari's story, we find it made of two different threads, not very closely plaited together. The first of these, the exterior element of the narrative, consists of very vivid, and often very beautiful, descriptions of the life of a young officer in command of native African troops, in the westernmost part of France's great African domain, the fringe of the Sahara toward the sunset. It is the region immediately east and north of the African St. Louis, at the mouth of the river Senegal; a region, curiously enough, intimately associated with the two foremost soldiers of France today: General Gallieni, the Minister of War, and General Joffre, the Commander-in-Chief. Both served in the Senegal region; both have written of their service there, General Joffre, very meagerly, as becomes his epithet of “taciturn”; General Gallieni, in a series of narratives of travel and adventure, of great literary excellence and charm.

Ernest Psichari's descriptions of the Great Desert and its life, or rather its wide-extended atmosphere of death, have a high and penetrating beauty, a vividness of vision, of touch, of odor even, that make us understand Bourget's ascription to him of “a talent already of a high order.” But the outer incidents are not very closely knit with the inner reveries; the events do not produce or induce the moods; rather, they run parallel to them, symbolizing, rather than in any sense causing, the movements of heart and mind, which are the main theme of the book. These movements one might describe as the history of a conversion; the return of a worn and weary spirit to the simple faith, the simple piety, of childhood. In one sense, Psichari's book might be called a religious treatise, a sermon, leading back to the realization of the personal Christ. The desert is used as a background for the spiritual life and growth of Maxentius, and its stillness, its vastness, its fatal serenity, are set over against the fret and fever of modern Western life; the ambitions, the passions, the scepticisms, the disbeliefs, among which Maxentius had grown up, and which so grievously burdened his soul.

It would be immensely interesting to follow out at length the parallelism between the moods of the desert and the moods of the soul. But it would take too long. We can quote only a few sentences: “Then begins for Maxentius a true life of solitude and silence. There, within a square of thirty yards, having no longer the hum of departures and arrivals, he really learned what solitude is, buried in the very breast of silent nature. For the Rule of Africa is silence. As the monk, in the cloister, keeps silence,—so the desert, in its white cowl, keeps silent.

Immediately the young Frenchman conforms to the strict observance, he piously listens to the hours falling into the eternity which frames them, he dies to the world which has deceived him. During the crushing heat of day, while the natives were sleeping under their familiar sun, Maxentius generally remained under his fragile canvas shelter, and there, his knees drawn up to his chin, he simply waited; he awaited, not the evening, but something mysterious and great, he knew not what. Thus, in this dead land, where no human being had ever fixed his abode, he seemed to himself to surpass the ordinary bounds of life and to go forward, trembling with dizziness, to the verge of the highest heaven. . . .”

Very naturally, there are brought to his thought the contemplatives of the Moslem philosophic schools, sects somewhat like the Sufis, or the mystics of Arabia: “While Maxentius returned, preceded by the guide’s floating robe, he thought: ‘These large facilities of meditation which this spiritual land supplies to us, have been taken advantage of by the Moors, and they make admirable ornaments in this aridity. Why, transforming like forces to our own needs, and employing them for our own ends, should not we also try to grow rich, or rather to reconquer the riches we have lost? And once again he thought of those men of prayer, the old whitebeards whom he knew. They seek God and they are humble. Thus, in the same movement, they raise and abase themselves, and in measure as they raise themselves, in the same measure they abase themselves. See how prudent and cautious their advance is. It is because the way is full of serpents and unclean beasts. Therefore it is necessary to watch, to be on one’s guard, to allow no distraction on this arid uphill road. . . .”

From vaguer philosophical reveries, Maxentius gradually draws closer to the mystical path of suffering and sorrow: “He knew also the terrors of the sleepless nights, when, turning and turning again on his mat, like a pancake on a stove, he uttered groans that did not even pass through the floating tent-wall which flapped in the night wind. For the wind was the real wall that separated him from his men who were there two paces away, rolled up in their camp cloaks, their heads on their knees. Thus, lost far from everything, on one of those circles that the geographer traces on the map, and no longer knowing even on what latitude he was, feeling all the derision of that African death in which he suffered, of that void from which grew only the lotus of sorrow, that void in which the soul is no longer stunned by the noise of the world and esteems itself at its true worth, crushed under the long patience of the night, he was close to great and salutary despair. . . .”

Again his dawning spiritual life comes into touch, into comparison, with that of the Moslem mystic: “‘What, in your view, is the true use of life?’ he said one day to a young Moor, who had guided him among

the ruins of Ksar. "To copy the Koran diligently and meditate on the teachings, for it is written, "The ink of the learned is precious, and even more precious than the blood of the martyrs." "Is this fever of divine intelligence admirable?" Maxentius asked himself. His companion's saying was revolting to him. He touched the weak point, felt the blunting of the point. Was not all his life based on sacrifice, whose supernatural virtue, he was ignorant of, indeed, and which yet lit up all his actions with the reflections of its mysterious brightness? No matter how wretched he saw himself to be, he still saw that he was better than those who had preferred the writer's goose-quill to the martyr's palm. For in his extremest wretchedness he still bore the germ of life, while the others, in their greatness, bore the germ of death. . . ."

Then comes a beautiful summary of the Soul of France: "He has been sent there by a people who know well what the blood of the martyrs is worth. He well knows what it is to die for an idea. He has behind him twenty thousand Crusaders—a whole nation of those who have died with drawn swords, with prayers fixed on their lips. He is the child of that blood. It is not in vain that he suffered the first hours of exile, nor that the sun has burned him, nor that solitude has wrapt him under her great veils of silence. He is the child of pain. . . . 'Thou art not the first,' says a voice which he did not recognize—it is the voice of the motherland which he has railed against—'thou art not the first that I send to this infidel land. I have sent others before thee. For this land is mine, and I have given it to my sons, that they may suffer there, that they may there learn suffering. Others have died before thee. And they did not ask these slaves to teach them how to live. Look, my son, how they bore themselves in this great undertaking, in this great French adventure, which was the adventure of the pilgrimage of the Cross. . . .' The Moors have taught him how pure and health-giving is the Christian air which is breathed in France, in that France which he had railed against at the moment when he was leaving it, perhaps for ever. They have made him catch a glimpse of the hidden France which he had failed to recognize, and they have brought the filial action of thanksgiving to his lips, instead of shameful denial. He is happy as a lost child who finds its mother again. . . ."

We come to the fundamental idea of the story, the parallel between Maxentius and the centurion of the Gospel, who gives a name to the book: "But this difficult undertaking is possible only for soldiers, and it is there, far from the workshops and warehouses of merchants, that they will recognize themselves and that, recognizing themselves they will hymn the immense joy of deliverance. Then, in the crucified immobility of the earth, there are the virtues that they love; they see once more, and they bless simplicity, sheer ruggedness. A magnificent recognition! Far from progress and illusory change Maxentius finds himself once

more a man of fidelity. He finds in himself nothing that is like revolt, but, closely tied to the great forces of the world, he loves rather these accustomed chains. He is in the gravitation of the moral system, and he submits to its law with no more trouble than the stars that follow the path traced out for them through the fields of heaven. Nothing seems beautiful to this true soldier, except fidelity. It alone is peace and consolation. It alone consoles him for that bitter draught, solitude. It alone is the highest. Fidelity is the sure protection. It is a thought full of sweetness offered to the traveller. It is the ineffable perfume, the perfume that the souls of soldiers breathe. Fidelity is like that wife who awaits her husband who has set out on a crusade: she never despairs, she never forgets. It never doubts the future nor the past. Fidelity is the little lamp with ever equal flame which the wife holds. . . .”

The same note is repeated, and repeated with a deeper meaning, a little later: “In the magnificent peace, charged with inner tumult, which wraps the elementary landscape, Maxentius, alone with himself, renews the memorable pact which binds him. He proclaims himself a soldier for eternity, and he promises that, in the common adventure in which all—dead or living—are taking part, he will be the bravest, the most ardent in the battle, the most unsparing of his body. With those whose spirits dwell here, and whose flesh has been consumed by the sun, he has one thought, one will. He solemnly repeats that he will be loyal and true, that he will abandon all, wealth, family, life even, for this task that has been entrusted to him, and to these shadows, fixed to this most secret fold of the earth, he at last shows his soul, all poor and naked, his soul which has already conquered the world. . . .”

But beneath this truth there is hidden a deeper truth: “In the midst of beauty, from the very breast of earthly felicity, is born a mortal disquiet. ‘Without doubt,’ says the restless soul, ‘this duty, which guides my steps and orders my acts, is clearly traced. Yet it seems to me that my steps are hardly sure, and that my acts are acts in a dream. I am the fish which steers cleverly in the element of water, and which, nevertheless, will never know the sea, because it cannot view it from the shore. I should not falter, were I not haunted by the complete harmony, and did I not wish to dominate the element in which moves the body that I uphold. But I am a thinking as well as an acting being. The intelligence which wishes to know, arises, and the soldier’s itinerary seems wretched. . . .’”

The story begins to take on a more definitely Catholic coloring, but it is the devout, mystical, profound Catholicism of France, with its marvellously rich spiritual consciousness: “Yes, through all the ages, the Church has bent over France, the Church has wept and rejoiced with her. Behold, then, how this people grows and appears among all faithful

peoples. These are the men of thy right hand, O Lord, this is the development of the noblest history that the ages have written. The fairest kingdom in the world,—and it is also the kingdom of fidelity. The most glorious power in the world,—and it is also a power of Christianity. The bravest and proudest of Thy sons, O Lord, but they are the sons of just observance and they are the children of Thy love. Maxentius knows this wonderful history well, every page of which, even the darkest, bears the marks of greatness. . . .”

Purely mystical is this: “Unhappy they who have not known silence! Silence is a fragment of heaven, which comes down among men. It comes from so far that we do not know it, it comes from the wide interstellar spaces, from the motionless regions of the chilly moon. It comes from beyond Space, from the further side of Time,—from before the worlds were, from the region where the worlds no longer are. How beautiful silence is! . . . It is a great African expanse, where the keen wind whirls. It is the Indian Ocean, by night, beneath the stars. . . . Maxentius knew well these wide spaces like the shoreless streams of Paradise. And that great descent, along the thread of Time, when silence first closes the lips, and then penetrates even to the division of the soul, to the inaccessible regions where God rests in us. And when he came forth from that resting-place, like the hermit leaving his hut to admire the work of creation, it was already to say: ‘All confirms Thee, O Heavenly Father. Not an hour but is the proof of Thee, not an hour, however dark, in which Thou art not present, there is no experience, that is not an experience of Thee. Should I die of thirst in this desert, even then, I should say that this day is blessed, for I have seen Thee present in Thy justice as I have seen Thee present in Thy mercy, and I am no longer concerned with such appearances as are thirst and hunger and weariness, I am concerned with Thee, who art reality. Oh, my God, help me to walk in the way on which Thou Thyself hast set me, remembering the word of Thy Son, who said: “Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you. . . .”’”

Though several pages intervene, we can carry on the thread of thought with the following passage: “To whom, then, is Maxentius speaking, in his great loneliness? He is speaking to his Father, to his God, whom he knows not, and he himself does not cease to be the contestant, who has his place marked for him in the fight. He speaks to his Father, but he knows what his arm can do. His place is not among the men of peace, but, on the contrary, he has the daring and all the masculine virtue of youth. He is one who will force the gate of heaven, he is the violent man who will take eternity by violence. He is one to whom all is allowed. Has he not stood eye to eye with death? Are not all his evenings, evenings of battle? . . . But he speaks to his Father,

he knows that he has a Master, that this Master can do all things and that he himself can do nothing. Beautiful contradiction; This soul's effort is vain, unless there is submission, but what submission is that, which leaves no place for effort? Maxentius has a glimpse of the truth that the highest state of human consciousness is here, in this supreme accord of effort and submission, of liberty with servitude, and that this accord is reached nowhere save in Jesus Christ. . . . In Jesus Christ man desires to soar infinitely high, while knowing himself to be infinitely low. And this is true, because we are in liberty as well as in servitude. . . ."

Gradually the consciousness of Maxentius approaches the deepest mysteries: "At that hour Maxentius knew it: there is a hierarchy among souls. And first there are vile thoughts—for evil hearts. And then there are beautiful yet easy thoughts, there are poor miserable spiritual satisfactions for the hearts that are profoundly ignorant of evil, but which feed only on common virtues. But who are these who go forward, bearing their hearts before them like torches? They are the heroic souls, who hunger for virtue, who thirst for justice. They have kept themselves from coarser faults. But they hold that this is little. They long for that essential purity which is the entry into higher intelligence. For all is bound together in the inner system of man, and the profound light of that which is true will always be lacking to him who has not made his heart clear as crystal. And Maxentius himself, where is he? Alas, how far he feels himself from Wisdom! How far he feels himself from the heavenly guides of the single knowledge! How dry and desolate he finds the path of his exile and his suffering!"

The culmination of the spiritual renewal is expressed, perhaps, in these words: "Ah! yes, I have compassion on those who are abandoned, and who are sorrowful. . . . But we, what have we done, we, the blessed of the Father, we, the children of election? And what shall we answer when the Judge shall say to us: 'I had given to you the fairest of lands and ye have been my chosen ones. I had given you my well-beloved France and had made you heirs of my word. It was of you that I was thinking in the sweat of Gethsemane and it is you whom I called the first. There is nothing that I have not done for you, because there were none that I desired more than you. And it is you that I had chosen from amongst many. . . .' Alas! what have we done? What madness has taken possession of us? What leprosy has come to consume us? It is true, Lord, we have not been faithful to the promise, we did not watch with You, when You entered into the agony. But look: we are groaning in shame and contrition, and we come to You such as we are, full of tears and smirches. We have lost all, we have nothing, but all that remains, O my God, we give to you; all that remains, that is to say our broken and humiliated hearts. You are stronger than

we, Lord, we surrender. We humbly pray to You as our fathers prayed to you. We in our great wretchedness beg you for your grace, because we cannot lay hold of You, save through You alone . . .”

And then the conclusion: “How lovely is the first prayer! How blessed and precious it is to the Lord! With what joy the angels of heaven hear it! Come, poor man, lift yourself up again! Jesus is not far from you, He will come and will not tarry! Already thou viewest with tranquillity the land of reconciliation, and the evening of thy consolation. Take thy way once more. Hope in the fullness of thy heart, and in the strength of thy new life-span—and the rest shall be given to thee in addition. . . . What! Lord, is it then so simple a thing, to love you?”

Here our quotations from this memorable book must cease. Suffice it that Maxentius found the way he sought, and found the Master on that way. Bourget tells us that the author left two versions of his work: one, from which we have quoted, in which he tells his story objectively, as concerning the soldier Maxentius; another, in which he relates the same experiences in the first person, as frankly of himself. There may be artistic reasons for preferring, as Bourget evidently does, the former; but, as a spiritual document, as an actual testimony concerning spiritual life, we should greatly desire the latter, the simple testimony at first hand.

Ernest Psichari, as we are told, fell fighting for the land he loved, for the cause he loved, in the retreat after Charleroi. How many ardent, devoted aspiring souls are there, burning with the same mystical light, in that long line of heroes, everyone of whom is dedicated, consecrated, having made the supreme sacrifice?

Resign every forbidden joy; restrain every wish that is not referred to His will; banish all eager desires, all anxiety. Desire only the will of God; seek Him alone, and you will find peace.—François de la Mothe Fénelon.

FRAGMENTS

LONG, long ago, I read this ancient script of initiation, written on stone panels in the Hall of Learning. Even there it is only a fragment; later experience completes it: for in that Temple of Life we cannot read what we do not understand.

I read it there one beautiful day of spring, a day of opening blossoms and fresh-throated bird songs, when Nature promised life and happiness, and all one's youth reached eager and expectant hands to snatch the realization of that promise to its heart. Instead, there fell the sudden shadow of the Cross, and from its darkness the wailing cry of desolation. And yet the promise was there, in flower and bird and golden light; and the outstretched hands were not left empty, for the Cross was placed in them,—the means of realization offered instantly in answer to the longing of the soul.

Children, we cry for tinsel; but God will not mock us with tinsel: he gives pure gold. Slowly experience teaches us, slowly we learn trust. We ask for stones, God gives us bread; we ask for life, God gives us immortality; we ask for love, God gives us Paradise; we ask for knowledge, and God gives himself!

To whom is Easter more than a radiant vision who has not ascended Calvary?

The fragment runs:

“Give heed, O Lanoo, to these words, write them upon thy mind in gold, write them upon thy heart in flame.

“Ponder them deeply, that their stars may rise upon the darkness of thy comprehension, stars to sing together till the flush of dawn.

“Beaten with the thongs and stripes of life, wounded, bleeding, carrying a heavy cross toward Calvary: so lives the disciple in this world of sin and suffering unspeakable.

“Yet from the fiery furnace of his pain, the soul emerges pure and spotless; and though defenceless, clothed in the armour of a holy power.

“Rest thy heart, therefore, and endure, yea to the very end. For reckon wisely, do not be deceived: it is crucifixion that awaits thy soul.”

CAVÉ.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XVII

DEAR FRIEND :

AFTER I had read your letter last night I took down from its shelf above my table one of those small volumes, stored with spiritual wisdom and the fruit of profound insight into our common nature, that I have tried for so long to persuade you to consult for yourself. I know of no better way to answer your need—if not your actual words—than to quote the opening paragraph to which I turned.

“The spiritual life is made up of contradictions. This is only another way of saying that human nature is fallen. One of the greatest contradictions, and practically one of the most difficult to be managed, is that in spirituality it is very important we should know a great deal about ourselves, and at the same time equally important that we should think very little about ourselves; and it is not easy to reconcile these things. I mention this difficulty at the outset, inasmuch as we shall have in the course of this treatise to look very much into ourselves and consequently we run the risk at the same time of thinking very much of ourselves; and this last might do us more harm than the first would do us good.”

This is the difficulty into which you have fallen. In endeavouring to know yourself you have come to think altogether too much about yourself; so that self is shutting you in more and more, and your horizons have become so narrowed that you lack all true perspective.

You yourself feel this—and suffer from it. But I do not think you understand either its cause or its cure. You have been discouraged when you were told not to think so much about yourself. It has seemed to you that you were being advised to abandon your efforts at self-conquest, and to turn back from the path along which your fellows were advancing. You have brooded on your sense of failure, and this brooding, envious discontent, and constant introspection, have inevitably strengthened your morbid self-centeredness.

Now the cause of all this, however difficult it may be to correct, is very easily stated. It is lack of humility. We have been told that humility is the virtue without which all other virtues are spurious. It is also that quality without which all introspection becomes positively injurious, all true self-knowledge definitely impossible. These definitions may sound like the Irish lad's definition of salt: “The thing that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any in.” But in reality they go much further than that. Salt is not the basis of our food but only of its savour. Humility is the very substance of all spiritual nutriment, and the sole

power by which that nutriment may be assimilated, or by which vision and knowledge may be turned into wisdom.

"Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness." These are laws of the spiritual life. We can never find the truth till we are humble: till we seek it for its own sake with a love for it that is greater than love of self; till our joy in it is greater than any sorrow for self. But because they are laws of spiritual life, and because man's will is a spiritual force, we have a certain measure of power to contravene them: to lay hold upon some portion of truth and draw it to ourselves even through the tortuous channels which our self love and vanity still leave partly open; to see dimly through the tears of self-pity; and to hear, even while crying out against what we hear. I am not now concerned to point out how misleading such partial truths must inevitably be, giving the ring of truth to the delusions of self which cling to them. What I want to make clear is that, to the extent to which you lack humility, not only these delusions but the truth itself becomes definitely injurious to you. It is as though you took into your body a foreign substance that you had no power to assimilate: for truth is assimilable only by humility.

If humility were a thing we could not cultivate, it would be of small service to tell you that the cause of all your suffering is its lack. But we can cultivate it, in a thousand different ways, and many of these ways are paths of unending delight. We have only to look out and not in: to turn our eyes and hearts away from self. So Marcus Aurelius bids us: "Look round at the courses of the stars, as if thou wert going along with them; and constantly consider the changes of the elements into one another, for such thoughts purge away the filth of the terrene life." Here is this great, wonderful, glorious universe all about you—full of all manner of marvels, "of cabbages and kings," and infinite beauty, ever new, ever young and immortal, calling to your heart to come forth from self and be at one with it. Here are nobility and self-sacrifice and courage. Here are men and women and children, and the communion of the saints and angels. Here are birth and death and love—and the sun of day and the stars of night. Here is the drama of the soul. Here is the Master. Why should you shut yourself in self; look only to self; love self alone; when all, all is open to you?

Is this turning away from the Path? Surely not. We are bidden to "live in the Eternal," and are told that the giant weed of self cannot flourish there, but is killed by the very atmosphere of eternal thought. That is the Path: not your morbid brooding on the weakness and faults that so hurt your vanity.

Try, for one moment, to put that vanity so far away from you that you can see it and your own need. You have sought to know yourself. However limited this knowledge, it has, at least, revealed self-centeredness. You have rebelled against this revelation. Stung and mortified by it, you have been unwilling to accept it; but have probed and probed

again, and turned it over and around, hoping to find something more to your liking, less humiliating to your self-esteem—and so your very unwillingness to accept it, has fastened it more strongly upon you. This must be clear to you, surely; and it must be equally clear that the way to cure self-centeredness is to interest yourself in that which is outside of self, greater than self. Accept and forget yourself. Make your thought, your interest, your affections expand. Throw yourself into your work, rouse your sympathies, live in the lives of those about you, seek in them and in all things the beauty, the element of the Eternal, that they contain, and strive to love that beauty. Here is the beginning of the Path—the beginning of humility—in loving something more than we love self. Thus you will “grow as the flower grows, unconscious but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air.”

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

XVIII.

DEAR FRIEND:

Tell me something. If I were to answer your appeal as you beg of me; if my answer were to cost me my life; and I, knowing this, still granted what you asked, and laid down my life that you might know the way to rise from your present misery to immortal gladness; would you believe I loved you? Would you sometimes think of me? Would you read what I had written at that cost? Would it seem to you that, having asked it of me, there was an obligation on your part at least to attempt the way I pointed out? Or would you leave my letter unread, the way untried, my memory forgotten?

You call yourself a Christian. Let me speak to you, therefore, in your own terms. Christ gave his life to answer the question you ask now of me—as, long ago, you and the world asked it of him in prayer. What are you doing with His answer, and with Him?

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

XIX

DEAR FRIEND:

I am delighted that my hope is realized and that you are as glad to receive and give house-room to the old “grandfather’s” clock, as I am to have been able to send it you. And now I am going to tell you its story and why I wanted you to have it.

I found it this summer in the kitchen of a farm house. It was not an old house, nor had it any of that simple dignity that farm houses so often have. On the contrary it was quite new and pretentious, and very ornate. Its owners had clearly prospered and had torn down and built again. The parlour furniture was gilt, the upholstery gaudy plush. There was a "cozy corner" with imitation Turkish hangings and rugs. I could not understand it at all, until later I saw the town, some miles away, where the farmer's daughter had attended school and from which she had drawn her standard and fashion. Then I did understand. The daughter had social ambition. Her home was to reflect her "culture."

The clock, I learned, had been one of her chief crosses. It was shabby and old and upright and would go with nothing. She had tried gilding its case and painting wreaths of roses over the gilt. But the gilt turned black and "the roses did not look right anyhow." So it was banished, gilt and roses and all, to the kitchen. But the kitchen was small—as kitchens in pretentious dwellings usually are—and the clock took up too much room. She was quite willing to let me have it. As you know, I scraped the roses and gilt away, and the old mahogany came out under polish as now you see it.

It is a very common story. Every collector will be able to do more than match it from his own experience. But it is precisely because it is not only so common but so universal that I hope you will remember it. For, one and all of us, in some way or another, to some degree or another, are like that farmer's daughter, and treat ourselves as she treated that clock. That which we are—in simple, honest fact—is always better than what we would pretend to be. Even our patent faults and sins are of greater worth than the imitation virtues in which we seek to cloak them, to ourselves and to others. There are dents in that old clock case. There is no denying that, yet they are not the disfigurement that the gilt and rose wreaths were. We are not to try to make ourselves into something other than ourselves. We are to cleanse and polish that which we are.

See what comes to you from daring to remain friends with one who loves you! It is a perilous venture—if we would cling to our pretences—to have anything to do with those who love us for what we really are. It is never this for which we love ourselves: and so self-love can never understand real love and must forever quarrel with it. It is a testimony to your genuine humility that you still bear with me. Yet also, Friend, you have your vanities.

Some day I want you to write me a whole ponderous volume—in your very best, powdery, philosophic style—on Honesty as the sole requisite for human salvation. I am convinced that every evil—every sin—contains within itself the germ of its ultimate cure: that life, real life, must, through whatever tragic way of pain and loss, forever lead us upward and bring us, in time, to all of which we have need. But if we cut ourselves off from life and reality, and choose instead to live in a world

of pretence and deception, I do not see that there is, in such a world of our fancy, any curative or corrective principle whatsoever. Our sole hope there lies in the fact that our separation from reality can never be wholly complete, and that some hard fact that cannot be excluded—some great fact like death—will jar us from our lying dreams, and bring us back to what we are.

All this you could make clear ; and you could show, too, what sometimes seems to me dishonesty's most tragic loss. What tempts us to pretence? Leave aside the fact that we are blind to our real worth—that we have no power to look beneath the stained and battered surface of our lives to the timber of which they are made. Leave aside the fact I have tried to make clear, that all imitation is cheap and shoddy and despicable compared to what is genuine and real. Let us assume that it were indeed possible—as we so often delude ourselves into believing—that what we can pretend to be could be better, more admirable and more lovable than what we are. What tempts us to pretend? Two things—and each defeats itself—first, desire for human esteem and love; and, second, the fear to lose these and to incur censure in their place. But he whose life is a pretence,—each one of us to the extent that his life is a pretence and that he is dishonest—puts himself beyond the reach of the very esteem and love he craves. He puts a mask before his face; he builds up and hides behind a false appearance of himself that is not himself. It is this false appearance he labours to have esteemed and loved; and if it be, then is he indeed desperate. For the love is given to a thing not himself—and being given to that thing does not and cannot reach him. He remains unreached behind it—starved, while it is fattened—isolated, lonely, miserable, in the midst of every appearance of his heart's desire. And with him always is the fear of loss—of losing even the appearance of the reality he never has, and never can have till he tear down all he has so carefully erected. He who would find his life must lose it. It is not easy to lose what one desires above all else. It is not made easier by the knowledge that what we lose we have never had. And so there are few more tragic needs than this, which ultimately all pretence entails, of destroying that which has drawn to itself—through our own folly—all that we ourselves have sought to win.

I am glad with all my heart that in our friendship no such need exists. It is a very transparent paint you have laid over your fine mahogany—and I think all must see to the beauty of its grain, as they cannot miss the dignity of its simple lines. But, Friend, why even transparent paint?

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

WILLIAM LAW

MYSTICAL THEOLOGIAN AND EVANGELIST

WILLIAM LAW is practically unknown to the modern world except as the author of a single devotional book, *The Serious Call*. By his contemporaries he was spoken of as "the mystic." The dozen or more writers who, since his death, have made Law the subject of a volume or treatise likewise refer to him as "the English mystic." A weight of humiliation is attached to that definite article, "the," with its function of narrowing and limiting. We are loath to admit the fact; Law is, nevertheless, almost solitary in the English Church since the Reformation. Other Anglican divines have won controversial renown by their efforts either against Rome or against many headed Dissent. Law alone turned from the narrow and barren sphere of religious politics to the breadth and depths of metaphysics. Pusey and some other Anglican divines are mystically inclined. But they are not mystics. They touch the mere edge of the fringe. Law realised with vividness a spiritual universe that casts earthly life as its shadow. Thanks to his metaphysical acumen he was able to set forth his knowledge lucidly and cogently.

He is an odd figure in his era—odd in many respects. His eccentricity and his piety match him with contemporaries, Johnson and Wesley. His spiritual sense sets him apart. In a generation of "ponderous well-fed masses of animated beef-steak" he is an ascetic. Among rational philosophers, moralists and politicians, such as Locke, Addison and Walpole, he exercised spiritual faculties. His contemporaries, on the whole, saw life through the flattening lens of the mind. Law's view was fourth dimensional. The premises and conclusions of his contemporaries led up to the hideous democracy of 1789 and the Terror. Law's model of perfect government was the angelic hierarchy of the eternal Kingdom. One considers his environment and wonders how he emerged from its flat immorality.

Law was born in 1686—the son of a tradesman in a provincial village. As he approached manhood the House of Hanover took possession of the English crown. Law was not an intriguer nor politician. He had no Catholic sympathies. He had no personal attachment to the Stuarts. But his conscience saw in the exiled family his true sovereign. He would not violate his conscience though obedience to its voice meant the apparent end of worldly success. He was living in Cambridge, the placid life of a don. He had entered the university as a charity student, had taken his degree, been ordained, and made Fellow. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to George I, and, in consequence, left Cambridge.

For fourteen years after that protest, Law's personal history is obscure. He published three books, opposing, in turn, certain ecclesiastical, ethical and moral errors. He published also his first devotional book—*Christian Perfection*. In 1727 he became chaplain in a Tory family of some prominence—the Gibbon family. From that date till Law's death, 1761, the facts of his life are clearly recorded. He went back to Cambridge—to his own college, Emmanuel—in a private capacity, as tutor to his patron's son. That son was afterward the father of Edward Gibbon. There was no common interest between tutor and ward, and, when young Gibbon went on the Continent for the *grand tour*, Law returned to his patron's home as chaplain and friend. While at Cambridge, Law had published a second devotional book, *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*. The book attracted much attention among a certain class, and some of its readers began to seek out the author in his retirement. As in all cases where men or women are drawn by the power of a leader, some of Law's admirers were wise, and some very foolish. Unfortunately the admiring comment of the foolish sometimes makes the leader himself seem foolish. The best known of those who came to the Gibbon home seeking interviews with Law were the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley. Their period of intercourse was brief. The real work of the Wesleys had not begun. John was not yet converted. The High-Churchmanship and the sincerity of both men—Law and Wesley—brought them into brief contact. In his later life as evangelist, Wesley used Law's *Serious Call* as a fifth Gospel. But the Wesleys had no sympathy with the second phase of Law's development, the period of mysticism.

1733 was the critical year and turning point in his life. Among those who came to converse with him, attracted by his religious nature, was a London physician, Dr. George Cheyne, a man of sufficient local celebrity to be made *dramatis persona* by Thackeray in *Henry Esmond*. Dr. Cheyne had a taste for metaphysics as well as for medicine. He introduced to Law the works of Jacob Boehme. Law was forty-seven years old. His life to this point seems narrow; his religion also, though genuine, is thin, with a tinge of the "evangelical." But it was unmistakably sincere. He had conscientiously lived up to his faintest glimmer of light; he was now to be flooded. He had striven faithfully "to do the will"; he was now to learn the "doctrine." His after life bears remarkable testimony to the results that follow right effort. In his forty-eighth year, Law began to study German in order that he might read Boehme's philosophical interpretation of religion. From an evangelical High Churchman Law became a mystic. The metaphysical basis of Christianity finds expression in all of Law's subsequent writing. His ripest exposition of the old Wisdom is made in three books, *The Spirit of Prayer* (1749), *The Way to Divine Knowledge* (1752), and *The Spirit of Love* (1754).

Law's patron died in 1737. Mr. Gibbon's death made changes. For three years longer Law resided intermittently with the family. In 1740

he went back to his native village, King's Cliffe (Northampton). His father had died leaving him a tiny house and garden. Law may have received a legacy from Mr. Gibbon. His life was ascetic. His very small means were not only ample for his own needs; they enabled him to do charitable work for destitute children of the village. In 1743, Mr. Hutcheson, a friend, died and commended Mrs. Hutcheson to Law's spiritual care. Miss Hester Gibbon, daughter of the elder Gibbon (a woman of fifty and over) also desired Law's pastoral direction. The two ladies had ample incomes. They decided to take a house at King's Cliffe, to assist Law in his charitable labor, and to profit by his teaching. The united income was three thousand pounds. It is said three hundred pounds covered the personal expenses of Law and his two friends. The rest was used for a children's school and for cottage homes for religious women who were very poor. Law's impulses are said to have been not always wise nor his charity discriminating. There is extant a letter from the village Rector and certain of his flock, protesting that Law's free giving had drawn all the vagabonds of the country to King's Cliffe. The letter may represent an actual condition, or (from an 18th century rector) it may indicate only envy and ill-will. Law published an edition of Boehme's writings. (*The Way to Divine Knowledge* is really a prefatory essay of introduction to the edition). He died at King's Cliffe in 1761 without any mental decay or moral obscuration.

It is easy to point out the defects of the 18th century. Its errors culminated in a horrid Feast of Reason. But the golden mean of that deplorable extreme was a horror of the extravagant, a love of good sense, order and moderation. The adventure and romance of an earlier age had decayed into bombast. Men were surfeited with the extraordinary. They aimed at a new standard of unquestionable sanity, sobriety and urbanity. It was an age of prose. The polished verse of the period lent its exquisite form to satire not to aspiration. The triumph of a German Elector over a Stuart prince is another illustration of men's preference for a certain solid commonplaceness to high-flying instability.

Though he is aloof from his contemporaries Law shines with some of the admirable characteristics of that century. His reply to a letter from Wesley in 1738 is marked by the quality of moderation that was so highly prized. Wesley had returned from his futile High Church missionary tour among the crude settlers of Georgia. He had talked with his Moravian friend, and had experienced the inner change of conversion. It was not singular of Wesley eagerly to desire to share that experience with a host of others. Many have been guilty of indiscreet zeal when new light opens up truth. Perhaps it was more than indiscretion that led Wesley to impeach his elder's religious sincerity. Wesley wrote to Law, and, after describing his long unhappiness he continued: "a holy man to whom God has lately directed me answered my complaint at once by saying, 'Believe, and thou shalt be saved.' Now, Sir, suffer me to ask, how will you justify it to our common Lord that you never gave

me this advice? Why did I scarcely ever hear you name the name of Christ?—never so as to ground anything upon faith in His blood? Consider deeply and impartially whether the true cause of your never pressing this upon me was this, that you had it not yourself.” Law’s reply to Wesley’s charge shows his force—force clothed in urbanity. He wrote: “As you have written the letter in obedience to a Divine call, I assure you that, considering your letter in that view, I neither desire nor dare to make the smallest defence of myself.” He mentioned Wesley’s long study of *The Imitation of Christ*, and suggested that Wesley let him share with à Kempis the failure of not directing Wesley to Christ. He rebuked the indiscreet impulse of Wesley: “let me advise you not to be hasty in believing that because you change your language and expressions, you have changed your faith. The head can as easily amuse itself with a living and justifying faith in the blood of Jesus as with any other notion; and the heart, which you suppose to be a place of security, as being the seat of self-love, is more deceitful than the head.” That correspondence ended the relation of the two men; it had always been superficial. Wesley called Law’s mature writing unintelligible jargon, and said Law’s teacher, Bøhme, was not a theosopher but a demonosopher.

Law conforms also to the admirable literary fashions of his century. His garb is the true prose style of the “Spectator”—a style so different from the lyrical, poetic prose to which a later century has accustomed us. The 18th century prose is unornamented; it is refined and polished so that no quality juts out conspicuous or salient. It is polite, well-bred, urbane, without stress and strain and undue urgency, very quiet, full of repose, with much reservation behind its easy restraint—it is indefinably natural; it suggests face to face conversation but is not marred by the vulgarity of the colloquial. Quite in the manner of the “Spectator” Law paints portraits; the faces are individual, yet a whole type is often represented by that single figure. The interpretative faculty that made such portraits possible is Law’s sympathy—and humour. “Mundanus is a man of excellent parts, and clear apprehension. He is well advanced in age, and has made a great figure in business. Every part of trade and business that has fallen in his way has had some improvement from him; and he is always contriving to carry every method of doing anything well to its greatest height. Mundanus aims at the greatest perfection in everything. The soundness and strength of his mind, and his just way of thinking upon things, makes him intent upon removing all imperfections.

“He can tell you all the defects and errors in all the common methods, whether of trade, building, or improving land or manufactures. The clearness and strength of his understanding, which he is constantly improving by continual exercise in these matters, by often digesting his thoughts in writing, and trying everything every way, has rendered him a great master of most concerns in human life.

“Thus has Mundanus gone on, increasing his knowledge and judgment, as fast as his years came upon him.

“The one only thing which has not fallen under his improvement, nor received any benefit from his judicious mind, is his devotion: this is just in the same poor state it was, when he was only six years of age, and the old man prays now in that little form of words which his mother used to hear him repeat night and morning.” One ought not to leave Law’s humorous men and women without a second example of his quiet, penetrating observation. “When Ouranius first entered into holy orders, he had a haughtiness in his temper, a great contempt and disregard for all foolish and unreasonable people; but he has prayed away this spirit.

“The rudeness, ill-nature, or perverse behaviour of any of his flock, used at first to betray him into impatience; but it now raises no other passion in him, than a desire of being upon his knees in prayer to God for them. Thus have his prayers for others altered and amended the state of his own heart.

“It would strangely delight you to see with what spirit he converses, with what tenderness he reproves, with what affection he exhorts, and with what vigour he preaches; and it is all owing to this, because he reproves, exhorts, and preaches to those for whom he first prays to God.

“This devotion softens his heart, enlightens his mind, sweetens his temper.

“At his first coming to his little village, it was as disagreeable to him as a prison, and every day seemed too tedious to be endured in so retired a place. He thought his parish was too full of poor and mean people, that were none of them fit for the conversation of a gentleman.

“This put him upon a close application to his studies. He kept much at home, writ notes upon Homer and Plautus, and sometimes thought it hard to be called to pray by any poor body, when he was just in the midst of one of Homer’s battles.

“This was his polite, or I may rather say, poor, ignorant turn of mind, before devotion had got the government of his heart.

“But now his days are so far from being tedious, or his parish too great a retirement, that he now only wants more time to do that variety of good, which his soul thirsts after.”

It is noticeable of men and women whose hearts are centers of spiritual force that while they accomplish their life-work through an organization that is in some degree sectarian and narrow, they themselves and their doctrines stand above sectarianism on a height of true catholicity. This is true of George Fox, of Loyola, of Emerson, of St. Paul—pre-eminently of Christ. That Master incarnated as a Jew and worked through the narrow Judaic beliefs. The sectarian limits did not cramp His true nature—a World Saviour. Law is another example of that general truth. He never felt any need (or desire) to change his outward condition—a priest of the Anglican Church. He worked hard to train the children of his charity school according to the doctrine of that

Church.* Yet what fellowship he exhibits not only with other Christian sects, but also with nameless religious souls of pagandom. He looked with perplexity upon the sterile garden of his Anglican faith—*hortus siccus*, and then upon the laughing flowers nodding over the Roman wall.† Weaker men have leaped over the wall into the Roman enclosur . Law did not uproot his plant of life.

Law felt that he owed an immense debt of gratitude to B ehme. He translated his works, he interpreted Scripture with reference to B ehme. He usually mentions B ehme as "the blessed Jacob." That manner of reference is ridiculous. It drew ridicule from Law's contemporaries, and prejudiced them. Yet Law's relation to B ehme is in no other respect extravagant or servile. He never suggests Boswell or Eckermann or Christian Scientists or some Theosophists. He was by no means a man of one book. B ehme was a key that opened for Law passage into a spacious hall. Law never forgot the gratitude due. But he entered the hall. He knew B ehme's writings by heart, perhaps. But he knew also many, many other mystical writers, from Dionysius to F nelon. His estimate of B ehme is marked by that 18th century virtue of moderation. He admired B ehme greatly. He admired him as an inspired man of religious genius but not as a demi-god.‡

Law owes to B ehme an understanding of the metaphysical foundations that underlie practical Christianity. There is nothing metaphysical in the *Serious Call*, Law's early work. It is sincerely, practically, rigorously moral. The metaphysics of morality came afterward. Law splendidly illustrates an oft quoted truth: for forty-three years he was

* His accurate knowledge of human nature, gained from long actual contact with people is shown by certain provisions made for the school. He directed that sixpence be given to each boy or girl for learning Morning Prayer, a shilling for the Catechism, and a shilling for a New Testament chapter. How different is his practical wisdom from the foolishness of theorists who expect all children, little or grown-up, to act from the stoical motives of a Marcus Aurelius.

† "O my God, how shall I unlock this mystery of things? in the land of darkness, overrun with superstition, where Divine Worship seems to be all show and ceremony, there both among priests and people Thou hast those who are fired with the pure love of Thee, who renounce everything for Thee, who are devoted wholly and solely to Thee, who think of nothing, write of nothing, desire nothing but the Honour, and Praise, and Adoration that is due to Thee, and who call all the world to the maxims of the Gospel, the Holiness and Perfection of the Life of Christ. But in the regions where Light is sprung up, whence Superstition is fled, where all that is outward in Religion seems to be pruned, dressed and put in its true order, there a cleansed shell, a whited sepulchre, seems too generally to cover a dead Christianity."

‡ "He has no right to be placed among the inspired Pen-men of the New Testament; he was no messenger from God of anything new in Religion; but the mystery of all that was old and true both in Religion and Nature was *opened* in him. This is the particularity of his character, by which he stands fully distinguished from all Prophets, Apostles, and extraordinary Messengers of God. They were sent with occasional Messages, or to make such alterations in the economy of Religion as pleased God; but this man came on no particular Errand, he had nothing to alter, or add, either in the Form or Doctrine of Religion; he had no new Truths of Religion to propose to the World, but all that lay in Religion and Nature, as a Mystery unsearchable, was in its deepest Ground opened in this Instrument of God. And all his Works are nothing else but a deep manifestation of the Grounds and Reasons of that which is done, that which is doing, and is to be done, both in the kingdom of Nature and the kingdom of Grace, from the Beginning to the End of Time. His Works, therefore, though immediately from God, have not at all the Nature of the Holy Scriptures; they are not offered to the World, as necessary to be received, or as a Rule of Faith and Manners, and therefore no one has any Right to complain, either of the Depths of his Matter, or the Peculiarity of his Style. They are just as they should be, for those that are fit for them; and he that likes them not, or finds himself unqualified for them, has no obligation to read them."

unremitting in his efforts "to do the will"; strict attention to moral dictates brought him in mid-life knowledge of the doctrine.

Perhaps the most striking point in Law's later teaching is this: Christianity is a fact in Nature, is spiritual biology. Law had written of new birth, death to self, etc., as many other divines have written—more sincerely, surely, and as things to be seriously faced rather than evaded. In his later writing, Law made no *volte face*. He saw that he had been speaking more truly than he knew—that "new birth," "death," etc., instead of being similes borrowed from incidents of the physiological husk are actual facts of the soul, and that the physical events so named are the clumsy similes. The words, "new birth," and others like them must be taken, he insists, in a strictly literal sense.* New birth does not mean a formal outer thing like joining a Church or society. It means a spiritual, biological change through which an individual enters into the real world and begins his life. Until that event happens the individual has no existence. He is outside the cosmos of reality; he is a phantom in the penumbra of material darkness, a rotting corpse dead in trespasses and sin.

The adjective "new" does not in this phrase signify a birth that is recent as compared with the individual's physical birth. For to the physiology which is concerned with the states and conditions of the soul, a thing so temporary and feeble and gross as the human body is of inferior importance. "New" or "second" birth does not then express a metaphorical condition posterior to physical birth. It denotes attainment for a second time of spiritual consciousness—a sharing in that Life which was the soul's at its first birth. Born of God, the creature, man, lived in God's life, vitalised by His blood. Man lost his place in reality and "fell" into unreality, the shadow of death. When man passes from the shadow of death, and becomes a second time free, alive, and real, he has had his *second* birth into reality.

If this idea appears at all fantastic the fault is in the presentation. Law's thought and expression are as clear as Addison's upon mundane matters. Law reminds his readers of the Scriptural words that Adam died in the day of his sin. Quite clearly Adam's body did not die on that day. Real death, therefore, refers to the soul. So also does real birth.

Man's first birth into Divine Life was the work of Creation. His second birth into that Life is the work of Redemption. The "Fall" was a change of man's polarity. He dis severed his will from God's will and placed it in opposition. Man's will, wrenched from its function of coöper-

* "How pitiable therefore, or rather how hurtful is that *Learning*, which uses all its Art of Words, to avoid and lose the true Sense of our Saviour's Doctrine concerning the new Birth, which is necessary to fallen Man, by holding, that the Passages asserting the new Birth, are only a *figurative*, strong Form of Words concerning *something*, that is not *really* a Birth, or Growth of a new Nature, but may, according to the best Rules of *Criticism*, signify, either our *Entrance* into the Society of Christians, by the Rite of Baptism, or such a new Relation, as a Scholar may have with his Master, who by a Conformity to Terms of Union, or by copying his Ways and Manners, may, by a *Figure of Speech*, be said to be born again of him."

ation and made hostile by self-reference, exercised its divine function in new and morbid conditions.* It brought forth the world and its synonymous materiality of darkness. It blindly wove around the real life of man (the soul) a dense veil of shadows that gradually smothered the fire of life. Under all that quenching rottenness a spark of fire remains, a seed of life. The work of Redemption is to fan that spark to a blaze, to develop the germ into an organism until at last Christ is born again in man as truly as He was born from the Virgin's womb.

Through the work of Redemption the broken union of God and Man is restored. "Union" is a state much written about. Ancient and modern mystics have been doubtless quite clear in their own minds about their experiences. But their language sometimes fails to express their meaning clearly, and we have accounts that are ecstatic, but vague and confused. Law is more fortunate than some other mystics. He leaves one in no confusion. "Union" in his books does not mean a blurred state in which creature is merged with Creator. Union means more than one. It means coöperation of two independent wills. Union is altogether different from Unity. The three persons of the Trinity live in Unity. God and His creature, man, may live in Union.

Law's illuminating interpretation of Christianity as a fact in Nature does away with the Calvinistic theories of a capricious and arbitrary God whose inveterate characteristic is wrath. The Christian process of birth, death, and rebirth is a natural one. It is governed by certain laws. There is nothing capricious or tyrannical in it. No arbitrary trial, Law wrote, is ever imposed on any human being. "The natural state of every intelligent creature is its *one only* trial." Law shows unmistakably the only meaning that "punishment" and "wrath" can have when used of the Deity. Man's punishment (in Adam's sin) was a punishment brought upon him; it was not something arbitrarily inflicted by God—it was nothing more (nor less) than the inevitable consequence of his own act. It was Karma. "Adam had no more hurt done to him at his fall than the very nature of his own action brought along with it upon himself." The "wrath" of God originates from man not from Deity. It is a cloud obscuring the Divine Nature; it is an exhalation from man's will morbidly turned upon itself and fermenting. "When sin is extinguished in the creature, all the wrath that is between God and the creature is fully atoned. Search all the Bible, from one end to the other, and you will find that the atonement of that which is called the Divine wrath, or justice, and the extinguishing of sin in the creature, are only different expressions for one and the same individual thing."

Because Law made religion a process of inner development, a history

* "The seed of everything that can grow in us is our will. The will maketh the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything; it is the only workman in nature; and everything is its work."

"Every vice, pain and disorder in human nature is in itself nothing else but the spirit of the creature turned from the universality of love to some self-seeking or own will in created things."

of "the soul rising out of the vanity of time into the riches of eternity," the charge Quakerism was made against him. It was asserted that Law's teaching about the inner life, inner light, etc., was subversive of formal religion. There are sentences which can be detached from his writings and used to substantiate such a charge as hostility to ecclesiastical forms and usages. He implies that the difference between Christians and Pagans is not one of intellectual creeds or Church attendance but of attention concentrated upon the inner or outer world.* He says in one place: "No external dispensation could redeem man unless the seed of life were in him."† He wrote in a private letter: "their [his writings] whole drift is to call all Christians to a God and Christ within them, as the only possible life, light, and power of all goodness they can ever have; and, therefore, they turn my readers as much from myself as from any other, 'Lo here! or Lo there!'" Surely it is malevolent prejudice alone that could distort such statements away from the evident and reverent purpose of the author. Law held as tenaciously to the outward practices of the Church of England as Loyola did to Catholic tradition. Law was not a false devotee. He had no antinomian theories. He never desired to make reputed spiritual virtues a screen for obvious moral failings. He never sought to justify outward dark deeds by flickerings of inner light. He worshipped regularly in the cell of his own heart.‡ He worshipped regularly in the parish Church also. The small religious community, composed of Law and the two ladies whose devotions and charities he directed, kept faithfully the seven daily periods of prayer provided for by old canons and breviaries. Law revered the sacraments of the Church and the offices of the Anglican Prayer Book. He labored zealously to transfer those offices from the pages of the Prayer Book to the hearts and memories of his boys and girls. He believed that the Blood of Christ flows in a vitalising current through the veins and arteries

* "These apostles [devout souls of pagan lands], though they had not the Law or written Gospel to urge upon their hearers, yet having turned to God they found and preached the Gospel that was written in their hearts."

† Cf. also sentences like the following: "Nothing serves God or worships and adores him but that which wills and works with him."

"Salvation or damnation is no outward thing that is brought into you from without, but is only that which springs up within you as the birth and state of your own life. What you are in yourself is all that can be either your salvation or damnation."

‡ "This pearl of eternity is the *Church*, or temple of God within thee, the consecrated place of divine worship, where alone thou canst worship God in *spirit* and in *truth*. In *spirit*, because thy spirit is that alone in thee, which can unite and cleave unto God, and receive the working of His Divine Spirit upon thee. In *truth*, because this *adoration* in spirit is that *truth* and *reality*, of which all outward *forms* and *rites*, though instituted by God, are only the *figure* for a time, but this worship is eternal. Accustom thyself to the holy service of this inward temple. In the midst of it is the fountain of living water, of which thou mayst drink and live forever. There the mysteries of thy redemption are celebrated, or rather opened in life and power. There the Supper of the Lamb is kept; *the bread that came down from Heaven, that giveth life to the world*, is thy true nourishment: all is done and known in real existence, in a living sensibility of the work of God on the soul. There the birth, the life, the sufferings, the death, the resurrection and ascension of Christ are not merely remembered, but inwardly found and enjoyed as the real state of thy soul, which has followed Christ in the regeneration. When once thou art well-grounded in this *inward worship*, thou wilt have learnt to live unto God *above time and place*. For every day will be *Sunday* to thee, and wherever thou goest thou wilt have a *priest*, a *church*, and an *altar* along with thee."

of the cosmos. He believed also that one partakes of that Blood in the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "The blood of Christ is the life of this world, because it brings forth and generates from itself the paradisiacal, immortal flesh and blood, as certainly, as really, as the blood of fallen Adam brings forth and generates from itself the sinful, vile, corruptible flesh and blood of their life." Law was Catholic, he was finely balanced, he bent as a circumference about the center God; he did not shoot off a tangent. His profound metaphysics saved him from doctrinal eccentricity. "Everything that is outward in any being is only a birth of its own spirit," he once wrote. Law's religious practices, inward and outward, were consistent. They outdistanced those of his contemporaries just as his philosophy stands above the paltry schemes of the deistical *philosophies*. "Modern metaphysics," he wrote, "have no knowledge of the ground and nature either of spirit or body, but suppose them not only without any natural relation, but *essentially* contrary." Law maintained, to the contrary, that "body and soul go hand in hand, and are nothing else but the inward and outward state of one and the same life." The body is a husk laid over the soul.

Law is a mystical theologian. He maintains the articles of the historical Christian creed, not through some factitious scheme of logic but through truths revealed in the human heart. When a portion of those truths once becomes part of an individual's experience, that man, by continued experiment, can find them written large in the history and structure of the universe. Law is more than a theologian. He is not content merely with tracing and expounding the reason of things. He is an evangelist, also. He longs eagerly to have every man take the first experimental steps which bring knowledge of the doctrine. He wishes every man to be a Christian, not a student of Christianity. His only ambition was that his books might shape living stones for the Divine Temple. In the character of Academicus, Law, with customary lightness and urbanity, satirises the "modern" man, the man of mind, trained in all the universities, decorated with all degrees. Academicus is a pedant provided with all the lumber of religions. The illiterate Rusticus is a Temple of the Spirit. "When I had taken my degrees," Academicus replies in one of the Dialogues,* "I consulted several great divines, to put me in a method of studying divinity. Had I said to them, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' they would have prescribed hellebore to me, or directed me to the physician as a vapoured enthusiast. And yet I am now fully satisfied, that this one question ought to be the sole inquiry of him, who desires to be a true divine. And was our Saviour himself on earth, who surely could do more for me than all the libraries in the world, yet I need have asked no more divinity-knowledge of him, than is contained in this one question.

"It would take up near half a day, to tell you the work which my

* Law frequently used the *Dialogue* form as the most convenient for exposition and for presenting and answering objections.

learned friends have cut out for me. One told me, that Hebrew words are all; that they must be read without points; and then the Old Testament is an opened book. He recommended to me a cart-load of lexicons, critics, and commentators, upon the Hebrew Bible. Another tells me, the Greek Bible is the best; that it corrects the Hebrew in many places; and refers me to a large number of books learnedly writ in the defence of it. Another tells me, that Church-history is the main matter; that I must begin with the first Fathers, and follow them through every age of the Church, not forgetting to take the Lives of the Roman Emperors along with me, as striking great light into the state of the Church in their times. Then I must have recourse to all the councils held, and the canons made, in every age; which would enable me to see with my own eyes the great corruptions of the Council of Trent. Another, who is not very fond of ancient matters, but wholly bent upon rational Christianity, tells me, I need go no higher than the Reformation; that Calvin and Cranmer were very great men; that Chillingworth and Locke ought always to lie upon my table; that I must get an entire set of those learned volumes wrote against Popery in King James's reign; and also be well versed in all the discourses which Mr. Boyle's and Lady Moyer's lectures have produced: And then, says he, you will be a match for our greatest enemies, which are the Popish priests, and modern deists. My tutor is very liturgical; he desires me, of all things, to get all the collections that I can of the ancient liturgies, and all the authors that treat of such matters; who, he says, are very learned, and very numerous. He has been many years making observations upon them, and is now clear, as to the time, when certain little particles got entrance into the liturgies, and others were by degrees dropped. He has a friend abroad, in search of ancient manuscript liturgies; for, 'by the bye,' said he, at parting, 'I have some suspicion that our Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is essentially defective, for want of having a little water in the wine, etc.' Another learned friend tells me, the Clementine Constitutions is the book of books; and that all that lies loose and scattered in the New Testament, stands there in its true order and form; and though he will not say, that Dr. Clarke and Mr. Whiston are in the right; yet it might be useful to me to read all the Arian and Socinian writers, provided I stood upon my guard, and did it with caution. The last person I consulted, advised me to get all the histories of the rise and progress of heresies, and of the lives and characters of heretics. These histories, he said, contract the matter; bring truth and error close in view; and I should find all that collected in a few pages, which would have cost me some years to have got together. He also desired me to be well versed in all casuistical writers, and chief schoolmen; for they debate matters to the bottom; dissect every virtue, and every vice, into its many degrees and parts; and show, how near they can come to one another without touching. And this knowledge, he said, might be useful to me, when I came to be a parish-priest.

"Following the advice of all these counsellors, as well as I could,

I lighted my candle early in the morning, and put it out late at night. In this labour I had been sweating for some years, till Rusticus, at my first acquaintance with him, seeing my way of life, said to me, 'Had you lived about seventeen hundred years ago, you had stood just in the same place as I stand now. I cannot read; and therefore,' says he, 'all these hundreds of thousands of disputed books, and doctrine-books, which these seventeen hundred years have produced, stand not in my way, they are the same thing to me, as if they had never been. And, had you lived at the time mentioned, you had just escaped them all, as I do now; because, though you are a very good reader, there were then none of them to read.

" 'Could you, therefore, be content to be one of the primitive Christians, who were as good as any that have been since, you may spare all this labour. Take only the Gospel into your hands; deny yourself; renounce the lusts of the flesh; set your affections on things above; call upon God for his Holy Spirit; walk by faith, and not by sight; adore the holy deity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in whose Image and Likeness you were at first created, and in whose Name and Power you have been baptised, to be again the living likeness, and holy habitation, of his Life, and Light, and Holy Spirit.

" 'Look up to Christ, as your Redeemer, your Regenerator, your second Adam; look at him, as truly he is, the Wisdom and Power of God, sitting at his Right Hand in Heaven, giving forth gifts unto men; governing, sanctifying, teaching, and enlightening with his Holy Spirit, all those that are spiritually-minded; who live in faith, and hope, and prayer, to be redeemed from the nature and power of this evil world. Follow but this simple, plain spirit of the Gospel, loving God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself, and then you are Christ's disciple, and have his authority to "let the Dead bury their Dead."

" 'God is a Spirit, in whom you live and move and have your being; and he stays not till you are a great scholar, but till you turn from evil, and love goodness, to manifest his holy Presence, Power, and Life, within you. It is the love of goodness, that must do all for you; this is the art of arts; and when this is the ruling spirit of your heart, then Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will come unto you, and make their abode with you, and lead you into all truth.' "

The man Rusticus who speaks thus to his learning-burdened friend is ignorant of much that the "world" prizes; but he has gained the "hidden Wisdom." To Law, as to all truly religious souls, everything is dross in comparison with that spiritual gold.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

THE BATTLE ROYAL

THE purifying breath of war was sweeping over the land. A world-weary pilgrim slept and dreamed. When he awoke he told his dream to others and they to still others, until it reached these pages—garbled, perhaps, by its passage through many minds, but preserving still some hints of truth.

The call came and the disciple found himself standing among those of like degree, watching the assembly of the Great Ones. In previous experiences of a similar nature the atmosphere had been full of that serene intensity of utter devotion which is characteristic of such gatherings. Among the juniors there would be interest, expectation, hope. This time there was a marked change. A feeling of great gravity, of seriousness, almost of tenseness and of strain, was apparent. Evidently affairs of great magnitude were in progress. An instant exercise of his perceptive faculties and the disciple realized the situation. It was outside of his own experience, but he was familiar with the Lodge traditions:

The Silent Watcher had decreed a Battle Royal.

The White Lodge has some weapons it rarely uses. They are reserved for great emergencies in the slow and painful evolution of the world. One of these is the earth cataclysm, when men become too evil; when they pass too completely under the sway of the Black Lodge; when the generally decadent tendency ceases to be offset by the individual efforts of the good; then by fire or ice, by earthquake or flood, the surface of the earth is swept bare of men: the world lies fallow for awhile. The psychic and physical atmosphere is purged of its vileness and then the sin-burdened souls start fresh upon their upward climb under better and easier circumstances. There are great cataclysms and lesser cataclysms, local and general, depending upon the object to be achieved.

Another weapon of the White Lodge is the Battle Royal. The White and Black forces wage perpetual warfare, on all the five planes of being reached by the Black Lodge, but this warfare is for the souls of men. The Battle Royal is not for the souls of men, it is for the very existence of the combatants themselves, it is a fight to the death—spiritual death—annihilation.

The White Lodge has the power, at any time, to precipitate a conflict, and to summon the cohorts of the Black Lodge, rank and file, to come forward and fight for their existence. It is a weapon very seldom used, for the cost is great.

The White Lodge is always, and must always be more powerful on the higher planes; the Black Lodge is often stronger on the physical plane. When the world is evil and the human race corrupt, and materialistic, the Black Lodge is at its height and waxes numerous and strong.

The rules of the Battle Royal are that rank shall meet rank and individual shall meet individual. The seniors meet the seniors, the most powerful, the most powerful. Down through the whole hierarchy grade by grade, the seniors go forth to meet their respective antagonists. If the White Lodge has more members of a certain grade than are called for by the members of the corresponding grade in the Black Lodge, the balance cannot fight. If the Black Lodge in its turn has more adherents in any grade than the White Lodge, again the surplus does not have to fight, unless a member of the White Lodge of a lower grade volunteers and is permitted to fight. The Black Lodge is always more numerous and more powerful in the lower grades. Consequently it suffers most among its ranking members, while the White Lodge suffers most among its chelas and youngest disciples. That is the reason why the Battle Royal is a weapon very seldom used. It is practically never advocated by the masters themselves out of their tender regard for their chelas, and has to be decreed by the Great Power, whose rare commands are often unexpected.

As the disciple watched he saw the hosts of the Black Lodge appearing, on what can only be described as the other side of a space, and within this space was a magnetic ring which was the battle ground. The ranking member of the Black Lodge was drawn irresistibly into this magnetic ring; a figure of indescribable majesty and power. Although he must have known himself face to face with annihilation, the visage did not lose its immobility, in the eyes was a hopeless and desperate calm. As he entered the ring, the Regent of the West, without moving from his seat, drew the edge of the ring to him, until he too was in it, and then with a single, simple gesture, as if flicking ashes from a cigarette, the other *was not*; and the edge of the ring moved back.

Then those of the next grade came forward one by one from each side and entered the ring. There was no sign of combat. Two figures would stand facing each other for an instant and then the representative of the Black Lodge simply disappeared.

Soon all of that grade were finished and the battle between the next began. The outer circumstances did not vary, save that the contests took more time and there was less calmness; growing signs of struggle and of effort. Grade after grade of the White Lodge met and conquered their adversaries. At first, the White Lodge had numbers left over after the Black Lodge had exhausted all its representatives of each particular grade, but as the scale descended, the balance went the other way; the Black Lodge members of the lower grades were so numerous, that it

had the surplus after all the representatives of the White Lodge had come forward.

Then came calamity. The first member of the White Lodge was overpowered. He was only a chela, and a junior chela at that, but he too disappeared, save that instead of nothing, there was left a luminous sphere, the augoiedes, the upper triad of principles, which, perforce, had to begin again the cycle of incarnation. His antagonist backed away with a look of evil triumph. When the struggle began between individuals closer to the disciple's own degree, he noticed a gradual change in what can only be described as the scenery. As he understood more and more of the nature of the contest and the plane upon which it was taking place, it interpreted itself to his mind more and more as an ordinary fight. It ceased to be solely between opposing wills, and became more and more a battle between bodies. He knew that this was only symbolical of the exercise of all the forces and powers that each contestant had available, but so it pictured itself to his mind.

Heretofore the attention and interest of the disciple had been impersonal. Even when his own Master had entered the ring, his absolute confidence in him had prevented anxiety. Absorbed in watching the combats, he had not noticed his own surroundings. His special friends had not had to fight at all. Now he saw that the scene had again changed. He was standing with a very few others, near a great precipice, down which the combatants hurled each other. Sometimes they both went down.

Suddenly he saw the King walk forward, and opposed to him was a magnificent and regal person, radiating vitality and sinister power. He awoke from his absorption with a start, for this was his King and age-long comrade, whom he had pledged to serve and to whom he owed everything. Looking round, he saw back from the precipice, and outside the area of conflict, the Great Ones still assembled, watching. With him and behind him were grouped the younger chelas who were still to be engaged. He knew then that he too would have to fight and that his time was drawing near. He realized in a flash that a crucial contest was at hand, for there was then to be fought in Heaven, and between the worlds' representatives of the two Lodges, the White King and the Black King, a battle, the issue of which would profoundly influence the future of mankind. The earthly war which was then raging was but the outer expression of this inner battle.

The King and his antagonist rushed at each other and locked in a fierce embrace. Then he saw another representative of the Black Lodge run forward, and he knew him as the Black King's squire. That meant that he too could enter the magnetic circle and help his King. Making for the squire, who was intent on the other two, he grasped him from behind. Instantly every atom of strength and power he had was engaged in a desperate struggle. He tried to keep his head, to keep cool, to supplement his insufficient strength with his wits, but strive as he

would, he felt himself overcome. Every sin he had ever committed rose to his mind, and he could feel his antagonist use them. His lack of power was because of his misuse of that power. Never before had he known such repentance, and nothing but the thought of his Master's sorrow nerved him to continued effort. Still he was overcome and found himself close to the brink of the precipice. He gave a cry of despair, an appeal for help, whereupon the White King broke away from his antagonist, rushed toward them, and dealt a fearful blow to his antagonist. The black squire's head wobbled on his shoulders. The disciple pushed him over the few remaining feet of ground and thrust him over the precipice.

Turning just in time he saw the Black King staggering toward the brink bearing the White King aloft. There was only time to throw himself at the Black King's feet, and the three rolled over the edge of rock in an inextricable tangle. Like an echo from a great distance he heard a moan from the spectators. He was conscious of a fearful wrench and he found himself clinging to the King who in turn was swinging over the awful chasm, grasping desperately at the root of a small tree which sprouted from a fissure of the rock a few inches from the brink. The Black King had disappeared. For an instant they were quiet: then summoning all his powers, he climbed up the body of the King until he too could grasp the root. Then slowly, laboriously, inch by inch, as he supported his own weight, the King raised himself until he got one hand on the surface of the rock, then his forearm, and then as his head and face lifted over the edge, again the disciple heard a sigh, like a far off echo.

Watching with an intensity of interest that was breathless, the spectators saw the white, strained, haggard face, with its finely chiselled features almost unrecognizable in its grim and indomitable purpose, slowly emerge from the chasm; then the long slender body, until finally the King sank exhausted, safe. But only for a moment. Not understanding his immediate purpose, they saw him turn and lean over the chasm again. He made effort after effort, unavailing, then desperate, but still unconquered, unbeaten, they saw him back away from the chasm with a hand between his teeth. In a moment, the scarcely conscious face of the disciple was dragged above the line, and with another supreme effort by both, a last conscious impulse toward self-preservation, the body of the disciple was hauled over the brink. Even yet they were not safe, and could be given no assistance, for they were still within the magnetic circle. So painfully, stupidly, half-conscious, like men sodden with drugs, they crawled feebly toward their goal—their Master. The spectators watched with gleaming eyes as they struggled forward until they crossed the circle, then, instantly, as they knelt at their Master's feet, as his arms enveloped them, all signs of conflict, of fatigue, of strain, disappeared, and there stood there two radiantly happy chelas.

The disciple said afterwards that he believed that the Master's Master had put that root at just that place, but under what law he did not know ; perhaps because of the great love he bore his Son and his Son bore his two disciples.

THE PILGRIM.

TRUE POLITENESS

A poor Arab going through the desert met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a suitable present for the Caliph. So he filled his leather bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid the gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch, with a magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, drank freely, and then with a smile thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward.

The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop. But after the simple-hearted giver had left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained the motive of his prohibition:

"During the long journey, the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded."

—AVE MARIA.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

VI

For this cause I, Paul, the prisoner of Christ Jesus in behalf of you Gentiles,—if so be that ye have heard of the stewardship of that grace of God which was given me to you-ward; how that by revelation was made known unto me the mystery, as I wrote afore in a few words, whereby, when ye read, ye can perceive my understanding in the mystery of the Christ; which in other generations was not made known unto the sons of men, as it hath now been revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets in the Spirit. . . .

EPHESIANS, iii, 1-5.

THE steps into which our subject has divided itself in the preceding sections may be summarized briefly as follows: Unreasoning, uncritical man has always believed in and acknowledged a spiritual world; the history of religions and religious practices has revealed man's continuous effort to reach this spiritual world, or, more often, if possible to bring it down to his own level of perception and consciousness. Recent critical psychological analysis of the individual cannot penetrate as yet behind will-power,—or rather, it cannot distinguish and define the life-force of which will is the expression; so that empiric scientific achievement fails as yet to take direct cognizance of a spiritual world. However, much of recent philosophic speculation based on our modern science is more and more impelled toward at least a serious consideration of the necessity for some spiritual world underlying the so-called world of matter. Many eminent scientists are publicly stating that they can see no other possible explanation of life itself.

Turning to religions and religious leaders, we find them all stating emphatically and as a fact of their personal experience, that there is a spiritual world, and that life itself does find its fullest explanation only in the realization of conscious existence in this spiritual world. Such existence is possible; and the object of all genuine religious teaching and training is to develop in man the (hitherto merely latent) capacity of elevating and enlarging his ordinary, everyday consciousness to the point where he can and will for himself recognize and know the spiritual world, acquire its new powers and share in its richness of life and super-abundant joys.

Further than this, the special and peculiar contribution of Christianity was its specific teaching, not only about Spirit in general and about an abstract spiritual world, but more particularly of the birth of

a Spirit in each man who consecrated himself to a pure, upright, and devoted life, who became, technically, a disciple of the Master Jesus. This contribution, or revelation as it has been called, was the foremost and underlying truth in all of St. Paul's message as embodied in his many writings. For this reason we have examined a few of the passages in Paul's early Epistles that are not so well-worn to Christian ears as are, for instance, those used in the burial service. People today are so conversant with certain parts of Paul, and his words convey to their minds so immediately the commonplace materialistic interpretation of later dogmatizing, that it is difficult really to penetrate this mental barrier and attain Paul's own intention. But from these earlier passages, assembled so as to glean one comprehensive thought, we have seen the fundamental ideas clearly expressed. He himself believed and taught that the Master had at baptism "put in our hearts the first instalment of the Spirit,"* which is likened to a temple, upbuilt by God, and increasing as the disciple's own devotion to the cause of the Master and to the religious life made increase possible. He also taught that the spiritual world is not apart from or outside of the physical, mental, and psychic worlds known to average humanity: it is on the contrary not only an essential part of that world, but is in reality the whole of which we see but the part; or, put in another way, the everyday world, with all its achievements, is inseparable from the spiritual world since there is fundamental unity between the two,—but the physical world is the more limited, the spiritual being an extension of it. From the point of view of the limited, a bridge or channel of communication between the two is a necessity as the first step toward any apprehension of what lies outside; and this bridge depends upon just this extension of the lower, limited, and familiar powers common to all men. A degree of attainment in this reached, and the actual new birth, the "birth from above," occurs. The Spirit is born in the man;—he becomes a "new creature," personally aware of this Spirit in himself, partly at least identified with it, and yet all the while living and functioning in the physical world.

So we see that the ethically higher qualities,—“whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be anything praiseworthy,”†—all such qualities developed, lived out, and made the vital constituents of a man's character and being, are in the nature of things part and parcel of the spiritual world and will lead inevitably to the birth of the Spirit in him, to a new sense and consciousness of oneness with fellow disciples, to direct knowledge of the spiritual realities, to discernment of spiritual truths, and to vision of and with the Master.

*τὸν ἀρραβῶνα τοῦ πνεύματος. “Ἀρραβῶν is properly a deposit paid as a security for the rest of the purchase money; and then, by a natural transference, the first instalment of a treasure given as a pledge for the delivery of the remainder.” Westcott on *Eph.* i, 14.

† *Philippians* iv, 8.

The early Christian Church originally was the corporate body of such disciples, themselves varying in their degrees of attainment;—an outward, organized, and directed group for work in the world, and at the same time the mystical body of Christ their Master, one with His very mind and life, bound by the ties of love, as only love can bind, into a single whole of which He was the head and they formed the living members.

These broad conceptions of the place of the spiritual world, not as vaguely distant, but as closely in touch with, beside, and interpenetrating the physical, mental, and psychic worlds of our daily experience,—these conceptions, then, underlie all of St. Paul's thinking. With them fairly in mind, we can now turn to the two great remaining passages in his letters which deal directly with our subject. Familiar as they are, new truth may now be found to exist in them, and more insight into the things of the Spirit obtained.

In *I Corinthians* xv Paul takes up the vital question of life after death and the resurrection. In it are very definite statements about the spiritual body as a fact; and we are again reminded that these things are a mystery, to be understood and known only in the living of them. How can there be a resurrection of the body, and how can we believe that Christ rose from the dead? asked the Corinthians. And Paul answers first, quite plainly, that this mortal, corruptible body cannot and does not enter the spiritual world; that just as there is no question of a seed-body, once planted, itself coming alive again after its death in the ground, so also this physical body, however it may provide the instrument and channel necessary for a new birth, yet of itself dies and once dead stays dead. "Now I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption put on incorruption."

But Paul does not only direct his argument to the crude materialistic outlook of the Corinthians, rather he indicates again the direction in which we must look to get at the true inwardness of this question. For it involves not merely death as an unexplained fact of natural and material existence, but the mystery of the life of the Spirit, its immortality in the mystical body of the resurrected Christ, and therefore involves also the laws that govern the relation between Spirit-world and the world of matter.

Paul shows us that Christ is the great exemplar of this spiritual fact and of these spiritual laws. "For since death came through man,* through man also is the resurrection from death,"† he tells us, "For as in Adam all die, so also in the Christ shall all be made alive." Whether or not

* διὰ with the genitive denotes the instrument or agency by or through which a thing occurs. *I Cor.* xv, 21 ff.

† νεκρός is used frequently in the N. T. and notably by St. Paul to mean the *spiritually dead*, while life is still running its course in the physical body. Thayer's lexicon defines this use to mean "destitute of a life that recognizes and is devoted to God, because given up to trespasses and sins; inactive as respects doing right." True so far as it goes, this definition does not seem to set forth all that St. Paul means. The reborn man is a "new creature," not merely a pious man. St. Paul means goodness and something more, connected with the indwelling Spirit. Compare *Rom.* vi, 13; *Eph.* ii, 1; and v, 14 with *Jn.* v, 25 and *Rev.* iii, 1.

Paul knew the double use of the word Christ, such as is found in the esoteric *Pistis-Sophia* of the early Gnostics, cannot be determined; but in this connection the Gnostic use of the name as signifying not the man Jesus, but the impersonal principle, the Atmâ within every man's soul, is very suggestive. The tie, already spoken of, that binds master and disciple would further explain, perhaps, the reason for this use of the word Christ. We find Paul elsewhere (*Galatians* iv, 19) saying "My little children, of whom I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you," or, just before (ii, 20), "I have been crucified with Christ; but I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." All the emphasis is laid in these passages on a spiritual relationship between Christ and his disciples; and it is on this relationship, and in the possession of this Spirit, our Spirit and at the same time Christ's, that depend our immortality and the final resurrection.

"But, some one will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased him, and to each seed a body of its own." To live as a plant the seed must die. And the direct inference from this is that to live a conscious entity in the spiritual, eternal world, the down-tending passions and senses of man that divert life and power away from his immortal inner ego must first "die," and these before his body does. For the body is but the field of each man's opportunity, throughout each incarnation, to achieve this self-transmutation; after physical death comes "the night, when no man can work." So Paul—"I protest by that in you of which one can glory, brethren, and which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily." The aphorism "To live is to die and to die is to live," has been too little understood by Western materialism; but the fact remains that only through the death of the weeds of human passions can the perceptions and the existence of the spiritual man be called to life.

"All flesh is not the same flesh: for there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and that of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body; there is also a spiritual body. So also it is written, The first man Adam became a living soul. The last Adam a life-giving spirit. Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord of [or

from] heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, let us also bear the image of the heavenly."

Could Paul be very well more explicit? Compare this with another passage, again in *Galatians* (vi, 7-9). "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life. And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Eternal life can and does only come in the measure that our consciousness is centered in the Spirit; earthly consciousness, brain-personality, perishes with the death of the body. We shall refer to this more fully in a later section.

Again linking thought to thought, and analysing Paul's meaning closely, does it not seem that he is blending two ideas here,—familiar enough to those who have read Madame Blavatsky? Is he not using a discussion of the life after death and the ground for faith in Christ's resurrection as a means to inculcate the idea of spiritual resurrection here and now? See what he says next. "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I tell you a mystery: We shall not all die, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall all be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. And when this incorruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Surely Paul is again touching here on that achievement, possible even while alive in the physical body, of passing through death imperceptibly, as it were,—exchanging a corruptible, fleshly body for an incorruptible spiritual? The last trump is the symbol of the final judgment,—but this may come at any time for the disciple. Paul expressly intimates that some will experience this before physical death, and that then they shall be raised up incorruptible. It was well enough for the lay multitude to believe and fear an impending final judgment; Paul and his intimate disciples could hardly have believed any such crude idea, and the Second Coming with its searching judgment was for them rather a vital step, or fact, in their spiritual development. The "Elixir of Life" in *Five Years of Theosophy* gives a very specific and detailed account of this same investiture in its more scientific details; and all of Paul's ethical and moral training supplements Madame Blavatsky's teaching as leading us directly toward a readjustment to this other world. In the next letter to the *Corinthians* (iii, 16 ff.), Paul recurs to his idea, speaking, perhaps, particularly for the benefit of those who really could understand. "But whensoever a man shall turn to the Lord, the veil is taken

away. Now the Lord is the Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord which is the Spirit." Further comparisons of this peculiarly Pauline theory with some of the Theosophic writings on the subject will be considered in a later section.

In *II Corinthians* (iv, 3 ff.) Paul advances another argument to reinforce his earlier teaching of the Spirit, which had not been believed or understood by some of the disciples. "But and if," he writes, "our gospel is veiled, it is veiled in them that are in danger of losing eternal life:* in whom the god of this age hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that there should not dawn upon them the illumination of the gospel of the Christ, who is the image of God. . . . But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the exceeding greatness of the power may be of God, and not from ourselves; . . . Wherefore we faint not; but though our outer man is decaying, yet our inner man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that if the earthly house of our bodily frame be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands,† eternal in the heavens. For verily in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found stripped of the body. For indeed we that are in this bodily frame do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life. Now he that wrought us for this very thing is God, who gave unto us the earnest of his Spirit. Being therefore always of good courage, and knowing that, whilst we are dwelling in the body we are not at home with the Lord (for we walk by faith, not by appearance); we are of good courage, I say, and are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be dwelling with the Lord. Wherefore also we are ambitious, whether present or absent, to be well-pleasing unto him. For we must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of the Christ; that each one may receive the things through the body, according to what he hath done, whether good or bad. . . . Wherefore if any man is in Christ, there is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold they are become new."

The student would do well to read the whole of this passage, from

* Cf. this use of *ἀπόλλυμι* with cognate uses in St. John's Gospel; as, for instance iii, 15, 16; x, 28; xvii, 12. John's whole conception was that eternal life begins on earth, just as soon as one becomes united to Christ by faith. Paul holds the same idea.

† Cf. Nathan's message to David concerning the temple in *II Sam.* vii, 11-18, where God says *he* will make the house, to be "forever"; and the description of its building in *I Kings* vi, especially verse 7—"And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready at the quarry; and there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."

which we have only culled choice fragments, in the light of what has gone before. Perhaps no summary is needful. Paul's meaning is so obvious, in one sense, that paraphrasing would be merely to repeat less convincingly what he has so ably presented. There is one comment, may be, that will connect what has been said of love as the root-power of all spiritual growth with this specific teaching of the existence of the heavenly man. In *Ephesians*, chapter three, Paul epitomizes his whole doctrine when he writes: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, from whom every fatherhood in heaven and on earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, that ye may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; that ye may be filled unto all the fullness of God." One feels that no man could have written these passages who did not indeed "know" that he had "a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens."

The *Epistle to the Romans* follows in point of time, and in sequence and comprehension of thought, the *Epistle to the Galatians*, from which we have already quoted. Both deal with a problem that must obviously confront the disciple once he clearly realizes the presence in him of a Spirit and the new life that it brings. He consciously becomes two natures so to speak, one the familiar Adam of the flesh, the other the second Adam of the Spirit. To effect this new entrance into spiritual consciousness is the declared purpose of God. "And when the fullness of time came, God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that he might redeem them that are under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father. So that thou art no longer a bond-servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir through God." (*Gal. iv, 4-7*). With the realization of this experience, then, comes the conflict between the two natures, between the natural man and the Spiritual man. This antithesis is made clear in chapter three—"This only would I learn from you, Received ye the Spirit from works of the law or from understanding of faith? Are ye so foolish? having begun in the Spirit, are ye now perfected in the flesh? . . . He therefore that supplieth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles in you, doeth he it by works of the law or by understanding of faith?" Paul further reminds them that only to those directly connected with himself and carrying on his work, is the Spirit vouchsafed. The legalists and Judaisers had nothing of this kind to show. They could not point to any spiritual results following their ministration of legal and formal ordinances. So, in reason, would men who knew from their own experience what spiritual consciousness and spiritual powers meant, be content to

enter on the down-grade road of external rites, to descend from the spiritual to the material, and after such an initiation into their new life (*ἐναρξάμενοι πνεύματι*) seek to consummate it by a purely carnal and formal observance (*σαρκὶ ἐπιτελείσθε*)?

The heart of this whole argument is an appeal for faith in the Spirit. If there be any consciousness of Spirit, is it not sheer folly to reverse the true order of progress—to go from Spirit to flesh and not from flesh to Spirit? If there be no such consciousness, what was it in the Jewish legal code that gave it any significance, if not faith in the promise of God to reward the righteous man? So faith itself is no new conception, but faith must now be in Christ Jesus, for faith in Him means receiving the Spirit, and the Spirit can only come through this faith, and never through legal rites.

There follow a group of passages in which the contrast between Spirit and flesh is worked out in detail. The antagonism is seen to be far more radical than had been supposed. "But I say, Walk by the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; that whatsoever things ye would, these ye may not do. But if you are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law." This is but a logical deduction if sowing to the flesh shall reap corruption, whereas sowing to the Spirit shall "of the Spirit reap eternal life." The two are thus diametrically opposed; and if discipleship and conscious knowledge are to be attained, men have to choose between them. There need be nothing doubtful or indefinite about this: "Manifest are the works of the flesh, such as are fornication, impurity, lasciviousness, idol-worship, witchcraft, enmities, strifes, rivalries, fits of passion, factions, divisions, self-willed partizanships, envious tempers, drinking bouts, revels, and such like. . . . But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, graciousness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control; against such things there is no law."

Turning now to the *Epistle to the Romans*, we find in chapters seven and eight the same question handled, but more directly in its relation to the Spirit in us. "For when we were in the flesh, the passions of our sins, which were through the law, wrought in our members to bring forth fruit unto death. But as things now are, we have been discharged from the law, having died to that wherein we were holden; so that we serve in newness of the Spirit, and not in oldness of the written ordinance." But the old law of sin and death in the flesh is now vanquished and replaced by a new and stronger principle, "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ."

The psychology of this transfer is subtle, and is graphically depicted by Paul. He takes us a step at a time. Is the law itself sin? "God forbid. Howbeit, I had not known sin except through the law: for I had not known coveting, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet: . . . for apart from the law sin is dead." But with realization of the law

came sin, "and I died"—a clear recognition on Paul's part of his state before his conversion. ". . . for not what I would do I practise; but what I hate, that I do. But if what I would not, that I do, I consent unto the law that *it* is good. So now it is no more I that do it, but sin which dwelleth in me. For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing: . . . For I delight in the law of God after the inner man: but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members." Consent to what is recognized as sin introduces sin itself into the heart of the man, and makes something of evil an integral part of his inner nature. But, just as self-identification with evil introduces it into the inner make-up of the man, so self-identification with good—with Christ—introduces the Holy Spirit into him. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. . . . For they that are according to the flesh set their minds upon the things of the flesh; but they that are according to the Spirit, upon the things of the Spirit. For the mind set upon the flesh is death, but the mind set upon the Spirit is life and peace: Because the mind set upon the flesh is hostility toward God; for it is not in a state of subjection to the law of God (neither indeed can it be): for they that are in the flesh cannot please God." It becomes, then, a matter of attention—first of faith, when the venture can be made to accept Christ and enter upon the promised spiritual heritage, and second, the directing of the mind and desires away from the things of this world toward the things of the new, higher, and divine order and life.

"But," says Paul, addressing his disciples, called to be saints, "ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. [A sentence to make us pause and consider.] And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness. But if the Spirit of him dwelleth in you, he that raised up the Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Perhaps we can understand now why men in those days prepared sometimes twenty or forty years for baptism. This is no pretence of holiness, no playing at being good. We are "none of his" unless we are dead to the flesh, and possessed of the Spirit, with all its miracle-bringing powers.

"So then, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh: for if ye live after the flesh, ye must die; but if by the Spirit ye make to die the doings of the body, ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are the sons of God. For ye received not the spirit of slavery [leading you] again unto fear; but ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our Spirit, that we are children of God: and if

children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."

* * * * *

So much for St. Paul's treatment and understanding of the Spirit. The full force of his conception and experience has never really penetrated Christian thought and theology. Great confusion arose when Greek metaphysical discussion centered about the Trinity, with the result that Paul's plain teaching of the Spirit was subordinated to the then raging controversy. In addition, men who had no well-rounded spiritual life promulgated countless genuine heresies about the Spirit;—often psychic distortions of that of which Paul wrote. The later Church, itself having for the most part lost direct, first-hand, experiential knowledge of the Spirit, was left to disentangle a great mass of theoretic speculation on the one hand, and records of special and differing individual experiences on the other. The result was far from coherent, and far indeed from the reasonably intelligible and simple sources of Christianity itself. Paul foresaw this and warned his disciple Timothy that such counterfeit knowledge would be current. "But the Spirit saith expressly, that in later times some shall fall away from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, through the hypocrisy of men that speak lies, seared in their own conscience as with a hot iron; . . . but refuse profane and old wives' fables." And, "That good thing which was deposited in thee guard through the Holy Spirit which dwelleth in us."*

The more recent study on the part of critical theologians of this whole subject has led to one particularly unfortunate conclusion. They find little or nothing about the Spirit as taught by St. Paul in the gospel accounts of Christ's teaching. Whatever of importance this whole idea of the relation of the Spirit with personal life may have, to the Church today, it lacks the authority of the Master's spoken word; and the tendency is to emphasize simply the ethical precepts of Paul, and to discount his inner teaching as theoretic and little more than a "mental distinction."†

The activities of the Spirit are all conceived as expressions in different ways of the Third Person of the Trinity; a Spirit personal and peculiar to each individual is never fully admitted—as St. Paul insistently teaches. So we find the Holy Ghost divided into convenient headings, so to speak, to exemplify its manifold operations. There is the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Jesus Christ, the Spirit in the Church, the Spirit and the Ministry, the Spirit and the Written Word, the Spirit and the Personal Life, the Spirit and the Life to come. The simple statements of Paul have been fitted into some system of Church doctrine handed down through the ages, and so their obvious meaning lost. The

* *I Tim.* iv, 1 ff; *II Tim.* i, 14.

† Cf. *The Holy Spirit in the New Testament*: H. B. Swete, p. 341 ff.

doctrine of infused grace, intangible and capricious, took the place of an indwelling Spirit; and the Third Person of the Trinity became the Person who acted as the channel for Christ's grace to reach our hearts. Paul was left behind; a whole new body of doctrine became the established norm of belief. The Spirit exists now in Christian thought largely as "a person in the unity of a tripersonal Essence" as one writer holds. The fact that personal qualities are freely attributed to it as an agent in the field of human experience is unexplained or avoided.

Even the *Old Testament* represents the Spirit as entering into and speaking through the prophets, and as grieved by the sin or indifference of men.* In the *Acts* and Paul's *Epistles* we find it tempted and resisted, bearing witness, interceding, initiating a new work or debarring men from it, endowing with gifts and powers. "Is this mere personification, due to the habit of regarding the Spirit as the energy of the Living God?" asks the theologian. Turn to the evidence of Paul for an answer. Here is a physical, fleshly man, who cannot inherit the Kingdom. Here is a spiritual, resurrected Christ. What connecting link is there but Paul's doctrine of the heavenly man, the new creature, born in us at the time of that true baptism of which the rite is but the symbol, nurtured by grace within and purity of life without?

But this doctrine is not restricted by any means to Paul, though his exposition of it is by far the most detailed and specific. Christ's recorded utterances are full of allusions to this same idea, and in the light of Paul's real teaching can be seen, not as embodying some radically differing theory, but as in truth the formulations of the fundamental principles on which hang all that Paul said twenty and more years later. These will be discussed in some detail in the next section.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

* *II Samuel*, xxiii, 2; *Isaiah*, lxiii, 10; *Es.*, ii, 2, etc.

The subjection of the will is accomplished by calmly resigning thyself in everything that internally or externally vexes thee; for it is thus only that the soul is prepared for the reception of divine influences. Prepare the heart like clean paper, and the Divine Wisdom will imprint on it characters to His own liking.—M. de Molinos.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

I HAVE a clergyman friend who finds himself unable to reconcile the teachings of Christ with the taking of the life of a fellow human being under any circumstances whatsoever. Accordingly he feels that war is wrong and that all who engage in it, irrespective of what their motive may be or of the principles for which they believe themselves to be fighting, are acting in violation of Christ's teaching and of His will.

In partial support of this, he quoted the Master's rebuke of Peter for using his sword in the garden of Gethsemane and His statement that those that take the sword shall perish by the sword. He admitted that the Master himself had used violence in support of a principle when He drove the money changers out of the Temple, but said that He had never taken life or in any way countenanced taking it, that His whole teaching was gentleness and forbearance and that to kill a brother man was directly contrary to His spirit.

When asked what he would have had France and Belgium do, he replied that a policy of complete non-resistance on their part would have so aroused the whole civilized world and so shamed the Germans that a continuance of the war would have become impossible.

There was a nation that did not resist,—Luxembourg. It is said to be starving today, in unshamed German hands. Would the "civilized world," would this nation, that did not even lift its voice in protest when little Belgium made its gallant fight against tremendous odds, thereby gaining a few precious days delay that may have saved France, would we have lifted a finger had she submitted as Luxembourg submitted? There are thousands in this country today who would gladly die for Belgium and France. Is there one who would give his life for Luxembourg? Is there any sign of shame in Germany? You can not shame a mad dog. Submission never made a bully stop maltreating a small boy. The Germans frankly worship force and condemn mercy as a weakness unworthy of the superman. Submission would have been taken for cowardice and would have aroused contempt, not shame.

Nevertheless if non-resistance be right, what it arouses in the aggressor or what the consequences may be, is not the point. If it is right, it is right and must be followed irrespective of murder, outrage and ruin. It is simple to prove that it is not expedient. The question then becomes, is it right? Or rather, is war, involving as it does the killing of others, always and inevitably wrong?

Then, too, there are many who believe that a defensive war is justifiable; but that, for instance, for us to go to war to help Belgium would not be justifiable, on the ground that to kill others for any principle, however high, must be wrong.

Obviously this is founded, consciously or unconsciously, on the belief that death is the greatest evil and that no good to others can be sufficient to justify the taking of life. Suppose that we follow that a little further.

A government official unearths a widespread illicit traffic in cocaine, and takes steps that will result in its complete suppression. It is represented to him that its victims may not be able to live without it, or that those who have been dealing in it have no other means of livelihood and deprived of that will starve. Of course no attention would be paid to such statements, whether true or false, and every one would agree that, if a death followed, it could not be laid at the door of the official who had done his duty. That, you say truly, is much too indirect to be a parallel with war.

Now suppose that official to have become Governor of the State. Suppose him to be informed that, as has happened in this country more than once, a mob has broken loose in a town in that State and is looting and burning, let us say, the negro quarter. If unchecked, the Governor knows that from looting, the mob will take to killing. He orders the militia to protect the town, a clash with the mob results and rioters are killed. Did the militiaman who fired the shot in obedience to orders do wrong? Did the Governor who gave the order do wrong? Of the two the Governor's responsibility was the greater, for though he did not do the killing himself he gave the order that resulted in it. But he was right. The rioters had brought their lives into conflict with great principles of right, law and order, the defence of the innocent. The Governor had to choose between abandonment and betrayal of those principles and action that would inevitably result in death to those in opposition. That result was not his fault but theirs. He set in motion the forces of right and those in opposition were swept aside, losing their lives in the process. Would you have had the forces of right yield and turn to wrong that some men might live longer in their bodies?

There is the question. Which is the more important, the triumph of right or the continuance of the physical life of any man or group of men? The war that is not fought for principles greater than human life is an unjust and iniquitous war, a horror. What such principles are each one must answer for himself. Each man knows some things for which he would gladly die, for which he would be glad to see his nation die, if death or their abandonment were the choice. Perhaps the day will come when we will realize that the principles of right are eternal and infinite, and that any one of them is greater than all of physical life, beside them the fleeting shadow of a dream. What is physical life for, save that we may bring about the triumph of the principles of right in ourselves and in the world?

“For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.”

Did you ever notice that that statement follows almost immediately after “Think not that I am come to send peace on earth but a sword.” And a little before that: “And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.” (*Matthew* II, 28, 34, 39.) There is no “Pale Galilean” pacificism about that chapter. Read it. It is the Warrior Christ, the greatest of all warriors, leader of the Host of Heaven against the hosts of Hell in the ceaseless warfare for the souls of men.

“And there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

“And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.” (*Rev. XII, 7 ff.*)

Even in heaven there was war. And when that which did not belong in heaven needed to be cast out, Michael and his angels loved not their lives unto the death. Isolated texts prove nothing, but it seems to me that that passage rather more than offsets the texts the pacifists are so fond of quoting.

Perhaps the pacifist might reply that to his mind the first of the great principles of right was “Thou shalt not kill,” adding that even the devil himself was not killed but only cast out from heaven to earth. For my part I would prefer to be cast from earth to heaven than from heaven to earth. What is being killed anyway? “Thou shalt not kill” was given to the world by Moses, not by Christ, and Moses certainly did not interpret it as forbidding war. Quite the contrary, for he gives the most explicit instructions in regard to methods of making war. “Thou shalt not murder” is, I understand, the correct translation. Was it not Moses who said “Who is on the Lord’s side? Let him come unto me.” And when the sons of Levi answered, he sent them from end to end of the camp, to slay every man his brother and every man his companion until three thousand had been slain? Considering that this happened within twenty-four hours of Moses return with the commandment from Mount Sinai, it seems clear that his understanding of its meaning is not that of the modern pacifist.

Of course the fact that this opinion lacks Biblical sanction is no reason why a man should not hold the belief that to kill another at any time, under any circumstances, is the greatest of all wrongs and never justi-

fiable, but if he does hold it he should realize that his belief is founded on crude materialism and not on the teachings of Christ. At bottom it springs from the fear of death, from the often unconscious belief that with death all ends. If one believes that for a man to lose his life is to lose his all, it is natural to feel that that is the greatest evil that can befall him, and consequently to kill him is the greatest possible wrong. Natural, yes, but materialism pure and simple. There is in the teaching of Christ no hint that death is an evil. Is not the heart of His teaching that life and all that we have are to be poured out freely, gladly for that which is right, for His will, for love of Him as the embodiment of all that is right and beautiful and true. Hatred of a fellow man He condemns, but war is not hatred of the individual enemy. That, truly, would be murder. It is hatred of the wrong for which that enemy fights. Union and Confederate soldiers did not hate each other in our civil war. English and Turks at the Dardanelles fought one another heroically and respected one another cordially throughout. Did you read the story of the English regiment that left in its trenches, when Gallipoli was abandoned, a gramophone ready to play with the needle set on "The Turkish Patrol,"—a compliment almost worthy of the days of chivalry?

Is not the teaching of the Gospels a passionate devotion to right, to which nothing is to be compared, in the way of which nothing must stand? "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." "Let the dead bury the dead." It is that willingness to give all for love of the right that is the justification of war.

It is the age-old warfare between the body and the soul. Those that condemn the killing of the body, irrespective of the principles at stake, take the side of the body against the soul. They identify the man with the body instead of with the soul. Shrapnel kills the body, the triumph of wrong may kill the soul. Which will you choose? Shall German bodies be killed, or shall German armies conquer and German "morality" dominate the world? Would you have German teachers in French schools teaching French children for generations to come that German treachery and lust and murder in Belgium were right, to be emulated should occasion arise, learning songs of hate and celebrating "Lusitania Day" with a holiday? Would you have all men accept the doctrine that might makes right and that the weak, be they nations or individuals, have no rights that the strong are bound to respect? Would you have Nietzsche taught throughout the world as he is taught in Germany? It is such doctrines of hell that kill the soul. Fear not that which kills the body, but that which kills the soul.

And if you say that war kills the soul, I say Look at France! Did the soul of a nation ever shine more resplendent than the soul of France today? The world lays its homage at her feet and rightly. Why can we not learn to look at facts, at our experience instead of at theories? It is not war nor peace that ennoble or degrades. It is the spirit that animates the act, whatever that act may be, that determines its effect on

the character. Self-seeking will degrade in peace as in war. Selflessness, self-sacrifice will ennoble in war as in peace. What is nobility of soul save the power to hold fast to that which is noble at the cost of any personal sacrifice? Power grows through exercise and only through exercise. Is there more of the spirit of self-sacrifice today in "peaceful" America or in warring France? And in France is there more or less than there was before the war?

No doubt my friend the clergyman would say that to his mind nobility of soul consisted in love and gentleness, in forgiveness and mercy, not war and slaughter. But love of what? Belgian atrocities, frightfulness, the doctrine of the superman? Forgiveness and mercy are for repentant, not triumphant sinners. We may love the sinner but we can not love virtue without hating sin. Gentleness toward sin unrepentant is small kindness to the sinner. The choice is not between love and hate, between gentleness and brutality. It is, as in our illustration of the Governor and the rioters, to whom to be gentle and merciful, and how best to give expression to our love. The pacifist attitude reminds me of the remark made to a friend of mine who has been doing magnificent work nursing wounded soldiers in France:

"How can you do it? I could never stand the horror and the sight of the pain. I am much too sympathetic to nurse."

Are we to be "too sympathetic" with the Germans to check the cruel wrongs that they are perpetrating on French women and children? Would it be mercy for a surgeon to refuse to perform a necessary operation, letting his patient die rather than inflict pain? That sort of thing is sentimentality, not love.

There is an age-old simile of the soul and the body of man as charioteer and horses, the divine and the animal in man. The Soul in his long pilgrimage back to his divine home needs the powers of the animal to take him forward on his way. It is his task to learn to drive, to be master, not to be run away with by his passionate steeds. If, at the start of a long journey, a friend's horses ran away with him we would not ordinarily shoot the horses. We would much prefer to give him a chance to get them under control. But our friend would hardly regard it as love of him if, rather than shoot his horses, we permitted them to run over and kill a group of helpless children. The more we loved him the more eager we would be to save him from such an act. Put yourself for a moment in the place of the soul of a man run away with by passion, about to commit some terrible murder. Would you not be eternally grateful to any one who would shoot you ere you had done it?

Do not misunderstand me, please. I am not recommending shooting a man or doing anything else to him for his own good that he does not want to have done. I am not his judge. So long as it remains an individual matter, a man's morals lie between him and his Maker. The point that I would make is that death may or may not be an evil, and that, when human life opposes itself to a principle of eternal right, it is human

life that must give way. And this is because of love and mercy and in accordance with, not opposed to them. Would it be love to turn the world over to the doctrine of frightfulness, to abandon Belgium and France to the iron hand of Prussia, whose boast it is that mercy is a weakness unworthy of the followers of the superman? Again I say, it is love that justifies war, love of the right, of truth and honour and justice, the defence of the weak against the oppression of the **strong**, the love of all that is noblest in man, the true love of the mother who would rather see her son dead at her feet than alive and dishonoured. It is not a question of any individual or group of individuals, of whether they live or die, but whether mercy, love and justice shall prevail in the world, or frightfulness and tyranny.

If we believe in the eternal soul must we not insist on the supreme importance of all that concerns it. It is not a question of "saving" or "losing" it in some future life, but of *being it* in this life: here and now consciously to unite ourselves to the divine within us, to the best in us, to all that we would like to see immortal. It is that which is the soul, not some pale, æsthetic abstraction which we "have" for use after death in some far-away, shadowy heaven. To my mind the whole problem comes down to whether we believe in the soul or not; and if we say that we do believe, what do we mean by it? How do we think of the soul? What is it that is killed when the man is killed? Is the soul a delicate flower to be guarded from life lest it be crushed, or is it the warrior in each man, girded for battle against the forces of evil within him and in the world around? Those who attach to human life a value above all else should have a clear conception of the purpose of that life. What is it?

It is almost impossible to think straight on these subjects without some conception of the evolution of the soul, of its slow growth toward perfection in life after life throughout the ages. The problem remains hopelessly dark, like so much else in life, until we apply the idea of re-incarnation. Then much that seemed unjust and inexplicable suddenly becomes clear. Apply it for yourself (merely as a scientist applies to facts a tentative hypothesis, if you do not accept it) and see how much it explains. However, for present purposes it does not in the least matter where the future growth of the soul takes place, in this world or anywhere else that you prefer. The important point is that the soul continues to grow, that the universe exists for the purposes of the soul, and that the purpose of life is the growth of the soul.

Looked at from this point of view, death is only a stage in the great journey, one of the alternations that govern all life, day and night, winter and summer, sleeping and waking, life and death. "For certain is the death of what is born, and certain is the birth of what dies." Death changes the vehicle of the soul, the instrument through which it acts, not the soul itself.

"As putting off worn garments, a man takes others new, so putting off worn-out bodies, the lord of the body enters others new.

"Swords cut him not, nor may fire burn him, waters wet him not, nor dry winds parch.

"He may not be cut nor burned nor wet nor withered; he is eternal, all-present, firm, unshaken, everlasting."

Man is the soul, not its instrument; and it is in the growth of that soul, which is himself, and in the principles that govern it, that he is vitally interested. Bodies are useful as a means to that end. When they cease to contribute toward that growth, or become actively opposed to those principles, their usefulness, as I see it, is over. The laws that govern the development of the soul are the great principles of right and wrong. That, in the last analysis, is what makes right and wrong. Hence the paramount importance of the triumph of these principles in the world. It is far better that one generation should give one million or ten million lives than that the dominance of evil should cloud the vision and retard the growth of generations to come. Those who give their lives for any cause greater than themselves will not suffer. -In that very act they gain a power that is its own rich reward. What is growth, save to gain more and more of the power to give ourselves selflessly to that which we love, to that which is greater than and outside of ourselves? And will not those who fought and died for the wrong be grateful, as their souls attain clear vision, that they were not permitted to carry out their purpose? In our civil war the South made a gallant fight for what it then thought was right, but you will find few Confederate soldiers today who are not glad that they were beaten, few who would not give their lives for the union they once fought to destroy. Truer vision is one of the rewards of self-sacrifice for a cause, be the cause right or wrong.

We must all long for peace, long for the day to come when men, no longer fighting one another, will all work together for the coming of His Kingdom on earth. But what kind of a peace do we want? Surely one that is lasting and that is founded on righteousness. Good and evil cannot live side by side in harmony. One or the other must dominate. Look at the Master's life on earth and see how He lashed to fury the evil in men. Read His fiery denunciations of the hypocrisy of that "generation of vipers." It is hard for us to think of Him as denouncing so fiercely those "whitened sepulchres," because it is hard for us to distinguish as He did between the soul which He loved and the overmastering evil that He hated with an uncompromising hatred. "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off. If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." From beginning to end, His ministry was uncompromising warfare on the forces of evil, war to the death. It is to that warfare that He calls those who would follow Him, the greatest of all warriors. There can be no lasting peace that is not founded on righteousness and justice whether it be between nations or in a man's own heart. No man is at peace within himself until he has unreservedly given himself to the best that he can see, and is actively fighting on the side of the soul against the evil in his own nature and in the world around him.

“Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world gives, give I unto you.” The peace that the Master promised did not mean freedom from conflict, nor from acute suffering nor even from a death of agony, witness Peter and Stephen and Paul, but the peace that comes to the heart of the man who has conquered himself, who is at one with his soul, the peace in the heart of the warrior dying with his face to the foe.

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

Thine own self-will and anxiety, thy hurry and labor, disturb thy peace, and prevent Me from working in thee. Look at the little flowers, in the serene summer days; they quietly open their petals, and the sun shines into them with his gentle influences. So will I do for thee, if thou wilt yield thyself to Me.—G. Fersteegen.

A HINDU CHELA'S DIARY*

IN the month of December he arrived at Benares, on what he hoped would be his last pilgrimage. As much as I am able to decipher of this curious manuscript, written in a mixture of Tamil—the South Indian language—with Mahratta, which as you know, is entirely dissimilar, shows that he had made many pilgrimages to India's sacred places, whether by mere impulse or upon actual direction, I do not know. If he had been only any ordinary religiously disposed Hindu we might be able to come to some judgment hereupon, for the pilgrimages might have been made in order to gain merit; but as he must long ago have risen above the flowery chains even of the Vedas, we cannot really tell for what reason these journeys were made. Although I have long had possession of these papers, the time had not until now seemed ripe to give them out. He had, when I first received them, already long passed away from these busy scenes to those far busier, and now I give you liberty to print the fragmentary tale without description of his person. These people are, you know, not disposed to have accurate descriptions of themselves floating about. They being real disciples, never like to say that they are, a manner quite contrary to that of those famed professors of occult science who opportunely or inopportunely declare their supposed chelaship from the house top.

“ . . . Twice before have I seen these silent temples standing by the rolling flood of sacred Ganges. They have not changed, but in me what changes have occurred! And yet that cannot be, for the I changeth not, only the veil wrapped about, is either torn away or more closely and thickly folded round to the disguising of the reality. . . . It is now seven months since I began to use the privilege of listening to Kunâla. Each time before, that I came to see him, implacable fate drove me back. It was Karma, the just law, which compels when we would not, that prevented me. Had I faltered, and returned to the life even then so far in the past, my fate in this incarnation would have been sealed—and he would have said nothing. Why? Happy was I that I knew the silence would not have indicated in him any loss of interest in my welfare, but only that the same Karma prevented interference. Very soon after first seeing him I felt that he was not what he appeared exteriorly to be. Then the feeling grew into a belief, within a short time so strong, that four or five times I thought of throwing myself at

* This article is reprinted from *The Path*. The first installment appeared in June, 1886, with the following note:

“The original MS. of this Diary as far as it goes is in our possession. The few introductory lines are by the friend who communicated the matter to us.—[ED.]”

his feet and begging him to reveal himself to me. But I thought that was useless, as I know I was quite impure and could not be trusted with that secret. If I remained silent I thought that he would confide it to me whenever he found me worthy of it. I thought he must be some great Hindu Adept who had assumed an illusionary form. But there this difficulty arose, for I knew that he received letters from various relatives in different parts of the world, and this would impel him to practise the illusion all over the globe, for some of these relatives were in other countries, where he had also been. Various explanations suggested themselves to me. . . . I was right in my original conception of Kunâla that he is some great Indian Adept. Of this subject I have constantly talked with him since—although I fear I am not, and perhaps shall not be in this life, worthy of their company. My inclination has always been in this direction. I always thought of retiring from this world and giving myself up to devotion. To Kunâla I often expressed my intention, and my desire that I might study this philosophy, which alone can make man happy in this world. But then he usually asked me what I would do *there* alone? He said that instead of gaining my object I might perhaps become insane by being left alone in the jungles with no one to guide me; that I was foolish to think that by going into the jungles I could fall in with an adept; and that if I really wanted to gain my object I should have to work in the reform in and through which I had met so many good men and himself also, and when the Higher Ones, whom I dare not mention by any other names, were satisfied with me they themselves would call me away from the busy world and teach me in private. And when I foolishly asked him many times to give me the names and addresses of some of those Higher Ones he said once to me: ‘One of our Brothers has told me that as you seek me so ardently I had better tell you once for all that I have no right to give you any information about them, but if you go on asking Hindus you meet what they know about the matter, you might hear of them; and one of those Higher Ones may perhaps throw himself in your way without your knowing him, and will tell you what you should do.’ These were orders, and I knew I must wait, and still I knew that through Kunâla only would I have my object fulfilled. . . .

“I then asked one or two of my own countrymen, and one of them said he had seen two or three such men, but that they were not quite what he thought to be ‘Raj Yogs.’ He also said he had heard of a man who had appeared several times in Benares, but that nobody knew where he lived. My disappointment grew more bitter, but I never lost the firm confidence that Adepts do live in India and can still be found among us. No doubt too there are a few in other countries, else why had Kunâla been to them? . . . In consequence of a letter from Vishnurama, who said that a certain X lived in Benares, and that Swamiji K knew him. However, for certain reasons I could not address Swamiji K directly, and when I asked him if *he* knew X he replied: ‘If there be

such a man here at all he is not known.' Thus evasively on many occasions he answered me, and I saw that all my expectations in going to Benares were only airy castles. I thought I had gained only the consolation that I was doing a part of my duty. So I wrote again to Nilakant: 'As directed by you I have neither let him know what I know of him nor what my own intentions are. He seems to think that in this I am working to make money, and as yet I have kept him in the dark as regards myself, and am myself groping in the dark. Expecting enlightenment from you, etc.' . . . The other day Nilakant came suddenly here and I met Sw. K. and him together, when to my surprise K at once mentioned X, saying he knew him well and that he often came to see him, and then he offered to take us there. But just as we were going, arrived at the place an English officer who had done Kunâla a service in some past time. He had in some way heard of X and was permitted to come. Such are the complications of Karma. It was absolutely necessary that he should go too, although no doubt his European education would never permit him to more than half accept the doctrine of Karma, so interwoven backward and forwards in our lives, both that now, those past, and those to come. At the interview with X, I could gain nothing, and so we came away. The next day came X to see us. He never speaks of himself, but as 'this body.' He told me that he had first been in the body of a Fakir, who, upon having his hand disabled by a shot he received while he passed the fortress of Bhurtpore, had to change his body and choose another, the one he was now in. A child of about seven years of age was dying at that time, and so, before the complete physical death, this Fakir had entered the body and afterwards used it as his own. He is, therefore, doubly not what he seems to be. As a Fakir he had studied Yoga science for 65 years, but that study having been arrested at the time he was disabled, leaving him unequal to the task he had to perform, he had to choose this other one. In his present body he is 53 years, and consequently the inner X is 118 years old. . . . In the night I heard him talking with Kunâla, and found that each had the same Guru, who himself is a very great Adept, whose age is 300 years, although in appearance he seems to be only 40.* He will in a few centuries enter the body of a *Kshatriya*,† and do some great deeds for India, but the time had not yet come.

"Yesterday I went with Kunâla to look at the vast and curious temples left here by our forefathers. Some are in ruins, and others only showing the waste of time. What a difference between my appreciation of these buildings now, with Kunâla to point out meanings I never saw, and that which I had when I saw them upon my first pilgrimage, made so many years ago with my father!" . . .

* There is a peculiarity in this, that all accounts of Cagliostro, St. Germain and other adepts, give the apparent age at 40 only.—[Ed.].

† The warrior caste of India.—[Ed.].

A large portion of the MS. here, although written in the same characters as the rest, has evidently been altered in some way by the writer, so as to furnish clues meant for himself alone. It might be deciphered by a little effort, but I must respect his desire to keep those parts of it which are thus changed, inviolate. It seems that some matters are here jotted down relating to secret things, or at least, to things that he desired should not be understood at a glance. So I will write what small portion of it might be easily told without breaking any confidences.

It is apparent that he had often been before to the holy city of Benares, and had merely seen it as a place of pilgrimage for the religious. Then, in his sight, those famous temples were only temples. But now he found, under the instruction of Kunâla, that every really ancient building in the whole collection had been constructed with the view to putting into imperishable stone, the symbols of a very ancient religion. Kunâla, he says, told him that the temples were made when the ordinary people of those eras had no idea that nations could ever arise who would be ignorant of the truths then universally known, or that darkness would envelop the intellect of men. There were many Adepts then well known to the rulers and to the people, not yet driven by inexorable fate to places remote from civilization, but living in the temples; and while not holding temporal power, they exercised a moral sway which was far greater than any sovereignty of earth.* And they knew that the time would come when the heavy influence of the dark age would make men forget that they had existed, or that any doctrines other than the doctrines based on the material rights of *mine* and *thine*, had ever been held. If the teachings were left simply to paper or papyrus or parchment, they would be easily lost, because of that decay which is natural to vegetable or animal membrane. But stone lasts, in an easy climate, for ages. So these Adepts, some of them here and there being really Maha Rajahs, caused the temples to be built in forms, and with such symbolic ornaments that future races might decipher doctrines from them.

In this, great wisdom, he says, is apparent, for to have carved them with sentences in the prevailing language would have defeated the object, since languages also change; and as great a muddle would have resulted as in the case of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, unless a keystone had also been prepared; but it might itself be lost, or in its own turn become unintelligible. The ideas underneath symbols do not alter, no matter what might be the language, and symbols are clear immortally, because they are founded in nature itself. In respect to this part of the matter, he writes down that Kunâla informed him that the language

* In the ancient Aztec civilization in Mexico, the Sacerdotal order was very numerous. At the head of the whole establishment were two high priests, elected from the order, solely for their qualifications, as shown by their previous conduct in a subordinate station. They were equal in dignity and inferior only to the sovereign, who rarely acted without their advice in widely matters of private concern.—[Ed.]

used then was not Sanskrit, but a far older one now altogether unknown in the world.

From a detached sentence in the MS., it is shadowed out that Kunâla referred to a curious building put up many years ago in another part of India and now visible, by which he illustrated the difference between an intelligent construction and unintelligent one. This building was the product of the brain of a Chandala,* who had been enriched through a curious freak. The Rajah had been told upon the occurrence of some event, by his astrologers, that he must give an immense sum of money to the first person he saw next day, they intending to present themselves at an early hour. Next day, unusually early, the Rajah arose, looked out of the window, and beheld this Chandala. Calling his astrologers and council together, and the poor sweeper into his presence, he presented him with lacs upon lacs of rupees, and with the money the Chandala constructed a granite building having immense monolithic chains hanging down from its four corners. Its only symbology was, the change of the chains of fate; from poor low caste to rich low caste. Without the story the building tells us nothing.

But the symbols of the temples, not only those carved on them, but also their arrangement, need no story nor knowledge of any historical events. Such is the substance of what he writes down as told him by Kunâla. He says also that this symbology extends not only to doctrines and cosmology, but also to laws of the human constitution, spiritual and material. The explanation of this portion, is contained in the altered and cryptic parts of the MS. He then goes on:

. . . "Yesterday, just after sunset, while Kunâla and X were talking, Kunâla suddenly seemed to go into an unusual condition, and about ten minutes afterwards a large quantity of malwa flowers fell upon us from the ceiling.

"I must now go to —— and do that piece of business which he ordered done. My duty is clear enough, but how am I to know if I shall perform it properly. . . . When I was there and after I had finished my work and was preparing to return here, a wandering fakir met me and asked if he could find from me the proper road to Karli. I directed him, and he then put to me some questions that looked as if he knew what had been my business; he also had a very significant look upon his face, and several of his questions were apparently directed to getting me to tell him a few things Kunâla had told me just before leaving Benares with an injunction of secrecy. The questions did not on the face show that, but were in the nature of inquiries regarding such matters, that if I had not been careful, I would have violated the injunction. He then left me saying: 'you do not know me but we may see each other.' . . . I got back last night and saw only X, to whom I related the incident with the fakir, and he said that, 'it was none

* A low caste man, e. g., a sweeper. Such a building can now be seen at Bijapur, India.—[Ed.].

other than Kunâla himself, using that fakir's body, who said those things, and if you were to see that fakir again he would not remember you and would not be able to repeat his questions, as he was for the time being used by Kunâla, who often performs such things.' I then asked him if in that case Kunâla had really entered the fakir's body, as I have a strange reluctance toward asking Kunâla such questions, and X replied that if I meant to ask if he had really and in fact entered the fakir's person, the answer was no, but that if I meant to ask if Kunâla had overcome that fakir's senses, substituting his own, the answer was, yes; leaving me to make my own conclusions. . . . I was fortunate enough yesterday to be shown the process pursued in either entering an empty body, or in using one which had its own occupant. I found that in both cases it was the same, and the information was also conveyed that a Bhut* goes through just the same road in taking command of the body or senses of those unfortunate women of my country who sometimes are possessed by them. And the Bhut also sometimes gets into possession of a part only of the obsessed person's body, such as an arm or a hand, and this they do by influencing that part of the brain that has relation with that arm or hand; in the same way with the tongue and other organs of speech. With any person but Kunâla I would not have allowed my own body to be made use of for the experiment. But I felt perfectly safe, that he would not only let me in again, but also that he would not permit any stranger, man or gandharba,† to come in after him. We went to ——— and he . . . The feeling was that I had suddenly stepped out into freedom. He was beside me and at first I thought he had but begun. But he directed me to look, and there on the mat I saw my body, apparently unconscious. As I looked . . . the body of myself, opened its eyes and arose. It was then superior to me, for Kunâla's informing power moved and directed it. It seemed even to speak to me. Around it, attracted to it by those magnetic influencês, wavered and moved astral shapes, that vainly tried to whisper in the ear or to enter by the same road. In vain! They seemed to be pressed away by the air or surroundings of Kunâla. Turning to look at him, and expecting to see him in a state of samadhi, he was smiling as if nothing, or at the very most, but a part, of his power had been taken away . . . another instant and I was again myself, the mat felt cool to my touch, the bhuts were gone, and Kunâla bade me rise.

"He has told me to go to the mountains of ——— where ——— and ——— usually live, and that even if I were not to see anybody the first time, the magnetized air in which they live would do me much good. They do not generally stop in one place, but move from one place to another. They, however, meet together on certain days of the year

* An obsessing astral shell. The Hindus consider them to be the reliquiæ of deceased persons.—[Ed.].

† Nature spirit or elemental.—[Ed.].

in a place near Bhadrinath, in the northern part of India. He reminded me that as India's sons are becoming more and more wicked, those adepts have gradually been retiring more and more toward the north, to the Himálaya mountains. . . . Of what great consequence it is for me to be always with Kunâla! And now X tells me this same thing that I have always felt. All along I have felt and do still feel strongly that I have been once his most obedient and humble disciple in a former existence. All my hopes and future plans are therefore centered in him. My journey therefore up country has done me one good, that of strengthening my belief, which is the chief foundation on which the grand structure is to be built. . . . As I was walking past the end of Ramalinga's compound holding a small lamp of European make, and while there was no wind, the light three several times fell low. I could not account for it. Both Kunâla and X were far away. But in another moment, the light suddenly went out altogether, and as I stopped, the voice of revered Kunâla, who I supposed was many miles away, spoke to me, and I found him standing there. For one hour we talked; and he gave me good advice, although I had not asked it—thus it is always that when I go fearlessly forward and ask for nothing I get help at an actual critical moment—he then blessed me and went away. Nor could I dare to look in what direction. In that conversation, I spoke of the light going down and wanted an explanation, but he said I had nothing to do with it. I then said I wanted to know, as I could explain it in two ways, viz.: 1st, that he did it himself, or 2d, that someone else did it for him. He replied, that even if it were done by somebody else, *no Yogee will do a thing unless he sees the desire in another Yogee's mind.** The significance of this drove out of my mind all wish to know *who* did it, whether himself, or an elemental or another person, for it is of more importance for me to know even a part of the laws governing such a thing, than it is to know who puts those laws into operation. Even some blind concatenation of nature might put such natural forces in effect in accordance with the same laws, so that a knowledge that nature did it would be no knowledge of any consequence.

"I have always felt and still feel strongly that I have already once studied this sacred philosophy with Kunâla, and that I must have been, in a previous life, his most obedient and humble disciple. This must have been a fact, or else how to account for the feelings created in me when I first met him, although no special or remarkable circumstances were connected with that event. All my hopes and plans are centered in him, and nothing in the world can shake my confidence

* This sentence is of great importance. The Occidental mind delights much more in effects, personalities and authority, than in seeking for cause, just as many theosophists have with persistency sought to know when and where Madame Blavatsky performed some feat in magic, rather than in looking for causes or laws governing the production of phenomena. In this italicized sentence is the clue to many things, for those who can see.

in him especially when several of my Brahmin acquaintances tell me the same things without previous consultation. . . .

"I went to the great festival of Durga yesterday, and spent nearly the whole day looking in the vast crowd of men, women, children and mendicants for some of Kunâla's friends, for he once told me never to be sure that they were not near me, but I found none who seemed to answer my ideas. As I stood by the ghaut at the river-side thinking that perhaps I was left alone to try my patience, an old and apparently very decrepit Bairagee plucked my sleeve and said: 'Never expect to see anyone, but always be ready to answer if they speak to you; it is not wise to peer outside of yourself for the great followers of Vasudeva: look rather within.'

"This amazed me, as I was expecting him to beg or to ask me for information. Before my wits returned, he had with a few steps mingled with a group of people, and in vain I searched for him: he had disappeared. But the lesson is not lost.

"To-morrow I return to I——.

"Very wearying indeed in a bodily sense was the work of last week and especially of last evening, and upon lying down on my mat last night after continuing work far into the night I quickly fell sound asleep. I had been sleeping an hour or two when with a start I awoke to find myself in perfect solitude and only the horrid howling of the jackals in the jungle to disturb me. The moon was brightly shining and I walked over to the window of this European modeled house, threw it open and looked out. Finding that sleep had departed, I began again on those palm leaves. Just after I had begun, a tap arrested my attention and I opened the door. Overjoyed was I then to see Kunâla standing there, once more unexpected.

"'Put on your turban and come with me,' he said and turned away.

"Thrusting my feet into my sandals, and catching up my turban, I hurried after him, afraid that the master would get beyond me, and I remain unfortunate at losing some golden opportunity.

"He walked out into the jungle and turned into an unfrequented path. The jackals seemed to recede into the distance; now and then in the mango trees overhead, the flying foxes rustled here and there, while I could distinctly hear the singular creeping noise made by a startled snake as it drew itself hurriedly away over the leaves. Fear was not in my breast for master was in front. He at last came to a spot that seemed bare of trees, and bending down, seemed to press his hand into the grass. I then saw that a trap door or entrance to a stairway very curiously contrived, was there. Stairs went down into the earth. He went down and I could but follow. The door closed behind me, yet it was not dark. Plenty of light was there, but where it came from I cared not then nor can I now, tell. It reminded me of our old weird tales told us in youth of pilgrims going down to the land of the Devas where, although no sun was seen, there was plenty of light.

“At the bottom of the stairs was a passage. Here I saw people but they did not speak to me and appeared not even to see me although their eyes were directed at me. Kunâla said nothing but walked on to the end, where there was a room in which were many men looking as grand as he does, and two more awful, one of whom sat at the extreme end.

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(To be Continued)

In order to mould thee into entire conformity to His will, He must have thee pliable in His hands, and this pliability is more quickly reached by yielding in the little things than even by the greater. Thy one great desire is to follow Him fully; canst thou not say then a continual “yes” to all His sweet commands, whether small or great, and trust Him to lead thee by the shortest road to thy fullest blessedness?—H. W. Smith.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MY paternal grandfather was an Episcopal clergyman. His two sons were clergymen; his two daughters married clergymen. One Sunday morning, during service, at the moment when prayers had been offered, and while the congregation were still kneeling and the whole church wrapped in silence, my big brother, aged three, prayed in a high-pitched voice, and with great earnestness and child-like reverence to God please to send him a little baby sister. This happened one month before I was born. All this, in passing, in order to say, I had a good start.

Through the early years of our childhood we were taught the things Christian children ought to know and believe for their souls' health. We grew up in an atmosphere of love and discipline. We went to Church and to Sunday School. As memorizing was easy for me, I soon learned the Catechism and could quote at some length from the Bible. But I was frequently weighed down with a feeling of helplessness for I really did not understand a great deal of all I had learned by heart. However, I had the good grace to keep all this to myself; but I thought it was a pity. My father was wise and good and a real Christian.

At an early age, I was placed in charge of a Sunday School class. This I enjoyed, for in trying to make clear to others the things I understood so dimly, some rays of truth began to dawn upon me. I had a keen desire to be good; so I took myself in hand, and for several years kept a daily record of my faults and mistakes. Each night I balanced the account placing the number of misdeeds at the foot of the column. The figures were convincing and enabled me to strengthen my resolutions for the following day. My childish fancy led me to keep this book in code.

At fifteen came the breaking of home ties for I was sent to boarding-school near New Orleans for two years,—coming home only for the long summer vacation. Then, owing to my father's failing health it was deemed necessary that I should be nearer home; and so I found myself at school in New York City. That very year I was called to my father's death bed.

Again there was a change of scene. A new home, a new Church, new friends made up our experiences. The Rector of the Church which we attended was well versed in Church History. It was perhaps through no fault of his,—but I found myself cold and dry; and I missed my father's presence in the Church profoundly. I tried to pray and really made special efforts to get closer to the heart of things,—until one day

I overheard my brother remark that I was like a Pharisee, making such long prayers in Church. Little did he know that I was in greater need of his prayers during this period of my existence than I was when he prayed for me to come into this world.

Other influences being felt I became more and more estranged. I went to Church less frequently—often, however, entering Churches alone during hours of solitude. I attended the Quaker Meeting-house, for it seemed a relief to get away from form; and many times I took books into the quiet woods on Sunday mornings.

Then came College days and preparation for making my own living. And with it all, and through the study of Science, Psychology, and Philosophy, each of keen interest to me, came questions and doubts and the "Slough of Deep Despond." Through this period was the ever-recurring unanswered question as to whether the man who had said in his heart: "There is no God," was really a fool? There was a possibility that this man had said this with his head instead of his heart. And also, was it true that there is no such being in the universe as a real atheist? I wavered between these two ideas which seemed to haunt me. And it is not any fun playing "Seek the Thimble" when there is no one to call out: "Hot" or "Cold."

I read few books at this time. Emerson's Essays, the poems of Robert Browning and Sidney Lanier, Amiel's Journal and Nonsense Classics were almost my sole companions. How do I know that it was not a sense of humour that saved me from utter despair? Time and again it was borne in upon me that thousands of others had passed through similar experiences. I was only one of many struggling souls; and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Celestial Surgeon" did me good. I think I was just beginning to wake up.

It happened on a beautiful summer afternoon while driving with a friend that I was able to put into words,—just a few words, the best things I knew anything about and of these there were very few. My friend turned to me and said: "Do you know you have been speaking about Theosophy?" I didn't. In fact, I knew nothing about Theosophy. But, it seemed at the moment that this friend had placed in my hand a golden key. From then on I was made responsible for using that key. My friend lent me: "Through the Gates of Gold" and "Letters that Have Helped Me"; and it was not long before I met friends of his who were Theosophists. I shiver now, at the thought of so much goodness coming to me, because of my unworthiness.

These wonderful friends put a new purpose into my life, and the ideals I had always cherished, although seen, at times, through veil upon veil, seemed to glow with a pure white light.

Believing now that Stephen Phillips was not really thinking of me when he wrote: "This Woman with a Dead Soul," I threw myself, mind and heart into my work. This occupied all my time; and what little reading and studying I was able to do in relation to Theosophy,

was done at night, in my study, after the family had retired. There was another reason,—I read in secret, feeling that my dear mother would be deeply grieved if she knew of the course of reading in which I was so profoundly interested. I had a desire to buy and read every book ever written about Theosophy. Truth will out,—I soon found that in obedience to my mother's wish, which I was in duty bound to respect, and because of my love for her, these books must remain closed.

A friend renewed my courage in a short time by assuring me that the subject of Theosophy, being so all-inclusive, could be approached in other ways than by reading Theosophical books. "There is but one thing needful to possess God. All our senses, all our powers of mind and soul, are so many ways of approaching the Divine, so many ways of tasting and adoring God."

And then, why should I not join the Theosophical Society? It was my dream to do so; and I knew that ultimately I should become a member. And yet, I hesitated, for it did not seem right to try to attain membership in the Society, in my condition,—so wholly unprepared. There were those closed books. I was sure my dream would come true some day; and, no matter how far distant in the future that day might be, it was worth working and waiting for. The truth of the words: "Live the Life that ye may know the Doctrine," was a great comfort to me. But, think of having a casket filled with priceless, precious jewels, and being in possession of the key, and yet having to remain static, and just think about the beauty of those jewels! I do not remember feeling unduly impatient at this. Theosophy itself meant "Divine Wisdom"; and it was true then, as now: "There is no Religion higher than Truth." "Religion is not a method: it is a life—a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits; a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows."*

Soon after this I had the opportunity of going to England with a College friend accompanied by two Sisters of the Church of England. We spent four months there, principally in London and Broadstairs, where we were deeply interested in educational, settlement work as carried on by the Sisters; and in Oxford, where we took a six-weeks' course of study. I shall never forget the delight of those days in Oxford. To be able to study again in the light of the recent experiences through which I had passed seemed "too good to be true." My friend said to me: "You seem to be living in the Seventh Heaven all the time. Can't you let your feet touch the earth once in a while?" I do not mean to give the impression that my friend thought me angelic,—we were living and travelling together; nor that she considered me "flighty,"—we were studying side by side, such subjects as Science, History, Literature, Art. She did not know of my newly found treasure; nor that I was secretly accusing every great author, alive or dead, whose books I was consulting, of being a

* *Amiel's Journal*, Introduction, p. xli.

Theosophist. In my enthusiasm I may have widened somewhat the boundary of the poet's license; but I felt justified in doing so, for the truly great souls of all time have been Theosophists whether they were aware of the fact or not, and I found Theosophy everywhere—just as a lover sees the image of his beloved in the clouds, in pictures, and in the hearts of the flowers.

During our stay in England we went often into Churches and Cathedrals. For my part, I went more for the sake of the architectural and artistic interest in these edifices than from any strictly religious impulse to go to Church. I remember only one service in which I was conscious of a strong, spiritual appeal, and that was in the little Norman Chapel in the Tower of London. We went there not knowing the hour of the Sunday morning service. On account of the absence of the organist I was asked to play the hymns. In addition to my friend, the entire congregation was composed of English Soldiers. It took only a few moments for the soldiers to march in and take their places, and every seat was filled. It was a hearty service, beautiful in its simplicity, and the singing of the Soldiers was more impressive than I can describe. I have never forgotten it. The service combined a remembrance and a hope. It seemed to link the past with the future. Little did I realize that the dream of becoming a member of the Theosophical Society was also now being linked with a keen interest in the work of the Church. As I look back, the welding of these two ideals into one began there.

We returned home in the autumn full of new interests and suggestions to be carried out in our work. The notes I took at Oxford were copious, and it would require a life-time,—and longer, to exhaust them of their suggestions for reading and study.

So the years went by. I found my work absorbing. In fact, I made efforts to have it so, for during a period of about seven years I was held in the balance. I considered myself somewhat "beyond the pale" in regard to the Church; and, on the other hand, I was a would-be Theosophist—"biding my time."

After my marriage, New York City became our home. Again and again Theosophy was put to the test and not found wanting, during these new and wonderful days of happiness,—just as long ago, tests were applied which proved the value of Theosophy in those dark days of sorrow.

It is not often that one may feel an overwhelming sense of gratitude toward an Irish cook. Such was my rather unique experience. One very cold afternoon in February—in fact it was St. Valentine's Day—we returned to our home tired and hungry to find that the Irish cook had made her departure. There was no apparent reason for this. She had just left. There was the unmistakable evidence in the form of the latch key on the kitchen table. Nothing daunted, we went out into the cold night seeking food. We went to a hotel, the usher taking us straight to a table at which my friend was sitting,—the friend who had been of

such inestimable service to me so many times in the past. After dining together, he kindly invited us to go to a meeting which was being held that evening in the neighborhood. We went; and went again. To me, these meetings, which took place every two weeks, were of profound interest. And why not? They were the meetings of the New York Branch of the Theosophical Society. At last I began to feel I was almost arriving.

I became a subscriber to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. What the QUARTERLY has meant to me, personally, may best be summed up by saying that it has contained a cure for every ill; an answer to every question; and above all, and always, an inspiration to live more truly the life of the Spirit.

I attended the meetings of the New York Branch for about seven years,—until, by mere chance, finding out that my mother had for a long time thought I was a member of the Theosophical Society, I lost no time in becoming one, applying for membership papers the very next day. My Diploma was issued by the Society in the fourth month of its thirty-seventh year, and bears the date March 16, 1912. I was then thirty-eight years and one day old.

And now, to sum up: Why did I join the Theosophical Society? If the answer to this question is not found in these few paragraphs, perhaps I may be permitted to emphasize the points I have tried to make by a series of questions,—ending the article with a quotation from Robert Browning's *Paracelsus*.

Why was I born? Why does it sometimes take thirty-eight years and a day for a dream to come true? "Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?" What is the meaning of Karma? "Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?" What light does Christianity throw upon the laws of Evolution and Reincarnation and their inter-relations?

And here, to quote from *Paracelsus*:

"Friends,
 Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
 There is an inmost centre in us all,
 Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
 Wall upon wall, the grass flesh hems it in,
 This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
 A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
 Binds it, and makes all error: and, to know,
 Rather consists in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
 Than in effecting entry for a light
 Supposed to be without.

* * * * *

In my own heart love had not been made wise
 To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
 To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
 To see a good in evil, and a hope
 In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
 Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
 Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
 Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;
 All with a touch of nobleness, despite
 Their error, upward tending all though weak,
 Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
 But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
 And do their best to climb and get to him."

L. C.

What you need to do is to put your will over completely into the hands of your Lord, surrendering to Him the entire control of it. Say, "Yes, Lord, YES!" to everything, and trust Him so to work in you to will, as to bring your whole wishes and affections into conformity with His own sweet, and lovable, and most lovely will. It is wonderful what miracles God works in wills that are utterly surrendered to Him.—
 Hannah Whitall Smith.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

“**T**HERE still are many who have failed to grasp the principle which shows how foolish and untheosophical is the doctrine of ‘pacifism,’ and as the same principle, once clearly grasped, solves also the problem of education, I suggest it would be well to thrash the subject out for the *Screen*. Are you willing?”

The Recorder replied most cheerfully in the affirmative, stipulating of course that the Philosopher, who had spoken, should open the discussion by expounding his principle.

“It ought not to need much expounding,” the Philosopher continued. “It is contained in an oft-quoted text from the Sermon on the Mount: ‘All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.’

“Perhaps it is easiest to see in the case of a child. We have some recollection of how we were brought up, and we have come to realize that when our parents denied us our desires, it was in fact an evidence of parental consideration and not the unreasonable and unkind prohibition which at the time perhaps it seemed to be. Probably there were other occasions, when we were allowed to have our own way, which now, in retrospect, we wish our parents had met differently—with prohibition or compulsion, if not with punishment.

“In our present treatment of children, we act, almost automatically, with the memory of our own childhood in mind. We try to treat them as we wish we had been treated. No matter what allowance we may make, and may wisely make, for difference in temperament, we do, as a rule, strive very sincerely to do to them as we wish we had been done by.

“Only when this principle is acted upon is the child properly brought up. Parents who have not learned the lessons of life and who continue to indulge themselves, are likely to oscillate between the two bad extremes of indulging their children and of indulging themselves at the expense of their children: unlimited candy one minute and unlimited smacks the next. Their conduct is not based upon principle, but upon the indulgence of their own passing emotions. They ruin their children as they have already ruined themselves. We cannot discipline others until we have learned to obey.”

“All of which,” interrupted the Student, “may be very clear to you, but perhaps is not so clear to others. Let me be concrete: do you wish that you had oftener been whipped?”

“It so happens,” answered the Philosopher, “that I do not remember having been whipped. I was kicked and cuffed by ill-tempered teachers. But my parents did not whip me. There were times when I deserved it and would have been a better man in later years, if it had been done. I

wish very much that my father had done it. Still, that it needed to be done, simply proves, in my opinion, that I had not been punished sufficiently as a small baby. Careful watching and prompt punishment then—plentiful spanking then—would have made later whippings unnecessary. When a child is still in the cradle, and before memory has become self-conscious, is the right time or in any case the best time for corporal punishment.

“That, however, is a side issue. My point is that we have to learn to co-operate with the soul of the child; we have to see the effort of that soul as it strives to make the child’s personality an obedient and responsive instrument. The child’s personality will not need development along lines of least resistance. Strong tendencies, even when good, will not need encouragement half as much as other and weaker tendencies. Even on the intellectual plane, if a child have a remarkable memory and but slight power of reasoning, it will not be his memory that most needs cultivation, but his power of reasoning. Yet we know that the average child greatly prefers to use that which requires the least degree of effort,—in this case his memory; and that he will, for instance, as he grows older, wish to memorize his Euclid rather than master it on a basis of reason.

“The same principle applied to the cultivation of character, which is the goal of all true education, means that very often the child’s will must be checked or flatly crossed. How else can he be prepared for the battle of life? If he has been taught to prefer the easy to the difficult, and to follow his own inclination rather than to obey the will of his teacher, how can he, as a man, be expected to obey the call of duty or the promptings of his soul, or even to distinguish between those promptings and the tendencies of his lower nature? ‘There is no pain in death itself, if death be the outcome of obedience.’ Self-assertion, self-satisfaction, self-love, self-will,—these must be opposed at every point, tactfully but firmly, for the sake of the soul and on its behalf. Would we wish to be treated differently? Have we not yet learned that the lower self is Hell?

“Of course, if what we still desire most for ourselves be our own way and our own comfort, regardless of the will of Masters and of our own Higher Self, we shall find it impossible to apply this principle except perversely. Take, for instance, a conscientious Socialist of one or another school: let us suppose that he is of independent means and that he proceeds solely on the principle of doing unto others as he would be done by. Socialism has been defined as an effort so to control the sources of supply as to enable the individual to obtain the greatest possible degree of comfort with the least possible amount of effort. Not only is poverty to be abolished, but all effort, unless put forth for enjoyment, is to become unnecessary. Is it not obvious that anyone who takes that as his goal for others must regard poverty as an evil and as a great evil; that he must fear it for himself, and that a life of comparative ease is

at least a very important factor in his concept of happiness? We cannot, therefore, apply the principle correctly until we recognize, if only in theory to begin with, that the soul comes first and that the desires of the personality should be subordinated to the soul's behests.

"Perhaps this will make it plainer: suppose you were informed by an adept or an angel that tomorrow, in some violent fit of anger, you would murder an innocent person, and that, owing to your anger, the entire will and desire of your personality would be concentrated on that wish to kill. Suppose you were told that you could be saved from that sin only at the price of being shot by a policeman, and that you might choose now between these two fates. Which would you choose? The answer is evident. Looking at it today, with calmness, and from the standpoint of your soul, you would without question prefer to be shot rather than be guilty of murder.

"Now suppose that the policeman, or the disinterested bystander with a gun in his hand, should have sentimental qualms and should fail to shoot you because he objects to killing or because he says it is none of his business or because he has not had time to investigate the origin of the disturbance or because, with Pilate, he was born with a question mark in his teeth and a preference for neutrality in the void where his heart ought to be. Suppose some of that, and what would your soul do except cry aloud, if it could, to shoot, and to shoot quickly, surely, finally! In other words, the policeman, by shooting you, would be doing your own real will. It would be kind of him to shoot; unkind not to shoot. Being, let us hope, a man and not a mollusc, he would promptly see that in order to obey 'the law and the prophets,' and in order to do to you as he would be done by in similar circumstances, he must, at all costs to himself, put your soul out of its agony by extinguishing your personality.

"All of this is based on the supposition that you are too strong to be suppressed otherwise and that he could save you from committing murder by no milder means than by killing you. Remember also, please, that if he were to hesitate, or were to rely first upon soft and cooing words, or upon grandiloquent phrases about the beauties of peace, the probability is that he would be too late. We cannot proceed on the theory that all men at all times are open to reason or to the light of their own souls. We know that the contrary is the fact, and that we must use such means as the circumstances and the condition of the other person demand.

"Transfer this to the domain of international relations. Does not 'pacifism' at once appear as the absurdity which it is? Do *we* wish to be permitted to do wrong without suffering the consequences? Is it our wish for our own nation that if it were guilty of such murder and outrage as we have seen perpetrated recently in Belgium and in parts of France, other great nations should stand aloof, **indifferent**?

"Let me be specific. Suppose that while Alaska still belonged to

Russia, the United States for some reason had gone to war with Russia, and that, in order to strike at Russian Alaska with greater ease, we had insisted upon passing through Canada. Suppose that Canada had objected and that the Canadians had resisted. Suppose that we had proceeded to murder and to outrage the women and children of Canada, to burn her cities, to devastate her countryside, to imprison her magistrates, and to behave in all other ways like devils let loose upon earth. Suppose that the British Government had consisted of 'pacifists'; and suppose that they had not gone so far, after several months of these horrors, and after the hideousness of them had been juridically established (as in Lord Bryce's Report),—suppose they had not gone so far as to write to the Government of the United States, saying: 'Recalling the humane and enlightened attitude hitherto assumed by the United States Government in matters of international right, and particularly with regard to the freedom of the seas [we must imagine that a Lusitania incident or two had been thrown in]; having learned to recognize American views and American influence in the field of international obligation as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity,' etc., etc.—but suppose that the British pacifist Government *had* announced that they were too proud to fight, would it, let me ask you, have been good for us? Would such an attitude have promoted our best interests? Would it have made for the eternal welfare of this nation? Would it have been Christian, considerate, kind? We can see quite clearly that such an attitude would not only have been cowardly and contemptible, but that it would, in its encouragement of our wrong-doing, have been disastrous in its consequences. Our personalities might have been pleased and flattered, though in our heart of hearts even we should have despised such weakness (as the Germans today despise and rightly despise our weakness); but in our souls we should have agonized, because our souls would have longed and prayed for the immediate and dire punishment of our personalities, and, asking for bread, would have been given a stone."

"What was that imaginary quotation about our 'humane and enlightened attitude'?" asked the Visitor. "It sounded familiar."

"It ought to be," replied the Philosopher. "It ought to be impressed indelibly upon the heart and conscience of every American. It is a literal paraphrase of this Government's first Lusitania note, making us appear as approving the treatment of Belgium. It would take rivers of blood to wipe out that disgrace."

"Perhaps," said the Historian, "it would help to make your main point still clearer if we were to ask ourselves what we should desire for Germany at the present time, if our sole concern were to benefit her."

"Would it benefit her to be victorious in this war, and for her armies once more to march through Paris in triumphal procession? Would that be good for Germany's soul?"

"Not long ago one of our illustrated papers reproduced a sketch, by a clever German artist, of one of the most prominent Germans now in this

country. It was an illuminating face,—handsome, immensely able, with absolutely cold and soulless eyes, ruthless, unscrupulous, self-controlled, calculating, with a veneer of great gentility: a murderer of his own soul.

“In appearance he is a remarkably refined embodiment of the spirit of his people as it has been revealed in this war,—not, as Germans often allege, because of English lies, but as revealed in their own state papers and particularly in official communications addressed to other governments. That spirit shows a brutal egotism, a self-assertion almost without parallel in history, and a complete lack of honour. It is the spirit of the Black Lodge, and if ever a nation were driven by devils, Germany now is. It sold itself to them, hoping to use their power for its own aggrandizement. In the nature of things, they now control it.

“As a people, they are utterly bewildered by the accusations brought against them, just as a man, devoid of any sense of honour, is bewildered when called dishonorable. Their hopeless inability to recognize their own condition, or to see their crimes as crimes, is perhaps the most significant feature of their obsession.

“Relying upon their own supposed superiority—vanity having deafened them to all criticism—what they most obviously need for their souls’ salvation is to be hammered to the earth. If they were my own children, and I were unable to do it myself, I should pray that they might be thrashed within an inch of their lives; humiliated until the shame of it would make them long for death. In no other way can they be brought to repentance.

“Once they were to repent and were to repent truly of their abominable treachery and wickedness; once they were to prove their penitence by acts of restitution undertaken voluntarily in addition to such punishment as may be imposed upon them,—then it would be a joy to forgive them and to take them back once more into the family of nations. But until they do that, the more ardent anyone’s love of them may be, the more passionately he should pray for their annihilating defeat. Not to hate their unspeakable misconduct is to prove oneself either entirely ignorant of the facts (as many Germans still are), or as morally dead, or as psychically entranced by an idea such as that Hell is peace or, among Germans, that Germany necessarily is perfect.”

“It works out whichever way you look at it,” commented one of the Ancients. “If you ask yourself what you would wish for England, granting love for England, the answer is, I think, that she also needed and perhaps still needs humiliation, though not to anything like the same extent. Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty is reported to have said not long ago: ‘England still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her.’ She was self-satisfied, lazy, easy-going, unwilling to sacrifice her comfort; selfish, not in an aggressive sense, but as one who thinks first of his own arm-chair and slippers, and who regards it as an outrage if, after a certain hour in the evening, he should be called upon to leave

either. England was fatuously contented with her fleet, and with the idea of her own impregnability. 'Time enough' had been her motto for years. When the need actually came, she would show people what she could do! Her selfishness had affected all classes, though the aristocracy of the country, supposed to be effete, did infinitely better than the Trade-Unionized working class, when the crisis finally came.

"And England has been humiliated. Her armies have been conspicuously ineffective, in spite of much individual bravery. Her fleet, while it has preserved American commerce, has not been able to prevent immense damage to British over-seas trade. Her mechanism of war is still so heavy and clumsy that she requires nearly twice as many men as France requires to hold each mile of her entrenched front. Her political bickerings and her strikes have been a disgrace. If there be self-satisfaction left in her, there is no longer any excuse for it; and I do devoutly hope that the time is rapidly approaching when, consistently with her soul's salvation, she can safely be allowed to give effective support to France."

"How about France?" suggested the Visitor. "If, as you said, it works out whichever way you look at it, and if Germany, for her soul's salvation, needs to be crushed, and England, for her's, needs to be shaken out of her self-satisfaction, it would seem to follow that France not only will have to win but should do the lion's share of the winning. Would that be in line with her real need? Was not she also self-satisfied?"

"She was not," answered the Ancient. "Her fault was self-distrust. She had lost faith in herself, in her mission, in her ability to achieve the impossible. Many of her children had grown cynical as against themselves. And this fundamental fault involved another: loss of faith in God. See what the war has already done for her! See how it has restored her faith, both in God and in herself! Her children have shown themselves capable of any sacrifice, and she knows it. They have risen to heights of self-abandonment which for all ages will be an example to other nations; and France, in the midst of her agony, knows it and is glad. She needs victory. It was shown once and for ever that there can be no Resurrection except at the price of Crucifixion. She is being crucified, and she accepts it heroically, gratefully. It will be shown in her, pray Heaven, that such self-abandonment can have but one result: an Easter of joyous, humble and complete triumph."

"How about America?" asked the Visitor. "What is her need?"

"Perhaps to be licked by Villa," answered the Student.

"Perhaps to be licked by the Japs," added the Ancient.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Is it so difficult to see? Have not hundreds of clear-sighted Americans said of this country what Sir David Beatty said of England,—that America still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her?"

Talk about self-satisfaction and complacency! Why, England's were not a patch on the vast expanse of ours! No English statesman, with a political following, ever talked about a million armed Englishmen leaping to their feet in time of need. He knew they would have to be bombed to their feet, which is just what happened. But we learn nothing when, as at this moment, it is proving almost impossible, out of a population of one hundred millions, to enlist twenty thousand volunteers. England never flattered herself that she was an example to the world. She knew that she was nothing of the kind. But every man and woman in this country, so far as our Public School system could reach them, was brought up in the might of that illusion. As a nation we are like an over-grown gawk, with many amiable qualities, imagining himself to be a model of all manly virtues, and so hyper-sensitive that if anyone suggests his collar does not fit him, regarding it as a deadly insult or as proof of unpardonable ignorance of collars in general and in particular. My friend, if we were not so bulky, we should be regarded, internationally, as a joke. But if what I have said were included in the *Screen*, it would make nearly all American readers furious, and so far as I can see would do no good, because only Villa or the Japs can really teach us sense."

"I shall risk it," laughed the Recorder.

An English member, at this point, asked permission to change the subject.

"The war," he said, "is doing so much for so many people that, in the great mass of inspiration and improvement, and by the consequent oversight of details, we run the risk of getting only a vague and transitory impression. May I therefore speak of one particular instance, that of M. Georges Clemenceau, formerly Prime Minister of France? He made a wonderful speech not long ago, when receiving the British and Irish members of Parliament who visited Paris as delegates to the Inter-parliamentary Commission. His speech cannot fail to interest students of Theosophy. M. Clemenceau, as far as I am aware, would not be regarded as a religious man, or as a mystic. But he felt what he was saying so deeply; the occasion so truly inspired him, that he was lifted to the plane of his own soul and spoke of himself as an immortal being with an age-long past—as having waited for a thousand years for this glad day of reconciliation and of union. More than that, he spoke of Joan of Arc as one who knows her. It is all the more welcome and remarkable because M. Clemenceau, whose force and courage have always compelled admiration, never knew how to surrender himself to a cause. Not even at his best did he know how to co-operate with others. He was too self-assertive. If he could not dominate others, he resigned, and then threw himself into the task of destroying his successor. He was fearless, patriotic, tireless, immensely able; but he had that serious defect. Recently, and even since the war, it has seemed at times as if he had degenerated into an old scold,—against the Government because

he was not the Government. He was handled with admirable patience. But so great a man ought to have handled others with patience: he ought not to have needed handling by anyone. It made me sorry and almost bitterly impatient with him. I was all the more glad, therefore, when I read this speech. I have made a rough translation of parts of it. May I quote him?

“Gentlemen,’ he said,—‘Welcome, and allow one who owes to his advanced age the honour of addressing you in the name of his colleagues of the French Parliamentary Committee, to say to you that, in the darkest hours of the past, he never despaired of an entente which seemed to him inevitable, but which he never hoped to see realized.

“Yes, gentlemen, I have been waiting for you for endless centuries; and historians—strangers too often to the deepest passions, to love and hate, which inspire the nations—will be astonished perhaps that we needed, we two, so long a period of time to bridge so narrow a stretch of sea, which many warlike adventures had seemed to turn into an insurmountable barrier, but which we, for our part, wish to regard only as a great path-way open to all those who are able to understand and to practise the true international fraternity of the future, founded upon the recognition of the equal right of all and upon cheerful respect for the right of each.

“Yes, yes,—I have been waiting for you since Hastings, since the days of the Black Prince. You see I am not a man who grows weary. I have waited for you and you have come, and now you are here in our midst, representatives of the English people, spontaneously assembled, not to conclude one of those political agreements such as our governments might enter into, any more than to arrive at military decisions which necessarily are outside our jurisdiction.

“Your visit is, as it were, the hoped-for fruit of all these tasks. We meet together that we may see one another, understand one another, and find at last that we are capable of loving one another. The times demand action; and civilians and military, on both sides of the Straits, alike are in action. And they will continue in action until they can gain their end. To the end! you understand. With the authority which is his right, Lord Desart yesterday said that definite thing. It is deliberate, it is willed, and we are pledged to it. We are giving our children, we shall give our possessions—all, all; and the marvellous Cause of the independence of races and of the dignity of man, carries in itself so great a reward, that, in spite of the most dreadful sacrifices, we shall never complain that it was necessary to give too much.

“And that is the explanation of why you have crossed the sea to join hands with us.

“ . . . It is true that it is to war we owe the miracle of our union, so real a union that it can never be broken except as a catastrophe to civilization itself. We did not want war, neither English nor French wanted it; but we want it now, both of us, and we want it intensely and

shall continue to want it until final and unqualified victory repays us and repays our generous sons for the oceans of blood with which this country has been deluged.

“ . . . In the narrow passages of their trenches, I have seen your seasoned troops, imperturbable, dryly humorous, placidly awaiting the onslaught of the enemy. I do sincerely hope that you will return the visit. Go and see our “poilus”: go, I beg of you. What comfort you will find in the simplicity of their smile! They will speak to you of their “boches,”—inexhaustible subject of military gaiety. You must see them laugh at their wounds; must see them fall with, “I am content,” on their lips. Believe me, your mission would not be complete if you were not able to take away with you, to those, no matter where, who may still be hesitating, some glimpse of a vision the splendour of which nothing could possibly surpass. Then you will be able to say to England: “We have seen it.”

“Then, on your return from our trenches, you will once more pass through our public squares, where, as in your own, great bronzes record a history which we wish still further to ennoble, but not one detail of which either you or we would wish to disavow. And then, pause for one moment at the foot of the monument, all of gold, where, on her horse of gold, the little peasant of France goes forth to war—that little peasant of France who was, no one knows how, all to herself, an army—nay, all the armies of France in one. Speak to her, oh friends of today and for ever if we prove worthy of our destiny! *Speak to her!* She will hear you, and, reversing the legend of the man of stone, she will bow her head in token of uttermost reconciliation. In that hour your noble pilgrimage will truly be accomplished, and you will have obtained from all of us that which you came to find.

“ . . . I have said enough of the feeling with which your visit will be returned. At Fontenoy our fathers said to yours: “Messieurs les Anglais, fire first.” On this occasion, you came first with hands outstretched. Messieurs les Anglais, it will not be forgotten.”

“M. Clemenceau himself would probably say that, in referring to his own past, he was using poetic licence, or that he was momentarily identifying himself with his race for oratorical purposes. I should dislike to think that he spoke more wisely than he knew, though it is something which the best and wisest often do. Perhaps he would say the same thing of his reference to Joan of Arc,—that that also was mere rhetoric. But it was in fact far more than that. It was the inspired recognition of a truth eternal in the heavens. She does hear. She does answer. Otherwise what a mockery life would be! She knows Georges Clemenceau. She has often prayed for him. She has tried to reach his inner ear, to inspire, to encourage, to warn, to check. As a rule he has been too busy with himself and his own thoughts to listen; but there have been other times when he has heard and when he has followed her wise counsel, often thinking it his own. Loving France as she does

—her soul in some sense the very soul of France—the wounds of France piercing her heart so deeply—is it not inevitable that she should watch over a man who, with all his faults, has an ideal of patriotism so closely resembling her own? The soul of Joan of Arc counts him as one of her friends: of that we may be certain, and so might he be if he would care to listen, even now, at least in this his day. I suspect he knew her as Joan, centuries ago. Not that I have the faintest glimmer of an idea who he was! Perhaps a Bishop, too narrow-minded: for it would be like the cynicism of Fate to have made him an associate of Combes—reaction from his own past the directly governing cause. Extremes very often result in opposite extremes. A woman, now the pink of prudery, may easily have been a far too promiscuous flirt in a previous life. Yes, I think we shall have to locate M. Clemenceau as the excarnation of a self-willed, dictatorial, narrow-minded but genuinely patriotic Bishop, whose support of Joan, so truly a messenger from Heaven, perhaps saved his soul and came through into this life as the truest devotion of his heart. In any case, so far as my experience goes, we usually were the person we should most hate to have been!”

“Well,” said the Student, “I do not blame him and the others for their opposition to Roman influence in France. They were both foolish and cruel in their expression of it. They made real martyrs—always an unwise as well as unkind thing to do. But if the Church in France were a French Church, instead of what it used to be, a government within a government, I believe you would find such men as Clemenceau among its most ardent and faithful adherents.”

“I agree with you,” broke in the Gael at this point; “but there is one other aspect of this whole question which I should greatly like to emphasize. . . . You have spoken of the agony of souls. You have pointed out, though indirectly, that personal crucifixion, which should lead to eternal life, is one thing; and that the crucifixion of the soul, through the sins of the personality, is quite another thing. But you have not spoken of the crucifixion of God.

“I use that word in a Christian sense. But you can replace it, if you choose: the Supreme Self, or the Logos, or the Masters who embody the Logos in life,—any one of these will carry us far enough. And then, how about the outrages committed against them! Outrages almost beyond belief have been committed against humanity; but are not these crimes merely one aspect of the total crime committed? What unthinkable grief for those who have given all, even Paradise, to bring the race to an understanding of truth and justice and honour, to an appreciation of love and beauty and goodness, to have been compelled to cast out devils into swine, foreknowing that these purgations of Hell, instead of running violently down a steep place into the sea, would hurl themselves with fire and sword and monstrous obscenities upon an innocent people, and upon all women and children and defenceless creatures in their path. What woe unimaginable! Sin upon sin and crime added to

crime! And yet it had to be permitted. Men cannot be deprived of their own free will. If they adopt the code of devils, they invite their own obsession. And the Black Lodge, unseen, unrecognized, is far more dangerous in fact than when the whole world turns in horror from the monsters it extrudes. We have at last been compelled to see evil as evil. The disguise, the trappings, the glamour have been thrown aside, and evil stands forth as vile, as hideous, as revolting. That much the White Lodge has already gained. Surely we shall live to see that sin destroys itself. But meanwhile, as I said before, what agony for those whose love, seeing all suffering and each detail of every sin, feels the crucifixion of persons and the crucifixion of souls as its own, intensified a million-fold, not merely because love identifies itself with each ache and heart-throb of those to whom it is given, but because it looks up as well as down and sees above itself, in ever-ascending degree, the infinite grief of the Love of God.

T.

P. S.—This postscript ought to have a separate title. It should be called *Messages from Heaven*. Its purpose is to call attention to the second volume of *Fragments*, by “Cavé,” which our Book Department announces will be ready for distribution on April 15th, in ample time for Easter. So many of us will be glad to give it—and to receive it too!—as an expression of Easter greetings. “Christ is risen,” exclaim the Russians, as they embrace one another on what is for them the happiest day of the year. And we, students of Theosophy, who recognize in the life of a Master an immediate and personal significance which escapes the narrower view of theologians,—we, surely, should find a deeper joy (as we find deeper meanings) in the fact of Christ’s resurrection from the dead.

Much of that deeper joy and many of those deeper meanings are to be found in this second volume of *Fragments*. If we have ears to hear we shall find proof positive that Christ is risen indeed. More than that, we shall find that others have risen with him, and that we too may rise to eternal life and to eternal consciousness from the tomb of the personal self.

“Messages from Heaven”: what else can these *Fragments* be called? Read this, for instance, as word sent by one who has attained, to one whose fight is still against the devils in himself:

“You cannot enter into communion with me without suffering, for my life is a life of suffering; nor can you otherwise know its transcendent joys, for joy is its fruit. To go *half-way* is misery; but *all* the way is heaven.”

Or this, as the testimony of a student whose devotion has resulted in knowledge:

“The Path to the Masters is the path of *likeness*; there is no other

way to go. Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' He spoke then as the Christ. Only as we conform ourselves to the Master's image can we come to know him—for by what sign or means shall we know that which is beyond the reaches of our consciousness? If he seems abstract, vague, is it not that he inhabits another world, utterly different and removed from our own? But so, mark you, only because of our limitations. For in reality he lives in the *same* world, sees the same sky and the same fields and flowers, only it is so much vaster and more luminous! As the stones and plants and animals live also in our world, each in their place and degree, but without sharing our consciousness; so we also in the Master's world see and yet not see, touch and yet never feel.

"When we awake sufficiently to realize with St. Augustine that we are 'afar off in a cloud of unlikeness,' then we perceive the lack, the deficiency in ourselves; then we turn our faces toward him, and our hearts; then we have entered on the path; then, as we conform our minds, our acts to his, seeking to follow as he bids us follow, we learn to catch the flutter of his garment as he makes the turn before us; we see the fresh foot-prints in the path ahead, and tones of his voice are blown back to us, growing clearer as the distance lessens.

"Seeking, seeking; conforming without lessening zeal—so eager is the search—we grow into that marvellous consciousness, partake of some small corner of it, and there know face to face communion with him, growing deeper, stronger, fuller day by day, as love and faith and obedience draw us closer to his heart, until at last no friend is so near as that friend, no communion so complete, no realization so vivid and so constant.

"But the path is the path of *likeness*, for which we must strive with virile power. Only in unlikeness can we be afar off from a love so perfect as his."

But the book is a gold-mine of theosophic, occult and mystic truths. We have quoted only to stimulate desire for more. As said already, it is to be published on April 15th. The binding is the same as that of the first volume. The price also is the same,—sixty cents postage prepaid.

T.

A holy man, nearly a year before the war, is reported to have said:

"The world has become profoundly corrupt. There will surely come some great scourge. It will be necessary to have a generation brought up by mourning mothers, and in a discipline of tears."—The Messenger.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

X.

THE MASTERS

THE very rough sketch of the evolutionary process outlined in the last article is woefully incomplete without including the vital and essential part which the Masters play; and yet one stands appalled at the mere idea of attempting to put into words what the New Testament describes in part. Perhaps the best thing to do is to set down quite simply, in a series of dogmatic statements the essence of what one knows or understands about this vast subject.

The first thing that has to be kept in mind is the hierarchical principle in the universe. The universe is one; it is a uni-verse, not a duo-verse, or a multi-verse. Every soul is a part of the Oversoul, a spark of Divinity, a ray from the spiritual center of things; but they are not all equal. Some are nearer and some are farther away from the innermost heart of the universe, and they rank, as souls, according to their distance away, according to their position along the evolutionary stream.

In the *Secret Doctrine* there is a beautiful phrase, "Time lay asleep in the bosom of infinite duration"; but it does not always lie asleep. When the hour strikes and a Great Day of Brahma dawns, every 311,040,000,000,000 years or so, there issues forth from the Absolute a whole universe, which gradually unrolls in manifestation. The early stages of this vast unfoldment do not concern us. Suffice it to say that in due time, the process reaches the point where solar systems, and then earths are born, and again, in due time, in stretches of time which dwarf our geological periods into insignificance, these earths are prepared for human evolution, and mankind appears. The picture I wish to present is that this process, taking thousands of millions of years, is a succession of steps or stages, and that every step or stage has its appropriate form of life. Most of these are so inconceivably remote from man that the wildest stretches of our imagination does not give us even a glimmer of their nature and functions. We only know, from analogy, that such beings must exist.

It is not until we reach the world itself that the human mind can begin, vaguely, to concern itself with the higher forms of spiritual life, and to hope to begin to understand a little about them. In order to sug-

gest something of the nature and functions of these spiritual beings that are beginning to come within the range of our understanding, I am going to try to build up our concept from below. Every atom in the universe is composed of substance and consciousness, or matter and spirit. The quality of the consciousness is determined by its vehicle or body; as vehicles for consciousness become more complete, the character of the consciousness ensouling these vehicles, becomes more complete; or we can use the term "higher" and say that the higher the type of body, the higher the type of consciousness inhabiting that body.

The consciousness of a cell is a synthesis of the consciousness of the atoms composing that cell; the consciousness of an organ in the body, is the synthesis of the consciousness of the cells composing the organ. The body itself has a consciousness, as a whole, which is the synthesis of the organs and parts composing it. It gets hungry and thirsty, or feverish, or tired, or cold. We Western peoples say, "*We* are hungry, or cold," but the Easterner says much more truly, "my body is hungry," or "my body is cold."

Carrying forward this idea that a higher type is the synthesis of many of a lower type, and associating it with what has already been said about great spiritual beings, we reach the logical conclusion that there must be entities, or centers of life and consciousness which are the synthesis of groups of human beings. That is one way of explaining what a *Master* is. All the souls in the world are "on the ray" of a Master, belong to him, are a part of him. There is no escape from this, for it is the way the universe manifests. Everything above is a synthesis of things below. A Master is the synthesis of the souls of men. He is a man made perfect, for he came up, or evolved, through the human stage, but in the process he became more than man, for, as he reached that stage of progress, he automatically took upon himself the characteristics of that stage; he became a link—in a new place—in the uninterrupted stream leading from the Absolute and running down to the smallest unit of manifestation, which we call the atom.

It does not follow, of course, that all Masters are products of this cycle of evolution. On the contrary we are given to believe that many, if not all of the greatest Masters, became such in previous cycles, but "came back" in this one in order to help forward human evolution.

The *Secret Doctrine* teaches that there is a Planetary spirit who looks after, guides and directs evolution on the Earth, and who is the synthesis of the Earth and all that it contains, of life and consciousness. Our minds cannot even speculate to advantage about this Being, who is too inconceivably far removed from our range of perception to make speculation worth while. It has been said of him that he could wipe every trace of evil out of the world as easily as a boy wipes a pencil mark off his slate. He does not do it because it would interfere with free will. His point of direct contact with the world is a being known as the Silent Watcher, the ranking member of the Great White Lodge. Next below

are two beings whose names are not given us. Below them again are the four Maha-chohans of the North, East, South and West, the Regents, as they are sometimes called, who preside over the destinies of mankind. These great beings are the Masters of the Masters, and, so far as I know, they are the highest with whom it is possible for a human being to have intercourse. It is probable that this last statement is not absolutely and theoretically true, whatever it may be in practice. But it is known that the Maha-chohans do concern themselves with individuals and, occasionally, though rarely, communicate with them. One or two letters were received from the Regent of the West in the early days of the Theosophical Society, and they have sent messages to individuals.

Below the Maha-chohans are the great body of the Masters. We do not know how many there are or how many grades of them there are. There would appear to be no limit to their possible number, but there is a distinct limit to their actual number. There must be ranks or grades among them, for scattered bits of information have filtered down to us indicating this.

We also read of different kinds of Masters. The *Voice of the Silence* speaks of Nirmanakayas who stay in the atmosphere of the earth, as it were, where they are able to deal directly with human affairs, and Dharmakayas, those who pass on to some Nirvanic condition where they are removed from any possible intercourse with man. We hear of those who renounce their own advancement, who actually retain some of the limitations of humanity, in order to continue to work directly with and for mankind; a ceaseless sacrifice of such appalling magnitude that it transcends our imagination. Their state has been likened to what ours would be if we lived and worked perpetually in a noisome muck heap, in a boiler factory full of raucous and discordant noise. One great Master's name is especially associated with this type of sacrifice, than which it is impossible to conceive of anything higher. Reverend hail to Jesus of Nazareth, the living exponent of what is greatest, even among Masters.

Below the Masters are the disciples of countless different grades, but of two great divisions—those who are conscious of who and what they are, who have conscious intercourse with their Master and with other members of the Lodge; and those who strive for that full communion. But this section is about Masters. I shall endeavor to deal with disciples more in detail, later.

Chohan is a Thibetan word meaning master; Maha—Sanskrit for great,—so Maha-chohan means, great master.

The Masters are sometimes called Mahatmas, from Maha-atma, atma meaning, roughly, soul—great souls. The term adept is too loosely used in Theosophical literature to have any special significance. Generally it is used to mean any full member of the Lodge.

Jivanmukti is a Sanscrit word meaning one who has reached the ultimate state of holiness, who has reached the state of Nirvana during

life and is often used to designate the Masters. They are also sometimes called Rishi, a Sanscrit word meaning the inspired one.

We have endeavored to give some idea of their nature and of the place they occupy in the evolutionary stream. What of their powers and functions. First as to their powers. They have conquered death as we know it. That does not mean that they are not subject to the law of cycles. Death is but a period of sleep between two awakenings. The Masters' periods are longer, that is all. They too are subject to the universal law that alternates periods of activity with periods of rest. We must count their periods in thousands of years, however. They are not subjects of time, as we know it, although subject to their own kind of time. Neither are they limited by space, as we know it. Our world is a world of three dimensions. They live in a four dimensional world, and have the powers which necessarily follow, powers which we can understand only in the terms of our own world, and which therefore, can only express phases or aspects of their real capacities. Not being limited by time or space, they can go with the speed of thought instantaneously, from any place to any other place, by a simple act of will. More mysterious still, being in four dimensional space, they can be simultaneously in several different places at once, from the point of view of our space. They can enter closed rooms, see inside of things, including our hearts and minds. They can communicate with each other freely, at any time, no matter where they may happen to be. They can see and hear anything at any part of the earth, or at different parts of the earth at the same time. We can do several things at once. We can eat and read and watch the time, and listen to music simultaneously. A little training enables us to add quite a number of things which we can do at the same time. Having far greater abilities in all directions than we have, and having additional powers of which we know nothing, the Masters can do so many different things at the same time that it appears miraculous to us. They seem omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, and to all intents and purposes they are, so far as we are concerned, but they are not in fact. They have their limits, they get tired; they get overburdened; there are tasks beyond even their exalted strength.

They are the subjects and instruments of Karma; they must work within the limits of the law of cycles; they go with the stream. Man's free will is a perpetual barrier to all their projects and often raises insufferable obstacles to the successful fulfilment of their plans.

Tradition tells us that they meet once a year in formal convention, to receive the instructions of their superiors, and to plan out the work for the coming year. They discuss the state of the world, in all its vast complexities, study the trend of thought and the other activities of the human race; sometimes disagree as to the best course of action, referring the point, in such a case, to the Maha-chohan for decision; and generally assign to each member of the Lodge his task for the immediate future. In order not to get a wrong idea from this, however, it must be remem-

bered that they plan movements that take hundreds, and sometimes thousands of years to mature. They prepare centuries in advance for important departures in human affairs. They guide, direct, control, inspire, encourage, retard all human activities, literature, art, music; science in all its branches, including medicine, philosophy, commerce, war, politics, religion. They concern themselves with races, nations, peoples, governments, societies, and all assembles and associations of peoples; but their great work is done with individuals, for after all it is the individual, the soul, with which they are finally concerned. All these other things are of interest only as they affect the souls of men.

In an effort to describe the essence of their functions, I first thought of using the word *service*. That word certainly is an epitome of their lives and activities; but there is a better, though much misused word, which is even more descriptive, and that is Love.

The Masters are the living exponents of the law of Love, which is the basic law of the Universe. They have been called Masters of Compassion, because they spend themselves, endlessly, ceaselessly, upon mankind, out of compassion for the sufferings of the human race; as they know that all suffering arises from sin, from self-will, from disobedience to the laws of Life, and that the only possible surcease from suffering lies in getting rid of self-will and in making the personal life conform to the divine life. Hence their special interest in the individual. Their activity in other directions, their interest in and guidance of human events and movements, are because of the influence these things have on the individual. Their fundamental concern is with the souls of men. Their interest in outer worldly events is only because of the effect these have upon the souls of men.

They want disciples, for the road to final emancipation is through discipleship, and by no other way whatsoever. Therefore they maintain, always, in the world, a series of agencies which make this appeal to mankind. These agencies vary from time to time, and according to the natures appealed to. The laws of life are interpreted and reinterpreted in an endless variety of ways, so that no single soul shall not be reached by some form of appeal best suited to his needs. They are never discouraged, for they know that in the fullness of time all men will be caught in the net of the Gods, and be drawn home to their eternal Salvation; but their hearts bleed because of man's perversity and self-will, his ignorance and inertia. They do not wish us to be whipped into Heaven by pain and misery, but to travel there joyously and willingly, with heads erect and hearts aflame. They wish us to take Heaven by violence.

Endlessly patient, endlessly compassionate, endlessly wise, they work ceaselessly, in countless different ways, for our salvation. Selfless, impersonal, yet full of personality in the best sense, they are Gods in their divine natures, yet very loving and lovable human beings in their humanity.

This brief sketch would be incomplete if it did not end with an effort to express the unceasing gratitude and recognition which we should bear them for their endless goodness and sacrifice.

C. A. G.



REVIEWS

War Letters from the Living Dead Man, written down by Elsa Barker.* The last number of the QUARTERLY contained several reviews or articles about books purporting to describe the after death states; one by the same author having received special notice, because it attracted particular public attention. It is a graceless task for the reviewer, because such books almost always contain much that is positively offensive, often are actually pernicious, and nearly always are objectionable and misleading. This book is no exception. In spite of its interest, for it is interesting, we believe that it will do more harm than good. The good that it may do is obvious; almost anything that will stimulate mankind's waning interest and faith in the unseen, has merit, and it is quite conceivable that such a work, crude and blattantly pretentious as it is, will appeal to certain grades of intelligence, which would pass by without notice serious works of a more reliable character. The harm it cannot fail to do is less obvious. The book is thoroughly materialistic. That may seem a queer word to use in connection with a work which avowedly deals with the states after death, but it the only word which adequately describes the intensely mechanical and lifeless conditions which are portrayed. There is much talk of God and Devils, of Masters and Demons, of Angels and elementals, but there is no single ray of genuine perception about all these things, from beginning to end. There are pages about love, but never a breath of real feeling. It is sterile, barren, dead.

Two theories may account for this, and for the book itself. One, that the work is from the subconscious mind of Mrs. Elsa Barker. The other, that it really is from the kamic shade of Judge Hatch;—from those remnants and dregs of the late Californian which remain earth-bound for a time after the death of the physical body, and after the soul and the higher principles have passed on to other planes of being. We are not inclined even to speculate as to which of these theories is true, for either accounts for the facts. So would a third possibility,—that the book is a deliberate and conscious fake.

Now the facts are that there is not in the whole book a single statement of anything which could be described as new. It is a hodge-podge of badly digested and misunderstood gleanings from theosophical and spiritualistic literature. Sentence after sentence, phrase after phrase, idea after idea, have the echo and often the actual clothes of the better-known theosophical books; there is nothing anywhere that any intelligent person could not write after six months' study of our literature. Even the errors and misleading statements are the errors and inaccuracies of our pseudo-occult literature. The author, whoever he is, did not know enough to discriminate between his authorities.

The real evil of the work, however, is not its strange blending of partial truth and falsehood; that would be bad enough; its real evil is its casual manner of dealing with sacred things, its total lack of real understanding of Masters, or indeed of anything one can only refer to by that much misused word—spiritual. I suppose most Christians would feel shocked if they heard a Fiji Islander telling

* Mitchell Kennerly, New York. \$1.25 net.

some of his fellow cannibals what he understood of a missionary's description of Christ. It would be crude, it would be materialistic, it would show a complete inability to understand. Combine that with "X's" calm assumption of wisdom and power, and you will get some idea of how the book grates on this reviewer.

And yet it is interesting, perhaps because it is about the War, and almost anything about the War is interesting, even things that are not so. Judge Hatch is strongly pro-Ally. He says that the outer war in the world is only a reflex of the inner war between the forces of Good and Evil. So far so good. But when he interviews the particular devil that is the real inner self of the German Emperor we marvel at his credulity. When he interviews the Devil himself, and worsts him in verbal argument, we—well, we relieve our feelings by writing this review.

Theosophy, Theosophy, what crimes are committed in thy name!

JOHN BLAKE.

The Meaning of Prayer, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Professor Fosdick has a directness of speech together with a virility and wholesomeness of mind that makes his books very appealing, and clear beyond ordinary attainment. The need for a popular and at the same time sound book on prayer has long been felt. Most of such treatises are Roman Catholic; while the Protestant are too often uninviting and uninteresting. Professor Fosdick's book is un-Roman and is distinctly "alive," to use an expressive slang word. It is arranged for daily reading under weekly chapter headings, with a summary of each week's thoughts. Plentiful illustration from daily life or popular biography aptly applied, is used, often with striking effect. Many lovely bits of verse and choice prayers are quoted, while the Bible selections are unusually well-adapted to elucidate the theme.

The book is primarily addressed to the large class of honest doubters—those of us who at best have "vague groping after a God outside of us which so often ends in the futile feeling of having talked to empty space." It is not much use to discuss with such people the higher attainments in spiritual realms; their usual highest value in life is an appreciation of nobility in man, and for them prayer at the start is only an exercise to strengthen the better and higher sides of their nature. So, "Prayer is the innermost form of the fight for character," says Professor Fosdick in his chapter "Prayer As A Battlefield." This recognition of a limitation in a large element of mankind, and the speaking to their condition, is an essential advantage of this work; but when Professor Fosdick goes on to state "Generally, if not always, it is quite impossible to distinguish between the voice of God and the voice of our own best conscience and ideals. They are not to be distinguished"; we cannot agree. It would seem that here he failed to realize what is fundamentally the indispensable in prayer—God and the Master. The whole of his method and appeal leads us to just this inevitable step of reaching personal and conscious communion with our Master, with God; and then a prejudice against, or lack of understanding of, the true mystic experience raises an unsurpassable barrier beyond which he cannot take us. In an earlier chapter he has said "So men think that God is, but they never have *met him*. They never have come into that personal experience of communion with God which says: '*I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee.*'" (Job 42:5)." But in common with so much of modern thought, these seemingly simple and clear statements by men who claimed and demonstrated their power of prayer by the lives they led, are not really believed. Communion with God is felt to be little more than getting a soothing or invigorating force out of space; personality, individual consciousness, are considered the peculiar possession of men, and apparently do not and cannot exist in the spiritual world, or be possessed by its denizens.

With this limitation—for such an attitude certainly restricts prayer to the more elementary stages—Professor Fosdick has made a very real and a very

helpful contribution. The average man who will read at all, will be forced to relinquish certain preconceptions, and to acquire a respect for the pragmatic value of prayer. For those who have already made some attempt to pray, the chapter on "Hindrances and Difficulties" contains much of value and many helpful suggestions. Above all the book is provocative of serious thought and a searching of self. One's own attainment, reflected in the discussion of the text itself, is measured up to the standards of other men, with the inference that if other men could do this, we too should be able and willing. Prayer is made attractive even though hard; lives are seen to be enriched and ennobled wherever prayer is a dominant factor.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

The Ritual of the Mystery of the Judgment of the Soul, from an ancient Egyptian papyrus, translated and edited by M. W. Blackden, S.R.I.A., VII^o, and published for the Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia. The Author has attempted to piece together this ritual of initiation, which he thinks is "for the benefit of the Living, rather than Priestly practices for the benefit of the Dead," from frequently recurrent fragments found in the Ancient Egyptian "Book of the Dead." He thinks that it was, "in all probability, the final gateway into that degree of Initiation, where the traditional Esoteric Wisdom of Egypt was taught and its methods practised by the initiate,—thus its great importance." We do not agree with this latter conclusion. Such rites of initiation are not published, nor are they available even in old manuscripts. That this Ritual here translated may be, however, one used in the exoteric schools of the later Egyptian priesthood is quite possible, and therefore of distinct historical interest. The translator labours under the difficulty of having no key with which to interpret the vowel and consonant sounds that stand for names, or, more truly, that are symbols representing qualities and faculties on the inner planes; and so his translations do not seem always very convincing. The lack of unity and general vagueness of the Ritual itself would point either to the absence of understanding on the part of a degenerate priesthood ignorant of the true rites and their meaning, or to incomplete documents.

From the point of view of occult lore the book has little value; for the student of religious history it might contain some hints.

J. B., JR.

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—F. W. Faber.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION 195.—*“What is the true function of government. Ought the State to provide public schools? If so, what ought to be the relation of such schools to religion?”*

ANSWER.—This question raises one of the points that has been debated by political and social philosophers from time immemorial. There is every shade of opinion from the philosophical anarchist who argues that there should be no government at all, to the socialists who wish to carry government control to an extreme that will cover every department of life. The middle path seems to be Herbert Spencer's view that government should provide each citizen with the fullest degree of liberty to exercise all his faculties which is compatible with an equal liberty to every other citizen. This would mean that government was little more than a sublimated police power.

Who, in the name of Theosophy, is going to be rash enough to try and settle this age-long dispute. Indeed, what *is* the truth, and have we any means of discovering it?

Arguing from the analogy of a family, as the human social unit, the duties of the ideal father require that he should have absolute wisdom and therefore absolute power, exact absolute obedience, and direct every conceivable activity of those in his charge. He would give each individual as much liberty to exercise his faculties as was compatible with like liberty to the other members of the family, and so far, would comply with the modern idea of the true function of government, but with this very important addition; he would have a direct, personal duty in the spiritual and moral well-being of each member of his family, and would, therefore, use his power and authority to direct, control and curtail their activities wherever they would harm themselves as well as wherever they would harm others.

The family developed into the tribe, and the tribe into the Nation, but the form of government did not change. The early rulers combined the functions of King, Judge, Priest and General in their own persons. It was often difficult to determine which of these functions was the most important. It varied according to circumstances. In the course of time, as populations increased and the duties of the ruler became greater and more complicated, he had to delegate part of his function to others. Probably the first power to be delegated was military, for old age and physical disability would often prevent the ruler from exercising this function. In time the duties of all four functions of government had to be assigned to others and viceroys, governors, judges, priests, teachers and generals were developed. The theoretical source of authority and power was still the Sovereign and indeed has remained so to the present day, whether the Sovereign is a King, or is what, in modern phraseology, is called the “Sovereign people.” Practically all Kings are still titular commanders-in-chief of armies and navies. Many Kings are still the titular heads of the national religion, such as the Tzar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey. Some Kings are still the ultimate source of the legal and juridical power, though this branch of government has become so highly special-

ized and technical as to compel a division of function that amounts to a real and complete separation.

It is, however, in religion that we see the greatest change. Modern states, under the influence of atheism, materialism, and ignorance, have sometimes insisted upon a complete divorce between the State and religion. The results, always lamentable in the long run, are nowhere more apparent than in education.

Education is, of course, a function of religion, which in turn should be one of the chief concerns of the State. The unhappy result, in modern times, of a State controlled system of unreligious education, is so far from satisfactory, that educators all over the world—save in the Catholic Church—are searching frantically for a solution in every direction but the right one.

With things as they are, granting the impossibility, in any reasonable time, of correcting the fundamental mistake, the nearest approach to a satisfactory compromise would be to abandon most of the public school system and allow each religion to maintain schools which should be granted State aid, and which, necessarily, should be under State control as to common standards and final examinations.

A specific reply to the first question is much more difficult, but if one were to attempt to state the general laws, they would be something like the following:

(a) A government should have power to exercise such control as is required for the best interest of those governed.

(b) The amount and character of this control depends entirely upon the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual condition of those governed.

(c) It is obvious that no one needing control is capable of determining what the nature and amount of such control should be.

(d) Consequently we are thrown back upon authority imposed from without. As no existing body of men would be willing for any length of time, to accept the self-constituted authority of other men, or another man, we are driven back to the inner world as the only acceptable source of ultimate authority.

(e) In the days of old, the Lodge spoke to men and told them through its agents, the prophets, what government they should have. Sometimes they accepted this dictum and sometimes they did not. They were always sorry when they did not. Now-a-days there is not any generally accepted means whereby the denizens of the spiritual world give their advice to man. Therefore, the general consensus of opinion and instinct would appear to be the only source of authority that would be acceptable.

(f) As the selfishness and moral perversity of man make his opinions and instincts very unreliable guides, we reach an impasse from which there is only one way open, and that is to suffer the consequences of wrong forms of government, until mankind is raised morally and spiritually to a point where the inner world can again reveal its will to man in some manner that will be accepted as authoritative.

(g) Like every other human problem, therefore, this whole question of government comes down to the simple question of character; to our relations to the spiritual world; and it cannot be solved by any short cut, or special man-made form of government.

It is highly probable that the Lodge, in its wisdom, would decree very different forms of government for different kinds of people, at different periods in their national career. It would be a bold man who would be willing to state that any of the recognized forms of government is the ideal one. The most we could safely do would be to say that, by analogy the system in use in the Lodge itself must be the ideal one. So far as we know that is a combination of all three types, that is, it is at once, an absolute monarchy, an enlightened aristocracy and a perfect commonwealth or democracy.

The world has never seen such a compound. The English government comes nearest to it, for it at least contains an element of each type; but, in essence it is

democratic; the aristocratic element, the House of Lords, having little real power, while the monarchical element is conspicuous by its impotence. The political genius of the future will be the man who can devise a well-balanced and workable combination of these three elements. Perhaps the very fact that the world needs such a form of government, means that the time is ripe for its discovery and use.

X. Y. Z.

ANSWER.—The most philosophical of English statesmen, Edmund Burke, writes: "Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters." The true function of government would thus seem to be to prepare men for freedom by giving them moral discipline. The formation of character would be its chief aim. It is only in recent times that character has been narrowly limited to the mind. The great contemporary emphasis upon mental education neglects other more important parts of man's make-up, and, in the effort to develop one part of man's being, does so disproportionately and, in consequence, distorts his whole being. A man's true education is that which makes for moral development. Do not our schools, as they now exist, often thwart rather than foster moral development?

S. M.

ANSWER.—Perhaps to one starting on the Path it might be regarded as a means by which all men may give the other man his chance—to protect him in doing his duty. It would certainly not be "the true function of Government" to exist for any "me" but always for some "you." In other words Governments ought not, it would seem, to ape the Prussian ideal of a force-moulded citizen but the Christian ideal of a self-sacrificing, self-developed citizen. As to schools—would not the answer be "Never, if it pauperizes"? The free schools of America's pioneer days represented self-sacrifice by parents. So did, and do, religious schools. Does not the modern public school mean that you and I are pauperizing ourselves and our children by educating them at the expense of others, and not by self-sacrifice? What are you educating your child for? If for character development, is not religion the vital food he needs? Educating a child without religion seems to me reproducing the schooling of a trained pig. "Toby" is an interesting vaudeville performer but hardly an ideal citizen. If an individual opinion be desired I should say that it would be infinitely better for nation and people to have no public schools whatsoever than to have the modern, materialistic, irreligious school, with its development of self-will, its training in self-assertion and its exposition of "rights" instead of "duties." In other words I would prefer to have my sons unable to read, but ready to follow the Master, than to have two little trained pigs—however "cute and cunning"—and well-fed!

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—The true function of government would be on the one hand the complete and conscious expression of God's will on earth, and co-operation with that will; and on the other, the discipline and education of the people to obey, love, and in their turn co-operate with God's will. If this be true, the State should provide public schools, which in the nature of things should teach religion. These schools would have to represent all types of religious practice, would have to meet the many and various demands of differing minds and characters; but being founded on God's will, there would be a fundamental unity of purpose and essentially similar methods, however various the outer means used to accomplish the ultimate end. From the view-point of the Higher Self, education without religion is more of a detriment than a help.

J. B., JR.

QUESTION 196.—*Have read the QUARTERLY with more interest than other Theosophical publications, and should like to have following questions answered. Precisely and authoritatively.*

1. *In article entitled "The Holy Spirit," reference is made to some definite "initiation" ceremony through which Paul went at Cenchrea. Hinted in Acts 18, Bible. Was that what Theosophical authors, etc., consider made him an "initiate," in sense he is often called "initiate" or "Christian initiate"?*

2. *Into what system of esoteric revelation or body of disciples, or "initiates," was he there "initiated," specifically?*

3. *When he is called "initiate" by Theosophical authors, etc., is it meant that he was member of some esoteric society, such as one of various Greek sects or orders, Chaldean groups of philosophers, etc., outside of Christianity; or what sort of "initiate" was he?*

4. *In article under head of "Notes" referring elaborately to contest between "White Lodge" and "Black Lodge" in human affairs and particularly by suggestion to European war, evil is represented as being caused by "devils" or "Black Lodge," much in same way as taught by orthodox Christianity. Is not that representation outside of and contrary to Theosophical teachings as generally accepted?*

5. *Does not Theosophy teach that "evil" is simply workings of one of three Logic outpourings (2nd, if am not mistaken), resulting in animalistic tendencies, passions, etc.; in other words, that "evil" is phenomena depending on "Logos," or God, and not on any "devil" or antagonist of God? (Consult article on Theosophy in Americana Encyclopedia, latest edition.)*

ANSWER.—In response to your inquiries:—

1. No one can answer questions about Theosophy, or the Theosophical attitude, "precisely and authoritatively." Theosophy means "Divine Wisdom," and whoever is presumptuous enough to answer in such a name thereby proves himself unfit and unworthy to be listened to. All any one should do is to say "Thus have I heard," "This is my opinion," "This is what I think at present."

2. A person is an "initiate" because he *is* something, not because he has *done* something, or because he has passed through some ceremony. He could not have passed through any real ceremony until after he was the thing the ceremony represented. We cannot safely attach any definite connotation to the words "initiate" or "initiation." At the most they mean that the subject has reached a certain degree of spiritual enlightenment, but we should have to be familiar with the different degrees of spiritual enlightenment in order to understand what that fact represented.

3. There is only one spiritual life, but there are countless roads to it; and innumerable organizations, formal and informal, have attempted during the period of history to embody and represent some portion of the truths of the spiritual life. Whether or not Paul was a member of one or more such organizations that existed in his time, I do not know. He may have made a point of joining all of them, for such good as he could get out of them, or could do to them; or he may have taken the other road and refused to have anything to do with any of them. It makes no difference. In any case he obeyed his Master. That we do know. He had the real thing, actual personal knowledge of and experience in the spiritual life, so he *was* what these organizations talk about.

3. Answered by what is said above.

4. As I understand it, evil is caused by the free will of man and comes about by disobedience to Divine law. In the course of time a body of evil is created by this accumulating disobedience. It is possible to place one's self on the side of this accumulated evil and work with and for it. Such a person is a "devil," or a "black

magician" or anything you like; those are only words or names. He can grow in knowledge and power, for a long time; and can reach great heights of wickedness. Fundamentally there is no difference between the Christian and the Theosophical view of evil. In so far as they approximate the truth they must approximate each other.

5. Everything in the manifested universe emanates from the Logos, but it does not seem to me correct to say that evil is an outpouring of the Logos. I am not familiar with the article on Theosophy in the *Americana Encyclopedia*. If it is as inadequate and misleading as similar articles in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and other reference books, I should not rely upon it.

After all, one goes to an encyclopedia to get a short statement of facts regarding which one is ignorant or which one has forgotten. Theosophy has to do with life itself; it is a way of living. Your questions also have to do with life, with Paul's life and with that portion of it which transcended the life experience of the average man. How may we hope to find such answers in an encyclopedia? The answers are to be found, however, and found completely where Paul found them, in living the life. J. B.

QUESTION 197.—*Is faith acquired or is it a gift granted only to certain people or is it latent in every one?*

ANSWER.—Faith was defined by St. Paul. Like every other faculty, it is a gift from the gods. To be more accurate, it is a gift from the Master on whose Ray we depend. It is part of our humanity. On the other hand, it is "acquired" in so far as failure to use, to exercise any faculty—whether physical, mental or spiritual—results in loss of function. Therefore we should cultivate the faith that is in us. E. T. H.

QUESTION 198.—*How can one best avoid reactions? Is it well to try to avoid over-much fervor when experience shows that a correspondingly great reaction inevitably follows?*

ANSWER.—No; do not try to avoid over-much fervor. Try to improve the quality of your fervor. Reactions are due to the imperfections in our fervor—to the alloy of self which we mix with the gold—not to the fervor itself. We are inclined to accept a feeling of fervor as necessarily good. This is a mistake. We should learn to recognize "human vapors" as distinguished from spiritual graces. We should ask the Master (the Great Soul whom we may believe to be our own Master) to take *all* feelings and emotions as they arise within us, and to make them pure within himself. "Take this mood into Thy heart, and purify it," should be our constant prayer.

It may further be said that the only way to conserve fervor and to avoid reactions is to see to it that our aspiration is followed invariably by some particular resolution, and that this particular resolution is specifically obeyed. (It should be a resolution concerning our conduct that very day, in a particular place, at a particular time or times.) The higher meaning of the saying, "We should lead our own reactions," is that we should dominate the "back kick" and turn the force of it into a channel of our own choice—which ought to be the particular resolution representing, on this plane, the fruit of our meditation. E. T. H.

QUESTION 199.—*"Look within for light." What is its real meaning and what is the best, the most practical way for an interested beginner to do it?*

ANSWER.—Most people confuse "inward light" with inclination. Because they wish to do a certain thing they persuade themselves their own wish is the will of

God. One would do well to assume, in the beginning, that one's own wish is in opposition to God's will, probably. The only inward light that the beginner can have is that which he has assimilated, in other words the duties he has done. Let him consult an adviser or friend (his wife, mother or some member of his family) about how he is performing his duties. The counsel given in response to his question will be his next light. When he has worked that into the fibre of his being he can again examine his performances and from the light so derived make further questionings.

S. M.

ANSWER.—The universe is a going machine. There is some impelling, driving force. We share it. We manifest it. So does every stick and stone. So does all organic life—animal and vegetable alike. But man does have something differentiating him from all the rest of the universe of which he is part. This is not merely the ability to laugh—a power no animal shares, a power perhaps expressing the quality of detachment—it is the power to choose; it is the recognition of the difference between right and wrong. This is the quality that is Godlike, Godgiven. Use it. There is no situation in life where, if one be honest with one's self, we may not find this recognition. Use it. If it prove befogged with doubts and "scruples"—"the devil using the subtleties of the mind" so that one may not see the light but only be conscious of its diffusion—why not seek a pilot? There must be some experienced person, free from similar devilish subtleties, to whom you may turn.

S.

ANSWER.—The Master Christ called Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He also said "I am the light of the world" (*Jn.* viii, 12). *Light on the Path* tells us to "seek the way by retreating within," and again, paradoxically, to "seek the way by advancing boldly without"—by "devotion, by religious contemplation, by ardent progress, by self-sacrificing labor, by studious observation of life." Then it says "Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life." Is there not a connection of thought here, valuable as an answer to the question? The Master is the light; but we too are destined to be the Sons of the Father, "called to be saints," inheritors of the kingdom of light, temples of the indwelling Spirit which brings us to consciousness in the spiritual world. The first practical step would seem to be the acquiring by reading and meditation of a belief in this reality of the Master's life in us, His Spirit as light-giver in our hearts. Then we must carry this belief into daily life, extracting from experience—"by studious observation of life, by religious contemplation, by self-sacrificing labor"—the only proof absolute and final life itself has to give,—that this light in ourselves is really light and not darkness. In other words, we must take the highest light—the firmest beliefs, the surest knowledge—that we have, and *live it out*. By this we learn, by this we test our light, by this alone do we acquire confidence in the premonitions of mind, of heart, of conscience, of the Spirit of the Master Himself in us. Religion, Theosophy, is not theory, it is a life. Light will come from the living: by no other way does it come. An "interested beginner" must become an "actively interested beginner" before he can enter practically within and get the Light unclouded and undistorted by mental prejudice, preconception, and the fallibility of inexperience.

N. B.



T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION.

TO THE BRANCHES OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 21 Macdougall Alley, New York City, on Saturday, April 29th, 1916, beginning at 10.30 A. M.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are requested to send proxies. These may be made out to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, 165 West Twelfth Street, New York City, or to any officer or member of the Society resident in New York or who is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Notice is hereby given that two alternative Amendments to the Constitution will be proposed for the consideration of the Convention, as follows:

Amendment A, to be proposed on behalf of Mr. Paul Raatz and seventeen members of the Berlin Branch:

“A copy of all resolutions, not of a formal character, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the Executive Committee six months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee.”

The intent of this Amendment is stated to be “that members may be informed of resolutions to be acted on at the Conventions of the Society.”

Amendment B, to be proposed by Messrs. Charles Johnston, E. T. Hargrove, and H. B. Mitchell, as a substitute for Amendment A.

“A copy of all resolutions, affecting the policy, principles, or platform of The Theosophical Society, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the

Executive Committee three months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee."

The intent of this Amendment is stated to be the same as that of *Amendment A*, but to render the language thereof more precise and to make the length of the required notice conform to that specified in Article IX of the Constitution as sufficient for the amendment of the Constitution itself.

ADA GREGG,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

February 28th, 1916.

THEOSOPHICAL MEETINGS

Meetings of the Branches of The Theosophical Society, at which there is discussion of Theosophy, and to which visitors are invited, are held as follows:—

Cincinnati—Room 513, Odd Fellows Temple, Seventh and Elm Streets; Tuesday evenings, at 8 P. M.

Denver—1045 Clayton Street, first and third Sundays in each month,* at 4 P. M.

Detroit—144 Palmer Avenue, West; every other Sunday evening, at 7.30 P. M.

Los Angeles—205 Columbia Trust Building; Sunday evenings, at 8 P. M.

Middletown, Ohio—906 George Street; second and fourth Wednesdays, at 8 P. M.

New York—21 Macdougall Alley (between Eighth Street and North Washington Square, turning out of Macdougall Street); alternate Saturday evenings* (April 8th, 22d; May 6th, 20th; June 3d), at 8.30 P. M.

Oakland—1085 Bella Vista Avenue; Sunday afternoons, at 1.30 P. M.

Providence—*Providence Branch*: at 11 Snow Street; Sundays, at 4 P. M.

Providence—*Hope Branch*: Room 112, 44 Franklin Street; second and fourth Sundays, at 8 P. M.

Syracuse—14 Lyndon Flats, James Street; Tuesday evenings, at 8 P. M.

Washington—Walton Apartment, S. E.; Thursday evenings, semi-monthly.

Branches desiring to have their public meetings regularly included in the above list are requested to send the necessary information to the EDITOR.

* Except during the summer months.

CORRESPONDENCE

Arvika, Sweden, the 4. 12. 15.

To the editor of QUARTERLY, Brooklyn:

It seems me that the articles under the title "On the Screen of Time" in the last QUARTERLY are quite impossible for me to understand from theosophical point of view.

I suppose that the outlines of the whole are surely drawn very different from the views of the West than from that of the North. How it appears from the East I am very anxious to hear, yet I believe that the judgment from that place neither is coming *too* early nor passionate as a complete condemning of only one part.

Yours truly,

G. A. FJAESFAD.

I beg you kindly to publish this in the next QUARTERLY.

AN EASTER PRESENT

Fragments, Volume II

by

CAVÉ

The second volume of *Fragments*, by "Cavé," will be ready for distribution on April 15th, in type and binding similar to the first volume. Price, 60 cents. Orders should be sent to:

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