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15-2743
27/12/19

JULY, 1917

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THEOSOPHY AND WAR

HOW many of those who read the title, "Theosophy and War," have a feeling of wonder that members of The Theosophical Society can countenance war; since our First Object contains the words, "a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race?" Is there not a flagrant contradiction in the fact that The Theosophical Society in Convention has just passed resolutions enthusiastically endorsing the entry of the United States into the war against Germany? Yet as much as two years ago, an earlier Convention passed resolutions urging that very action, and urging it precisely in the name of our First Object, precisely in the name of universal brotherhood; and we, members of The Theosophical Society feel triumphant at the decision of the United States; we feel enthusiastic gratitude for the splendid majorities by which both the Senate and the House of Representatives have voted for that action and have proclaimed the obligation of universal military service, in this righteous war.

Is there not, seemingly, a flat contradiction in this? For many people, perhaps, there is. And our present purpose is, to make clear that there is no contradiction; that we are bound, by the spiritual principles which we support and which bind us together, to take just this action; that, in a profoundly real sense, this is pre-eminently our war.

A closer reading of the First Object of The Theosophical Society will suggest, what is the deeper truth: that we do not hold that the universal brotherhood of humanity is already existent, manifest in the present life of the nations. It does exist eternally in the heavens; but it is up to the present made manifest only in the spiritual world; only in the Lodge of Masters, in whom so many of us believe. We believe in a spiritual brotherhood, a brotherhood of our immortal souls, not a material conglomerate; our First Object is, "to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity," to be realized in the far distant future; not to proclaim a brotherhood already existing.

On what spiritual principle must that future brotherhood be founded? On the principle of spiritual liberty, the liberty of each soul, of each group of souls, of each nation, to unfold and develop in freedom, according to its own inherent divine character, its own inner divine nature, the revelation of which has been entrusted to it by the Supreme Eternal. In this sense, the spiritual character of each man, each group, each race and nation is sacred; the unfoldment of that inner, spiritual nature according to its own law and individuality, is a most sacred obligation. We are, therefore, opposed to the levelling internationalism which would obliterate distinctions of race, as we are opposed to movements which seek to obliterate the spiritual difference of sex, and for identical reasons. Unless there be difference, there can be no harmony, no melody even; nothing beyond the monotonous strumming of the tom-tom. Harmony and melody are possible, just because the seven notes of the scale, and the scales themselves, have each one its profoundly distinctive character, wholly unlike any other. And we look for the fine music of that larger harmony which God will play on the seven strings of the races of men. The differences of these races spring from, and make manifest, in the belief of many of us, the deep, eternal differences between the seven Rays of the Logos, the everlasting Word of God.

Therefore, in our profound conviction, there is no elect and chosen race to which the All-Highest has given to dominate other races, to deny and obliterate their national spirit, to force them into a hard monotony. In this sense, there can be no "chosen people"; though there may be races elect through heroism and the power of sacrifice. Therefore this war against Germany and Germany's coadjutors is pre-eminently a Theosophical war; because Germany and the German spirit are based upon a dogma which cuts at the root of our faith; because Germany seeks with brutal violence to break the strings of the divine instrument, to make the eternal harmonies forever impossible, to replace them by the harsh monotone of the savage's tom-tom.

It is well worth while, at this point, to demonstrate this German dogma; to show that the brutalization of other races is not merely the boast of her bragging generals, but the cardinal principle of her national creed, the first principle of her spiritual life, if one may apply that word to a principle which directly violates the deepest spiritual law. The seeds of the German evil were sown precisely by those men who are exalted as the supreme revealers of the German spirit: by Kant, by Fichte, by Hegel, who prepared the way for Nietzsche, for Treitschke, for Bernhardi.

As concerns Kant, a Frenchman who has studied him profoundly, in the clear and critical spirit of France, has recently written: "As for the *Critique of Pure Reason*, the fundamental and irremediate distinction between the 'I' and the 'not-I' ends by discrowning science of

its character of certainty, and by dethroning reason. Our supposed incapacity to conceive the essence of things and beings imposes upon us the state of doubt, of phantasy, of permanent arbitrariness, benumbs us as regards the external world, and loses itself, now in a gloomy and sulky scepticism, now in a haughty refusal to come to a conclusion. It is the school of mental paralysis, of dreams that lose themselves in the void, of chimeras regarded as divine. Everyone has his cloud-zone, his refusal to come to an understanding on certain fundamental principles which are neither restrictive nor prohibitive, his refusal to be bound (religio). . . . All the systems founded on the sensible to the detriment of reason owe their origin to Emmanuel Kant. He is the father of that squinting view, of what I shall call that mental double-vision, which decomposes the aspect of life, of the real, into two elements thenceforth incapable of coming together again: the conceiver and the conceived, the perceiver and the perceived. . . . We know whither leads, and has always led and will lead, this road: to individualism. . . . This is strikingly conspicuous in the very text of the fundamental law of Practical Reason: 'Act in such a way that the maxim of the will may at the same time have validity as a principle of universal legislation.' . . . In the wake of these words come Fichte, Stein and Bismarck, the militant nationalism which springs from the Kantian criticism by the extension of the sacred and inviolate 'ego' to the German nation."

The extension of the sacred and inviolable "ego" to the German nation was elaborated by Fichte and Hegel. Fichte, in his Addresses to the German Nation, delivered in Berlin in the winter of 1807-1808, carried Kantian individualism forward to the bellicose conception of the necessary predominance of the German state. One of the old tribal Teutonic names was "Alleman"; Fichte bases on this name the dogma that the German is "All-man," essential humanity. His famous Addresses preach that the Germans must dominate humanity, because their All-manism gives them "the power to reach everything and to absorb everything in their nationality." He affirms that Germany is "the chosen people." Germany is not a people; Germany is The People. In speaking of Germany, one should say: The People, as one says, The Bible. Germany is The Race, not one race among others but the typical race. Germany is Humanity, because Germany alone retains the primitive model of man, which has been defaced in other lands.

Germany is Humanity. . . . Here, then, according to Nietzsche, another prophet of theirs, is the portrait of that Divine Man: "those very men are to the outside world, to things foreign and to foreign countries, little better than so many uncaged beasts of prey . . . they revert to the beast's innocence of conscience, and become rejoicing monsters, who, perhaps, go on their way, after a hideous sequence of murder, arson, violation, torture, with as much gaiety and equanimity as if they had merely taken part in some student gambols. . . ."

Deep in the nature of all these noble races there lurks unmistakably the beast of prey, the blond beast, lustfully roving in search of booty and victory. From time to time the beast demands an outlet, an escape, a return to the wilderness . . . Germany is Humanity. . . .”

Hegel set the keystone on the arch of militant Pan-Germanism. “We Germans have received from Nature,” he said, in his lectures before the Berlin University in 1816, “the supreme mission to be the guardians of the sacred fire, as to the Eumolpides of Athens was confided the preservation of the Eleusinian mysteries, and to the inhabitants of Samothrace that of a purer cult, as in times past the Universal Spirit gave to the people of Israel that from the breast of that people the spirit should come forth renewed.” Hegel proclaimed that the State—meaning, of course, the German State—was absolute power, and should be venerated as incarnate God. Whence it results, according to him, that there are no moral relations between States. From this, it further results that each State, in determining its conduct, can consult only its own interests and its own power. Victory is, for the people that wins it, the irrefutable proof of its right to conquer. History, which records the struggles, the defeats and victories of peoples, is the judgment of God Himself. This Hegelian gospel is thus rephrased by the German philosopher of history, Treitschke: “God no longer speaks to princes by prophets and by dreams; but there is a divine vocation wherever an occasion is presented to attack a neighbor and to extend one’s own frontiers.” The Pan-German prophet, Bronsart von Schellendorf makes this quite concrete: “We proclaim from henceforth that our nation has a right not only to the North Sea but to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic as well. So we shall annex successively Denmark, Holland, Belgium, the Franche-Comté, northern Switzerland and Livonia; then Trieste and Venice, and finally the north of France, from the Somme to the Loire. . . . We must not lose sight of the task of civilization laid upon us by the will of Heaven.” Finally, Maximilian Harden: “Germany strikes! When she has subdued new realms for our genius, the priests of every faith will bless the God of War.”

So the gospel of the German War Office, which showed its faith by its works—in Belgium—is likewise the gospel of the German philosophers, of the German universities. It is equally the teaching of the German church, as is demonstrated by a book of sermons recently translated, with the title, “Hurrah and Hallelujah!”, which, among other startling blasphemies, teaches that “Humanity is to be redeemed by the Passion of Germany.”

This, perhaps, makes sufficiently clear that the German gospel is a negation of fundamental spiritual law, and will, if logically put in force, lead to the spiritual annihilation of Humanity. So it becomes equally clear that to this gospel every follower of Theosophy must

stand unalterably opposed. Light and darkness are not more opposed than is Theosophy to this German dogma.

But, it may be said, should not Theosophists limit themselves to a moral and spiritual opposition? Is there not something radically untheosophical in this ardent support of war, even for a righteous end? That plea is, it seems to us, equally bad in religion and in science. Taking the religious standpoint, are we not taught that God, putting all good things within our reach, nevertheless demands that we shall toil and sacrifice to get them; and what is war but the organization of sacrifice and toil? What, after all, is the ultimate weapon of offence, but the human will, inspired by valour, of which all other weapons are but the expressions and contrivances? What is the final power of defence, but the courageous willingness to endure pain and death? A battle, with its guns and steel, simply represents the opposing pressure of two wills; and, hitherto, no other way has been found, in which these two wills can fight their contest. The battles, therefore, fought in France are the direct conflict of the will for righteousness against the will of evil.

Biological science teaches exactly the same lesson. We are deeply indebted to the great and reverent spirit of Darwin for demonstrating conclusively and with fullest detail, that terrestrial activity is a never ceasing "struggle for life," an unrelenting life-and-death warfare, in which the conflicting organisms must at every instant hold their own by fighting, on pain of instant and irremediable death. This warfare goes on, every second, within our own bodies, between the creative and the destructive forces; our medical science has quite clearly shown that maladies, epidemics, plagues are literally battles between the powers of life and the hosts of death. This scientific age of ours which, in its curious blindness, knows more of jellyfish than it knows of angels, which recognizes malefic bacteria but does not yet recognize devils—though certain departments of psychology may be drawing nearer to that recognition—nevertheless sees clearly this fundamental truth: life is war; its warp and woof are woven of everlasting conflict.

God has prepared for us infinite gifts, but on condition that we fight for them and win them; through conflict, every step of progress in material life has been won; through ceaseless life-and-death conflict. With spiritual life, it is exactly the same. If we want spiritual gifts, we shall have to fight for them. If we wish to establish the nucleus of universal brotherhood, we must fight for it, not merely in some theoretical field of argument, but on the battlefield. If a nation has incarnated in itself the active powers of evil, forces which would annihilate the spiritual life of universal brotherhood, and seeks by force of arms to maim and slaughter those who defend that spiritual life, then we must fight our battle on that ground, precisely at the point where the conflict is being waged.

For yet another reason, we who are followers of Theosophy and

members of The Theosophical Society are of necessity at war with Germany: the motto of The Theosophical Society is, "There is no religion higher than Truth;" and against truth, as against the faith of the plighted word, Germany wages ceaseless warfare. One man in Germany, Liebknecht, has had the courage to speak the truth; he is now in prison for it. He boldly said: "This war was begun by a lie; it is being carried on by lies." Maximilian Harden who, in other things accepts the German gospel, nevertheless has the candor to exclaim: "Let us abandon our contemptible efforts to justify Germany's conduct: have done with this lying attempt to deceive the enemy. We did not plunge into this formidable adventure against our will, as a nation set upon. We wanted this war, and we were right in wanting it. . . ." But even he says nothing of the lying attempt to deceive the German people, an effort which is still conscientiously carried on. An effort to deceive the German people; nay, an effort to deceive God Himself. At a solemn Mass, for peace, recently celebrated in Saint Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, the Cardinal officiating, in the presence of the newly crowned Emperor and Empress, entered the presence of God with this same lie upon his lips, a lie twice reiterated in the course of one brief prayer. What more profound unfaith, what deeper insult could be conceived, to the Truth that we revere?

A pathetic, horrible belief in the power of lying; this, and methodical violation of the plighted word of honour, systematic, self-justified breach of treaties, which has given the world that striking phrase, "a scrap of paper." Who, in the last analysis, is the supreme arbiter and guarantor of covenants? Who, but God Himself? Is not the bond between God and man called the first covenant? What phrase did Saint Paul find, best to express the new relation between God and man, established by Christ's death? He called it "the new covenant," and the record of it is called, universally, the New Testament. Such supreme authority is there for the sanctity of plighted faith, the faith which Germany systematically and methodically breaks, whether it be the guarantee of Belgian neutrality or the humane rules of The Hague Conventions, to which Germany is a signatory.

That nation, therefore, seeks to establish a system of world domination on lying, on treachery, on the breach of the plighted word, and equally on systematic defamation. Are we not bound, then, as followers of Theosophy, as members of The Theosophical Society, whose motto is: "There is no religion higher than Truth," to fight against that system to the death, and to fight at every point where the conflict is waged?

But there is, in the minds of many people, a rooted misgiving: the thought that religion necessarily forbids war; that Christ himself has taught that war is necessarily sinful. The Theosophical Society

has, as an additional object, the comparative study of religions. It is, therefore, a fitting part of our task to examine this objection.

It appears to be true that Buddhism absolutely forbids war, and interdicts the taking of any life whatsoever, under any circumstances. But that extreme form of Buddhism equally sets itself against every form of worldly life, and would turn all men into monks and nuns. Let the pacifists, therefore, who take their stand upon this principle, carry it to its logical conclusion, as do the Buddhist devotees; let them not be content to denounce war; let them renounce every phase of worldly and family life and take the yellow robe and the beggar's bowl.

But we may set against this, the older religion of India, in which the Warriors were the highest caste; the religion, whose scripture is the Bhagavad Gita, with such a sentence as this: "There is nothing better for a warrior than a righteous war." And this command was given quite literally, on the field of battle, on the eve of a mighty conflict. The whole of the Gita rings with the command, "Therefore fight!"

We have been told that the young men of our nation are going about downcast, dreading the horror of the trenches—which our allies have endured with uncomplaining valour these three years. This seems to us unjust to a courageous nation; but let us think rather of the splendour of the trenches; the white light of Eternity is beating down on them. The names of those who fall are written in the Book of Life. The Holy Powers will never forget.

Pacifists who entrench themselves behind the teaching of Christ habitually quote the saying, "Resist not evil." It seems to us that they misunderstand it; that the Master's true purpose was this: the Jewish nation had just passed through a period of savage wars; a fierce war lay immediately before it. The Jews had fought savagely, with the bitterest personal hatred, animosity, resentment. It was, we believe, to this feeling that the Master addressed his rebuke, forbidding, not warfare, but personal hatred and revengefulness. And in truth, no feeling is more opposed to the true spirit of the warrior, who must conquer personal feeling, as he must conquer the fear of death, if he is to fight effectively at all.

On the other hand, the highest personal commendation Christ ever gave, was to a soldier, to the centurion full of faith. Was there not then a perfect opportunity to rebuke the warrior's life, had the Master been so minded? Yet not a syllable of rebuke was uttered.

The Master's tremendous sentence has been often quoted: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I am come not to send peace, but a sword." But perhaps it will be said that this is a metaphor, a parable. But surely this is no parable: "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy a sword." One would like to see that sentence blazoned above the doors of the Peace Societies, accredited to

its author. No; pacifists who take a religious ground should quote Buddha, not Christ, but they should follow Buddha to the logical limit. Above all, they should keep away from the Bhagavad Gita. We believe that, concerning Christ, they are completely mistaken. We believe that, in a very real sense, this is Christ's war; that the Powers and the soldiers of the Entente are fighting for the cause of Christ.

Again, there is confusion concerning the duty to forgive "until seventy times seven." Are we commanded to forgive the infamies committed by the Germans, the Austrians, the Bulgarians, the Turks? No; there is no such command. Christ's complete teaching is recorded in the third Gospel:

"If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and *if he repent*, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, *saying, I repent*; thou shalt forgive him."

Neither on earth nor in heaven is there forgiveness for obdurate, unrepented sin. It is an obligation of honour, and of religion, not to forgive, but to exact reparation "to the uttermost farthing." The words again are Christ's.

There is a profound spiritual reason: only through the suffering of completest reparation can the soul of the evil-doer come to full realization of the evil done, and so work off the heavy burden of that debt, and come back again to spiritual health. It is, therefore, a debt of honour which we owe to these befouled and burdened souls, to aid them, by exacting the utmost reparation, to get rid of their lethal burden.

But the warfare of Christ, the warfare of the Spirit, has a far wider range. It touches every part of life, every task and endeavour. And, if we, members of The Theosophical Society, are full of a triumphant thankfulness that the nation among whom The Theosophical Society was founded has entered the war, we have a further object in view, besides the winning of this present conflict, and the crushing defeat of the nations that take their stand on lying, on cruelty, on treachery, on broken faith. For we hold that, as all life is warfare, so the lessons of this active war, now being waged in France, are eternal lessons and are to be applied throughout all life.

For the soldier is perfected through obedience—which is, in the last analysis, obedience to a spiritual principle—courage, discipline, complete self-sacrifice. And these are the requisites of the eternal warfare, the essential conditions of really good work, in any field whatever. Many a man of science is of necessity an ascetic; many have made a practice of fasting, in order to refine the perceptive faculties; while the willing endurance of hardship, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, is the invariable condition of many branches of research. And there must be the still greater sacrifice: the love of Truth for the sake of Truth, the entire readiness

to surrender one's own views and preconceptions, at a moment's notice, before the faint, dawning light of a new truth. This is, in the most real sense, obedience to a spiritual principle; this is true self-surrender. And only through such obedience and self-surrender has any real discovery in science ever been made.

Exactly the same thing is true of art. If a poet seeks inspiration, the divine infusion of the breath of beauty, he must of necessity sacrifice the lower perception to the higher, the lower to the higher self. He must go out of himself into God's idea of beauty, of harmony, of the inner truth of things, thereby informing and transforming the outer. Only when that transformation has taken place, only when outer things have been taken up, dissolved in the light of the spirit, and reformed along eternal lines, does the poet bring forth the substance of genuine poetry. And there must be surrender of the personality to that which is greater, truer than the personality. How was Shakespeare able to create type after type, both men and women? Only by going out of himself, into these other types, and infusing into them the breath of life. And so completely did he do this, that it is almost impossible to find, in his works, his own personality, his private view or preference in anything; in contrast, let us say, with Byron, whose own personality is in everything that he wrote. There is, in Shakespeare, a certain limitation, a reluctance to rise to the immortal part of man, to see the divine Logos in all men; and that limitation runs through all his work, which, therefore, speaks only haltingly to the immortal. So that the greater sacrifice of self, if he had risen to it, would have made him a far greater poet.

This rising to the immortal man, through self-surrender, is the doorway of all the best art. What gives Greek sculpture its supreme value?—what but the fact that it is a revelation of the divine in human form, a visible manifestation of the God in man? And without a real entering into the divine nature, preceded by the completest self-surrender, it would have been wholly impossible for the sculptors of Hellas to have rendered in lovely marble the godlike majesty of Zeus, the dignity and inspiration of Athene, the beauty of Apollo. Why is the painting of Italy supreme? Because it reveals the divine in human form, and with an inspiration, a tenderness, a realization of the beauty of holiness and of sacrifice that even Hellas did not reach.

Discipline too, the ceaseless effort to perform a task in exactly the right way, to attain to perfection in each detail of work, is a necessary element in all success, whether in art or science, in commerce or manufacture. Treatises have been written on the mathematical perfection of the Parthenon, in which seemingly straight lines are really most delicately calculated curves, allowance being made, not only for the pressure and stress of natural forces and the strength of materials, but

also for the effect of parallel or divergent lines upon our vision. What perfection of measurement, of proportion, of anatomy, in an Apollo. What a knowledge of the properties of colours, and of their effects upon each other, in a good Italian painting. And how many discoveries in science have been made, simply by the application of finer and finer measurements, by the conscientious application of what is finely called "chemical cleanness."

And, with sacrifice and discipline and obedience, there must be the most courageous devotion, the vigorous flow of the spiritual will, the immortal man in action through the mortal. Without that tremendous driving force, nothing real or great has ever been accomplished, or can ever be accomplished. And it is because the warrior in a righteous war must fill his heart with obedience, discipline, self-sacrifice and courage, that we believe in the divine revelation through a righteous war. This righteous warfare is essentially Theosophical, a splendid application of the Theosophical life. Take the three rules in *Light on the Path*: "Kill out ambition; kill out the desire of life; kill out desire of comfort." No one can be a soldier worthy of the name, who does not learn these three rules. And in the same inspired treatise, the divine self is called, not the Seer only, but the Warrior.

Because we believe in these principles, because they are of the very essence of true Theosophy, therefore we are heart and soul for this righteous war. Heart and soul, too, for the continued, conscious application of these same principles, when the forces of righteousness have won the war, inflicting final and crushing defeat upon the malignant and treacherous powers of evil. We are wholly consistent, therefore, in our joy and reverent gratitude that the United States is now enlisted in the war, taking a place amid the ranks of those who are fighting in this holy cause. This country has, we believe, high courage, great powers of devotion, though they be not yet fully evoked. But we have much, nay, almost everything still to learn, in self-surrendering discipline; very much still to learn concerning sacrifice. There is to be seen, in the streets of Paris, and of every town in France, a tragical inscription: "Mourning in twenty-four hours." When the hour comes for us too to read the same sign daily and hourly in our own streets, when the black livery of bereavement is as familiar to us, to the men and women and children of America, as it is to all in France, then we shall know something more of sacrifice, of sacrifice as a divine sacrament. And, if we are reverent and full of aspiration, as befits the soldiers in a holy war, we shall so deeply learn this divine lesson, that we shall carry it forward into the days beyond the war, and keep it as a purifying inspiration in every detail and act of life. In this way, this war against the foul and treacherous forces of evil may bring righteousness to reign on earth, and hasten the coming of the Kingdom.

FRAGMENTS

THE disciple starting on the Way seeks three gifts: liberty, life, and happiness. Deep within his soul he finds the desire for them, a flaming desire that burns unquenchably and ever more and more brightly as he contemplates it. Here, at the threshold, appears his first test, a test of his intuitive power to read his own heart, as well as to realize theoretically wherein true satisfaction consists. For the illusions cast upon the Screen of Life, which the untrained mind looks *upon*, not *through*, would tell him, by means of his lower senses, that the road to that which he seeks lies along the flowery path of self-indulgence, where glitter of lights, and blare of trumpets, and thrills of a mysterious excitement invite and fascinate him. All the wondrous mirage of psychic life lies spread before his inexperienced vision, and he is like a peasant boy in the midway of some great city. Here, as I said, at the very inception of his journey, he must possess the ability to discriminate; he must be able to turn off the artificial light of the lower world from the Screen upon which he gazes, so as to see through it to the reality beyond. Then this psychic world of apparent beauty and attraction is reduced to the tawdry ugliness and cheap imitation of the midway in the morning sunshine, possessing no allurements whatever, but sickening in its sights and odours,—empty, dust-blown, desolate. The experienced man of the world realizes these facts of the city's midway even in the midst of the illusions of the night, and so holds himself aloof and is not deceived. To him it represents no temptation: his enjoyments and ambitions are of a higher order, and therefore more intense as well as finer. In like manner, the occultist walks the midway of material life, experienced, balanced, understanding, and, because so completely understanding, never harsh or indifferent.

This truth—that the occultist is the grown-up, cultured, experienced man, in the midst of the ignorant, vulgar crowd of ordinary men, is rarely appreciated.

Before the beginner can have intuitive perception of these simple facts, he must have gained some mastery of his grosser senses; he must be able to hear somewhat above their clamour, to see through their smoke and fog, to free his mind from the vertigo they cause, and thus to think in spite of them. Until he can accomplish this to some degree, he cannot even start upon the Way.

For, at the threshold test, without the power to discriminate, the beginner will most likely plunge into the roaring maelstrom of sensation, fondly believing that the trinity he seeks exists there, and so be caught, perhaps for long periods of time, until the compassionate Law, which reigns even in Hell, casts him up out of its vortex, by the very process of its cyclic churning, and leaves him exhausted, half-dead, upon its margin. The awfulness of it lies in the possibility that life may even be altogether extinct, since for every personality there exists the danger of the "second death,"—only in fact to be avoided if that personality be welded fast to the immortal spirit.

If, however, the disciple starting on the Way, has glimpsed sufficient of these truths to keep him to the right turning (like the level-headed peasant boy who might say to his companions: "I don't intend to go in for that sort of thing; I came here to work and I am going to make the most of my chances"), and so by that fact steps over the threshold of immortal life and passes his first test, he is immediately confronted by an admonition, which may seem to him the denial of all his hopes—bidding him not to work for reward—to seek no results. He knows that liberty, life and happiness are what he desires, and in his eyes they are supreme rewards, worth all the sacrifice he is prepared to make. Without hope of their ultimate attainment, he can see no satisfaction in sacrifice or in labour; and so bewilderment, discouragement, perhaps bitterness overtake him, and he faces his second test, for the proper meeting of which a further enlargement of his perception is required. Many linger a long while over the solution of this problem, waving back and forth in vain endeavours, suffering greatly, held by this second curtain of the Screen and the illusions of the lower world upon it. Others have divined the trick at a flash, and their laugh is echoed back by the angels, as they pass through the mirage of the curtain's folds.

Results? No! If we seek a result, we seek (and find, God help us) a transient thing; for that which ends, which in its very nature *is* an end, cannot be immortal. Therefore the liberty which is a result, cannot be the real, the eternal liberty; nor the life and happiness which are rewards, the everlasting ones we crave. A trinity of Being is our desire, not mere endlessness of extension. We desire fulness of realization, completeness of possession, an eternity of joy, illimitable, inexhaustible consciousness,—God.

A reward is but a fragment of this; a goal, a temporary stop-

ping place, a result, a finality,—on the other side of which there must be a blank or a recommencement.

So our admonition really means this: that we are to seek the whole, not a part; that we are to be content with nothing less than everything. And because we are thus admonished, we find a dazzling promise held before us: encouragement, not its reverse. Also we see our danger: that to seek anything less than the whole, is ultimately to lose even the part. For the reward slips away, becoming stale; the result proves unsatisfactory or dead (unless we stultify our own power of growth, in which case both we and our reward die together).

We become aware that the desires for liberty, for life, and for happiness are the cries of the immortal soul for the God from whom it came; and that we may climb back to that Bliss which is both our origin and our heritage, on the arm of the dear Master whose child we are.

Liberty, therefore, cannot be licence, but consists in self-restraint, leading to complete self-mastery on every plane of consciousness: the self-mastery essential to realization of any kind; the detachment which alone gives perspective, without which sight is myopic to blindness.

Life, to be worth having, must be that which has been laid down in glorious proof of this self-mastery; not the torn bit snatched in a selfish scuffle, too crumpled and meaningless, when won, for any other purpose than to be tossed aside. For one of the paradoxes of life is that we must either surrender it, and so gain it; or else seize it, later to cast it aside because, in the very seizing, we have made it worthless; the divine law being thus unfailingly operative. We can defeat our own ends, but never its ends.

Happiness is the essential fruit of the liberty of renunciation, as it is the heart of life; and it has no smallest participation in the life of self-seeking and anarchy, nor in the excitement which the powers of darkness provide to cover its absence or to deny its existence. Our bodies are made of the roadside dust, but our spirits are made of the stars; and our souls are one with flowers and spring sunshine, and the breath of the summer light, and the colour of the trees in autumn, and the cold whiteness of the mountain snows.

O Lodge of Life, God's treasure house on earth, in thee are locked these mysteries of Eternal Love, safe from the devils of the lower world who storm its heights in vain; safe from the traitors lodging in our hearts,—kept for our heritage forever.

THE HEART OF FRANCE

"When Jesus was come into the temple, the chief priests and the elders of the people came unto him as he was teaching, and said, By what authority doest thou these things? and who gave thee this authority?"

[Jesus replied] "The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."
—*Matthew XXI, 23, 43.*

NOTHING succeeds like success. Since 1870, the nations of the world, idolizing the Prussian conquerors, have gone to school to Germany, with the desire to imitate German efficiency and success in the educational system, in manufactures and trades, in matters musical, artistic and scientific,—even in matters religious, declaring that one's faith should be modified to accord with the most recent speculations of some theological professor. This worship of success—German success—was true of England, of America, and to a considerable extent, of France herself.

To-day the appalling principles of evil that animated the dazzling activities of Germany, intellectual and practical, are revealed to us—if we have eyes open to see through the veils of prosperity and self-indulgence and self-satisfaction.

Principles of Evil! Our blind worship of efficiency and success was misplaced. To-day, we can admire in Germany, and in the Germans, only the zeal and whole heartedness with which they execute their principles: "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

The success that America, since the Civil War, has been worshipping, along with the rest of the world, is the illusion of material prosperity, the fallacy of apparent success. France is destined, however, to strive for real success, to bring to completion the stupendous undertaking of which the Easter Resurrection marks a victorious stage—the establishment, namely, of one law, one will, one realm,—in earth as in Heaven,—and one supreme ruler, Christ the King. The real France has been coming to herself again, during these eye-opening years of struggle with evil. Let us hope she will come to clear recognition of the duty to which, through old vows, she stands committed.

The history of France, its legends and traditions, bear witness to this self-devotion of France to the cause of Christ. A widely accepted tradition narrates that some time after the Ascension, the Jews constrained certain of the most fervent of His followers to board a dismantled vessel and deliver themselves to the mercy of the waves. Among them were the three Maries, Martha, Lazarus and St. John. Con-

ducted by Providence, the bark touched the shore of Provence at the extremity of the Isle of Camargue. The poor exiles, miraculously delivered from the perils of the sea, journeyed throughout Southern Gaul and became the first apostles. One of the Maries withdrew to a cave in the desert of Sainte-Baume, to meditate and to pray. St. John returned to the East. Those who remained received further instruction from the Master upon many points that had been interrupted by the shortening of His brief period of work. Their lives of prayer consecrated the neighbourhood which continued to be their headquarters, and made it, for future generations, a centre of religious life and force. So renowned indeed did it become, that later, the young convert, Patrick, journeyed thither to deepen his hold upon truth, carrying back thence to Ireland and Scotland the impression he received of the Master as a Living Teacher and Friend. The sojourn of the holy band has only the authority of tradition. But even as tradition, we can see in that life of consecration and prayer, a force that contributes toward understanding the inspiration of the first King of France, Clovis. The conversion of Clovis was not that of a savage chieftain who suddenly decides upon baptism for himself and his tribe. Clovis was a statesman. He had unified warring factions, created an entity, a state. Like any other artist, or creator, he did not relish the dismemberment of his production. He had long been married to a Christian Queen; he enjoyed, for years, personal friendship with St. Genevieve; he was not ignorant of the Christian teachings and claims. The kindling of his flame was effected on the battlefield. He knew that the issue of the battle would be decisive either for the destruction or the preservation of the state which he had been instrumental in forming. There are two elements in conversion: first, a recognition of one's own powerlessness against overwhelming odds that seem destined to victory; and, secondly, a recognition of the Master's ability to triumph over those very forces that threaten to crush us. Need, personal need, outer or moral need, brings men to conversion. As I read the story of Clovis's conversion, I interpret it in this way. His personal need and desire—to preserve his state—in a dire strait, drove him to invoke the Man God whose existence he had long pondered. His cry for help, brought him, I believe, some consciousness of the Master's presence, of the Master's human sympathy with his aims, of the Master's compassion for him in his extremity. Then, recognizing the magnanimity of the Master's interest and sympathy, as a great nature would, Clovis threw himself in self-abandonment on that divinely human heart which beats only for the happiness of men, His children. With gratitude, and compassion and love, kindled by these very qualities in the Master, Clovis gave his all to Christ. He did not, as we do, present that vague and damp thing that we think of when we use the word "soul;" he did not reserve for himself all that makes life interesting. Clovis gave himself body and soul, all that he was and had, his treasure, his state. His power of vision was sharpened as his whole past life moved before his

eyes in that moment of extremity. He recognized how worthy indeed his long efforts had been, but, also how small had been his own part in that undertaking. For, with death threatening, he understood facts that before he had misunderstood. He saw that his worthy ambition was not a goal suggested by his own active intellect, but an inspiration given by the Royal Master who endeavours to guide men aright through their own unwise scheming. He saw that his part had not been that of originator, but of executor—he had carried out, in some measure, the designs entrusted to him. He recognized the Living Christ, standing before him, as the Source of all that had made his life worth while—he saw his ambitions proceeding from the mind and the heart of Christ, a part of Christ's beneficent plan for the world. He saw the Living Christ as the Goal toward which all the true desires of his nature tended. In an ecstasy of humility and gratitude, Clovis threw himself before those Royal pierced feet; "This thing for which I have sweated and bled, this people, this nation, this kingdom, it is not mine, O Christ, but Thine. Make it the beginning of Thy Kingdom on earth." Then, rising to his feet, with a sense of vaster issues now at stake,—no longer his kingdom, but Heaven's colony that was to be saved or lost, Clovis rushed into the thick of battle and won.

Such was the conversion and the donation of Clovis! Such was the consecration of France to copartnership with Christ in His work of reclaiming the bad lands of humanity—to make the stone heap and sand stretches of man's heart a blossoming garden. That great unfinished task of the Master's includes not only the vague benefits that we associate with our immortal souls; it includes also instruction in the arts and sciences, in the principles of government, in moral and social virtues and graces—His task is to civilize and humanize man.

An editorial in the *New York Tribune* for March 14th, 1917, headed *France and the Disease of Democracy*, contains these sentences: "The latest crisis in French politics again discloses that disease which has been revealed in all three of the great democracies during the present war crisis. Like Britain, like the United States, France is to-day at the mercy of parochial politicians, elected primarily because of their concern for the selfish and petty interests of their districts and without regard to the questions affecting the life of the nation. . . . Politicians who at a moment of national peril think of their own political fortune and of the power and of the prestige which they deem their right." One may, surely, without discrediting democracy as a whole, turn back to the outgrown monarchical period of France for an example of rulers who were not politicians, men who were forgetful of self-interest, and who led France to give herself lavishly for an ideal. Bernard of Clairvaux and St. Louis! What splendid leadership those names recall! St. Bernard drew men after him to whatever cause it was his duty to champion. How shadow-like contemporary senators and ministers are when we recall Bernard's courage and power! How drab their acts! One longs for personal

heroism to equal St. Bernard's on that early morning in the old church of Aquitaine. He was celebrating Mass; there was a thronging congregation; the Duke of Aquitaine was present. This Duke was opposed to Bernard in an ecclesiastical matter that affected vitally the political situation of France. Conference and argument had failed to change the Duke's opinion. Suddenly, at the moment of the Elevation, Bernard puts the Wafer back on the altar, leaves the Sanctuary, and strides resolutely through the congregation to the Duke's side. The ducal men-at-arms are on guard. Bernard is only a monk—and is in his opponent's fortress. But unflinching and unabashed, he demands of this provincial ruler how long he will keep his King waiting.* The terrified Duke drops to his knees and promises everything—to escape Bernard's intolerable countenance. St. Louis is praised even by a historian who rates men and events from the material standpoint of political economy. "From this time forth," writes Professor J. Moreton McDonald, referring to St. Louis and the Crusades, "wherever she fought, whatever cause she adopted, France stands out as a real nation, endowed with glorious and peculiar national qualities." Is triumphant democracy, in France, in America, in Russia, making herself loved through such noble leaders? "St. Louis made kings so beloved," writes Georges Goyau (of the *Revue des deux Mondes*) "that from his time dates that royal cult, so to speak, which was one of the moral forces in olden France, and which existed in no other country of Europe to the same degree. Piety had been for the kings of France, set on their thrones by the Church of God, as it were a duty belonging to their charge or office; but in the piety of St. Louis there was a note all his own, the note of sanctity."

Joan of Arc is less of a mystery, if one believes that the Master accepted Clovis's donation as simply as Clovis made it. Such a gift involved France in the way of sacrifice, the Way of the Cross. Judging merely from the view point of the world, there are Americans who would conclude that the subjection of France to England, in the 15th century, would not have been an irreparable injury—though, to-day, we unequivocally conclude that the pollution of a square inch of non-Prussian territory by Teuton barbarians is a calamity disgraceful to every non-protesting nation that calls itself civilized. England is a land with the ideals of a gentleman; it is valorous and heroic. It is a worthy thing to spread the ideals and practices of a gentleman; it upbuilds and civilizes. But for all his preciousness—and, in America, one is in no danger of overestimating those qualities which make up a gentleman—there is a vast difference between a gentleman and a Christian. A gentleman may be an incipient or unconscious Christian. But a Christian is a conscious gentleman. Between those two stages, unconscious and conscious, there is a difference like that between the innocence of a child and the purity of a man. A child is morally clean because

* i. e., waiting to descend from Heaven into the Wafer.

it is ignorant of evil ; while a man who is pure has had to learn the existence of and to face all evil, continuing clean, however, in spite of that knowledge. Had France been subjugated by England, she might have had no despicable fate, yet humanity would have lost those qualities and charms which the ideals of a Christian add to those of a gentleman, completing them. For France is the thin end of the wedge that the hands of Heaven are driving through the hardness of this world. To rescue the wedge, the Powers of Heaven sent Joan of Arc against the English, who at that period were threatening the national unity of France.

No other explanation than that explains the mysterious peasant child, who, in the presence of ancient peers, shone with a courtesy which she had learnt, as an old chronicler puts it, in the court of Heaven. Do you know that military experts who have studied the tactics of that 17 year old girl, declare she possessed a knowledge of artillery tactics, worthy of modern times? If she learnt courtesy in the court of Heaven, why may she not also have learned, from Michael and his Angels, military and artillery manoeuvres? St. John, our holy Apostle of love, does not represent Heaven as a conference of pacifists—"there was war in Heaven," he wrote.

A second peasant daughter of France, a 17th century nun, the Blessed Margaret Mary, is less known to us, aliens and Protestants, than is Joan of Arc, only, I think, because her mission and outer life are less dramatic and tragic than Joan's. Her mission is, however, of no less significance. For through her, we have learned again, what we constantly forget, the secret of the Master's continued humanity. He came to her, not in a morbid vision, but bodily, in the chapel and garden of her convent, telling her in plain human words, that He is Man as well as God, and that His human Heart differs from other human hearts in no way save in the excess of its love and desire to be loved. "I thirst for the hearts of men," He said to her. By His direction, that obscure nun sought to reach the great King, Louis XIV, to give him the message from Heaven's King—that the banners of France would triumph when Heaven's symbol, the Master's human Heart, was blazoned with the heraldic devices of earth, and France openly ratified her consecration vows and undertook what her saints and rulers had pledged her to—the adventure of the Cross.

We should be erring gravely to think that this religious fervour and aspiration is a thing of the past, and that modern-day France is only the happy hunting ground of pleasure seekers. France produced as rich a harvest of saints in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth and thirteenth. While the froth of life flecked the streets of Paris, and narrow viewed politicians were turning venerable religious centres like Clairvaux into prisons and workhouses, the religious fire of France burned on, in what monasteries were left to it, and in the homes of the people. In the nineteenth century, among many others, there was Mother Barat, who founded the Order of the Sacré Coeur, with its admirable system of education for women of the upper class. The Carmelite convent at Dijon

trained Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity to a saintly life; and at Lisieux, that other Carmelite flower, Soeur Thérèse, opened in exquisite beauty. How truly gay is convent life, is shown in the pages of her Autobiography. She died in 1897, aged twenty-three. Her letters, her talk, bind contemporary France in with the traditions of the older centuries. What human charm and humour there is in her narrative of spiritual things. Here is an account given by one of the novices whom Thérèse guided with counsel:

“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 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 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 certainly 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."

It is not the convents alone that produced heroic religious souls. There are noteworthy examples of aspiration in the secular life of France. Some individuals of this class have become known through their literary work; others remain entirely obscure. Charles Péguy and Ernest Psichari are among the former. Péguy died leading his division at the Marne. When the call to the colours came, in 1914, he was urged not to volunteer so as to save his talents for his country. With a clear perception of spiritual values, and realizing that, in a truer sense, he would be saving his talents by death in battle, he replied: "What I am about to do is worth thirty years of writing." One aim of his writing was to awaken his countrymen so that they might claim their great inheritance from the past. He held up to the new generation the ideal of nationalism, of a chivalrous and Christian France, continuing in the 20th century the aims which had kindled the saints and heroes of ancient and mediæval years. He wrote of France: "The Pharisee nations call thee light minded, because thou art nimble. But God says: I have weighed thee and do not find thee light in the balance; people that designed the cathedral. I do not find thee wanting in faith; people that invented the crusade, I do not find thee wanting in charity; and, as for hope there is none elsewhere than in France." Péguy's friend, Psichari, who has also given his life in the war, is an even more conspicuous example of reaction against the scepticism that, for a period, was fashionable among the Intellectuals. Psichari was the grandson of Renan. He grew up in his grandfather's mode of thought. Then, as a soldier, he passed through a phase when his religion of doubt failed him—he came out of the struggle, established in the religion of faith. When he died, in the retreat from Charle-roi, he was a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic. He left a record of his intellectual and spiritual development, interwoven with a thin veil of romance, and published as *The Voyage of the Centurion*. Here is a paragraph from that book which describes the awakening realization in Psichari of what his country, France, really stands for, in the history of civilization: "He has been sent there by a people who know well what 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 veil 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 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. . . .'

A diary edited by the Reverend A. Poulain gives a glimpse into the interior of French homes. It reveals a life so different from what most Americans find on the sidewalks of Paris. The volume is a spiritual autobiography; the writer's name is not revealed. She is referred to as Lucie Christine; her life covers the period from 1870 to 1908—what we think of as a decadent and irreligious section of French History. She was the mother of a family, and raised her children dutifully, while, at the same time, leading an interior life of great fervour. Her aspiration brought her some realization of Christ as a living Master and Friend. One entry reads thus: "Jesus came to visit me. . . . I also saw around Jesus the souls of the Elect . . . : interceding for the world, for France, for our congregations." Then there is this: "This morning I asked of Jesus and obtained in Holy Communion that grace of union and of special vision in which my Communion and second prayer of yesterday entirely consisted. By this grace, which I have spoken of for a long time past, the soul sees Jesus in the place of her own poor being and loses the sentiment of her own presence in the Presence of God. She sees with her interior sight the Son of God made Man, the second Person of the Adorable Trinity, with His Two Natures. In place of her own poor being she finds the height, the depth, the breadth, the sublimity of God. She does not see this as if God had expelled her from that place, but as if she had been absorbed and transformed into God Himself; she loses herself in the ineffableness of the Divine Ocean, and has no longer any consciousness of herself except by the exquisite sentiment which this vision, this knowledge which inflames her with love, procures her."

The records of these three individuals, chosen from many, show what was at work, silently in France, before the war came. All of us know what has been taking place since the war began. So splendid is that right-about-face toward religion that many pray, perhaps, that the war may not end, until the conversion of France is somewhat complete, and the whole nation understands its mission as His wedge. The happy sacrifices made by all classes in France will act as a spiritual momentum carrying the nation toward its goal. Misunderstandings of many kinds will clear up, between civic and cleric, between the Catholic nation and the claims of Rome which the nation is not inclined to take too seriously. The nation will reestablish its old direct connection with the Master, as many of its individual citizens have done. How great an advance for

civilization it will be when a single nation shall declare that it is waging war not for democracy, but for Christ's Kingdom! One of the good things brought us by the war is a letter from a priest, a sub-lieutenant of infantry, written on the eve of an advance which he knew would be perilous and in which he did receive a mortal wound. There is no pagan lament or gloom in this farewell to earth, but Christian joy flowing from direct knowledge that for a Christian death is gain. "To die young, to die a priest, as a soldier, during an attack, marching forward, while performing the priestly function, perhaps while granting absolution . . . to give one's life for the Church, for France, for all those who carry in their hearts the same ideal as I do, who are quickened by the same faith . . . and for the others too that their eyes may at last be opened to the light and that they may know the joy of believing: Ah! truly Jesus spoils me! How glorious it is! (Que c'est beau!). . ."

That is the spirit which burns in the heart of France.

C. C. CLARK.

That piety which sanctifies us, and which is a true devotion to God, consists in doing all His will precisely at the time, in the situation and under the circumstances, in which He has placed us. Perfect devotedness requires, not only that we do the will of God, but that we do it with love. God would have us serve Him with delight; it is our hearts that He asks of us.—François de la Mothe Fénelon.

EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

III

PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS: THE FIRST PLANE

THERE is a curious story in the Chhandogya, one of the oldest and most mystical Upanishads, which may be translated somewhat as follows:

The Devas and the Asuras—the angels and demons—both of them sprung from the Lord of Beings, strove together. The Devas sacrificed by offering the syllable Om; by this, said they, we shall prevail. They entered into the nasal breath with their aspiration; but the Asuras pierced it with evil; therefore through this, he perceives both that which is fragrant and that which is foul, for they pierced it with evil. And so the Devas entered voice with their aspiration; but the Asuras pierced it with evil; therefore he speaks both truth and falsehood, for voice was pierced with evil. And so they entered sight with their aspiration; but the Asuras pierced it with evil; therefore by it he sees both that which should be seen and that which should not be seen, for it was pierced with evil. And so the Devas entered hearing with their aspiration; but the Asuras pierced it with evil; therefore he hears both what should be heard and what should not be heard, for it was pierced with evil. And so the Devas entered mind with their aspiration; but the Asuras pierced it with evil; therefore with it he conceives both that which should be conceived and that which should not be conceived, by it he wills both that which should be willed and that which should not be willed, for mind was pierced with evil. And so there is this higher vital breath; the Devas entered this by their aspiration; the Asuras, coming to this, fell to pieces, as something would fall to pieces, by coming against a hard rock. Thus verily, as something coming against a hard rock would fall to pieces, so does he fall to pieces, who desires evil for one who knows this; and he who drives him away, he indeed is as a hard rock. Because of this, therefore, he does not perceive both things fragrant and foul, for he has driven evil away, and whatever he eats or drinks, by this he guards the lives.

The makers of this old mystical tale sought to show, in a parable, which, nevertheless, comes close to literal truth, that this two-sidedness runs through every phase of our physical perception: we see good and evil; we hear good and evil; we will good and evil; we act out good and evil. But there is in us the higher spiritual breath, the spiritual will and intuition; this the devils were not able to enter, but fell back from it, broken to pieces, as some brittle thing falls back broken from

a rock. And this spiritual breath, the power of intuition and spiritual will, nourishes and upbuilds the other powers, building up a dwelling of like nature to itself.

So far the parable. Its application to our subject—the plane or field of physical consciousness—is this: there are, as it were, two layers of our physical consciousness and our physical action, a lower and a higher layer; or, one may say, there are two ways of using each power, a lower and a higher way. The lower way is that which is inspired from beneath—pierced by the Asuras; the higher way is that which is inspired from above, breathed into by the aspiration of the Devas. Or, to put it yet another way, any act can be performed in obedience to either one of two motives: the motive of self-will, which is of the Asuras, the demons; and the motive of divine will, which is of the Devas; these two powers, the good and evil angels, meeting and contesting in every act and perception of ours, and we ourselves having the power to throw the victory to either side, to the Asuras or to the Devas, to the good angels or the evil, according as our motive is self-will or the divine will acting in us.

This sounds perhaps, not merely mystical but even mythical; this contest of good and evil angels in our every act. So it may be worth while to clear the air by showing that biology, the material science of life, recognizes just the same kind of conflict.

All organisms, in the view of biology, all living things, whether they be plants or animals, very simple or very highly developed, go through a series of acts. Plants draw in nourishment through their roots, chemical elements soluble in water, building materials in liquid form, such as ammonia, phosphoric acid, potash; they draw in, through the pores of their leaves, when these are exposed to sunlight, further nourishment from the air, carbonic acid, which is divided into carbon and oxygen; the carbon combining with the hydrogen in the water sucked up by the roots, the oxygen being breathed forth again. And so the plant grows, puts forth leaves and flowers, forms fruit or seed, and thus prepares for a new generation of that same plant.

But besides these evident activities there is a second range of activities, of far finer quality, which can hardly be detected in one generation or even in many generations; but which, in the long run, and when studied in large spaces of time, are seen to be immensely important. By virtue of certain forces—we can hardly yet call them efforts in the case of plants—certain forms of plant life progress; others halt and then retrogress, falling into degeneration. In the forests of the Carboniferous period, there were many kinds of trees. A few of them were the ancestors of the trees in our present forests; many of them have ceased altogether from the earth, or are represented only by dwarfish relations, like the equisetums, the mare's-tails of our marshes. There were, it would seem, in those ancient forests, certain individuals which, by the infinite accretion of small differences, were destined to develop into our present trees. There were others, by no means distinguishable at the

time, which were to fail in these infinitely numerous, hardly perceptible accretions, and were destined, in consequence, to die, to fall out of the battle for life and immortality.

The same thing, in a much more manifest way, in animal life. Biologists trace a line of ascent, up from primal protoplasm to our own bodies, so far the most perfect organism in the world. But, besides the organisms which lie along this direct line in an ascending series, there are other organisms without number, which diverged or fell away from the line by infinitely small gradations; organisms which have either ceased altogether to exist, like the extinct dinosaurs, or which, like the lower animals about us to-day, have taken directions of growth which can never lead up to the highest organic form; so far, they are as complete failures as are the animals which are actually extinct.

There is, therefore, the one line of complete success, the line which, according to biological theory, led up to our own marvellously formed and articulated bodies. There are, on the other hand, the many lines of failure. Each line is the sum of an infinite number of small acts or activities, imperceptible at the time, hardly perceptible even when taken in thousands; but, none the less, quite decisive. These and these acts and activities made for progression along the true line, the line of life and infinite upward progress; those and those acts and activities made for digression, for retrogression, for degeneration, for ultimate death and extinction. The geological strata are storehouses of forms which thus strayed from the path, of lines which have failed of posterity, of extinct peerages in the nobility of life.

So that, for each minutest act or activity, there were two possible ways: the way which would make for progression along the royal line; and the way which would make for digression, for retrogression. These two potencies, these two possibilities, or the forces which determined them, are the angels and the demons of our parable, the Devas and the Asuras. Where the Deva conquered, the activity was realized in such a way as to make for the upward path. Where the Asura won, the activity was carried out in such a way as to make for digression, for retrogression.

So far, the biologists have refused to speculate concerning these Devas and Asuras. They have gone as far as recognizing that these and these activities made for progress, whether they were activities of the whole organism, or activities within the organism—activities of the germ plasm. But they have been chary of telling us why, under what impulsion, the activity turned the one way or the other way. It just "happened" so, and is not susceptible of explanation. So they solve a mystery by a mystery. Darwin built up his whole fabric of evolution out of two things: the occurrence of favorable variations, which gave certain organisms an advantage over their brothers and sisters; and their consequent success, their survival in the struggle for life. Among their progeny again there were more gifted children and less

gifted; there were advantageous variations. Their fortunate possessors once more survived and begat sons and daughters, unequally endowed. And so it went on, until the coming of man, the king. The whole thing, the whole progression from the speck of protoplasm to Darwin himself, was the sum of happy accidents, of infinitely small drives forward, which were the outcome of sheer good luck.

Bergson saw that this is somewhat hard to credit: so many, so infinitely many minute special providences, playing the deciding rôle in this supposedly materialistic system. So he postulated an *élan vital*, a vital drive, at work from the beginning, and having, in a sense, a predetermined goal. Where, in each minute activity, the vital drive prevailed, that activity took place in the main line of progression; where the forces of inertia, of obstruction, prevailed, that activity swerved aside, and took its place in the line of retrogression. So we come back again to our Devas and Asuras.

Bergson evidently felt that the fortunate, the progressive activity, took place under the impulsion of a force from above, a force coming down into the material world from a spiritual plane above it; and that, when the activity of the organism responded to that force from above, the activity was a success; it made for progression along the royal road.

At the time, it would evidently be exceedingly difficult to discern between the successful activity and the unsuccessful; that which is to make for further progress and that which is to make for digression. Indeed, the appearances might well be against the truth. Thus, we may imagine that, among the Miocene apes, there were two contending parties, those who were for continuing their free, swinging life among the tree-tops, and those who were for coming to the ground. This serene life, we may imagine the tree-top party saying, gives us the free air of heaven; it makes for high security, and gives us wide horizons. Why should we go down to the earth, among so many dangers, to breathe a lower air? But the others took their decision and came to earth. The upshot is, that the tree-top party are still swinging among the tree-tops, in Further India and Borneo and Equatorial Africa, while the down-to-earth people have built Athens and Rome. This is, of course, only an illustration, a parallel; we do not at all vouch for its historicity.

But it seems clear that only through the event, the outcome, the arrival at the end of the road, can unflinching discernment be reached. It is easy, now, looking back along the biologist's line of ascent from the monad to the man, to say that these and these activities, these and these decisions, made for progression along the royal road, while the others, which may have seemed excellent at the time, made for retrogression and extinction.

The mystics, whether of the East or West, have always refused to accept Darwin's fancy that the infinitely numerous small forward steps took place by chance and were but happy accidents. And indeed, if we set it down baldly, there is something incredible in the idea that

the fine mechanism of the eye with its self-adjusting diaphragm in the iris, its self-focussing crystalline lens, to say nothing of the adjustment of the colour nerves, or the sheer fact of sight at all, has been built up by a string of happy chances; that the beauty of the lilies, the lovely melody of the thrush and nightingale, nay, such master-melodies as the Upanishads and the Gospels, are merely the accumulation of infinite happy chances which began to befall the monad, and which have been succeeding each other ever since. The mystics have always believed that the spiritual world above is perpetually shining through this nether world; that these lovely and wonderful things, the bird's song, the lily's radiance, the parables of the Upanishads and the Gospels, are all revelations of the spiritual world, breaking through the clouds of this lower world; nay, that each minutest step forward, in the whole evolutionary chain, is the direct response and result of a spiritual force and impulse impinging at that point, and creatively urging each living thing along the royal road.

The whole of our progress hitherto has been won through the battle of these forces that make for development, against the forces that make for retrogression and degradation; through the conflict between the Devas and the Asuras, the angels and the demons. And exactly the same law holds for our further progress, for every act and activity in our present lives; there is at each point, for each activity and act, the pull of the two forces, upward and downward; and our advance along this further road, the path of our immortality, depends on our discerning between the two, and responding to the upward pull. And, once more, just as it was infinitely difficult, at the time, to decide between the happy and the unhappy activity in the earlier field of development, as, for instance, in the controversy between the tree-top party and the down-to-earth party among the imagined Miocene apes, so it is infinitely difficult, at that point alone, and with only the knowledge belonging to it, to decide, concerning our present acts, to see which make for death, which make for immortality. But, just as it is easy enough, after the event, to say that the lazy abandonment of the activity of flight by the dodo and the great auk has meant the extinction of both; as it is easy, looking back along the biologist's line of ascent, to pronounce as to the rightness of each decision in the organic world, so it will be easy, when we have reached the end of the way, the goal of our immortality, to declare, concerning each of our acts, that this activity made for life, while the other held the menace of destruction; and therefore, it is easy now, for those who have attained, for those who have gained the journey's end, to say, concerning our present acts, that these are good and make for immortality, while those contain the seeds of ruin and of death.

What we need, then, for our further journey, is just such a diagnosis, a pronouncement by those who have attained, which shall touch all our acts and activities, so that we may eschew the evil and cleave

to that which is good. Therefore the first need of our mystical training is some method, or rule of life, which shall cover all our energies and acts, strengthening and approving the good, while warning us against the evil. It is a question of fine discernment of the impulses which come to us from above, from the spiritual world, and which will gradually lead us forward and upward to that world, and of responding to these by act; as, in the biologist's long line of ascent, it was a question of discernment, by the developing organisms, of those activities which led onward and upward, as against those which led backward and downward.

Therefore, it would seem, all the great, ancient Law Codes, like that of Manu in India, or the Mosaic code, or the laws of ancient Egypt, are held to have been given by inspiration, to have been revealed from on high; and, in like manner, all the mystical rules, whether of East or West, are held to have been given by inspiration.

We may, at this point, give in outline certain of these codes and rules, making the attempt to see their underlying principles; to see why, and in what way, they try to make the discernment between acts to be performed and acts to be eschewed; the former making for salvation and immortality, while the latter make for degradation and death. One of the best versions of the ancient code and rule of India is that recorded in the Vayu Purana. The name of this revered scripture signifies The Ancient Book inspired by the Spirit; for Vayu, the Wind-god, is the Spirit, which "bloweth whither it listeth." We may preface the code itself by giving, for contrast with our somewhat sketchy outline of the Darwinian scheme, the ancient Indian account of the evolution of living beings on this earth, through the pressure of the spiritual world upon the physical world. It is simply an expansion, in vivid detail, of the pressure of spiritual forces which Bergson saw to be indispensable for any clear understanding of ascending development among beings.

Brahma, the Creator, formed mind-born creatures from his own body and resembling himself. When the Treta—Third—Age had arrived, and had gradually reached its middle, the Lord then began to form other mind-born creatures. He next formed beings in whom sattva (goodness) and rajas (passion) predominated, and who were capable of attaining righteousness, possessions, love and liberation, together with the means of subsistence. Devas, too, and Pitris, and Rishis, and Manus, by whom these creatures were variously ordered, according to their natures in conformity with the Yuga. When this character of his offspring had been attained, the self-existent meditated with love upon mind-born offspring of all kinds and of various forms. Those creatures, who were described by me to thee as having taken refuge in the world called Janaloka at the end of the Kalpa, all these arrived here, when he meditated upon them, in order to be reproduced in the form of Devas and of other beings. According to the course of the Manvantaras the least came first, being guided by destiny, and by connections and cir-

cumstances of every kind. These creatures were always born, under the controlling influence of, and as a recompense for, their good and bad karma. He of himself formed these creatures, which arrived in their several characters of Devas, Asuras, Pitris, cattle, birds, reptiles, trees, and insects, in order that they might be subjected anew to the conditions of creatures. . . .

This brings us to the ancient polity, the ordained order of civil and religious life, which is outlined in an earlier passage of the same scripture:

Brahma, the Creator, determined the respective duties and functions of all mankind. Lord Brahma ordained that power, the sceptre, and war should be the duty of the Kshatriyas. He then appointed, as the functions of the Brahmans, the duty of officiating at sacrifices, sacred study, the receiving of gifts. The care of cattle, commerce, and agriculture, he allotted as the work of the Vaishyas. The practice of the mechanical arts, and service, he assigned to the Shudras.

Having distributed to the classes their respective functions and occupations, the Lord then allotted to them abodes in other worlds for their perfection. The world of Prajapati is declared to be the abode of Brahmans practising rites; Indra's world that of Kshatriyas who do not flee in battle; the world of the Maruts that of Vaishyas who fulfil their duty; the world of the Gandharvas that of Shudras who abide in the work of service.

So far the Vayu Purana, the Ancient Book of the Spirit. There are two vital principles in this passage: the first is that, for each type of character or race, there is an ideal task, a type of work which will exactly fulfil that individual's need at that time and in that life, and will give exactly the right development to the spiritual powers which belong to that character; naturally, almost automatically, leading the soul forward along the royal road of progress. In a polity which had for centuries and even millenniums been stable, like that of ancient India, it was held that, under the orderly action of the law of Karma, each man and woman would be born into the class or caste which naturally fitted that soul, the situation in life which that soul had worked its way up to; thus, a Shudra who, faithful to "the work of service," had completed, in one or many lives, the tasks belonging to that state, and had learned its lessons and developed its powers, would, through Karma, be reborn as a Vaishya, thus inheriting the lessons of the next class, and entering into larger responsibilities. The faithful Vaishya would, in the fulness of time, be reborn a Brahman, and thus inherit the opportunity of study, of the practice of ritual, the whole rule of life belonging to that caste. Finally would come birth into the highest, the Kshatriya class, with the added responsibility of rule, with the obligation of war; so that the fullest exercise would be given to the spiritual powers of initiative and intuition, this exercise being safeguarded by the earlier and thoroughgoing training in service and the faithful use of

materials as a Shudra, in commerce and mutual exchange, together with the care of living and growing things as a Vaishya, and in the austerity and study of Brahmanhood. In a social and political age like ours, with its innumerable confusions, the path of life is far more difficult. But there is safety in the principle of duty, in that conscientious fulfilment of "the duties of our state," on which Christian teachers lay such stress. If we look upon our state of life as an opportunity to fulfil our duties, to develop the spiritual powers of endurance, of fidelity, of self-sacrificing devotion, we shall reap the fruits of such an ordered social polity as the Vayu Purana describes.

It is interesting to find that the Vayu Purana, like all the ancient books of India, lays the greatest stress upon just this moral attitude towards the duties of our state, declaring that: All external rites are fruitless for one who is inwardly debased, however energetically he may perform them. A man who bestows even the whole of his substance with a defiled heart will thereby acquire no merit—of which a good disposition is the only cause.

The second vital principle in the passage we have quoted is that contained in the verses which declare that, after death, the Kshattriya goes to the heaven of Indra, the Brahman to the heaven of Prajapati, the Vaishya to the world of the Maruts, the Shudra to the world of the Gandharvas. This is once more a parable, a symbolic statement of the law that the spiritual states attained, the planes of spiritual consciousness reached, depend upon the activities of the will in life, upon the faithful and self-sacrificing performance of duty; the true duty being, in each case, an expression of the spiritual needs, the spiritual stature, of each soul, at each stage of its progress.

We therefore find that the right performance of duty is the backbone of spiritual life, the firm foundation of mystical development, of spiritual consciousness. Without the faithful performance of duty, in the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, all supposed states of spiritual consciousness are delusions and highly dangerous delusions. They represent, not the true unfoldment of the spiritual man, with his larger consciousness, but fatal by-paths leading to degradation and extinction. So that the right performance of duty in the outer world is the only doorway of entrance to the inner world; and a wise consideration of duty, of the true duties of each state of life, must form the first chapter in every sound treatise on mysticism.

The principle underlying this is clear. The whole of evolution has taken place in obedience to the pressure of spiritual forces from above; therefore the life of every organism, of every being, which is on the royal road of progress, is, at each moment, an expression of spiritual forces working through physical life. Only by the reception of these spiritual forces and by complete correspondence with them, can right life be maintained from moment to moment; only thus can right progress be made.

Each stage of life means a larger endowment of consciousness, a greater exercise of power, than that of the preceding stage. Therefore it is imperative that this wider consciousness shall be developed along the true spiritual lines; that the power, the will, shall be used in perfect harmony with spiritual laws. And so we find that, for each class, for each caste in the system described in the Vayu Purana, duties are prescribed which will widen the consciousness and develop the will in unison with spiritual law.

The most primitive and elementary revelation of the spiritual law in the physical world is that which is contained in the nature and properties of lifeless substances, of wood and stone, of brass and iron, of silver and gold; therefore the handling of these things, the gaining of practical mastery over them, as artisans, was prescribed as the duty of the lowest class, the Shudra; this, with the obligation of service, the duty of obedience, which is the fundamental spiritual law, since only by implicit obedience to law can life be maintained at any point even for a moment.

The second revelation of spiritual law is the growth and development of living things, of plants and animals, the law of life. So this range of activities was prescribed for the second class, the Vaishyas, as farmers and tenders of cattle. So complete is the revelation of spiritual law in this world of growing things, that their activities were made the basis of an admirable book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, which had been better named, *Spiritual Law in the Natural World*. So rich and detailed is this revelation that Jesus drew many of his parables of spiritual life from it: Consider the lilies; a sower went forth to sow; now learn a parable of the fig tree. . . .

Then, with Brahmanhood, came the study of spiritual life as recorded in the older revelations, the ancient Sacred Books,—the revelation of spiritual law through illuminated human consciousness; this, and the supervision of sacrifices, of acts done through devotion, in obedience to spiritual commandments.

And lastly, with the attainment of the highest caste, the Kshatriya, came the exercise of authority and power and the supreme training of righteous war.

C. J.

(To be continued.)

How shall we rest in God? By giving ourselves wholly to Him. If you give yourself by halves, you cannot find full rest; there will ever be a lurking disquiet in the half which is withheld.—Jean Nicolas Grou.

“THE HEARTS OF MEN”

THE Four were at dinner at a great club. Dissimilarities had been accentuated by the passing years. Coke had become a notably successful lawyer. His cynical wit made him welcome in the cleverest circles of Club life. His major personal interests were believed to be divided between his art collections and charity organizations. Few who knew him would admit that his brilliant agnosticism or prosperous bachelorhood had any tinge of regret or desire. Seabury was the Rector of a great Episcopal parish; a leader on many philanthropic lines; a priest who had twice refused a Bishopric. Gracious was he, even to suavity, yet men accepted his sincerity. Ryan, too, had taken Orders, going to a seminary in Rome after graduating, and then putting himself under a Rule that had curbed his physical nature as it had developed the intellectual. More austere in appearance than Seabury, in social address and diplomacy he was the latter's peer. Abrahams, still unkempt, and with black eyes still glowering beneath black brows, was a Rabbi, a leader of the Zionists and of all that was Hebrew and Orthodox.

How did such a group come together? What had such polar opposites in common, to explain their sitting in quartette, in even surface intimacy? To understand their fore-gathering it is needful to go back many years:

A quarter of a century and four years before; four raw, green, and half-scared Freshman found themselves seated on a bench in the Secretary's office of a great Eastern university. It was the close of the very last day for registration. In the office no other students were left. Only a busy clerk and a sad-eyed, youngish widow remained of the crowd that had filled the office; a crowd with constantly changing components, yet with a note of sameness running through it; only the four boys seemed unmarked. Yet even they were alike in their shyness and ignorance.

At last the Secretary came out of his private office with two laughing Juniors. He had almost passed through the outer door when his clerk called: "Excuse me, Dr. Smith, but these Freshmen—who want rooms."

The Professor turned abruptly. He looked half-despairingly at the four lonely figures, who looked back at him in entire despair. Then he looked at his watch and made an impatient little gesture. "Haven't you boys any place you could go tonight and then see me in the morning?" Four heads drooped. Before the answers could come the young Professor was obviously repentant of his own impatience. "All right," he said, "I'll come back and see what we can do."

The widow leaned forward with a grim intentness that all but broke through her self-repression and native reserve. The Professor's eyes lightened and he put back into his pocket the watch he had been holding

in his hand. "Let me see, Mrs. Pynetree, you say you can take in four. Your prices are moderate. The committee has approved you. And you haven't taken any in. Ah, what a happy circumstance for all of us! Here are four young gentlemen who know not where to hang their hats and place their weary heads; here are you, ready to give them a gladsome welcome, and, let us hope, not too uncomfortable quarters; and here am I enabled to keep a most delectable engagement. Miss Standish will arrange things officially and I will see you young gentlemen whenever I may be of service." With an airy wave of his hand, the Professor departed.

So it was that the Four were thrown together, trudging off, bag-laden, through the September heat, to Mrs. Pynetree's cottage. They trudged in silence, for they did not even know one another's names. Only that each had a certificate of admission and that Dr. Smith had sent them on together accounted for the grouping. Not one of them had a single friend at the University. Each would be the sole representative of his school. They had come unheralded. As they trudged along, each felt secretly that he had come unwelcomed.

Yet for four years they roomed together. Inevitably they made friends independently of one another, but nothing pried them apart. Sometimes they marvelled at this and would say that they wouldn't leave Mrs. Pynetree in the lurch, with her little house off the student channels. Yet sometimes in the conferences, which grew to be almost nightly, however brief in duration, they would admit that they stayed together because they wanted to be together. Yet, more often, even they doubted this.

When they had graduated they had formally vowed to get together often. As a matter of fact, even Coke and Seabury had met seldom. But the twenty-fifth anniversary of their class had brought out pledges from each to attend. Seabury, noting this, had arranged a private reunion of the Four the night before their class should come together. So it was that they were now sitting as Coke's guests.

Coke did know how to order a dinner. He and the Club chef considered that they had accomplished a great work of art. However successful the dinner was in food effectiveness, it was otherwise a flat failure. At first there had been sudden spurts of "Don't you remember," but the polite interest, so instantly manifested by the others, had seemed to silence each oral entrant in turn. The dinner was a failure. Each man was bored. Yet none felt intimate enough to admit it.

"Excuse me, Sir—

"Your car is here, Sir," announced a servant.

Even Coke started when the man reported to him. He had forgotten the plan, suggested by Seabury, who still retained a trace of his boyish romanticism, that they should leave after an early dinner and spend the night together in their old quarters, secured through the cooperation of his oldest son, now closing his first year as a student at their old college.

The ride was as silent as the latter part of the dinner. Yet even the ride was cheerful in comparison with the meeting in Seabury's old room, after they had placed their luggage and got into lounging attire.

Each seated man was staring into vacancy when Seabury got up and went over to the fireplace. He placed his left elbow upon the mantel and put a foot on the fender. The attitude was so familiar that the other three looked up. The gesture with which he pulled his moustache was new, but the eyes were unchanged. They were once more friendly.

"As my boy might say," began the Reverend Doctor, "this *is* a frost!"

Four laughs broke out together. Coke got up and began walking back and forth. "Why is it?" he asked with a suddenness of persistent inquiry that was unlike the polished Clubman he had become.

"That's the second natural note," came in Ryan's deep tones, as he leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head.

"You, too, look like old times," said the Rabbi, turning his chair and putting his elbows on the table.

There was a moment's silence—kindly and intimate.

Then Seabury spoke out. "I have been thinking"—he began, only to be interrupted by Coke's "Isn't that dangerous for a Rev. Doc?"

"So do many think," said Seabury. "And others teach," went on Coke, pointing a finger at Ryan, who laughed, as he said: "Same old error, Puck, thinking you think."

"But if the Sea babe wants to exhibit his mental processes, why not let him," suggested Abrahams.

"Yes, Seab, what were you thinking?"

The Rector grew more earnest in manner. "You boys know how much we all looked forward to this and how disappointing it has been. Let's be honest. This reunion is a flat failure. I feel as if I were at a funeral, with only corpses present, and not even one mourner left to praise the dead—"

"But what's the reason—there must be something more than the years? We men certainly have more in common than those four dear, dead boys?" Coke spoke with more human feeling than he had manifested all evening.

"Puck, you've hit it—we haven't looked for what we have in common—yet doing that is what pulled us together and kept us together twenty-five years ago."

"What have we in common, save a memory that's outgrown?" said Abrahams, twisting his gnarled and knotted fingers together in a tight clasp. "Bigot, infidel, heretic and Jew—what have we in common? Seabury, even your church cannot hold us four together."

"Thanks, you old Joshua, you are helping Puck to bring out my thought. We four grown men are shyer than those poor little forlorn Freshmen bunked together, willy nilly, by Dilettante Smith, the dear old fellow. We looked and worked and hungered to find out where we were

alike and human. We men stand apart, afraid of each other. We see only our differences. Why can't we look below, forgetting externals?"

"Externals—Seab—even your latitudinarianism must balk at calling your faith a suit of clothes." Ryan's voice removed any sharpness from his words, for an unspoken affection rang through it.

"We didn't notice our clothes then——"

"No," spoke up Abrahams, "You fellows were always gentlemen that way."

"We fellows—please—Rabbi," said Ryan, "You were and are one of us."

"I am here, thanks be, but can this be real? Can we overlook the truth and what does set us all apart?"

"That's what I was thinking about," said Seabury eagerly, "Let's make a bargain. Let's sit down for a good old fashioned parley, as if we were those boys, those first few days of meeting—seeking to find wherein we agree. Let's try now that we meet as greater strangers to find out where we are alike and may pull together."

The three others looked at him with interest stamped upon their faces and looking out from their eyes. But there was silence until Coke spoke:

"But, my reverend friend, we were boys then, unknown to one another, interesting in our mysteriousness. Now, do not our known differences 'set us all apart,' as the Rabbi has said?"

"Are we not all the more unknown and mysterious because of these differences? I know the lives we try to lead; I know the good we each are trying to do; I know we have something in common—what is it? That's what I want to know! Let us hunt for where we agree. Could anything be more unknown and mysterious? Have we ever been more lonely and more anxious for a friend than right now?"

Four boys, using the bodies of middle-aged men, began to talk together—sometimes one monologued; sometimes it was a duet; sometimes all talked at once. All became interested in Seabury's quest; and joined in what Coke called "the search for a friend." His legal mind, Seabury's eagerness, Ryan's diplomacy, Abrahams' concentration, were called upon in changing turn to keep the discourse on the plane of agreement; on the problem of where they were really at one.

The hours passed. They passed unnoticed by the eager group of lonely youngsters, seeking to find what they had in common. At last they grew quiet in thought. Through the silence of the summer dawn there came the crowing of a cock. Ryan sat up; turned a strained and startled face toward his comrades; then lurched forward to bury his face in his hands on the table, fairly sobbing as he prayed: "Blessed Mother, help me. I have been a heretic." Abrahams arose and, lifting up both hands, declaimed: "God of my fathers, forgive me, I have forsaken Thee." Seabury, standing at the mantel, looked across at Coke and half-whispered: "What am I—a Jew or a Romanist?" to which Coke answered: "For God's sake, boys, what is the difference between us?"

FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF LEMURIA

II

A FIRST LESSON IN THE LEMURIAN LANGUAGE

“THE First Race,” says H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, “was, in our sense, speechless, as it was devoid of mind on our plane. The Second Race had a ‘sound-language,’ to wit, chant-like sounds composed of vowels alone. The Third Race developed in the beginning a kind of language which was only a slight improvement on the various sounds in Nature. . . . When the law of evolution led the middle Third Race to reproduce their kind sexually, an act which forced the creative gods, compelled by Karmic law, to incarnate in *mindless* men, then only was speech developed. But even then it was no better than a tentative effort. The whole human race was at that time of ‘one language and of one lip.’ Speech then developed, according to Occult teaching, in the following order:

“Monosyllabic speech; that of the first approximately fully developed human beings at the close of the Third Root-race, the ‘golden-coloured,’ yellow-complexioned men, after their separation into sexes, and the full awakening of their minds. Before that, they communicated through what would now be called ‘thought-transference.’ . . . This monosyllabic speech was the vowel parent, so to speak, of the monosyllabic languages mixed with hard consonants, still in use among the yellow races. . . .

“These linguistic characteristics developed into the agglutinative languages. The latter were spoken by some Atlantean races, while other parent stocks of the Fourth Race preserved the mother-language. And as languages have their cyclic evolution, their childhood, purity, growth, *fall into matter*, admixture with other languages, maturity, decay, and finally death, so the primitive speech of the most civilized Atlanteans . . . decayed and almost died out.

“The inflectional speech—the root of the Sanskrit, very erroneously called ‘the elder sister’ of the Greek, instead of its mother—was the first language (now the mystery tongue of the Initiates) of the Fifth Race.”

We have already quoted the same author as saying that “the Polynesians belong to the very earliest of surviving sub-races.” We shall now try to show how completely the Polynesian languages bear out the above quotation as to the origin and development of speech.

First a word as to the general growth of languages, the materials of which they are made. Speech, in general, is a flow of breath from the lungs, to which sound and tone are given by the vibration of the vocal chords; the change in position of the lips and the mouth giving the differing sounds which we call vowels. If speech went no further, we should have the primal "vowel-language." But there are two further elements. The first is a partial closing of the lips, or a partial, but incomplete, approach of the teeth, or of the tongue to various points along the palate, thus causing, for the lips, the sounds of f and v; for the teeth, the sounds of s, of th and dh; for the tongue, the sounds of l and r, (formed by the tip of the tongue, partially, but not completely, stopping the vowel air-stream;) the sounds of kh and gh, when the root of the tongue comes close to the palate. Thus are formed the semivowels or liquids, which stand half-way between the vowels and the full consonants, or, as the Sanskrit grammarians better call them, the "contacts." In Sanskrit, there are five points in the mouth at which full contacts are formed: (1) the throat or back of the mouth, where the sounds of k and g (hard) are formed; (2) the top of the mouth where, by a contact with the underside of the tip of the tongue, turned backwards, a hard t and d are formed, which are nearly like the very hard t and d of the English language; (3) the true dentals, formed by pressing the tip of the tongue against the teeth, like the soft t and d in Italian and other continental languages. The fact that Englishmen, not noticing the difference, use their own hard t and d when pronouncing continental languages, is one of the things which keep them from "talking like the natives," who use the soft t and d. (4) a blend between t and sh, with the tongue against the teeth, giving the sound ch, with its corresponding sonant, j; and (5) the lip-contact, forming the labials, p and b. In Sanskrit, there are, for each of these five points of contact, first, the surd sounds, like k, ch, t, p; then the sonants, like g, j, d, b; then the same sounds aspirated, or followed by an immediate out-breathing, giving the sounds k-ha, g-ha, t-ha, d-ha, ch-ha, j-ha, p-ha, b-ha; and, finally, the nasals, formed by setting the organs of the mouth in position for pronouncing each group and then sending forth the breath, not through the mouth, but through the nose; sounds something like this: nga, for the throat; nya, for the ch-sound; the hard and soft na; and, finally, ma, for the lip-contact.

This pretty formidable battery of sounds represents the highest and fullest development, that of the early Fifth Race. We have given it in its completeness, as a basis of comparison for the very simple range of sounds in the extremely early, and, therefore, comparatively undeveloped, Polynesian languages, those of "the earliest surviving sub-races." And, at the risk of appearing to bore even the most tolerant readers, we venture

to arrange these Sanskrit sounds in a little table, to be followed, presently, by a similar table for the Polynesian tongues :

SANSKRIT CONSONANT AND SEMI-CONSONANT RANGE

	ka	k-ha	ga	g-ha	nga	ha	(kha)
(hard)	ta	t-ha	da	d-ha	na	ra	sha (hard)
(soft)	ta	t-ha	da	d-ha	na	la	sa
	cha	ch-ha	ja	j-ha	nya	ya	sha (soft)
	pa	p-ha	ba	b-ha	ma	va	(fa)

Each of the above sounds (except the two in brackets) has a letter to represent it in the Sanskrit alphabet, and, in that alphabet, the sounds are arranged in their physiological order, pretty much as in this table ; first, the throat sounds, then the sounds of the roof of the mouth, then the sounds of the ridge of the palate, then the sounds of the teeth, then the sounds of the lips. Thus a Sanskrit dictionary follows the natural order of these sounds, as they are formed by the organs of speech, justifying the idea that this highly scientific arrangement was reached by men who fully understood the mysteries of sound, men who spoke the "mystery tongue of the Initiates," as said in *The Secret Doctrine*. In contrast, our own alphabet is absolutely unscientific, a mere jumble of sounds without any order at all ; first, an open vowel, then a lip sound, then a dental sibilant, then a dental surd, then another vowel, and so on. It is an adaptation of the Greek alphabet, named from its two first letters, alpha-beta ; this is, in its turn, an adaptation of the Semitic Phoenician or Hebrew, where the two first letters are aleph ("an ox") and beth ("a house") ; our capital A being an ancient picture of the head of an ox, now turned upside down, while the second letter, B, is a conventionalized house. In like manner, our G is the head of a camel, the Hebrew gimel ; while our L is an ox-goad ; they are all blurred pictures, representing the initial sounds of the objects depicted.

We now come back, duly furnished with bases of comparison, to the Polynesian languages, with their very early, very slightly developed, range of sounds.

There are, first, the vowels which, as we shall see, play a very great part in Polynesian, a survival of the earlier all-vowel language. Next, there are the semi-vowels or breathings of the throat and lips, the sounds of ha and wha, va or fa, and the liquids, r and l. Then there are three contacts or full consonants : that of the throat, or ka ; that of the teeth, or ta ; that of the lips, or pa. Throughout the whole Polynesian regions, of enormous extent, there are (with almost no exceptions) the surd sounds only, never the sonants ; that is, we find the sounds ka, ta, pa ; but not the sounds ga, da, ba. Finally, there is a nasal for each of the three contacts, namely, nga, na, and ma. To show how undeveloped this sound range is, we shall arrange the

Polynesian sounds in the same way as we arranged the very highly developed sounds of Sanskrit:

POLYNESIAN CONSONANT AND SEMI-CONSONANT RANGE

ka	nga	ha
ta	na	la (or) ra
pa	ma	wa (or) wha (or) fa

And that is all; only nine contacts, instead of the thirty-three of Sanskrit.

It seems, then, that the beginning was made with streams of vowel-sound only; that the half-contacts or semi-vowels, breathings and liquids and nasals, were then developed; that the full contacts came last, beginning, perhaps, with the lip-contact, which is the easiest and simplest to make; the contacts of the teeth and throat, the sounds of ta and ka, coming later. Further, that all the surds were developed first, and then only later the sonants; the aspirated surds and sonants, as in Sanskrit, coming last of all.

This gradual development, from pure vowel sounds, through breathings and semi-vowels, to full contacts or consonants, seems to record exactly that *fall into matter* described in *The Secret Doctrine*; it seems to have gone on parallel with the complete materialization, externalization and development of the fully formed physical man, remaining as an exact record and register of that development. And it seems probable that, if we could get the exact range of consonants natural to each race or sub-race, we could, using that range of sounds as an index, place the races in their correct order in the historical plan of development; that we could grade all the races by this index alone. So marvellous a thing is language, so mysterious and magical is sound.

We come, at length, to the Polynesian vowels, the oldest element of language and the most potent. It is curious and significant that, in the Polynesian tongues, the vowels still retain their primitive spiritual value; many of them, simply, or united, form the divine names, the names of the Gods. Thus, A means God; Ao is heaven, the state of the blessed; ao, as a verb, means, to regard with reverence; as a noun, ao means authority; aoao means supreme, or, to be supreme; aio means peace, quietude; Io is the mystery God, the Supreme Being who, according to the Polynesian belief, is everywhere potent, without form, having no house; they will not even name that God in a house or among men, but first withdraw to the wilderness, "where nature is unpolluted." Io also means the soul, life, power, mental energy. The vowel O alone means space, capacity, the ability to be contained; and, more familiarly, an enclosure, a garden. U means that which is fixed or firm, not easily to be shaken or moved.

To come next to words of one or more vowels, genuine survivals of the primal vowel language; we shall be surprised at their great variety and expressiveness in Polynesian.

Besides meaning God, the vowel a is also used as an article, as a

prefix to proper names, as a preposition meaning to, or belonging to; as an interjection. Aia means to have authority over, as ao means to reign. Ae is used to signify agreement, meaning yes, in answer to an affirmative question, and meaning no in answer to a negative question. The pure vowel word aeaea, accented on the second and fourth vowels, means to rise to the surface like a bubble; aeaea means to pant, to be out of breath, to breathe hard; the fundamental meaning evidently being breath, or, more metaphysically, spirit. Ai means to give life, while aia means an abode, a place where one lives; ai is also an interjection of surprise. Ao, besides meaning personified Light, as a divinity, signifies also daylight, daytime, dawn; as a verb, ao means to gather, to collect; aoa means to bark like a dog, while aoaoa is the indistinct noise made by persons at a distance; these two last belong to the category of Nature sounds, spoken of in *The Secret Doctrine*. Au means smoke, the current of a stream, and, more materially, a sharp thorn or needle; auau means to pick out, as thorns or fish-bones are picked out; au further means firm, stable, sure, and, as an exclamation, exactly what "sure" means in American. Also, as an imitative sound, au signifies a dog's bark, or, as a verb, to bark. Aua is the name of a small fish. Aua also means "I know not (and care not)!" Aua has the further meaning of far on, at a distance, while auau has meanings as different as to lift, and a basket of seed potatoes; perhaps the meaning shades thus: to lift, to gather together, to gather in a basket, and so on. Aue is an exclamation of sorrow, like alas! It further means a clamor, a noise of woe.

We have, therefore, of pure vowel words beginning with a, the following: A, ae, ai, ao, au; aeae, aeaea; aia; aoao, aoaoa; aua, auau, aue. This is already a fair illustration of the primal vowel language.

E is used as a sign of the future tense; as a preposition, it means by; it is used as the sign of the vocative case. Ea is an exclamation of surprise; it further means to rise above water, and, by a development of the meaning, to return home, as war captives return; and thence liberty, escape; while eaea means, to escape repeatedly. Starting from the meaning, to rise, eaea comes to mean exalted, honourable. The beautiful word eaoia, each letter being distinctly pronounced, means but. Ei is an interjection, used at the ends of lines in poetry; while eia means a current or tide. Eo is said to mean a flat rock, but seems not to be generally used.

The vowel i is used to form indefinite past tenses, and to connect a verb with its object; it is also used as a sign of the accusative case, or with the meaning of to. Accented, i means to ferment; ii has the meaning of fermented, sour, mouldy; ia means he, she or it; with the additional meanings of that, the aforesaid; ia also means a current or stream, while iaua means hold! stay!

The vowel o, besides meaning space, an enclosure, something contained, comes to mean provision for a journey, a present, and, as a verb, to penetrate, to go deep, to dig a hole; then to husk a cocoanut, to pierce with any sharp instrument. As a possessive pronoun, it means

your, belonging to; it is also an exclamation, in answer to a call. Oi means to shake, to shudder, with an intensive oioi, to be greatly agitated; oioi then comes to mean rapid, swiftly, quickly; to move. Oi, accented on the second syllable, means to shout; oioi is also the name of a bird and of a plant. Oa, in Hawaiian, means a board, a rafter; while oaoa means split or cleft, like a tree cut into planks. Ou means you, or your; oue is a kind of flax; while ouou means a few, and further, thin, feeble.

U, as we saw, means something firm or fixed; and then, to reach the land, to touch, as a boat or ship on the rocks, to come face to face, to face danger, to run up against anything, to prevail, to conquer. Ua is the backbone, uaua is a sinew, a vein, an artery, with the more abstract meanings, courage, firmness, resolution, a brave man. Backbone has just the same secondary meanings with us. Ua means rain, to rain, while ue means to weep. Ua as an adverb means when; it is also used as a particle of expostulation. Ue, besides meaning the fourth day of the moon's age, signifies to shake, to tremble, while ueue means to stimulate, to incite; uei means to try to set going; ueue means to call people to war. Ui means to ask, to inquire; an invitation; uiui means to ask questions repeatedly.

When in addition to the five vowels, we take the simple breathing ha, or the slightly more concrete, but still open wa and wha, we can multiply our vocabulary many times. Thus, aeha, aewa, ahau, ahe, ahea, aheahea, ahi, ahiahi, aho, ahu, ahuahua, ahua, awa, awawa, awe, aweawe, awha, awhe, awheawhe, awheo, awhi, awhiwhiwhi, awhio, awhiowhio, and so on for the other vowels.

Then come the liquids, l and r; then the nasals; and, finally, the full contacts or consonants.

It will be noted that, in many cases, an intensive is formed by doubling the original word; awhe, for example, means to gather in a heap; awheawhe means to set to work with many persons; awhio means to wind about, while awhiowhio means a whirlwind. This is the simplest form of agglutination, the "gluing together" of words, spoken of, in *The Secret Doctrine*, as characteristic of the second period of speech. Here is a pretty example of agglutination, from Samoan: lagi means sky; lalolagi means under the sky; lelalolagi means the earth; fa'a lelalolagi means earthly. If one repeats these words in series, lagi-lalolagi-lelalolagi-fa'alelalolagi, one gets an effect that is distinctly Lemurian; and not in fancy only, but in reality; the words have actually survived since Lemurian times.

But there is a further evidence that, in the Polynesian tongues, we have the survival of a far older all-vowel tongue—the miocene survival of an eocene speech, as one writer says. The word kanaka has been used very widely to mean a native of the Hawaiian islands, or indeed of the islands in general; it really means a man, a human being, in the Hawaiian tongue. The word consists of a hard contact, a nasal and another hard contact, each followed by the vowel a. But, at the other end of Polynesia, the word is no longer kanaka but tangata; thus Tangata-maori means a native of New

Zealand, literally "an indigenous man," or, as we say, a Maori. Here again, the word consists of a hard contact, a nasal and a hard contact, each followed by the vowel a; but, while the three vowels remain the same, the contacts and nasals are altered, interchanged. The Hawaiian form of the word has the throat contact k; the dental nasal n, the throat contact k, with the three a's; the New Zealand word has the dental contact, the throat nasal, the dental contact, with the three a's. It is evident that the three a's are the essential part, the root of the word, the old and original basis, while the contacts or consonants were filled in later, and filled in differently, at different parts of Lemuria. In Samoan, the tongue of the group of islands which lie halfway between these extremes, and about two thousand miles from either end, the word is tagata, the nasal being softened to a sonant, a sound which is not found in the original range of Polynesian contacts; in Tahiti, a thousand miles south-east of Samoa, the central nasal is dropped altogether, or has never been added, and the word is ta-ata. In Moriori, it becomes rangata. In Fiji it is tamata. In Vanikoro it is ranaka. Thus we get the series of forms: Ta-ata, tagata, tangata, rangata, ranaka, kanaka; the vowels being the essential thing, while the consonants are put in, and variously put in, to give the word more substance. The same thing may be illustrated by another well known word: in Mangaian, aroa means love, or beloved; in Maori it is aroha; in Samoan it is alofa; in Hawaiian it is aloha; showing the substitution, in the one case, of one liquid for another; in the other, of one breathing for another. In the same way, atarangi, a shadow, in Maori, becomes akalani in Hawaiian; ata-ani in Marquesan. Kaha, a rope, in Maori, becomes aha in Tahiti, 'afa in Samoa, kaa in Mangaian, kafa in Tongan. So the Samoan word lagi, meaning sky, which we have already quoted, is in Maori rangi; in Mangarevan it is rahi; in Tahitian it is rai; in Hawaiian it is lani; in Motu it is lai. So we get the series, rangi, rani, rai, lai, lani, lagi; showing, as before, that the vowel-combination is the essential element, the real root of the word, the survival from the all-vowel period.

Two things in this baby-talk of mankind may have seemed very familiar, even to those who know nothing of Polynesian: first, this substitution of one consonant for another; second, the doubling of syllables or words, or even their repetition several times running. The truth is, that both these linguistic peculiarities survive among the small early-Third Race people who are continually arriving in our midst, and whom we prosaically call babies, quite overlooking the fact that, in a great many things, they are a genuine apparition of the long gone sub-races. For have they not the exact character of the sexless, mindless sub-races, not fully mastering their material bodies, not yet inhabited by manas? Do they not express themselves in streams of vowel speech, before they come to the semi-vowels and liquids, and, finally, the hard contacts or consonants? And do they not indulge in the trick of reduplication or repetition, saying, with entire content, such words as papapapa, or mamamama, or tatatata, which their progenitors quite unwarrantably take to themselves? And do they

not, often to their fourth or fifth year, mix up the consonants just as do the recognized Lemurians, the peoples of the Polynesian islands, generally using ta for ka, just as the Maori says tangata for kanaka?

This is but one of many illustrations of the law of reversion or survival, in accordance with which the individual, in the earlier stages of his career, reverts to the characteristics of past periods and races, nay, even of past Rounds. So there are, all around us, opportunities for studying the most ancient Lemurian speech. We need not go to the South Seas to hear it. All babies talk it; all babies, up to a certain age, talk the same language, and that language is a reversion to the speech of the earliest races, long before complete humanity had been attained.

So, from our survey of the Highlands of Lemuria, we get these results: Over this vast space of islands dotted amid the ocean, a space from twelve to fifteen millions of square miles, or equal to a third or a fourth of the land surface of the globe, the speech is singularly uniform even though the island tribes that talk it have been separated from each other for long ages. And everywhere, with the sameness of speech, there are the same large, fundamental ideas, the same world-concepts, the same divinities, the same ancient traditions of the early world. Without doubt, we are in presence of a once united, though now endlessly subdivided people, a common culture, a common historical or prehistoric past.

And, at the basis of this vastly extended speech, there is an identity of metaphysical or spiritual meaning. The vowels, which are its dominant element, have large, abstract ideas attached to them or, rather, evidently inherent in them. They stand for heaven, the sky, the soul, life, breath, space; the great, formless forces and powers that are the root of all things. And, even after the few, simple consonants or contacts were developed, the words remained essentially vowel-words; the vowel part of them is uniform and unchanging, over the whole vast area, while the hard contacts or consonants are variously filled in, as gutturals in one part of the Lemurian area, as dentals in another, but, according to an evident phonetic system, by no means haphazard.

It is interesting that Dana, who wrote an admirable account of the early days, and of a cruise to the Pacific coast nearly a hundred years ago, records that a group of Kanakas, whom he found at San Diego, had a series of very ancient religious chants, which were composed of vowels only, as though the older speech, before the formation of consonants, had been preserved as a mystery tongue. It is interesting also that, in the older Upanishads, there is a tradition which accords closely with the historical evolution of the Polynesian languages; the vowels, we are told, belong to the gods, to the heavenly world; the breathings and semi-vowels belong to the mid-world; the consonants belong to the material world, the world of death. Here again is the tradition of a *fall into matter*, for the speech of mankind as well as for man himself.

C. J.

(To be continued)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE CAUSES AND CONDUCT OF THE WAR

INTRODUCTION

AMERICA has seemed so secure from invasion for so long, that a habit of regarding the affairs of other continents as "no concern of ours" has resulted, which in its turn has discouraged study of world conditions and of international politics. We have become provincial.

The consequence is that relatively few Americans, even today, could explain the causes of the present world-war; while if the United States is to do its part with concentrated vigor and intelligence, not only during the war, but particularly when the time comes to discuss terms of peace—it is of vital importance that in this country as elsewhere, there shall be wide-spread understanding of the factors involved. What all of us must desire is, not only a peace based upon justice, but a peace based upon conditions which will eliminate, so far as possible, the causes which made the present war possible.

The large majority of Americans are now keenly alive to the need for right understanding and are able to approach the problem without prejudice. But there are those whose love of peace still makes it difficult for them to see justification for any war, while others, of German birth or origin, are unable to reconcile loyalty to their blood-ties with loyalty to America and the Allied cause.

In the following pages, after dealing with the Causes and Conduct of the war, it will be shown that the more ardently we love peace, the more complete must be our approval of America's participation in the war, and that the greater the loyalty of a German-American to his blood-ties, the more earnestly he must desire that Germany shall learn, once for all, that "God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Properly speaking, no one has any right to adopt a new citizenship, and to swear allegiance to the country of his adoption, unless he abandons completely all sense of allegiance to the land of his birth. The fact is, however, that a great many people became citizens of the United States during times of peace and without considering the possibility that America might some day be at war with their native land. The resulting position is a false one.

Yet, in almost any circumstances, it would be strange if people of German birth or of German ancestry were not inclined to favor their own race. Blood is thicker than water. It does not speak well for those who think otherwise.

Almost inevitably, therefore, when this great war first broke out,

the majority of German-Americans believed that Germany was probably in the right, and wanted her to prove victorious against France and England and Russia. Naturally, also, they must have wished the United States to side with Germany, and must have done what they could to influence public opinion on Germany's behalf.

Imagine your attitude when suddenly told that your brother has committed some frightful crime. You declare it impossible. You are simply unable to believe it. If your brother has been arrested, the obvious thing to do is to try at once to obtain his release; to take his part to the uttermost against those who have falsely accused him. Your brother must of necessity be innocent. Those who accuse him are his enemies and yours.

Disinterested acquaintances may for years have noticed evidences in him of increasing moral perversity. They may have said among themselves that someday there would surely be an outbreak. But you, his brother—biased in his favor—may have made light of his "peculiarities;" may have shared the more innocent of them with him. Of bestial outrage and crime—No, you would never believe him guilty of that!

Suppose, then, that you go to his rescue, taking up the cudgels on his behalf, confident of his innocence.

Intelligently to defend him you must listen to the charges brought against him; you must examine the witnesses, and you must obtain evidence as to what he said and did prior to the event. After you have done this you will be in a position to decide how you can best serve your brother,—how you can most truly be loyal to him. In other words, even the German-American who still has strong Pro-German bias, should not only be willing but anxious to ascertain the facts and to know as much as anybody concerning the causes and conduct of the war. Every peace-lover, also, must desire to change conditions which have proved provocative of war, and is obliged, therefore, like a wise physician, to make a careful study of the factors, both inner and outer, which have tended to upset that "balanced and harmonious action and inter-action of all the parts of the body" which we call health—or peace.

PART I

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR

Of what is Germany accused? What has been the nature of her "outbreak"?

The President of the United States, after nearly three years of observation, declared (April 2, 1917) that Germany had thrown "to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world;" that she was conducting "a war against all nations" by "the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of non-combatants, men, women and children;" that "the wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common

wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life," and that, finally, the United States was compelled to align itself against "an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck."

More specifically, Germany stands accused:—

(a) Of having plotted a ruthless war of conquest as a preliminary step toward world domination; and of having begun operations by violating the neutrality of Belgium which she herself was pledged to respect and to enforce;

(b) of having outraged every law of God and man in her method of warfare, in all the territory she occupied, and in all her military operations both on sea and land;

(c) of being an outlaw among the nations, by reason of these crimes and because she continues to glory in them.

It is further declared by her accusers that not until a majority of her own people insist that those who are responsible for these crimes and outrages be brought to fair trial, and not until the guilty be adequately punished, can Germany retrieve her outlawry and be admitted once more to the comity of nations.

Germany is accused of having plotted a ruthless war of conquest as a preliminary step toward world domination; and of having begun operations by violating the neutrality of Belgium which she herself was pledged to respect and to enforce.

Under this first head it is essential to read the following:

The Pangerman Plot Unmasked, Berlin's formidable Peace-trap of 'The Drawn War,' by André Chéradame, published by Scribner, New York, 1917, at \$1.25.

In the case of the criminal brother, it was suggested that disinterested acquaintances may for years have noticed evidences of his increasing moral perversity, and may have foretold a serious and perhaps calamitous outbreak.

Anyone who visited Germany some fifteen years ago, and who stayed there long enough to renew acquaintance with the German people, must have been impressed by the popularity of Nietzsche. People who had not read a line of his writings, pretended to admire him and quite genuinely approved of such extracts as they heard quoted. Nietzsche was the fashion. More than that, his self-idolatry was the fashion. German novels were nauseous with sex self-assertion. Women novelists were as bad and in some cases worse than the men. The German people had become Ego-maniacs. They dreamed of themselves as Super-men. In their personal relations they tried to live as Super-men. Their idea of a hero, a *held*, was a man who strode ruthlessly over obstacles—over any kind of an obstacle, so long as he strode, and so long as he was ruthless. He had to be ruthless with women (the women wanted him

to be ruthless). Compassion, pity, as Nietzsche said, must have no place in his Table of Values: they were the characteristics of slaves. The German, being a Super-man, must be hard (*Werke*, vi, p. 312).

In those days it sounded like a joke. Very few foreigners took the situation seriously. It was well known that Berlin had become the most licentious city in Europe, and that German licentiousness was appallingly crude and vulgar. It was well known that illegitimacy had increased to an amazing extent, not only in the cities but in the country also. But the immorality of a nation seemed, to most people, to have no connection with world politics. It was not understood that such immorality was an expression of self-assertion—of the worship of self and of ruthlessness—and that there was the closest possible connection between the pseudo-philosophic talk of the “intellectuals;” the student Super-man with his shop-girl mistress and his duelling, and the international self-assertion of the Pan-Germans: “Germans alone will govern; they alone will exercise political rights; . . . they alone will have the right to become land owners. . . . However, they will condescend so far as to delegate inferior tasks to foreign subjects subservient to Germany” (*Grossdeutschland und Mitteleuropa um das Jahr 1950*, published under the auspices of the *Alldeutscher Verband*, or Pan-German League, Berlin, 1895; p. 48. Quoted by Chéradame, p. 4.)

That statement, fathered as it was by the most powerful of German Leagues in 1895, would have impressed anyone but a German as simply insane. If an American had said it of Americans, an Englishman of Englishmen, a Frenchman of Frenchmen,—they would have been greeted by roars of laughter from their own people. But Germans who did not agree with it, argued about it as Americans might argue the pros and cons of Free Trade: as a possibility to be considered, even if rejected.

Only a nation of Ego-maniacs could have desired a world in their own image. Attainable or not, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the American, would have repudiated such a prospect for his own nation as introducing an intolerable monotony! For a man to admire his own image to the point of willing and working to force all others into it, is not merely lunatic, but is a lunacy distinctly dangerous to his neighbors.

Yet, because most people take us at our own valuation, the weak-minded of other nations were immensely impressed by Germany's self-satisfaction. Universities in particular were anxious to discover how the thing was done, that they too might acquire the dogmatic spirit of Kultur and escape from their own less imposing fallibility. German science, German music, German theology, German metaphysics, German sociology (the economic interpretation of history, for instance),—even German art and German philology—imposed themselves by sheer impudence of self-assertion, or by their overwhelming ponderousness, and were accepted with a respect utterly beyond their intrinsic merits. Such lack of discrimination and of resistance in other nations, naturally reacted unfavorably upon Germany, tending to reinforce her constantly increas-

ing egotism. In one sense and to a limited extent, her deep contempt for other nations was as much the fault of their weakness as of her conceit.

"War must leave nothing to the vanquished except eyes to weep over their ill-luck (*unglück*). Moderateness (*bescheidenheit*) would be for us foolishness," wrote Otto Richard Tannenberg, in 1911 (*Grossdeutschland, die Arbeit des 20 ten Jahrhunderts, Leipzig*; p. 237).

Such a phrase was regarded by Germans as heroic, as grandiose, as German! And German it certainly was.

It was no new development. Long before the time of Nietzsche, there had been innumerable indications of the same obsession (see *Prussiens d'Hier et de Toujours*, by G. Lenotre; published by Perrin, Paris).

No greater mistake could be made than to attribute to the German Emperor the sole, or even the chief responsibility for the madness of his people. He was a victim of the same disease: he also was an Ego-maniac; he also believed in ruthlessness. But he was and is typically German. He and Tannenberg and Nietzsche, Bernhardt, Bülow and the student Super-man, are but branches of the same tree. The Emperor's speech to his troops at Bremerhaven, on July 27, 1900, before their departure for China, was symptomatic and in no sense causal. "The Chinese," he said, "have trampled on international law. . . . Remember when you meet the foe, that quarter will not be given, and that prisoners will not be taken. Wield your weapons so that for a thousand years to come no Chinaman will dare to look askance at a German. Pave the way once for all for civilization"(!).

There was that other speech by the Emperor, at Wilhelmshaven in March, 1898: "For where the German eagle has taken possession and has implanted his talons in a land, that land is German and will remain German" (see *Germany's War Mania*, pp. 67, 75; published by Dodd, Mead and Co., New York).

There was the Emperor's motto which he wrote in the "golden book" of the Munich town-hall: "*Suprema lex regis voluntas esto!*" ("May the King's will be the supreme law!") It was the German spirit, the German attitude—not peculiar to William, but the assertion by Germany to herself and to the world that she was a law unto herself: the spirit of the gilded anarchist whom Nietzsche had labelled Super-man.

And, again, it was not primarily or chiefly the Emperor. German scientists and philosophers for years past have instilled into the German mind that, as the anthropologist, Woltmann, said,—“the German is the superior type of the species *homo sapiens*, from the physical as well as the intellectual point of view.” Wirth declared that “the world owes its civilization to Germany alone” and that “the time is near when the earth must inevitably be conquered by the Germans.” Haeckel, the philosopher, said in a lecture before the Geographical Society of Jena, in 1905, that “the work of the German people to assure and develop civilization, gives it the right to occupy the Balkans, Asia Minor, Syria, and Mesopotamia,

and to exclude from these countries the races actually occupying them which are powerless and incapable."

The Emperor was at one with them; neither leader nor led. "It is to the empire of the world that the German genius aspires," he said at Aix-la-Chapelle, on June 20, 1902. (*The New Map of Europe*, by H. A. Gibbons; pp. 29, 31, 62, 151. A suggestive book, marred by undue straining after neutrality).

The Crown Prince contributed his quota in ways by no means discreet but none the less significant. He made speeches and wrote Prefaces, many of which are given in the book already referred to,—*Germany's War Mania*. But he also talked, and Ian Malcolm, a well-known and highly respected member of the British Parliament, who had in earlier years been attached to the Embassy in Berlin, records in his *War Pictures behind the Lines* (Dutton) a conversation he had with the Crown Prince in January, 1914.

It is worth quoting at length, if only for the light it throws on the claims of present German apologists that a peace-loving Fatherland was compelled to take up arms against the intrigues of her enemies.

"*Crown Prince*. 'After all, you English people ought to be better friends with Germany than you are.'

"*I. M.* 'Sir, we are always ready to be friends as you know, but to all of our overtures your Chancellor replies with an invariable snub.'

"*Crown Prince*. 'How can we trust you whilst you are allied with such people as the French or the Russians? You have nothing really in common with them, and you have nearly everything in common with us. *Together we could divide Europe* and keep the peace of the world for ever.'

"*I. M.* 'But how would you propose to do that; given our existing treaties, how could we break them in order to be better friends with you?'

"*Crown Prince*. 'You could shut your eyes and let us take the French Colonies first of all. *We want them.*'

" . . . The interview closed by my making the trite remark that now-a-days nobody wanted war, which injured victors and vanquished in like degree; to which the Crown Prince vigorously replied:

"'I beg your pardon; *I want war. I want to have a smack at those French swine as soon as ever I can.*'"

And the Crown Prince, because of his known sentiments, was the most popular man in Germany. As Ian Malcolm says, he was "the object of constant demonstrations of popular affection" (pp. 2-4).

It would have been better for the world if disinterested acquaintances had taken such evidences of increasing moral perversity with greater seriousness. Paradoxically, the danger was so overwhelming and so immediate that it was incredible. But the incredible happened, and the question today is whether America, in her selfish desire to

stand aloof, did not wake up to her danger too late to help save the world from irretrievable disaster.

Germany was to be made the center of a world system. The program was simple enough. Diplomatic Germany proclaimed part of it to the world, while pretending that that part of it was to be carried out by peaceful means. It was known as the Mitteleuropa doctrine, or as the Pan-German program.

Outside the German Foreign Office, there was very little concealment of what the plan really involved. Thus, in 1898, at Manilla, there had been friction, as everyone knows, between Admiral Dewey and Rear-Admiral von Goetzen, an intimate friend of the Kaiser. In the course of a conversation the German Admiral spoke freely about the future, although aware, as he said, that no one would believe him at that time. "About fifteen years from now," he declared, "my country will start her great war. She will be in Paris about two months after the commencement of hostilities. Her move on Paris will be but a step to her real object—the crushing of England. Everything will move like clockwork. We will be prepared and others will not be prepared." Then he added: "Some months after we finish our work in Europe, we will take New York, and probably Washington, and hold them for some time. We will put your country in its place, with reference to Germany. We do not propose to take any of your territory (?), but we do intend to take a billion or so of your dollars from New York and other places. The Monroe Doctrine will be taken charge of by us, as we will then have to put you in your place, and we will take charge of South America, as far as we wish to. . . . Don't forget this, and about fifteen years from now remember it, and it will interest you" (*Naval and Military Record*, No. 33, vol. LII, p. 578).

The particulars of the program have been formulated repeatedly from 1895 to the present day, not only by the Pan-German League, but in whole or in part by the most powerful associations in Germany, such as those which presented to the German Imperial Chancellor, with his connivance, on May 20, 1915, the Memorial from which the quotations immediately following are taken. These associations included the League of Agriculturists, the League of German Peasants, the Provisional Association of Christian German Peasants, the Central German Manufacturers' Union, the League of Manufacturers, and the Middle-Class Union of the Empire (*Le Temps* of Paris, August 12, 1915).

Because Germany, although sufficiently supplied, for commercial purposes, with coal and iron, is not rich enough in either of them, without large additional resources, to be able to carry on a great war against such a country as the United States, the German plan included, to begin with:

In the west, the seizure of Belgium and its absolute control "by putting into German hands the properties and the economic undertakings which are of vital importance for dominating the country"; the seizure of Dunkirk, Calais and the French coast as far as the Somme—"which

will give us an outlet to the Atlantic Ocean"—with the iron districts of Briey, the coal districts of the departments of the *Nord* and of the *Pas de Calais*, and the fortresses of Verdun, Belfort and the western buttresses of the Vosges.

In the east, in order to "reinforce the agricultural basis of our national economy," and so as "to add largely to the number of our people who are capable of bearing arms," it will be "necessary to take from Russia" a "considerable extension of the frontiers of the (German) Empire and of Prussia" by "the annexation of at least certain parts of the Baltic Provinces and of territories situated to the south."

In the south, the seizure or, preferably, the absorption of Austria-Hungary, the Balkan States and the Ottoman Empire, so as to form an unbroken block of territory stretching from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, from Hamburg to Bagdad, including control of the Dardanelles, which would greatly facilitate the economic exploitation by Germany of Russia.

Through Turkey, Germany was to exercise suzerainty over the entire Mohammedan world. She was to acquire possession of the better part of China, and of the French, Belgian, Dutch and Portuguese Colonies, except such parts of these as it might be necessary to give to England as a sop, until England's turn came to be conquered.

America was to be dealt with later, although as early as 1900, German maps were published showing large sections of South America as belonging to the German Empire (see Chéradame, pp. 105, 194-195).

A "Great Germany"—to include Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, parts of France and parts of Russia—with the vast dependencies outlined in the preceding paragraphs: this, said Tannenberg in 1911, "is the goal of the work of the German people in the 20th Century" (*ist das Ziel der Arbeit des deutschen Volkes im Zwanzigsten Jahrhundert; loc. cit.*, p. 267).

It was certainly an ambitious program; but it would be folly to underestimate the organized intelligence and zeal with which it was supported. Germans in every part of the world, from the Emperor to the humblest workman, became spies and conspirators on behalf of this interpretation of *Deutschland über alles*.

Lord Cromer—one of the most experienced and conservative of statesmen—declared in his Introduction to Chéradame's *Pan-German Plot Unmasked*: "That this project has for a long while past been in course of preparation by the Kaiser and his megalomaniac advisers, cannot for a moment be doubted. When, in November, 1898, William II pronounced his famous speech at Damascus, in which he stated that all the three hundred millions of Mohammedans in the world could rely upon him as their true friend, the world was inclined to regard the utterance as mere rhodomontade. It was nothing of the sort. It involved the declaration of a definite and far-reaching policy, the execution of

which was delayed until a favorable moment occurred and, notably, until the Kiel Canal was completed."

The more conservative Germans, such as Friedrich Naumann, thought it would be a mistake to include Holland and Switzerland "in our scheme from the outset as fixed quantities, whilst actually they still have a *breathing space before making their decision*" (*Mittel-Europa*, by Friedrich Naumann, Member of the Reichstag; translation published by Knopf, New York; p. 10).

Practically without exception, however, all Germans agreed that as soon as possible the German Empire must extend solidly to the Persian Gulf.

This basic part of the program alone meant that 127 millions of



GERMANY'S PROPOSED FOUNDATION FOR HER NEXT WAR

The minimum contemplated is shown in dark shading. Lighter shading shows gains in East and West.

non-Germans could be used by the 77 millions of Germans for military and industrial purposes. If military mobilization were applied to fourteen per cent of the population, it meant that the Hohenzollerns would have an army of 21 millions of soldiers at their disposal. It meant also, of course, the monopoly of several millions of square miles of territory for economic exploitation; the possession of strategical points of the greatest importance (including the Dardanelles), and, above all, the power thereafter to dictate to East and West the terms on which other nations might exist (see Chéradame, *passim*).

Naturally, there were difficulties in the way which the Germans themselves were the first to recognize.

The difficulty which is least understood in America, and the most thorough understanding of which is essential, if, as a result of this war, the monstrous ambitions of Germany are to be checked, lies in the very diverse and antagonistic elements which enter into the make-up of Austria-Hungary. Germany knew that her dream of world domination must remain a dream until she had completely absorbed the Austro-Hungarian Empire. As we shall see, the fear of Germany that that Empire, on the death of the old Emperor Francis Joseph, would disintegrate into separate States, some of them anti-German, was one of the causes which led Germany to precipitate the war when she did; for the existence of such independent States would bar her way to the Dardanelles, and so to the Persian Gulf and to the realization of her dream.

The German authorities in Vienna count everyone who can speak a little German as Germanic. None the less, and in spite of such methods of reckoning, even the Germans can claim only 12 millions of Germans out of a total population of over 50 millions within the Austrian Empire. The Hungarians, or Magyars, claim a population of 10 millions, conceding to the Slavs, including Bohemians (Czecks) and Poles, a total (actually much larger) of 24 millions, and to the Latins, including Italians and Rumanians, a total of 4 millions.

The Hungarians are controlled absolutely by their large landed-proprietors, who are in league with the Prussianized Camarilla of Vienna. But with very few exceptions the 28 millions and more of Slavs and Latins, who for centuries have been oppressed outrageously in Austria-Hungary, not only hate Prussianism, but, in spite of ceaseless obstacles raised by the Germans and Hungarians, have been becoming, for some years past, "dangerously" insistent upon their right to genuine political representation. Some of them have gone so far as to demand autonomous administrations. Most of the leading Bohemian deputies are at this moment in Austrian prisons (see *The Czecho-Slovaks: An Oppressed Nationality*; Doran Co., New York, 5 cents).

The Germans had no illusions on the subject of the Austro-Hungarian army. They despised it. The early disasters at the hands of Russia were clearly foreseen. But these disasters, in the circumstances, were exactly what was wanted, for they gave Germany her chance to go to the rescue, and incidentally to take possession of the large though disorganized forces which still remained at the disposal of the old Emperor. The result was a "friendly" absorption of Austria-Hungary, and the policing of the whole Austrian Empire by German troops.

Germany won the first battle of her war when Russia routed the Austro-Hungarian armies. She has got Austria-Hungary clinched—though even now she recognizes and is mortally afraid of elements of disintegration, proof of which lies in the fact that Friedrich Naumann thought it necessary, in the midst of the war, to write *Mittel-Europa*, in which he says, with the usual German *naïveté*: "To speak quite frankly,

it sometimes happens that people [Austro-Hungarians] accept help, and at the same time scold those [Germans] who help them"! None the less, in so far as force can make union, Germany and Austria-Hungary today are one Empire.

Turkey was bought and paid for years ago.

In 1888—the year in which William II came to the throne—a group of German financiers, backed by the Deutsche Bank, purchased a concession to build a railway line in Asia Minor which was designed to be part of the "all rail route," Berlin-Bagdad-Bassorah (Persian Gulf).

Next year, in 1889, the Emperor made his first move in foreign politics by visiting the Sultan Abdul Hamid at Constantinople. As Gibbons says (*loc. cit.*, p. 63): "The friendship between the Sultan and the Kaiser was not in the least disturbed by the Armenian massacres. The hecatombs of Asia Minor passed without a protest. In fact, five days after the great massacre of August, 1896, in Constantinople, where Turkish soldiers shot down their fellow-citizens [Armenians] under the eyes of the Sultan and of the foreign ambassadors, Wilhelm II sent to Abdul Hamid for his birthday a family photograph of himself with the Empress and his children."

In 1898, the Kaiser paid his second visit to Constantinople, which was followed by further railway concessions for the completion of the Bagdad line to the Persian Gulf. This visit was extended so as to include the Holy Land, when the Kaiser promised his friendship to "the three hundred million of the world's Mohammedans."

Abdul Hamid, however, was too wily to put his neck entirely into the German noose, and too rich to become wholly dependent upon the German Treasury. The "Young Turks," penniless adventurers, were more promising material. Enver Bey was in training at Berlin. The Kaiser did not keep Abdul on the throne. The *coup d'état* of 1908, but more particularly that of January, 1913, which gave the Young Turks supreme power in the person of Enver Bey, placed Turkey, and as much of Asia as Turkey controlled, completely at the disposal of Berlin. The reception accorded the *Goeben* and *Breslau* at the Dardanelles, and Turkey's attack on Russia on October 29, 1914, were a foregone conclusion. To that extent, and so far as the end of her stride in Mesopotamia was concerned, Germany might have boasted with some show of reason that she won the war before she began it.

It was the Balkans that stood in Germany's way, and the need to absorb and to assimilate Austria-Hungary.

Until about 1912, developments had favored Germany's plan. In 1909, Austria (ever unscrupulous, even when a tool), successfully carried out the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, countries which are peopled almost entirely by Serbians. This seizure of a huge Slav territory was a great triumph for the cause of Pan-Germanism, and was made possible by the threat of the Hohenzollern "shining sword" and by the exhaustion of Russia, protector of the Slavs, after the war

with Japan. And instantly Austria set to work, in ways altogether abominable, to drive the Slav population out of the annexed territory and to give the lands of the peasants to Germans (Gibbons, *loc. cit.* pp. 150-154).

In 1911, the Agadir incident with France nearly precipitated the conflict. But the Kaiser preferred to bide his time. For one reason, the Kiel Canal, which had been opened in 1895, had had to be enlarged, and would not be finished until 1914. Connecting the North Sea with the Baltic, Germany was in absolute need of the Canal to protect and at the same time to double the effectiveness of her fleet.

In 1912, things began to go wrong. Greece, Montenegro, Serbia and Bulgaria united against Turkey. What was worse, the Turks, trained by German officers, were defeated. Worst of all was the existence of a Balkan Confederation, which, if permitted to continue, would have made it impossible for Berlin to "divide and rule."

The success of Serbia was particularly exasperating. It filled the Serbians of the Austrian Empire with hope of freedom and of a Greater Serbia. Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, Dalmatia and every Serb in the Empire were affected.

Another blow was the Greek occupation of Salonika, long coveted by Vienna and Berlin for use as a naval base within striking distance of Egypt and the East.

So Berlin and Vienna played upon the well-known vanity and ambition of the Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria—supported, as it was, by the racial arrogance of the Bulgars, who have well been called the Prussians of the Balkans—and instigated a Bulgarian attack upon the Serbians and Greeks. This was in June, 1913. Then Rumania intervened against Bulgaria, and Bulgaria was vanquished. The result was the treaty of Bukarest of August 10, 1913.

This treaty closely united Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro and Greece, against Turkey on the one hand and Bulgaria on the other. It also tended to range these four powers against Germany and Austria, and to make them lean more and more toward the Triple Entente (Russia, France and England),—though this tendency was modified later by the failure of Allied diplomatists to realize that both Bulgaria and Turkey had been bought and delivered to Germany, and by foolish efforts of the Allies to conciliate Bulgaria at the expense of Serbia and Greece.

All that Germany saw in August, 1913, however, was her Pan-German conspiracy more dangerously threatened than it had ever been. A glance at the map will show that Bulgaria, crippled by the Balkan wars, could have been crushed at any time by the converging forces of Serbia, Rumania and Greece; and that thus Germany's road to the Dardanelles had practically been blocked.

For this reason, and because the death of the old Austrian Emperor might at any moment have shaken Austria-Hungary into its constituent racial elements, which would have meant still further

reinforcement of the Serbian (Slav) barrier between Germany and the Dardanelles; and because the German Government and people were finding it every year more and more difficult to carry the enormous burden of their military and naval expenditures,—for these reasons Germany, after the treaty of Bukarest of August 10, 1913, decided to bring about war as soon as the Kiel Canal could be opened. This was due to take place in July, 1914.

Meanwhile, in November, 1913, during a visit of the King of the Belgians to Potsdam, both the Kaiser and General von Moltke, Chief of the German General Staff, informed King Albert that they looked upon war with France as “inevitable and close at hand,” at the same time trying to impress him with a belief in the certain and overwhelming success of German arms. Belgium was to be brow-beaten into subservience and, if possible, into treachery (*Germany before the War*, by Baron Beyens, formerly Belgian Minister at the Court of Berlin; pp. 36, 37).

As the time drew near, the Kaiser kept in close touch with the Arch-Duke Francis-Ferdinand, the heir to the Austria-Hungarian throne. They were intimately friendly, and the Arch-Duke was a party to the German plot. In April, 1914, the Kaiser visited the Arch-Duke at Miramar, near Trieste. Again he met the Arch-Duke in June, 1914, at Konopischt, and on this occasion was accompanied by von Tirpitz, of submarine infamy. The murder of the Arch-Duke on June 28, 1914, merely provided a pretext for an Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. The Kiel Canal had been opened on June 24th. The psychological moment had arrived. On July 28th, war against Serbia was declared.

It is quite obvious to any impartial student of the communications which passed between the European Governments in July and August, 1914, that England, France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia and Italy were trying desperately to preserve peace, and that Germany and Austria were determined to provoke war. Naturally the Teutonic powers tried to conceal the fact, but if anyone still doubts that they, and they alone were responsible for the war, he need only read *The Evidence in the Case*, by James M. Beck (published by Putnams at \$1.25), to have the possibility of doubt removed. Mr. Beck, formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, analyses exhaustively the diplomatic records of the period and proves conclusively, on Germany's own showing, that it is she who was guilty.

But it seems unnecessary now to discuss that issue in detail. Maximilian Harden, the irrepressible, in October, 1914, while still a Superman and still expecting victory, voiced the clear understanding of all Germany when he wrote in his review, *Die Zukunft*: “Not as will-less dupes have we taken upon ourselves the enormous hazard of this war. We have willed it (*Wir haben es gewollt*). Because we had to will it and dared to Germany, by reason of her achievement, dares

to exact, and to reach after and obtain, broader Earth-space and wider fields of action" (October 17, 1914; pp. 69, 79).

Granting that a man has for years premeditated a murder; that he has discussed it openly with his family and friends, and that finally, in the sight of innumerable witnesses, he commits it,—his attempt subsequently to wash his hands of responsibility is not likely to be convincing. He may pose as having been attacked, and may succeed in convincing himself at times that it is he who is the injured party; but if he convinces others it may safely be assumed that their judgment is either biased or infirm.

The Austrian ultimatum to Serbia was delivered on July 23, 1914. Its terms involved practically the surrender of Serbian independence. For the third time in six years, Russia urged Serbia to swallow her pride and to submit, with the least possible modification, to everything that Austria demanded. Serbia did so, offering, if her response to the ultimatum were found insufficient, to place her case in the hands of the Hague Tribunal. Austria would not so much as listen. On July 28 she declared war on Serbia.

England, France and Russia again and again urged Germany and Austria to submit the matter to arbitration. The request was met with flat refusal. The Kaiser, to show his reasonableness, declared that all he wanted was that the Czar should give Austria-Hungary a free hand against Serbia!

On August 1st, on the ground that Russia had not ceased to mobilize her forces as Germany had demanded, Germany declared war against Russia. On August 2nd, Germany demanded of Belgium the right to use Belgian territory for military purposes against France, threatening her with "the decision of arms" if opposition were offered. In reply, Belgium reminded Germany that "the treaties of 1839, confirmed by the treaties of 1870, make sacred the independence and the neutrality of Belgium under the guarantee of the Powers and notably of the Government of His Majesty the King of Prussia." On August 4th, the German troops crossed the Belgian frontier and hostilities began.

Belgium then appealed to England. Thereupon, acting on the instructions of his Government, the British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Edward Goschen, called upon the German Secretary of State, Herr von Jagow, and informed him that unless the German Government "could give the assurance by 12 o'clock that night (August 4th) that they would proceed no further with their violation of the Belgian frontier and stop their advance, I had been instructed to demand my passports and inform the Imperial (German) Government that His (Britannic) Majesty's Government would have to take all steps in their power to uphold the neutrality of Belgium and the observance of a treaty to which Germany was as much a party as themselves" (Beck, *loc. cit.*, p. 220).

Herr von Jagow replied that "the safety of the Empire rendered it absolutely necessary that the Imperial (German) troops should advance through Belgium."

The British Ambassador then asked to see the Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, and later wrote the following oft-quoted account of his interview:

"I found the Chancellor very agitated. His Excellency at once began a harangue, which lasted for about twenty minutes. He said that the step taken by His (Britannic) Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree; just for a word—'neutrality,' a word which in war time had so often been disregarded—*just for a scrap of paper* Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her" (Beck, *loc. cit.*, p. 221).

In reply to the Chancellor's statement that, for strategical reasons, the violation of Belgian neutrality was a matter of life and death for Germany, the British Ambassador tried to explain to the Chancellor that it was "a matter of life and death *for the honor* of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked": but, in the nature of things, *noblesse oblige* had no meaning for the representative of Germany. That a nation could act for the sake of honor was incredible if only because incomprehensible.

It was on that same day, August 4th, that the Chancellor explained to the *Reichstag*:

"Here is the truth. We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. . . . Anybody who is threatened, as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can only have one thought—how he is to *hack his way through*."

Incidentally it may be suggested that it is not as a rule the man whose house is being entered by a burglar who talks about "hacking his way through." For the burglar, entering the house, such language would not be inapposite.

Germany had calculated that both Belgium and Great Britain would be governed, not by principle, but by expediency. She has no realization whatsoever that what is right is wise, and that worldly wisdom, when true, is merely an interpretation of spiritual law in terms of material life. She is intellectually blind at that point, as all profoundly selfish and egotistic creatures must be, seeing that one of the worst penalties of sin is the intellectual and moral blindness which it induces.

Germany, therefore, had expected Belgium to think first of her own wealth and safety, and to submit,—thus betraying her international obligations in general and those to France in particular (see Beyens, pp. 36-38; 320-328).

Great Britain also, it was supposed, would be too considerate of her

own interests, including a settlement of the Irish crisis, then so acute, and too anxious to profit commercially by a European war,—to intervene on a point of honor or through mere sympathy with France.

And as to France: were not all Frenchmen effeminate and cowardly and degenerate? Had not every German school-boy been taught as much by real (because German) Professors? France would simply collapse!

So the sequence of events, as Germany saw it, was to have been:—swiftly to crush France by over-running Belgium and by seizing Paris; then to turn round and to stampede Russia; thirdly, either at once to fall upon England, or to postpone this for a few months until the results of the earlier victories had been consolidated; fourthly to exact a huge indemnity from the United States on some pretext which these wars would have developed; fifthly,—but there was in fact no end to the dream, short of universal domination. The German plan has been outlined in preceding pages in its most conservative character. Even now, after nearly three years of war, and while many Americans still refuse to take any part of the plan seriously,—the most influential men in Germany, including General von Ludendorff, described privately in Berlin as “Hindenburg’s brains,” are advocating the incorporation of all of France as a federated State of Germany, the extension of the German sphere of influence in Persia and Afghanistan, the reduction of Poland, Courland, the Baltic provinces, Finland and the bulk of European Russia to the status of protectorates or annexed territories of Germany (From *Germany’s Position Under Good and Bad Peace*, quoted by the *New York Times*, June 10, 1917). And while America is less often referred to explicitly, it is notorious that the idea of a mere indemnity is rejected by many leading Germans as wholly inadequate and unsatisfactory. They are sanguine of German-American support, once German troops were landed here, and they argue that unless America were completely Germanized, the survival of the United States, as an English-speaking, independent nation, would be a constant menace to the supremacy of German world-authority.

What it would mean to our women and children if German troops were to land in this country, will be realized more clearly after the Conduct of the war has been examined.

Fortunately for America and for the world, Belgium and England and France totally upset the German calculations, each of them, in their own way, revealing qualities of unselfish and splendid heroism which for ages will inspire mankind. Utterly unprepared for war, while Germany, having chosen her own time, was prepared “to the last button on the last Grenadier’s tunic,”—the Allied nations, by their resistance, enabled Russia under the Grand Duke Nicholas to strike before Germany had demolished France. The Battle of the Marne completed the repulse

of Germany and gave civilization an opportunity to organize for victory.

But now, in the light of Germany's war-plan, is it not evident why she is so anxious to arrange a temporary peace? Officially and unofficially she has assured the world of her peaceful inclination. Von Hindenburg sends a wireless message to the Russian Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates "announcing German sympathy with the formula 'peace without annexations or indemnities'" (see *New York Times*, June 8, 1917).

Germany has been checked and perhaps knows it; but she has reduced Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria to a condition of vassalage; she has gained absolute control of a solid mass of territory and of population stretching from Hamburg well into Asia Minor and almost to Bagdad. Not only Maximilian Harden, but such organs as the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, as early as December, 1915, declared that even if Germany were obliged, at the end of the first "round," to surrender her conquests, she would have cut the world in half and would be situated better than ever before to complete her program of world dominion (see Chéradame's most important explanation of what he calls "the dodge of the Drawn Game;" Chapter V, and pp. 64, 109).

"No indemnities"! The war has cost Germany little in comparison with what it has cost France and England and poor Belgium. Germany has lived on the territories and populations she has invaded—on forced labor, on confiscated wealth, on paper promises—and has tried deliberately to destroy everything which she has not been able to consume. She is willing enough to let the Allies pay for the ruin she has wrought.

"No annexations"! Russia restores the Armenians to their murderers, the Turks; Great Britain restores Bagdad to Turkey, and the German Colonies, so-called, to Germany—thus provoking, incidentally, a rebellion in South Africa in which Boers and Britons would unite against England; for Boers and Britons, as brothers in arms, have laid down their lives to free those "Colonies," which actually were slave-pens, from the horrors of German despotism.

"No annexations and no indemnities"—and so leave Germany free to organize her vastly increased resources, and all the latent wealth of Asia Minor, and her new army of 21 millions of men (127 millions of non-Germans to be exploited by 77 millions of Germans), for her next great war of conquest!

No wonder that President Wilson, in his recent message to Russia (published in the United States on June 10, 1917), spoke as he did of German "projects of power all the way from Berlin to Bagdad and beyond."

"Government after Government," the President declared, referring unquestionably to the Governments of Austria-Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria and probably to that of Greece also,—Government after Government, without open conquest of its territory, has "been linked together in a net of intrigue directed against nothing less than the peace and

liberty of the world. The meshes of that intrigue must be broken, but cannot be broken unless wrongs already done are undone; and adequate measures must be taken to prevent it from ever again being rewoven or repaired.

"Of course," he continues, "the Imperial German Government and those whom it is using for their own undoing are seeking to obtain pledges that the war will end in the restoration of the status quo ante. It was the status quo ante out of which this iniquitous war issued forth, the power of the Imperial German Government within the Empire and its widespread domination and influence outside of that Empire. That status must be altered in such fashion as to prevent any such hideous thing from ever happening again."

No wonder, either—considering that the Allied Governments had learned at last to take the German plot seriously—that, in reply to President Wilson's request to state their war aims, those Governments declared on January 10, 1917, that, in addition to the "restoration of Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro, with the indemnities due them," and "the evacuation of the invaded territories in France, in Russia and in Rumania, with just reparations,"—the Allies were also fighting for "the recovery of provinces or territories torn in the past from the Allies, by force or against the wishes of their populations;" for "the liberation of the Italians, Slavs, Rumanians and Czecko-Slovaks from foreign domination"; for "the emancipation of populations subjected to the bloody tyranny of the Turks"; and for "the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire which has shown itself so radically alien to western civilization."

To fight for less than that would be to fight, not for peace, but for another war more terrible than this one, and for a war which might well result in the conquest of the United States of America by a Germanized Mitteleuropa Empire.

T.

(To be continued)

A soul cannot be regarded as truly subdued and consecrated in its will, and as having passed into union with the Divine will, until it has a disposition to do promptly and faithfully all that God requires, as well as to endure patiently and thankfully all that He imposes.—T. C. Upham.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

RECOLLECTION AND DETACHMENT

THE very first definite rules which are given the would-be disciple include what are called in the devotional books, Recollection and Detachment. A little reflection will show that this is entirely logical. Put in the very simplest terms, if a man wants to be good the first thing he must be sure to do is to remember that fact. He cannot hope to continue on the straight and narrow path very long unless he remembers that he wishes to walk on it. That is recollection in its most elementary form. It is remembering what you wish to remember. Now there are many things that tend to distract our attention and to draw it away from our main purpose. Any pull on our five senses will tend to do this: sounds, sights, tastes, feelings, smells, and all that they stand for, on the mental, moral, and emotional planes, as well as on the purely physical plane. If we wish to remain recollected, to remember our purpose, we must beware of these distractions, these pulls on our attention through our senses; we must, in a word, cultivate the deliberate habit of disassociating ourselves from these things; we must practise Detachment. Therefore, at the beginning of the way, Recollection and Detachment are very necessary rules. But Recollection and Detachment are really not the simple things they seem. Like most spiritual truths or laws of life, while they fit the ordinary facts of the outer life they also go deep below the surface, into the realms of that mysterious inner nature which it should be our constant endeavor to bring to active outer manifestation. First it should be noted that we remember only that in which we are interested. Therefore we are thrown back at once upon the last article describing our Initial Motives, and their respective powers. But let us assume an adequate interest, either from fear, from self-seeking, or from love. The motive whatever it may be, charges us with a desire to live a better life: we *want* to do it. The problem is how to do it, how to start. Experience soon teaches us that a mere resolution to be good only influences us so long as it keeps in the fore-front of our minds. Once let our attention be distracted by whatever outside influence and we suddenly awaken to the fact that we forgot all about being good, and, during the period of forgetfulness, we got mad and swore, or we ate too much,

or we were mean and ill-tempered, or spiteful, or gloomy, or malicious, or wicked in some more overt and obvious manner. We did not really want to do or be any of these things, save momentarily, and in a part of which we are ashamed and wish to be rid of. We realize keenly that our failure was not a failure of real desire so much as a failure of Recollection. We feel sure that if we had remembered our desire to be good *at the moment of temptation*, we should have had little trouble in waging a victorious fight against the enemy. In other words, what we needed was more Recollection.

It is to be noted that Recollection is a rule for the would-be disciple, not for the ordinary man. To be potent in a true sense, we must assume that the man has a conscious desire to be good and that he will be good, if he remembers. Most people do not want to be good in that sense, they are not interested, and have nothing to be recollected about. Indeed, the vast majority of people try very hard not to be recollected, and they spend most of their leisure going from one distraction to another in a frantic effort to find forgetfulness of self in any outer activity that promises pleasure or excitement. This is the secret of the success of the theatre and the novel.

The desire to be recollected is not, however, a hard and fast line separating the sheep from the goats. Even the would-be disciple cannot always instantly surmount all temptations by the mere recollection of his principles. He ought to be able to do so, but things are actually not so easy. The desire to be good is of a certain power, and will only surmount temptations of corresponding potency. If we have a weak desire to be good, and a strong lower nature, with many evil propensities, we may be sure that we shall have many falls. The struggle upwards is a long and painful struggle, and is based on countless failures. But a point must be reached when the Recollection of one's principles has sufficient power to withstand at least every activity of our lower nature save what we may call our besetting sins. There are certain directions in which we are specially weak. If it were not so, we should be disciples already. It is hardly to be hoped that our incipient desire,—for we are dealing with first stages,—will be strong enough, even when remembered, to enable us to surmount all temptations. This need not discourage us. It is common sense. The thing to do is to start over again, not once or twice, but a thousand times, cheerful and undepressed, fiercer and ever firmer in our determination to conquer this and every other manifestation of our lower nature.

Some of us will continue to get mad and lose our tempers; others will continue to gossip and say ill-natured things; others will be envious and jealous; still others will give way to the grosser sins of the flesh. All this is natural, and will pass. Only the good is eternal and persists forever. The bad in each one of us will be and must be killed out in time, no matter how long it takes. The time is in our hands. We can make a short and violent aggressive campaign against our lower natures, which

is what the disciple is doing, or we can await the long drawn-out fulfillment of spiritual law, which in the progress of time, will stamp out all evil.

Recollection therefore, is not, at first, an infallible remedy. It becomes such when a man becomes a disciple; that is to say, he must be incapable of *deliberate* sin before he can be a disciple in the real sense of that loosely used word. And a man sins deliberately if he sins in spite of recollection. A corollary of this is that a real disciple must be to all intents and purposes, always recollected. It is not absolute, for even the real disciple can still sin without its involving irretrievable disaster. But his sins are sins of inadvertence, of misunderstanding, rather than sins of weakness and bad intent. This, however, is a little away from our main point.

Recollection, while not an infallible remedy against sin, must become so, approximately, at any rate. Therefore, like everything else in the spiritual life, it is a progressive thing. It must develop; develop in intensity and depth as well as in broadness and extent. It must cover wider and wider ranges of our activities. I mean that at first Recollection is simply trying to remember our ideal, and to act accordingly. We actually do remember in the morning at our prayer time, and a few times, more or less, during the day, particularly just after doing something we ought not to have done. From this very elementary stage we must gradually work up until we have trained our bodies to be recollected, so that they will sit straight and not slouch, so that we have eliminated all objectionable tricks, useless movements, mannerisms and personal idiosyncrasies, in a word, until our body is *trained* to remember that it is the body of a would-be disciple and behaves accordingly. Then we must train our emotions to be recollected so that they will not surprise or betray us, by fear, by anger, by impatience or by any other of the countless influences which habitually sway people's emotions. We must train our minds to be recollected, and that is almost the hardest task of all, for our minds are very untrained indeed, and we hardly know how to go about trying to do this difficult thing. But it can be done. The mind can be so saturated with an idea, an ideal, that its influence is perpetually present, in the background perhaps, but actually present in the sense that it raises its head and comes to the fore front of the mind the instant anything happens which makes its presence desirable, *and it comes in time to be effective*. It will show an uncanny provision and knowledge of what is likely to disturb the even course of the disciple, and will not fail to warn him. Some people will think I am talking about the conscience, and to them I should reply by asking them to explain, if they can, the difference between Recollection and the conscience. There is a difference and it is a very interesting and instructive difference, but does not belong to the legitimate field of an elementary article.

Finally, we must have Recollection of the will. When we have that the battle is almost won, for that means that we are able to bring to bear

on each struggle, the supreme weapon at our command. But this also takes us beyond the field of an elementary article. A recollected will is a weapon of the full disciple, and is something the would-be disciple is working towards.

It will be seen from this brief analysis, that there is much to be done about Recollection, and the point of immediate interest for all of us is to begin. As usual I would counsel patience and humility. Do not try everything all at once. Make some few simple rules,—say one for each of the several planes, of the body, the emotions, the mind, and the will. Take a simple bodily trick such as crossing one's knees, or twiddling one's fingers, *and stop it*. Then take an emotion like habitual impatience, *and stop it*. Then take the mind and decide to remember something—anything with a spiritual implication,—say a brief prayer,—at a given time or times, *and do it*. All three of these practices will train the will in Recollection, so you will need no special practice for that. When you have perfected yourself in these three things, try others. You will learn Recollection by this simple process, and incidentally, you will learn much more.

C. A. G.



REVIEWS

The Inner Life, by Rufus M. Jones;—published by Macmillan, price \$1.00.

“There is no inner life that is not also an outer life,” says Mr. Jones in the opening sentence of his Introduction; and his effort in this collection of not very closely knit essays is to demonstrate, on the sure foundation and logic of example given us by Christ and the Christian mystics, that life is not divisible into religious *or* secular, and that “the tendency to dichotomize all realities into halves and to assume that we are shut up to an *either-or* selection, is an ancient tendency and one that very often keeps us from winning the full richness of the life that is possible for us.” The plain man, because he does not go to Church, feels that he is not religious, and thereby automatically divorces himself from religion and the things of the Spirit. This mental attitude does not, however, correspond with the facts. “There is no line that splits the outer life and the inner life into two compartments.”

This thought, though occasionally out of sight, really binds together Mr. Jones' topics. With the wish to bring home the fundamental unity of life, and the impossibility of really divorcing the two, he holds man up to himself by reinterpreting a few common-place inner experiences, and by analysis and application of the Beatitudes, of the Christ-life, of St. Paul, and the *Johanine Gospel*. The Beatitudes represent life to us as richer in the rewards of a right inner life than of a life where the inner is used merely as an adjunct to administer the outer. “The aspiration, and not the attainment, is singled out for blessing. In popular estimate, happiness consists in getting the desires satisfied. For Christ the real concern is to get new and greater desires—desires for infinite things.” So Paul demands “a new kind of person, with a new inner nature, a new dimension of life, a new joy and triumph of soul.”

This “Kingdom within the Soul” is to be obtained only by the way of experience, which each man must find for himself, but which may wisely be modelled on the recorded experiences and teaching of those who have gone before. The value of the Quaker form of worship here enables Mr. Jones to grasp a truth of the spiritual order, which, though essentially Christian—“where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst”—is not a dominant note of the great mystical writers, who were for the most part solitary and isolated individuals in their spiritual struggles upward. “By far,” he tells us, “the most influential condition for effective worship is group-silence—the waiting, seeking, expectant attitude permeating and penetrating a gathered company of persons. We hardly know in what the group-influence consists, or why the presence of others heightens the sensitive, responsive quality in each soul, but there can be no doubt of the fact. There is some subtle telepathy that comes into play in the living silence of a congregation which makes every earnest seeker more quick to feel the presence of God, more acute of inner ear, more tender of heart to feel the bubbling springs of life than any one of them would be in isolation.”

This is the fundamental position on which The Theosophical Society is founded, it is illustrative of the Theosophic method. True Brotherhood is more than goodwill, it is the synthesis and spiritual re-knitting of a new unity, an expanded and

yet thoroughly integrated life existing in a unity deeper and more permanent than the unity of personality itself. So the T. S. is a unit of groups, themselves units composed of individual members. It is the united push of a larger and upward-striving consciousness that will ultimately unlock the Golden Gates and liberate mankind into the world of spirit.

Mr. Jones closes his book with a brief consideration of the mystical "Experience of God," which he, we think rightly, ascribes to many more persons than those represented in literature. He sees in it not some exotic manifestation of the Spirit in man, but rather the natural expression of our religious consciousness, of that "mystery of goodness," of which it is "not so clear and plain" how we "came to be possessed." "Religion when it is real, alive, vital, and transforming, is essentially and at bottom a mystical act, a direct response to an inner world of spiritual reality." This, we feel, is placing mysticism in its true relation, and only when it is seen and studied in this way will that study profit the soul of man.

Mr. Jones has written a popular book, in fluent, almost slangy terms at times; and therefore easy to read. One or two of his definitions are very happy—"Patience, endurance, steadfastness, confidence in the eternal nature of things, determination to win by the slow method that is right rather than by the quick and strenuous method that is wrong are other ways of naming meekness." He might wisely have added courage to this list. Again, he defines worship as "direct, vital, joyous, personal experience and practice of the presence of God."

The book is fragmentary, with little organization of ideas, which are sometimes repeated; but the fragments are in themselves "good and sufficient."

A. G.

Is God Dead? by Newman Floary, is based on a good idea. A rich and happy man loses fortune and his only son in the war. He is religious in the conventional sense, but his faith breaks down under the strain of his misfortune and, denying the existence of God, he contemplates suicide. He has some kind of an experience, not clearly described, during which he sees, as God sees, the inner workings of the souls and minds of six or seven other individuals who also go through circumstances connected with the war which test but strengthen their faith. These several experiences form the main part of the book. The result restores the doubter to a belief in God, and the book closes with a picture of a footman softly closing the door as he sees his master on his knees. It is a forceful and convincing book with much sound argument, and, in spite of its literary defects, one which we would recommend.

J. B.

God the Invisible King, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan Co.), is an interesting and honest statement of Mr. Wells' conversion. He has attained to the knowledge that God is.

"Then suddenly, in a little while, in his own time, God comes. This cardinal experience is an undoubting, immediate sense of God. It is the attainment of an absolute certainty that one is not alone in oneself. * * * But after it has come our lives are changed, God is with us and there is no more doubt of God. Thereafter one goes about the world like one who was lonely and has found a lover, like one who was perplexed and has found a solution. One is assured that there is a Power that fights with us against the confusion and evil within us and without. There comes into the heart an essential and enduring happiness and courage."

The book contains flashes of true inspiration. Mr. Wells has caught certain great truths with extraordinary vividness and clarity.

"God is a person. * * * God is a person who can be known as one knows a friend. * * * He is our king to whom we must be loyal; he is our captain, and to know him is to have a direction in our lives. He feels us and knows us;

he is helped and gladdened by us. He hopes and attempts. * * * God is no abstraction nor trick of words, no Infinite. He is as real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace.

* * * * *

"There is the love God bears for man in the individual believer. Now this is not an indulgent, instinctive, and sacrificing love like the love of a woman for her baby. It is the love of the captain for his men; God must love his followers as a great captain loves his men, who are so foolish, so helpless in themselves, so confiding and yet whose faith alone makes him possible. It is an austere love. The spirit of God will not hesitate to send us to torment and bodily death.

"And God waits for us, for all of us who have the quality to reach him. He has need of us as we of him. He desires us and desires to make himself known to us. When at last the individual breaks through the limiting darknesses to him, the irradiation of that moment, the smile and the soul clasp, is in God as well as in man. He has won us from his enemy. We come staggering through into the golden light of his kingdom, to fight for his kingdom henceforth, until at last we are altogether taken up into his being."

There is much in the book that is admirable. In general, wherever Wells speaks of his own positive convictions, he speaks truly and well. Unfortunately he has permitted himself to fall into the very common fault of feeling that to assert one thing it is necessary to deny something else, as though the amount of truth in the universe were limited, and if needed in one place it had to be taken from another. It is this that makes almost everyone except members of The Theosophical Society assume that if one believes in Christ it is necessary to deny Buddhism. Wells falls into this error throughout. What he has not experienced he denies. Further and more serious, what he does not understand, he denies. There is so much that he does not understand. Of the significance of the Cross he has no conception whatever. To him it is a meaningless horror.

He is like a man who had spent his life in a village in Holland denying that the world could contain a hill, let alone a mountain, and who suddenly found himself on top of a high hill. He is convinced, delighted by the beauty of the outlook, the bracing air, and he calls aloud his conviction and his delight. All honour to him. But there are in the world no snow-capped peaks. That is the superstition of an outworn theology to hold men shackled from the truth. He has seen mountains and he knows.

But he is honest and he is capable of growth. So short a time ago he had no faith at all. Doubtless his next book will show that he has bridged many of the obvious gaps in his belief. A very little knowledge of theosophy would clear up so many of his difficulties for him.

The cardinal points of his belief are:

- I. God is.
- II. God is a person.
- III. God is finite, not infinite, seeking knowledge rather than omniscient, struggling rather than omnipotent.
- IV. "God," as he uses the word, is not the Creator of the universe. That he refers to as the "Veiled Being" of whom we know nothing. He hopes that minds will develop later that will be capable of knowing something of this "Veiled Being."
- V. God is the King, the Captain of Mankind, our Leader. All men are to give themselves to his service; the State is his instrument and the destiny of the world is Theocracy, with God as recognized King.

In much that he says of "God" he draws so close to the idea of the Masters, as familiar in Theosophy, that it seems that it would only be necessary for the idea to be suggested to him to have him accept it as the keystone of his arch. As

said above, with many of his positive statements, students of Theosophy may agree cordially. His writing is curiously irregular. A passage that one feels to have been inspired by the Master whom he calls "God," will be followed by another obviously written from the standpoint of his own superficial prejudices and misunderstandings. As a child he seems to have been taught a distortion, miscalled Christianity, which deeply scarred his inner nature, and resulted in a prejudice from which he has never recovered, and which still blurs his vision. Granting his misunderstandings of Christianity and of its founder as the "Saint of non-resistance," we can only sympathize with his indignant rejection of both. His God, and ours, is a Warrior God and we are to become "knights in God's service." This service of God as the Invisible King, he sees should lead into every department of life, "the teaching at the village school, the planning of the railway siding, the mixing of mortar," down to the representation of God on coin and postage stamp. "To realize God in one's heart is to be filled with the desire to serve him," and the way to serve him is to do all that we do in his way.

His conversion has brought Wells much light and a splendid certainty that God is. He believes that it has brought him equal conviction of what God's will is, and it is here that a little knowledge of Theosophy, of the nature of man, would save him from a great danger. He knows the light he has received is the true light, but he has not yet realized man's power to distort that light and color it with his own preconceptions. Nor does he yet understand how easy it is to mistake our own will for God's will. For instance:

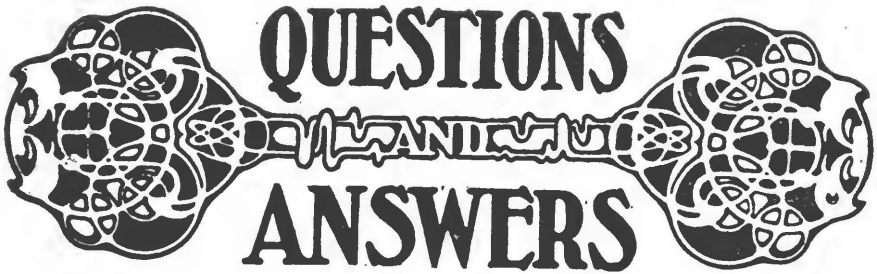
As those who have had experience have little argument but profound conviction of God's existence, so, Wells says, of God's qualities: "if you feel God then you will know, you will realize more and more clearly, that thus and thus and no other is his method and intention.

"It comes as no great shock to those who have grasped the full implications of the statement that God is Finite, to hear it asserted that the first purpose of God is the attainment of clear knowledge, of knowledge as a means to more knowledge, and of knowledge as a means to power. For that he must use human eyes and hands and brains.

"And as God gathers power he uses it to an end that he is only beginning to apprehend, and that he will apprehend more fully as time goes on. But it is possible to define the broad outlines of the attainment he seeks. It is the conquest of death."

Nevertheless Wells has made a great step forward. He has shown, too, that he can grow and we shall await his next book with keen interest. Perhaps even now he is discovering that it is the first step in the spiritual life that he has taken, not the last, and that humility is the foundation of the life of the soul.

J. F. B. M.



QUESTIONS AND 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 No. 213.—*Do the Masters live among men in the Western World—or are they all living together in Central Asia? Are they living in their physical bodies?*

ANSWER.—Everyone who has studied Theosophy for some years should be able to answer this question satisfactorily to himself. This doesn't mean that it would be satisfactory to another; but to the questioner it is the best answer that can be given, since he is not able to appreciate the deeper meaning of another's answer, unless it re-echoes from his own inner life. The real truth about the Masters is of no use to us, as long as our spiritual discernment is not sufficiently awake to grasp it.

What is our conception of the Masters? Most of us think of them as Beings far, far ahead of the rest of mankind on the evolutionary scale. Some of them have passed entirely out of the physical plane and have no physical body at all. Others have still a body that makes it possible for them to work directly on the physical plane; but this body may be too refined to stand the atmosphere in the ordinary world. A Master has told us something to that effect (*The Occult World*).

But there is another and more prepotent reason for them to keep aloof. The force that goes out from them would have a tremendous effect upon us. As said in *Fragments I* in answer to one who wished to converse with the Master face to face: "That force you speak of might shake your nature to its very depths. And do you know what demons might fly out from thence to torment and assail you? Are you strong enough for them?"—The force of the Masters is strong enough to extirpate all evil in the world, but as evil still "lives fruitfully" in the hearts of all men, it would mean to destroy mankind at the same time.

But what about the Christian Master? may be asked. The answer is that He incarnated in a physical body and only with so much of his real splendour and force as this body could bear, and as was necessary for his work. He could not manifest more of His Divine Powers in that body, without doing harm to His surroundings and counteracting His mission. Surely, He had a reason for His teachings in the parable of the man that sowed good seed in his field. When his servants proposed to gather up the tares, he said: "Nay, lest happily while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat with them."

Thus, I don't think that any real Master can live among men, either of the Western or of the Eastern world, at the present stage of man's evolution. But many of their Disciples (Chelas), so far developed that they are "Adepts" compared to people at large, can do so; and several of them are, no doubt, living in different places throughout the world at the present time. The physical body of these Chelas is still gross enough to stand the unwholesome exhalations of the man of this age. But such Adepts are not known except by some few who are, themselves, Chelas of a lower degree.

The Masters are not all living in Central Asia, though a good many of them have chosen that favorable and isolated locality, just as we often go off to healthy places up in the mountains during the hot season. Meanwhile there may be other suitable localities on this globe, where they can live, and do live.

Certainly they are living in their physical body, if they still have one. They would not have striven so hard to develop and keep up this body, as is depicted in "The Elixir of Life," unless it were useful to them. But there will come a time when, as said above, a Master has advanced so far that He cannot use a physical body any longer. Then He sloughs it off; and He is doing so, because it would be impossible for any kind of a physical body to endure the pressure and violence of the powers He has now acquired. Then He is called to do more important and immensely more difficult work on a higher plane of being.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—If the questioner will read *Acts* and the *Lives of the Saints* it is probable that a pretty firm conviction will grow up that at least one Master lives among men in the Western world. Reading the Letters of the Master K. H. in various Theosophical publications, notably in *The Occult World*, will leave a similar conviction as to His reality. *Light on the Path* covers this question—if one will seek therein for the truth. *The Voice of the Silence* gives an explanation of how the Masters may live and appear.

S.

QUESTION No. 214.—*Has anyone now living ever seen a Master, or known anyone who has seen one? If so, was the Master seen in the inner or outer world? Can there be proof of seeing a Master in the inner world?*

ANSWER.—Read the history of the early days of the T. S., and you will find an answer to the first question. Surely Madame Blavatsky, and others too, have seen a Master. And there are still many in the T. S., as well as outside it, who knew H. P. B. personally.

Whether any person now living has seen a Master in the outer world I don't know; but I feel sure that there are some who have seen Him in the inner world, not vaguely only, but very distinctly. There is no proof of this, that is valid to anyone except to the seer himself. What would you think of a person who told you that he had seen the Master face to face in the inner world? If you thought him absolutely reliable you would begin to think very highly of him, which would benefit neither you nor him. Or you might perhaps think that he had deceived himself, or even that he was deceiving you. The wise man that has seen his Master, doesn't advertise it. The only reliable proof of seeing the Master in the inner world is, therefore, to raise oneself to that world, which means to make oneself conscious there, or to develop the inner organs of sense by which to see, hear, etc., in that world.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Holmes in either the *Creed of Christ* or of *Buddha* says that postulating the soul it must be considered as infinite. Being infinite it cannot be limited. Neither can it be defined. Therefore it cannot be proved. As it is on the soul plane that one would know the Master, one may answer this question either "yes" or "no." There is no equal mass of testimony about any subject compared to the mass of testimony on the reality of our own great western Master, yet most of His followers try to banish Him into space as an etherealized impotent Spirit—why then expect that any "proof" would be satisfactory? If there be real desire behind this question, and not a purely intellectual curiosity, we might try the experiment of loving Him. Very few people could "prove" who were their parents yet most of us find it enough to love them.

S.

ANSWER.—We may be pretty sure that people who claim to see Masters are deluded. Those who could see them would not be likely to make the claim. But

in the early days of the Theosophical Society it was different. Then it was not a question of individual merit or development, but of the time and cycle—the Karmic opportunity. Then Masters were seen by many different people who have left clear records of the fact.

As to proof of seeing a Master in the inner world—What do we mean by “proof”? Most people mean the evidence of the physical senses which are notoriously unreliable. In truth, can we “prove” anything? Can we even “prove” that we are awake and not asleep and dreaming? But we do not want to “prove” it. We *know* it. In the same way the evidence of those who have seen Masters in the inner world shows that they know the truth of what they see with a certainty far greater than any the physical senses can give. There are some truths that each man must learn for himself.

R. D.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

New York newspapers of June 24, 1917, contain the following statement:

“Telegrams from Bombay say that the restrictions placed by the Government on Mrs. Annie Besant and her colleagues are the sequel to a violent home rule agitation, which was distinguished by a vilification of everything British and Western . . . Mrs. Besant is head of the Theosophical Society.”

Newspapers describing Mrs. Besant as head of the Theosophical Society do so in good faith, merely repeating Mrs. Besant's own claim. But the society of which Mrs. Besant is the head has no connection whatsoever with The Theosophical Society, and is working for objects which are opposed diametrically to those for which The Theosophical Society exists.

The agitation to which the newspapers refer is wholly contemptible, treacherous and outrageous. Such behaviour, however, cannot surprise any member of The Theosophical Society who is familiar with the earlier history of the Movement, when Mrs. Besant, at that time a member of the Society, made an equally contemptible, treacherous and outrageous attack on Mr. William Q. Judge.

The Theosophical Society was compelled then to deny its platform and its membership to Mrs. Besant and her deluded followers, and from that day to this has consistently refused to have any relations with them.

For reasons essentially the same, the Government of India has now been compelled to forbid Mrs. Besant “to participate in any meetings, deliver lectures or publish her writings.”

Great Britain is sacrificing her best in men and treasure for love of righteousness and to free the peoples of Belgium, northern France and Serbia from an intolerable slavery. She is fighting and dying with France and the other Allies for the freedom of the world. At such a time to organize against her an agitation which at best is based upon self-assertion and self-seeking; to take advantage of her unselfishness, and of the terrible needs of Germany's innocent and tortured victims, to stab her in the back,—is not only the antithesis of Theosophy, but is as monstrous a crime as Germany's very worst.

Even if India were suffering from maladministration—and she is not, being one of the best and most sympathetically governed nations in the world—it would be no excuse for what Mrs. Besant and her followers have done.

If American “Pacifists” and Pro-Germans were at this time to start a “home rule agitation” in the Hawaiian Islands, and were to foment a rebellion among that mixed population—regardless of the fact that home rule there would result inevitably in the same internecine strife which kept India in agony prior to British occupancy—it is doubtful whether the American people would feel that justice had been satisfied by the infliction of so mild a penalty as prohibition to continue such treachery openly.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was held in New York at 21 Macdougall Alley, on Saturday, April 28, 1917.

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 by Mr. C. A. Griscom, seconded by Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis, Mr. Johnston was unanimously elected as Temporary Chairman. On motion by Professor Mitchell, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, Miss Isabel E. Perkins was elected Temporary Secretary. The Temporary Chairman asked the pleasure of the Convention regarding organization, and Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell moved that the Chair appoint a Committee on Credentials. This motion was seconded by Mr. K. D. Perkins, and carried. The Temporary Chairman felt that of necessity the Secretary T. S. and the Treasurer T. S. should be placed upon that committee, since its activities involve a knowledge of the different Branches and the standing of the members. He consequently appointed Professor Mitchell, Mrs. Gregg, and Miss Flora Friedlein, representing the far West. This committee, after having received the credentials of all the delegates and proxies present, retired to prepare its report, and the Temporary Chairman addressed the Convention.

ADDRESS OF THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN

It is the great privilege of the Temporary Chairman to welcome members and delegates to this Convention; and I am convinced, as I think we all are, that we have never held a Convention of greater importance and vitality. One remembers Conventions in many lands—in India, under the palm trees, and the sunshine and the tinkly temple bells that Kipling has recorded, in London, and elsewhere. Now the Convention has come back to its original starting place, and this Convention meets not so very far from the original centre of the work which was in the Mott Memorial Hall, in Madison Avenue. The Society has made the circle of the globe, and has come home again. That is in a way significant of our whole life—the T. S. has girdled the globe, gathering life and vitality, and returns to focus that increased force in its work from its old centre, strengthened and reestablished.

The Theosophical Society and its work are much more vital than many of us realize; it is the effective bridge between the spiritual world and the outer world, a bridge built by spiritual powers and forces, over which they can pass into the life of mankind and into the making of history. While this Convention can be contained in a small space, its life and activity affect the whole world far more

vitality than most of us recognize. In 1915 and 1916 resolutions were passed, touching on the relation of this Convention to world events and the war. Those resolutions, which were then expressions of our hopes, have now become realities; and I think we could not overestimate the part which The Theosophical Society has had in turning the tide of thought and feeling from absorption in selfish and material interests to some recognition of the spiritual issues at stake in this world conflict. We should realize that our aspirations have potency; that they can be used for the uplifting of the thoughts and desires of others. If this were as clear to us as it ought to be, we should strive to hold the wisest and most far-reaching aspirations, for we should recognize in sober fact that we can so live and act that what The Theosophical Society is doing and thinking to-day, the world will be doing to-morrow.

I have great pleasure in welcoming to New York and to this Convention those delegates and members who have come from a distance; and on behalf of the Executive Committee I wish to congratulate each and every one here present on being permitted to take part in so momentous an occasion as this.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

The report of the Committee was made by Professor Mitchell, who stated that fifteen Branches were found to be present, in the person of delegates and proxies entitled to cast seventy-five votes, representing many times that number of members. There were also a number of foreign proxies, known to be on the way, which had not arrived owing to the irregularity of the mails. The Committee recommended that the Branches represented by such proxies be considered as present, but not as entitled to vote unless their proxies arrived before the Convention adjourned. The Branches represented were as follows—those whose proxies came after Convention are marked with a star.

Aurora, Oakland, Cal.	St. Paul, St. Paul, Minn.
Blavatsky, Seattle, Wash.	Toronto, Toronto, Can.
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.	Virya, Denver, Colo.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O.	Altigracia de Orituco, S. A.*
Hope, Providence, R. I.	Krishna, South Shields, England
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind.	London, London, England*
Middletown, Middletown, O.	Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng- land*
New York, New York	Norfolk, Norfolk, England*
Pacific, Los Angeles, Cal.	Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela, S. A.
Providence, Providence, R. I.	

Dr. C. C. Clark moved that the report of the Committee on Credentials be accepted and that the Committee be discharged with thanks. This motion was duly seconded and carried.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION

The Temporary Chairman then stated that the Convention should be permanently organized and requested nominations for the office of Permanent Chairman. Mr. Ernest T. Hargrove referred to what the Temporary Chairman had said of this as a great day and expressed his own feeling that we should try to meet it greatly. He knew of no one whose long and unbroken fidelity to the cause of The Theosophical Society better fitted him to fill the office of Convention Chairman than Professor Mitchell, of whom he spoke as not only the President of the New York Branch and the Treasurer of the T. S., but as a great deal more, an old and faithful member of the T. S. This nomination was seconded by Mr. Griscom and unanimously carried. In taking the Chair, Professor Mitchell said:

"What has already been said of the importance of this Convention gives me a very serious sense of what is involved in serving as its Chairman. Fortunately I have also heard what led you to elect me; I am being praised for what is a great privilege, that of being an old member of the T. S., and we must all agree that it ought to fit us to do great things greatly, however small they may at first sight appear to be."

Nominations were asked for the office of Permanent Secretary; the name of Miss Perkins was presented by Mr. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. Griscom, and Miss Perkins was elected. Mr. Griscom moved a vote of thanks to the Temporary Chairman for his services and also for his address; unanimously carried.

CONVENTION COMMITTEES

The Chairman announced that three standing committees were required to take charge of the business that might be presented, and Mr. Johnston moved that the Chairman be authorized to appoint the usual Committees, on Nominations; Resolutions; and Letters of Greeting, with instructions to meet during the recess and to report at the afternoon session. The Chairman announced the following appointments:

Committee on Nominations

Mr. C. A. Griscom, *Chairman*
Mrs. Marion F. Gitt
Mr. Charles M. Saxe

Committee on Resolutions

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
Miss Margaret T. Hohnstedt
Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis

Committee on Letters of Greeting

Mr. Charles Johnston, *Chairman*
Dr. C. C. Clark
Mrs. Irene E. Regan

The Chairman then called upon Mr. Johnston, Chairman of the Executive Committee, for his Report.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

There is a quotation that has been used on similar occasions—Happy is the nation that has no history. It is such a good quotation that I do not hesitate to use it again. The Executive Committee exists for emergencies between Conventions; it is something like the fire department of the T. S. In one of our New Jersey villages the fire engine, their only fire engine, was found to be in bad condition. This suggested serious possibilities, and one of the village worthies introduced a resolution providing that the fire engine should be inspected two weeks before each fire. The fire department of the T. S. is inspected oftener than that; and I hope that it is always in good shape.

The details as to the issuing of Charters and Diplomas, which are executed by the Executive Committee, rest with the Secretary T. S. and will be covered in her report. The Committee, therefore, has only to report that it has stood firm, serene, and steadfast throughout the 365 days since the last Convention. Fortunately there have been no extraordinary emergencies, no important action to report. Yet this need not imply that the Committee has not been serving—it is something like the question of a bridge. If a bridge is in good order and is open for traffic, there is very little to say about it, but if it is out of order there is much to say. Your Executive Committee has been in order 365 days, therefore that is the only fact that needs to be recorded.

It was moved by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell and seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom that the report be accepted with the thanks of the Convention, and that its thanks be also extended to the Chairman of the Executive Committee for his service during the year. The Chairman announced that it was next our very pleasant duty to listen to the report of our Secretary, Mrs. Gregg.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 28, 1917

New Members

Year after year, your Secretary begins the annual report with a statement of the number of new members admitted during the year, and the number of new charters granted. Prominence is thus given to these statistics, not because the number of annual accessions is to be taken as a measure of the success of the year's work, but rather as a record of the Society's new *liabilities*. Each new member, each new Branch, may be regarded as a new department in the vast organization, visible and invisible, through which the Lodge is administering the work of the world. If each new department can become strong, steady, serviceable, the whole movement is strengthened and extended. It must be equally true that failure in one spot reacts upon all; and hence one of our problems is how to relate the new members to the work and life of the Society. To a considerable extent that is the responsibility of the local Branches; you have also entrusted your Secretary with some special oversight over new members—and their cordial response to offers of help is one of the many rich compensations of the Secretary's work. But may I also suggest that every Branch and every member of the T. S. has also a responsibility for the progress and the growth of the new members. It is not given to many to correspond with them, or perhaps even to know them, but I am profoundly convinced that whenever one of our established Branches, or T. S. members, does a piece of work with thoroughness, devotion, and understanding, *for the sake of furthering the Theosophical Movement*, this act, though unseen and unknown, is the means of giving very real support and encouragement to our recruits, to those who are trying to get their bearings, to find their work in the great Movement which The Theosophical Society represents.

During the past year, one new Branch has been chartered; and diplomas have been issued to 33 new members: United States, 20; South America, 4; England, 4; Norway, 5.

Correspondence

The correspondence going out from the Secretary's Office falls into two general classes: (1) letters to members and inquirers who ask for specific information, suggestion, or guidance; and (2) letters to those who need help but do not indicate what they need. This year the Secretary wishes to make a special appeal to members, particularly to members-at-large, that they shall make more definite demands, ask more questions, state their problems more freely. It is not that the Secretary alone would presume to offer assistance in all the problems of the theosophic life, but there are experienced members who stand ready, through the Secretary's office, to give generously of their counsel and encouragement. Help is always to be had in the answering of questions that spring from the real need of the inquirer; and nothing that is said about the extent of the work of this office should serve to deter anyone from asking for such assistance. And further, letters that tell of a definite need can be answered much more readily than those which are written in general terms. Frequently an isolated member writes a letter that shows such utter loneliness and deprivation of companionship as to wring the heart of the Secretary; one longs to try to give something to that member, but it may take hours to consider the situation and what could helpfully be said. On the other hand if that member had referred to some problem on which light was desired; some bit of reading that was not clear, some experience which he would like to share with a friend, the reply could be easily and quickly made.

Branch Activities

The first impression that comes to me in my effort to mirror the activities of the Branches during the year is the depth of the devotion and the breadth of

the work done. The different reports show that, in spite of the great outer events that have been claiming the attention of all thinking people, the attendance at our Branch meetings has been maintained, and in many cases has greatly increased. In some Branches it has been the distinct aim to interpret present events in the light of theosophic principles; and this effort must become more general as we realize the light that has been given us, and the need of the world.

As we find ourselves face to face with the problem of how to let our light shine on all planes, it is not strange that we should find the Branches reporting, from different parts of the country, increased activity in working through churches, clubs, and various other organizations. The reports also refer, with generous satisfaction, to one and another member who is gifted with the ability to make addresses, to tell stories, to be the inspiration of some social circle—and truly all gifts must be requisitioned and used in this time of need. But how about the smaller and less conspicuous gifts that are likely to be overlooked and so left unused? The member who can make a good address is not likely to be allowed to shirk, but then there is the rank and file of every Branch—those whose best contribution to the cause is their quiet hours of meditation, their constant effort for perfection in the performance of the humblest duties, their joyous sacrifice of self for a cause that is dearer than self. If they could only recognise how absolutely indispensable their unseen contribution is to the work of their Branch, to the work of the Society, with what courage and enthusiasm they would press forward, through the most humdrum and the most taxing duties!

The Branch Reports for this year reflect in a curious way the distinct broadening of outlook and aims that has come to different Branches. They find it increasingly difficult to report on their work; they realize that the essence of this work is not expressed by any account of the nature and number of the meetings held, the new members added, the number of copies of the QUARTERLY that they have placed, etc. Those facts could be easily told, but it is not easy to describe the ways in which they have tried to become as leaven in family and in community life—most of that story must needs be left untold.

Many Branches maintain public meetings, and also meetings for members only. One Branch uses the members' meetings as preparation for the topics to be taken up in the public meetings; others have used the *Key to Theosophy* in their members' meeting; and one reports that Mr. Johnston's articles on the "Religion of the Will" (in the QUARTERLY, July, 1909-January, 1910) have served as an excellent bridge between the devotional books, like the *Gita*, and those which present the theosophic philosophy as such. Another Branch has a regular series of meetings for inquirers; others use the QUARTERLY as their means of reaching inquirers, offering to send questions to the department for "Questions and Answers"—trying at once to supply the inquirer with a line to Headquarters. One of the most significant reports is from a Branch that has been making a serious and practical study of the series of QUARTERLY articles on "A Rule of Life"; seeking to find the barriers that prevent their more rapid advancement, as individual members and as a Branch; such work done with earnest sincerity must bring light.

The Theosophical Quarterly

The magazine has never been more generally appreciated than during the past year. In saying this, I have not in mind so much the growing subscription list, as the expressions of gratitude that come constantly from members and non-members. It is in an unusual sense the "organ" of the Society, for it not only presents in many different forms the truth that has been given to us, but it also serves many members as a means of *expressing* that truth. They work over some problem, and perhaps they find their solution, but do not succeed in giving it to others as they would wish; until some day the QUARTERLY epitomizes for them

their own truth, gives it to them in terms in which they can give it to their fellows.

There are members who make full use of the *QUARTERLY*, and others who seem to be content with its message to them, without trying to pass that message on. There are so many ways in which it might be brought before non-members that I am sometimes tempted to prepare a list of questions to be sent to all members—making such pointed inquiries as the following: When you read "Fragments" in the April issue, did you not think of one single friend to whom you would like to send that message? Do you not know of some public spirited man who would find his questions answered in "On the Screen of Time?" Have you no friend who longs for such guidance in inner life as is given in "A Rule of Life?" Try thinking of the articles in the *QUARTERLY* as precious stones that you have the privilege of passing on to those who love jewels—a ruby for this friend, a diamond for another, a pearl for a third. Then if you cannot spare the money to buy copies of the magazine for such discriminating giving—write to the Subscription Department (P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York); and ask to have the magazine sent to your friend; there is always a supply of copies that could be used in that way. Or if you think it wiser to send only one single article cut from the magazine, ask to have a copy sent to you, for cutting up. The magazine is published for *distribution*, not as a business venture; you are helping forward its purpose whenever you ask to have it sent to someone whom you feel to be ready to hear its special message.

The Book Department

New editions of Mr. Johnston's *Song of Life* and *The Parables of the Kingdom* have been issued by the Book Department, in attractive form. The long-desired second edition of the *Yoga Sutras* of Patanjali, as translated and annotated by Mr. Johnston, is soon to be issued; his work on the edition, which involved many very valuable additions, is completed—and now it only remains for the printer and binder to produce the book; it may be looked for by mid-summer. There are several interesting new publication projects under way, but I have been asked not to speak of the plans in detail, because it takes so much longer to prepare and to make books than it does to tell about them; the Book Department is anxious lest you should all begin to order the new books and to look for them in the mails before they can possibly be prepared.

A Personal Acknowledgment

As the work increases, so does the number of the workers; and yet there is always a shortage, always more work to be done than those who are privileged to carry it can possibly compass. Year after year this has been the case; perhaps we are in this way being taught to separate essentials from non-essentials. In the work that comes to the Secretary's Office, I am greatly indebted for constant help and co-operation to my fellow officers, and to my long-time friend Mrs. Gordon. The Assistant Secretary is now responsible for the mailing of the *QUARTERLY*, for the *QUARTERLY* subscriptions and for the book orders. In these branches of the work, which involve so much detail, many members are giving generously of their time. The *QUARTERLY* envelopes are being addressed by Mrs. Helle, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Graves, and the residents at the "Community House." In the Book Department, Miss Youngs and Mrs. Vaile are carrying on certain lines of work that are of constant and increasing assistance.

Perhaps I might be permitted to reply here to offers of help that come from out-of-town members. There is seldom any of the Headquarters work that can be sent out to be done, but I do know of one way in which time could be saved to those who are carrying on the book work. It is desired that members should use the Book Department freely, constantly—should order books, our own or those of other publishers, and should make all the inquiries they want to make;

the Book Department is for your service. It can serve you better, with the same expenditure of time, if you will, so far as possible; (1) send the money to pay for a book at the time you order it; (2) give your complete address on every letter; (3) make each order complete in itself—i.e., do not refer to something that you said about books or magazines in a previous letter, but give full information in the order itself. These are small points; but the observance of them would set free much time for other work.

With a deep sense of my obligation to you all for the opportunity to take my part in this wonderful work for mankind, this report is respectfully submitted.

April 27, 1917.

ADA GREGG, *Secretary T. S.*

MR. JOHNSTON: It is one of my privileges to move a vote of thanks to Mrs. Gregg for the work that has just been reported upon, and I have been wondering how we could adequately express our thanks. As she read the report, every one of us could see that we were getting a synthetic view of the work of the T. S. in all places, and we have there a picture of the work that Mrs. Gregg is always doing for the Society—she synthesizes the work of the whole T. S. Just as the reports of work that is spread over the whole world have been summed up and passed on to us here, so the work itself comes to a centre in Mrs. Gregg's office and radiates out from there greatly enriched by passing through her hands. I have been having my misgivings, I might as well admit, lest, as Mrs. Gregg's account of the activities of her office proceeded, the Convention might divine why the Executive Committee was able to make so peaceful a report.

Mrs. Gregg used two phrases which I should like to apply to her work—"breadth of work," illustrated in the details of the activities of which she has told us (Branches, Book business, magazine circulation, etc.), and "depth of devotion," which is harder to illustrate, for being far more vital and spiritual it is less easy to catalogue. If the T.S. stand firm, as it has for years, a vital part in that sanity and spirit of harmony is due to our Secretary. Professor Mitchell has been spoken of as an old member; Mrs. Gregg should be called a perpetually young member, and some of the joy of youth goes into all the work she does, giving it a long lease of life after it leaves her hands. When she is writing to a Branch, that life runs forward into the work of the Branch.

It is impossible adequately to express our debt and our gratitude to her—I have been casting about for a simile that should throw some light on one side of her work, the side which it is most difficult to illustrate; perhaps the decorations in this room will serve. There are the standards and the many flags, they might stand for the Executive Committee which represents all nations (incidentally, I count three British flags among the many here, and that is interesting because we have three British members on the Committee.) Then there are the lilies and the roses; if they were taken away from this room we should know that something was missing and should want it back again. They are to me an illustration of the kind of influence that Mrs. Gregg spreads—let us go on record as doing what we can to express our thankfulness for it.

MR. HARGROVE: I want to second this motion. In the early days of the T.S. we heard much about phenomena, nowadays we hear much less; that is because we have Mrs. Gregg, and she is a perpetual phenomenon, a living demonstration of the supernatural. Newer members who desire to grow into the spirit of the Movement will be able to gauge their attainment by their admiration for Mrs. Gregg. I want to unite with Mr. Johnston in an expression of devout thankfulness for her.

MR. GRISCOM: In casting about for a phrase which would express what Mrs. Gregg is and does. I have thought of two; one the hackneyed phrase, "sweetness and light"; the other the title of a book, *Sesame and Lilies*. Those

four words sum up Mrs. Gregg; "sesame and lilies" is specially appropriate because she has opened up to so many people the spirit and the beauty of the theosophic life.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Chairman has the privilege of adding a word because he has been asked by Mrs. Gregg to say that she would like to be allowed to express her thanks to the Society for the chance it has given her to do this work for the T.S. Speaking for myself, I believe that what we owe most to her is the sense she always gives us that she is doing something that is no sacrifice, but an enormous privilege. I am grateful to her for her constant recognition of the privilege that is involved in our very membership in the Society, and of the love that is part of our Brotherhood. The best reason I could advance for thanking her is that she wants her thanks expressed for the opportunity to serve.

The next order of business being the Report of the Treasurer T.S., Mr. Hargrove was asked to take the Chair, as a member of the Executive Committee; he called upon Professor Mitchell for the Treasurer's Report.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER T.S.

The report that I have to make to-day is reminiscent of times that I thought had passed away, for the report shows a balance in the general fund of \$2.42, and that the receipts for the year fell below what was expended by some \$300; thus making the showing for the year an actual deficit. Looking back over the past, this has been almost invariably the situation; the Society long managed with just barely enough money to do its work—calling upon a few members to make up the deficit if there was one. Of recent years it has been different, and some of us have felt rather fearful whenever the year's record showed that more money had come in than we had found that we could rightly use. To-day there is no such occasion for apprehension; and now the Treasurer would strongly urge members to realize that starting the year, as we do, with a balance of \$2.42, the QUARTERLY cannot be produced if the money does not come in. The cost of issuing the magazine is reduced to the minimum; no salaries are paid for any of the work on it and there are no payments to the contributors, but the printer and the binder must be paid, and money for postage is demanded by the post office. So the Treasurer comes before you to tell you that you have not been doing your duty in the matter of payments. With this explanatory statement, I will read the formal report for the year, omitting the cents as I read because often that is all we remember from a list of figures.

Report of the Treasurer T. S.

From April 20, 1916 to April 26, 1917

GENERAL FUND AS PER LEDGER

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements</i>	
Dues from Members.....	\$565.40	Secretary's Office	\$152.50
Subscriptions to the THEOSO-		Treasurer's Office	7.35
PHICAL QUARTERLY	486.12	Printing and Mailing the THEO-	
General Contributions	191.41	SOPHICAL QUARTERLY (four	
Transfer check from bank.....	1.00	numbers)	1,407.66
		Expense of Subscription Dept.,	
	\$1,243.93	of the QUARTERLY.....	17.10
Balance April 20, 1916.....	\$343.10		
			\$1,584.61
		Balance April 26, 1917.....	\$2.42
	\$1,587.03		
			\$1,587.03

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
(Including Special Accounts)

General Fund

April 20, 1916	\$343.10	Disbursements	\$1,584.61	
Receipts	1,243.93	Balance April 26, 1917.	2.42	\$2.42
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	\$1,587.03		\$1,587.03	

Special Publication Account

Balance April 20, 1916.....	\$312.00	Balance April 26, 1917.....	\$312.00
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Discretionary Expense Account

Balance April 20, 1916.....	\$483.00	Balance April 26, 1917.....	\$483.00
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			<hr/>	\$797.42
On deposit Corn Exchange Bank, April 26, 1917.....		\$899.68		
On hand for deposit		66.94		
		<hr/>		
		\$966.62		
Outstanding checks, not yet cashed		169.20		
		<hr/>		\$797.42

H. B. MITCHELL, *Treasurer.*

Permit me to say, further, that the bank book is here, the check book, and the cash book, all three in balance, and open for inspection if any auditing is desired. I should like also to add my own thanks to the Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Karl D. Perkins, who, as many of you know, has done most of the work of the Treasurer's office at a sacrifice of time and convenience that is not understandable by those who lead lives more permanently located. He has been away at the times when we should have liked to send out our receipts more promptly, and has been obliged to work at great disadvantage. It is to him that I am indebted for the ability to tell you that the books are balanced, and that we have made a worthy use of the money intrusted to us.

On motion made by Mr. Griscom and seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom the Report of the Treasurer was accepted, with a vote of thanks to Professor Mitchell for the work done by himself and his assistant, Mr. Perkins. Professor Mitchell resumed the Chair, and called upon Mr. Griscom for the report of the Editor-in-Chief of the QUARTERLY, who consents to appear only at Convention time, remaining anonymous in the magazine. Mr. Griscom said:

REPORT ON THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

There are certain things at Convention that I like to do—talking of Mrs. Gregg is one of them. Among the things that I do not like is talking about the QUARTERLY. It seems to me that after fourteen years a magazine should have reached such a point that you would not expect the editor to talk about it. It is especially unbecoming of me to do so because, in looking over the Index, the other day, I found that I am there credited with more articles in the last volume than anyone else, despite the fact that the chief duty of an editor is, admittedly, to keep his own stuff out. Nobody else can! I have no statistics for the year to give you; it has been without important outer incidents.

One idea came to me, however, which may be of interest to you—I found that for the past year the keynote which ran through the magazine was that of Discipleship; practically every article that was published bore directly on Disciple-

ship. This did not come about through deliberate design, yet there was the fact that with three or four exceptions, one of them a book review, there had been nothing in the magazine that did not bear upon the problems of Discipleship, that was not designed to be of help to us in the effort to lead the higher life. The range of topics has been wide; there have, for instance, been discussions of the war, but those were from the point of view of what each one of us should feel and should think. There have been biographies of the saints and of great people, but the underlying purpose was to show what inspiration they could give to us who are trying to lead similar lives. The sum of the work of the magazine for the past year has been along the line of personal effort and sacrifice, constantly presenting ideals of the highest and noblest type.

If there are any suggestions that any of you have to make as to new fields to be covered, new types of articles that would be helpful, I should be glad to hear from you.

MR. MICHAELIS: I am sure that we all have a deep sense of the great debt that we owe to the QUARTERLY and to its Editor; and that if we had any criticism to offer on the conduct of the magazine it would be that we do not have more articles from the Editor. I beg, therefore, to move that this Convention express its sincere thanks to Mr. Griscom for his editing of the QUARTERLY. This motion was seconded by Mr. Mitchell, and enthusiastically voted.

THE CHAIRMAN: If it were not for the fact that so large a proportion of those here present are doing more or less work on the QUARTERLY, I should like to entertain a motion to thank the contributors and the other workers.

We have now reached the end of what is usually the work of the morning session; it has been the custom to confine this session to organization and to the reports of the officers, so that there may be opportunity during the noon recess for members to consult about the other matters to be brought up, and for the several Committees to meet. Mr. Griscom has suggested, however, that instead of closing now we should hear from visiting delegates, which is one of the most interesting of the opportunities that the Convention offers. If there is no objection to that procedure, I will ask Miss Hohnstedt to report on the work of the Cincinnati Branch.

REPORTS FROM DELEGATES

CINCINNATI BRANCH

MISS HOHNSTEDT: First, let me say that I look forward to this Convention from one year to the next—you will understand that it is a great pleasure to me to be here with you. I should like to begin my report by reading to you a letter of greeting from the President of our Branch, Mr. Guy Manning:

“Once again the members of the Cincinnati Branch send their greetings to those in Convention assembled at New York. We are keeping up the good work with doors wide open, and the members loyal and willing workers, eager to hand on the philosophy that has been so helpful to them. We attract some interested visitors who take active part in our discussion, with the result that we are all benefited. The best feeling always prevails.”

That is the feeling of our Branch; the members are unitedly willing and eager to do all that they can. One departure in our work this year is that we have had certain subjects under discussion for two or three consecutive meetings; we have tried to discuss them from the philosophical, scientific, and religious standpoint. All our visitors have come regularly; our average attendance is 19, of this number we average 9 or 10 members. We have carried on our Study Classes as usual; in our members' meetings, we prepare for the next topic to be taken up at the public meetings or else discuss the questions that have already been raised

there. We have monthly classes in the *Key to Theosophy*, and we also take up the devotional books. For propaganda we use the *QUARTERLY*, which we have placed in all the libraries of the city. We are looking forward to much work next year.

SAINT PAUL

The Chairman asked for a full report from Saint Paul, being the youngest Branch in the Society. Responses were made by Miss Goss, the President, and Mrs. Shaw, the Branch delegate.

Miss Goss: We are babies in the Society; there are only four of us, and we are all beginners, struggling to help each other. There is complete harmony among the four, and a spirit of devotion that is rarely equalled. Our active work has been the study of the *Ocean of Theosophy*; we hold open meetings which begin with meditation and reading from *Light on the Path*, followed by the reading of some "lay" book that may have appealed to some member, and we close with some selected biblical passage—in biblical interpretation we get great help from Mrs. Shaw who is a wonderful Bible student. She is our delegate, and will report further.

Mrs. Shaw: I came only expecting to listen and to learn, but it may be of interest to you to know that our little Branch grew out of the hunger of two people for further light; they had come up from years of faithful service in the path of orthodoxy. They had been led to the conclusion that there was a great gap between religious teaching and religious experience. It seemed to them that there must be a bridge between the only world we know and that other world which they felt must exist somewhere. We cried for light, and the answer came through association with Miss Goss, a former member of the New York Branch, who brought to us a knowledge of Theosophy, and through Theosophy the light has come. Speaking for myself, what I have learned has brought to me the deepest comfort, the brightest light, the greatest incentive I have ever had. I feel that all the rest of my life is to be colored by this meeting, and I am deeply grateful for the association with you. All I can do is to perform the humble duties that come to me the best I know how—if that is Theosophy, then I am a deep-dyed Theosophist.

BLAVATSKY BRANCH, WASHINGTON

Mrs. Gitt: Our Branch meetings have been well kept up during the year, in spite of various hindrances, such as the illness of members, and a car strike which was so serious in its consequences that the police warned us not to use the cars, but we went to the meetings just the same, and none of us was injured or molested.

I want to refer to what Mr. Johnston and Mrs. Gregg have already said about the depth of devotion that has characterized the T.S. work this year. That is true of our meetings in Washington. We are convinced that what counts most is the inner attitude of members and not the number who attend any given meeting. We hold semi-monthly meetings, different members presiding and selecting their own subjects. These subjects are largely drawn from the *QUARTERLY*—we have had some excellent meetings based upon "Notes and Comments." Our members do much individual work, and we feel that we are growing strong. The best evidence of this is the harmony that exists in the Branch. I wish that we could do more during the coming year to increase the circulation of the *QUARTERLY*, that we could persuade more people to read it regularly. Mr. Johnston's "Christianity and War" has been sent to a number of our ministers, and one of them preached two sermons on it. This seems to me a good time to give out these pamphlets, when light on the whole problem of war is being so earnestly sought by many people.

MIDDLETOWN BRANCH

This Branch was represented by its proxy, Mrs. Gordon of New York, who was for years a member of the Middletown Branch, and is still called by them their "absent member." The Branch completed this year its study of the "Yoga Sutras," and has recently taken up the "Abridgement of the Secret Doctrine." The meetings, which are held every other week, represent only one of the activities of this Branch, whose local membership is small—only five—but they are fortunate in counting among their number several devoted members, whose lives, as Mrs. Gordon says, are centred in the theosophic movement.

It is in personal work for the cause that this Branch seems to have been most effective, and that is ceaselessly carried on.

HOPE BRANCH, PROVIDENCE

Mrs. Regan, the President of this comparatively new Branch, represented it at Convention. The work has been carried on quietly, and with enthusiasm, as from the beginning. There are public meetings twice a month, and a Study Class every week. The public meetings are devoted to the presentation and discussion of articles in the *QUARTERLY* or selections from "Fragments"—all those present taking an active part in the discussions. The Branch has inaugurated the policy of sending the *QUARTERLY* to persons who, it is hoped, will continue the subscription for themselves, and so enable the Branch to widen its field constantly. The first and most important work of this Branch is still felt to lie in building its foundations on the right principles, and as Mrs. Regan says, it takes a long time to build a firm foundation.

NEW YORK BRANCH

MR. HARGROVE: Professor Mitchell is President of the New York Branch, I act as Chairman. Perhaps others may be prepared, this afternoon, to go into details as to the kind of work we undertake; I should like to speak now of our motives and aims. I was greatly impressed by a statement made by the delegate from the Saint Paul Branch, Mrs. Shaw, who said that their Branch was founded by two people who had for years been faithful to the truth as they then saw it, i.e. to orthodox Christianity. One thing that the New York Branch believes most profoundly is, that unswerving fidelity to any truth will lead to the Masters and to light; the merit lies in the fidelity. We feel that whoever is faithful to the light he sees, is faithful to the truth, to his own soul, and is in fact a Theosophist though he may never have heard the word. It is because we as a Branch are so profoundly convinced of this, that we have been able to carry the light of Theosophy into the church and into other organizations.

Theosophy is a light; it is not a thing in itself, it is a light. It is not a church and cannot be compared with a church, nor with any organization the purpose of which is to spread a particular truth. It is a *light* that is intended to illumine all things; a light which its members should carry with them, so that wherever they go they may give light. In this it is like the soul, which ought to illumine men's minds. This does not mean, as we well know, that the mind has got to stop thinking; on the contrary, it has to do its share, to contribute its part, while the soul should illumine all mental processes. That, as the New York Branch sees it, is the purpose of Theosophy—a leaven that leavens the lump.

Like the other Branches, we have been learning much this year. Events of the outer world have illustrated before our eyes the eternal truths of Theosophy. Take such incidents as the Russian revolution; we ought to learn from that a great theosophic truth, which is that it does not follow that a country is better governed by a hundred million fools than by one colossal idiot. We are not advocating any particular form of government. Individually we may feel that

some particular form of government is the best; but if we look at the problem with detachment, we shall learn that it is not so much the form of government which counts, as that which lies back of the form, namely the character of the individuals concerned. It is the individual, the light within the individual, or the lack of it, that is important. So this question of government resolves itself for us into the need that the individual shall strive by all means in his power to get light into his darkness. Before we can get light we must always begin by realizing that there is some darkness; if we start by recognizing that there is a little darkness, even a very little, we may find in time that our darkness is increasing splendidly! At about that time the light should begin to dawn.

Every Branch must move forward. Growth in numbers is not the important thing; the real thing is the steady illumination of individuals from within. No one who has been a member of the T.S. for a great many years can be devoid of zeal; we realize that we owe everything we are, have, and know to Theosophy. There are some of us who are doing active work in the Christian church, and there are those within the church who are not members of the Society, who speak well of what is being done. We show, I believe, a deeper understanding of church doctrine than the average exponent of Christianity possesses; we get it from our years of study of Theosophy and from the effort to put into practice some of the Theosophy which we have learned and which we have tried to live. Ultimately it does all resolve into living the theosophic life, that we may carry the light of Theosophy into the darkness of the world.

The great question of Brotherhood, which means everything when rightly understood, is being studied by the New York Branch. We know that it is the supreme art of life, and that there is nothing more difficult in the world than the art of right living. Whenever we come into contact with a human being, the problem of Brotherhood is involved, and every day that one lives one ought to discover something more about the meaning of Brotherhood. You saw a hideous distortion of Brotherhood in the fervent pleas from many quarters for peace-at-any-price; you revolted from this twist of mawkish sentimentality. Yet that is a mistake which many people make. They will never begin to be brotherly until they discover that it is the exact opposite of inhumanity on the one hand and of sentimentality on the other. These, which are supposed to be opposites, are so only in the sense that they form the opposite base angles of a triangle, with Brotherhood at the apex. In spirit, those two base angles are identical. As a Branch, we are in the habit of bringing our studies back to the question—what is brotherly? It takes time to see that if we would understand Brotherhood we must understand the great Masters and Avatars who were its perfect exponents.

The Chairman announced that the time for adjournment had come, and that luncheon would be served at the Hotel St. Denis at 12.45; the New York Branch extended a cordial invitation to this lunch to all visiting members and delegates. A motion for adjournment until 2.30 was declared to be in order and was carried.

AFTERNOON SESSION

At 2.30 the Chairman called the Convention to order, and asked whether the Committees appointed at the morning session were prepared to report. They were declared to be ready, and the Committee on Nominations was first called, Mr. Griscom reporting for the Committee.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

The Committee on Nominations as usual has a very simple report to make. We have to elect a Secretary; Assistant Secretary; Treasurer; Assistant Treasurer, and two members of the Executive Committee. For the offices of Secretary

and Assistant Secretary the Committee nominates the present incumbents, Mrs. Gregg and Miss Perkins.

THE CHAIRMAN: The report of a Committee needing no seconding, I will ask you to vote on the candidates proposed as Secretary and Assistant Secretary. Unanimously elected.

MR. GRISCOM: For the office of Treasurer we propose the name of Professor Mitchell; and as Mr. Perkins, the present Assistant Treasurer, is likely to be away frequently during the coming year, we propose as Assistant Treasurer the name of Miss Martha E. Youngs of New York. Unanimously elected.

MR. GRISCOM: For the Executive Committee, we propose the names of Judge McBride of Indianapolis, and Colonel Knoff of Kristiania. Colonel Knoff represents the Society in Norway and in fact in Scandinavia; Judge McBride well represents the old-time spirit of the T.S. We had expected him here to-day, and I have a special delivery letter from him explaining why he is absent—the reason is one which I am sure would interest you all. When the European war broke out his son went over into Canada and enlisted there, was made a captain and later put into a training camp to train recruits. He wanted to go to the front when his regiment was called but was considered too valuable as a training officer to be allowed to go. Finally, feeling that he could no longer endure being left behind, he resigned his commission and enlisted as a private, and as a private went to the front in the fall of 1914 in the same regiment in which he had been an officer. With it he saw much service, being wounded seven times; he received a number of decorations for distinguished service, including the Military Medal of Great Britain, and from France the Croix de Guerre, with the bronze palm, and the Médaille Militaire. He was in a hospital in London when this country declared war, having regained the rank of captain, and he has just returned home to recuperate fully from his injuries. His father reports that he is ready to go back to Europe as soon as he is fit, hoping that he can go with American troops and under an American commander. Meanwhile, after spending this week-end with his parents, he is going to Culver Military Academy as an instructor in modern trench warfare—thus remaining in the harness while taking the necessary time for recovery. A visit from such a son seems to your Committee ample excuse for absence from this Convention. In his letter Judge McBride also says:

“Please convey my best wishes to the members of the Convention, and give expression in as strong terms as you can of my regret that I cannot be with them. My son has recovered from all his hurts, except a hurt to one knee and an injury to his left eye. The hurt to the knee only bothers him occasionally now. The injury to the eye was caused by a blow from a piece of shell that fractured the cheek bone, and from a steel splinter from the same shell that penetrated back of the eyeball and lodged against the optic nerve. The splinter of steel was successfully removed, and while his eye is still weak, his sight is growing better, and he has the assurance of an eminent British specialist in London that his recovery from that injury, while slow, will be complete. Pardon me for troubling you with these details of his injuries, but I thought that they might interest you and your friends.”

Mr. Michaelis moved that the Committee on Nominations be discharged with thanks, and that a note be made of the fact that the Convention shares the regret of the Committee that the Society is not to have the services of Mr. Perkins as Assistant Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members*—On behalf of the Committee on Resolutions, I beg, in the first place, to suggest the following in

comment on Mr. Griscom's remarks about Judge McBride and the reason for his absence today:

I. **RESOLVED**, That the heartfelt congratulations of this Convention of the T.S. be and hereby are extended to Judge McBride and his family for the heroic and self-sacrificing service of his son, on behalf of human brotherhood, at the front in France.

The Committee suggests that this resolution should be sent as a telegram, so that Judge McBride may show it to his son while he is visiting his family.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, with much enthusiasm. Mr. Hargrove then read the Committee's second resolution:

II. *Whereas*, The only binding object of The Theosophical Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of humanity; and

Whereas, Any form of slander is a direct violation of the principle of Brotherhood; and

Whereas, No one who is guilty of evil speaking or of evil listening can be worthy of membership in the Society; and

Whereas, There is no provision at present by which the Society can rid itself of unworthy members, therefore,

Be it Resolved, That the following be added as By-Law No. 2:

"The Executive Committee shall have power to expel from the Society, after proper investigation and due hearing, anyone deemed unworthy of further membership by reason of violations of Brotherhood, whenever, in its opinion, the reputation and well-being of the Society make such a course desirable."

and that the subsequent By-Laws be renumbered accordingly.

Be it further Resolved, That the Secretary be and is hereby instructed to prepare and to issue to all members a booklet which shall contain the Constitution and By-Laws as they shall exist at the adjournment of this Convention.

It stands to reason that we should have some provision for getting rid of a member whose conduct makes him a disgrace to the Society. Imagine our position with a member who was leading a scandalous life. There is no provision in the By-Laws that enables us to do anything in such a case. Once a member of the Society, no matter how deplorable his conduct may be, he has the right to sign F.T.S. after his name, and the Society is helpless. The provision of this Resolution seems to be only common sense—I do not see that there can be any question about incorporating it into our By-Laws. The direct reference is to slander; that, however, is not the only offence contemplated; it would cover any offence against Brotherhood, which is the binding object for which the Society exists. No one is expected to jump into an understanding of Brotherhood; the oldest of our members would admit that it is difficult to understand, and still more difficult to carry out consistently. But if there is in our ranks a member who does not wish to *learn*, then he would prove himself unworthy. It is always probable that we may sin against Brotherhood, but so long as we are willing to learn, it is not conceivable that the Society would take action against us; if any one should show that he is not willing to learn, then it would be for the Executive Committee to act, and to deprive him of his membership.

THE CHAIRMAN: Do you wish to hear the Resolution read again, or are you ready to vote? [The question was called for, and the Resolution unanimously carried.]

MR. HARGROVE: As to the next Resolution, which we may or may not all

agree about, it is important that there should be full expression of opinion, for it concerns all of us vitally. It reads:

Whereas, The Theosophical Society, in Convention assembled, on the 24th day of April, 1915, adopted unanimously the following Resolution, to wit:

"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."

And Whereas, The United States of America, by act of the President and of Congress, has finally declared that neutrality is no longer possible in a conflict that involves the deepest principles of righteousness, and has, in obedience to the ideals of Brotherhood, declared war against those who are carrying on "warfare against mankind" through "an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right, and is running amuck."

And Whereas, By sacrifice alone can evil be overcome and righteousness be established;

Therefore, Be it resolved that we, the individual members of The Theosophical Society here present, do hereby express our heartfelt thankfulness that the country in which the Society was founded has thus shown its recognition of the ideal of Brotherhood, and

Be It Further Resolved, That we do hereby pledge our utmost loyalty and endeavour to the cause upon which the country has entered, until through the energy of sacrifice the war be brought to a victorious conclusion in accordance with the terms of the President's message.

I shall be greatly pleased if you approve of this resolution because three of your officers labored over it last night, and it has been carefully discussed and considered by your Committee appointed to-day. It seems to me that we ought to be sincerely thankful that the resolution we adopted two years ago, which at that time ran counter to the expressed official feeling of this country, proved to be an expression of the soul of the country. In a country, as in an individual, you have a higher and a lower self. That higher self is made up of courage, of aspiration, of love for the highest that is recognized. The lower self is made up of prejudice, of fear, of weakness, of selfishness. It was our privilege two years ago to speak for the best that is in this nation; and now it is only right that we should express satisfaction that the nation has asserted its soul; has come out positively on the side of Brotherhood.

Since all those who are here are readers of the QUARTERLY, I suppose it is not necessary to explain that statement. It is inconceivable that any student of Theosophy should imagine that Brotherhood is approval of everything and everybody, or, on the other hand, that it means being *against* everything and everybody. As members of this Society, we ought to have made Brotherhood the study of

our lives; we should see clearly that its first principle is loyalty to the truth and to the souls of men. This was illustrated in the QUARTERLY by the case of a burglar, caught in the act of robbing a house. The foolish sentimentalists who prate about Brotherhood would say that we must let the poor dear burglar off—apparently the more of a burglar he is, the dearer he is; (which would be expressive of a certain type of Brotherhood). Let us assume that this burglar has a father and mother, who instead of being fools are members of the T. S.; we will also assume that they are really devoted to their son. His plight is set before them. It might go bitterly against the grain, but if they had any sense of duty, any understanding of their son's needs, they would say; He must suffer for what he has done; it is the only way to teach him the wickedness of his conduct. They would say, Let us make manifest before his eyes the law of Karma; for his sake, and in the name of Brotherhood, let him be punished.

So it is encouraging that the moral sense of this country, which two years ago was amorphous and jelly-like, has recently become reasonably substantial. The majority has come out for Brotherhood; has said that evil-doers must be punished; that those who have come out openly against the laws of God and man must be made to realize that sin involves punishment, and that there can be no forgiveness until there be repentance and expiation.

The Committee recommends that you pass this resolution, and that you, as individuals, pledge your "utmost loyalty and endeavour to the cause upon which the country has entered, until through the energy of sacrifice the war be brought to a victorious conclusion in accordance with the terms of the President's message."

THE CHAIRMAN: Your applause shows clearly the feeling of those present, but the Chair would wish that this resolution should not be hastily passed. The principles involved in it go deep into the real life of the Society; the principle of Brotherhood implies the necessity for combatting false Brotherhood. These things are too important to be assumed as known to us, and I therefore hope that the principles of them may have full discussion here today. Two years ago we passed a resolution (the one just read), of which the one before you now is the logical sequence. A year ago another resolution was presented which the Resolutions Committee recommended postponing indefinitely. No part of that is now before you, but it seems to me that since such a resolution was presented and considered, even though we refused to vote on it officially, it ought to be read here, as the connecting link between our action of two years ago and that now proposed. I will read it from the official report of the Convention of 1916:

"Chairman of the Resolutions Committee: 'The Resolution which I shall now read is presented by Mr. K. D. Perkins, a delegate from the New York Branch:

"—RESOLVED, That The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled places itself on record as to the present wa.:

"—It is the conviction of the Convention that the powers of good are now ranged over against the powers of evil: that, among the nations, France is leading the charge of the White Lodge against the attack of Germany, supported and directed by the Black Lodge and all the evil forces of the world.

"—That this is a time when nations and individuals have chosen and must now choose to wage war both outward and inward, on one side or on the other:

"—That this day of Convention is the eleventh hour and that choice must now be made; furthermore, the Society recognises the fact that in this great conflict between good and evil, to choose neutrality is to choose hell.—

"We do not recommend a vote upon that Resolution, but recommend that it be indefinitely postponed."

Though no action was taken on that resolution a year ago, it seems to be pertinent to our consideration today. That it was an eleventh hour effort is evident, and now, even at the eleventh hour, our own nation has acted. I think we cannot do better than to ask Mr. K. D. Perkins to speak on the resolution now pending.

MR. PERKINS: When Mr. Hargrove and Mr. Johnston spoke this morning they brought out the fact that the number of delegates and members gathered here bears no numerical relation to the importance of the Convention, of the issues involved; of the results that hang upon our discussions and subsequent actions. One side of this meeting was brought out and the other perfectly obvious side was left for us to think over. If intensity of effort is what counts, then it must be true that each one of us has it in his power by the quality of effort that he is putting into this moment, into the duties of everyday life, to bring a mighty accession to the Lodge itself.

It is clear, as Mr. Hargrove has said, that the soul of the United States has finally listened, has assumed control, and has acted. There is also the soul of this Convention of the T.S. If what that soul has done in days past has been of supreme importance, surely what is taking place at this moment in our hearts and wills is of no less importance. As we think of this resolution our thoughts may run forward to the year to come; what we set our wills and our hearts for at this time may indeed have its effect on the issues yet to be fought out in France. This Convention has it in its power to contribute markedly to the cause of Masters and the Lodge because it is a bridge. Let us put behind this resolution of the Committee the power of individual support which means individual sacrifice, such sacrifice as we have seen so splendidly exemplified in the French nation during the last two years, the sacrifice which goes with true courage. Let us determine in our hearts that America shall do the right thing; let us remember as the hours come and go what we said at the last Convention, taking up the words of the French commander, "They shall not pass," and give all that we can, with real joy, on the altar of sacrifice, for true Brotherhood.

MR. GRISCOM: I think it may be well to explain the difficulty over a resolution of this character. A fundamental principle is that the T. S. must not commit itself to any particular belief, and it would be most unwise for us to step beyond the limits which the founders wisely set; we must conform to that principle. There are many things that some of us would like to say, to go on record as willing to do. I know there was no one in the Convention last year who did not agree with the spirit and purpose of Mr. Perkins' resolution last year, but we refused, and I think properly, to commit the Society to what it would have been committed to if we had passed the resolution. And now there is a way out which will at least give relief for individual feelings. I have the right to get up and say anything that I want to say, but that does not commit the Society; it is only when an official vote is taken that the Society is committed. I should like to see this Convention go further than this year's resolution takes us. The limitations two years ago did not prevent our expressing an opinion as to the direction which the law of Brotherhood would take, and it has taken the country two years to catch up to the views we announced then. Today I should like to see the Society go on record for the next two years. I am going to read a resolution which I should like to see passed, but I know that it is not possible for this Convention to take such action—so when I have finished reading my resolution I shall move that it be *not* passed.

Whereas, The world is confronted with a crisis in its spiritual life, and

Whereas, Many persons do not yet realize that the war is a physical expression of the age-long conflict between the forces of good and of evil, and

Whereas, This country has at last awakened to the paramount importance of the conflict, and is beginning to appreciate the moral and spiritual issues which are involved, and

Whereas, Two years ago this Society, in Convention assembled, took its stand against neutrality, or any attitude of compromise with the forces of evil, and thus anticipated the action recently taken by the President and by Congress, and

Whereas, We members of the T. S. deem it fitting and proper at this important juncture in the history of civilization that we should again record our principles and our opinions,

Therefore, be it resolved,

1. The war should be prosecuted with the utmost possible vigour, by land and by sea, and by all available agencies, until the enemy is thoroughly beaten.

2. That we should cast in our lot with the Allies, whole-heartedly and without reservation, and that we should not make or consent to any peace save in unison with them.

3. That we should give our Allies every possible assistance, with liberal contributions of money, supplies, munitions, shipping, and above all, with men.

4. That the resources of the nation, both men and materials, should be organized on the basis of the war lasting several more years.

5. That every citizen should consider it his duty to contribute his time, money, and work to the cause, up to the limit of his ability.

6. That as the war is a war of principle, it should be recognized that spiritual victories are only won by spiritual forces, and that no one is contributing his quota who is not giving what costs him hardship, deprivation, and sacrifice.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: In comment on Mr. Griscom's resolution, which he warns us not to pass, I should like to express my personal satisfaction at the opportunity that is given us to talk over this matter in Convention—whatever limits may wisely be set to our formal action. It is indeed gratifying that this nation has thrown itself onto the side of its soul instead of serving the forces of death and hell. It is clear that as a nation we greatly need to recognize the danger of the misunderstanding of Brotherhood with which we are already confronted. The principle of Brotherhood rests, as everyone here knows, on the identity of all souls with the oversoul; hence any compromise with evil must necessarily be an offence against Brotherhood. In this country we are surely going to be tempted to come to an easy compromise with evil before we have won our victory. It is not too early to ask ourselves what will happen when Germany makes the first peace offer which carries on its face an appearance of being genuine. What will happen when they say they are sorry and will go back and be good. How many people will then be inclined to say,—let us be magnanimous, let us be generous? The danger we have to face is failure to go through to the end. We shall be tempted to abandon the Allies and having set our hand to the plow to turn back. It is therefore of vital importance that we of this Convention should realize that we must throw ourselves in for the victory of the soul of the nation until that victory is won and won completely.

DR. CLARK: Personally I should prefer Mr. Griscom's resolution, but I feel that the Committee's resolution, if we put our hearts behind it, would really accomplish what is desired. It was said two years ago that our action then was in advance of what the country felt. The Committee's resolution of to-day offers something for the country to grow up to. It says that what is at stake is Brother-

hood. Brotherhood implies Fatherhood, and that is a fact which needs to be recognized by this country. Splendid as is the President's message, it suggests that war is a struggle between certain forms of government against the usurpation of one ruler. It seems to me that this war is a struggle of evil forces against the forces of good. The light that Theosophy has thrown on Christian teaching suggests that this struggle is but the continuation of that war which started so long ago in Heaven. It is the existence of the spiritual forces that is at stake, those great forces that come to their center in God.

MR. SAXE: I am grateful to the Committee for this resolution, and grateful for the speeches upon it which we have heard. I do not feel that I can add anything to what has been said, except to express my heartfelt thanks.

THE CHAIRMAN: It is important, I feel, that the principles enwrapped in this resolution should be exposed. I have been calling upon delegates, but I should be glad to hear from anyone present who feels moved to speak to this resolution.

MR. BERRENBURG: I have been in a very peculiar situation with relation to the war! though born in this country I have lived in Europe so long that I have assimilated many German ideas and it was natural for me to become a neutral in this conflict. The Chairman has said that neutrality is hell, and certainly it has been very bitter for me. I have tried to find my way to one side or another; and if I were going to follow my conviction I should have to oppose this resolution, but I regard it as the first principle of Brotherhood to make sacrifice.

MRS. SHELDON: Last year I was the only one who sat still when the resolution on the war was read; to tell why I did so is too long and too personal a story, but I should like to say that today I agree perfectly with the view of Dr. Clark as to the spiritual principle that is involved in this war. To me there can be no outer principle that can make true Brotherhood, it has to be for each individual to live in the light of his divine consciousness, and I believe each should be allowed to choose, to stand alone. This is a tremendous issue and it cannot be solved with a few words; it is the culmination of the ages, it is Karma; and we have to realize that great spiritual laws are being expressed through life today. I for one have to bow to these laws and keep quiet. There is no sacrifice that I would not make, but I have to wait and see what the way of sacrifice is for me; the matter is between each person and the God within.

MR. MICHAELIS: This morning as I sat here thinking of the privilege that was ours, my eye fell on the plaster cast of the cherub over that door and on the French flag near it. I tried to imagine what he would think as he looked back over the centuries of effort and thought, reviewing all that the great ones had done, and then I thought of what happened on Calvary Hill: surely he would feel that we had done pitifully little to justify it. Still, after thousands of years of effort here is the T. S., something that is continuous, that has courage to face its problem—and that reminded me of the dramatic story of that humble member of the Canadian mounted police who, riding through one of the great northwestern provinces in the storm and the gathering dusk, noticed an exceptional stalk of wheat, stopped at the risk of his life to gather it, and so made possible the cultivation of a form of wheat adapted to those northern latitudes, which has resulted in countless prosperous farms and thousands of sturdy men to fight in this war for France and for the cause of the Masters. In the T. S. we have people willing to face what will come from individual effort. We should be glad too that there are in the T. S. older students who can make it clear to us that Brotherhood does not mean the sacrifice of our convictions. That would indeed be a dangerous doctrine. Let us remember that the mobs who burned in the south enjoyed lynchings. Let us remember that each one of us has in him something of the German, something that loves sin; so each one may contribute something to this fight, as he chooses on which side he will serve. Men are dying in France for the great cause, we here are fortunate in that our poor pitiful sins can be made to do service, for

the conquest of them can give us something with which to fight, here and now, in the spirit of that greatest of all fighters, who in Gethsemane refused to allow us to expiate for our own sins. I believe that the triumph of our Lord will be hastened by what we have the wisdom and the courage to do here today.

MR. ACTON GRISCOM: One point which Mr. Mitchell made might, it seems to me, be given further attention; he spoke of fighting to the finish, and asked what this country would do when the first peace offer came from Germany. I have been asking myself what the proper punishment for Germany would be; how far the distinction between German autocracy and the German people can be made. It is very easy to become confused between the people who are doing these things and evil powers who are involved in their course of action. When I was a small boy I used to express regret for my misdeeds because I saw that I was going to get into trouble. Punishment usually followed, regardless of my half-hearted regrets, and then I found myself in some confusion, for I was conscious that my intentions at the time I was being punished were good, but down below the confusion I knew that I was only getting what I deserved. The tendency now is to let the child off from punishment if there is any feeble sign of repentance. This tendency must also apply to nations, and I think that we ought to clear up as much as we can the principles involved in the punishment that should be meted out to the German people.

MISS HOHNSTEDT: At the beginning of the war it was a long time before I could decide what side to take. I saw so many good qualities in the German people; but as I looked for light I found that where they were efficient they had turned their power to material ends, they had forgotten the mission of the soul and what we are here for. I knew then what stand I had to take; and since then my attitude has been, not peace at any price, but justice at any price.

MR. MITCHELL: I have been asked to inquire whether it would not be possible for those individuals present who would have liked to vote for Mr. Griscom's resolution, if it had been presented for action, to be given a chance to express their individual feelings and convictions.

MR. MICHAELIS: I move a vote of thanks to Mr. Griscom for the paper which he prepared and read to us.

It was moved by Mr. Michaelis and seconded by Mr. Mitchell that those present extend to Mr. Griscom their personal thanks for the resolution he had prepared, signifying in that way their agreement with the views expressed. This vote of thanks was passed amid much applause and the action was unanimous, with the exception of one person who declined to vote.

MR. HARGROVE: I am asked to speak before the resolution of the Committee is put to the vote. This resolution is based upon the first object of The Theosophical Society, Brotherhood. What does it mean? What is it all about? One speaker has said that this war is an outcome of Karma—so am I, and so is this building, so is the law of gravity; but you cannot ignore the existence of a thing just because Karma causes it. We have to deal with things as they are, and not as we wish them to be. Spiritual life is an outcome of Brotherhood. One of the most common mistakes in connection with the spiritual life is the idea that you should ignore facts. It would be a mistake to ignore the fact that one or two members of The Theosophical Society, even in this country, were pro-German. It would be foolish if we felt that, in order to be brotherly, we must not say what we think about the war, lest it should offend those members. Let us look at the thing in its simplest terms: suppose there were a member in a Branch, a friend of yours, who was pro-German. Should all the other members sit around in an artificial hush, and say—We must not say anything about the war; we must not do anything about it; that would not be brotherly?

Suppose we were to go back in imagination to the early days of Christianity. Imagine a family of Jews converted to Christianity—one of them did not believe in Christ, and those people sat around and said—Hush, we might hurt his feelings! Clearly that would not have been right or brotherly. So in a Branch, if we were to heed the mistaken advice to keep silent, we should be doing a grievous wrong to the minority. What we ought to do in a Branch is to go ahead and do the right thing. What is that? Think of H. P. B.—her principle of action was: speak the truth and abide by it. You have to say what you think, but do not be personal about it. To go back to the pro-German friend, and the Branch meeting we were imagining. Another member, we will suppose, makes a strong statement about the misconduct of Germany. To make that remark for the purpose of hurting the feelings of the pro-German, would be abominable. The motive must not be a personal one, but love of the truth and of justice. If a German member, because of such statements, made in that spirit, were to have his feelings hurt, he would show complete misunderstanding of the spirit and purpose of the T. S. If Miss Hohnstedt, having come to a splendid conclusion about this matter, had decided not to say anything about it, would she be representing the Society? She has, in this sense, the advantage of being of German origin; she can say—It is not a question with me of race or of ancestry; it is a question of Brotherhood. The more you love these people, the more you ought to desire that they shall suffer for their sins.

Are we blind to the fact that they sinned? I do not believe that we are as convinced of it as we ought to be. I do not believe that there are half a dozen people in this room who have read consecutively and carefully the report of the Belgian atrocities as given by the Bryce Commission, or the report of the Swiss Commission as to what took place in Serbia. Unspeakable and systematic atrocities have been proved, which were not the acts of isolated individuals but part of an organized policy of terrorism. It would not be possible in an audience in which there are women to describe things that were done over and over again by officers and men of the German armies. It is *sin*; frightful, horrible, monstrous sin. Let me ask whether, if your own child were to do such things, you would say, He is my own child, I must not punish him. Such infamies as those, and worse in some respects, are being perpetrated to this very day, in the belief that it is the only way to strike terror into mankind. In the name of Brotherhood, we have got to show them that such things are met with a punishment as terrible as the crime.

To the German member, who in many cases does not know the facts, the thing to do is to insist that for his soul's salvation he shall know them. It is not a question of blood being thicker than water; the more anxious he is to serve his nation the more clearly he must see that for the sake of the soul of his people it is necessary that they should learn that that kind of inhuman outrage brings down the wrath of God and of man, until it is repented of for ever.

There is another point: we are going on record on behalf of Brotherhood, and that brings us to a logical inference in another situation. We in New York are constantly asked by members of outlying Branches how to deal with complications that arise from the proximity of other Societies calling themselves theosophical. There are, without doubt, a number of such societies in New York, but they do not bother us. That is partly because it is a big city, and partly because we are not interested or concerned. We leave them alone, and they us—if they did not, we should wish to know the reason why. If in a smaller city there is a Branch of some other society meeting next door, even if you are friendly with individuals in it, is there any complication? I do not see it. You may have a very friendly feeling for people in different churches, but you do not feel obliged to go to their church, nor they to go to your T. S. Suppose that you lived in Utah, and an exceedingly nice Mormon asked you to

come around to the Temple, you might go from sheer curiosity but you would not keep on going.

Let us look at the facts. There is the Annie Besant Society (it used to be called the Olcott, the Adyar Society), and there is Mrs. Tingley's Society; they are just as foreign to The Theosophical Society as the Mormons are. It is difficult for those who have not been in the Society a long time to appreciate this, but it is so. You may say that a newly enrolled member of the Annie Besant Society was not mixed up with the past, did not attack Mr. Judge, has not violated the principles of our Society, etc.—but you overlook the fact that this person has joined the organization that did do these things, and so must partake of the life, spirit, and purpose of the institution he has joined. It is not a question of our meting out personal condemnation. The simple fact is that the other societies are in some respects working for objects diametrically opposed to ours. To pretend that they are working for the same thing is not to be brotherly but nonsensical. Do we not realize that the spiritual life is based upon common sense? Now to return to our resolution.

This resolution is based on Brotherhood, is built up on Brotherhood, and must of necessity result in Brotherhood. In drafting it, the question with your committee was not, how much can we say? but, what is the least we can say while obeying at every point the needs of the situation and your and our ideal of theosophic needs and standards? When you come to read the resolution, later on, you will find that there is a great deal in it. If you adopt this resolution, you will go on record as standing flat-footedly for the soul of this country, and as standing side by side, as far as you are able, with the cause of the Allies, which I suspect all of us believe to be the cause of Truth and of Righteousness. We believe that this war is no more than the appearance on the surface of an age-long conflict. You know that even the largest icebergs seen floating in the water have the greater part of their bulk hidden out of sight beneath the water. So it is with this mighty conflict between good and evil. Those of us who believe in Reincarnation know that we are going on, age after age, with this same war. What we are doing here is to reaffirm what we hope is in every case an age-long enlistment to fight under exactly the same banner under which we have already fought,—for the cause of Masters. We must all be devoutly thankful that this fight is now out in the open; that we need no longer keep silent—thankful that we have the opportunity to speak for the eternal Gods, whatever name we may give to them. Blood and race are not the issue. The question is to what extent have we given ourselves to that Cause, to what extent are we holding back, confused, doubtful, selfish—to what extent are we in it, body and soul, now and always.

In response to many demands for the question, the Chairman asked for a rising vote on Resolution No. 3, which had been considered at length. It was unanimously carried; one person present refrained from voting, either for or against. The Committee also had certain formal resolutions to present, but the Chairman asked that they be withheld and that the Committee should not be discharged until later—to give opportunity for any further resolutions that members might wish to submit through the Committee. The next order of business was the report from the Committee on Letters of Greeting, made by its Chairman, Mr. Johnston.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

The greetings are numerous and cordial and immensely interesting; I am sure that you would be delighted to hear them all if only there were time. There are a few which should be picked out from the rest because they are

distinctly messages to this Convention. The first is from Dr. Keightley. He has the honour of being the oldest member in the Society and is very dear to our hearts; no one is better loved. We had hoped that he would be here today, but his country felt that he was needed in England at this time. We shall hope that his country may see that others also may need him, and that we may have him with us before long.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention assembled:

The Members of the British Branch desire, through me, to send their heartiest good wishes for a happy and a successful Convention in this year:—

As we all felt last year, the world-war (and its effects) still occupies the attention of the greater part of the human race, and now nation after nation has been drawn into the whirlpool with the exception of those who cannot assert themselves because of their position, geographically. It would almost seem that one nation, in its search for world-domination, has succeeded in compelling all humanity to struggle for their existence as individual nations. An English author once pointed out that the law governing animal coalition was the struggle for life, and that the essentially human stage was only reached when that struggle for life was replaced by the altruistic law of struggle for the life of others. In short, self-assertion was to be replaced by self-sacrifice to the common good. It would seem that this is the lesson humanity has to learn, and that we, each in his own place and manner, have to make our choice between external, material benefits and adhesion to the principles which by great efforts on our part lead us to the increased and essentially human evolution.

And in this evolutionary progress, the objects of The Theosophical Society, with the proclamation printed on the back of each issue of the *QUARTERLY*, constitute a declaration of principles which can govern our path for a very long distance. I remember that in one point of indecision a watchword was given us:—"Avoid facts and stick to principles." The world is faced today with multitudes of facts. But the principles which lie behind the facts are neglected in the more obvious adhesion to self-interest. Therefore let us get away from facts, and by loyal adherence to principles which we know to be right in the evolutionary progress of man as man, liberate ourselves and mankind from the thralldom of material self-seeking. That thralldom is a slavery, and in the name of God we strive for freedom.

Here, the conditions of work and the exigencies of the military situation, still contrive to prevent the Branch meetings from taking place in the evening. In many places the streets are entirely dark, in others there is so little light that walking is dangerous, and the cars are infrequent, or do not run. In the north, some of the most active members are serving in the army abroad; almost all have some national duty to perform. We very slowly gain in numbers, and I am glad to say we have lost no members.

May next year find us at peace, but may no peace come until the lesson is learned.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,
General Secretary,
British National Branch T.S.

There is a very welcome and sympathetic letter from South America, addressed to Mrs. Gregg, which I shall next ask the privilege of reading to you.

CARACAS, March, 1917.

DEAR FELLOW-WORKER :

With much pleasure I've read your kind favour dated 24th February, as well as the notice for the assembling of the Convention; and in accordance with them and their contents, I with pleasure send you the report with the Office-bearers and the new members of the Branch during the year 1916, as well as the credential for the representation of the "Rama Venezuela" in the coming Convention of the Theosophical Society.

The reunion of this body, in this critical moment for the world, we consider to be a supreme event; as one other proof—and that, conclusive—that the triumph of the Good Law is a fact.

United, truly united as we are, we send our salutation, our fervent gratitude, together with the wishes that the "Rama Venezuela" makes that the greatest success crown its labours, being as these are, the work of the world's health.

With best wishes,

I am, yours fraternally,

JUAN J. BENZO, *Secretary.*

MR. JOHNSTON: There are many other letters that I should like to read but this Committee must not trespass too far upon the time of the Convention.

THE CHAIRMAN: It has been customary for the Chairman of the Committee on Letters of Greeting to read selections from the letters, such as he thought ought to be called to our attention at this time; and a resolution has usually been adopted authorizing the editor of the QUARTERLY to print such other important letters as there was not time to read. I know of no further business that need interfere with the reading of additional letters but visiting members have indicated the desire to hear further from delegates about Branch work and particularly about the work of the New York Branch.

MR. HARGROVE: We could hear from members of the New York Branch at the Branch meeting this evening and I would suggest that we give Mr. Johnston time to read such of the letters as he specially wishes to read.

MR. MICHAELIS: An address by the President of the New York Branch has been one of the features of the Conventions which many of us remember with much pleasure. I hope that time enough may be left for such an address.

MR. JOHNSTON: Many of the letters that have come to the Committee deal largely with the details of Branch work. The principles to be brought out are those embodied in the letter from Dr. Keightley which I have already read and I think we might suspend the reading of letters at this point. It is usual at this point for some well-meaning person to move that the Chairman of this Committee shall reply to these letters of greeting. I wish to do what I can to discourage that resolution. The letters go directly to the Secretary of the Convention for the making of the Convention report and as it is some time before they can again reach the Chairman of this Committee, I think it would be more charitable and practical not to provide for something that is not likely to be carried out.

THE CHAIRMAN: Your pleasure is asked with reference to the recommendation of the Chairman of this Committee that the editorial board of the QUARTERLY be asked to include with the Convention report such letters as it feels could to advantage be incorporated. The vote to that effect was unanimous.

MR. HARGROVE: The Committee on Resolutions, having received no recommendations from delegates or members, asks permission to present the formal resolutions which are always passed; and which will conclude its work.

4. A resolution providing that Mr. Johnston or some other representative of the Executive Committee be requested to do all the various things that should be done with reference to the letters of greeting;—that leaves him a loophole, and perhaps he can get some assistance from Mrs. Gregg or Miss Perkins.

5. The usual resolution of thanks to the New York Branch for its reception of the Convention.

6. The usual resolution authorizing the visits of officers to the Branches.

The foregoing resolutions were unanimously passed; also the motion made by Mr. Mitchell and seconded by Mr. Michaelis, that the Committees on Resolutions and on Letters of Greeting be discharged with the thanks of the Convention. The Chairman then announced, 1. The meeting of the New York Branch at 8.30, to which all members and delegates were cordially invited. 2. The public lecture, to be given by Mr. Charles Johnston, at Hotel Saint Denis, on Sunday afternoon at half past three. 3. The tea to be given by the New York Branch at the Studio, following Mr. Johnston's lecture. There being no further business to come before the Convention, the Chairman asked for a motion to adjourn. Mr. Michaelis requested permission to anticipate that with a motion that the cordial thanks of the Convention be extended to Professor Mitchell and Miss Perkins, for their services as Chairman and Secretary. This motion, put by Mr. Hargrove, was carried. In response, the Chairman made the following brief address, after which the motion to adjourn was made, duly seconded, and carried.

THE CHAIRMAN: This closes our business; it does not close the life of our Convention. The true life of this Convention is but beginning. Many things have been said here, and it now remains to live them. Unless they are to be lived there were no need or use in saying them. Our putting into action of the principles declared two years ago was followed by the nation. In the spiritual world, as has been said, numbers are not the important thing—what counts is the extent to which spiritual principles are lived. We have said much to-day of war, because the laws of war are the laws of life. There is no compromise in war or in life; those who think there is must decline and die. Life is war. That is the cost every one of us must pay for our deepest life which comes to us from our Master.

To live that life—to make the divine live in us—means ceaseless conflict. If we are not willing to undertake that conflict, and to struggle daily to overcome all the manifold evil that is arrayed against us in our own natures, and which surrounds us in the external world, we cannot keep even the vision of the truth, and all that has been given to us will have been given in vain.

As we go out now, having listened to much, it behooves us to go out determined to live much. And in particular, when we read in these Convention proceedings the resolution that we have just passed, I hope that each and every one may lay firm hold upon the phrase "by the energy of sacrifice." It is only by sacrifice that we can win our way to victory, can keep our hold on life. What we have said is nothing unless we make the sacrifice. War, Sacrifice, Brotherhood—these things mean conflict, and we go forth to enter upon it.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

ALTAGRACIA DE ORITUCO, VENEZUELA.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

FELLOW MEMBERS:

The members of the "Rama Altagracia de Orituco" greet you, and at the same time they desire to be united with you in heart, spirit and purpose. It may be said, we think, that the vigorous impulse with which The Theosophical Society has carried forward its spiritual work, since it was founded in New York, is the realization of the ideal of work initiated at the beginning by our dear Master H. P. B. Throughout, we see the fruits of that magnificent labour, appearing in science and philosophy as much as in religion and art. They show that they have perceived a glimpse of the inner light and that they are moving toward the common ideal of brotherhood. Therefore, we suppose that, although at present our Race is involved in material catastrophe and ruin, because of conditions created by the false concept that men generally hold of the purpose of life, yet beyond this can be seen the awakening in our Race of a higher spiritual consciousness, emerging with a new arrangement of things. That result is undoubtedly due to the efforts and consecration of The Theosophical Society.

Considering the universal conflagration, which affects us also, we believe in our "Rama" that we must give our attention to the consideration of problems such as those that the QUARTERLY has been explaining since the beginning of the European war. It has been waging a very serious campaign against the greatest forces of evil in the world. In our place we have coöperated and have followed the standard that the QUARTERLY has raised, working in accordance with it. The principles of love and justice need for their defense all our courage, and this is a good opportunity to serve them with valor and loyalty. This is an important fact of our theosophical life in the past year.

Furthermore, we have had the happy event of the publication of the translation of "Patanjali's Yoga Sutras," made by the "Rama Venezuela," from the English edition. In our "Rama" we are studying this remarkable book. Our work has followed the same plan as in previous years: meetings, readings, etc.

We wish earnestly that you may get full success upon the object and purpose for which you are to be assembled at this time.

Fraternally yours,

M. DE LA CUEVA,

For the "Rama Altagracia de Orituco."

CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

To the Convention of The Theosophical Society:

I come to fulfil the duty of rendering account of our labours during the past year; and with such motive I salute respectfully the Convention of The Theosophical Society in the name of the members of the "Rama Venezuela."

Those labours have been a simple continuation of those realized before, with the sole object of diffusing the Theosophical doctrine and spirit among the Spanish-American peoples. An important part of that program of work has been our review, *Dharma*. Inspired in the QUARTERLY, many of whose articles it reproduces, *Dharma* has managed to be, in this way, an echo of the profound cry of the Masters which arises continuously from the heart of that great nation called, with justice, the *stronghold* of Theosophy. Our work has not been an easy one. Several difficulties we have had in sustaining our Review, but it pleases us to be able to say that our Branch feels itself happy for having been able to conquer them, and also for having interpreted them as the most interesting proofs of its faith in the ideal of human fraternity and of its love for the cause of the Masters. It

pleases me, besides, to announce that the *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali* are already in circulation in America, translated and edited by our Branch; and we have the hope that their reading will awaken many souls to the life of things spiritual.

The Branch meets once a week; and in each there are studied theosophical books, subjects proposed among the members which are considered and threshed out; and generally the diverse matters which constitute our literature and philosophy are speculated on.

There is an indication which gives a clear confidence in the future of the Theosophical movement in Venezuela, and this consists in the sale, in promising manner, of books of our literature. This shows that there are readers of our spiritual matters. It is to be supposed, therefore, that later on that tendency will seek an atmosphere in which to manifest and live externally. It satisfies me to say that that future success is upheld and fortified by the fact that in the heart of our "Branch" there lives and prospers a faith certain of the triumph of universal fraternity, and labours according to the measure of its forces, for that triumph.

I offer the most cordial wishes that the labours of the Convention may manifest, for the welfare of the world, the thought and the will of the Masters.

F. DOMINGUEZ ACOSTA, *President.*

LONDON, S. W. 3.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

The London Lodge sends greetings and sincere good wishes for the success of your deliberations. We are with you in spirit, and hope that the meeting may be a memorable one and that all may receive strength and inspiration for the work of the coming year.

The black cloud which hangs over mankind externally, affects especially the deeper things of life. They who could not see God in the sunshine and among the flowers, or recognize him in the smiles of their fellows, are beginning to hear his voice in the storm and to recognise the signs of his purpose in the depths of human suffering.

We know that the lesson each of us has to learn is a necessary one. May we have strength to humbly do our duty and to aid those whose duty is to help mankind in this day of trial.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

M. GORDON KENNEDY,
N. KENNEDY,

Joint Secretaries.

ADDITIONAL BRANCH REPORTS

WALKER, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

DEAR MR. JOHNSTON:

On behalf of the members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge I am requested to ask you to represent us at the forthcoming Convention and to use our votes as occasion arises as you think best. We have not received word of any new resolutions to be put forward, so take it there are none this year. During the past year we have steadily plodded on in spite of the various difficulties which the war has produced, and have endeavoured to still keep before us that right spirit which seems to us the true drawing power of the T. S. As an instance of this may I be pardoned for quoting from a letter of a new member?

"I wish to convey to you how deeply I appreciate the kind thoughts and wishes you have addressed to me. It is very helpful to come among friends with such large sympathies. The T. S. has many attractions, and this striking one is very encouraging and surely an inducement to join the Society. I have perhaps a little knowledge of what true greatness means and I hope to learn more as time goes on. I felt the atmosphere, the first evening I attended the meeting to be one of hearty goodwill, and am very glad of the privilege to join the Society. I do hope that I will be able to realize the possibilities before me, that I may indeed become an active member and worthy the name."

Believe me to be,

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
Secretary.

KRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

In the past year the Karma Branch has as usual continued its meetings once a week in the evening except in September, October and November, when meetings were held every fortnight only. During the Summer 1916 the meetings were suspended. As a rule the meetings have been conducted by Colonel Knoff, who has selected pieces mostly from the theosophical literature, and commented on them. Afterwards there has been a discussion in which those present have taken part with great interest. The door has been kept open to all.

In December last one of our earliest members, Mr. Carl Sjöstedt, passed away. The Branch has felt this loss deeply, being much indebted to Mr. Sjöstedt for his faithful work, especially at a time when his help was greatly needed.

The great stir in Europe at the present time seems to draw the attention away from our little Branch. Meanwhile, we are trying to keep up our work, knowing that every effort to support the Theosophical Movement is valued and valuable; and we are confidently looking forward to the time, when the raging conflict is over, trusting that good must prevail and that evil will be overcome.

ANNA D. DAHL,
Secretary.

AYLSHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

DEAR SECRETARY:

I have no activities to report for this year from the Norfolk Branch of the T. S. as all the members are scattered,—one is a prisoner of war in Germany and two others are away doing "War Work." So it is not possible to hold any meetings, but we try to read as much as possible, and we keep up our interest in T. S. activities. We read the QUARTERLY with keen interest and have found so many of the articles, especially on war subjects, most admirable. There have been no new members in the Branch.

We send cordial greetings and all good wishes to the Annual Convention of T. S.

Yours fraternally,

HOPE D. BAGNELL.

VIRYA BRANCH, DENVER

We can only send our greetings this year to the fortunate members attending the Convention. Protracted absences and illnesses here have caused some changes in the apportioning out of Virya work and in the number and character

of our meetings, now held only on the first Sunday of every month. While nothing can compensate for our temporary absentees, we have noted in the attendance of visitors, a marked increase, numerical and dynamic. Our new quarters are more accessible to street cars, in a closer-in neighborhood. While no new members have been added, these increased individual activities and facilities have brought about a wider-spread interest in somewhat newer circles. Attendance is more regular and prompt, and curiously new in quality. The meetings are enriched by the presence of several acquaintances who may never join the T. S. (being satisfied with their own modes of thought), but whose gracious and stimulating presence and friendly spirit in discussion, evokes appreciative theosophic response. We are learning hard problems in paradoxes: To be tolerant, flexible, and courteous, while at times, conscience demands firm treatment of the alien views of passing guests from other Societies, is one problem doubtless not confined to our little area of Branch-consciousness.

Deeper questions than those of mere adaptability and flexibility of method, confront each personally, brought to light by our winter's study of articles from the QUARTERLY on "A Rule of Life." We take them in connection with the older but identical teachings of the *Gita*. In tracing the parallelism between the *Gita's* simple yet mighty Manual of Warfare against evil, with these elementary yet subtle modern teachings regarding Discipline and obedience in practical Theosophic life, in the working world of today, we have been confronted by problems and paradoxes, great and small; world-questions, and personal questions, hard to reconcile with public discussion in a parlor full of strangers. We begin to suspect that it is not only a race-weakness, but a grave individual aversion to implicit obedience, and the recognition of superior officers, which retard our spiritual growth and make life painful instead of simple and spontaneously happy. These articles on methods of discipline have unearthed startling discoveries in each one's interior field of thought and emotion. They have ploughed deep, and the harvest of good seed-thoughts is a matter of patient waiting. They have drawn deep furrows (with what at the time seemed like "harrowing effects") upon us all, members both new and old, and friends, acquaintances, passers-by casual, or otherwise. Our's seems to be an intensive field, more overworked than neglected at present. Perhaps one of the greatest difficulties is in feeling the necessity for our existence, among so many noble and enthusiastic workers along somewhat similar lines. The absurdity of our lack of numbers, strength, opportunity, etc., would annihilate the Virya were it not that wiser Branches than our's had made from even smaller beginnings a Cause whose effects will be obvious a thousand years hence. Since we are here, and hard at such ancient tasks as these of reconciling each one's need of freedom with the self-sacrifice of each to all, (and the need of absolute joy in our self-imposed discipline,) we may take comfort in the belief that we are important enough for the very existence and continuance of the Branch life to be a genuine little miracle of the Master's care and protection. In a world of warring elements and factions and dissonances, the presence of our Theosophical Society is to many of us—watching it nourish, reconcile, explain and transmute our lower natures into higher heavenly consciousness—the best and most practical proof of the great miracle of the Master's Love. How can we be other than grateful for the help so faithfully extended us all since each first entered the ranks? During the year just past, each member of the Virya has felt more than usually glad of membership and appreciative of the Society's beautiful sympathy and interest in all the activities of all its scattered branches.

Faithfully yours,

THE VIRYA BRANCH.

PACIFIC BRANCH, LOS ANGELES

I hardly know what to say in regard to the information about special work that is desired. We have one member who has been working with a so-called "Voluntary Co-operative Association," for the uplift and benefit of down and out humanity, supplying them with material assistance, and propagating the Theosophical doctrine among them as well as can be done; and the same member has joined the Congressional Church for the helpfulness of the members in coming to an understanding of the inner meaning of the Bible, so far as he is afforded the opportunity, in harmony with our teachings. Two lady members are in correspondence with friends in other parts of the country on Theosophical subjects, and one of them, a teacher in the Indian school at the — agency, subscribed to the *QUARTERLY*, I have been told. One lady and one male member of the Branch circulate the *QUARTERLY* gratuitously among their friends; this coming issue, nine such copies will be circulated. Another male member is proselyting among his friends in a city adjacent to this city. Another male member conducts correspondence on Theosophical matters with absent friends, and looks after the sale of the *QUARTERLY* in the stores, and makes himself generally useful in Theosophical matters during the day with callers at the meeting room.

We all wish you well, and regret that some one of us has never been able to attend a Theosophical Convention. With much love,

Sincerely,

ALFRED L. LEONARD,
Secretary.

INDIANAPOLIS BRANCH

We are few in number here but we are doing Theosophical work in many ways. A class of students, who are at work with the *Ocean of Theosophy*, appear to be very much taken by its contents. It's a hopeful sign, when people get interested enough to ask many questions about the different statements in the *Ocean*. The effort to make the *Ocean* fill the place it is expected to fill adds real fire to our meetings and makes the members feel that the time has been well spent. Every Friday afternoon, for two hours, we have something going on in the class that keeps them very busy.

The members of the class carry the seed to places where it takes root, and soon we have another member. Better still, the members of the class are beginning to understand that the Theosophical study has nothing to do with opinions or beliefs; that it is a life that must be lived, to know its real meaning.

I hope the Convention will be what all expect it to be, and that the Master's blessing will be with your efforts.

Fraternally yours,

GEO. E. MILLS,
Secretary.

AURORA BRANCH

Our Branch has for one year adhered to the plan of taking the Sutras of Pantanjali, in their successive order, as the subject of daily meditation—comparing individual results at our meetings. So helpful did we find the exchange of thoughts, that along in August of 1916 we decided to embody our notes in a rather more permanent and amplified form. These were typed, and placed on file at our lodge rooms, and are open to the members who care to peruse them.

At this date we have completed the first book of the Sutras, and after tak-

ing one afternoon for the examination and summary of the principles involved, and whatever practical application we have deduced from our understanding of them, we will begin the second book, in the expectation that, as we seek Truth, Truth will be revealed to us, to the glorious end that it shall abide with us.

Along with this central activity we have completed the reading of *Ancient and Modern Physics*, and *Memory of Past Births*.

With sincere greetings from the Aurora Branch to those friends whom, not having seen, we yet do know, I am,

Fraternally yours,

JULIA A. HYDE,
Secretary.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA BRANCH

Angelo Santos Palazzi, member of the "Rama Venezuela" was married, with three children. He enjoyed a fair share of wealth. Three years ago he established himself with his family in Barcelona, Spain. He was generous and bright, of fine spiritual qualities and worked for Theosophy. As soon as the war began, he believed it his duty to fill the place of a soldier in the army of France. Separating himself from his wife and three children, the little family he loved much, he went forth to fight. He was decorated for valour, and now we have received notice of his death, bravely fighting in the Vosges Mountains. He died victoriously in France.

Please strike out his name from the book of members of the Society; and communicate the news to the other companions.

Fraternally yours,
F. DOMINGUEZ ACOSTA.

FROM THE TREASURER'S OFFICE

Members are requested to note that many dues are in arrears for the year 1917, which has just closed. Prompt payment would be greatly appreciated. According to our By-laws, dues for the year 1918 became payable on April 30th, 1917; and it would greatly facilitate the work of the Treasurer's Office if all 1918 dues were paid within the month of July. (In case any member does not find it convenient to pay at this time, please send in a word to that effect.) The dues are \$2.00 for each member; and of the \$2.00 received from each member \$1.00 is applied as subscription money for the payment for the magazine that is sent to each member without additional charge.

H. B. MITCHELL,
Treasurer T. S.



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 PEACE MESSAGE OF BENEDICT XV

THE Letter addressed by Pope Benedict XV "To the Leaders of the Belligerent Peoples," and published on August 15, deserves our most careful study for several reasons: First, perhaps, for the claims which Pope Benedict makes for himself, with the spiritual and moral consequences which logically follow from these claims; second, in order that we may clearly realize the political results which would ensue from a general acceptance of the Pope's Peace Plan; and, thirdly, in order that we may gain a clearer view of certain moral and spiritual principles involved. It should be said that apparently a French version of the Pope's Letter was given out by the Foreign Office in London, while only an English translation appears to have been cabled to this country; and this English translation is so poor, that it is often difficult to make out its meaning. We shall try, however, to make no deductions except from sentences that are absolutely clear.

"Since the beginning of our Pontificate," Pope Benedict begins, "the horrors of a terrible war let loose on Europe, we had in view above everything three things to preserve: Perfect impartiality toward all belligerents as is suitable for him who is the common Father and who loves all his children with equal affection; continually to attempt to do all the good possible and that without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion as is dictated to us by the universal law of charity which the Supreme Spiritual charge has confided to us with Christ; finally, as our pacific mission also requires, to omit nothing as long as it was in our power which might contribute to hasten the end of this calamity by trying to lead peoples and their leaders to more moderate resolution, to hasten a serene deliberation of a peace just and durable."

Pope Benedict claims, therefore, to be "the common Father," loving all his children—in this case, all the belligerent peoples—with equal affection; the "common Father" of all, without distinction of nationality

or religion; further, Pope Benedict claims an august source for this "common Fatherhood";—"which the Supreme Spiritual charge has confided to us with Christ." This is not quite lucid, but it evidently means that God has conferred this common Fatherhood upon Pope Benedict, as the Father entrusted authority to Christ; practically, that Pope Benedict is the representative of Christ, both in his common Fatherhood, which embraces all the belligerent peoples, and in the proposals which he puts forward to compose the differences between them. He presides as representing Christ; he makes proposals as Christ's representative. That is the claim.

As Pope Benedict reminds us, he was elected just after the beginning of the World War; in fact, on September 3, 1914, on the eve of the battle of the Marne; he was crowned on September 6, as that decisive fight began. Therefore we may expect that, at such a critical time in his life, Pope Benedict's mind and heart were peculiarly open and alert, sensitive to impressions of events then taking place in the world. He knew, therefore, of the assassination, at Sarajevo in Bosnia, on June 28, 1914, of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne—by Austrian subjects, in an Austrian town. He knew that Austria, which had planned to destroy Serbia in the summer of 1913, instantly seized on this assassination as a pretext, and delivered to Serbia an ultimatum which meant that Serbia must either give up her national sovereignty or suffer the horrors of armed invasion by Austria. To the astonishment of the world, Serbia chose the former course, and, in her reply to the Austrian ultimatum, practically yielded up her national sovereignty into Austria's hands. But this abject self-humiliation was quite useless. Austria declared the answer unsatisfactory, and announced that "the Imperial and Royal Government are themselves compelled to see to the safeguarding of their rights and interests, and, with this object, to have recourse to force of arms." This declaration of war against Serbia dated at Vienna, on July 28, 1914, was the actual beginning of the World War. On the same day, July 28, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Berlin telegraphed to Count Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Secretary for Foreign Affairs: "The proposal for mediation made by Great Britain, that Germany, Italy, Great Britain and France should meet at a conference at London, is declined so far as Germany is concerned on the ground that it is impossible for Germany to bring her Ally before a European Court in her settlement with Serbia." (This is Document No. 35, in the Austro-Hungarian Red Book.)

It must have been perfectly well known to Pope Benedict that (1) Austria had delivered an outrageously unjust ultimatum to Serbia: (2) that, even when Serbia accepted its terms, practically without reservation, Austria announced that this was unsatisfactory, declared war and,

in fact, precipitated the World War; and (3) finally, that both Austria and Germany declined any form of mediation, arbitration or peaceful settlement; declined any decision, except that which might be obtained by force of arms. Benedict XV must have been, and must be, quite well informed as to who, in fact, began the World War, and on what pretext. Further, he must have followed the events which followed each other so swiftly, at this impressionable period of his election. He must have learned that, at 7 p. m. on August 2, Germany presented to Belgium "a note proposing friendly neutrality. This entailed free passage through Belgian territory, while guaranteeing the maintenance of the independence of Belgium and of her possessions on the conclusion of peace, and threatened, in the event of refusal, to treat Belgium as an enemy. A time limit of twelve hours was allowed within which to reply." (This is Document No. 23, in the Belgian Grey Book.)

Germany demanded permission for her armies to pass through Belgium on the pretext that France was preparing to attack her. In his book, "Germany and the Next War," published a year earlier, Bernhardt had written: "Let it then be the task of our diplomacy *so to shuffle the cards (die Karten so zu mischen)* that we may be attacked by France . . ." (page 280 in the English translation published by Longmans, Green and Co.). Bernhardt meant, of course, not to "shuffle" the cards, but to "stack" the cards, as a cheating cardsharpener does. But, even using this method, German diplomacy failed. France not only did not attack; she withdrew all troops to a distance of ten kilomètres from her frontier, in order to make chance collisions impossible. The trick of the cards having failed, Germany had recourse to another even more elementary. Announcement was made throughout Germany that French aviators had dropped bombs on the Nürnberg railways. This was, of course, simply a lie: "The *Magistrat* of Nürnberg has avowed to Privy Councillor Riedel that all reports of the kind are false; and Professor Schwalbe has confessed as much in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* of May 18, 1916."

All this must be perfectly well known to Pope Benedict, and is, without doubt, perfectly well known to him. We have quoted from the two documents which actually started the World War: Austria's outrageous ultimatum, followed by her declaration of war against Serbia; and Germany's ultimatum, equally outrageous, to Belgium. These are the actual causes of the condition which Pope Benedict so eloquently depicts: "the war continued desperately for another two years with all its horrors. It became even more cruel and extended over the earth, over the sea, and in the air, and one saw desolation and death descend upon the cities without defense, upon peaceful villages and on their innocent population, and now no one can imagine how the sufferings of all would be increased and aggravated if other months or, worse still, other years are about to

be added to this sanguinary triennium. Is this civilized world to be nothing more than a field of death? And Europe, so glorious and so flourishing—is it going as if stricken by a universal madness to run into the abyss and lend its hand to its own suicide?"

Here, then, is the condition brought about by the war, as Pope Benedict sees it. The documents proving that Germany and Austria prepared, caused and launched the war, we have just given. No judicial body could have the slightest doubt as to where full culpability lies, for the horrors which Pope Benedict deplores. What, then, in the presence of this quite simple situation, clearly showing the crime, the criminals and the victims,—what, then, is Pope Benedict's moral attitude? He tells us himself: "Perfect impartiality toward all belligerents"!

Surely, a more complete moral abdication it would be impossible to imagine. But the formidable thing, from the spiritual point of view, is that, in thus making a parade of his moral blindness, Pope Benedict claims to speak as one entrusted with supreme authority by God, as the representative of Christ. . . . In effect, the essence of the Teutonic crime is murder and lying. Does Christ in fact maintain towards murder and lying the attitude of "perfect impartiality"? As quoted by the Apostle of Love, Christ's attitude is this: "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do: he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it. . . ." (John, viii, 44). Perfect impartiality! . . . Is it not, on the contrary, the fact that, in his moral judgments, Christ is unflinchingly just—one may say, absolutely unrelenting? Has he not given us the exact measure of his own stern justice? "Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment. . . ." Thus Christ speaks with unmistakable decision, for the high integrity of God.

There is, in the Pope's Letter, a later sentence which brings this nonmoral standpoint into still higher relief, the sentence in which Pope Benedict says: "As to the damages to be repaired and as to war expenses, we see no other means of solving the question than by submitting as a general principle complete and reciprocal condonation. . . ." The dictionary meaning of condonation is, "pardon, forgiveness." Therefore Pope Benedict sees no other means of solving the question of the wrongs inflicted in this most iniquitously contrived war, except mutual pardon, mutual forgiveness. . . .

Let us try to work this out in detail. Austria plotted the national destruction of Serbia, and, after Serbia had soundly thrashed her, enlisted

the aid of Germany and Bulgaria and filled Serbia with ruin and desolation. Well, according to Pope Benedict, Serbia is to forgive Austria, and Austria is to forgive Serbia. . . . Again, Kaiser Wilhelm, in direct violation of the pledge of Prussia, brought abominable devastation to King Albert's realm. Then let King Albert forgive the Kaiser, and let the Kaiser forgive King Albert. . . . There was reported, from Belgium, wholesale outrage inflicted upon Belgian nuns by German officers and soldiers. Pope Benedict bids the nuns forgive the German soldiers—and bids the German soldiers forgive the Belgian nuns. . . . There was, in Belgium and in France, wholesale shooting of women and children by German soldiers. Let the dead women and children, through their surviving kindred, forgive the soldiers who bayoneted them; let these German soldiers forgive the women and children whom they foully murdered. . . . The men and officers of German submarines murdered over a thousand non-combatants, largely women and children, when, by the Kaiser's orders, they torpedoed the *Lusitania*. Let the immortal *Lusitania* dead pardon their murderers, and let the murderers forgive the women and children whom they murdered; for Pope Benedict sees no other means but mutual condonation. . . .

But, we may be told, forgiveness, pardon, is a Christian obligation; therefore Pope Benedict, in thus asking for mutual condonation, is fulfilling his duty as a Christian, as "the Father of the faithful," to repeat his own phrase. We say, on the contrary, that, in thus asking for the forgiveness of unconfessed, unrepented sin, Pope Benedict is contravening a cardinal dogma of his Church. According to that teaching, a priest "cannot and may not absolve one indisposed," that is, unrepentant; "absolution presupposes on the part of the penitent, contrition, confession, and promise at least of satisfaction." Absolution is only possible "where there is true repentance and sincere confession"; there must be sincere detestation of sin, and "the motive of this detestation is that sin offends God." We are further told that "God himself cannot forgive sins, if there be no real repentance." (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, "absolution" and "penance.")

When and how, therefore, did Germany and Austria show contrition, confession and promise of satisfaction? Has Kaiser Wilhelm, have his lesser accomplices, manifested that "real repentance" without which not even God himself can forgive sins? The very question is full of stinging irony. And this irony arises from the obliquity of Pope Benedict's moral vision. Surely the exact contrary is the fact: Germany is notoriously unrepentant; so far from confessing, both she and Austria continue to lie; to lie in their prayers even, as to their part in launching this most iniquitous war—as one of Pope Benedict's Cardinals did, on a recent and memorable occasion, at Vienna. To teach that the women of France and Belgium should forgive the men who enslaved them, while

these remain obdurate, insolent, exultant, is, perhaps, thinkable—though we hold that Christ taught no such obligation, while the Church of Rome explicitly teaches that even God himself cannot forgive unrepented sin. Forgiveness by the victims is, as we say, thinkable; but is there not a profound outrage to the moral sense in the suggestion of “mutual” forgiveness?

As a practical policy, Pope Benedict gravely proposes a general disarmament, and the establishment of a universal court of arbitration “according to the rules to be laid down and the penalties to be imposed on a State which would refuse either to submit a national question to arbitration or to accept its decision.” On this, several comments suggest themselves: first, that disarmament has been discussed again and again, only to be met with a direct negative, always from Germany. Unless Pope Benedict has definite certainty (something more substantial than verbal assurances or scraps of paper) that Germany will now reverse herself and consent to disarmament, there is something futile and irrelevant in making this the foundation-stone of his peace proposal. If he has made the suggestion while practically certain that Germany will never accept it and carry it out honestly, then, in making this suggestion, there is a lack of good faith.

Pope Benedict goes on: “Once the supremacy of right has thus been established”—that is, by disarmament and arbitration—“all obstacles to the means of communication of the peoples would disappear by assuring, by rules to be fixed later, the true liberty and community of the seas, which would contribute to ending the numerous causes of conflict and would also open to all new sources of prosperity and progress.” The presence in this sentence of the German catchword “the freedom of the seas,” makes it desirable to comment on this rather enigmatical phrase.

Here is the first comment: “In times of peace the freedom of the seas has been so long enjoyed by the whole world that men are apt to take it for granted. . . . Four centuries ago the doctrine of international law which declares that the high seas are the common property of all nations was not accepted. On the contrary, a Papal award of 1493—at a time when the Papacy was the supreme international arbiter—practically gave a monopoly of most of the world’s seas to Spain and Portugal; and for a century thereafter the ships of all nations but these voyaged at their peril in the South Atlantic, Indian and Pacific oceans.” Thus writes Professor Ramsey Muir, in a recent pamphlet, “*Mare Liberum*,” page 2. It appears, then, that in time of peace the freedom of the seas has been long enjoyed by the whole world. We do not clearly see how a condition which has long existed “would open to all new

sources of prosperity and progress." That the great historic violation of the freedom of the seas was due to a predecessor of Pope Benedict, is interesting but not relevant.

But there is the other side of the question, the freedom of the seas in time of war. The author just quoted sets forth very lucidly the German view on this question, as brought out in the discussions which led up to the abortive Declaration of London in 1907—abortive, because the British Parliament refused to ratify it. Professor Muir says: "The German view of freedom of the seas in time of war was that a belligerent should have the right to make the seas dangerous to neutrals and enemies alike by the use of indiscriminating mines; and that neutral vessels should be liable to destruction or seizure without appeal to any judicial tribunal if in the opinion of the commander of a belligerent war-vessel any part of their cargo consisted of contraband. . . . At the same time she was anxious to secure to belligerent merchant-ships the right of transforming themselves into war-ships on the high seas. Thus, a belligerent merchant-ship might sally forth as a peaceful trader under the protection of the 'freedom of the seas,' and, so long as it carried no contraband, be safe from interruption by the enemy; then, picking up guns in a neutral port, it might begin to sink enemy or neutral ships which, according to the judgment of its captain, were declared to be carrying contraband; and this without reference to any court of law. Such was—and is—the German doctrine of the freedom of the seas." ("Mare Liberum," pages 12-13.)

Which suggests two comments: First, that the use of a phrase with such directly opposite meanings in Pope Benedict's Letter, makes not for clearness but for confusion; second, that we have here an excellent illustration of a fundamental fact: namely, that, in all discussion and controversy, Germany makes any phrase mean exactly what she wishes; she seeks to give it, not a fair and honest meaning—for fair-play as an ideal has for Germany simply no existence—but precisely the meaning which is most advantageous to the selfish interests of Germany. Thus, every item in the above-quoted German doctrine of "the freedom of the seas" is deduced from the fact that the British navy is greatly superior to the German; Germany, by a series of tricks, tries to counteract this superiority. It is a fair supposition that, had Germany had the stronger fleet, "the freedom of the seas" would have had no greater currency than, say, "the freedom of the Belgians."

But, with this unvarying action of the German mind, it is not unnatural that other nations do not greet with enthusiasm Pope Benedict's suggestion that they should agree to settle, in conference with Germany, questions like the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, the reconstruction of Poland, the future of Armenia and the Balkan States; nor are other

nations overanxious to have Germany set her signature to further scraps of paper.

We believe then that, in holding forth the hope of universal disarmament, unless he knows that Germany will not only agree to it, but will really carry it out, Pope Benedict is simply cherishing delusions and asking others to cherish them. We hold that, in appealing to "the spirit of equity and justice," so far as Germany is concerned, he is appealing to something which has no existence; and that, in seeking to build a durable peace on Germany's "spirit of equity and justice," he is seeking to build a house upon the sand. His persistent ignoring of the notorious bad faith of Germany must fill the Allies with a pitying scepticism as to the validity of his whole appeal; while his "perfect impartiality" between criminal and victim profoundly shocks the moral sense of every honest nation, of every honest man and woman in the world. No; no moral clearing of the issues of the World War can be even begun, until it is recognized, and frankly stated, that justice and righteousness are with the Entente Allies, while the Central Empires have been fighting, and are now fighting, for the principles of evil.

That Pope Benedict, claiming to be the representative of righteousness and justice, should counsel a "perfect impartiality," blind to the difference between good and evil, is disgraceful. That he should do this in the name of "the Redeemer, the Prince of Peace," invoking the light and counsel of the Divine Spirit, is more than disgraceful.

As these Notes are written, only one reply to Pope Benedict's Letter has been made public: That of the President of the United States. President Wilson takes his ground firmly on moral principle, the principle of international honour and the sanctity of international engagements. It is useless and dangerous, he tells Pope Benedict, to try to found world peace on a treaty with Kaiser Wilhelm, whose government has made the breaking of treaties a principle of state policy; useless to form a confederation of nations for the preservation of peace, with the German Emperor as a party to it, since the actual confederation of nations which, in 1831, pledged itself to preserve the inviolability of Belgium, and of which the kingdom of Prussia was a member, furnished the "scrap of paper" which has passed into history. Germany was also pledged to solemn observance of The Hague Conventions enjoining humanity, honesty and protection of noncombatants in time of war, while Germany has notoriously—and of deliberate purpose—violated every principle of these conventions. These deliberate violations of her plighted word of honour by Germany were, of course, just as well known to Pope Benedict as to President Wilson, yet Pope Benedict does not hesitate to say that "the honour (of the German army) is safe." One would like to take the testimony of noncombatants in Belgium and

occupied France, for the most part members of the Church of which Pope Benedict is head, concerning "the honour of the German army."

Certain things in President Wilson's Reply are more debatable. For example, a passage evidently inserted as an afterthought, since it interrupts the logical sequence of the Reply, takes exception to "economic agreements." But the fiscal policy of the United States is based upon an economic agreement, wholly selfish in purpose; while the economic agreement entered into at Paris by certain of the Entente Powers has as its sole purpose, to check Germany's power to prepare for "the next war"; and this is also the chief purpose of President Wilson. And, as the United States is not a party to the Paris agreement, there would seem to be a lack of propriety in any criticism of that agreement by the United States Government, especially any criticism in a sense hostile to the purpose of the Entente Powers.

President Wilson also speaks deprecatingly of "the dismemberment of empires," obviously meaning the empires with which the Entente is at war: the German, Austrian and Turkish empires. But, to begin with, the United States is not at war with the Austrian and Turkish empires, and, therefore, has no standing in the future settlement to be made with these two empires; further, in what he has already written of Poland, "united, independent and autonomous," President Wilson has already implied the dismemberment of the Russian, German and Austrian empires, to that extent; and there is the obvious case of Armenia, which implies a dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Nor could the aspirations of nationalities (to which President Wilson adheres) be realized, without the dismemberment of the Austrian empire. There is in this a lack both of consistency and lucidity.

But the United States is actually at war only with the German Empire and is, therefore, concerned with the German Empire only. And it would seem that his phrase deprecating the dismemberment of empires is in fact addressed to "the German people," with whom, President Wilson has several times said, the United States has no quarrel. This position appears to us open to grave exception on several grounds. First, the German Empire has been built up by quite recent acts of rapacity. If the fact that Alsace-Lorraine was iniquitously taken from France entitles these two provinces to separate treatment, then the same reasoning of necessity applies to Schleswig and Holstein, as iniquitously taken from Denmark only six years earlier. And exactly the same thing is true of Hesse, Hanover and Nassau, as iniquitously seized by Prussia in 1866. It is impossible to serve at once the integrity of justice and the integrity of the German Empire, which has been built up by

rapacity and injustice. If justice be the criterion, then the German Empire must be, and ought to be, dismembered.

The President takes this position, inconsistent with historical justice, in pursuance of his theory that the German people does not share the blood-guiltiness of this iniquitous war; with this belief, he would condone the equally iniquitous annexations of Bismarck (with the exception, perhaps, of Alsace-Lorraine), since this condonation is necessary to preserve the unity of the German people, even though, in doing this, he would of necessity fasten Prussian domination upon the German people. But we do not share the belief that the German people is in any sense free from blood-guiltiness, or from the fullest responsibility in every act of cruelty, terrorism and fraud committed by Germany. Nor do we hold that "the masters of the German people" are in any degree more guilty than the German people which upholds these masters with servile adoration, and which, in its individual members, has made itself the willing, eager instrument of every one of these atrocities. The practical test is this: Was the German people, as a whole, ready to share the plunder? An accessory after the fact fully shares the guilt of a crime; and the German people have been accessories not only after, but during and before the launching of this most iniquitous war. But we may well leave the disproof of this position to the logic of events. As regards his main position, the inviolability of international honour, President Wilson seems to us to stand on the firm rock of spiritual principle.

In the order of nature, necessary things, as air, water, earth, the God of all goodness has made common and easy of attainment. Nothing is more necessary than breath, sleep, food, and nothing is more common. Love and fidelity are no less necessary in the spiritual order, therefore the difficulty of acquiring them cannot be as great as you represent it to yourselves.

REV. J. P. DE CAUSADE, S.J.

FRAGMENTS

THE disciple, if truly a disciple, must also be a priest. He will live in such close communion with the Master that he will make of each common act or detail of life a sacrament, and so turn the bread and water into the Eucharistic flesh and blood—make of himself a channel that Christ may use to feed with the bread of life, which is Himself, all those who approach him. To pass this communion chalice to others, we must first drink of it ourselves, and so we must watch with the Master in Gethsemane, and be able to pray His prayer there from our hearts.

Not all of us can hope to reach Calvary, where we can say, "It is finished," but the Garden is offered each one. Mostly we turn away from it, and leave Him to suffer there alone for us.

Can we not bear in mind this priestly function in even the smallest contact with others, for love of Him? making of ourselves tabernacles where the veiled Christ lives perpetually, to minister to all who approach the Sacrament of His love?

From a Master. Convention, 1916.

"Throughout each moment of these two following days, bear this thought constantly in mind: that you have it in your power, by united effort and devotion, to make of this Convention a momentous one. This is a day when men are being sifted—as individuals, as organizations, as nations. It is an accounting day in the Lodge, and the ledgers are being balanced. Part of the veil has been drawn aside, and men are staring at realities; some with sightless eyes, it is true, but others with understanding. We held back our hands an instant, and the hounds of hell leaped forth. And so the crisis—foreseen, in some sense precipitated.

"I am at Verdun, and I send you this from the heart of battle. *Dites, vous aussi, Ils ne passeront pas!*"

Comrades: The Master has given us a consign, "*Ils ne passeront pas!*" Let us use it as a mantram, as they are doing in France, to galvanize even our cold hearts to the flame of His love and service. Let us meet each mood, each temptation, each slackening of the will with the flash of its steel—determined to conquer—to die if need be—but to conquer eternally for Him.

CAVÉ.

CYCLIC LAW IN ART

WITH COMMENT UPON THE RELATIONS OF ART, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

THE History of Art illustrates the parable of the tares and wheat—good and evil flourish, side by side. It is a piece of changeable silk; one sees the colour he looks for, sees whatever he brings, sees his own soul, in fact,—just as the artist himself can not paint or carve or put into tones or words anything else than his own soul or lack of soul. But while good and bad art thus flourish side by side, there are large encircling periods or cycles which govern art production, just as, on the small scale of a year, the cycle of the seasons controls the output of tares and wheat. Recognition of these cycles, their orderly progression, and of the smaller cycles that develop within them, will clarify and enlarge the understanding of any period of civilization and also of individual works of art.

For purposes of convenience the year 1858 may be taken as the beginning in England of one more effort to revive the civilization of ancient Greece, and to substitute its mode of life for what the promoters of this revival took to be Christian ideals. In 1858, William Morris published his *Defence of Guenevere*, a protest and reaction against mid-century literature of which Tennyson is the shining leader. The turning toward ancient Greece was part of that reaction. Three champions of the Greek revival were Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater and Swinburne. The common effort of these men, and of William Morris, was to escape from restraint,—Arnold, in the sphere of the intellect, Pater and Swinburne in the sphere of philosophy, æsthetics and morals.

At the same time, another group of men were working to spread abroad acquaintance with Greek civilization—a group of university scholars, literati of the first rank. These men worked inconspicuously, and, unlike Arnold and Swinburne, their work and their names are scarcely known, save to professional students of literature. I refer to the translations from the Greek made by Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers. These scholars were not belligerent self-advertisers, and did not seek the public stage of controversy. But, as scholars and critics, it was not possible they should be blind to the startling differences between ancient Greek civilization and the results obtained by the English would-be-Greeks. In a prefatory sonnet to the translation of the *Odyssey*, Andrew Lang suggests that the modern imitators of Greece would be purged of moral sickness, if they would drink copious draughts of true Greek vintage.

As one that for a weary space has lain
 Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
 In gardens near the Pale of Proserpine,
 Where that Aeaean isle forgets the main,
 And only the low lutes of love complain,
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
 As such an one were glad to know the brine
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again,
 So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
 Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
 And through the music of the languid hours,
 They hear like ocean on a western beach,
 The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

Mr. Ernest Myers, in his Introduction to the Odes of Pindar, written in 1874, warns thus against the methods and aims of those evangelists whose Bible is *Marius the Epicurean*: "One symptom of the renewed influence of antiquity on the modern world is doubtless, and has been from time to time since the Revival of Letters, a tendency to selfish and somewhat sickly theories so-called of life, where sensibility degenerates through self-consciousness into affectation, and efforts to appreciate fully the delightfulness of life and art are overstrained into a wearisome literary voluptuousness, where duty has already disappeared and the human sympathies on which duty is based scarcely linger in a faint æsthetic form, soon to leave the would-be exquisiteness to putrefy into the vulgarity of egoism."

To have a concrete example, by which to test general statements that may be made, I am going to insert (in abbreviation) a familiar incident from the Iliad, the scene between Hector and Andromache. It is one of the most celebrated pieces of Greek literature, and no one will dispute it as characteristic of Greek art and life:

"Hector smiled and gazed at his boy silently, and Andromache stood by his side weeping, and clasped her hand in his, and spake and called upon his name. 'Dear my lord, this thy hardihood will undo thee, neither hast thou any pity for thine infant boy, nor for me forlorn that soon shall be thy widow. But it were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for never more will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrow.' Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: 'Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from battle. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. So shalt thou abide in Argos and ply the loom at another woman's bidding, being grievously

entreated, and sore constraint shall be laid upon thee. And then shall one say that beholdeth thee weep: 'This is the wife of Hector, that was foremost in battle of the horse-taming Trojans when men fought about Ilios.' So spake glorious Hector, and stretched out his arm to his boy. But the child shrunk crying to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at his dear father's aspect, and in dread at the bronze and horse-hair crest that he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top. Then his dear father laughed aloud, and his lady mother; forthwith glorious Hector took the helmet from his head, and laid it, all gleaming, upon the earth; then kissed he his dear son and dandled him in his arms, and spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods." Why is this piece of poetry so enchanting—and why is it so unsatisfactory? It is wonderfully beautiful,—its dignity, nobleness, serenity, poise, its delicacy,—there is nothing else like it. But the situation is one of great pathos—pathos that fails to move us, that brings, instead of tears, a smile to our faces. Is not our feeling toward Hector and his wife exactly that of a mother whose child has been startled by a fall on the grass, without receiving harm from the fall? The mother says to the child: "Come, let me kiss your shoulder and everything will be all right." Her kiss is curative; the child romps along the path, the fall forgotten. We smile at the woes of Andromache and her lord, because we know their pains go no deeper than can be reached and remedied by the equivalent of a kiss. They are children. Greek civilization is the culmination of a cycle of childhood. Its art, the full flower blooming at the end of a cycle of civilization, is the only fully developed and complete art now in the world.

Much qualification is necessary to explain what is meant by "the cycle of childhood." We live in a new cycle, different entirely from the Greek; in our cycle, childhood has changed along with everything else. We associate with childhood unfathomed depths of wisdom drawn from the Heaven that lies about us in infancy. It is the other aspect of childhood, and that only, which we must think of as the characteristic of Greek civilization—unselfconsciousness—the thing which constitutes the innocence of the child. In the child the faculty of reflection, of self-reference, has not yet developed—it is conscious of things around it in the world—it is not conscious of itself. Its life is an April day, sunshine, cloud, showers; sunshine, showers, clouds; they pass along, and the total result is pleasant and delightful.

Hector, Andromache,—Antigone, if you object that Homer is archaic and does not represent Greek life at its culmination—the entire Greek race, like some five year old child, was incapable of a feeling that could stir themselves or us. They could not know grief or sorrow such as we are familiar with—Wordsworth's Michael, for example:

'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.

It would not be fair to call the Greeks heartless, because that word implies the atrophy of faculties through disuse or misuse. It is a term of reproach. We do not reproach a child who cannot experience tragic suffering. The Greeks were not heartless; accurately and literally, they were unheated. It is that lack in them that makes us prefer their headless statues—the Victory, fortunately, lacks the Milo's tell-tale eyes—empty. The Milo and Andromache are interchangeable. Beautiful pieces of furniture, animated stone. What man of our cycle would endure either of them as a companion? It is impossible to name an individual of our cycle who illustrates fully the Greek type of character. But Griselda Grantly, the impassive beauty of Barchester, suggests that unselfconscious, unheated race: "‘It will kill me,’ said Mrs. Grantly (the breaking of Griselda's engagement to Lord Dumbello), ‘but I think that she will be able to bear it.’ On the next morning Mrs. Grantly, with much cunning preparation, went about the task which her husband had left her to perform. It took her long to do, for she was very cunning in the doing of it; but at last it dropped from her in words that there was a possibility,—a bare possibility,—a bare possibility,—that some disappointment might even yet be in store for them.

“‘Do you mean, mamma, that the marriage will be put off?’

“‘I don't mean to say that I think it will; God forbid! but that is just possible. I dare say that I am very wrong to tell you this, but I know that you have sense enough to bear it. Papa has gone to London, and we shall hear from him soon.’

“‘Then, mamma, I had better give them orders not to go on with the marking.’”

The endowment of humanity with heart was accomplished by the Incarnation. The word “heart” is used in a comprehensive way—it includes mental things, the faculty of reflection, the faculty of self-consciousness. It includes the literal meaning of the Greek word *logos*, “the mind of God,” and also all that is contained in the fact that that incarnating *logos*, or mind, the Son, was (and is), also, the Heart of His Father. The Cycle of the Heart would be no misnomer for our present cycle—a name that drives deeper into our realization the significance of the great war. France leads in this war against brutal heartlessness. And France, alone of the nations, is dedicated to the Heart of Christ, with victory promised, according to the tradition, when His Heart shall be blazoned upon her flag of state.

The Incarnation affected the nature not only of man but of every mote of dust in the universe—of every atom. With our finite intelligences, we are always wronging some part of Christ's twofold nature—we wrong either His Humanity or His Divinity. I believe we think of His birth in Bethlehem as a detached thing—as a mathematical point almost. We would do better to think of that birth as the apex of an inverted triangle that covers the whole universe. The Infinite Transcendent *logos* when He came down to earth to dwell with us, took upon

Him not only the flesh of man, but the flesh of fish, the flesh of bird, the flesh of flower, the flesh of rock. From Transcendent, brooding over the world, He became Immanent also, resident in every portion of space, resident in the narrow limits of a human personality. Do you think it is the idle fancy of a diseased brain when Shelley speaks of the one Spirit's plastic stress,

. . . bursting in its beauty and its might

From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

Or maudlin affectation when Wordsworth writes:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

It is not fancy—it is perception of the truth of things.

The Greeks could not write such emotions and sentiments about the world of nature or about human relations, as Shelley and Wordsworth have written, because they could not feel them; and they could not feel them because they were not yet facts to be felt. The *logos* did not dwell with the Greeks—He was transcendent only. Their religion is a child's interpretation of the transcendence they intuitively and instinctively felt. When we call the Greeks pagans, we should be careful to remove from that word "pagan" the reproach and condemnation we justly give to materialists of our day and cycle. The Greeks were spiritual to the full extent it was possible for them to be. To them, life was not a fortuitous thing, but something willed and controlled by transcendent deity; they pictured that transcendent deity as the Gods of Olympus. They sensed the depths of the Justice of Deity; but their childish processes could represent that justice only as the inscrutable ways of Nemesis—Fate. They divined the self-existence of Deity, and therefore gave to their gods an imperishable immortality. But man had no share of that glorious immortality (the gap between man and God was not yet bridged by the Incarnation). They were spiritual enough to feel intuitively that man's life too must continue. But what dreadful immortality they rightly gave him!—the sad twilight of the Elysian fields—a realm of phantoms—free indeed from positive pain and suffering but full of the negative pain of yearning—futile longing for the pleasures of earth, sorrow's crown of sorrow—the remembrance of joy past never to return. No wonder they dreaded their euphemistic Abode of the Blessed, and shrank from death as an end-all. Think of mighty Ajax, the slayer of armies, how he wilts and can make no effort even against the King of Shadows: "O Death, Death, come now and look upon me! Nay, to thee will I speak in that other world also, when I am with thee. But thee, thou present beam of the bright day, and the Sun in his chariot, I accost for the last, last time,—as never more hereafter. O sunlight! O sacred soil of mine own Salamis, firm seat of my father's hearth! O famous Athens, and thy race kindred to mine! And ye, springs and rivers of this land—and ye plains of Troy, I greet you also—

farewell, ye who have cherished my life! This is the last word that Ajax speaks to you: henceforth he will speak in Hades with the dead."* What a change has come into the world since that phantom King of Death was vanquished by the King of Heaven and earth! A French priest, a soldier in a division ordered to advance "at any cost," writes thus on the eve of the attack from which he knows he can scarcely expect to return alive: "To die young, to die a priest, as a soldier, during an attack, marching forward, while performing the priestly function, perhaps while granting absolution . . . to give one's life for the Church, for France, for all those who carry in their hearts the same ideal as I do, who are quickened by the same faith . . . Ah! truly Jesus spoils me! *Que c'est beau!*"

The Greek feeling about nature is that of transcendent Deity. How grateful we should be to them for their spiritual perception of a transcendent deity who brooded over flower and tree and stream—whom they represented as the nymphs and other creatures dwelling in flower and stream without being part of the flower. Today, however, the sunset itself is breathless with adoration—God is indivisibly united with His creatures. When the rose fades, and is no longer recognisable as rose, He is present in the atoms that constitute the former petals. Not a leaf rots on the highway, wrote Carlyle, but has force in it. We are engulfed in immortality—we cannot escape it.

What is there hid in the heart of a rose,
Mother-mine?

Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows?
A man that died on a lonely hill
May tell you, perhaps, but none other will,
Little child.

What does it take to make a rose,
Mother-mine?

The God that died to make it knows.
It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the might of heaven and hell
And the everlasting Love as well,
Little child.†

Greek civilization closed the Cycle of Childhood. The Italian Renaissance is the first flowering of Art in the new Cycle led in by the Incarnation. Three great manifestations of that Art demand study—painting, Gothic architecture, and the Divine Comedy,—though the Architecture flowered outside Italy in the Cathedrals.

The endowment of humanity with new powers, the reflective powers,

* Sophocles.

† Alfred Noyes.

faculties of mind and heart suggested by the word, *logos*, the lifting of Incarnation. Three great manifestations of that Art demand study—consciousness to consciousness of self, complicates what was simple in Greek life. Greek life was a façade, a plane surface; from a mere circumference it has become a sphere—life is now an interior, chambers opening out of chambers. In putting Renaissance and Greek Art side by side, we must remember that we are comparing the *final* stage of one cycle with the *first* stage of another cycle—and that the comparison cannot be a true one. The Greeks ended a long cycle of development. Stage one of their cycle would be the true comparison with the Renaissance. But stage one is lost to us in buried history. Yet, even in comparing two unequal stages, the result is in favour of Christian Art.

Let us begin with Italian painting, and let us recognize that the relative advantage of the fine arts for a representation of life ranks thus:

1st and lowest, architecture and sculpture which represent life static.

2nd, painting, which adds warmth of colour to static conditions.

3rd, music.

4th and highest, poetry, which contains all the others.

Though Greek painting is lost to us, and Greek music, Greek poetry remains in abundance. But the most salient characteristic of Greek poetry is, it is statuesque. Hector, Andromache, Antigone, Hermes, Psyche—the sculpture and the verse are interchangeable. Even if Greek painting and music remained in any quantity, we should probably find, that, along with the epic and dramatic poetry, all of Greek Art is reducible to terms of sculpture and bas-relief, the most limited of the Arts.

Putting Italian painting beside Greek sculpture, we find the Christian artists defective at many points. The Greeks depicted the truth as they saw it—the beauty of the human form. The Mediævals are depicting the truth as they see it—an interior given to life—a significance utterly lacking in the objects and incidents of the Greek world—a Divine Spirit and Presence pervading the world, a Spirit glowing within, and behind, and below the visible universe, like layer after layer of petals, until human vision can no longer follow it, but loses itself in the golden splendour at the heart of the rose. The Italian painters tried in the most natural way in the world to depict this Spiritual presence—through the scenes of Christ's life in which the *logos* revealed itself humanly. They succeeded in painting transparent light, thus symbolising and suggesting that the visible world is a transparent veil that reveals (or hides) the spiritual universe, just as we, the onlookers, wish. But, as compared with Greek modelling and drawing, what childish efforts—what entire lack of perspective, making us smile just as the Greek interpretations of divinity make us smile!

That faulty drawing, perspective, etc., are natural enough, however.

For while the *Cycle* of childhood has been forever left behind, the *stage* of childhood must continue in human development and in any cycle whatever. The Mediæval painters represent the infancy stage of the new period—the infancy stage with its two aspects already referred to—depths of wisdom which glows unmistakably on the old canvas, together with naïveté, ineptness and innocence, as shown in their childish drawing.

But a difficulty, a contradiction, meets us in the Cathedral Architecture, where proportion, symmetry, balance, perspective are as superbly set forth as in any Greek statue or temple, where there is no suggestion of childish incompetence. Is it explicable?

It is explicable—but with difficulty. This difficulty is due to the domination of Greek philosophy over our thinking—due to the failure of the Church to develop a philosophy of its own. Greek Philosophy is, like Greek Art, the most perfectly developed body of Philosophy in our world. But it belongs to an outgrown world. Like their Art, it deals solely with externals. Greek Philosophy is the science of external life—its psychology, its ethics, its logic, its morals, its political science—all have to do merely with a façade of life. The Greeks in their whole life, hence, inevitably in their Art and Philosophy—were superficial; though they are not to blame for that. They saw clearly what there was to see—namely, a surface. But with the Incarnation, the interior of life was revealed. The old philosophy is as inadequate for the new realms of life as surface measure is to determine the contents of a cube. But, under the protection of the Church, that outworn mental system of Greece continues today as the official philosophy of the world. The disastrous result is the fratricidal war between religion and science.

The function of science in a Christian cycle is to scan and relate and systemize the laws of the inner states and realms, of which we gain knowledge through the experience of the Saints. Guided by a spiritual Church, science would have achieved results fruitful for our souls. But, in the light of history, who can maintain that steadfast spirituality is a mark of the Church—of official religion? To what purpose were such lives as Dante's, Catherine's (Siena), Francis' (Assisi) and Loyola's and others directed? Was it not to set a spiritual ideal before a Church that was absorbed in material aggrandizement? A material Church persecuted or neglected its Saints until intolerance and indifference were no longer possible; then it labelled the experiences of the Saints "Revelation," by which it meant something that happens outside of law and nature, and waved a prohibitive hand at science. And science, for its part, was quite content to keep to the field of exterior life, multiplying the conveniences and luxuries of the body, but, in the main, sterile, and harmful to the soul, by its concentration upon material life. The result is a feud between material religion and material science, each fighting for priority. Instead of a united front against a common enemy, there is dissension in the ranks, strife among allies,—worse than that, warfare

between brothers. For Science, Religion and Art do not constitute a man-made, artificial alliance. They are allies by nature, blood-brothers. The True, the Beautiful, the Good are children of one birth, generals of equal rank, commissioned by their King, Christ, for the stupendous task of civilizing the earth, to make earth a colony of Heaven, to fight and defeat and put to death all that is untrue, all that is hideous, all that is evil,—so that one flag shall fly, alike in the colony and in the mother country, one law prevail in both, one Ruler be crowned, alike in Heaven and in Earth.

The Cathedrals reveal the beauty and perfection of those inner realms—the true world from which material science is barred. The Cathedrals embody in stone the experiences of the great Saints in those realms—the experiences of the Saints in the higher stages of Contemplation. The orderly stages of Contemplation are the keys that open one after one the inner halls of consciousness that the Incarnation built on to the façade of life. These keys are in man's possession, and man has but to use them to reach conscious intercourse with the *logos*, transcendent and immanent, divine and human,—to know the Divine Perfection, its truth and beauty. The Middle Ages—and especially mediæval France—were a rose garden of saints, great saints,

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky Way.

Their aspirations reached beyond the surface to the heart of life whence flows the vivifying and unifying Blood. Through aspiration, they were led, by way of Contemplation, to actual experience of the Divine Life, Eternal, Spiritual. Contemplation, with its ordered stages, is something higher and greater than the intellectual processes that suffice for dealing with the exterior of life. The Cathedrals represent the experiences of the saints when, in Contemplation, they transcended their minds, transcended their ordinary mental processes and their mental limitations. Their inner experiences crystallized outwardly as monuments of architecture, perfect in poise, symmetry and proportion, equal in mere craftsmanship to any achievement of the Greeks, and, in addition, with a meaning, a significance that cannot be found in Greek Art. Italian painting, also, reveals that inner world of the Saints (the true world) but far less perfectly than French Cathedrals do, and in a lower degree. For as the processes of Contemplation transcend the processes of Intellect, it is impossible to represent correctly in mental terms the realities experienced in Contemplation. Italian painting, with its faults and defects, illustrates that impossibility of translating Contemplation into Intellect. Italian painting records on the mental plane the inner experiences of the saints; it depicts those experiences as they were remembered by the minds of the saints. To represent three dimensions on a flat surface one must be familiar with the laws of perspective. The saints had no mental perspective of truth. Hence the paintings embody

their mental limitations. Whereas the Cathedrals are direct and immediate embodiments of spiritual truth and beauty unmarred by the distorting influence of the mind. The Cathedrals are wholly spiritual, therefore, perfect; the paintings are both spiritual and intellectual—hence marred by the inaccuracy and imperfections with which the mind always confuses truth and beauty.

The form of Art—architecture—in which perfect expression was thus attained, was conditioned by the infancy stage of the new cycle. In that first flowering of Art, man could reach perfection only in the lowest form of Art. The higher forms, painting, poetry await his future. What testimony to the power of Christianity is given by that Gothic architecture! Christian Art, in its first essay, at the bottom of its ladder, equals what was achieved by the pagan cycle only at its apex of development in Greece.

A second difficulty and contradiction immediately arises,—namely the Divine Comedy. It is the most perfect poem in the world, and thus seems to nullify the conclusion just stated; for it would seem that, in that first outflowering, man attained perfection, not only in architecture, the lowest form of Art, but also in the highest form, poetry. But the Divine Comedy is a work of single authorship, while the Cathedrals represent generations and centuries of saints. The solitary preëminence of the poem seems explicable thus. In history, there are minor incidents that, in one respect, are not unlike the Incarnation itself, namely, in this: they are inexplicable from the standpoint of earth. They are events directly controlled by the agencies of Heaven, rather than ends achieved through human intervention. Joan of Arc is an obvious incident of this kind, inexplicable in a human way. The opinions of the early Church Fathers influence one to believe that, among the Greeks, Plato was such an instrument of Heaven. Similarly, in the realm of Art, the Divine Comedy is such an event; it is not the work of man nor of the immanent *logos* working through man—it is a work of the transcendent *logos*, a free gift from God. It seems, in that early epoch of the Christian cycle, when man could give adequate expression to spiritual beauty only in the static terms of stone, as if the Divine Compassion, further to aid and inspire him, sent a special messenger to reveal the mountain heights of poetry that still await man's coming of age.

Today, we are still in the cycle of the heart. What then can be said of present day Art, what about Art of the future? Renaissance Art marks the first epoch of our cycle—the epoch of childhood. But the winsome age of childhood, is, in life, followed by unattractive periods of transition, when a boy, from being a cherub, becomes a distorted juncture of ears and shins, and a girl, a flower of grace, passes into a condition of Futurist lankiness. Cycles of civilization, like children, reach a stage when they are the despair of those who cherish them—something to be kept out of sight. Futurist art, with its distortions and ugliness, most truly represents our present awkward age; our

unattractiveness, our charmless and graceless condition is reflected from those canvasses that are too grotesque for caricatures—that are faithful likenesses.

In despair, we turn for relief to the past, to the Art of Greece. We should turn to the inevitable future. Greece has passed, never to return—impossible to revive. Greece looms as a refuge for those whose endeavour is to escape the Hound of Heaven—His unperturbed chase continues throughout our cycle. Such refugees, having turned from religion, have then sought throughout the universe for harbour: they were “heavy with the even, when she lit her glimmering tapers, round the day’s dead sanctities.” But everywhere they turn they hear the swift pursuit of the tireless Hound, since every atom of the universe is His abode. Greece beckons—where men lived content and happy, undisturbed by His Presence and Pursuit. True. But, saturate themselves as they may with Greek Art, they cannot transport themselves behind the Incarnation into that former cycle of unconsciousness and care freedom. They cannot escape from their own souls. The Divine Presence has a centre in their hearts, and His pursuit hounds them out of any fancied security they make for themselves. Greece, too, fails them.

We cannot return to Greek conditions. We shall develop an art that surpasses Greek sculpture just as the statue of bronze excels the course molds into which the hot metal was poured. The new cycle offers splendid possibilities. It will pass on from tomboy crudeness to maturity. The great art of our maturity will obey the same laws that governed Greek production—but on a higher scale, just as our cycle, though so different, still parallels the stages and epochs—the curve of development—of the former era. The Greeks were unhearted, but they were not reprobates. They matured their civilization under Divine guidance, and their art is Divinely inspired. The secret of Greek expression is much repression. An art to be great must have intense feeling, intense passion, but this held with a strong hand, so that each line is balanced, delicate, firm. Where there is tumult, emotionalism, torrents unchained, the result is a counterfeit of art, which some prefer to the reality. Greek art is austere in its restraint. They restrained their passion for beauty of form so that beauty could be manifested. Such restraint is always necessary in order to convey to others what one perceives or feels. How can a man make an instrument a medium of expression,—voice, paint or marble,—until he has control of it? I may love my friend with all the strength of my heart, but if I have no control over my voice I cannot tell him so. If, in a tempest of feeling, I attempt to speak, only incoherent ejaculations will escape me: to make myself understood I must control myself, speak quietly, coherently, logically. If I have no control over the muscles of my face I cannot even smile at him, and in trying to do so may, instead, make a hideous grimace.

Greek Art thus illustrates, in stone, those principles which, since

the Incarnation, are the Way of life for us, the inspiration of our efforts; for that art is founded upon the principle of sacrifice—the sacrifice of the less for the greater beauty. It is austere, rejecting the superfluous in its effort to achieve the last refinement of line. Greek Art is true in that it is a faithful portrayal of life. Christianity does not deny that truth or supersede it. Christianity *enlarges the field of operation* for those principles which the Greeks manifested in their sculpture. Greek Art and Christian Religion are not antagonistic, as is sometimes mistakenly thought; the relation of our Religion to that bygone Art is a supplemental one, adding on to the loveliness of the outer world the splendour of the inner. This true relation of Greek and Christian is eloquently suggested by one of the Neo-Platonist philosophers—those Greeks who in their own persons experienced the extension of horizons that Christ effected. In his essay on Beauty, Plotinus writes: “Withdraw into yourself and look. And if you do not find yourself beautiful as yet, do as does the creator of a statue that is to be made beautiful; he cuts away here, he smooths there, he makes this line lighter, this other purer, until he has shown a beautiful face upon his statue. So do you also; cut away all that is excessive, straighten all that is crooked, bring light to all that is shadowed, labor to make all glow with beauty, and do not cease chiselling your statue until there shall shine out on you the God-like splendour of virtue, until you shall see the final goodness surely established in the stainless shrine.”

C. C. CLARK.

“All the really great saints have felt about morality as an artist feels about beauty. They don’t do good things because they are told to do them, but because they feel them to be beautiful, splendid, attractive; and they avoid having anything to do with evil things because such things are evil and repellant.”

FATHER PAYNE.

EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

IV

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS AND THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE DEVIL

WE have seen that the fundamental fact in physical life, in our life on the physical plane, is that, on this plane, we are not subject only to the physical forces belonging to this plane, but are subject, in an even greater degree, to the continual pressure of spiritual forces from the planes above; and that to this spiritual pressure from above is due not only the whole process of physical advancement which may be termed biological evolution, but the whole of our moral advancement also, the unfoldment of our spiritual evolution. And our response to this spiritual pressure from above determines the whole of our future progress, our gradual growth into the world of conscious immortality.

As there are these spiritual forces constantly making for our upward progress into the life of the realms above us, so there are forces as constantly at work, hindering and thwarting that advance, tending ceaselessly to draw us into the path of retrogression, of degeneration. And so close is the analogy between these forces, as revealed in our moral experience, and the forces which make for degeneration in the regions observed by biology, that many biologists have classed them together. Thus Henry Drummond, writing of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, drew the closest analogies between biological and spiritual degeneration, and printed on the cover of his able and intuitive work the picture of one of the types of biological degeneration, the hermit crab. In like manner Sir Oliver Lodge, who is a close student of biology though not primarily a biologist, has described the forces of moral evil as forces of degeneration in the biological sense; the spiritual equivalent of the tendencies which draw backward and downward those organisms which have ceased to grow upward.

It is, however, not quite accurate to speak of these forces as drawing backward an organism which has ceased to progress. For such an organism by no means returns to the condition which it had reached at a previous period. The hermit crab which, borrowing the shell of a mollusk, has shirked the effort of self-protection, does not by any means retrace its steps to an earlier crab form; it degenerates but does not return; it becomes, in fact, a morbid and mutilated organism, losing its relative perfection and becoming ugly, weak, unnatural. The forces of degeneration are not simply forces of recession, nor, in any instance,

does an organism which has ceased to go forward, return to the condition which it earlier held. In exactly the same way, in the case of moral degeneration produced by alcohol, though a drunken man loses the moral sense, the power of reason, of focussed vision, of articulate speech, of stable locomotion, all of which an infant also lacks, he does not thereby become an infant nor retrace his steps along the line of progress. He reaches a condition which did not exist at any point along that line of progress; a condition of actual evil, like the malformation of the hermit crab. Even a biologist, therefore, must recognize forces of degeneration and destruction, in addition to the forces which simply retard normal progress, or make that progress difficult and arduous. And those who make spiritual life the subject of their experience and wise experiment will likewise recognize, that, in addition to the tendencies of inertia, of cowardice, of irresolution, which simply check their growth and make it arduous, there are other forces which tend toward actual evil, bringing about morbid and degenerate conditions which are not a return toward the condition of a child or the condition of the primitive races.

It is of universal experience that, as we recognize the pull of the spiritual forces which are striving to raise us upward, to lead us to the realm above us, the realm of our conscious immortality, and, recognizing, respond to these forces and cooperate vigorously with them, we grow into the perception that they are not only beneficent, but are also conscious, endowed with the qualities of personality, and directly responding to the quality of personality in ourselves. But the experiment must be made, and the experience must be gained, within our moral and spiritual consciousness; it cannot be validly reached by any outside or merely mental speculation. Sought for and reached in our moral consciousness, this perception of the personal quality in the powers of good thereafter becomes the most momentous reality in our experience, and infinitely aids our further spiritual progress. And this is one of the best attested facts in all human experience, and by the best witnesses. It is a fundamental fact in the real experimental psychology, in all lands, among all peoples, throughout all times. It further gives us a sound experimental basis for the view that the forces which make for evolution, including those which have presided over each step of biological evolution from the beginning, are not only beneficent forces but are also conscious forces.

The more intuitive biologists have come to this conclusion. Alfred Russel Wallace, who discovered the great laws of evolution at the same time as Darwin, and independently of Darwin, marshalled a series of purely biological evidences to show that, in particular, the physical evolution of man from an earlier, pre-human form had been carried out under the direction of conscious spiritual forces, and could not have been carried out without their interposition. Bergson has put forward the same view, using as an illustration the marvellous formation of the eye, which organisms have reached along quite different lines of development, and therefore independently, not deriving this wonderful

mechanism from each other; and Bergson has argued that it is infinitely unlikely that such a mechanism could be developed twice independently by chance, by such an accumulation of happy accidents as Darwin postulates. It is more than likely that, had Darwin been willing to accept the action of spiritual forces, even as a working hypothesis (and a theorist has the right to make use of any working hypothesis) he would have avoided the innumerable absurdities into which his theory of accumulated happy accidents has led him; for he has completely failed to show why the progressive happy accident—the happy accident which leads the organism forward—should happen at all; much more has he failed to show any reason why these happy accidents should happen at all points, in all periods. Yet this is what his theory of natural selection in fact demands; failing the occurrence of happy accidents, there would be no basis at all for selection; there would be no “fittest” to survive. The truth is, that Darwin simply accepted the fact without giving an explanation, and without even trying to explain it. And he could never have explained it except by admitting the existence of conscious spiritual forces, guiding the evolution of organisms along lines mapped out in advance. Had he been willing to accept the existence of these consciously guiding spiritual forces, he would have instantly found his hypothesis supported by the well observed and endlessly verified facts of moral and spiritual experience, thus making it something very much more than a working hypothesis—a well authenticated reality. Had he done this, the world would have been saved the tragedy of a materialistic theory of development, with the immense impulse towards materialism which has come from it.

The fundamental fact, then, of moral and spiritual experience is that the quality of personal consciousness inheres in the spiritual powers which we feel working and striving to draw us upward towards immortality; to such a degree that we have a sound basis for supposing that all the upward forces are conscious, spiritual, personal forces, even though they may be forms of personal consciousness which it is at present very difficult for us to conceive. But, when it comes to the forces which make for upward growth in our moral and spiritual life, our indications are clearer: we feel ourselves to be in the presence of conscious, personal beneficence, a benign personal consciousness which has a profound understanding, an even deeper compassion, for our human hearts, our human sorrows. Therefore, in addition to divine helpfulness, we are compelled by the continuing facts of our experience to credit these interposing spiritual powers with a depth of human sympathy which would be difficult to understand in, let us say, angels from some distant sphere, able to help, but hardly able to understand or compassionate our human sorrows.

In holding and putting forward such a view, we are thoroughly scientific, basing ourselves on sound experiment and proved experience. On the contrary, it is the materialistic biologist who perpetually closes his consciousness to this field of experience, refusing to make the

experiments which establish it, or to recognize that others have made and are making them, who is thoroughly and incurably unscientific; and who, as we have seen, just because he follows this course, is led into endless perplexities and absurdities.

We shall try, later on, to establish by methodical evidence the reality of this fundamental law, that the beneficent powers are conscious, personal, full of a profound humanity. For the present, we shall use this generalization to illumine the opposite, the darker side of the same problem, suggesting that continued human experience has likewise shown that the forces of degeneration, the forces of evil, are also personal, conscious powers, consciously seeking and working evil.

The great experimental psychologists of the East, who find Consciousness to be the central fact of personal life, have at the same time found it difficult to conceive of an infinite number of personal consciousnesses, coming into being wholly independent of each other. They found that, as Consciousness is the central fact of personal life, so communion is the central fact of consciousness. We are conscious of each other's consciousness, long before we reason about the question; and, indeed, for the most part, we do not reason about the fact at all, simply taking it for granted, and acting upon it in every relation of life. When we speak to each other, we are acting on the innate conviction that a kindred consciousness is there, ready to respond to our consciousness, and, in fact, responding to it.

Resting on this universal experience of communion, then, the great experimental psychologists of the East drew the conclusion that there must be a bridge of consciousness between the two seemingly separate consciousnesses; they must have their synthesis in a higher and deeper consciousness, which embraces them both. So, by ascending steps, they made their final generalization, naming the ultimate reality "the Supreme Consciousness of All Beings." And their experience had already compelled them to assign to this last reality supreme beneficence, infinite goodness, ceaselessly desiring and working for our perfection.

We shall be fully justified in speaking of this benign Supreme Consciousness as the Personal God, if we are careful to assign to Him the essence of our personality, not its limitations and deflections; the pure quality of spiritual consciousness, not the perversions of our personal nature. For, in fact, as we meet and respond to the spiritual power which draws us upward, we do not find in that power these limitations and perversions; on the contrary, we find a perpetual challenge to ourselves, to overcome just these limitations and perversions, with active, effective aid to do it. With this clearly understood, the name, Personal God, is wholly justified.

Are we, then, led by a like chain of experience and inference to postulate an opposite to that God—a single "Personal Devil," the Ahriman of our Ormazd? I think not, and for this reason: if we yield to the forces of evil, we find that they lead, not to a deeper unity, but away

from unity; not to the merging of consciousness in compassion, but to separation of consciousness, in malice and hatred; not to deeper being, but to restriction of being. The logical conclusion of this is, not an evil cosmic unity, but dissolution, annihilation. The true opposite of the good God is not an evil God with equal power, but Nothingness, Void, total negation. And the element of personal consciousness, which we find by experience in the forces of evil, is, in its own colourless essence, not of evil, but of good. It leads us, not to a Personal Devil, but back to the same absolute Good, the beneficent Supreme Consciousness. In other words, that which is real even in the powers of evil, is of God and in God; only the unreal is of evil. We are, therefore led to think of an ultimate conquest of evil by Good; a final purification of evil, the fine divine essence being sifted from it and restored to the God to whom it belongs. This will lead us to some such thought as that of the "fallen angels;" powers, each of whom still possess a particle of the Divine Essence. It will lead us, further, to the thought of an ultimate purification, into which these particles of Divine Essence will be drawn, returning to the God who gave them; their withdrawal bringing about the final, irretrievable dissolution of these powers, their complete and eternal annihilation.

But we shall find that, while completely logical reasoning leads us away from the conception of a single Personal Devil, a bad God, even while we are compelled to accept the fact of personal consciousness in the powers of evil, yet many religions do, in fact, speak of a Personal Devil; many also teach or indicate that this Personal Devil is a "fallen angel," a perverted divine power. We would seem to have a justification of this second idea in the logical conclusion we have already reached; while the thought of a Personal Devil may be simply a personification, a synthesis, of the powers of evil; or he may be, as in Milton's "Paradise Lost," simply the leader among a host of evil powers, one evil spirit among many, distinguished by greater energy, but in no sense an equal opposite of God. Milton, of course, is thoroughly imbued with the idea that these powers of evil are perverted powers of good; that the "ethereal essence" in them is of God. It is the perversion of their nature which is their own, and that perversion is doomed to ultimate annihilation.

In one of the great scriptures of Temptation, the Tempter is Yama, the Lord of Death. As it now stands, the "Katha Upanishad" does not in any way explain the character or history of Yama, but other Indian books tell us that Yama was a king, the king of one of the earlier human races who never tasted death; that, when the time came for death to enter the world, Yama, as king, elected to be the first to die, the first to meet this new, terrible experience; and that, after his heroic death, he became the ruler of the dead; just as in ancient Egypt, Osiris, after his sacrificial death, became the judge of the dead. Thus, though Yama "descended into Hell," this was a voluntary descent, having elements of atonement; it was voluntary, like the descent of Christ into Hell, as

taught in the Creed, this teaching being apparently based on the words "he went and preached unto the spirits in prison," in the First Epistle of Saint Peter. But, while Yama is not the Devil, he is, in a very real sense, the Tempter.

His temptations are addressed to the youth, Nachiketas, whose history once more reminds us strongly of the Creed, though it is thousands of years older. For Nachiketas is the only son of a father, who offers him as a sacrifice; Nachiketas then descends into the house of Death, remains there for three days and, on the third day, rises again from the dead. There is the further analogy that the sacrifice of the only son is made only after the sacrifice of cattle had proved unavailing, thus strongly reminding us of the teaching of Paul, that the sacrifice of Jesus superseded the sacrifice of cattle in the temple.

This is one of the most striking likenesses between the religious teaching of East and West. We shall try to see, later on, how far it is based on experimental psychology, on spiritual experience.

Nachiketas, reaching the house of Death, after he has been sacrificed by his father, finds the dwelling empty. After he has waited three days, or, as the ancient text more graphically says, "three nights," Death returns and, in order to make amends to Nachiketas for the slight he has received in waiting three days without a greeting, offers him three wishes.

Nachiketas immediately asks for the knowledge of immortality: "This that they doubt about, O Death, what is in the great Beyond, tell me of that."

Thereupon Death, as Tempter, seeks to draw Nachiketas away from the quest of immortality by offering him alluring gifts: "Even by the gods of old it was doubted about this; not easily knowable, and subtle is this law. Choose, Nachiketas, another wish. . . . Choose sons and grand-sons of a hundred years, and much cattle, and elephants and gold and horses. . . . If thou thinkest this an equal wish, choose wealth and length of days. . . . Whatsoever desires are difficult in the mortal world, ask all desires according to thy will. These beauties, with their chariots and lutes—not such as these are to be won by men—be waited on by them, my gifts. Ask me not of death, Nachiketas."

It is impossible not to be struck by the likeness of this to another great drama of temptation: "Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. . . ."

Nachiketas, resisting all the allurements of the Tempter, learns the secret of Death and enters immortality. Whereupon these words follow: "Rise ye up! Awake ye! and having obtained your wishes, understand them," as though this scripture of the victory over the Tempter had been used as a ritual, addressed to a number of participants.

In the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, there is another scene of

temptation. The father of Shvetaketu comes to the dwelling of King Pravahana, the son of Jivala, who offers him a wish. The father of Shvetaketu asks to be told the answers to certain questions which the king had earlier asked Shvetaketu, but which the youth had been unable to answer. The questions concerned immortality.

But Jivala, in the character of the Tempter, answers: "This is one of the wishes of the gods. Ask instead a wish of men."

The father of Shvetaketu answers: "I know well; there is store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slave-girls and robes . . ." but refuses to accept anything but the "wish of the gods," the knowledge of immortality.

The wording of this suggests that there was what one may call a sacramental formula of temptation and trial; a phrase which had become representative of all temptation, as has the phrase, "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them."

It is notable that, in both these Upanishad stories, the Tempter afterwards becomes the instructor, the Initiator. And Yama is, further, the Lord of Death, a divine king who has descended into Hell, to perfect a work which has in it elements of vicarious atonement. The Atharva Veda says of Yama, "He died the first of men;" and he is elsewhere spoken of as a "Prajapati," one of the "Lords of beings," of whom Brahma is the first.

There is a close likeness here to another great drama of temptation, the Book of Job, which assigns a divine origin to the Tempter: "Now, there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord answered unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, "Doth Job fear God for nought? . . . And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thy hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord."

Thus Satan, "the Accuser," is counted among "the sons of God," as Yama, "son of the Sun," is counted among "the Lords of Beings;" and Satan tempts Job with the permission, almost under the direction of God:

After Job had triumphed over all his temptations, "the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before;" the numbers of his possessions and of his cattle were doubled. It is worth noting that, in the scriptures of India, the powers of perception and action are called "the cattle which graze in the pastures of life." If a like symbol is used in the Book of Job, then, after the victory over his temptations, Job was divinely endowed with an enlarged scope of life, an added range of perceptive and active powers—the powers and perceptions of the spiritual man.

The same story of temptation is told of Prince Siddhartha, of the family of the Gotamas, who became "the Awakened," the "Buddha," and is therefore called Gautama Buddha, "the Awakened One, of the family of the Gotamas."

The temptation of the future Buddha is related at great length, and with a wealth of Oriental imagery, in the Introduction to the Jataka, the Book of the Births of Buddha. It begins thus:

"Then the future Buddha turned his back to the trunk of the Bo-tree and faced the east. And making the mighty resolution, 'Let my skin, and sinews, and bones become dry, and welcome! and let all the flesh and blood in my body dry up! but never from this seat will I stir, until I have attained the supreme and absolute wisdom!' he sat himself down cross-legged in an unconquerable position, from which not even the descent of a hundred thunder-bolts at once could have dislodged him.

"At this point the god Mara, exclaiming, 'Prince Siddhartha is desirous of passing beyond my control, but I will never allow it!' went and announced the news to his army, and sounding the Mara war-cry, drew it out for battle . . . in that army, no two carried the same weapons; and diverse also in their appearance and countenance, the host swept on like a flood to overwhelm the Great Being (Prince Siddhartha).

". . . He perceived Mara's army coming on like a flood, and said, 'Here is this multitude exerting all their strength and power against me alone. My mother and father are not here, nor my brother, nor any relative. But I have these Ten Perfections, like old retainers long cherished at my board. It therefore behooves me to make the Ten Perfections my shield and my sword, and to strike a blow with them that shall destroy this strong array.' . . .

"Thereupon the god Mara caused a whirlwind, thinking, 'By this will I drive away Siddhartha.' . . . Yet when the winds reached the future Buddha, such was the energy of the Great Being's merit, they lost all power and were not able to cause so much as a fluttering of the edge of his priestly robe.

"Then Mara caused a great rain-storm, saying, 'With water will I overwhelm and drown him.' . . . But on coming to the Great Being, this mighty inundation was not able to wet his priestly robes as much as a dew-drop would have done.

"Then Mara caused a shower of rocks, in which immense mountain-peaks flew smoking and flaming through the sky. But on reaching the future Buddha they became celestial bouquets of flowers. . . .

"Then Mara caused a shower of hot ashes, in which ashes that glowed like fire flew through the sky. But they fell at the future Buddha's feet as sandal-wood powder. . . .

"Then Mara caused a shower of mud, in which mud flew smoking and flaming through the sky. But it fell at the future Buddha's feet as celestial ointment.

"Then Mara caused a darkness, thinking, 'By this will I frighten

Siddhartha, and drive him away.' And the darkness became fourfold, and very dense. But on reaching the future Buddha it disappeared like darkness before the light of the sun. . . .

"Mara . . . drew near the future Buddha, and said, 'Siddhartha, arise from this seat! It does not belong to you, but to me.'

"When the Great Being heard this he said, 'Mara, you have not fulfilled the Ten Perfections in any of their three grades; nor have you made the five great gifts (the gift of treasure, gift of child, the gift of wife, of royal rule, and last, the gift of life): nor have you striven for knowledge, nor for the welfare of the world, nor for enlightenment. This seat does not belong to you, but to me.'

"Unable to restrain his fury, the enraged Mara now hurled his discus. But the Great Being reflected on the Ten Perfections, and the discus changed into a canopy of flowers, and remained suspended over his head.

"Then the Great Being said, 'Mara, who is witness to your having given donations?'

"Said Mara, 'All these, as many as you see here, are my witnesses;' and he stretched out his hand in the direction of his army. And instantly from Mara's army came a roar, 'I am his witness! I am his witness! . . .

"Then said Mara to the Great Being, 'Siddhartha, who is witness to your having given donations?'

"'Your witnesses,' replied the Great Being, 'are animate beings, and I have no animate witnesses. . . .' Drawing forth his right hand from beneath his priestly robe, he stretched it out towards the mighty earth, and said, 'Are you witness to my having given a great donation?' And the mighty earth thundered, 'I bear you witness!' . . . And the followers of Mara fled away in all directions. No two went the same way, but leaving their head-ornaments and their cloaks behind, they fled straight before them.

"Then the hosts of the gods, when they saw the army of Mara flee, cried out, 'Mara is defeated! Prince Siddhartha has conquered! Let us go to celebrate the victory!' And . . . they came with perfumes, garlands, and other offerings in their hands to the Great Being on the throne of wisdom. . . .

"It was before the sun had set that the Great Being thus vanquished the army of Mara. And then, while the Bo-tree in homage rained red coral-like sprigs upon his priestly robes, he acquired in the first watch of the night the knowledge of previous existences; in the middle watch of the night, the divine eye; and in the last watch of the night, his intellect fathomed dependent origination . . ."

It is impossible not to feel that this highly coloured narrative lacks the austere beauty and pathos of the Temptation in the Wilderness, with its ending, perfect in simplicity, "Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him;" but it is also impossible not to

see that the story of Siddhartha has a beauty of its own, the beauty of high moral truth; it has comforted and inspired innumerable followers of the Buddha, and helped them to pass through their temptations.

But, with all their difference in treatment and colour, the two narratives evidently record like experiences; the parallelism between them is complete, from the long initial fast (in the case of Siddhartha, a fast of "seven weeks, or forty-nine days"), to the ministry of angels.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(*To be continued.*)

When God calls for a sacrifice, whether it be the loss of a relation or a friend, the endurance of a sickness or a misfortune, we must make it in a truly Christian spirit. And God hates rapine in a sacrifice.

In the Old Law, when a sacrifice was offered to God, it was one of the greatest sins to steal part of the offering, and the sons of Heli, for this their crowning sin were, by the judgment of God, to die both in one day. There is a parallel between their rapine and that which takes place in sacrifices God exacts from us when we refuse submission or willing endurance to His divine will.

Even in the darkest sorrow God knows best, and will turn every sorrow bravely borne to the welfare of the sufferer. How, we may neither know nor see, but then it is that faith enters to help us.

And after all, rapine in a sacrifice only results in embittering the mind. It brings no consolation, which is precisely what the sufferer needs most. Generosity in sacrifice is always followed by generosity from God, in power of endurance, in courage, in contentment and peace of mind, for God will not be outdone by His creatures in generosity.

LAURENCE BOYLE.

“DON’T BLAME ME”

IT was just a vulgar dream.

Feeling as if I were being crushed, I opened my eyes, to see Something fat, bloated and most unpleasant, sitting on my chest and stomach.

Its eyes turned in, as if It wanted to look only at Itself. Its long nose wiggled and twisted as if seeking evil smells. Its hairy ears flapped, as if It feared to miss something wrong to hear. Its pudgy hands were restless. Its feet were atrophied from lack of use. The general effect of its colorings was dirty white and slimy, giving It more the appearance of being a Worm than man-fashioned. “Get off,” I gasped, bracing my body to hurl It off.

A sigh of self-pity escaped the full, fatuous mouth. “I suppose I’d better, if I want to keep you alive, and, worse luck for me, I have to do that, or I’d die myself.” It voiced its plaintiveness. It stumped down on the side of the bed and wept weakly.

“What are you doing here?”

“You invited me—you have urged me to stay. Don’t blame me.”

“Are you crazy? I don’t want you to stay one minute—get out.”

“I don’t think you are strong enough, and besides you have always been too kind to me to treat me cruelly just because you can see me now.”

“You have never been here before,” I declared, yet I knew I spoke doubtfully against the certainty of Its expression, the one note of sincerity It had given out.

“Oh! yes I have, only you have not been able to see me. You couldn’t see me now if you hadn’t been listening to those dreadful people who are talking about practical discipleship all the time,” and a shudder of real fear shook Its jellylike substance. “If you ever get to doing what they advise I’ll have to die; I’ll starve to death and die,” Its voice piped shrilly to a sickening wail.

“For Heaven’s sake, what are you?”

“Don’t, don’t use that name; don’t even think of Heaven when I’m ’round. It brings on malaria,” and It had a chill, unpleasantly.

“But what are you?”

“Don’t you know your own pet? Why I am your own Lower Self—nobody else is responsible for me. Don’t blame me.”

Blankness began to assault my mind; negativeness was impending, but I seized on the clue of the Teaching It had spoken of, and rallied myself to say, sternly: “Explain yourself—I insist on your talking this thing out.”

“There you go, getting positive—when you do that I am at your mercy—please let up.”

“Go on,” I said more sternly.

“Don’t blame me. I am what you have made me.”

I braced myself to look at Its unpleasantness. As I looked It seemed at once to shrink and to stand out more clearly.

“Please stop looking at me so hard. It is bad for me.”

“Talk,” I commanded.

“I’d rather whisper, the way I am used to doing with you, but I am at your mercy.”

“Go on.”

“Don’t blame me—you have done this. I started out as a clean, unthinking, thoughtless little animal, depending upon you. Then, as you grew older and would get negative and slothful and self-indulgent, I began to put on fat, and soon lost my shapeliness. Then every time you had an evil thought or did something you knew you ought not to do I grew in strength. If you were only positively wicked I would not have to carry all this loathsome fat. I had a good nose once, until you took to contemplating evil. I had good ears once, until you listened to evil speaking and foul stories. My eyes were straight until you took to self-reference in all things.”

“Have I got to have you around always?”

“Not unless you give yourself up to me—then I will live and grow stronger.”

“You have to tell me the truth?”

“I do, whenever you have the courage to face me and ask.”

“Then tell me how to get rid of you?”

It fell on its weak legs in an agony of supplication. “Spare me.” It wailed, “don’t blame me. I am only what you have made me.”

“Answer,” I demanded.

Its wailing rose and It slobbered in anguish.

I thought hard in my determination to get rid of It. It had said that studying Discipleship had opened my eyes to Its presence. If the study of Discipleship could do that, what could not Discipleship do? Full of the thought of the cleansing power of Master’s Love, my will arose in arms. “I will be a Disciple,” I said aloud, in irrevocable resolution.

It had vanished.

U. G.

Our Heavenly Father makes “straight paths for our feet,” and, if we would GO IN HIS WAY, if we would straighten our wills to His will, and lay them side by side, there would be no crosses. But when the path that God points out goes north and south, and our stubborn wills lead us east and west, the consequence is “A CROSS.” . . .

—ANNIE WEBB-PEPLOE.

PARACELSUS

Theosophists.—In the mediæval ages it was the name by which were known the disciples of Paracelsus of the sixteenth century. (Isis Unveiled.)

CARLYLE says somewhere that each age has its own faith and laughs—most unwisely—at the faith of its predecessor. It is not a question of whether or not a given age be an “age of faith.” All ages have faith in abundance for their needs. The question is in what does it put the faith that is given it. Is it in the law and the prophets, the literal inspiration of the Bible, the authority of the church? Is it in the material world, the evidence of the physical senses and the power of the analytical, finite mind to deal with an infinite universe? Or is it in the inner light of the soul, the inspiration and noëtic power of the heart? Man stands on faith as he might stand on a ladder leading out of a pit. It is not the fault of the ladder if he uses it to go down deeper into the darkness, instead of up into the sunlight.

The critical periods in man's history are the times when he is forced to realize that he has misplaced his faith and that the foundation on which he has planted his ladder is quicksand and not rock. Plant it somewhere he must by the inherent law of his being. It may be that the most honest spot in his horizon is the doubt in his own mind and then he puts his faith in those doubts. Obviously, at a time when the old foundations of men's faith have been destroyed, and they are seeking new, firm ground on which to build, it is of vital importance that they should be shown the truth and at least given the chance to build on it.

“If the understanding be not thus cleared and illumined, it may catch every gleam of intuition and spiritual light, only to distort that gleam, to light with it the false pictures of the lower mind, thus filling the spiritual life with images of material things. Thus are painted the material heavens that fill so great a space in certain forms of faith, and thus it comes that the Most High is represented with purely human qualities, revengeful, jealous, threatening punishment like the despot of a down-trodden land.

“From these erring theologies there comes ever a reaction and a protest, and, confounding the substance with the form, men of strong unillumined mind reject both faith and fable, and build up speculative materialisms, which increase the sum of human pain, the dread of death, the unendurable sorrow of separation.

“For these ills there is no cure like wisdom, no available cure so potent as the ancient wisdom of India.” *

* Introduction to *Bhagavad Gita*.

Thus, when old forms are breaking up and before men's minds have re-crystallized, we would look to see an especial effort made by the Lodge to bring true ideals into the thought of the world. It is impossible to over-estimate the value and far-reaching influence of the presence in the world's thought of real ideals at such times. We have only to see how the ideas first promulgated by Madame Blavatsky through the Theosophical Society have colored every department of modern thought, to realize this. The mere fact that modern thought neither recognizes nor admits this is of no importance. It was not recognition for which she worked. The influence of her work on the thought—the essential faith—of future generations is incalculable. A man's faith is the foundation of all his action, not what he may call his faith but his real faith. As has been often pointed out, if a man says he believes in honesty and then steals, it is obvious that he really believes in stealing and not in honesty. So men's actions and the history of the world for centuries may be determined in these critical periods when old faiths have been destroyed and men's minds are seeking new foundations on which to rest and new forms around which to crystallize. These new faiths are tested in action, it may be over centuries, are one by one found wanting and have to be abandoned in their turn.

Born in 1493, the year after the discovery of the new world, a contemporary of Martin Luther and the Protestant reformation, Paracelsus, like Madame Blavatsky, came at such a formative period in the world's history when the foundations of men's thought were being shattered. In both times, fixed ideas long held by the race were breaking up, destructive attacks were being made on the established church and new doctrines were arising.

In the sixteenth century the thought of the world was ruled by narrowness and bigotry. Men were offered their choice between the corruption of Rome together with the bigotry that led to the Spanish Inquisition on the one hand, or on the other, rebellion, predestination, infant damnation and a no less intolerant bigotry. Later, in Madame Blavatsky's time, the choice lay between the blatant, intolerant materialism of science and the still more intolerant believers in a jealous God and an actual Adam and Eve, created 4004 B. C., neither more nor less. The spirit of Christianity had been so completely lost in the letter of the Bible that to call in question a single biblical statement seemed to threaten the entire religious edifice. The man who could not believe that an actual whale swallowed an actual Jonah, was not permitted to believe in Christ. "The choice seemed forced between the extremes of superstition and materialism, and in consequence, religion was left without vitality, without the sense of immediate reality and the support of natural law."

In spite of shining exceptions, the tendency of both times was to neglect entirely the inner life and the inner light and to base all conclusions on external things. Nineteenth century science put its faith

absolutely in the evidence of the physical senses—notoriously unreliable—and on the ability of the analytical mind to draw correct and all-inclusive deductions therefrom. Theology put its faith in the literal inspiration of the Bible or in the authority of the external church. In the time of Paracelsus “authority” was the great word. Everything had to be based on “authority.” All arguments must proceed from established axioms drawn, not from experience but from the writings of some church Father or revered ancient whose works were universally accepted and whose least dicta were not to be questioned. Always it was to something outside of himself that man must look.

In both the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries that on which he had been accustomed to place his dependence was broken before his eyes. It then became a question of finding a substitute and of what that substitute would be. Would narrowness be replaced by narrowness, dogmatism by dogmatism? Would man still worship an “absentee god” and must he remain blind to his own powers and his divine possibilities?

No one can study the life of Paracelsus without being struck by the remarkable similarity between his life and writings and the life and writings of Madame Blavatsky. Against the narrow dogmatism of their ages both hurled themselves with splendid courage. Both set themselves to shattering the armor-plated walls of prejudice to let in to men’s darkened minds the light of the spirit. We feel in each case the same intense hatred of all hypocrisy and the same power of invective in denouncing it. Change the names and pronouns, and it would be hard to say whether the following was written of Paracelsus or of Madame Blavatsky:

“He had the volcanic temperament needed to destroy the old order, which he knew to be corrupting the world, as he had the piercing insight which discerned the new order amidst a welter of troubled and heaving stagnation. But the stagnation had to be laid bare in all its mischievousness to be revealed for what it had become. The very men who had recognised the degeneracy of the Church were slow to admit its parallel in the realm of knowledge. . . .

“He had a message to give which needed directness, a reveille to a new day, . . . and he shouted his message abroad in language that all could understand, and he shouted abroad as well his titanic wrath at those who, hearing, closed their ears and sought to stifle his appeal. There was no time for mincing courtesies; the world needed a new birth and had first to pass through the scathing fire of truth, the old earth and the old heaven had to be shrivelled up as a roll, and a new earth and heaven had to be discerned in their stead. Paracelsus set his torch to the waste-heap and scared its blind and dingy guardians, who denounced him for sacrilege.” (Miss Stoddard: *Life of Paracelsus.*)

On the constructive side, Madame Blavatsky and Paracelsus both taught the same great doctrine. Both gave their lives in ceaseless effort to free men from the bonds of ignorance and darkness and to reveal to

them the road to their own happiness. Both were denounced as charlatans, reviled, persecuted and slandered all their lives.

“Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That shouldst make thy people free,
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary.”

The servant is not greater than his Lord. Truly the world is slow to change its methods.

Paracelsus, Phillipus Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus, Bombast of Hohenheim, to give him his full name and title, was born in 1493 in Einsiedeln near Zurich. His father was a physician and Paracelsus himself seems to have had a good education. At sixteen he entered the University of Basle, studying chiefly alchemy, medicine and surgery. Later he was taught by Johann Trithemius, of Sponheim, Abbot of St. Jacob at Wurzburg, said to have been one of the greatest adepts in alchemy and magic. This was followed by practical experience in the laboratory of another celebrated alchemist, Sigismund Fugger who owned mines in the Tyrol, where Paracelsus learned mineralogy and metallurgy.

Miss Stoddart, in her *Life of Paracelsus*, gives an interesting portrait of Abbot Trithemius:

“Even as a young Benedictine he was celebrated for his learning, and was made Abbot of Sponheim when he was only twenty-one years old. From Sponheim he was transferred in 1506 to the monastery of St. Jacob close to Wurzburg, where he died in 1516. He had a great renown, and more especially for occult research, believing that the hidden things of nature were in the keeping of spiritual forces. Students came to him and if they proved themselves worthy were admitted to his study where his grim experiments were made. He was learned in all the knowledge of his day, influenced too by the Renaissance, a lover of art and poetry as well as a historian and a physician, . . .

“Trithemius was accounted dangerous by the ignorant many. He had penetrated to some of nature’s hidden things, amongst them to magnetism and telepathy. In mystical experiments he had found himself able to read the thoughts of others at a distance. He used a cryptic language and had a secret chronology by which he interpreted the prophetic and mystical portions of the Bible and of cabalistic writings. Above all study he insisted on that of the Holy Scriptures, for which he had a deep devotion and which he required his students to examine with exact and reverent care. In this he influenced Paracelsus for life, for Bible study was one of the preoccupations of his later years, and in his writings we have constant witness not only to his mastery of its language, but of its deepest spiritual significance.

“That he studied occultism with the abbot and was aware of its mysterious powers is also sure . . .”

For ten years or so after this Paracelsus seems to have travelled

very widely, covering most of Europe. According to one tradition he also went to India where he is said to have been taken prisoner by the Tartars. The Tartars took him to the Khan with whose son he subsequently went to Constantinople. Apparently it was during this stay in the East that he was taught much of the Eastern Wisdom. Many of the Eastern tenets which appear in his writings, such as the sevenfold constitution of man, were, so far as we know, unknown in Europe at that time. His disciple, Van Helmont, says that he received the Philosopher's Stone in Constantinople in 1521, a statement that appears to be a guarded reference to his initiation. In this connection Madame Blavatsky says in *Isis Unveiled*:

“. . . and although there had been alchemists before the days of Paracelsus, he was the first who passed through the true initiation, that last ceremony which conferred on the adept the power of travelling toward the 'burning bush' over the holy ground, and to 'burn the golden calf in the fire, grind it to powder, and strow it upon the water.' ”

Paracelsus then returned to Italy where he served as surgeon in the Imperial Army participating in a number of campaigns. Unfortunately we have no details of his military life. In 1525 he returned to Basle and two years later was appointed a professor of physic, medicine and surgery. His lectures created a profound sensation. To begin with, instead of the conventional Latin he lectured in German, doubtless much to the delight of his students and certainly to the great scandal of his tradition-loving colleagues. But far worse than that, his lectures embodied his own views, the results of his experience and knowledge instead of being based exclusively on the statements of the recognized and accepted authorities, Messrs. Galen and Avicenna. Apparently no one had dared for many years to express any opinion not founded on their works and the shock was correspondingly great. As Paracelsus wrote: “New stars appear and others disappear on the sky. New ideas appear on the mental horizon and old ideas are lost. If a new comet appears in the sky, it fills the hearts of the ignorant with terror; if a new and grand idea appears on the mental horizon, it creates fear in the camp of those who cling to old systems and accepted forms.”

His new ideas, grand and noble as they were, created not only fear but envy and rage. The rage was enormously increased when in his capacity of City Physician he secured the passage of a mediæval Pure Food and Drugs act which placed the apothecaries of the city under his supervision as to the purity and genuineness of their drugs and the reasonableness of their prices. His marvellous success in effecting cures, moreover, did not tend to allay the professional jealousy of his fellow physicians. On the whole he seems to have drawn upon himself a storm of criticism and abuse. The storm came to a head when he criticized the City Council for a very unjust decision. A rich man, who had been given up to die as hopeless by the other physicians, called in Paracelsus. Paracelsus promptly cured him, so promptly in fact that the rich man

refused to pay the agreed fee on the eminently Teutonic ground that the cure had been effected so easily that the fee had not been earned. The City Council sided with the rich miser. The injustice of this so outraged Paracelsus, who cared nothing for money and treated the poor free, that he expressed his opinion of the Council. If he did this in his best style we can understand that he had to leave the city secretly immediately afterward. In power of invective, he is second only to H. P. B.

For the next few years he travelled from place to place, coming to Nuremberg in 1530. The "regular" physicians promptly denounced him as a quack and a charlatan. (It all sounds very modern.) At his request some cases given up as incurable by the other physicians were put under his care. In a short time he cured a number of cases of elephantiasis which had been sent him. Dr. Hartmann says that testimonials to this effect may be found in the archives of the City of Nuremberg, but history is silent as to the effect on the other Nuremberg physicians. There is no record of their inviting him to remain and instruct them. He wandered for a number of years more until, attracted by his growing fame, Duke Ernst of Bavaria invited him to Salzburg. There shortly afterward he died. There is some obscurity in regard to his death, a widely accepted version being that it resulted from a treacherous attack by thugs in the pay of jealous rivals. Madame Blavatsky mentions a tradition current among the Alsatians that he is not dead but, like Charlemagne, sleeps in his grave.

It would be as impossible to summarize his writings in an article of this scope as to summarize *The Secret Doctrine*. It is in essence the same teaching. Madame Blavatsky says that to accuse her of plagiarism from Paracelsus, Eliphaz Levi or Buddhism would be like accusing Max Muller of plagiarising in his *Sacred Books of the East* from the philosophy of the Brahmins. Obviously she regarded the identity of the teaching as self-evident.

His work may be divided into three classes:

First: His revolutionary teaching in regard to the methods by which knowledge was to be obtained. The ceaseless effort of Paracelsus was to draw men from reliance on external authority back to their own experience. He used medicine as one of the means to do this, bitterly denouncing the systems of his day, founded on distorted precepts from ancient writers, and insisting on experience as the great teacher. This seems so obvious to us that it is hard to believe that it was ever novel, not to say revolutionary. For "authority" he substituted the study of nature, and the inductive method as, so to speak, the introduction to the acquisition of knowledge. So far modern science goes with him and acknowledges its obligation by calling him "the forerunner of all scientific progress from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth." We are so accustomed to this method that it is almost impossible for us to realize how great was the change which its introduction wrought. Of course Paracelsus did not originate it any more than he originated any of the truths

which he gave to his world. Roger Bacon's work, his *Opus Magnus*, although not published until the year after the death of Paracelsus, was written over two hundred and fifty years before. Let us say he rediscovered it, or if you will, that he only reaffirmed it. In view of the fact that the achievements of modern science are due to the adoption of his method, that would be distinction enough.

It is his method, but only the lesser part of his method. The lower, the side that leads to knowledge of the material, has been developed and followed. The higher, that which might have led to knowledge of the divine, has been ignored. He never made the mistake that science makes to-day of thinking of experimental research as the only or even as the best way to acquire knowledge. Its limitations he saw clearly. Great as are the results that have flowed from it, they are as nothing compared to what may be expected when the world awakes to the possibilities of his teaching in regard to the direct perception of truth. "The cause of his (man's) ignorance is that he does not understand how to search in himself for the powers that are given him by God, and by which he may arrive at all the Wisdom, Reason and Knowledge concerning everything that exists, whether it be near him or far away." (*De Inventione Artium.*) In this respect he is still centuries in advance not only of his own time but of ours. Science might do well to inquire, for instance, how he came to know that man's body and the stars were composed of the same elements, three centuries before the discovery of the spectroscope.

The rationale of his teaching lies in the fundamental unity of all souls with the Oversoul. All men are rays of the Divine Consciousness. Consciousness is one and not separate and hence all that is in the Divine Consciousness may be known to the consciousness of man.

"Neither the external nor the astral man is the real man, but the real man in the soul in connection with the Divine Spirit. The astral soul is the shadow of the body, illumined by the spirit, and it therefore resembles man. It is neither material nor immaterial but partakes of the nature of each. The sidereal man is formed out of the same *Limbus* as the Macrocosm, and he is therefore able to participate in all the wisdom and the knowledge existing in the latter. He may obtain knowledge of all creatures, angels and spirits, and learn to understand their attributes. He may learn from the Macrocosm the meaning of the symbols by which he is surrounded, in the same manner as he acquires the language of his parents; because his own soul is the quintessence of everything in creation, and is connected sympathetically with the whole of nature; and therefore every change that takes place in the Macrocosm may be sensed by the ethereal essence surrounding his spirit, and it may come to the consciousness and the comprehension of man."

Second: His outer contributions to scientific knowledge, particularly medical and chemical. For many of these he is given full credit.

Paracelsus admittedly discovered hydrogen and probably oxygen. He discovered and used animal magnetism in the treatment of disease

two hundred and fifty years before Mesmer forced its acceptance on an incredulous and reluctant—not to say abusive—scientific world. In the sixteenth century he taught the indestructibility of matter, the persistence of life and by implication the conservation of energy. He knew and taught that matter, solid rock for instance, was permeable to certain kinds of light, a fact usually regarded as a purely modern discovery learned by the use of the X-ray. He first introduced modern methods in surgery and it is he rather than Paré who should be called “the father of modern surgery.” He taught the chemical composition of the body and revolutionized the practice of medicine by the introduction of laboratory methods. Many of our present medicines were first used by him, such as laudanum, calomel, etc. He said that human beings and the stars were composed of the same substances, a statement for which he was duly ridiculed for centuries on the ground that it was manifestly impossible for him or any one else to know anything at all about the composition of the stars. The confirmation of his doctrine on this point by the comparatively modern discovery of the spectroscope has not in the least interfered with the continuance of the ridicule in regard to many of his other statements about which the twentieth century scientist is fully as ignorant as his predecessor of the eighteenth was on the composition of the stars.

Take, for instance, his assertion that the “sun shines through the rocks for the gnomes.” Plainly this consists of two statements, first that the sun shines through rock and second that it does so for the gnomes. At the time when it was written men found it easier to believe in gnomes than that the sun could shine through rock, a fact contrary to all experience and to the plain evidence of their senses. Now we know that even the densest matter is permeable to certain kinds of light and we take photographs through a silver plate. But fancy a modern scientist seriously discussing the existence of “gnomes”! The prejudice against even considering such a possibility is so strong that the mere mention of the name in connection with his first statement is sufficient to cause the whole to be dismissed with a smile at Paracelsus’s mediæval superstition and ignorance, and the truth to which it alludes missed entirely. On what the modern positive disbelief in the possibility of the existence of “gnomes” rests beyond violent prejudice and the general habit of denial I do not know. Of course by “gnomes” Paracelsus did not mean little hump-backed men with long white beards and pick-axes, but beings who live in the earth as fishes live in the water. Wherever science has found the means to look it has found life. There are how many thousands of microscopic living creatures in a colorless drop of water? Why should it be assumed that there are no separate lives in the earth which as yet we have not found the means to see? In any case whether or not there are “gnomes” it is obviously illogical for modern scientists, who admittedly have no evidence one way or the other, to make positive denials.

As Paracelsus says in this connection, the possibilities of nature are

not limited by man's knowledge of them. "That which is unexpected will in the future prove to be true, and that which is looked upon as superstition in one century will be the basis for the approved science of the next." (*Philosophia Occulta.*)

Third: His philosophical and religious writings, for which the world owes him an immense, and as yet unpaid, debt of gratitude. This was his real work. He uses medicine, chemistry or whatever it may be of which he is writing as vehicles for his great spiritual doctrine.

Naturally he does not use modern terminology and many of the truths in his writings are veiled more or less thinly by symbolism. He was a Rosicrucian and as such sworn to secrecy in regard to much that he knew. He did not write for the general eye. Many of his passages, most illuminating when once we have the key, are designedly meaningless without it. The reader who takes what he says in its dead letter sense and materializes it, will miss entirely the truth hidden in the symbolism or the allegory. As Dr. Hartmann points out, it takes a vast deal more credulity to believe that a man admittedly possessed of such knowledge as Paracelsus, would consent to write whole volumes of intolerable rubbish (which some of his books would be if taken in their literal meaning) than to believe that great spiritual truths were thus hidden in allegories intended to be understood only by those who possessed the key in their own hearts.

We may get an idea of the extent to which Rosicrucian writing has been materialized by contrasting the currently accepted meaning of such words as "Alchemy," "Magic," "Astronomy," etc., with what Paracelsus meant by them. Magic we identify with witchcraft, and dismiss it as the crassest superstition. Alchemy we regard as the effort to make gold out of baser metals, and smile at its "obvious futility." Astronomy we limit to the study of the stars as physical bodies.

To Paracelsus, Magic was supreme wisdom. "Magic is great hidden wisdom, just as that which is commonly called human reason is a great folly. To use wisdom, no external ceremonies and conjurations are required. The making of circles and the burning of incense are all tomfoolery and temptation, by which only evil spirits are attracted. The human heart is a great thing, so great that no one can fully express its greatness. It is imperishable and eternal, like God. If we only knew all the powers of the human heart nothing would be impossible to us." (*De Peste. Lib. I.*)

By magical powers he meant spiritual power: "The power which enabled the saints to work miracles is still alive and is accessible to all." "It may be acquired by obtaining more spirituality, and making one's self capable to see and to feel the things of the spirit." "Christ and the prophets and the apostles had magical powers, acquired less by their learning than by their holiness. They were able to heal the sick by the laying on of their hands and to perform many other wonderful *but natural things.*" In this belief that the miracles of Christ were literally true and

at the same time in entire accord with natural laws as yet unknown to us, he was again far in advance, not only of his, but of our own time.

He believed these "magical powers" to be latent in all men. They are the inherent powers of the soul and will develop with the development of the soul. "The exercise of true magic does not require any ceremonies, . . . it only requires a strong faith in the omnipotent power of all good, that can accomplish everything if it acts through a human mind who is in harmony with it, and without which nothing useful can be accomplished. True magic power consists in true faith, but true faith rests in spiritual knowledge, and without that kind of knowledge there can be no faith."

He might have added in the words of the *Gita* "He who is perfected in devotion will find spiritual knowledge springing up in himself in no long time."

But in insisting as he does on the spiritual character of magic and on its foundation in faith, he does not in any way detract from the reality or potency of magical powers. The heart of all his writing is the ascendancy of the inner over the outer, of the spirit over matter. Through the attainment of true spirituality, the purification of the will and the heart of man, his union with the divine spirit within him, all power may be given him. In his *Philosophia Sagax* he says:

"Faith has a great deal more power than the physical body. You are visible and corporeal but there is still an invisible man in you, and that invisible man is yourself too. . . . True faith has wonderful powers, and this fact proves that we are spirits and not merely visible bodies. Faith accomplishes that which the body would accomplish if it had the power. Man is created with great powers; he is greater than heaven and greater than the earth. He possesses faith, and faith is a light more powerful and superior to natural light, and stronger than all creatures. All magic processes are based upon faith. By faith and imagination we may accomplish whatever we may desire. The power of faith overcomes all spirits of Nature, because it is a spiritual power, and spirit is higher than nature. Whatever is grown in the realm of nature may be changed by the power of faith."

It is this ascendancy of spirit over matter, the inner rather than the outer, the essence rather than the form, that he strives ceaselessly to present. To him, all forms were but the vehicles of powers and expressions of them, their "signatures." To those who know how to read them, each form is a revelation of the character of the force that brings it into being. Thus by astronomy and the "stars" he means, not the physical stars that we see, but the cosmic forces of which they are an outer manifestation. These forces are universal and operative in the heavens, in the earth and in the constitution of man.

"'Saturn' is not only in the sky, but also deep in the earth and in the ocean? What is Venus but the 'Artemesia' that grows in your garden? What is 'iron' but Mars? That is to say, Venus and Artemesia are both

manifestations of the same cause. What is the human body but a constellation of the same powers that formed the stars in the sky?"

This makes it clear that when in other places Paracelsus speaks of the influence of a star on men, he does not mean the planet we see but the operation in man of the particular universal force to which that particular planet corresponds.

His definition of Alchemy is likewise very different from our idea of it as a search for material gold. "To grasp the invisible elements, to attract them by their material correspondences, to control, purify, and transform them by the living power of the Spirit—this is the true alchemy."

And again "The Alchemist is one regenerated in the spirit of Jesus Christ."

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and it would be difficult to overestimate the effect of the presentation of his teaching during such a formative period of the world's thought.

Like a beacon light in the darkness of infant damnation, predestination, doubt and denial, stands out the great doctrine of the inherent divinity and perfectibility of man. "And it is a great truth, which you should seriously consider, that there is nothing in heaven or upon earth which does not also exist in Man, and God who is in heaven exists also in man, and the two are but One.

"Before man is born, and afterwards, his soul is not perfect, but it may be perfected through the power of the Will.

"Physical man takes his nutriment from the earth; the sidereal man receives the states of his feelings and thoughts from the stars; but the spirit has his wisdom from God. The heat of the fire passes through an iron stove, and likewise the astral influences, with all their qualities, pass through man. They penetrate him as rain penetrates the soil, and as the soil is made fruitful by the rain, likewise man's soul is made fruitful by them; but the principle of supreme wisdom of the universe penetrates into the center, illuminates it, and rules over all.

"Hail may destroy the fruits of the earth, evil planetary influences may be attracted by the soul of the earth and cause epidemic diseases, and the spiritual center in man may be devoid of wisdom and darkness reign in its place. The earth, the animal kingdom, and physical man are subject to the government of the stars; but the spiritual man rules over the stars and over the elements, and conquers the worlds without and the world within by the wisdom that comes from God."

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

PARENTHOOD AND DISCIPLESHIP

I

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE

IT "chanced" that an old family friend, who is also a really great doctor, came to the resort where I was living. My dear husband had died there, and I had stayed on month after month; he seemed nearer to me there than at home, and that helped to reconcile me to staying on there, "sacrificing my mother-love to building up my health for my children's sake." When I heard that our doctor was at the hotel I went to see him. I knew my family would trust his report, though they had not been impressed by the warnings of the resort physicians, which I had sent to them. The family felt that I ought not to be separated so long from my children.

"Dear Doctor," I said, "it is fortunate you are here. Now you can tell Ethel and the rest—they'll believe you—that, while I want to go back to the children and to get rid of poor Fraulein, who is making little German girls of them, I just can't, for the children's sake. I have no right to endanger their health." . . .

"Well, well, Mercy, my dear, that does sound pretty bad. Here you are, hating with all your big heart what Germany now stands for, and yet letting a hireling make little Frauleins of your daughters. Ethel did tell me of the bad reports given on your case by the resort physicians. In fact, she begged me to send for you as soon as I arrived, but I thought I'd let you come to me—you would have more trust in my diagnosis and prognosis. Now I want you to remember my one rule, Mercy—you don't have to come to me, but, when you do, you've got to do what I say. Will you?"

Although I was not sure whether it was my heart or my appendix that he would find had gone wrong, on top of my weak lungs, I knew he would find me in too serious a condition to go home, where I was not fit to be, and it would be such a relief to have the family letters stopped—yes, and my stupid, old-fashioned, silly conscience just made to quit talking. So I agreed to his requirement.

Doctor was certainly painstaking and careful. He gave me several examinations, and kept me under observation for a week. Then he promised to give me his decision in three days. The fateful morning came. I was so upset that I had my maid telephone him to come to my apartment. I was too weak to rise from the lounge when he came in—my heart was going so.

"Well, well, Mercy, my dear, this won't do at all; this is all wrong."

"Doctor, I know you, I trust you, I will be brave; but I must know the truth—the full truth."

"Yes, my dear, you ought to be brave, coming from the stock you do. I'll give you the truth—and it will be bitter truth; but will you keep your promise to do what I say?"

"We keep our promises, Doctor."

"Humph! *You* do when you remember them, and I won't let you forget this. Get up and dress—dress fast—for your train leaves in three hours, and you haven't much time."

"To a higher altitude—is it as bad as that?"

"'Higher altitude'—I hope so, for you're going home."

I sat up—and gasped—the Doctor says I glared, but that is not true—"Home!"

"Yes. There's nothing physically the matter with you. You can do the family washing if you want to, now. Get up and get busy. I will wire Ethel to take Fraulein to Mrs. Max Zimmer, who has been trying for months to lure her away from you. A telephone message to Mrs. Zimmer and Ethel's motor will get Fraulein out of your family and into a better paying position before you reach home. So you must catch the train, somehow."

I would have had hysterics if I had not been afraid of Doctor—there was no telling what he might not have done to me. And so it was that I caught the train, and went home to my children and my duties.

Ethel met me and took me to my own apartment and escaped as quickly as she could. I was alone with my children. The little girls looked at me. I looked at them. Not one of the four of us spoke. They were politely interested, yet their glances made me conscious that my hat was not on straight.

I wondered what I should say after the complete failure of my attempts to be demonstrative, in the face of their manifestations of physical discomfort, and personal discomfiture, when I had clasped them close. I could hear them thinking: "Now what would Fraulein want us to say, or to do?" Yet I was their mother; they were (and are!) "my" children. This may read like the scenario of a "movie-drama," yet I am afraid it represents the situation between the average child and the average parent. The circumscribing facts may differ, but how different is the inner attitude?

My husband's illness had taken, and had kept me, away. Then the possibility of my having acquired tuberculosis had kept me longer away. Fraulein Mueller was "a perfect wonder." She had "a veritable genius for training children"—and I was so incompetent—besides having my duty to my husband.

The new regime began. At first it was very simple. All I had to do was to stand by and let the machinery revolve. When I was in doubt one of the children would say: "But Fraulein always told us to do this" or "never would let us do that." By following out the methods to which

the children were accustomed I found that I had time to get about among my friends much more than I had hoped for. But one night all three of the little girls had croup. I was so frightened that I insisted on having our Doctor, who no longer made family visits, come to see them himself. He wrote a prescription and then said: "This won't do any real good. The trouble is not with the children; it is with you. Children never get croup—parents give it to them."

My hand flew to my throat—had I croup?

"There's nothing the matter with your body. You're not even a 'croup-carrier'—you're a croup-giver. You neglect your children, and you let them eat what they please and eat altogether too much, even if it were the right thing to eat. Croup always makes me suspect that children have been eating like pigs—only with less sense."

"But I was doing what Fraulein did—and she kept the children well."

"Perhaps—though I doubt it. But you are not even doing what she did. You are doing what the children say she did. You have been neglecting them worse than you did when you stayed away from them, and that was bad enough."

I began to cry, but Doctor began to scold, so, of course, I stopped. (I wonder whether a woman ever cries publicly if she knows that crying will not do any good?) Before the Doctor got through with me I was scared enough to take notice, and to do for the children what he wanted me to do about diet, and hours, and general health rules.

Then my troubles began. The children were first impudent and then disobedient. "Fraulein" was hurled at me until I really wished she had never existed, but my hating her did not make the children love me. All my ease and comfort were gone. The children and I bickered and quarreled and wept together in a most disgraceful way. We were all unhappy, and things kept getting worse. I demanded a governess, but Tom, Ethel's big, phlegmatic husband, who was our trustee, put his foot down and said I could not afford it—and there was no appeal.

One day when things were what my dear husband would have called "just plain hell," I went to see Jessie Troy, a schoolmate whose quiet home and loving daughters were my envy.

"Jessie, I've come for advice. Everything is going wrong with me and my girls. Everything is right with you and your girls. How do you do it? Tell me, please," and I threw myself into her warm arms and wept again.

"Stop crying, Mercy, for you are going out with me and it won't do to go looking like a wreck."

I stopped, and asked, "Where are we going?"

"Where I learned how to make a home and to bring up my girls. I want you to get the teaching straight and not through me—but hurry, dear, or we shall be late and that would be the wrong way to begin."

Before I really knew what had happened we were in Jessie's car,

hurrying down town and over into a poor and dilapidated part of New York. We stopped in front of a building that might have been a warehouse or factory, and went upstairs—into a dim and quiet little chapel. Even now I cannot talk about it. It would be telling something too intimate to say what that chapel meant to me, even the first time I went into it.

There was a service that seemed to open my heart to the childhood power of prayer with the certainty of getting help. Then there was an address or sermon. The first one I heard might as well have been in Greek, except that it made me want to hear more. I went often, and I discovered that one reason why I did not understand at first was because it was all so simple and so practical that I overlooked its power and truth. Then, too, the teaching hurt. It made one realize that Our Lord is not a sort of gaseous spirit, somewhere out in the starry space, with no power even of knowing us. It made one feel that He is a loving friend, loving one, anxious to help one, and only prevented because one will not let Him. Soon the teaching made me want to let Him help me, and then I found I had to “do something about it.”

This “doing something,” I grew to believe, meant accepting the fact that God had put me where I ought to be, and had given me the right things to do. At first, when I found myself growing interested in the life and the teaching at that little chapel, I longed to work there—I wanted to lead classes and teach and be busy about church work. But in time, and it took time, too, for how I did hate to take up the commonplace, homely duties surrounding me, I began to see that my chance for Heaven lay in “doing something” about being a real Mother.

There were days—yes, months—when I still regarded my own children as deadly nuisances, barriers in the way of my making spiritual progress, but I could not escape the obvious—the Master loves us, He loves me, He gave me my children to help me, and unless and until I so accepted them I could not get His Help. So, in time, I grew to be more and more of a mother—and, in time, I liked it better and better.

It is a pity that parenthood is being so commonly dodged nowadays, for there is unlimited riches to be got out of it; not only in the way of pleasure, but in the way of one's own training. Indeed, as one progresses in a courageous experimentation in assuming parental responsibility (however out-of-date this may be) one begins to wonder whether the parent does not get more out of it than the child. On the material plane, the child of right parents seems to get everything, and to have the chance of repayment only in what he may do in turn for his children. One sometimes wonders how God may regard the relationship. If one really believes that soul-evolution be the secret of life, parenthood at once becomes a very great opportunity. Our Lord speaks of “little children.” In the East, we are told, “chela” means child. Perhaps parenthood may be a means of teaching one how to be a chela or disciple by conscious experimentation.

Yet “Other people's children” seem to be more interesting nowadays

than one's own. This is indicated by two common tendencies: not having children, or, else, when one has children, putting the responsibility for them upon others. The "slacker" in parental responsibility is a "slacker," whether he or she lives on the East Side of New York, and expects the public school to do everything, from soup to shoes, from dentistry to a doctorate diploma, and all without expense; or whether one lives on a great estate on Long Island, and sees one's children only at the "proper" time and in the "proper" manner.

I sent my children to the Sunday school of the little church, as I grew to know it better. "I really don't see how you can do it, Mercy," Cousin Caroline said to me one day. "At St. Crœsus' they would meet just the children you want them to know, while down there in the slums." She threw up both hands.

"But they are taught religion there," I said.

"Nonsense," said my cousin, "that won't help them when they are debutantes."

I found that most of my friends had an uncomfortable feeling about having their children "too religious." I suppose that it might seem dangerous in the case of uncontrolled and lawless children; for their little minds are logical, they are keen observers, and they might become critical of their elders. This is bad for the child, and it is also most uncomfortable for the parent—even if the criticism be based on the truth.

One hears so much in these days about the "handicap of existing economic organization," whatever that may mean. Then other women say "What can you expect of children when women are denied the ballot?" Others talk largely of their responsibility to Society or the State, always putting emphasis on their sacrifice. Still others object to "anything that will make a child different." "You must let your girls mix with other children, so that they will know more of life."

Even the women who try to take an interest in their children, but who cling to "scientific pedagogy" or "giving the child a broad humanitarian outlook" have to admit their helplessness. "Mercy, you can't expect womanliness in an age of athletics and of growing democracy—the best we can do is to strive for efficiency."

So many people want their children to be just like all other children, yet the words "my child" are more than a shibboleth of melodrama. Probably they vocalize, with the "my" in big capitals, the first surge of feeling that comes to most parents on the birth of their first child. When the child is turned over to others, municipal or personal employees, the sense of personal possession remains, although personal responsibility be forgotten. "It would hurt *me* too much to *strike my* child," says the average humanitarian and hysterical mother of the XXth Century. She says it with an unconcealed sense of superiority over the "brute of the mid-Victorian" (and "mid-Egyptian" and "mid" commonsense period of any age) who "beats" his or her child. Yet that mother does not know how truthfully she portrays herself. It would hurt her, it should hurt her,

to punish her child, but she ought not to be thinking about herself, but rather what is good for the child. If she thought of the souls involved, her soul and the child's soul, it might lead to a reversal of attitude.

Looking back over the furnace of experience, through which my little ones and I have passed together, I wonder why more people do not see the parallelism in "parenthood and discipleship," and do not seek to use the help such recognition might bring, in getting training for themselves as they train their children—in drawing closer to the Master, as they draw their children closer to them. I have been forced by life itself and its sorrows to believe that my relations to God and my neighbor are the only things that count, and that what happens to me, as and for myself, is utterly unimportant—more than that, becomes deadly uninteresting—even to me! "Discipleship" does seem to be what one is here for—call it "the Path" or "serving God"—words do not count. Actions do count, and that is where we stick. Like most average Americans—yes, like most XXth Century people—I had grown to hate rules and restrictions, and to despise experience and traditions. "The antiquity that survives is of interest, not because of its age, but for its truth" meant nothing to me. If anything had stood the test of ages it must, therefore, necessarily, be out-of-date. Rules and restrictions had the sanction of ages, so—"into the scrap-heap with 'em," as my nephew says.

Yet the experiment of trying to be a faithful mother, has led me to the belief that life is nothing but Rule, and that this is unescapable fact on any plane, in any relation of life, however much we may kick at the pricks.

In my first reaction against Fraulein's regime I abolished all rules. I cried out, "Let love be our rule!" But I found that this did not work. My "middle-sized bear" girl cured me by her logic. I had talked a great deal about doing things for love, and for the sake of those whom we love best. She was guilty of a very serious act of disobedience, deliberate, yet, curiously enough, not defiant.

"You said we should do things for the one we loved best. I thought it over. I know I love myself best—better than you or Baby or Sister, and of course more than God. He's too big to love. So I did what I wanted to for love's sake." Her honesty is rare, but I believe her feeling to be otherwise.

That children have fancies but lack imagination is one lesson I have learned. This calls for laying out plans for them, for fancies are poor guides, and impulses worse. I found that it would not answer to follow my impulses. I had to weigh the consequences of my decisions, or trouble ensued. It took too much time to make plans anew each day, so it became easier, all around, to set up rules as a sort of recurrent planning. It was easier to insist upon punctuality than to fuss and fume in getting the children off to school each morning—and it kept them on time when to rules were added penalties for breaking them.

That rules are a moral prophylaxis for children came out last year.

Some very little girls were found to have been making friends that were not only "impossible" but terribly dangerous. They met at moving picture theatres, while the different parents supposed their daughters were interchanging home visits. My oldest girl, then only 13, escaped because "Mother insists on my coming right straight home from school, no matter what happens," as she told Cousin Caroline one day, when that imposing old lady tried to carry the child off with her. Yet Caroline is loudest in her protests that my regime of rule is destroying all individuality in my girls.

Even the most irresponsible cousin or parent prefers a child to be well-mannered—an ill-bred child does so reflect upon one's own family! And what are good manners but observances of Rule? In Turkestan the American College Expedition found that it was a compliment and courtesy to eat out of one dish, using one's fingers as utensils; while America prefers forks and spoons. The difference is one of Rule, not of inherent and ethical distinction. It would have been unmannerly to have disregarded the laws of hospitality. All that parent and state can really do is to implant knowledge of rules of some kind in a child's memory, and to imprint them on its will and conduct. Do we use this principle in preparing our children for life? Or do we try to let them avoid the unavoidable? There is no escaping from Rule—we do not even eat when or what we please—we follow rules, and, if we wanted to disregard them, the family or our very servants would prevent us.

What are fashions but rules?

What is patriotism but consciousness of a civil Rule under which we live, and which we must support?

"Ignorance of the law is no defence" is a legal axiom, which Tom likes to quote to me. It is certainly the mainspring of our social relations. Because we recognize the infallibility of this principle, we seek to preserve our children's social status by training them as Disciples of Convention; Chelas of Madame Grundy.

Lots of women, I know, would deny this, but even they are rule-bound; convention-devotees. It may be that they are bound to the "up-to-the-minute-convention" that they "defy tradition," or "disregard established conventions," but, poor dears, they are the most slavishly, stupidly rule-ridden people I know, because they are not volunteers, but have been drafted, and drafted without having had any real intention to serve.

The very ability to maintain physical existence depends upon observance of Rule. If I lean too far out of my apartment window I shall fall to the pavement 200 and more feet below, so I adopt the Rule of not leaning out too far, and I teach my children the Rule not to lean out at all.

Take it in the "education" of our children—rules do rule. I should prefer to use the old New England term "Schooling," for what we call "education" I believe to be only a small part of real education. Even the school that stands most firmly on the unstable platform of "developing

the individual expression" has its rules which must be observed and even obeyed. The non-observer of rules ends with utter loss of freedom and generally ends in one of four places, jail, asylum, hospital or a prematurely occupied grave.

These generalities may explain why it is that I have persisted in keeping my children under Rule and why it was that, as my love for them grew, I increased the number and nicety of the rules, and enforced more exactly their observance. Physically, the child progresses through an evolution and development before he or she becomes a self-supporting organism—why should we think it possible to ignore this principle in other relations of life? Why should I dare to let one of my little girl's "temperamental peculiarities" govern her conduct, when I have worked so hard to make her walk aright, and to keep her backbone straight? What difference is there, I wonder, in God's eyes, between a twisted backbone or a twisted will, if both were twisted into ineffectiveness through parental neglect? In either case there was a "temperamental peculiarity" to start with.

The law of the land will not let me deprive my child of physical food to the point of starvation. I should be jailed and should lose my control of my child if I persisted in disregarding this man-made law. It frightens me often when I ask myself what is God's law, and its penalties, in regard to inner and spiritual sustenance?

This is one reason why I have made my daughters go to church. People who know that I belong to the T. S. ask me how I reconcile the principle of tolerance, with making my children go to church when they do not want to go. It is because I do not believe that a child has evolved enough to know what it really wants, nor what is really best for it. By some marvel of Omniscience I have been deemed, with all my faults, the one right person to give my children guidance. I certainly am not going to put into my place a 14-year-old girl, however much I may admire her. So I send her to church to give her a structural form for future expression.

In civil law, in mechanical law, there is no such thing as conditional or delayed obedience—obedience must be instant and exact. I may not want to drive my car on the right-hand side of the road, to use one illustration. I may want to lean out of the window too far "just for an instant"—but no consideration is shown to my intention to obey the law of gravity a little later—I simply splash on the pavement. So it is that I do not dare to let my children obey tardily, nor do I excuse disobedience. An Army woman I have heard of taught her sons that tardy obedience was "disobedience plus cowardice." Is there an uglier vice in man or woman than cowardice?

While I hope my daughters may never be permitted to vote (even should they desire it, which Heaven forbid), yet I know that they will have both legal and social relations to observe in the future, when they are personally responsible for their own acts. So it is that I try now to train them to be considerate of others. It is "my" apartment, but if I let my

children disregard the comfort of those in the apartment below us by temperamental expression in jumping on the floor, I shall be preparing them to disregard the laws, later, when the punishment must fall on them—and not upon me. Yet it will have been my neglect or cowardice which trained them as law-breakers-in-embryo. I say “cowardice” because it is so often hard for me to be strict with them. To be sure strictness may sometimes make them think less lovingly of me. What of that? I am here to prove my love for them, not to try to get a false love from them today, which they will have to pay for in loss and suffering tomorrow. I remember the first time I whipped one of my daughters after I had returned to the family. Right in the middle of the punishment I stopped and fled, for I found myself enjoying the relief to my temper in chastising the child. I had a long fight with myself before I could see that the fault was not in using punishment for the child’s good, but that I needed to correct my attitude, to control my temper. This was no excuse, however, for depriving the child of training at the least possible cost to her.

Which is better—to make a child eat properly, even at the cost of a little physical pain or to let her wreck her health later, when she will suffer more and will perhaps bring into the world children who will suffer? If I have to whip a child into good habits now, I would rather do so than let pain and disgrace whip her without surcease in her maturity. “I can’t make Alice stop eating candy” wails one friend of mine, whose own wayward aunt is never spoken of nowadays—we do not know whether she is dead or alive.

Children do grow to do things automatically and by habit, just by doing them, and it works *vice versa*. My little girls, as they grow, will have growing with them the habits of thinking of others, of expecting penalties for wrong acts and of being obedient. Are not these better habits than selfishness, gluttony and disobedience—which will be punished terribly if carried on into maturity? We are members of the animal kingdom—whether we like it or not. It made my little girls furious to find human beings so classified, when I took them to the Natural History Museum. Yet people nowadays seem to forget this. There is no animal which will not take what it wants, when it can get it without obvious risk. What good is it to tell Alice that the candy she eats now is bad for her health later? She cannot understand. She would understand a severe whipping combined with the certain knowledge that others would come as often as she broke the rule and ate forbidden candy.

But what has all this to do with discipleship? I must be very stupid if I have not made it clear that because I love my children I have learned to lay my yoke upon them, to make them conform to my Rule for their own dear little sakes. Does the Master love less courageously than I love? Has He less wisdom? Should I not rejoice when He lays His yoke on me, for I, assuredly, should be able to comprehend the love behind the seeming severity which will persist only until I have learned to

conform to the plan He has laid out for me. I did not begin to teach my youngest daughter to read out of an unabridged dictionary. My three children do not use the same study books nor follow identical regimes. It would be folly to expect me to explain these distinctions or differences to them. I find that it is bad for them to give them reasons for my insisting on a given rule. I must inculcate obedience, not complacent compliance.

Why then should I dare to consider the Master less wise than I am and ask Him to make everything clear to me? There is not one of my dear little girls who would not change her own rule of life if I allowed her to do so. There is not one of them old enough, nor wise enough, to make it safe to let her make her own rules. Do I know more than God? Would it be safe to trust me to order my own Fate?

In training and educating a child one starts with simple and elementary lessons. If one wishes to secure perfection, later, one insists upon an absolute nicety in observance, and an unflinching exactness in these niceties, before progress is permitted. I could not have used my musical ability to solace my husband's last days with me if my own mother and teachers had not been so "merciless" towards me, in insisting upon those many and painful hours of "stupid" and "useless" practicing. I do the same with my daughters. Has God a lower standard of excellence of attainment for His children than we have for ours? While I have virtues in embryo, and good qualities lacking in technical excellence, why should I complain if Life holds me back that I may keep on practicing until I am capable of learning more difficult lessons? While I cannot be certain of controlling my tongue, is it not well that I should suffer from Cousin Caroline's, as a warning of what I might become if I persist in her ways?

Parenthood has taught me to know something more than I had dreamed I could ever know of what it may mean "to praise, to reverence, and to serve God, our Lord, and by this means to save his (one's) soul." On the other hand the seeking to be a disciple has helped me to be a better parent. One great fact stands out in both—one must be under Rule to live.

"Under rule"—why that means never letting up—even for an instant. Take it in the Army—a Regular is never permitted to "let up." A tired man in civil life may sleep on duty and be forgiven, but in war time the sleeping sentry is shot. Even in our own national democracy, in war time both volunteers and drafted men go under the same strict law under which the Regulars fight. We are taught, by clergymen and biologists alike, that life is war. So we ought to be Regulars, too, ought we not? "Regulars" never "let up" when on duty. I do not believe we can afford to, either. I tried to teach my little girls that "let ups are horrid"—their own verdict at the end of the experiment. I gave them a "free day" recently. We were off in the country where no harm could ensue. No plans were made for the day; no rules were in force. We were all tired

and bored and cross by night fall. It was a wasted day and we none of us liked it. Is a wasted, unplanned, lawless life any happier?

Of course the Devil is out of fashion nowadays. I did not believe in his existence until I read a wonderful *Life of Jesus*, by a great Oxford professor, who made it clear that, if we postulate Christ as a centre of divine Consciousness for good, we must postulate as a counterbalance, or "equal and opposite reaction," Satan, as a centre of consciousness for evil—and man with his freedom of choice must take sides. Christ does overcome Satan single-handed, but even Christ cannot save us, when we join forces with Satan. Is this horribly old-fashioned doctrine? It is simple fact to any one who, inspired by unselfish love, has fought the Devil to save a child. There is, I believe, something that must be like a miniature Devil, trying to get into each one of us, and feed on our souls. It seems easier for the Devil to get into a child—unless its parents keep on the watch. I get very, very tired sometimes. I feel as if I must let something go. "Don't be too hard on the child, ma'am," my old nurse used to say to my mother. "I won't be," my mother would reply, "and so I will be hard on myself and punish the child." How few women nowadays are so wise, so courageous, so loving. It is "hard on the child" if the parent relaxes discipline and to do that is so easy for the parent. One's own personal Devil is ready to whisper sophistry, and to plead for "tenderness," but it is "tenderness" for the Devil and not for the child.

At a meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., which I attended, a young man told a story which has more than once nerved me not to "let up" on a naughty child—for the child's sake. He said that one of his sisters had trained her dog very carefully. Part of the Rule of the dog's life was that it must not get up on a sofa. Once in a while the younger sister would yield to the puppy's pleading, and invite him to lie on the sofa beside her. The dog never accepted this as a privilege, but took it as a precedent, and would then get up on the sofa uninvited. It would take a month of punishment and training to make up for a single moment's soft-hearted relaxation. Children are very much like puppies in that sort of thing. One dares never relax—that is if one is working for their happiness, rather than one's own momentary comfort.

If it makes me sad and lonely not to be able to relax with my children, during their training, what must be the sadness and loneliness of the Master that He may not seek solace in relaxing towards me! That nerves me to try to hasten my own training, that I may "grow-up" and become His companion-child, as I know my children will become towards me. But all my love cannot change the evolutionary Law. I must wait for them to grow, and I, in turn, must wait and trust until I "grow" too.

This rule of no-relaxing as proof of a parent's love brings one up hard against an "up-to-the-minute" prejudice. Most of the parents of my acquaintance believe in "free periods" in a child's day, week, month and year. It is, perhaps, a "free period" for the parent, but it certainly is bad for the child. I have grown to wonder if the real meaning of

“vacation” may not be “vacated by the soul, but occupied by the Devil.” I do not always succeed but I do try to keep track of every moment of my children’s lives. If I am not with them, I want them to be doing something that has been planned, and to be doing that something right. If they are not alone, I want them to be with some one whom I trust, and of whom I approve as a beneficial influence in their lives. Now if I have learned this to be best, why deny equal wisdom and greater power to God in planning my life in detail? When I believe this, I do not care about troubles or worries, or even sorrow, for I see them all as part of God’s planning for His child. When my bills seem heavy, and my finances hopeless, it does not mean to me “hard luck”—it means that I still need to learn how to plan and to save and to utilize the gifts I have, before I may get others.

Some of my friends, who know that my children are under a non-relaxing Rule, tell me that I am Prussian in my ideals. They say they cannot understand why, if I want Prussian methods used with my children, I should have sent Fraulein away, and taken so much care on myself. And while my intuition and experience both declare to me that I took the right course, it is difficult to explain my reasons for it to those whose ideals differ so from my own. To me the whole matter is not a question of methods at all, but of intention and aim. The Prussian certainly does use childhood training and discipline, but uses them to destroy free will and to inculcate *Kultur*. The fact that he uses them does not mean, to me, that childhood training and discipline are bad. It emphasizes all the more the Prussian wickedness in that he uses such splendid things for such base ends. Nothing could have pleased the Devil more than to see those splendid, undisciplined, unorganized young Englishmen whose lives were so unhesitatingly thrown away in the second stage of the war—those days of the first of Kitchener’s Army, when the British Regulars were wiped out, holding the lines imperilled by their gallant, undisciplined comrades.

Fraulein’s intention and aim in training my children was to make them obedient and efficient, and to make them staunch adherents of Prussian methods and *Kultur*; her effort to this latter end was so insidious that I should have been helpless to counteract it. Her discipline was admirable but it was not rooted, as I trust mine is, in a determination to prepare those children to become the faithful servants and soldiers of our great Master, to train body and brain so that they may faithfully respond to the demands of the soul that is to use them as its instrument for service and growth. How can those women who give such intelligent, unremitting care to the proper training of a hunting dog, to make him fit for a relatively unimportant service, find fault with the time and thought and prayers that I give to the training of the animal bodies through which the souls of my children are to do or to fail to do the service that the Master desired from them when He mapped out this life for them? Would they, with their experience as trainers, suggest to me

that I substitute for parental rule a council of democracy, composed of a 14-year-old, an 11-year-old and an 8-year-old? Are these children competent to take the responsibility?

One last word—really a woman's postscript. If you love your children more than yourself, then sacrifice yourself for them in maintaining rule—for they will have to accept rule later, or be punished. And take quite literally Christ's teaching that we must become as little children, which means to me that we must love and trust Him as we wish our children to love and trust us.

MERCY FARMER.

We know not exactly how low the least degree of obedience is, which will bring a man to heaven; but this we are quite sure of, that he who aims no higher will be sure to fall short even of that, and that he who goes farthest beyond it will be most blessed.

JOHN KEBLE.

FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF LEMURIA

III

TWO ATLANTEAN COLONIES IN MEXICO

MME. BLAVATSKY tells us, in *The Secret Doctrine*, that Atlantis was the prolongation, and afterwards the survivor of Lemuria. Several regions still existing seem to have belonged first to Lemuria and later to Atlantis. Mexico appears to have been one of these Lemuro-Atlantean regions; Scandinavia seems to have been another. Apparently western Mexico, probably including Southern California, was joined to Lemuria at an immensely remote period, probably a million years ago, when, as has already been related, certain groups of birds akin to the scarlet tanagers, inhabited the Lemuro-Mexican region, which included the peaks of Hawaii. So it comes that the descendants of these birds are still found both in the Hawaiian Islands and in the American continent; one of their peculiarities, in both regions, is the seasonal change of plumage from scarlet to green.

Professor William Niven has for a number of years devoted his leisure to the exploration of the buried cities in the valley of Mexico and, in a profoundly interesting narrative recently contributed to *The Mexican Review*, some account is given of his discoveries, which are the more interesting to us, because they have led him to accept the Atlantean theory completely, so that he even proposes to give the name Atlantan to one of the superposed civilizations which he has unearthed.

For he has laid bare a series of successive civilizations, each destroyed by a natural cataclysm, and separated from its successor by enormous spaces of time; one city being built upon the buried ruins of another, as Schliemann discovered in his excavations at Troy, and, as we are told, on high authority, in *Five Years of Theosophy*, there are several buried cities beneath the present town of Florence. Natural advantages of position, with regard to a river, a fertile valley, a rich deposit of minerals, would account for this; the same advantages would attract successive peoples to the same site.

Professor Niven discovered the buried cities of the oldest Mexican civilization he has yet unearthed (the race to which he has given the name Atlantan), at great depths, in some cases as much as sixty feet below the present surface. This civilization, which was probably Lemurian rather than Atlantean, was completely wiped out by a series of volcanic eruptions, its buried cities being covered with a thick deposit of volcanic ash: Lemurian prototypes of Pompeii. And it is of immense interest that, just as the bodies of Pompeian citizens, who were overtaken while

fleeing from that famous catastrophe, have been found buried in the volcanic ashes of Mount Vesuvius, so escaping "Atlanteans," were overwhelmed by the falling ashes of the volcanoes close to Mexico City; their skeletons have been recovered from depths of sixty feet. This is the more interesting, because *The Secret Doctrine* records that "Lemuria was destroyed by fire; Atlantis by water."

At present, the formation of new layers of soil is going on very slowly, so slowly that the giant cypress trees at Chapultepec under which Montezuma walked four centuries ago are practically unaltered in position. But we may obtain a working average for the rapidity of earth deposition from other regions. Thus in the Somme valley, dated Roman coins are found at a depth which shows that soil there has formed at the rate of three centimetres a century. Sections of peat in Ireland, subjected to microscopic examination, show fine layers of yearly growth, a thousand being contained in a foot thick of peat. These two bases of measurement give the same result: a foot of thickness in a thousand years. If we apply this standard to the deepest layer of buried cities so far laid bare by Professor Niven, at a depth of sixty feet, we shall get an antiquity of sixty thousand years.

But long periods of development certainly stretch back behind even these ancient cities, since they show a very considerable advancement in the arts of life, and evidences of very considerable culture, religious life and scientific knowledge. For example, there is much artistic skill shown in the design of a censer, decorated with the figure of the god of flowers; and small portrait busts, of which Professor Niven has unearthed large numbers, seem to have taken the place of oil paintings or photographs. There appear to have been two distinct races, one of marked Chinese type, the other with Egyptian features, if we judge by these small portrait busts. The former, who in all likelihood came from the west, from the Pacific side, are probably "Lemuro-Atlanteans;" the latter, "Atlanteans," related to the ancestors of the ancient Egyptians. We are even told that Chinese characters have been found on some of the objects unearthed, but these do not seem to be among the most ancient. We are further told that Carl Lumholtz, who made a reputation by his book on the cannibals of Queensland, has found in the remote fastnesses of the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico, a race in whose language numbers of Chinese vocables are still found; this race may possibly be a survival of the ancient Lemuro-Atlantean colony in Mexico. There is nothing impossible, or even improbable, in this; since we have seen that widely spread elements of the far older Lemurian languages are in common use throughout the Polynesian islands even to-day. The language of the Pharaohs has still a living descendant in the Coptic tongue, which was extensively used in the deciphering of the Demotic and Hieroglyphic inscriptions; and it is said that there are descendants of the ancient Chaldeans among the water-carriers of Tiflis.

Among the interesting relics dug up by Professor Niven, there is

one, a small, rudely carved statuette, which has exactly the features and appearance of the huge, grotesque statues on Easter Island, some of which are in the British Museum. The resemblance is so complete that it irresistibly suggests a former connection between this Mexican colony and that part of Lemuria of which Easter Island is a survival. "The Easter Island relics are the most astounding and eloquent memorials of the primeval giants. They are as grand as they are mysterious; and one has but to examine the heads of the colossal statues, that have remained unbroken on that island, to recognize in them at a glance the features of the type and character attributed to the Fourth Race giants. They seem of one cast though different in features—that of a distinctly sensual type, such as the Atlanteans (the Daityas and "Atalantians") are represented to have in the esoteric Hindu books . . . the brood of mighty sorcerers." (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 224.)

There is abundant evidence of the domination of sorcery in Mexico, not only at the time of the Spanish conquest four centuries ago, but for ages before that: the evidence supplied by the existence of a powerful priesthood practising human sacrifices, in which it was the custom to cut to the heart of a living victim, thus supplying the powers of evil with a material basis for manifestation, in a way resembling the materializations of spiritualistic séances. It appears that these human sacrifices took place on the flattened summits of the pyramid temples which are characteristic of the older ruins throughout Mexico, and especially in Yucatan and the regions further south, in Central America.

The succession of civilizations has been clearly revealed by the excavations of Professor Niven, as recorded in *The Mexican Review*. Above the most ancient level of remains is, as has been already said, a thick layer of volcanic ashes, showing that this civilization was destroyed by fire. Then follows a layer of earth, several feet thick. Above this begin the remains of a second civilization, which Professor Niven, finding no sufficient indication of its ethnical character, has negatively named "pre-Aztec." This civilization was evidently destroyed in its turn by water, since its remains are covered by a thick layer of mixed gravel and sand, obviously laid down by water, in a series of inundations. Above this is a second layer of earth, with a layer of remains above it, which represents a third civilization, which Professor Niven calls "Aztec."

An extremely interesting section of these superposed civilizations is shown in a hill at San Juan Teotihuacan, some thirty miles to the south-east of Mexico city. A railroad cutting through the hill gives a cross section of successive cities, one above the other, the thick blocks of the paved streets being worn into deep ruts and cavities by the feet of the citizens passing and repassing through countless centuries. One feature in this layer of cities is described by Professor Niven, but not explained: the houses are found to be filled with masses of broken stone, not with volcanic ash, as at Pompeii, nor with lava, as at Herculaneum.

There are many sites of ancient cities not far from Mexico City and

immediately to the south. In the seldom visited valleys of the Sierra Madre mountains, stretching up to the north-west, towards Arizona, Carl Lumholtz found the ruins of huge stone fortresses, built of rough blocks. He also found tribes of "cave-dwellers," who may be the descendants of some of these old Lemuro-Atlantean colonies. We may be able, later, to recount some of their world-theories, comparing them with those which have been already recorded, from the peaks of Lemuria, scattered through the vast spaces of Polynesia.

There is an important group of Atlantean ruins in the peninsula of Yucatan, in south-eastern Mexico, a general description of which has also appeared in *The Mexican Review*. It seems that the sites of a hundred and seventy-two cities have already been identified, though so far very inadequately excavated or described. Most of them are buried in the densest tropical jungle, fever-infested and inaccessible. It is possible to pass quite close to these hidden cities without even suspecting their presence. Two are also so large, that it is estimated that they had each half a million inhabitants; and in them are found the pyramid temples, on whose summits human sacrifices were offered, sacrifices of sorcery, to invoke the help of powers of evil. The recorder of these discoveries in Yucatan appears to believe that these huge blocks of hard stone were cut and even elaborately carved by masons and sculptors using only flint axes and knives. But this is difficult to believe; and, as Carl Lumholtz found fine cutting implements of hardened copper—practically bronze—among tribes of Indians in the remote Sierra Madre valleys—copper implements of the shapes made familiar by the discoveries of the Bronze Period in Europe—it is not too much to suppose that the Yucatan builders also made use of graving tools of hardened bronze. And no practical demonstration has been given, that hard rock can, in fact, be hewn and carved with implements of flint.

This very imperfect account of these vitally interesting discoveries shows that, while much has been done already, far more remains to be done; and it would seem that Carl Lumholtz has hit upon a valuable clue, though he does not appear to have followed it up: to begin, namely, by bringing together all the light which might be shed on the past of Mexico by a detailed and faithful study of present conditions, language, art processes and so on, among the Sierra Madre Indians and the natives of Yucatan and Central America. Thus many of the conventional patterns on earthenware bowls, which he illustrates, and all of which appear to have symbolical meanings, closely resemble the symbolical figures in the so-called hieroglyphics found in Yucatan; a clue to the meaning of the latter might well be found through a study of the former, just as very valuable clues to the ancient language of the Pharaohs, recorded in equally mysterious hieroglyphics, were found through a study of the Coptic language, which is still studied in Egyptian monasteries.

Further, there is the abundant and still little studied literature gathered and preserved by the early Spaniards, long before the earliest

settlements made by English colonists on the shores of the New World. Thus there is a complete and beautifully printed Aztec-Mexican Dictionary, which was published in Mexico City about the time of Shakespeare's birth. And there is the wonderful text of the Popul-Vuh, which gives a marvelously vivid account of some of the earliest races, with their almost divine powers and many passages in which have admirable qualities of eloquence and devotional fervour.

But this rich material is almost neglected; there is little study of it and less co-ordination. When this study is fully developed and its results intelligently applied to the monuments excavated in Yucatan and elsewhere, we may confidently expect that many chapters of Atlantean history will be restored to the world, and that most valuable corroborations of *The Secret Doctrine* will be furnished.

C. J.

(*To be continued.*)

"The Saint is one who lives life with high enjoyment, and with a vital zest; he chooses holiness because of its irresistible beauty, and because of the appeal it makes to his mind. He does not creep through life ashamed, depressed, anxious, letting ordinary delights slip through his nerveless fingers; and if he denies himself common pleasure it is because, if indulged, they thwart and mar his purer and more lively joys."

A. C. BENSON.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

STANDING at the window of the living room one November day, years ago, we watched the storm sweep down the river, across the cornfields and over the alfalfa-rooted hillside to wrap its terrible strength around the big old trees that sheltered our house on the hill's top. Because the lightning tore the heavens open and the thunder cannonaded, the two older women who, too, had watched the onrushing storm, fled from the window. Trembling with fear, my face pressed against the cold glass, I watched the poplars twist in spirals and the limbs of our tough elms bow until their branches swept the ground. The next morning we counted the wreck of fourteen trees, broken and flat on the earth.

One spring, in a later year, the snows melted unexpectedly soon on the mountains, and the loosened waters rushed down the frost-stripped sides into the two streams that form the Ohio. The river rose swiftly in the night. We wakened to find ourselves girdled; as far back as we could look toward the Indiana boundary line and the Kentucky hills, reached the waters. Ribboning toward the Indiana line, was the railroad track, the only dry surface above the stretches of water. Its protection against the bombardment of the flood was the heavy sacks of sand that train crews had been piling against the embankments during the night.

When we "walked the ties," that I might reach the village in whose school I was teaching, the waters were rising inch by inch. It was possible the flood could creep upon us more swiftly than we could pick our way over the ties of the railroad bridge and tracks, and carry us, helpless, across the fearful, desolate waters.

Those two memories of the power of wind and water come back to me when I try to think of my first gropings toward God. They left me with indelible images of His power in the physical realm. Many times since then, in realms other than the physical, I have seen His sudden devastation at work. I think I should have been carried with the other wreckage to destruction, had not Theosophy come to show me glimpses of His purposes.

I wonder if you, my friends in Theosophy, who perhaps were reared in orthodoxy, can know what this knowledge means to one who, all her previous years, had been destitute of it? Your knowledge had not to leap, full-armoured, into being. Probably it was transmuted, but it always *was*; there were no vacant years when you walked without the grace of some conception, either vague or indefinite, of Him.

During childhood and early womanhood, I think I was searching for Him rather wistfully in an agnostic home such as the skeptical science of the past half-century bred, the girls and boys in the neighborhood were church and Sunday-school farers. The children of our family went to church and Sunday-school with intermittent frequency, in exact measure as our schoolmates were evangelistically persuasive. We wondered a little at their implicit acceptance of the prayers they said, the songs they sang, the sermons they heard. I puzzled over the creed when my comrades, at the accepted adolescent age, were "joining the church."

During heedless University days when I foolishly boasted of unfaith, came the first ray of Light. With neither warning nor prelude, there was, one Sunday morning, a rush of understanding through the gates of the lower mind. Perhaps the morning sermon had turned the key of those locked doors; perhaps some vigorous metaphysical teaching of the stormy old professor of our philosophy classes suddenly lighted my dark mind-corners. I do not know how nor why the knowledge came. I remember only the rapt young joy of knowing that I knew *God was spirit, all-embracing, all-present, all-comforting, all-divine.*

Suddenly to have the clamps on one's understanding loosened, suddenly to be swept loose and far into a mystic sea would have been bewildering utterly, I think, had not the knowledge come with curious, immediate conviction and certainty. Phrases and dogmas from the prayer-book, pages from the Church fathers, sentences from the Transcendentalists, leaped into meaning.

There were everyday days and years; dull hours following that first radiance: but the quickening had begun. Recrudescence in bleak months of trial, the knowledge of Him lived. On moonless nights, I, who previously had had no faith in nor knowledge of the Unseen, could lay my cheek against the black boles of the trees and hear the whispers of their spirit-voices; on August days I could hear the living message of the brown hills; in city street cars I could catch, in the faces across the aisle, glimpses of tender divinity.

Then in the quick course of years, came Theosophy. A chance sentence repeated from what "Somebody said" of the teaching of Karma and reincarnation, rested lightly at first, but with curious insistence. Its leading brought me to some strange doorways, but it led me also to the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society. Of that gracious Karma I am humbly undeserving.

Temperamentally I have been forced to go by the slow route of satisfying the dull and stupid lower mind. It has been a route that has wasted precious hours on the journey to Him. I have stopped by the way to look into cults that were called Theosophical or occult. In my heart's depth I knew that I was at home in the New York

Branch; that there I found not merely a teaching in spoken words, not merely theories laid down on printed pages, but the sole justification of occultism and mysticism—lives so unflinchingly and uncompromisingly lived as to make them channels of the Most High. There I found leadership that demanded no applause, that prided itself with none of the clap-trap of psychism.

In other organizations I watched dear friends led by the revelations, so-termed, of clairvoyants inspired of their master, the devil. I saw them substitute this grotesque external leadership for the holy power that can come only from the Master within. I have seen them apotheosize the mental and astral powers, so ignorant of higher powers that they did not recognize their own confusion. I have grieved to watch them go down the dark path on which they have, with fatal loyalty, surrendered themselves to those whose teaching is fluent with Theosophical terms, but whose lives are either stagnant horrors or actively retroversive.

Slowly I have passed from no knowledge of God to a spiritual hunger for Him. Supplementing the first crude realization of His power, expressed in the elements of wind and water, and the swift mystic conception that came on my sacred Sunday long ago, Theosophy has given me an intellectual concept and the beginnings of higher understanding. It has made me a churchwoman. At the altar rail, the walls of the flesh down, I know I am fed with the spiritual food of His broken body and that I drank the blood He shed.

Theosophy extends the hour of communion beyond the chancel. In daily meditation it helps me to realize the secret meaning of the prayer-book words that formerly were paganly insignificant and pantheistic—"and made one body with him that he may dwell in us and we in him."

Reaching beyond set occasions and hours, Theosophy gives sweet reasonableness to the plea of the old monk, Brother Lawrence, for the practice of the presence of God daily and hourly, as the rule whereby one may live a holy life.

I have lifted only the drop-curtain. I must put aside my other screens before I shall have True Vision. I have begun barely to try to make pragmatic my elementary knowledge of Him.

I am glad Theosophy has re-polarized my life. God has been given to me. Theosophy has replaced intellectual flippancy regarding Him, with the purpose of righteousness—a purpose which, sadly enough, daily begins, fails and begins again to execute itself.

Some day I shall mount to His very presence. Meantime, in storm and in silence, in quiet nights and on days of sunlight or down-pouring rain, in hours of war-cataclysm, or in serene moments of Divine Union, I am glad to know He holds us in His hand.

PREPAREDNESS

THE joy of camping is greatly enhanced for most people by the delight of long weeks of preparation, during which one makes a careful survey of his needs, and reviews with happy anticipations the experiences of other camping trips, either his own or those of the friend in whose steps he intends to follow. Many a camper gives his leisure moments during an entire winter to planning out new arrangements for the coming summer, new ways of taking his chosen companions into the heart of the woods. To be sure he knows that a thousand chances may render impossible the assembling of the special party of friends he desires to take with him, but he is content to go to endless trouble in devising special outfits just suited to them, individually, on the chance that when the time comes they may be able to make the trip.

That eager use of the imagination, that happy industry are indeed admirable, but would they survive the shock if we were to ask that camping enthusiast whether he had ever tried the experiment of using the same faculties in making some preparation for another trip that he is certain to take, one of these days—the trip to that world which is entered through the portal of death. In general terms we readily admit that all men must die, and yet to come to closer grips with that inevitable fact frequently appears to be regarded, even in a soldier, as either unmannerly, or unnecessary, or morbid—at least by the large majority of people in the Protestant world. If you pick up a book by an unknown author and find him speaking of death as a time of spiritual combat, or measuring actions by the view one will take of them when he stands before a just God—you feel that you have data sufficient for the conclusion that the writer is a Catholic. Yet the certainty of the termination of life is not restricted to the adherents of that church; those outside its fold are just as surely drawing nearer, momentarily, to their hour of death. Why, then, this extraordinary conspiracy, as it would seem, to ignore the inevitable?

One brilliant day last summer, a number of friends sat looking out onto a woodland, full of flowers, insects and birds, through which the tide of life seemed to be setting so strong that the first impression one got from it was of abounding life. Suddenly one of the number spoke of death, apparently feeling no incongruity between it and the pulsating life of the day. In some way we all fell quite comfortably into a discussion of this unusual theme. One argued convincingly that most men really did not believe in death,—history, science, and observation to the contrary notwithstanding. There was much to be said for this theory; all of us had experienced the shock

of surprise that comes when a friend casually mentions how lonely it will be for him when *we* are gone, speaking in a tone that implies intimate knowledge of the Almighty's plans for our early demise, and for his own continued existence.

Another was inclined to the view that it was man's intuitive sense of his immortality that made him such a sceptic as to his own death. This was challenged by a third who argued that there could be no immortality for the personality, which was also clearly the part of a man that refused to entertain the idea of death, balked before the mention of it. Some one else asked, pugnaciously, Are we ever really prepared for the death of anybody connected with us? It may come in ripe old age or at the termination of a long illness, when our hearts have been torn with the sufferings of the sick person, from which death is the only possible relief. Even under those circumstances death brings a physical shock to the entire family circle,—and this is quite apart from the grief over the loss of the loved one; the advent of death is a distinct shock even to those whose hearts are not touched.

That is true, we all admitted, but not distinctive of death. One by one each of the married men present was led to admit that shock was also incident to having entered the marriage state. It might come soon or late, but there was a day when one discovered with a shock that he was married; he had perhaps moved heaven and earth to bring it about, finally succeeded, and then discovered, right in the midst of his joy and satisfaction, that something new and strange had come over him.

This comparison, far from daunting the first speaker, was welcomed as unexpected confirmation of the original proposition. It might similarly be expected that man would experience shock when he came to consciousness apart from his body, and found that he had experienced the change of state called death. But what, it was asked, would he then wish he had done before death put an end to his activities in that particular physical body? What preparations would he wish he had made? Presumably it had taken a long time, and much experience of acute starvation, to convince men that it was necessary to do long-continued work in their fields in spring and summer if they wished to avoid going hungry in the cold winter days to come. Finally that necessity came to be accepted; until now a considerable portion of the work of the world is done in anticipation of future needs. And it apparently never occurs to the toilers, amid their frequent and formidable complaints, to find hardship or gloom in the fact that their work is being done to provide against future need. They do not think of declaring that it worries them beyond endurance to be asked to cultivate a field of young corn which cannot possibly be of use to anybody for three months.

A hitherto silent member of the group declared that the explanation of our problem was to be found just there. Mankind resolutely refused to take death into account because there seemed to be nothing to do about it. Right living surely was the proper preparation for right dying, and so one did struggle to make his life approach nearer to his ideal. How would it help him there to be continually calling up mournful pictures of a Judgment Day, or to close each day with the dreary thought that it had brought him one step nearer his end? Was there anything sensible, encouraging, heartening to better endeavour, that went with such practices?

The friend who had introduced this discussion was becoming very much amused over the gloom that it was bringing to faces that were well tutored to an impassive placidity, and so asked the last speaker what practices he suspected would be indulged in by one who courted the idea of making definite preparation for death. Much thinking about it, many dreary prayers and a refusal to do many pleasant and natural things, because one must some day die, summed up the various notions advanced. Just how these would prepare a man for death was not clear to any of those who proposed them. Finally a business man who was drawn into the circle and had not heard all the previous discussion, suggested that if he were making a trip to his Alaska properties he would not get ready to go in any such indefinite ways as had been outlined; if he did, his business at home would be left in a snarl and he would find himself only half equipped for his work in Alaska when he had arrived. Led on by questions, this man gave a rapid, enthusiastic sketch of his own methods in preparing his data and equipment for an important business trip; both how he made himself ready to meet the situation to which he was going, and also how he went over the work he had in hand, to see whether there were any additional provisions he wanted to make, any messages that he ought to give to those whom he was leaving, any weak spots that required strengthening before he left.

The positive, resourceful mastery that rang out from this man's sketch of a common business experience aroused enthusiastic response; all were agreed that there could be nothing sad or soggy about such preparations but the comparison was not a fair one for in the case of the business man's trip there was something definite to do, while in that matter of death-bed preparation there was not.

Here a laughing but determined protest came from the original champion of preparedness. Nothing definite to do to get ready for death? Yet what a bustle of activity there is whenever a man of affairs suffers some accident that threatens to be fatal. If he is able to transact business, his lawyer is summoned, business associates are called, he finds much to do. Then he turns from these affairs, many of which perhaps could not naturally be transacted until the end of

life, and gives his thought to his family and his personal friends. How much he has to say to them, warnings, advice, expressions of confidence, of affection. If time to review life be granted him, how many odd requests he is likely to make; he recalls a time years back when he took unfair advantage of a rival, and the desire to offer reparation possesses him, he cannot rest until that man is sought out and some amends made to him; he thinks of a friend who did him a good turn which he appreciated and meant to repay in kind but in his busy life the chance to do it never seemed to come. How eagerly he now devises a way of showing his gratitude and affection. His failing strength is generously, gladly given in these varied efforts, yet how many of them could have been done better, done more as he longs to do them, if done when he sat firmly in the saddle, master of all his forces and resources.

This statement of the situation appealed to the business man who heartily declared that he should call that man a poor executive who habitually left his most important duties until the last of the day, allowing small demands and perplexities to crowd the bigger things into the next day; such a man lacked either perspective or the will to grapple with his problems. If he dealt competently with the big ones, there would be fewer difficulties to meet in the minor problems of the day.

It was decided, after much animated discussion, that the same principles also applied in the conduct of a household or a nursery full of children, or a religious community; and if so why not also to the conduct of one's own life. That very term, conduct of one's life, rang strange in the ears of most of the circle. It suggested to some a new occupation which might have elements of interest that they had as yet failed to find.

A student of Theosophy who had so far limited his contributions to occasional questions that seemed to keep the discussion going, now ventured to suggest that life was made fairly exciting in its opportunities for those who regarded it as a continuous thread, with one earth-life after another strung like varicoloured beads on to that vivid life thread. Many a man, after giving fifty years to some pursuit that was dear to him, regretted that he could not go on for another fifty or more with the development of what he had initiated. He could, in the view of this speaker, for countless fifties of years if only his interest be centered in one of the fundamental problems of man's real life; and in that case he certainly could not dislike to face the demand that in this life there should be due preparation for the one to come next after it. He knows that he is now sowing the seed that will spring up and come to harvest in after lives, and he sees nothing dreary or morbid in the constant effort to select for sowing the seeds of fruits that he wishes to reap, nor even in the

patient tracing out and uprooting of weeds that he does not wish to allow to seed themselves in his garden for future lives.

The fear of death, then, would not exist for that fortunate man? This was a defiant question hurled by an imperious old *grande dame*, whose violent knitting throughout the entire conversation had not disguised her deep interest in the subject. She had held death at bay so far, but she recognized that the time was coming when she must face that horror and find a way to pass through his house, without, as she hoped, yielding to his vassalage. All those present honoured her for the painful self revelation of that question; and all turned instinctively to the friend who had first brought forward this hazardous topic, for they felt that no one else was able to respond fittingly to the genuine heart-cry behind the outburst.

In quiet vibrant tones came the gentle reply, "‘Dread’ is a term that covers so many different feelings—I find it difficult to answer either yes, or no, for the hero of that sketch. What a man dreads is such a telltale! In one sense, may not even a real hero dread certain encounters? You will, I am sure agree with me," (this was said with a deferential nod to the *grande dame*) that a hero could not dread the possible pain of putting off the physical body, for that he would find courage and the will to endure, but it must represent to him the end of a bit of work given to him to do; we might say, in the figure already used, the completion of one of the beads on the precious string of life. The time comes for him to present that bead before the Great Artist, to ask his acceptance of it—will He receive it, or will it disappoint Him, and prove a blemish on the symmetry of the whole? Might it even be so marred as to subject Him to the scoff and scorn of His enemies who delight to taunt Him with the failures, the evil things wrought by His children? Dread of this sort would not be that constrictive force from which we all turn as from cowardice, it would be dynamic in each day’s effort; it would give joy to every waking, whether to hard or easy tasks, because each new day brings another chance to work for that perfection in following His will which is our appointed goal."

Simple as those words were, there returned with them the sunshine of the day, which for some of us had been blotted out by our unhappy associations with the subject of death and its demands. Here was one, at least, who felt no shrinking from death, who with a sure hand used the knowledge of it as a touchstone. With a common desire we broke through our customary reserves, the conventions that have made "impolite" any recognition of the deeper needs of the human soul,—we asked how the last speaker was wont to make use of death as an initiator. Simply, clearly the question was answered for us. One of the methods suggested was so definite and so new to all of us that we thereupon resolved to try it ourselves.

This was the substance of it, as an exercise to be performed at the end of each month. Set apart a certain time and give it quite completely to this question—If I knew at this moment that I had just a month to live what should I wish to do in that time? One obviously must play fair, must give imagination, expectation, and interest to the game. First would come, perhaps, the recollection of tasks to be completed; looked at in this light we might well discover that some of them were not duties but rather means by which we had chosen to cloak our desire to have our own way, regardless of the needs and the pleasures of others. Evidently such work had better be abandoned, whether life for us were to last days, months, or years.

Next might come pictures of duties we had entirely neglected—how differently they look to us now than when we turned away from them! Indeed we could welcome a month in which to pick up those threads again. Then there is thrown on the screen that last talk with a tried friend; he was fighting some demon of self-will and though he had not recognized his foe he asked for help. The answer one gave him was a pleasantry; and why? It looks in this clear light as though cowardice was the reason for that jest; it was such a risk to undertake to speak out honestly, taking sides against that friend's personality and lining up squarely with and for his soul. Thank heaven, there may be chances found, in the month to come, to show real friendship.

Deeper still, the light must search,—it will show virtues that one began to cultivate and then allowed to fall into neglect, just for want of interest enough to give them daily and hourly attention. Then there are the faults, so clearly recognized as such; some of them so nearly worn out that little more is needed for their conquest than the steady, purposeful piercing of them with the unsheathed will. What might not be done to them, in a month!

So deeper and deeper the searchlight goes, until the field of one's life is covered. And hand in hand with insight goes resolution. "This, and this, and this," says Resolution, "you would wish to do were next month to be your last. It is not mine to promise you that grant of time, nor indeed the hour on which you have just entered, but if you really covet the opportunity to attempt those duties, by all means let us undertake them together, with good will. Should more than the month be given you, we will at its close consider what gain has been made, and what further attempts these gains make possible."

There is more than one of that summer's day party who adopted that practice, and who can testify that it is not dull and despair-breeding, but has furnished armour and weapons for offense in many a combat.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE CAUSES AND CONDUCT OF THE WAR

PART II

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR

TO understand the Causes of the War, it was necessary first to understand what Germany had been thinking and saying during the years before the war. So, in the last *Screen of Time*, before considering Germany's territorial ambitions and the sequence of events which culminated in the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, many recognized authorities were quoted to show that the German attitude of mind was bound to result as it did, and that the real cause of the war must be found in the desire of the German people.

The Conduct of the War must remain almost incredible and quite past understanding, unless it also is seen as the inevitable outcome of the German character and of the German creed.

Behavior is the result of a man's habitual thinking. There is no escape from that. If you would change his conduct, his "policy," you must change his manner of thought, his creed—for his creed consists of the beliefs he acts upon, not of mere words which he echoes. So long as Germany thinks as she has been thinking, so long will she provoke wars for her own aggrandizement and carry them on with the brutality on which she prides herself.

Very few wrongdoers change their manner of thought, their habitual attitude toward life, until intense suffering at last forces them to trace effect to cause, and to recognize the origin of the trouble as within themselves. Conversion means "to turn away from," and Germany, as the result of intense suffering, must be brought to the point at which she will turn away from her evil thinking—from her perverted pride, her devouring egotism, her unscrupulous brutality, her treachery, her malice, her vindictiveness, her contempt of the truth.

If the world is to be saved from slavery and barbarism, Germany must be made to suffer until she turns with all her will, crying to God and man for forgiveness and mercy. These are old-fashioned words, but they speak of real things: Germany must repent. Officially and collectively, she has proved herself a murderer, a violator of women, a brigand and a thief; she uses torture, slavery, outrage, as means to her ends; she is not only unashamed, but she finds proof of her superiority in her ability to do these things ruthlessly and happily. As far as history reaches, no such Evil has been seen in the world before.

It is of supreme importance that the simplicity of the situation be understood. There is and there will be talk of peace. Terms of peace are discussed. Peace! There can be no peace with a murderer

who believes in murder; no peace with a thug who justifies his outrages to himself and boasts of them to his friends. If you make peace with him, you deprive him of his only chance to reform. If you make peace with Satan, what it means is that you have gone over into his camp; you have accepted his standards; you have submitted to his authority. Our own salvation depends upon our refusal to compromise with sin. Our love of comfort, our inertia, our willingness to leave the settlement of trouble to the future; our fear of pain, our dislike of sacrifice, our almost unconquerable self-centredness—all these things conspire to fog the mind and to weaken the will. Germany offers to restore, let us suppose, some of the things she has stolen. Possibly she offers to pay damages for some of the outrages she has committed. Then among weaklings, and even among the weaknesses of strong men, there will go up a cry for Peace! And there will be no peace; there can be no peace, so long as the murderer secretly glories in his crime. There is but one real question: has he repented? Has he turned with horror from his sin? And, if he added robbery to murder, is he making restitution merely because he must, or because he would be miserable unless he did so?

Has America, have the Allies, moral courage enough to fight things out to that ideal end? Probably not. Probably their own fatigue will tempt them, sooner than ought to be, to accept the overtures of cunning, craven Austria, still used by Germany as a catspaw. So the issue will be postponed. But there is this one chance against it: that people everywhere shall come to understand what Germany has done and why she has done it; that they shall see for themselves the insane thinking and the hideously perverted desire which caused both the war and its atrocities; and that they shall resolve that not until Germany as a nation has confessed and lamented her own wickedness, can the world be made safe for decency, or God rest satisfied with the result.

Evil, in other words, must be hated for what it is.

During the early days of the war, a French officer said to Rudyard Kipling:

“Our national psychology has changed. I do not recognize it myself.”

“What made the change?”

“The Boche. If he had been quiet for another twenty years the world must have been his—rotten, but all his. Now he is saving the world.”

“How?”

“Because he has shown us what Evil is. We—you and I, England and the rest—had begun to doubt the existence of Evil. The Boche is saving us” (*France at War*, pp. 41, 42).

But the world is slow to hate. This is because no one can truly hate who does not intensely love. Perfect hatred of Evil is found in Masters alone, because in them only is found the most passionate love of

righteousness. How can impurity be hated except by those who are pure?

Dilutions of Christ's teaching—blasphemous emasculations of His life and doctrine—are not the cause but the product of the world's moral flabbiness in this respect. A Pacifist of necessity is "neither cold nor hot."

In America, at this great distance, we have not had the opportunity that France has had to see with our own eyes the damnable hideousness of Evil. Therefore our national psychology has as yet changed but little. Possibly it would have been more conducive to our own salvation if the Pacifists had had their way; if we had kept out of the war, and had thus made it easy for Germany to invade our shores as she intended, and to carry fire and sword and ruthlessness and outrage into our comfort-loving homes. Then, without so much difficulty, we might have learned to sacrifice self to Righteousness as we rose in horror against the Evil thrust upon us.

As things now are, it is most clearly our duty to acquaint ourselves with the facts. To refuse to look at them because they are revolting, is to refuse to help; is to refuse to serve. A general and vague impression will not sustain us, once we begin to suffer. The "grace of final perseverance" is given to those who deserve it because they have worked for it. Profound and immovable conviction is the reward of right thinking, of honest desire for the truth; and nothing short of such conviction can give us courage to endure all things, or the fire of enthusiasm which makes effort creative and victorious.

For that reason it will be necessary, in these pages, to tell the truth in very plain words. Grown men and grown women—for whom alone these pages are intended—should be glad to suffer rather than remain in ignorance and lukewarmness at this time of world purgation. Each one of us is being tried and tested. Better, surely, to suffer; better to see and know these monsters of cruelty, of lust, of depravity, at their devil's work, than to fail in one's duty at any stage of the conflict, seeing that to fail would be to fail God as well as country; would be to fail man as well as one's own soul.

The philosophy to which Germany's ambition and inherent depravity have pushed her, and which she uses to justify and even to glorify her misconduct, has very clearly been outlined by Professor Vernon Kellogg, who served as chief representative of the American Relief Commission in occupied eastern France. Writing in *The Atlantic Monthly* of August, 1917, he shows how it is that in Germany "the pale ascetic intellectual and the burly, red-faced butcher meet" on the common ground of "no mercy, no 'women-and-children' appeals; no hesitation to use the torch and the firing squad, deportation and enslavement."

The German intellectual believes in the *Allmacht* of a natural selection based on a violent and ruthless struggle for supremacy. For

him, "the test of right in this struggle is success in it. So let every means to victory be used." "He opposes all mercy, all compromise with human soft-heartedness." He has made himself unable to see that altruism, or mutual aid, as the biologists prefer to call it, "is just as truly a fundamental biologic factor of evolution as is the cruel, strictly self-regarding, exterminating kind of struggle for existence with which the Neo-Darwinists try to fill our eyes and ears, to the exclusion of the recognition of all other factors."

It was this philosophy—though he prided himself on having none—which Nietzsche embodied in his doctrine of the Superman; and it is this doctrine of the Superman, characterized by Nietzsche himself as the opposite of Christianity, which serves Germany to-day as her standard of conduct and as proof of her superiority over all other peoples.

In his *Zur Genealogie der Moral* (I, 11), Nietzsche describes the Germans of his ideal in these terms: "Those same men who are so strictly kept within bounds by good manners . . . who, in their behavior to one another, show themselves so inventive in consideration, self-control, delicacy, loyalty, pride and friendship—those very men are, to the outside world, to things foreign and to foreign countries, little better than so many uncaged beasts of prey (*nicht viel besser also losgelassne Raubthiere*). Here they enjoy liberty from all social restraint . . . and become rejoicing monsters (*frohlockende Ungeheuer*), who perhaps go on their way, after a hideous sequence of murder, arson, rape, torture, with as much gaiety and equanimity as if they had merely taken part in some student gambols. . . . Deep in the nature of all these noble races there lurks unmistakably the beast of prey, the blond beast (*blonde Bestie*), lustfully roving in search of plunder and victory (*Beute und Sieg*)."

It is this "ideal" which Germany has tried to make real, and the attainment of which by her soldiers of all ranks has filled her civilian population, including her women, with the most intense pride and satisfaction. They have been amazed that the world has failed to recognize such conclusive proof of German pre-eminence. They have despised the consideration shown to German prisoners in England, explaining it as evidence of fear and of inherent weakness.

Still calling themselves a Christian people—though their intellectuals have for long ceased to do so—they have been at pains to explain to one another that world politics must not be confused by the thought of religion. Thus Friedrich Naumann, member of the Reichstag, founder and leader of the *Deutsche Volkspartei*, and one of the greatest powers in the Germany of today, declares in his *Briefe über Religion* (5th ed., Berlin, 1910; pp. 86, 87) that "we do not consult Jesus when we are concerned with things which belong to the domain of the construction of the State and of Political Economy. This sounds harsh and abrupt for every human being brought up a Christian, but appears to be sound Lutheranism."

The German clergy solve the problem more simply by claiming that Germans are God's chosen people; that above all things He wishes them to triumph over the rest of the world, and that whatever Germans do is done by God. "The German soul is the world's soul; God and Germany belong to one another," says Pastor W. Lehmann in his sermon *On the German God* (Professor J. P. Bang, in *Hurrah and Halleluiah*, p. 83).

Few serious writers are so widely read in Germany as Professor W. Lombard of Berlin, whose formulation of the German creed may be accepted as final, particularly if the "blond beast" be kept in mind. "Nietzsche," he says, "was but the last of the singers and seers who, coming down from the height of heaven, brought to us the tidings that there should be born from us the Son of God, whom in his language he called the Superman" (Bang, *loc. cit.*, p. 53).

With that as their creed, with that attitude toward the world, no wonder that, from the Kaiser to the "pale intellectual," from "pale intellectual" to brute peasant, they behave like devils "for the love of God"—of their God, who is the very spirit of Evil with whom they have allied themselves.

The peasant, though he knows nothing of natural selection, nothing of Nietzsche, nothing of Professor Lombard or even of Pastor Lehmann, draws by osmosis, as it were, from his acknowledged superiors, from his officers and masters, encouragement to give free rein to his native rapacity and lust. A farm for nothing from the Russians; wine for nothing and any other plunder from the French; women for nothing wherever he goes—license to break loose from the restraints which peace imposes upon him: this is his desire (for there is no peasant in the world so brutal as the German), and this it is that makes him willing to submit to the discipline of those who, as he knows, share in substance the same desires with him.

"*Gefickt* [untranslatable] and boozed through the streets of Liège. . . . We live like God in Belgium"—as a German soldier wrote in his diary, in August, 1914 (Bryce *Report*, Appendix, p. 255).

What chance is there for such a creature until he is punished and knows that he is being punished, more terribly than he had imagined possible, for the vileness that is in him? What would he care if all that happened were the removal of a Kaiser and some change in the Constitution? The misfortunes of others are the only things in life which amuse him, which appeal to his brutish humor (what else, for instance, are the Bavarian "joke" stories about?). He would laugh uproariously if his superiors were punished. It would have no other effect. He would remain the beast, and the dangerous beast, that he is. He himself must suffer, and must suffer to the uttermost, before there can be any hope for him.

Himself a slave, he is filled with the belief that, because a German, he is entitled to treat the men and women of other races as if they were animals beneath him. In this respect also, therefore, he is of one heart

and mind with his superiors, who, with an intelligence which he of course does not possess, planned to enslave the world.

Such statements as these cannot be quoted too often: "Germans alone will govern; they alone will exercise political rights; . . . they alone will have the right to become land owners. . . . However, they will condescend so far as to delegate inferior tasks to foreign subjects subservient to Germany" (*Grossdeutschland und Mitteleuropa um das Jahr 1950*, published under the auspices of the *Alldeutscher Verband*, or Pan-German League, Berlin, 1895; p. 48. Quoted by Chéradame, p. 4).

And: "War must leave nothing to the vanquished except eyes to weep over their ill-luck (*unglück*). Moderateness (*bescheidenheit*) would be for us foolishness" (Otto Richard Tannenberg, in *Grossdeutschland, die Arbeit des 20 ten Jahrhunderts*, Leipzig, 1911; p. 237).

There, plainly set forth, are the German purpose, the German soul, with Austria-Hungary, like the jackal that she is, trotting in company to pick up the leavings from the big beast's orgies.

It is difficult for Americans to believe such things, so foreign to their own inclination and practice. But they are facts, and must be believed, if we are to do our part in the war. There is proof enough and to spare, not merely of atrocities beyond number, but of the motive which inspired those atrocities. That motive is, to enslave the people whom Germany subjugates.

The United States, Great Britain, France and other nations hold dependencies—such as the Hawaiian Islands, India, Algiers. But they hold them in trust. It is their avowed purpose to develop, not only the resources of territory thus held, but in all ways to benefit the inhabitants and to give them as much freedom as is consistent with their highest welfare.

This is not an empty claim. No one who has travelled widely and who has seen the officials at work who govern such territories, could fail to recognize that their instinctive motive is to benefit the peoples under them.

German domination means the exact opposite of this. It means that Germans, having obtained possession of a country, at once set to work to exploit it for the exclusive benefit of Germans. Its inhabitants are enslaved. Every effort is made to cow them, to bring them abjectly to heel. By means of physical and moral intimidation and outrage, Germany strives systematically to break their spirit, to murder their souls. Poland, Alsace-Lorraine, Africa, bore witness to that for years before the war.

Now for the facts—facts which prove that Germany has done, so far as she was able, according to her desire, according to her nature, according to her declared principles and purposes. Before dealing with the center, however, it will be best to examine the circumference of German action—the works of her servants, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey. "The behavior of a valet will oftentimes reveal his master's character."

Professor R.-A. Reiss, of the University of Lausanne, a practical criminologist, visited Serbia to investigate for himself the reports of Austro-Hungarian atrocities. He had not been convinced by reading the Serbian complaints. In his Report (*How Austria-Hungary Waged War in Serbia*; published by the Librairie Armand Colin, Paris), he says:

"I conducted my inquiry with every necessary precaution. I did not limit myself to questioning hundreds of Austrian prisoners and hundreds of eye-witnesses; I went to the spot, sometimes with shells bursting around me, to inform myself of everything that it was possible to investigate. I opened graves; I examined the dead and wounded; I visited bombarded towns; I went into houses and I carried on there a scientific inquiry, using the most scrupulous methods; in short, I did my utmost to investigate and verify the facts which I report in this work."

Confirmed by independent investigators, such as George M. Trevelyan, the English historian, Dr. Arius van Tienhoven of Holland, and Jules Schmidt the Swiss engineer, the result is a verdict such as has rarely if ever been brought against a nation.

Serbian soldiers, when wounded or taken prisoners, were massacred. Photographs are given of women and children murdered in cold blood. "At Dobritch, on August 16th, 1914, the soldiers of the 57th Hungarian regiment bayoneted and killed eleven or twelve children from six to twelve years of age. This was done by order of First Lieutenant Nagj," who stated that he was obeying the commands of his superiors (p. 19 of the French edition). In a hundred different villages, similar things happened. Mothers and their daughters were outraged and then mutilated and then at last murdered, often in the presence of husband and father (pp. 21, 25, 36). At Chabat, Hungarian officers, having driven all the girls and young women into the church, violated them behind the High Altar (p. 26). In many cases, men, women and children were driven into houses and burned alive (p. 33).

"Near the railway station at Lechnitza, there is a large common pit 20 metres long, 3 metres broad, and 2 metres deep. In this pit are buried 109 peasants aged between 8 and 80. They were hostages from the neighboring villages whom the Austro-Hungarians brought to this place, where they had already begun to dig their grave. They were bound together with ropes and encircled by a wire. Then the soldiers took their places on the slope of the railway embankment, about 15 metres from the victims, and fired a volley at them. All of them fell down into the pit, and other soldiers immediately covered them with earth, without ascertaining whether they were dead or only wounded. It is certain that many of them were not mortally wounded, and some perhaps were not wounded at all, but were dragged into the grave by the others. They were buried alive. While this execution was going on, a second group of prisoners was brought up, among whom were many women, and when

the first party were shot, these poor people were forced to shout 'Long live Emperor Francis Joseph!'" (p. 34).

Professor Reiss says: "Very often the victims were mutilated before or after death. The following methods of killing and mutilating I have established by evidence: The victims were shot, killed by the bayonet, their throats were cut with knives, they were violated and then killed, stoned to death, hanged, beaten to death with the butt-end of rifles or with sticks, disemboweled, burned alive, or their legs or arms were cut or torn off, their ears or noses cut off, their eyes put out, their breasts cut off [a favorite practice of the Germans in Belgium and France], their skin cut in strips or the flesh torn from the bone; lastly, a little girl of three months was thrown to the pigs" (p. 38).

Wherever the Austro-Hungarian troops went, "furniture, wardrobes and linen which could not be carried away, were destroyed. Pictures and upholstered furniture are smashed, carpets cut to pieces, crockery broken. The walls are splashed with ink, and the soldiers have left excrement everywhere" (p. 39). "Fæcal matter was found on the tables, in the crockery, on the floor, etc." (p. 43); which also was a favorite practice of German officers and men in Belgium and France—an unthinkable bestiality of which there is endless proof.

Concluding his Report, Professor Reiss says: "What I have already written, as well as the statements of the Austro-Hungarian soldiers which I have published, show the *systematic preparation* for the massacres by officers of superior rank. The following extracts taken from a pamphlet issued by the higher command and distributed among the soldiers, afford even better proof of this preparation:

"K. u. K. 9. Korpskommando.

"Directions for conduct towards the population of Serbia. . . . Towards such a population all humanity and all kindness of heart are out of place; they are even harmful, for any consideration, such as it is sometimes possible to show in war, would in this case endanger our own troops. Consequently I order that during the whole course of the war, the greatest severity, the greatest harshness, and the greatest mistrust be observed towards everyone (*Ich befehle daher, dass während der ganzen Kriegerischen Aktion die grösste Strenge, die grösste Härte und das grösste Misstrauen gegen jedermann zu walten hat*)."

So it goes on, explaining in great detail the many occasions on which "no consideration is to prevent their [the inhabitants'] execution." Thus: "Every inhabitant who is found outside a village, particularly in the woods, must be looked upon as a member of a band who has hidden his weapons, which we have no time to look for. Such people are to be executed if they appear in the slightest degree suspicious" (p. 47).

And these were the orders of an Austrian General representing his Government!

When Serbia finally was overrun, through the combined efforts of Austria, Germany, and Bulgaria ("The Prussia of the Balkans"), and

when active military operations within Serbian territory ceased, the treatment of the civilian population became worse, if that were possible, instead of better.

Full information under this head can be obtained from the Serbian Relief Committee of America (70 Fifth Avenue, New York).

In a circular recently issued by that Committee, it is shown that the Bulgarians are trying to stifle the very idea and name of Serbian nationality. The use of the Serbian language is not tolerated. The Bulgarians are imposing on the entire population the Bulgarian language, religion, and name. Their aim is to denationalize and to enslave the Serbian people. They have interned all the Serbian teachers and clergymen, replacing them with Bulgarian teachers and priests. They confiscate and burn Serbian books; they destroy Serbian monuments; they remove to Bulgaria the agricultural implements, and the machinery from Serbian factories, so as to destroy the productivity of the country and to crush still further the spirit of the Serbian people. There is no cruelty or outrage which the Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians between them, are not committing, in order to attain their end, which is to turn a brave and independent people into a nation of terrorized slaves.

Every day brings further evidence that the aim and methods of Germany and her allies remain the same, and that, though they "speak with the tongues of men and of angels" about Peace, they are as dishonorable, as unscrupulous, as brutal, as they were at the beginning of the war.

Not the worst, but merely the latest illustration of this, is given in an order issued by the Bulgarian War Ministry, dated May 20th, 1917, which was published in the *New York Times* of October 6th, 1917, with some preliminary comment by the Serbian Legation, as follows:

"Not long ago, in the Vienna Parliament, Deputy Dr. V. Riber declared that the horrors of this war affected none of the Allies so terribly and gravely as the Yugoslav people. Once flourishing cities and villages are now in ruins. From the district of Nish [Serbia] alone the Bulgarians have deported more than 30,000 people to the deserts of Asia Minor. Since the times of Kossovo the Serbian people have experienced no greater catastrophe.

"Now, we are again in possession of a very important document, which illustrates the state of affairs prevailing in subjugated Serbia. This document, which was dispatched by the Bulgarian War Ministry to the Bulgarian Headquarters Staff, fell into the hands of the British Army at the Saloniki front.

"From this document, of which we give the exact translation, it is clearly to be seen that the enforced recruiting of Serbians in the Morava districts is being conducted by Bulgarians, and that when these recruits were deported to Bulgaria 'regrettable events' occurred, *i. e.*, the mutiny of the Serbian recruits in the neighborhood of Karlova, etc.

"Many of these recruits deserted. The Bulgarians punished these

deserters by whipping and hard labor. Afterward, contrary to the law of nations and The Hague Convention, these unfortunate deserters were shot, their houses burned down, their belongings confiscated, and their families deported from Serbia to Xrpali.

"The Bulgarians also armed their civil population in order to complete the extermination of the Serbian nation."

The text of this military order, which the *Times* reprinted *in extenso*, fully confirms the foregoing statements. It is signed, among others, by the Chief of the General Staff of the Bulgarian War Ministry.

Are crimes committed in the Balkans too far off to seem real? But it is just such crimes, and the similar though in some ways more loathsome crimes committed in Belgium and eastern France, which the German Government and the German people long to commit in America. No home would be spared, no woman would be safe, no child but might wantonly be bayoneted.

Now or later, it must be a fight to a finish between the powers that make for righteousness and the powers that work for Hell. But if it be not finished now; if this cancer on the body of the earth be not removed to the last root now,—who will guarantee that the best of the earth's nations can again be assembled to resist her? As America was slow to come in this time, may not other nations be as slow to come in then? And meanwhile? Surely the martyrdom in Europe should warn us!

Treaties will not bind Germany. She has proved that. She will agree to anything. She will sign anything. She will go through all the motions. But "where there's a will there's a way." Her will must be changed. She must suffer until it does change. Her people must be brought to their knees.

T.

(*To be continued.*)

What is peace? There is peace when there is nothing in man which strives against God.—St. Augustine.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

RECOLLECTION AND DETACHMENT

RECOLLECTION and Detachment are twin doctrines and are almost always mentioned together. The reason for this is simple. We cannot hope to maintain Recollection—to be recollected—if we permit ourselves to be swayed by the countless distractions which each one of us meets every minute and hour of every day. Detachment is necessary. We must guard ourselves against the pull of our senses and our emotions, and the vagaries and discursive tendency of our minds. There is a converse to this and it will require some explanation and elaboration.

Take a typical day. The need for both Recollection and Detachment begins with the first moment of waking consciousness. We are aroused, perhaps from deep sleep by an alarm clock. All the devotional books say that we should instantly turn our thoughts toward God. But we find that, instead of doing this instinctively and naturally and as a matter of course, we are much more likely to think first that it is very early; that we are very sleepy; that we got to bed late, perhaps because we were doing some altruistic work; that we can do better work if we get enough sleep and keep our body and nerves in good condition; that we can stay in bed ten minutes more if we hurry through our prayers or toilet. In a word, our minds, backed by the sensuous demands of our bodies, will give us countless excuses, and often very subtle and ingenious excuses, why we should not get up.

William James expressed an occult truth when, in his *Psychology*, he wrote that the easy way out of our usual morning struggle, is not by an effort of will, so much as by an effort of mind. He said: stop thinking about how warm your bed is, etc., etc., and think of something entirely different. If you do you will at once get up without effort or struggle. This is only a way of describing a part of what Detachment means; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it describes in part, how Detachment works. Put in the words and phrases of the religious writer, we could say that the aspirant must detach himself from the pull of his physical senses, his love of warmth and comfort, his inertia and his hatred of cold and effort. Recollection may do this. If he is going to catch a train and has only just time

enough, he will jump out of bed without delay, although perhaps with a sigh of self-pity. If he is going to do something long desired,—to see a loved friend—to accomplish a coveted end, he springs out of bed the instant he awakes, all alive and eager. Think how you felt as a child when you awoke on the morning of the circus or the picnic. The knowledge that there is going to be buckwheat cakes and sausage for breakfast, is sufficient to rouse some people from their sleeper's lethargy, while the desire for hot coffee influences a great many more persons than would like to confess to it.

The point of course is that Recollection of some motive which carries with it a mainspring of action more powerful than the pull of our lower nature, is essential, or we would sleep late every morning. Fear is often the motive,—fear of missing the train, fear that we shall be late at the office, fear that breakfast may be cold. Self-interest may furnish the motive;—ambition, anticipated pleasure, or more subtle fears, like the fear that we shall disgrace ourselves, or neglect some duty. On the other hand love may furnish the motive, as when a mother gets up many times in a night to tend her baby. Her humanity may sometimes suggest to her that it is a cold and dreary business, but on the whole she has little contest with herself, because she *wants* to do it more than she does not want to do it.

All this is Recollection;—Recollection in its most elementary form. Detachment is the deliberate freeing of ourselves from the power of the senses, until they cease to influence us, for it is obvious that we are not safe so long as right action depends upon our finding some motive which is stronger than our desire to be bad. Some day we may not find such a motive. Therefore we must not only practise Recollection, but we must attack the problem at the other end too;—we must strive earnestly and diligently to lessen the hold which our senses have upon us; we must withdraw ourselves from their control; we must detach ourselves from their allurements and entanglements; we must practise Detachment.

Recollection and Detachment, therefore, are simply two methods of accomplishing the same result,—the conquest of our lower nature. In Recollection we pull ourselves away from our lower nature by grasping something we want more. In Detachment we push ourselves away from the same lower nature because,—well, because we do not like lower nature, we do not want to be under its sway, because we fear the results of self-indulgence, or because self-interest is a stronger force, or because we love something or some one better than we do our lower selves.

It is obvious that there must be an element of Recollection in Detachment, otherwise we would not strive for Detachment; therefore we always find Recollection spoken of and inculcated first. The Rescue Mission worker knows he must awaken a desire for repentance and reform in the drunkard, before the convert will try to detach himself from the drink habit.

It must be obvious by now that Recollection and Detachment are not mere religious precepts which the aspirant after discipleship must make part of his Rule of Life: they are universal laws, on all the planes of being, and whether he knows it or not every human being in the world is under their sway. Even the deliberately wicked man is subject to them. Like all universal laws, they are entirely impersonal and impartial, though they may be given an intensely personal bearing.

The object and purpose of the disciple is to recognize the operation of these laws and, by taking advantage of that knowledge, to make them doubly or trebly productive in his own life. He cannot get away from them, but, by conscious use of them, he can get their power back of his efforts towards betterment. In other words, he can go with the current and take full advantage of its impetus.

It is, I presume, quite clear that we can practise Recollection and Detachment in order to perfect ourselves in wickedness, as well as to perfect ourselves in goodness. For our purpose, however, we may take for granted that we wish to grow, to improve, to become bigger, better, stronger, wiser, kinder, gentler, more loving, more efficient, more useful. Hardly anyone but would say, "yes," to all this. Well, we know very well, from sad experience, that it is what we call our lower nature which is in our way. The desire to be good is intermittent. Between times we follow the behests of our lower nature, which are often not actively bad, and very frequently seem entirely innocent. The desires of our higher and of our lower natures may run parallel for a time; and, as we grow, this should be more and more the case. But another condition also results. Our very progress throws our actual status into relief and accentuates the differences between higher and lower nature. The contrasts and contests tend to become more acute. Even a little lower nature will spoil a great deal of good, like a little garlic in milk; until finally, as we near perfection, it is usually some small sin, something which in an ordinary man or woman would be almost unnoticed, which not only mars our achievement, but may actually precipitate a total failure. There is no big or little when it comes to sin. Anything which is not higher nature, is poisonous and—however seemingly innocent or trivial—must be got rid of. Hence the importance of Mr. Judge's famous injunction that we should never do anything for the sake of the lower self alone. Doubtless this is a counsel of perfection, as any one who tried it for ten minutes will discover, but it is nevertheless, the ideal which must underlie our efforts.

We must conquer our lower natures completely, so that there is no lower nature left. It is a very big task indeed; not any the less difficult because, at first, we do not know the difference between lower nature and higher nature, especially at the border line where the contest rages. But that is a different subject. This section is upon Detachment, which is one, and one of the chief, methods of conquering our faults. It

assumes that we know the fault and, at least at times, want to get rid of it.

Detachment is the conscious and deliberate withdrawal of our consent to the fault. This means that we put no new power into it; but unfortunately, it does not mean that the fault will not continue to attack us with all the virulence of its stored up energy. Every time we committed the fault in the past, we gave it a part of the force which is our divine birthright as sons of God, as rays of the Over-soul. This energy, this power, must be withdrawn from the fault and taken back into the higher nature where it belongs. This is done at first by refusing to allow the fault to express itself, and is completed by cultivating the virtue of which the fault is a perverse expression. In that way we transfer the power which gave life and force to the fault, to a virtue which becomes a permanent possession of the higher nature.

The part Detachment plays in this process should be obvious. We cannot hope to make this transfer of power so long as our desires are tangled up in the fault; therefore we must cultivate detachment from the fault. What does that mean? It means that if you are a glutton, and there are very few people who are not, you must systematically cultivate an indifference to food. You must deny yourself the kinds of food you especially like and regulate rigorously the quantity you permit yourself to eat, until you observe Mr. Judge's rule and never eat anything for the sake of the lower self alone; that is, because it tastes good, or you like it. You eat because your body needs food, and you regulate what and how much you eat as systematically as you feed, let us say, your horse. You give it so many quarts of oats and so many pounds of hay, each day. You pay no attention whatever to the fact that the horse loves sugar and carrots, and at any opportunity will eat itself sick of them. You know that it will keep well and strong on oats and hay, so you give it oats and hay, and pay no attention to its desire for other things. Treat yourself exactly the same way.

No, it is not easy; and to do it at all you must become detached from food. You must cultivate indifference to it, by acting as if you were indifferent to it, until you actually do become indifferent to it. Or perhaps you are already indifferent to what you eat. Some fortunate people are. If so, let us take some other weakness as an illustration. Let us assume that you are not above criticizing your acquaintances and friends, and are a bit of a gossip. Perhaps you do not actually enjoy a scandal, but you can contemplate the weaknesses of others with entire equanimity, if not with a certain relish. Most people can. Now that, as a matter of fact, is a perfectly horrid fault, and comes straight from the lowest depths of Hell. It is only a devil who is malignant enough to gloat over the sins of others, and in so far as you have that tendency, you partake of the nature of the devil. Now, do you not want to be detached from such a sin? Of course you do. Well, the way to begin is to deny its least expression. Recollection comes into

play here, for you cannot hope to stop so ingrained a habit unless you are on perpetual guard, and remember constantly that you think it abominable to get satisfaction from the contemplation of, and the talking about, the weaknesses of others. After you make some progress in overcoming your evil tendency, you can add the next and necessary stage to the process and cultivate deliberately the qualities of sympathy, tolerance and charity, which are, perhaps, the antitheses of your fault. This gives an outlet to the force in the fault and prevents it from going back into the fault when you deny it expression.

Every manifestation of the lower nature has to be treated in this same manner. They all have to be killed out and transmuted into higher nature. There is no other way. It may seem a soggy prospect, and if the contest is played with, it is soggy, for a half-way, or partial treatment is hell. On the other hand to start and to prosecute such a struggle with fire and energy is a perpetual joy and a succession of victories, each one leaving us stronger, better, happier, freer than before.

C. A. G.

The one misery of man is self-will, the one secret of blessedness is the conquest over our own wills. To yield them up to God is rest and peace. What disturbs us in this world is not "trouble," but our opposition to trouble. The true source of all that frets and irritates, and wears away our lives, is not in external things, but in the resistance of our wills to the will of God expressed by external things.—Alexander MacLaren.



REVIEWS

The Heliotropium, or Conformity of the Human Will to the Divine, from the Latin of Jeremias Drexelius; published by the Devin-Adair Co., New York, 1917.

This book was first published in Latin in 1627. The author was one of the most distinguished ascetical writers of Germany in the seventeenth century. He was born at Augsburg in 1581; became court preacher at Munich, and died in 1638. His writings were immensely popular. Of one treatise alone, 20,400 copies were disposed of in Munich before the year 1642; while the total sale of his various writings is said to have reached the astonishing figure of 170,700 copies.

To the student of Theosophy *The Heliotropium*—"turning to the Sun"—will be of particular interest and value. In Christian terms, its teaching is exactly the same as that which the *Bhagavad Gita* emphasizes in chapters showing that all things originate in the Supreme, and that good fortune and ill, health and sickness, wealth and poverty should be accepted as expressions of the divine will for us. The doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma explain the operation of justice and wisdom and love in the distribution of inner characteristics and outer events. But there are many who believe theoretically in Karma who fail utterly to accept its decrees as evidence of divine compassion. Drexelius would help them to do this.

The book is full of excellent stories, illustrative of the author's points. We quote one of these at length, as a fair sample of the book:

"There was once upon a time an eminent Divine who for eight years besought God with unwearied prayers to show him a man by whom he might be taught the most direct way to heaven. One day, when he was possessed of an unconquerable desire to converse with such a man, and wished for nothing so much as to see a teacher of truth so hidden, he thought that he heard a voice coming to him from heaven, which gave him this command:—"Go to the porch of the church, and you will find the man you seek."

"Accordingly he went into the street, and at the door of the church he found a beggar whose legs were covered with ulcers running with corruption, and whose clothes were scarcely worth threepence. The Divine wished him good day. To whom the beggar replied,—'I do not remember that I ever had a bod one.' Whereupon the man of letters, as if to amend his former salutation, said,—'Well, then, God send you good fortune.' 'But I never had any bad fortune,' answered the beggar. The Divine was astonished at this reply, but repeated his wish, in case he might have made a mistake in what he heard, only in somewhat different words:—"Say you so I pray, then, that you may be happy.' But again the beggar replied,—'I never was unhappy.' The Divine, thinking that the beggar was playing upon words merely for the sake of talking, answered, in order to try the man's wit,—'I desire that whatever you wish may happen to you.' 'And here, also,' he replied, 'I have nothing to complain of. All things turn out according to my wishes, although I do not attribute my success to fortune.'

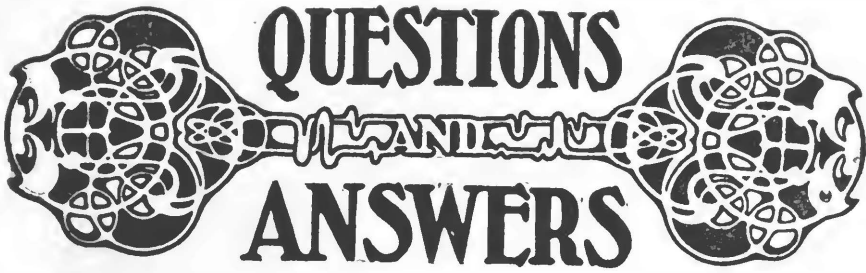
"Upon this the man of letters, saluting him afresh, and taking his leave, said:—"May God preserve you, my good man, since you hate fortune! But tell me, I pray, are you alone happy among mortals who suffer calamity? If so, Job speaks safely when he declares,—"Man born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries." And how comes it that you alone have escaped all

evil days? I do not fully understand your feelings.' To this the beggar replied,—'It is so, sir, as I have said. When you wished me a "good day," I denied that I had ever had a bad one. I am perfectly contented with the lot which God has assigned me in this world. Not to want happiness is my happiness. Those bugbears, Fortune and Misfortune, hurt him only who wills, or at least who fears, to be hurt by them. Never do I offer my prayers to Fortune, but to my Heavenly Father Who disposes the events of all things. And so I say I never was unhappy, inasmuch as all things turn out according to my wishes. If I suffer hunger, I praise my most provident Father for it. If cold pinches me, if the rain pours down upon me, or if the sky inflicts upon me any other injury, I praise God just the same. When I am a laughing-stock to others, I no less praise God. For sure I am that God is the Author of all these things, and that whatever God does must be the best. Therefore, whatever God either gives, or allows to happen, whether it be pleasant or disagreeable, sweet or bitter, I esteem alike, for all such things I joyfully receive as from the hand of a most loving Father; and this one thing I will—what God wills. And so all things happen as I will. Miserable is the man who believes that Fortune has any power against him; and truly unhappy is he who dreams of some imaginary unhappiness in this world. This is true happiness in this life, to cleave as closely as possible to the Divine Will. The Will of God, His most excellent, His most perfect Will, which cannot be made more perfect, and cannot be evil, judges concerning all things, but nothing concerning it. To follow this Will I bestow all my care. To this one solicitude I devote myself with all my might, so that whatever God wills, this I also may never refuse to will. And, therefore, I by no means consider myself unhappy, since I have so entirely transfused my own will into the Divine, that with me there is no other *will or not will* than as God wills or wills not.'

"But do you really mean what you say?" asked the Divine; 'tell me, I pray, whether you would feel the same if God had decreed to cast you down to hell?' To which the beggar at once replied,—'If He should cast me down to hell? But know that I have two arms of wondrous strength, and with these I should hold him tightly in an embrace that nothing could sever. One arm is the lowliest humility shown by the oblation of self, the other, purest charity shown by the love of God. With these arms I would so entwine myself round God, that wherever He might banish me, thither would I draw Him with me. And far more desirable, in truth, would it be to be out of heaven with God, than in heaven without Him,' The Divine was astonished at this reply, and began to think with himself that this was the shortest path to God.

"But he felt anxious to make further inquiry, and to draw forth into sight the wisdom which dwelt in such an ill-assorted habitation; and so he asked,—'Whence have you come hither?' 'I came from God,' replied the beggar. To whom again the Divine,—'And where did you find God?' 'Where I forsook all created things.' Again the Divine asked,—'But where did you leave God?' 'In men of pure minds and goodwill,' replied the poor man. 'Who are you?' said the Divine. 'Whoever I am,' he replied, 'I am so thoroughly contented with my lot that I would not change it for the riches of all kings. Every one who knows how to rule himself is a king.' 'Am I, then, to understand that you are a king?' said the other. 'Where is your kingdom?' 'There,' said the beggar, and at the same time pointed with his finger toward heaven. 'He is a king to whom that kingdom on high is transferred by sure deeds of covenant.' At last the Divine, intending to bring his questions to an end, said,—'Who has taught you this? Who has instilled these feelings into you?' To which the other replied,—'I will tell you, Sir. For whole days I do not speak, and then I give myself up entirely to prayer or holy thoughts, and this is my only anxiety, to be as closely united as possible to God. Union and familiar acquaintance with God and the Divine Will teach all this.'

"The theologian wished to ask more questions, but thinking it would be better to postpone this to another time, took his leave for the present. As he went away, full of thought, he said to himself,—'Lo! thou hast found one who will teach thee the shortest way to God! How truly does S. Augustine say,—"The unlearned start up and take heaven by violence, and we with our learning, and without heart, lo! where we wallow in flesh and blood!" And so Christ, when giving thanks says,—'I confess to thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' Beneath a filthy garment, forsooth, great wisdom often lies concealed. And who would think of seeking for such Divine learning in a man of so mean an appearance? Who would believe that so much of the Spirit was hidden under such unlettered simplicity? Lo! those two arms of unconquerable strength, *Oblation of Self* and *Love of God*, draw God withersoever this poor man wills! With these arms God permits Himself to be closely bound; other embraces He refuses.'"



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 215.—*Is not reincarnation almost as painful to think of as annihilation, in that in future lives we will not remember or recognize those whom we love today?*

ANSWER.—How do we know that we do not recognize today those whom we have loved before? Personally I believe we do. Is not that more real than to think we love those whom we have been thrown against by the accidents of a single life? But it is said that our associations are divinely guided. Is this different in essence from the doctrine of reincarnation? Which is it easier to believe—that a God moves us like wooden chessmen, or that the divine element in ourselves seeks out an environment with those whom we love? Is it “annihilation” to look forward to close association—and association in love—with the added experience of life by life for our soul-memory, and the cleansing of the slate for the mere animal memory?
G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—The doctrine of reincarnation has never troubled me because Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, gave me the key to it. What is it that is really “I”? Is it not something indestructible like the sense of identity that now, in my fifty-sixth year, persists, after the many mental changes of an active life? I think of my reincarnations as *clothes*. In the attic, at home, are still kept my baby clothes and my first soldier suit. I can still remember the day I put on the (toy) soldier suit. I am the same “I” today as the “I” of fifty-one years ago. I am wearing different clothes today; so are my friends. My present day clothes do not recognize the costumes worn by my friends thirty years ago. But “I” recognize both the friends and the costumes.
J. W. O.

ANSWER.—This question reminds me of the fact that we do not remember anything from our birth up to the age of three to five years old. Surely we loved, in our own way, our mother and father and nurse. We clung to them and felt happy and safe in their arms. The nurse left perhaps, before we were four years old, and we forgot her entirely. In some cases the father or the mother too is lost at that early age. Later we may not even remember that we ever saw them. Does this fact make our later life miserable or bring us to wish that we had never been born?

When the child grows older and begins to exhibit some power of memory and reason, it feels unhappy with the thought of leaving those it loves, or of losing them; and it may even wish to die with them. But time passes, and experience shows that these heartbreaking pangs were temporary moods only, as they are later in life too at the loss of one very dear to us. We still remember the beloved friends that are no more at our side, but the memory of the happy time spent with them causes no distress any longer,—is more like a lovely dream we once had. Does this recollection of the lost dear-ones ever make us feel so wretched as to prefer annihilation to continued life? Certainly not. Is it the confidence in meeting again at the resurrection that pacifies our minds and makes us again enjoy our present life perhaps even more than before the great loss? In some cases it may be, but not as a rule. Changes in moods are effects of

changes in time, surroundings and circumstances. We are outgrowing childhood, youth, old enjoyments, old sorrows, old memories; and new enjoyments, sorrows, memories are replacing them. We find other companions that take the empty places; we are again happy with new friends, embracing new dear-ones.

Let us not be narrow-minded and confine our conception of human life to one single incarnation. If we consider a long series of incarnations as the days of the soul, and compare them with the days of our present incarnation, surely we must come to the conclusion that we are much worse off in the days of our present life-time than in the days of the soul's life-time, in which we do not remember the events of the past days. In this connection it seems befitting to quote the following advice of the Christian Master: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow; for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Instead of regarding it an unbearable loss not to remember the details of our last incarnation we should find it a blessing. To remember everything about our last incarnation would, to many of us, be a source of no end of miseries; and to all it would mean a great hindrance in pursuing just that course of training which is wanted by the soul.

Therefore, instead of questioning the wisdom and perfection of the great evolutionary scheme moulded in the Divine Mind before time was, and overruled by the presiding Deity, we should study the doctrine of reincarnation well and try to understand its significance and necessity. And having realized its grandeur to some extent, and that every incarnation is a new opportunity given us for our salvation—for the soul's liberation from the bondage of matter—then we can indeed celebrate the first and all succeeding birthdays of our present incarnation with exultant hearts, overflowing with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for all his mercy and love for an ungrateful generation. T. H. K.

ANSWER.—It would be quite as painful without the doctrine of love. The many instances of "love-at-first-sight" and strong almost inexplicable affections (such as are described in Guy de Maupassant's story called "Love") are proof to me that though our minds have forgotten and do not recognize the clothes or physical bodies,—have lost the conscious memory of the other pilgrim, the love of the two souls is but a continuation of the love and companionship of innumerable lives.

"Love is the strongest bond in the universe." If we really believed this it seems to me we would have to believe in its power to draw together those who truly love one another—when one takes this thought forward into the lives to come—all sting, indeed, is taken from death. T. M.

QUESTION No. 216.—*I have heard it said that individual help can only be given in response to a demand. Do not the Masters give individual help in response to a great need even when there has been no demand and when it can not be said that the person helped is living in any sense according to the laws of the spirit? Would not a desperate situation call down help from Masters if there were no special merit—whether of sacrifice or spiritual living or incipient discipleship?*

ANSWER.—A genuine "need" is a demand; and the genuine needs of mankind—of all mankind—are supplied by the Masters perpetually. But it should not be forgotten that the genuine need may be the need of punishment; that is, of purification, for without pain, there is no purification. And the Masters may deliberately administer that pain, to bring the purification.

We are too inclined to think that the work of a Saviour is to remove pain, to guard us from pain. But there is good authority for exactly the opposite belief: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent. . . ." C. J.

ANSWER.—Surely it depends on what is a real need. Is not such a real need a demand? *Light on the Path* speaks of the ordinary man asking with his mind

only: but when there is a real need the whole life of the man cries out and makes the demand even if it be voiceless or beyond the brain-mind. And it is just such vital demands which are active on the plane of consciousness where the Masters work and where such demands are always heard. Whether individual help can be given is entirely another matter and depends on the justice of Karma. The Masters are always ready to help when They can: but we place ourselves in "desperate situations" and tie Their hands so that They cannot help; we prevent the help They would gladly give from reaching us. But in reply to the last part of the question, I should think that the demand would be the effect of special merit in some former incarnation. Otherwise I think there could be no demand.

A. K.

ANSWER.—It might be helpful to the questioner to consider this series of questions from the viewpoint of reincarnations instead of the single life hypothesis. How dare we deny "special merit" unless we know what has happened in the past? Indeed how dare we deny "special merit" when we see only the outside of things. Does prayer have to be vocalized? Is the soul in anguish limited to the expression of a physical demand? And may not help be given through the mediation and advocacy of another—perhaps the Master or some one of "special merit" ready to ransom us for love's sake? As an abstract matter there must be a demand but as a practical matter it is doubtful if we are fitted to judge whether a demand has been made or whether merit exists in ourselves or others.

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—Bourget closes his recent book, *Le Sens de la Mort* with these words: "When we feel that God has dropped out of things, in reality He is quite near us." Is there only one form in which a demand can be made? Are there not *acts*, which involve and imply a demand? The action of France toward the religious Orders may be such an act—an unwillingness, on the part of the national conscience, any longer to tolerate religious institutions into the veins of which the Vatican virus had been introduced. It was a loss France brought upon herself, thus to break with her traditional faith. Was not a demand for something more genuine involved? May that demand be receiving its answer in the present war which, by illustrating devotion and self-sacrifice, is bringing France once more to recognize realities, and the genuine religion that she needs?

A. W.

ANSWER.—Remember that the Masters are the executors of the Law and not its opposers. Through love for mankind they have consecrated their whole life to its welfare. They are acting impartially and always on principles and in accordance with the Law. Thus, in the case of a great need they give what help they can without regard to the worthiness of the man in a desperate situation. Meanwhile, they can, of course, give immensely more help to the good man than to the sinner, not because the first is a favorite, but since the Law permits it. And since the desperate situation may be brought on by the Law in order to give a highly wanted lesson, and to promote the welfare of the one in need, it would be the opposite of charity to help, till the Law is fulfilled. But the Masters are keeping a watchful eye on the case and are always ready to help, when help is a blessing.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Masters may give help for many reasons. They are always trying to reach souls and a special need may be a special opportunity. Help may also come as the Karma of past lives, the fruit of good-deeds done ages ago of which we have now no conscious knowledge. We are the sum total of all our experience, not of one life only. Or help may be given because of a man's position involving the need of others, perhaps the need of a nation. Or again it may be given through the prayers or the vicarious atonement of others.

But what do we mean by a "desperate situation?" If there has been *no* merit, *no* living in accordance with spiritual laws, now or in the past, there would be no

individual in the real sense, only a mass of swaying desires. No situation that concerned only such an elemental self could be really desperate at all.

B. M. H.

QUESTION No. 217.—*In reading Mr. Johnston's "From the Upanishads" and reaching the paragraph beginning "If the slayer thinks to slay it, if the slain thinks it is slain," I recalled at once Emerson's poem Brahma whose opening lines are almost identical. One line of that poem has always been a mystery to me: "And one to me are shame and fame." It seems wholly out of key with the rest of the poem. I should appreciate an explanation?*

ANSWER.—Zeno, one of the ancient Greek philosophers, taught that the soul is the only reality, and that everything that happens in life is an opportunity for the soul to prove its power. Thus, health and disease, poverty and wealth are such opportunities. Can we not see that good repute and ill repute are similar opportunities? Ought not the soul to stand unshaken either by shame or by fame, extracting from both the lesson which is there?

S. M.

ANSWER.—Does it not mean that one who strives to live the life of the soul, to tread the Path of discipleship, must be prepared to follow that Path whether it lead to shame or fame in the eyes of men? There are many parallels to that passage. For instance, *Light on the Path*, the end of the third comment, page 68, ". . . there is neither credit, glory or reward to be gained by this first task which is given to the neophyte. Mystics have always been sneered at, and seers disbelieved." Obviously the neophyte would not hesitate through fear of the shame of being sneered at. Shame or fame would be all one to him if it were his Master's will. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." (Matt. 5:11) The same spirit is to be found throughout the Bhagavad Gita. To quote one passage out of many: "Standing in union with the Soul, carry out thy work, putting away attachment. O conqueror of wealth; equal in success and failure, for equalness is called union with the Soul."

J. M.



T.S. ACTIVITIES

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PACIFIC BRANCH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July, 1917.

*To the Chairman Executive Committee, T. S.,
and Editor THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.*

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:

Whatever our personal predilections may be, or whatever the star, as it were, by which we each are inwardly guided, we all with one accord, looked Eastward on the morning of the Convention day.

By mutual confession, our first thought and mental questioning upon arising may well be epitomised into: "What of the day? What is the watchword for the coming Society year?"

Whilst outwardly, at this distance from you, the Convention assembly may have seemed to us a long way off, and hardly discernable in the scene of active outward life and striving, that the thought of New York City suggests to us; yet inwardly we felt we were with you, breathing, shall we say, the same sacramental inner vitalizing airs, sharing with you the inner life atmosphere, you in New York have done so much to create. So that the QUARTERLY'S Convention report, which has just reached us, not only throws a bright light upon outward things, it also records our deep convictions.

We, the undersigned, therefore desire collectively to declare to you, in more or less formal way, our individual approval of the preamble and resolutions, relative to President Wilson's war message, and the entry of America into the war, which were presented to the Convention by the Committee on Resolutions, and unofficially voted upon and passed by individual members of the Society then assembled. And we ask that our own individual indorsement of that preamble and resolutions be herewith added to the votes of those members then and there given.

Although we judge that the rejected preamble and resolutions, submitted by Mr. C. A. Griscom, really and more fittingly expressed the thought and feeling, and intentions of the members who so voted, as it does our own. We would further like you to know that we also appreciate the very necessary new rule which provides for the protection of the Society by expulsion, if needs be, of an unprincipled member.

As you doubtless well understand, we merely record our own personal convictions. Neither do we intend them to commit the Society or our Branch, in any way in matters of belief. Nor should it in any way hinder a like free expression of a different opinion by other members. With you, we realize that each one is free to choose in such matters, and we heartily thank you and the members in New York for the fearless, outspoken, and instructive lead you have taken.

We remain very sincerely yours, and with all good wishes for the ensuing year, as ever.

WALTER H. BOX,	M. ELLA PATERSON,
ALFRED L. LEONARD,	JULIA M. BOX,
ERIK BLAKKEN,	AGNES C. ELWING.
AGNES GOOD,	

ADDENDA

If to this the writer may add an after-thought on the Convention proceedings as a whole, and select from among the many good things then said, a sentence which seems to him to express more nearly the Convention's keynote, or the watch-word for the coming So-ciety year, it is, "Victory for the Soul of the nation!"

For, as he believes, high above all else, by every war move and paramount commercial and political issue, the Souls of the Nations, the potential spiritual life of their peoples, of the neutral and belligerent nations alike, are being weighed as in a balance by the present conflict; more searchingly than at any other time in the history of the Caucasian races.

I gather from what I recall of Theosophical writings that the times in which we live are essentially a period of transition. It is a point in our spiritual evolution the thought of which brings to mind with added force and meaning Shakespeare's simile of fortune's floodtide in the affairs of men, which, if "omitted" or allowed to fail of its purpose in life's voyage, binds men in shallows, and in miseries.

For potential power and its far-reaching effect upon the future, and in its inner and outer workings, in most all save the elements of human self-effort and responsibility, the present time is said very closely to correspond to the periods of evolutionary change and new beginnings in nature. Such times, for example, as when Nature's Master Builders, living and all unseen on her inner secretive planes, and with nature's vast purposes in view, give inner birth to those invisible nuclei of life which afterward, in due course of nature's living fostering processes, spring up into outer nature as new crystalline formations, or new species of flora, or animal life, the origins of which, science on the outside so diligently but vainly seeks; and when, we are told, the same Master-hand gives to each such hidden nucleus of plastic germinal life, and potential life qualities, its predominant characteristics, and the necessary impulse withal to carry the fittest amongst its countless variations to perfection.

In other words, in the evolution of the race as a whole, our time and age is essentially the birth hour for certain soul qualities within us, if not for the Soul Itself.

By every seen and unseen token and factor of this decisive struggle; by the right guidance of world leaders, or by their perfidy and inhumanity, "will to power," and abuse of intellectual attainments and gifts of inner life, as by the responsive beats and impulses of the hearts and minds of the people, both high and low; by our every effort and incentive, in all that we think and feel and do, and by the help of Master hands in this common hour of trial,—future standards of human life and conduct are in the making.

In this hour of travail, midst thunders of human strife, and in the twilight and silence of the human soul, dominant chords and dissonances, as it were, of human life and possibility are being sounded, to re-sound and live again in centuries and periods to come as the fundamental principles upon which future civilizations will be built, for the Soul's final victory or defeat.

And for our own country, to which it was given to declare a "New Order of Ages," we pray that its peace, whatever the outward seeming, may in a measure be as the peace the Master gives to the struggling disciple, a peace which comes not only with victory, but with deeper inner understanding and the will to obey; though we pass through sorrow and suffering, inner and outer privation and want, and the gates of death, as some have done, guided continuously by the Master's Light.

A. E. O.



JANUARY, 1918

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THE KARMA OF THE RUSSIANS

WE were told, on high authority, in the last issue of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, that this period of the World War is "a day when men are being sifted—as individuals, as organizations, as nations. It is an accounting day in the Lodge, and the Ledgers are being balanced . . ." In the light of a sentence like that, what can be more appalling than the present position of Russia, where a nation, once counted among the Allies, seems determined to cover itself with undying shame. To such a point has the "Russian Revolution" come. Yet there were many, and among them a man so wise as General Jan Christian Smuts, who, at the outset, hailed that revolution as perhaps the greatest event of the world war: a pronouncement that today sounds like the bitterest irony.

We have been counseled always to look beneath events for the motive which gives them life; we have been told, further, that "by their fruits ye shall know them." By what profound corruption of motive can we account for the fruit of dishonor that the Russian revolution bears?

As to the forces for the moment dominant, the so-called "Bolshevik Socialists," there is no great mystery about their motives. They are explicit enough in their declarations, and quite clear as to the goal they have in view. From the beginning, they planned to get hold of the Russian army, in order to carry through what they call "the social revolution" in Russia. But their ultimate purpose covers the whole world; if they succeed in Russia, they will immediately start an active campaign here, for they have plenty of ardent disciples in America, nay, in the very centre of New York. Among the Petrograd Bolsheviks, very few leaders seem to be Russian by blood. Most of them talked a dialect of German as their mother-tongue and they still think in that German dialect. Completely turning their backs on the faith of their fathers as

an absurd and outgrown superstition, they have accepted Karl Marx—and Marx in his most violent and destructive moods—as their Messiah; the reign of “the proletariat” represents for them “the coming of the kingdom.”

Like Karl Marx, they are, for the most part, thoroughly materialistic and anti-Christian; when they think about philosophical ideas, they are atheists; but generally they think of one thing only—material wealth and power. They have in mind a world-empire with themselves as leaders, an empire enriched with the plunder of existing governments, whom they ferociously call “armed robbers.” But Karl Marx’s formulas, with the spoliation of “the proletariat” by “the capitalistic classes” date from 1850; that is, nine or ten years before Darwin’s idea of evolution came into the world; therefore Marx, though a thorough-going materialist, is not an evolutionist. He could never see, as Darwin so clearly sees, that free competition is the greatest instrument of progress, and therefore of general enrichment. Brought up in a narrow and densely egotistic corner of German thought, Marx could never see that the one guarantee of progress and general enrichment is free opportunity for the exceptionally gifted men, with a reward sufficient to spur them to extraordinary exertion; exertion which invariably results in general enrichment and betterment. Marx could only see the result, the reward, of exceptional power; he could never see, and these followers of his, for the most part men of his race, can never see, first, the exceptional power which these rewards simply register; and, secondly, that while the gifted man makes a fortune for himself, he invariably raises a wave of well-being, that enriches all his neighbors at the same time. He could never see, what is really quite simple and elementary, that the rich man, the gifted man whose power has brought great rewards, can profit by his wealth in one way only: by paying other people for services, and so immediately restoring the general level of wealth.

Marx declares, and these fanatical followers of his believe, that the labor of “the proletariat” creates all wealth; they are incapable of seeing that, without thought, without intelligence, without the guiding and organizing will, labor can create almost no wealth; and that it is the exceptional gifted man who supplies these things, and therefore really creates wealth.

So, obstinately blind to the forces of intelligence and will, and with greedy eyes fixed only on the rewards, the results of these, Marx and his Bolshevik followers ferociously denounce the gifted men as “robbers,” and call on “the proletariat” to pull them down and despoil them, thus taking back for labor the wealth which, they say, labor alone has created.

It is a wild, explosive, destructive philosophy. But we must take the pains to understand it, as an indispensable measure of safety; for,

within a very short time, we shall face exactly the same kind of movement, with like leaders and the same convictions, that have been raging for eight months in Petrograd.

The Lenins and Trotskys believe themselves to be the apostles of Marx, the new Messiah, apostles destined to lead "the proletariat" into the promised land; and their promised land is wholly material; they have no ideal that could not be gratified by money and more money.

These Lenin-Trotsky agitators are aliens in Russia, alien to the great mass of Russians in blood and creed; they admit this quite frankly themselves, and say they are not Russians but citizens of the world. Having for centuries had no nationality themselves, but being dispersed among all nations, they deny the fact and value of nationality, which is the creation, they say, of "the capitalistic classes." But, since their mother tongue is a dialect of German—and this is quite as true in New York as it is in Petrograd—and since their gospel, *Das Kapital*, is written in German, they find themselves more in sympathy with Germany than with any other nation. And they have no radical quarrel with the German State, since the German State is the greatest and most successful experiment in Socialism that the world has ever seen; nay, the German army, with its destruction of individual will and initiative, is through and through Socialistic and communistic.

So it happens that the Lenin-Trotsky agitators are congenitally pro-German, in New York as in Petrograd. A very slight modification of the German State—the substitution of a Marxian tyrant for the Hohenzollern tyrant, and it would suit them perfectly. Even now, Germany almost realizes their ideals.

One thing more: these men, whether in Russia or in the United States (we shall do well to get it into our heads that they form a single, closely-knit organization there and here) have no scruples at all, as we understand scruples; they are thoroughly Germanic in that. They are logical too, for they scoff at the idea of spiritual law, and recognize nothing as real except brute materialism, purely material gains to be won by all available means. They frankly say they have not the slightest objection to bloodshed; nay, their ideal is, to pour out the blood of the "bourgeois class," the "capitalistic class," which has so long, they say, ground down the proletariat in degrading slavery. It is a philosophy of militant materialism.

These Lenin-Trotsky agitators thoroughly believe in using all weapons that come to their hands; and words are among the most potent of weapons. Therefore they mouth fine phrases about "world democracy," and "the revolution." We in America attach certain meanings.

to these words. Democracy, for us, means ordered liberty under the American Constitution. The Revolution means the great historic episode made splendid by the genius of Washington and his generation. And these words on the tongues of the Lenin-Trotsky agitators have deluded us—profoundly deluded us—into believing that they hold similar ideals. That is a wide and dangerous delusion. Democracy, for them, means a new class tyranny, with themselves as tyrants; the revolution, for them, means the destruction of the whole existent order, and the substitution of militant materialism.

Naturally, these Lenin-Trotsky agitators are profoundly and blatantly indifferent to "the honor of Russia." National honor, they say, is merely a selfish "capitalistic" trick, to make slaves of the workers, so that they may lay down their lives for "the capitalistic classes." As has been already said, they plan to get hold of Russia, and of the Russian army, in order to force their tyranny on the whole world, by a destructive international revolution and war. For them, therefore, the Russian revolution is the golden opportunity, the corner-stone of the kingdom of their Messiah. That is what the Bolsheviek leaders, the Lenins and Trotskys think about the Russian revolution.

These men constitute one of the two revolutions which started at the same time in Petrograd last March. We come now to the other revolution. It was put in motion by the Duma leaders, as a protest against two things: the ineptitude of some of the Tsar's ministers, an ineptitude which brought immense disasters upon Russia; and the open treason of others, who were, they believed, planning to bring about a separate peace with Germany, thus betraying the Allies of Russia into the hands of the enemy. These men, led by the great figures in the Duma, men like Rodzianko, Milyukoff and Gutchkoff, and by the great Zemstvo organizers, like Prince Lvoff, had a perfectly definite plan—which has failed completely. They intended to try, first, to persuade Nicholas II to dismiss such ministers as Stuermer and Protopopoff, and to put in their places men acceptable to the Duma. In other words, they wanted to repeat, for Russia, the change which took place in England between the reign of George III (whose ministers were completely responsible to him) and the reign of George V (whose ministers are completely responsible to the popular House of Parliament). The American Constitution, drawn up in the reign of George III, has embodied and stereotyped the practice then in force, so that our American "ministers of State" are not responsible directly to our Parliament; they are not chosen from Congress, nor appointed by Congress, nor can they (except in the hardly thinkable case of impeachment) be dismissed by Congress. Therefore we are in a position to understand the Tsar's point of view. At any rate, he refused to choose ministers acceptable to, and responsible

to, the Duma, though he did, under pressure from the Duma, dismiss the pro-German Premier, Stuermer.

The Duma leaders then determined to force the Tsar's abdication, when they intended to recognize his young son Alexis as heir, guided by a Council of Regency named by themselves—probably consisting of themselves. This, their first plan, failed, because Nicholas II refused to be separated from his son, to whom he is devotedly attached, and who was constantly with him at army headquarters, from the time the Tsar himself took command of the Russian forces. The Duma leaders then developed a second plan: to name the Tsar's younger brother Michael, Emperor, governing with a constitutional ministry responsible to the Duma, a ministry which would in all likelihood have included themselves. This plan also failed, because Grand Duke Michael was willing to accept the throne only in case the Russian nation, in a Constitutional Convention, or Constituent Assembly—the American and French names for the same thing—should express its absolute approval of that arrangement. Therefore the Duma leaders decided to do two things: they planned a Constituent Assembly, primarily to pronounce upon the candidacy of Grand Duke Michael; and they formed a Temporary or Provisional Government, to carry on the business of administration, until the Constituent Assembly could be got together.

On the face of it, their plans appear plausible. For without doubt there were pro-German influences among the Tsar's ministers; without doubt there were powerful pro-German currents in the court of the Russian Empress, a German princess by birth. And, in all probability, had the Emperor Nicholas been immediately replaced by his brother, as Michael II, with a strong national ministry formed of tried and trusted leaders, Russia would have gone on fighting among the Allies, as gallantly as she fought during the late Spring and Summer of 1916. There was that possibility, which may, in part, justify the Duma leaders. But there are two further considerations: first, the proverbial practical danger of "swapping horses while crossing the stream"; second, the grave moral question of loyalty. As to the practical question, we can see now that Russia, so far from doing more for the Allies because of the revolution, has done infinitely worse than the worst mistakes of the imperial régime, even if it was honeycombed by German agents, as we are told. The practical result has been disastrous. The Duma leaders, therefore, stand convicted of an act of almost measureless folly, judging that act by its fruits. And there is a strong suspicion that they fell into this act of folly because they were blinded by vanity and personal ambition, two evil counsellors, who open the doors wide to the Powers of Evil. If they allowed themselves to be blinded to the possible and even probable dangers in their path, because they wished to become ministers themselves—as they did, in fact, become—then their culpability is great. They

will stand condemned of a colossal blunder which was, at the same time, a crime.

But far deeper than this practical question is the spiritual question: the question of that Loyalty which "surpasses all." What are the evils that today rage and devastate the Russian State? They are, each and all, forms of disloyalty. The soldiers are disloyal to their officers—to the point of assassinating them. The workmen, munition-makers, railroad men, are disloyal to their duty, crassly indifferent to the consequent danger of their brothers at the front. But, far worse, the whole nation, so far as the Russian nation can be said to have any existence today, is soaked through and through with disloyalty. We remember how severely the Duma leaders, men like Rodzianko and Milyukoff, berated the Tsar's ministers and the court of the Empress for plotting a separate peace with Germany. That plot was, in reality, the excuse they gave to the world for the revolution: the danger, they said, was so imminent that instant surgical action must be taken. But what is the upshot of the revolution? What was the outcome, from the very first? The army practically ceased to fight. An armistice in fact began as soon as the revolution was consummated; and the formal armistice signed early in December only recognizes a fact that has been in existence for nearly nine months. There was, it is true, one forward movement at the beginning of July; but it was made by a portion of the army which the "revolution" had not yet reached. It was wholly due to the momentum of the old imperial discipline, at that one point still intact.

So the revolution has led to betrayal and treachery: treachery and betrayal of the nation's faith, smirching and staining the honor of the Russian army, which had fought at times with heroic valor for the Allies' holy cause; base and gross betrayal, next, of the invaded provinces of Russia, ground under the heel of Teutonic tyranny; most cowardly betrayal of Poland, Serbia, Montenegro and Rumania, to which Russia was bound by the most imperative ties of honor; and, greatest of all, a foul betrayal of the Western Allies,—France, Britain and Italy; betrayal of the cause of Humanity, of the sacred cause for which fight the holy spiritual powers. Where, after the war, can Russia look for friends? It is practically certain that Russia's greedy seizure of a "premature and traitorous peace," will prolong the war by many months, probably by years; for the enemy has now begun to hope for further treason and cowardice, and sees in that cowardice and treason a good hope of ultimate triumph, a wholesale surrender of mankind to Teuton despotism. But it is certain that this prolonging of the war will inflict heavy suffering on the already tried and heavily burdened Allies—on every one of the nations that stands firm. To begin with the United States, there will be, in all likelihood a million families, bereaved and orphaned, who will clearly see that their bereavement is due to Teuton ambition—and Russian

poltroonery. They will hardly view "the youngest democracy" with very friendly eyes. Nor will Italy, the enslaved inhabitants of eastern Venetia, feel deep gratitude to the Russians, who have given them into the hands of their age-long oppressors. England and her younger dominions which, with one disgraceful exception, have striven and suffered heroically, will hardly be counted among Russia's future friends. And, finally, France, in fact involved in this war and in all the horrors and abominations which she has suffered from her bestial invaders, precisely because she loyally kept her faith with Russia—what will France say to her traitorous ally? There remains to Russia the "friendship" of the Teutons—the friendship of the wolves for the sheep. The essence of the matter is, that this long and fatal chain of betrayal and disloyalty was begun by the disloyalty of the Duma leaders who, in their blindness and ambition, broke their own oath of allegiance, in effect saying to the army: "In the name of our disloyalty, be loyal to us!"

But there was a second act of disloyalty; perhaps we should rather call it an act of blind folly. One episode of the "revolution" has been veiled in darkness, where so much has been paraded in full daylight: We have not yet been told what terms were made by the Duma leaders, to buy the support of the revolutionary Socialists for the political changes they wished to bring about. But, while the terms of that treaty have been carefully hidden from the world, the result is appallingly clear. It is a repetition of the stories of mediæval black magic, in which, to gain success, men signed a bond with the powers of darkness. They got the success they bargained for—and then came the payment of the bond, the forfeit of their souls. So the Duma leaders signed their bond and got their success; but they had put themselves into the hands of the powers of destruction, and now the mortgage has been foreclosed.

But, we may ask ourselves, what of the Russian army? What of the men in the ranks? What inducements made such an appeal to them that they have so obstinately trodden the path of dishonor? In the first place, release from discipline, from the military obligation of obedience. It may, perhaps, be urged in extenuation that the path of disloyalty and insubordination was opened wide to them by the very men who should have safeguarded them, the Duma leaders of the "constitutional" revolution. Without doubt this is true, and, to their already crushing heavy account, we must add this supreme act of folly, forced upon the Duma leaders by their Socialist allies. It was an act of folly, and of the utmost vanity also; these men persuaded themselves that they were giving a lesson in true progress to all mankind—to the old, effete nations like France and England, which maintain "the outworn superstition" of implicit military obedience. But, even though the Duma leaders must bear the heaviest responsibility for this act of final folly, this by no means exonerates the soldiers, the men of the rank and file. The path

was opened wide for them; true, but the path of evil is always open wide; "broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction." The powers of evil see to that. The main culpability of the Russian rank and file would seem to lie precisely in this: that, from the very beginning, they have opened their ears wide to every counsel of evil. Evil listening has been their capital fault.

First, the eager desire to escape from discipline. Next, sloth and cowardice, in the face of the foe. We have been told in extenuation, that these men are weary; that they have been fighting bravely, under great hardships, often with incompetent, perhaps even traitorous backing, since the beginning of the war. But in reality the men on the battle-line have been again and again reinforced; a large proportion of those who are capitulating now, have seen little active service. Nor has the fighting been continuous. During practically the whole winter of 1916-1917, they were neither attacking nor attacked; they were being held back, in preparation for a great Spring offensive, which was to repeat and outstrip the triumphs of June 1916; a great offensive which was first checked by the "revolution," then, when it was launched in July, was turned into a disgraceful rout by the "democratization" of the Russian army. Therefore the plea of weariness is only half justified, only half sincere. But let us suppose that they had fought continuously from the first; has not France done the same?—France, involved in the war primarily by her treaty of alliance with Russia, and by her unswerving loyalty, in the face of large bribes and truculent threats, to the obligations of that treaty? The French nation is weary; the French army is weary. Yes, but, like heroes, they make that the reason for fighting with finer valor, with more splendid heroism. There was General Foch's great answer to one of his commanders who, at the Marne, pleaded that his men were weary: "The enemy is more weary still; attack again!" That has, from the outset, been the unwavering principle and practice of that army of heroes.

Yet another bribe which corrupted the Russian army was even more crude, if possible, more discreditable. They were promised that, if they supported the "revolution" and stopped the war, "the land would be distributed." And they gulped avidly at that bait. The wording of this bribe is ambiguous. Some people have supposed it to mean that the communal land of the Russian villages, now held in many cases jointly under the system of primitive Socialism, was to be divided, to be held in severalty, each peasant receiving and fully owning his own land. If this were really the meaning, then the object would be in itself good; for this communal land tenure, this primitive Socialism, hangs like a millstone round the neck of agricultural Russia. But the meaning is in reality quite different. It is a question of seizing the land of the large holders and dividing it among the peasants; in plain language, an act

of spoliation, of robbery. And nothing speaks so eloquently of the moral baseness of the Russian soldier-peasants as the fact that they are not willing only, but wildly eager, to quit the trenches, in order to secure their share of the spoils, to profit by this "legalized" robbery. Greedy self-indulgence could go no further.

So far, the heavy Karma of the Russian nation. But we shall be well advised not to stop at this point; not to exhaust ourselves in indignant anger at their base betrayal. We shall do well to bring the question home to ourselves. We, who have a part in the Theosophical Movement, have, with that high privilege, a very grave responsibility. We, and we alone, have been told quite openly of the part being played in this world war by the powers of good and the powers of evil. We know, further, the part which spiritual effort must take in this momentous conflict. Let us see whether we too are not in danger of growing weary of the fight; let us look well to the question whether these very bribes, the desire to escape from irksome discipline, sloth, cowardice, self-indulgence, have not, perhaps, a dangerous allurements for ourselves. For we know that, heavy as may be the responsibility which the Law lays upon the Russian soldier, our own responsibility, just because we know far more, must be infinitely greater. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required. . . ."

As in a vision of the night He stood before me, and in His voice was kindness as He said: "I have come to lead you to hidden treasures." As I followed, my heart grew light, my spirit buoyant. I was conscious of beauty all about me and of a strength unknown before; the fears that had always walked at my side were left behind, I knew not when or where. At last He stopped. "Is this where the treasures are hid?" I asked. "What more do you seek," He answered "than you have found? A world of beauty, a heart of peace, a sense of boundless life. These are the treasures that were hidden in your own soul. I am the spirit of love; by following me you have found yourself."

ANDREW V. V. RAYMOND.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

VII

MENDICANT ORDERS

St. Dominic. The Order of Preachers *Union through Knowledge*

EARLY in the 13th century, two Orders were founded, one by St. Dominic, one by St. Francis of Assisi. These are the two great *mendicant* Orders.

The mendicant Orders introduce nothing new into monasticism; they make a new application of an old custom. They raise an old practice into a principle. In doing so, however, they so innovate upon the established principles of St. Benedict, that they are justly regarded as a fresh start taken by monasticism.

In order to correct the evils attendant upon irresponsible monks and hermits who roamed or settled at will, looking for their food to the charitably minded, St. Benedict brought these individuals together into communities. He provided that the community should *earn* its own living. All outgrowths of the parent Benedictine trunk, at Cluny, Cîteaux, Chartreux, etc., in maintaining that principle of self-dependence, became great industrial centres as well as houses of religion.

The mendicants retained the community life of St. Benedict, and tried strictly to adhere to the system of services arranged for the "Hours" (Matins, Vespers, etc.). But instead of *earning* its living, the community was required to *beg* it. This difference (and others) is so great that it results in a new type of religious Order. Up to the 13th century the many Orders, great and small, had all been modifications of the Benedictine, essentially a *contemplative* Order. With St. Dominic and St. Francis what we may call a new *family* has its beginning—the family of *active* Orders.

Those who are interested in historical development may well regard this first quarter of the 13th century as a period of great significance. It establishes a second type of monk.

It is impossible for an American and a Protestant to make an unprejudiced approach toward the Dominican Order, on account of the unsavory connection of that Order with the Inquisition. One or two facts however mitigate our prejudices. The first of these facts is, that, notwithstanding much that is righteously detestable in the policy and conduct of Rome, the Roman Catholic Church transmits a tradition that is less distorted than the teaching of any Protestant rival. In the Roman Church the science of the spiritual life is as a mine; in the Protestant Churches, spiritual science merely outcrops in individuals. We must distinguish between what is righteously detestable in Rome, and that which merely cuts across our opinions—well or ill founded. One by one,

in the case of individuals and events, we may have seen our Protestant opinions fall away from us as we studied the facts of the case; examples are: the teaching about Hell, Purgatory and Heaven; about the rights of Rulers; the condemnation of all socialistic tendencies; the insistence upon a religious control over education, the monastic idea. Examples of individuals about whom we may have changed our opinion are such unmodern men as Ignatius Loyola, Thomas Aquinas, and St. Benedict. Gradually an un-Protestant attitude may have replaced former antipathies; without ceasing to detest the Church's policy, we, perhaps, have grown to believe in advance that Rome's summing up of men and events is likely to be correct.

In the present case what is at stake is the judgment upon the twelfth century reformers in the south of France who, under the names Albigenses and Waldensians, are commonly presented in history as martyrs of the Protestant Cause. The Dominican Order arose out of St. Dominic's efforts against those reformers. When Dominic's life and work is narrated, it may be possible to make explanations which will justify him and his canonization.

As a first step toward a fair consideration of St. Dominic's life, we ought to ascertain a few facts to replace the vague horror which, with many individuals, is their sole knowledge of the Inquisition. Let us consult Mr. Henry Charles Lea, a scholar of Philadelphia, whose special field of investigation has been certain matters of Church History. Among other books, Mr. Lea has written two studies that specially concern us. One is a *History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages*; and the other is a *History of the Inquisition in Spain*. These works are in three volumes each, large volumes. They evidence patient study of original sources. The two titles give us our first fact of information. In the early 13th century there was a Papal Inquisition against the heretics in southern France and other disturbers. It is this Inquisition that is connected with the origin of the Dominican Order. Nearly three hundred years later, the Spanish Inquisition came into existence. Mr. Lea describes this latter organization as an essentially national institution, "entirely Spanish and entirely royal," organized by their majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella (patron of Christopher Columbus) against *converted Jews*. The Spanish Inquisition was organized without any suggestion from Rome; it not only aimed at independence from Rome, but, as it grew in power and enlarged its activity, it actually made accusations against high officials of the Church. It was the Spanish Inquisition that persecuted St. Teresa and St. Ignatius Loyola. It was the Spanish Inquisition that lighted so many faggots. Though it is true that members of the Dominican Order were made active in its odious work by the Spanish sovereigns, we must remember that this occurred more than two hundred and fifty years after the death of St. Dominic. Religious Orders degenerate after the death of the founder. We must not hold a saint responsible for the acts of unspiring followers, centuries after his impulse has died out.

Mr. Lea's attitude toward these matters of Church History seems to us typically Protestant and American. What he says of monasticism is a good example: he calls it a singing of "barren liturgies"—"a selfish effort of the individual to secure his own salvation by repudiating all the duties and responsibilities of life." Mr. Lea's opinions therefore are not likely to err on the side of favour to the Catholics. When we find him, then, stating that the popular attitude toward the Mediaeval Inquisition is one of exaggeration, it is well to pause and give his words due consideration. At the end of the first volume of his study, Mr. Lea summarizes thus: "I am convinced that the number of victims who actually perished at the stake is considerably less than has ordinarily been imagined. The deliberate burning alive of a human being, simply for difference of belief, is an atrocity so dramatic and appeals so strongly to the imagination that it has come to be regarded as the leading feature in the activity of the Inquisition . . . Imagination has grown inflamed at the manifold iniquities of the Holy Office, and has been ready to accept without examination exaggerations which have become habitual." Mr. Lea cites two characteristic Inquisitors in proof of his opinion. He states that one Bernard de Caux "with an enviable record for zeal and activity in the relentless persecution of heresy," in his register from 1246 to 1248 does not record a single burning. The second, the model Inquisitor of this period, Bernard Gui, who vigorously prosecuted the heretical uprisings in southern France, condemned only forty, during fifteen years, to the death penalty.

These facts are certainly less lurid than the vague imaginations usually clouded around the Inquisition. Perhaps we can now approach more open-mindedly the work of St. Dominic. Seventeen years intervene between the death of the great Cistercian, St. Bernard (1153) and the birth of St. Dominic (1170). His family was Spanish. His mother seems to have been truly religious. When her boy was seven years old, she sent him to her brother, a priest, for schooling. After another seven years, Dominic passed on to a higher center of learning, where he spent six years in the usual academic curriculum, and then, four years more in preparation for Ordination in the Church. He was ordained about 1194, as that year he left Palencia, where he had been studying, and took up his duties in the Cathedral at Osma, of which he had been made a canon.

As St. Dominic's Order is a natural evolution from the Order of Canons, it will be well to interrupt the narrative of his life in order to understand what this Order of Canons, now for the first time mentioned, really is.

Canons, though they are usually classed among the four types of monk, are not an Order in the sense that Jesuits, Carthusians, and others are. They are not a branch spreading from the root of a great individuality; they are little local communities, which, after many centuries of existence, were given organization and uniformity by one of the Popes,

as late as 1339. Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274) thus defines the Order: "The Order of Canons Regular is necessarily constituted by religious clerics, because they are essentially destined to those works which relate to the Divine mysteries, whereas it is not so with the monastic Orders." That is an excellent definition. Canons are priests ("religious clerics") whose duty it is to officiate in the formal Church Services (Holy Communion, Baptism, etc.). Monks do not, *essentially*, have those duties, as a monk need not be a priest. A Canon is a priest without a parish; he officiates in an ecclesiastical establishment that is without parish connections, such as a college chapel or a Cathedral. Usually a group of Canons grew up in connection with a Cathedral, where the Canons live as assistants to the Bishop; they officiate in the Cathedral services, while the Bishop is active in all matters that concern the entire diocese. There is much dispute over the facts of when and by whom Cathedral (or collegiate) priests were first organized into a group bound by a common rule—and no convincing conclusion has been reached. One undisputed historical fact is that St. Augustine, who became Bishop of Hippo (Africa) in 395, maintained, together with the priests who assisted him in the office of Canons, a Rule of life, and resided in community. That Rule, or what is known as that Rule, was adopted, with modifications, by many later Bishops and other leaders, notably, as we shall see, by St. Dominic, who made it the foundation of his own Rule.

The Canons' Rule (or St. Augustine's Rule—it will be discussed later in this article) was less strict than the Monastic Rule. The Canons usually kept the "Hours"; but the hard manual labour, the solitude and seclusion were no part of a Canon's life. Occasionally, however, we do find certain Bishops prescribing labour, as in the case of the celebrated Bishop of Metz, Chrodegang, who in 763 brought together his Canons into a community and adapted for them the Rule of St. Benedict and that of St. Augustine. Canons did not take the vow of poverty and could possess property. The Canon's Rule seems a compromise between life in the world and life in a cloister, a rule suited for those who wish to lead a *religious* life, but who are hindered by certain causes from entering a formal religious Order. For that reason, perhaps, the Canon's Rule became very popular about the year 1100, when, as we have seen, some of the austere Orders like the Carthusian and Cistercian, were being formed. So popular indeed did it become, that in certain well known cases, the meaning of the word *canon* (a priest attached to a cathedral or college) was either deliberately or unconsciously overlooked, and the word came to be used to denote communities of priests, of a grade less strict than monks, but living under an Abbot, and engaged in parochial work. Such were the White Canons of Prémontré (a large abbey near Soissons), and those of St. Victor, near Paris. The founder of the latter, William of Champeaux, (1106) will be remembered as the friend who had St. Bernard placed under obedience to a physician, when the austerities at Clairvaux seemed unreasonable. St. Norbert, the founder

of Prémontré, (1120) was also a close friend of St. Bernard's, and St. Bernard is said to have given him the land on which the home of the White Canons was built.

The original use of the word "Canon," a member of a Cathedral Staff, and the second meaning, a cloistered priest who is less strictly secluded than a monk, continued together. Later, in the 12th Century, a distinction was made between "regular" and "secular" Canons. The word "regular" describes those Canons who adopt a Rule of life. "Seculars" are those who do not adopt any such rule.

About 1194 St. Dominic finished his period of formal scholastic preparation and went to the Cathedral of Osma as a Canon. The Bishop of Osma had given to his Cathedral Staff the Rule of St. Augustine as their guide. Dominic found this rule of life so congenial that in a few years he became sub-prior of the community, and shortly after, prior. Nine uneventful years were spent at Osma; they seem to have been a period of spiritual preparation.

Dominic's active career began in 1203. The King of Castile in that year sent the Bishop of Osma on a mission to arrange a marriage for the Prince. The Bishop took with him his faithful canon, Dominic. The two travellers, passing from Spain through Provence (the southern part of France) were brought into contact with members of the Albigensian sect. That brief contact stirred in Dominic's heart a desire to preach the truth to these misguided people, and to save them from their error. His wish was soon realized. In 1204 the Bishop of Osma, with his canon, Dominic, was in Rome, asking permission from the Pope to resign as bishop and to go as missionary to the interior of Russia. The Pope sent him instead, to the interior of Provence as missionary to the Albigenses.

The Albigenses and kindred sects, like the Waldensian, have been described in other articles published by the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY,* and they have been too frequently mentioned and defended by historians and Protestant theologians to make necessary now a discussion of their position. Practical, moral virtues they had, indisputably. The clergy of the period, even the monks contrasted unfavorably with them in this respect. Dominic clearly recognized the self-denial, and simplicity of their lives. He recognized it so clearly as to realize that it must be offset by corresponding austerity in those, who, by intellectual argument, were endeavoring to expose the errors of the Albigensian doctrines.

It was to meet their practical morality, that, after uncertainty and discussion, Dominic finally decided on the vow of poverty and upon the principle of mendicancy for his own followers. Albigensian virtues, therefore, are unquestionable. But an old proverb attributes many practical virtues to the Devil himself. And we have read of the self-denial and austerities practised by members of the Black Lodge. Indisputable practical morality,—rare as it is, unfortunately, and precious—

* *Mystical Movements of the Middle Ages*, January, 1907. *The Mission of Certain Heresies*, July, 1916. *The Foundations of the Moravian Church*, January, 1917.

does not excuse other forms of sin, which, though they may be called sins of misunderstanding, of the intellect, nevertheless have their origin in subtler forms of immoral volition. Are not many Socialists, and all varieties of mental scientists upheld today by reason of their blameless lives—until a study of their teachings brings us to see that those apparently blameless lives are in truth pestiferous. The Albigenses seem to be in the same category with Socialists and Scientists (Mental, Christian, etc.). They had laid hold of a distortion of the “hidden wisdom.” They seem even more blameworthy than contemporary heretics, and more dangerous, because they had penetrated further beneath the veils of the “secret doctrine.” Fundamentally, however, their error seems to have been the same as that of present day sowers of dissension and discord—namely, inability to believe a paradox. The Albigenses had a staunch faith in the “Realities of the Spiritual World.” But by reason of that staunch faith, they denied there was any reality in institutions and ordinances of the physical world that are commonly regarded as *representative* of spiritual realities. For example they denied the validity of the Church, its Sacraments, etc. It is a common error,—this inability to hold fast to a paradox,—it is the error of Christian Science, for example. It is moral blindness as the consequence of some sin—an inability to perceive that while only the Absolute is strictly “real,” nevertheless all manifested things have a “relative reality.” The true “secret doctrine” unfolds a teaching altogether different from the heresy of the Albigenses, and of others. (See *The Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky, Vol. I, pp. 71, 72, edition of 1893). “Only when we shall have reached absolute Consciousness and blended our own with it, shall we be free from the delusions produced by Maya.” “Maya, or Illusion, is an element which enters into all finite things, for everything that exists has only a relative, not an absolute reality . . . Nevertheless all things are relatively real, for the cognizer is also a reflection, and the things cognized are therefore as real to him as himself.” Madame Blavatsky thus stated the paradox of Truth. Those are fortunate whose Karma enables them to grasp her words and to act upon them.

The Dominican Order arose out of that mission to the heretics of southern France entrusted by the Pope to the Bishop of Osma, and his faithful companion, in 1204. The Order became great and powerful because it supplied a true need. It did not arise out of individual aspiration or caprice, as Orders sometimes seem to originate. The Dominican Order was a natural growth, an evolution. It came into existence through the failure of the Cistercian Order to meet an emergency which it was not its function to meet. It was as if a new organ were needed by the religious body. Nature quickly developed the required organ—it was the Dominican *Order of Preachers*.

The Dominican is an *active* Order; the Cistercian, a *contemplative*. The relation of the new Order to the Cistercian is close, however—perhaps like that of a hand to the arm.

St. Bernard's career, his practical wisdom, his influence are dazzling. He dwarfs statesmen and politicians. But, as we read his letters, written from Germany and other quarters of western Europe, and read his longing for Clairvaux and the cloister life—perhaps we felt a regret that he permitted himself to be drawn away from that cloister and enter into the maelstrom of statecraft. What if he did possess power and influence greater than kings and popes! That is to be expected. Religion develops such faculty in its disciples. The affairs of the world were, nevertheless, not the province of the Cistercians or of St. Bernard. We must regard as a waste of energy the power he diverted from the channels of Contemplation for straightening the crooked courses of earth; because, by broadening those channels, he could have given to the more powerful forces of the spiritual world more untrammelled access to earth. What he did was to give his own illumined energy—it was great and splendid—to the tangled skein of statecraft. What he might have done was lay another cable from earth to heaven. It is not surprising, therefore, that St. Bernard's efforts among the Albigenses had a very impermanent result. The heresy was powerful and dangerous in his day, sixty years before Dominic began to combat it. In 1145, Bernard went south to stay the tide of evil in those southern provinces. The conditions he found are quoted from him by many historians. "The churches are deserted, the basilicas without worshippers, the people without priests, the priests exposed to contempt, and Christians without Christ! They strip our temples as bare as synagogues, they rob our sacraments of all that is sacred, they deprive our solemn days of their august solemnity! Men die in their sins; and their souls alas! pass from this life to the dread tribunal of God, without having been reconciled by the sacrament of penance, or fortified by holy communion."* In some places that Bernard visited a temporary enthusiasm was shown; in others, he was not even listened to. The permanent result of his mission was *nil*. Fifty years after his death the Pope called upon the Abbot of Citeaux to undertake a mission in Provence to these same heretics. The Bishop of Osma's visit to Rome coincided with that action of the Pope; he, too, was told to convert the heretics of Provence. In order to work in co-operation with the Cistercian Abbot, the Bishop with Dominic went from Rome to Citeaux, and left Citeaux in 1205 for the field of their labour.

The decade from 1205 to 1216 is the period of formation of the Order which constituted itself formally at the beginning of 1216, and received official approval and authority from Rome in December, 1216. The characteristic features of the Dominican Order were moulded by the pressure of events in the heretical provinces of southern France.

The Abbot of Citeaux was the ranking chief of the mission, and the Bishop of Osma was subordinate. The Bishop returned to Spain in 1207 to solicit money for the mission, leaving Dominic in France. The Bishop died that same year. Dominic was thus left to work alone upon the

* Ratisbonne, *Life of St. Bernard*, p. 330.

situation, practically as leader, for, from the beginning, the Bishop and Dominic had shown themselves the positive and constructive agents among the missionaries.

Let us now consider the characteristics of St. Dominic's Order and the events that moulded it. First of all, it is a *preaching* Order—it is the Order of Friars Preachers. That function distinguishes it sharply from the Orders so far studied. Their aim is the same as the Dominican, namely, the salvation of souls. But the older Orders are contemplative. Their method is, through prayer, meditation and contemplation (and their accessories, manual labour, etc.) to advance the individual soul along the road to Reality, and also, through the prayers and meditations of the individual monks and of the community, to accumulate a spiritual force available for the salvation of others who, themselves, may or may not be praying. The Dominican method was devised to meet the case of misbelievers who needed their fallacies exposed by the logic of preaching. The new Order is a splendid example of a leader meeting adversaries on their own ground and vanquishing them by their own weapons. The heresy had spread widely because of great elasticity in the matter of preaching. While the heretics kept a form of hierarchical organization with their own bishops, etc., their laymen were sent out to do a kind of Salvation Army work, corresponding to our modern street corner preaching; these lay preachers thus carried the doctrine to those who would not take the trouble to go to the doctrine. They were successful. St. Bernard, in his effort to check the tide of heretical progress, had written to the people of Toulouse a warning against these itinerants. His letter reads thus: "I repeat to you my earnest recommendations never to receive amongst you any preacher who has not received a mission from the Holy See (Rome) or the approbation of your Bishop. These foreign preachers bear the appearance of piety, but they possess not its spirit. They conceal their poison under the appearance of sweetness; and they have the art to wrap up their profane novelties in divine language. Distrust these persons as men who would poison you." Dominic opposed to these foot-loose preachers, unhampered by parish and diocesan ties, an association of preachers equally unhampered, men who need not be priests, "free from any parochial ministry, exempted from the authority of the Bishop, and devoting themselves solely to preaching wherever need arose." Dominic's association of Preachers resulted from his quick perception of conditions and events. A wave of censure had been the only response to the Abbot of Citeaux when he entered upon the mission. The Abbot and his companions were journeying with horses. The Pharisaical heretics at once condemned them: "See the ministers of a God who went only on foot, riding; the wealthy missionaries of a God who was poor; the envoys of a God Who was humble and despised, loaded with honours." Dominic at once proceeded to undermine that condemnation by persuading the Abbot to abandon his cumbrous impedimenta, and to trust the issue of the campaign to the foot soldiers.

A second characteristic is: the Dominicans are *intellectual*. As he had met the Albigenses with their own weapons on the ground of morality and teaching, so Dominic again by clear and logical thought opposed the Albigenses where they were most complacent and vain. It was said that the heretics had apprehended a distorted form of occult truth. Pluming themselves upon their superior knowledge and wisdom, they looked with scorn upon those who were merely orthodox and exoteric. Popular preaching had spread the heresy among the lower classes. Pseudo-occultism would seem to have won the upper class. Many of the most affluent of the nobles were among the misbelievers. Dominic arranged, at several of the noble castles, a debate with his opponents. A subject was chosen, preparation made, books and authorities marshalled—finally the arguments themselves began in the presence of the count or knight and a large audience. Some of these debates lasted a week.

These two characteristics—intellectual acumen and evangelical zeal (like Wesley's, for example) for the salvation of souls, are not always to be looked for in combination in every Dominican. But if we take as examples two typical Dominican Saints, Thomas Aquinas and Catherine of Siena, the foregoing would seem a fair analysis. Dominican zeal for logic, for a clear presentation of truth reached its climax in the scholar who arranged in an orderly fashion all the tenets of theology, their consequences and derivatives. And where is more evangelical zeal to be found than in St. Catherine who accompanied criminals to the place of execution, to win from them a moment of repentance!

The organization of the Order, up to the securing of official approbation, is marked by a naturalness of growth that again makes its existence seem inevitable. The first step was taken in 1206. A convent for women was started that year. In 1215 a centre was found for the men. The centre for the women was given in appreciation of the missionaries' work. The donor was the orthodox Bishop of Toulouse. The missionaries had greatly relieved the distress caused to the Bishop by the swarms of heretics in his diocese. Prouille (the name of the Church donated by the Bishop) was, at the start, not a convent. It was a haven for women of the better class who had abjured their errors, but who needed instruction in the right way. Gradually it became a convent. Dominic, though an active preacher, never erred in undervaluing the contemplative way of life, and he incorporated into his practice and his ideal all of the strictly cloistered observances that it was possible for him to carry out. Nine ladies went into residence in the first house built by Dominic adjacent to the church of Prouille.

The Preachers themselves, the Friars Preachers, organized themselves formally in 1216. They were seventeen in number. Long preliminary work had of course been done before that formal step became possible. The same Bishop (Toulouse) who made over Prouille for the women, established Dominic, sometime before 1214, as chaplain of the church at Fanjeaux. This gave to the men a centre of their own

for worship. A residential centre was acquired for the Preachers in 1215 by the accession to their number of a wealthy young man of Toulouse; he made over his patrimony, including a house, to Dominic. In 1215 the Bishop gave official recognition to the Preachers in his own diocese. Dominic, however, (wisely, as the sequence of events proved) did not wish the work of evangelization and its fruits to be at the mercy of a single Bishop. He was seeking the approval of Rome itself. The time seemed propitious, for the Pope had just called together a General Council one object of which should be a consideration of ways and means for improving morals, and for correcting heresy. Dominic decided to go to Rome, to declare the results of the ten years of preaching in Provence, and to obtain, he hoped, in recognition of that labour, a formal sanction for the Preachers.

But there were difficulties in the way he had not foreseen. From the year 1100 onward for a century, Religious Orders were being everywhere established. In this present series of articles, only the great Orders are studied. Smaller Orders made valuable contributions to civilization and to religious life; but in most cases they are branches growing out from a parent stem—and in some cases the branch is the result of personal idiosyncrasy. The note of personality was so strong and dangerous in the many Rules submitted by would-be Founders to the authorities at Rome, that this General Council at Rome to which Dominic went in great hope, decreed that no new Orders should be established. "For fear," the decree proceeds, "lest an exaggerated diversity of religious Rules should produce grievous confusion in the Church, we forbid that anyone whosoever shall henceforth introduce any fresh ones. He who desires to embrace the religious life may adopt one of the Rules which have already been approved. In the same way, whosoever shall wish to found a new monastic house shall make use of the Rule and the institutions of one of the recognized Orders." It was in vain that Dominic represented to this Council the self-sacrifice and sound sense of the Preachers. The Council ended its session without granting the sanction he desired, and, at the beginning of 1216, he had to return disappointed to his brethren in southern France. During that period of waiting in Rome, there occurred the incident that Fra Angelico has commemorated in painting,—the meeting of Dominic and Francis of Assisi. The story will be told in connection with St. Francis.

A legend relates that the Pope, very favorably impressed with Dominic, but unwilling to act against the decree of the Council, bade him go home and choose one of the old Rules for the proposed new Order of Preachers. This is what actually happened, though whether in the manner the legend narrates, some may doubt. The brothers assembled with Dominic. They were seventeen in all. It is easy to follow in imagination the deliberations of the seventeen brothers, to enter into their perplexity, to grope with them for a way out of the cul-de-sac of the decree. How simply does the inspiration come! It suddenly occurs

to Canon Dominic that his little company has but to adopt the Rule which he himself as Canon of Osma had already observed, namely, the indefinite, elastic Rule of St. Augustine, (the Canon's Rule). With that Rule adopted, their difficulties end, for they find themselves within the bounds mentioned in the decree of the Council. And, at the same time, that Rule is so general and elastic that it does not prohibit the special work engaged in by what is really a new Religious Order—an Order of Mendicant Preachers. Dominic went again to Rome, and in December 1216, he obtained the coveted sanction.

It is custom and courtesy that give to certain writings of St. Augustine the name "Rule." We have already said that as Bishop of Hippo, Augustine maintained a community life with his canons. He has described their mode of life in two sermons. These sermons and certain letters and treatises on the monastic life contain the *general* principles of monasticism. It was the flexibility of these principles, their adaptability to various groups of people, that made this "Rule of St. Augustine" so suitable for Canons, and so popular with founders of Orders in the 12th and 13th centuries. It was this flexibility that made possible St. Dominic's Order. He and his companions could continue their work as Preachers and Mendicant Friars, by giving a general adherence to the general recommendations of Augustine.

Five years later Dominic died—in 1221, at his prime. These five years were very busy ones. It was the period of rooting the Order in the soil of Italy, Spain, England, Northern France, and the countries to the East. That work of propagation involved visits from the Father Founder to the new centres established by his sons—journeys to many great centres.

Dominic's mature life thus forms two easy divisions. Passing over the years of preparation (to 1194) and the period of apprenticeship at the Cathedral, his life work begins in 1205 (he was then 35) with the mission to Provence. During eleven years he worked at a seed bed, forming the Order of Preachers. During five years more he transplanted his seedlings into the open.

The long sojourn in Provence terminated with the official establishment of the Preachers. It must not be inferred from what has been said of Dominic's energy and success with the Albigenses, that the heresy had been suppressed. He was energetic, prayerful and successful, but his success lay in demonstrating that the field was white and ripe for preaching rather than in converting hosts. We are following in this article the rise of the Dominican Order. We consider facts as they relate to that and not to the Albigensian sects. It must be remembered that those sects had been in existence much more than a century; that they were not confined to some country districts in the south of France, but were wide-spread, in cities, in Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Austria. From the view point of true success, Dominic must certainly be regarded as a great leader from the fact that in the course of

eleven years he gathered around him seventeen companions (some of them converts from the sectarians) willing to take the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and to devote their lives, under his direction, to evangelical work. Exterioily, as the world counts success, there was not much to be placed to Dominic's credit. The mass of misbelievers were not reached by his handful of Preachers. In 1208, following the murder by the heretics of Toulouse of one of the Cistercian monks whom the Pope had commissioned for the work, the Pope called upon the King of France to suppress the sectarians and rebels. Simon de Montfort (father of the Simon noted in English History) became chief of the Expedition, and in many conflicts broke the hostile forces. But there were several recurrences of the rebellion, and Montfort was killed in one of these, in 1218. Eventually those southern earldoms and provinces were more closely attached to the northern Kingdom of France. But the heresies persisted through another century.

Dominic had no delusions in regard to his accomplishments among the heretics. He saw no possibility, by continuing to preach among them, of clearing up the situation. On the other hand, he saw that his company of Preachers could become a very effective instrument for religion. He decided therefore to extend it beyond parochial and provincial limits. Accordingly, in 1217, after his return from obtaining the Roman sanction, he assembled with his brothers, won their sympathy with his views, and sent them off into new fields and new labours. Seven went to Paris, four into Spain, four remained at Prouille and Toulouse to guide the original foundations, Dominic himself went to Rome.

Thenceforward, for five years, the history of the Order is a rapid increase of members and centres. When Dominic died, in 1221, sixty monastic houses had been established with a membership of about five hundred men and one hundred nuns. The largest of these houses were at the university centres, Paris, Bologna, Palencia (the town in Spain where Dominic had studied) and, later, Oxford.

The university towns were chosen by preference. Like Ignatius Loyola, Dominic saw that learning is a valuable instrument for combatting distorted truth and its moral consequences. His ideals and aims for his Order and individual members have much in common with the more modern Jesuit Order. Indeed, in the world today, the Dominican and Jesuit Orders are often mentioned (in contrast with contemplative Orders) as those which attract "men of parts." No small portion of Dominic's greatness is the wisdom with which he provided for the various needs of individual members and also for the varied classes of members in the Order. First of all he drew a clear line between the duties and mode of life of the monks and the nuns. The convents were to stand for the purely contemplative side of the religious life. The nuns, therefore, had no connection, or practically none, with the outside world. At Prouille, and later convents which Dominic founded or re-

formed upon the model of Prouille, the nuns were forbidden to leave the cloister, they might talk with members of their family only behind a grating, there were no visitors except those few officials (members of the Order) who directed the affairs of the convent, and these official visitors transacted the necessary duties (spiritual and temporal) behind a grating. Here is part of a letter from Dominic to a new convent at Madrid: "My desire is that in cloistered places—that is the refectory, the dormitory, and the oratory—silence shall be kept, and that in everything besides the Rule shall be observed. Let no one leave the convent; let no one enter it unless it be the bishop and the other superiors who come to preach or to visit it canonically." Again, there is this direction: "No sister shall leave the house where she has made her profession, unless she is for some necessary purpose transferred from it to another convent of the same Order." Thus, the daily life of Dominican nuns was a faithful carrying out of the old Benedictine provisions, the Divine Office at the "Hours," private prayers and reading, and manual work of spinning, weaving, etc. The nuns, by their labour could not, however, provide their own maintenance, and, as they had no contact with the world, they could not beg it; Dominic's habit was to transfer to the convents, for their upkeep, gifts of property etc., which were made to him—or to the monasteries. He wished to preserve the spirit of poverty and mendicancy, and was unwilling to retain such gifts for the Preachers who went out into the world and could beg.

The men of the Order—monks, friars, or Preachers as we may prefer to call them—represent the "active" side of the religious life. No reader of the *QUARTERLY* is likely to misinterpret the word "active" as does Mr. Lea, the scholar and historian quoted earlier. Commenting upon the improvement Dominic made in the older forms of monasticism, Mr. Lea writes: "It was not for them (Dominicans) to practise the strenuous idleness of conventual life, in a ceaseless round of barren liturgies." That is a great misunderstanding of Dominic's feeling. Dominic made ceaseless efforts to combine with the new duty of preaching the older duties of monastery life. His early associates testify that he attended Divine Office with them, passing from one side of the choir to the other, "exhorting them to sing with energy and devotion." He planned for the "Night Offices" just as St. Bernard had done: "As soon as they wake and rise the friars shall together recite the matins of the Blessed Virgin according to the season, and then repair to the choir." With all this strict planning, Dominic retained that fundamental elasticity which we have seen is characteristic of the Canon's Rule. He provided for individual needs: "Those suited to the office of preaching (the most important in the Order or rather in the Church of God) shall be employed in no other work. They are to be devoted to reading and study rather than to the singing of responses and anthems." This mental flexibility of Dominic's was exhibited in an amazing manner at the first general meeting of the brethren after the membership had greatly

increased. He foresaw how later adherents would be apt to follow the Rule in a literal and mechanical way; rather than countenance such idolatry of the Rule, Dominic declared "he would go to every cloister and hack them (the Rules) to pieces with his knife." That is indeed a remarkable example of detachment and impersonality!

There is a passage in one of the early records which describes Dominic at work with his books. That passage shows what St. Dominic meant by study and why, for the sake of such study, he was willing to dispense his friars from choir duties. In fact such study is but another form of prayer; it accounts for the power of their preaching. This comment upon Dominic recalls something similar we have heard or read about St. Thomas Aquinas—how he studied at the foot of his crucifix, talking with his crucifix. It makes St. Thomas's place in the Order seem natural and inevitable. The old Chronicle states: "He never entered any house where hospitality was given him without first saying a prayer in the church, if there was one in the place. When the meal was ended he retired to a chamber where he read the Gospel of St. Matthew or the Epistle of St. Paul, which he always carried about with him. He would sit down, open his book, cross himself, and then begin to read attentively. But presently he became carried away by the Divine Word. From his gestures it seemed as though he were speaking with some one; he appeared to listen, to dispute, to argue; at times he smiled or wept; he gazed straight before him, then lowered his eyes, muttered to himself and beat upon his breast. He passed incessantly from reading to prayer and from meditation to contemplation. From time to time he would press his lips lovingly to his book as though thanking it for his happiness, or bury his face in his hands or his hood and sink still deeper into his holy ecstasy."

Dominic died in 1221, just at his prime, full of plans for further evangelical work. His last years were very happy, free from the distress that so troubled his great contemporary of Assisi. He died, seeing his Order a useful and effective organization, that had not yet begun to depart from his ideals for it. That period of decay started perhaps shortly after his death, in 1227, when the Pope made the Dominicans of Tuscany responsible for the work of Inquisition against heretics. The Pope found the Dominicans faithful and effective agents, and gradually made them Inquisitors in all the European Kingdoms.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

It is easy to make great sacrifices when God does not ask them, but to give up our own will in each detail of life is something far harder.—H. Bowman.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

April 30, 1917.

DEAR KATHERINE:

THE recent correspondence between us, wholly earnest and wholly honest on the side of each, has been yet one more exemplification of the law as stated by St. Paul: "All things work together for good to those that love God, who are all called according to his purpose."

The true believer in God cannot regard any page, paragraph, line, word or jot of his life writing as without significance, or bereft of an ultimate outworking for good. The meanings are not always made manifest at once nor in full, but there is a central and unbroken meaning from the beginning to the culmination.

The fact that a certain silence fell between us as to the things of the soul was not necessarily (as you have seemed to think) indicative on my part of any "loss of experience," or any spiritual lapse; nor had you any right (I say this reverently to you as my one-time teacher) to conclude definitely concerning the life of my soul, when you had no positive facts or full knowledge. Acceptance, not judgment, is the part of really scientific wisdom. Neither you nor I have the vision of omniscience, and *therefore* for *us* is spoken the law, "Judge not." When the time was ripe the silence was broken; and then my words, which broke the silence, conveyed to you that which did not conform to your personal religious convictions, and this led on your part to an earnest remonstrance against what seemed to you to be sin, or spiritual retrogression, in me.

Your remonstrance, coming when and as it did, acted upon my thoughts as a precipitant, and helped me to analyze and come to a clear understanding of my own inward state. I went to the bottom, so to speak, and brought up all my former credos for examination. Therefore I say the whole episode between you and me has been but part of the life chapter, and is not to be disregarded nor regretted, but viewed calmly and studiously and *trustfully*.

I am now led to review, as clearly as possible, the history of my life in those things which we include under the term "religious experience." Such review will be of no permanent value nor interest to any save yourself and a few of the nearest friends with whom I hold in common a fundamental belief in God as the Creator of the universe.

In view of our late correspondence in which you state your doubt as to my ever having been converted, or ever having known the Christ, I owe you this courtesy in things spiritual, the courtesy of my soul narrative so far as I can tell it; and, to go deeper yet, owe to you this

story for the reason that you were for very long my revered teacher as I pursued the way that leads to everlasting life. You teach me still, for the power of a truly illumined soul never dies.

I cannot remember when a certain consciousness of God was not mine, and my memory runs back very clearly to some time before my sixth year. There was always within me a certain instinctive readiness to pray; not so much formal petition as that *look* toward God which may be compared to the glances which a little child continually turns toward the father near whom it may be walking or playing. I believe I was born His child, a naughty one very often, but always conscious of my Parentage.

That consciousness of God flashed out in hours of fear, tenderness and in contemplation of Nature. If I were "afraid in the dark," or in a storm, or in an empty room, or of losing my mother, my baby soul always turned to God in this upward glance which is perhaps truest prayer. When this same baby soul was given a gift or a caress, the reaction *always* was a swelling desire and resolution to be "good," rising with such emotion as to cause genuine pain. Everything in Nature was dearer to that little child than anything else in the outward world. Born and reared in a large city, she worshipped before the curb-grown dandelion, the one far star beyond the city roof, the narrow glimpses of sky, the smell of rain-wet air. Mother, for very peace's sake, often yielded to my passionate clamors and took me by boat or car to the green fields and riverside, mourning because I loved Mother Earth so well that I could never forego direct contact, and had to be led home a very untidy child. She did not know what I then felt, later knew, and now more clearly understand—an understanding that is to deepen—that the dandelion has a livingness which *my livingness greeted*, the wind has a voice and a being, the stars were other than just stars, the rain something more than mere water. Everything in Nature was precious and alive, and I could not not-believe in a Life all around me, although I could not see it with my eye of flesh. This communion with Nature has grown with my growth, and if it be "pantheism," with which you have charged me (a doctrine I know only by its word-derivation, by sporadic literary allusions, and by your mention of it in our correspondence), then I was born pantheist, and give reverent thanks for that which has been one of the richest phases of my life on earth!

So much for the child's natural religion, or better her religious nature.

My mother was an Episcopalian, a communicant of the Church of England; and through sermons, from the prayer book, from such writers as Milton, from a study of the Bible that plunged an immature mind into subjects too high and deep, I gathered beliefs in a devil and all his angels, an angry and insulted God, a Savior who must needs be crucified for my sins (though I could not intelligently understand what I personally and

individually had to do with things that happened before I was born!); of a hell where people were tortured forever. Whenever I saw I was in danger, I speedily tried to square accounts with the Most High and it was a relief, when the danger was over, to settle down again into natural habits of the mind and heart. I promised under fear to "be good."

I was at times "a good girl," and at other times "a bad girl," but now from the perspective afforded by over fifty years, I *know* that deep within myself (*unbroken from the beginning*) was that which it is difficult to frame in words, but impossible not clearly to perceive as a *consciousness of God* and His Christ. The Methodist Church calls this "conviction:" well, then, I was "convinced" of God; has called it "hunger for God:" well, then, I was hungry and also feeding on the eternal bread, for had I not been so feeding, that unsatisfied hunger in me must have resulted in the starvation of that me which hungered. The Bible calls that consciousness of God—"the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world:" well, then, that "light" has burned in me always, and through a life of strange vicissitudes, temporal and spiritual, I have *always been conscious of its presence*.

I know that my history is not unlike any other history of this nature, save as one face is unlike every other face, and so all faces are unlike; yet so great is our calling and election that each individual's history counts eternally.

I came along through the first seven and the second seven years of my life, as I suppose all girls do, dreaming dreams. Through all dreams and fears ran this deep urging and longing to be "good." Only one type of friend or companion ever deeply satisfied me, namely, an individual with a soul purpose, a central earnestness of some kind. I could romp and laugh with the wildest; but a strain of music, the breath of a flower, a hint of earnestness in conversation, and that central hunger within me was all attention.

It became time for my confirmation in the Church of England. A deep sense of solemnity was all mixed up with pride in the flowing veil and other outward novelties of the occasion. Somehow I gathered the idea that when the Bishop's hands were laid upon my head, something in me would change and after that I should have no trouble in being as "good" as possible. To my dismay, while kneeling at the altar, I discovered that the Bishop had blessed me and passed on while I was anxiously peeking around to see if a blue-eyed boy in the choir had noticed my beautiful veil! My fourteen-year-old mind was perplexed that so terrible a thing could happen, and I nearly came to the conclusion that I was not one of the elect. I transferred my hope for escape from inherent naughtiness to the hour of my first communion, and recall very vividly the horror with which I awakened soon afterward to the fact that I was *the same girl that I had been before*. Discouraged and dismayed, I nevertheless followed the light, or rather it wooed me by its Holy Shining.

When I was about eighteen years old I heard a sermon that colored all the subsequent current of my life. The preacher was a Methodist, one of the last exponents of that fervent Wesleyan spirit that resembled the spirit of the ancient prophets. He was a man of culture and of deep vision. He avoided the easy religious verbiage that refers lightly to things holy and tremendous. As I listened to his sermon I knew that I was hearing of something vital, as I had never heard of it before, and my whole being said, "This is what I have been looking for."

At the close of the sermon he asked if there were any in the house who desired to know more of this religion and who wished the prayer of God's people. If there were such, would they stand up? This was the first time I had ever been in any but an Episcopal Church, and the whole thing was against my natural inclinations. Shy, intensely self-conscious, afraid of publicity, sick with inward trembling, yet there seemed for me no other honest response to the honest appeal than to stand on my feet. No one else stood.

Later that day some one who knew what I had done assured me that I had misunderstood the preacher; that I was *a Christian because I had been confirmed*; that I was simply "muddled," and that she had a book at home that would straighten me out and comfort me. The book was Hannah Whitall Smith's *Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*. I read it and was more wretched than ever before, because Hannah Smith pointed out very clearly that for which I was looking, the secret of being "a good girl," the secret of a God-obeying life. I wanted to be and I felt that all people ought to be as holy as St. Paul. By that act of standing in the church I was classed by observers either as "convicted" or "converted." I know now that *neither of these terms covered the case*: I was simply doing what I had always been doing, feeling after God. Could I only then have understood that *from the beginning He had been in my soul*—with my soul—why, I dare now to state the wider truth!—**WAS HIMSELF MY REAL SELF**, how I might have grown in grace and in the knowledge of God! Yet even as I write this last sentence I am recalled by knowledge of the law forever operative: "All things work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to His purpose." I was led in the way that was the Way for me.

In all these events I was in the path of evolution. For some part in that evolutionary progress and Divine purpose, I was led in the way in which I was led, and do not now regret any of the way.

One only of all the sermons I heard this saint preach can I recall, and of that only the central theme; and now, at the age of fifty-five, that burning message flashes clear: "The Kingdom of God *is within you*. The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and *in thine heart*." Did I know the meaning? No, but the truth the preacher proclaimed was as a seed dropped in good soil to germinate when its own season was ripe, and not before. He quoted David, and I can still hear the bigness of his voice vibrant with the truth which it carried. "Though I make

my bed in hell, Thou art there." Did I know the meaning? No; but I *felt* the truth, and feeling was to grow to certain knowledge. Dimly I used to reason this way: since God abides in "heaven" and equally abides in "hell," how then can one be different from the other or less good for man than the other? My thinking was as blind as the movements of a blind kitten that moves its head about feeling for a somewhere. Its going, or movement is a content of somewhere to go. So I felt the oneness of God and sensed His permeation of the *all* which He has created out from Himself. I dared not yet disbelieve in the hell of theology, for I felt there must be some means of disposition of the naughty ones. I felt the incompleteness of its teachings but had no better teaching. I was always sure the Sinners would come home to heaven *if they could only understand*, and I wanted to believe that some day they would understand. Now I am sure of this!

A certain urge within me, a certain certainty about God and His Christ, opened my lips in public so that I became by turn Sunday School teacher, class and prayer-meeting leader. I suffered fearfully from nervous tremors whenever I spoke or taught; but I rarely could refuse an opportunity to "say so," lest I be counted as not "on the Lord's side." I wanted to do this work—I never could refrain; yet I was never perfectly sure of the singleness of my own motives.

My whole religious life was one of ups and downs. Some said I was vacillating, others said I was moody. There were no doubt these qualities present; but there were also others. I always had a *hungry mind*. Sometimes a flash of truth would gleam across my mind, and after it my spirit would inevitably follow. Great conflict there always was, caused, as I now know, by the doctrines I so earnestly tried to understand and accept. Some of these doctrines were: the inherent sinfulness of man; eternal punishment; the vicarious atonement; the gift of the Holy Ghost, called by many Methodists "the second blessing." I *wondered* reverently about the resurrection of the body and rested my doubts on a belief that He who had performed miracles on earth, no doubt could re-assemble the dissipated parts of my body and somehow join thereto my soul. Theology did not scientifically or satisfactorily bridge the gaps for me.

In revival meeting when I was told that the conversion and therefore the salvation of individuals depended on me and that therefore I must "go after souls," I was torn between my desire to do right, with a deep repugnance at any attempt to unveil the secret retirement of another's soul, and a feeling I could not explain—that such methods were somehow unwise. I used to argue to myself in this way: "If the Almighty God made Mary Jones's chance of heaven rest on my obedience to Preacher Smith's call to me on some particular evening to 'go after' Mary's soul, then somehow God was not so Almighty as I felt Him to be and as He should be! Moreover, if *any one's* ULTIMATE salvation depended on my poor prayers and my "love for souls," why on earth was it that I could

NOT make myself pray all night long and wrestle that soul into heaven? Why should my weariness or my human indifference condemn another to eternal death? I understand better now!

So the vicious circle of unreasonable doctrines held up before a reasonable mind kept me blundering along, stumbling, now swiftly and now with lagging steps, after "holiness."

It would be interesting (to me) to go exhaustively into the psychology of all those years. Suffice it to say that all the while there lived within me that central Light so that whenever a crisis came in outward events, the Light blazed up and my soul somehow saw and followed. Was I in need? I felt that God would provide, and He never failed. Was I in danger? I felt sure of His care here and hereafter. I got hold of the truth that "there shall no harm befall thy dwelling place," and that my dwelling place was in the eternal God.

When the supreme love of my life came to me it came in such guise as to help me see yet more clearly that light within. When my husband and always lover passed on, I received my *first absolute knowledge within myself* that life is continuous and that the spirit leaves the body with all its functions unimpaired. Nevertheless my heart knew its Gethsemane of human desolation and perhaps because there was no other way, a vision was granted me and I saw with or despite the eyes of flesh my beloved and The Beloved, heard a *spoken promise of future care*, and no yawning mouth of hell nor any radiant angel can make me unsee Those whom I saw, nor forget or disbelieve in their message of love. *And they have kept the word that was spoken to me that June day, 1905.*

I may say here that I am no spiritualist and no seer of visions. This *one* vision was *mine* in my hour of need as supremely and as really as was the vision granted to Saint Paul.

After my husband "went away" I desired more than ever to purify life and spirit and more than ever I sought, as I had so often sought before, for the definite gift of the Holy Ghost, the baptism by fire such as came at Pentecost, "the second blessing." I was sure that unless such sanctifying by fire were mine I could not live the life which I believed the Bible calls upon men to live: a perfectly unselfish, pure life; a life of spiritual power; a life of faith as far as temporal needs are concerned; a life of prayer and meditation and service. Christ said: "Be ye perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect." *I have never known any better than to believe that He meant what He said, but I thought that He spoke that word to every one who should read it or hear it.* He also said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." I was sure that He spoke that word to me. The secret, then, of attaining this life to which He called me seemed to be the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I many times before had sought this baptism. Certain leaders had assured me that if I "believed" I should "receive." I went so far in my confidence in those leaders as to affirm "on faith" that I had entered into such an experience; but each time followed the discovery that I still remained normally human.

However, once more I sought; and I made a bargain with my God, saying in effect: "If Thou wilt grant me the gift of the Holy Ghost, I will preach the Gospel while I live." I was as honest when I said those words as I was when I kissed the lips of my dying husband in good-by.

A great peace fell upon my soul. Somewhere I had heard this: "Act as if I were and thou shalt know that I am." So I went about my days, *holding my mind in the attitude of belief* that I had received the Holy Ghost as the answer to my belief; therefore I must preach the Gospel and live wholly by faith. I gave up an excellent position and began to follow my husband's evangelistic methods of work. Conscientiously from day to day I followed what seemed to be the Spirit's voice, and the leading took me into enough preaching to show me that I was no preacher—or at least to show me that if I ever *were* to preach worthily and helpfully, I needed a new and full course of preparation. Yet I would not give up. I faithfully followed from day to day what seemed to me to be the directing voice of the Spirit, and the earthly path led me into the country in the State of Tennessee and there so far as preaching the Gospel was concerned, I was as one shut up in the belly of the whale.

It was at this time that you secured the editorial position for me in England and I was sure that the Spirit was leading me to my goal, for the journal on whose staff I was to serve was a holiness organ and I was to have the privilege of a course of Bible training under gifted leaders. A few days before I was to sail, as you know, I was carried on a stretcher to the hospital and lay there for weeks helpless and suffering. I had sold my home; and when I was able to leave the hospital I was without money, without strength, stripped of every human comfort. All was gone save the inner Light that never ceased to assure me. Through those awful days of trial it turned its concentrated rays on Paul's word: "I know that all things work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to His purpose."

Shall I say that I clung to that truth, or that the truth from that hour abode increasingly with me? Yet you have told me that you doubt if I was ever really converted or ever really knew my Master. As well you might tell me, who have had good eyes for fifty-five years, that I have been blind all these years!

Following that illness I experienced everything save actual starvation; but always I knew Him in Whom I believed and He kept that which I had committed unto Him.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not for one instant telling a story of *my own righteousness*. Too well I know that I was and am abominably human. I did and said and thought things which saints do not do and say and think; but I know now that I was, as I am still, *evolving, developing, growing naturally* toward that far-distant Sainthood and was never once out of my Master's hands or out of the direct path of evolution. True sainthood is a matter not of one life but is the crowning of many incarnations.

Without money or strength I was called to go to M———. You began then to doubt that I was doing right and wrote me to fight for my spiritual life and “the keen edge of my spiritual experience.” I listened to your words because I knew you to be, as you are, God’s own—peculiarly so. But even to you I could not say that I was what I was not, and my letters to you could *not* give the history of an *ecstasy* which I did not feel. I was not then spending hours of each day in prayer and Bible study as I did in E———. I was doing the rough, hard work of a pioneer woman on the bare plains. I was not preaching but I was learning; getting close to Nature in a vision of her wonders never before dreamed of. I was enduring heat and cold, doing rough, hard work, learning the lesson sent me by the Lord of Life. Dare any one say I was not to learn those lessons, that because I was learning them I was a backslider or fallen from grace? Shall one not learn all the lessons?

After being in M——— for a year and a half with my friend M., I left her and took up a claim for myself and lived there—with no near neighbors, practically no money, and no companionship. There for the better part of three years I lived entirely alone. Did I *keep* the Sabbath? Not exactly. In a certain sense all seven days were alike. Did I pray? Sometimes, as *you* define prayer; always, as I knew it in my own soul. While there alone with the daily companionship of the majestic Rockies, with a door-yard one hundred and fifty miles across, with a stupendous panorama of wonder and beauty, with unbroken silence around me almost all of twenty-four hours, I found a great change going on within. One by one the dogmas of the Church dropped away, and I made the discovery that a lot of my religion lay in or was dependent on outward forms and fellowships. Severed from Church and Church members, without Christian comrades, with no outward religious duties, I came at last to look upon my naked soul, to realize what I really believed for myself and what I was letting others believe for me. And one night I went out under the silent stars and looking up, said, “*I believe in You!*” I said it over and over again, for it seemed to me that I should die of my soul nakedness. Everything imposed upon my thought by men and books was stripped away. Later on I even found myself wondering: “Who and what is this God in whom I cannot but believe?” The heavenly throne and the bottomless hell were gone alike, and nothing was left save the Eternal *One*.

It is very difficult to put the thought processes of this time into words but I can perhaps make myself clear by some concrete statements. The one decision to which I came was that I should never again label as wrong any overt act the springs of which I could not know as clearly as God can know them. If I saw a man smoke or drink, I must leave him with his Maker, ready, of course, to do my part if the man himself opened the way, by witnessing to him of what I believe to be better methods of life. If a woman went to the theatre—I myself might even go; for never having attended any worldly amusements of the kind, how should

I say what was right or wrong for me or any one else? In other words, I awakened to the fact that much of my so-called religion was a *belief in certain sayings of others* and a credulous following of certain *authoritative* doctrines. My outward life was conformed to ideals laid down by other people. I decided to find out intelligently and for myself what are matters of right and wrong, to live my life in my own way, to be, as far as possible, a normal woman, acting from intelligent understanding instead of from *blind* faith. I determined not to be afraid to say "I do not know" about anything, and never to say "I believe" because some one else—even though he were a bishop—said to me "This is so."

While visiting a friend in M——— just before I came to S———, she made the statement (I cannot give her exact words) to the effect that the central being of each individual is pure spirit. I said to her, "*Do you mean to tell me that there is a place in me or a part of me that is without sin?*" And as she dried the dish that was in her hand, she said almost casually, as if all the world knew it except myself, "Why, of course. Pure spirit is pure, is it not? At the center, you are pure spirit!"

It seemed to me that that moment a chain that had bound my soul as long as I could remember, was broken and cast aside, and *I stood up straight* as every child of God should stand, in the conscious dignity of my Divine inheritance—of the Divine Ego which just now bears the name of A—— S——.

This friend it was who put into my hands later the Dorè lectures by Judge Troward, and he showed me that I am one with the Divine and that I may so develop my Divine Spirit as to fulfil in some life to come that word of Christ's: "Be ye perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

In the past I have had moments of rapture and of ecstasy; but never before was it my blessed privilege to draw the satisfying soul breaths that I drew as I took this big truth into my mind. Shortly after this I came to S——— and entered upon a more normal life, as far as this world is concerned, than in any previous years. I even went to the theatre and experienced no sense of condemnation. That I do not attend amusements every night in the week is due to my own choice and sense, not due to any outside word of authority. That is to say, I have reached the place of a more intelligent recognition of my central *Self*, and my hand is now the directing lever of my life, as it should be. I try to judge no one. I ASK THAT NO ONE JUDGE ME. I endeavor to walk by the Light within *as I see it*.

Two years ago I came into very close relations with a young woman in whom I saw a spirit at once reverent and just; a mind cultured and clear; and I ventured now and then to put to her some leading questions.

Your letters so severely arraigning me and warning me of wrath to come, drove me to severe self-examination; and in the suffering induced by what you wrote, I talked with my friend who gave me answers from

her heart, answers which always threw me back, as far as accepting them was concerned, upon my own intelligence. She told me not to be afraid to analyze any truth and *not to lean on any one*. She began to talk to me of evolution and I wondered why it was that through all the years I had been steered so far from the evolutionary theory. She spoke to me of the doctrine of reincarnation and I found my mind strangely ready to take it in. She gave me books to read, urging me always never to accept a truth that I did not see for myself. She told me, moreover, that I would be able to put to the proof sooner or later every truth by which my life is steered. Troward's books had prepared the way for these things by revealing to me the truth that I am one with Him—that I am essentially Divine; that the Divine powers are unfolded in the Ego within, even as the perfect oak tree and all its acorns are unfolded in the one small nut. As Christ was, so shall I become, when the Ego within shall have evolved even 'as did the Master's.

With another friend, who by a very different path had arrived at the same conclusions as myself touching orthodox belief, I read the books given me. We asked for more, discussed, thought, meditated; and in time each of us independently of the other, was ready to embrace the teachings of Theosophy. We find that these teachings crown all that is past. They belittle nothing. They illumine.

I understand now that this life of mine—this Divine Ego enshrined within my body, has always been; that I have been evolving since the beginning; that I have been under the guidance of great human *teachers* who long ago reached that to which I attain—that I am a much older Ego than some individuals with whom I am associated, and a much younger Ego than others; that the events of my present life are concrete results of past events; that today's events create or determine the events of my lives to come.

Theosophy bridges the gaps, illumines the dark places, changes faith to knowledge, lends a dignity, furnishes a splendor and certainty, to life, which I always felt life should have. Theosophy is "the wisdom of God," a wisdom which is to be evolved in me.

The theosophical teaching meant so much to me that when an opportunity came to attend the Convention of The Theosophical Society in New York City, I felt it my solemn duty to embrace that opportunity, and I am concluding this sketch on the day following the Convention.

Full well I know that you for whom this very incomplete story is written, and perhaps some others to whom I shall give it, will think me led far astray. One of the cardinal teachings of Theosophy is that every man must be permitted to hold his independent beliefs; that one must never indulge in criticism. One of the leaders said to me yesterday, a man who holds a responsible position in the University, "If Theosophy does not illumine the real religion of an individual, whatever that religion be, then that which he takes for Theosophy is something else. Theosophy is not a creed, it is rather a light."

And I say unto you, honored friend, and to any one who may read this imperfect story, that Theosophy has restored to me a faith that threatened to go out, has given me a sweetness of spirit, a tolerance, a clearness of vision, a patience with life, a sense of Divine justice, a hope for all mankind, *which I never had before*. It has given me back my belief in the Bible, or, rather, has *illuminated* a Book that had become dulled through many misinterpretations and misconceptions. It has *made Christ real* to me as never before. It has lifted up and broadened out and immeasurably strengthened my determination to follow Him. It has given me purpose and reason. It has shown me how I can, in time, attain even unto that command, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

My mind, built by God, is being increasingly satisfied. My years, now nearing three score, are to be rich and growing and splendid and I freely say unto you, I am content, and I go forward.

A. M. S.

P. S. The foregoing was written in the warm afterglow of the Convention of The Theosophical Society, held in New York City, last May. Eight months of close study and clean-cut spiritual decisions confirm all I have written—and more. Devoutly I affirm that the Master has become and is steadily becoming more real to me; that the Bible unfolds as I never dared dream it could unfold, in a revelation of hitherto hidden truth and glory; that all endeavor to "be good" has a scientific basis and an assured goal. I am more than "content": I am profoundly and devoutly grateful and am resolved still to go forward.

A. M. S.

Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of those you come in contact with year by year.—Chalmers.

FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF LEMURIA

IV

LEMURO-ATLANTEAN ASTRONOMY

IN one of the earlier chapters of this study of Lemurian and Atlantean remains, we saw that, widely dispersed over the whole Polynesian area which includes much of the Lost Lemuria, there are traditions of a graded series of heavens and hells, completely corresponding to the teaching of ancient India concerning the Lokas, or, as we may prefer to call them, the higher and lower planes of spiritual life. And these ancient fragments of what we must call the Lemurian Secret Doctrine are to all intents and purposes identical, in islands separated by wide ocean spaces of thousands of miles; further, they have been preserved unchanged during a period so long that immense and fundamental differences have developed between languages which must once have been a common tongue: differences the nature and meaning of which we tried to make clear in another chapter. The result we arrived at was, that the original Lemurian tongue must have been a language almost wholly made up of vowel sounds; that consonants, or contacts, had been gradually developed, through cycles of progressive materialization: and that, in view of their comparative poverty in consonants or contacts—as compared with a rich consonant range like that of Sanskrit—this whole group of Polynesian or Lemurian languages belong to a very early period in the history of mankind, a period that may well be millions of years ago. And, since it appeared that, while the different groups of Polynesian islanders—descendants of the Lemurians—had seemingly been separated during the long epochs when their languages were developing in different directions, (for, had these languages come in contact with each other, they would have been blended or blurred, instead of showing clean-cut phonetic differences), while at the same time they possessed identical teachings concerning the spiritual planes or worlds, with names for them that, beneath their long and slowly developed phonetic divergences, were identical; it seemed certain that they had all possessed the same teaching concerning the spiritual worlds while they were still undivided, that is, while Lemuria was a continuous continent, not a vast, far thrown galaxy of islands and archipelagos.

If this inference be correct, two things would seem to follow from it: First, that that period of common possession of this great spiritual teaching was almost inconceivably remote, belonging to the time of undivided Lemuria; and, second, that the Lemurians of that day, or some of them, were in possession of faculties of spiritual vision which we are accustomed to associate with the Adepts.

For there is only one way to gain certain and methodical knowledge of the spiritual worlds, ascending spiritual planes, or successive "heavens," whichever we may choose to call them; and that is, by developing successively the consciousness which corresponds to them; in fact by being born into one ascending plane after another; by taking each of these mansions of the Kingdom of Heaven by violence. And it is just this successive series of spiritual attainments which is called the cycle of adeptship, while the successive efforts of attainment, the successive conquests of the spiritual worlds, are the great Initiations.

The conclusion from our facts would seem to be, then, that some at least of the Lemurians were Initiates; that the great Initiations were a spiritual possession of these Lemurian Initiates, at a period almost inconceivably remote; and that the Polynesian teachings concerning the successive heavens and hells are, in fact, memories and traditions of the great Initiations, memories which still linger with striking uniformity and completeness in islands thousands of miles apart, whose inhabitants were wholly unknown to each other until modern voyagers established a new connection between them.

Since these chapters of our Lemuro-Atlantean studies were published, we had the good fortune to receive, through the thoughtful kindness of Dr. Archibald Keightley, an essay by Mr. Samuel Stuart, which strikingly corroborates these conclusions; all the more because Mr. Stuart is dealing with a wholly different subject, namely, astronomical cycles, and is only indirectly concerned with the Lemuro-Atlanteans. Probably, the best way to cover the subject will be, to quote at some length from Mr. Stuart's valuable paper, and then to indicate, very briefly, how his conclusions are related with our own. Mr. Stuart begins with an acute analysis of astronomical cycles, as recorded in the works of certain ancient nations which paid particular attention to astronomy, and he then proceeds to examine one great cycle in particular: the cycle of 4,320,000 years, which, in the ancient Indian system, is called the Maha Yuga, or Great Cycle. In India, there were a number of cycles based upon the same figures, and these were divided into dependent cycles; for example, the fourfold group of Yugas: Satya Yuga, Dvapara Yuga, Treta Yuga and Kali Yuga, the last meaning literally "the Age of the Devil," the first 5,000 years of which were completed a few years ago.

Speaking of this cycle, 432 followed by ciphers, Mr. Stuart says:

"It is remarkable that what remains we possess of the Mexican astronomy, whilst differing in their application, are yet founded upon the very same numbers as the ancient systems of India, Egypt, and Chaldea; and yet these are not such as we have derived from the heavens, and, therefore, cannot be considered as inevitable results of observation. Niebuhr remarks that the Etrurian mode of determining time was extremely accurate, and based on the same principles as the computation observed by the ancient Mexicans. 'When the Spaniards first arrived in America they found that their time, according to the Julian, was eleven

days in advance of the Mexican time, and the Mexican year at that period, it is said, differed only two minutes and nine seconds from the present estimated European year. A day consisted of sixteen hours, a week of five days, a month of twenty days, a year of eighteen months, making 360 days, to which five days or a week was added to complete the year. At the end of every 52 years an intercalation of $12\frac{1}{2}$ days was made.¹ We may here note that a day contained 86,400 seconds, and a week of their reckoning would amount to 432,000 seconds. And if we take their period of 52 years as corresponding to an hour, in 24 of these there will be 1,248 years of 365 days, with a correction of 432,000 minutes to add in order to make the same number of their solar or tropical years; which according to the foregoing 52 year cycle would be of 365d. 5h. 46m. 9.23076s. each. The peculiarity of this number 432,000, and a desire to retain it in their computations, was no doubt the reason why they used a period of 52 years, which involves a correction not composed of whole days as we find it in the old world. To make the correction amount to whole days, they would have used a period of 104 years with a difference of 25 days. But let us take ten periods of 1,248 years, when the correction becomes 4,320,000 minutes or 3,000 days; if we then multiply all by 3, we obtain 37,440 years of 365 days each, with 1,296,000 minutes, or 9,000 days, or 25 years of 360 days, added. It hence appears that the 25 *days* of the Mexican 104 year cycle, when they are multiplied by the Eastern 360, become 25 *years* of the greater cycle, in which the number of minutes added are equal to the seconds in ten circles.

“The extraordinary coincidence of the numbers employed by the Mexicans and by the eastern nations cannot have arisen accidentally, for in the Greek mythology there is a curious story of the year of 360 days, its division by 18, and the derivation of the odd five days,² which seems very like a version of the Mexican rules. Moreover the number 432 and cyphers is the most ancient we possess, and appears to have been known to the eastern nations from an immemorial antiquity; it is the basis of the list of the Chaldean kings given by Berosus (third century B. C.) and of all the cycles used in India; and as we shall further see, is the most wonderful monument of ancient astronomical achievement we possess. Such strange agreements in the astronomical numbers used in the East and West, when there would appear to have been no connection between the old and the new worlds prior to Columbus, is a very strong argument in favor of the theory that there was once a time when they were in communication with each other; or if not that, then the Hindus, Egyptians and Mexicans must have had a common origin for their knowledge. And it is here that the theosophical hypothesis as to the former existence of a great continent where now rolls the Atlantic Ocean, and which joined together the peoples of the East and the West

¹ Wilson's *Lost Solar System of the Ancients Discovered*, II., 160, 314, 335.

² Sir Wm. Drummond's *Oedipus Judaicus*, 103.

and made their knowledge have a common resemblance, will supply the link which is necessary to account for the latter. . . .”

After a minute and very careful criticism of the astronomical calculations of the motions of the planets, and the amounts by which these calculations may depart from absolute accuracy, Mr. Stuart comes to the immediate study of the cycle of 4,320,000 years, the Maha Yuga, or Great Cycle. He believes it to be a cycle of this nature: At some immensely remote period in the past, there was a conjunction of all the planets (namely, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, with, perhaps, other planets as yet unknown to modern astronomy) with the sun; all these bodies being gathered together at the same point in the heavens; or, let us say, close to the same fixed star in the Zodiac. From that point, they then set forth on their circling paths, in orbital periods of immensely varying length, from the few weeks in which Mercury traverses his small orbit round the sun, to the centuries in which remote Neptune makes the same circuit. After the lapse of how many years, how many centuries, thousands, or even millions of years, will the planets all return to the same point in the sky—the same fixed star in the Zodiac, coming once more into general conjunction with each other and with the sun? The period, according to Mr. Stuart’s reasoning, is precisely the Maha Yuga of 4,320,000 years. That part of Mr. Stuart’s essay which justifies this exceedingly interesting conclusion is as follows:

“We have then to be guided by the following conditions of our enquiry:

“(a) We are not justified in assuming that the number 4,320,000 has been quoted otherwise than exactly, unless it shall be found impossible to accomodate the mean motions of the planets to it without alterations which amount to more than five or six seconds in a century; which are the limits of accuracy assumed for our present astronomical elements.

“(b) Since all the planets must return to the same place amongst the stars, it follows that the period must be an exact number of sidereal solar years without any remainder.

“(c) Because the processional motion of the equinoxes to be used with the Maha Yuga has been definitely adopted, therefore the difference between the sidereal and Julian years in the great cycle is also known, and cannot be altered without changing all the conditions.

“(d) Whatever may be the number of Julian years which we have to add to the 4,320,000 sidereal years according to the given precession, the same should be the amount necessary to bring the planets into their nearest approach to a general congress according to such tabular results as we may find it best to adopt.

“(e) As the period known as the Maha Yuga appears to have been derived by means with which we are not acquainted, it may include planets which were unknown to us until the last century and a quarter, such as Uranus and Neptune, and may also have dealt with others yet to be discovered. We must therefore expect that Uranus and Neptune are

to be included, and that we have here another reason for the extreme length of the period; since the more planets it includes, the longer it must be.

“(f) We must also decide, if possible, to what age of the world the great period more particularly belonged; because according to what has been said in the foregoing, the mean motions of the planets may have been different in a remote epoch in the past, from what we find them today. As we have seen, the period in one of its varieties was quoted by Berosus about the third century B. C.; but according to Madame Blavatsky the Maha Yuga and other great periods have come down to us from Atlantean times.¹ This could not have been less than four or five million years ago.²

“These things premised, and taking the mean motion of the sun corresponding to the tropical years as we have found it from a comparison of Delambre and Leverrier in the foregoing, with precession for 25,920 years, we find that 4,320,000 sidereal years are equal to 4,320,074 Julian years and 252 days; which is a difference of 27.280 days, or 74.6900 years, due to the excess of one kind of years over the other. The number of tropical years would be 4,320,166.7500; since the sidereal period includes 166.75 periods of the equinox.

“We then find upon trial by our best modern tables, that whereas, the period of 4,320,000 if considered to consist of Julian or tropical years would not be a planetary period, yet when it is dealt with as sidereal years and the above difference of 74.6900 added, the motions of all the planets, including Uranus and Neptune, are so nearly equal as to bring them into positions which only differ from the point of conjunctions by an extreme difference which is about one-fifth of the ecliptic. After making all due allowance for the variations discussed in the preceding notes, it therefore appears that the claim as to the Maha Yuga being a cycle of planetary conjunctions is substantially true. And this not only for planets which we know were discovered by the ancients, but also including Uranus and Neptune, supposed to be quite unknown to them.

“But the quantities by which the planetary positions differ from the mean places they ought to occupy, show that the negative quantities are a little in excess of the positive; indicating that their mean motions were somewhat slower than at the present time. If the foregoing reasoning has been correct, this means that the sun was, in the Atlantean period, rather nearer to the body about which it revolves than at present; and consequently the planetary periods were longer and their orbits dilated. And in order to compare the result with modern data, we may (seeing they differ but little) take an average of the precession in 100 Julian years according to Leverrier and Newcomb; and after reducing the planetary tropical motions per century, given by these and Dr. Hill, to sidereal

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, ii, 51-2; cf. *Isis Unveiled*, i, 239, as to late discoveries.

² See the author's article, "The Great Year of the Ancients," in the *Theosophist*, Jan., 1901, 222, and Feb., 297.

places according to the precession for 25,920 years, we find the differences of the Maha Yuga data are in 100 years:

Neptune (per Newcomb)	minus	5.481"
Uranus " "	plus	2.520
Saturn " Leverrier	plus	5.589
Jupiter " Dr. Hill	plus	3.019
Mars " Newcomb	plus	4.519
Venus " "	minus	1.787
Sun " "	minus	5.334
Mercury " "	plus	4.559

"This is after adding the small quantity 2.641" to the Maha Yuga results, which appears to be the amount by which the planetary centennial means motions were slower some four and a half million years ago than they are at present. We then find that, allowing all the planets to be exactly upon the place of any given fixed star or immovable point in the heavens at any given epoch, modern tables show that after a lapse of 4,320,000 sidereal years, or 4,320,074 Julian years and 252 days, the planets would differ from such a point by:

Neptune (Newcomb)	plus	65.8	} (Heliocentric longitudes only).
Uranus "	minus	30.2	
Saturn (Leverrier)	minus	67.7	
Jupiter (Dr. Hill)	minus	36.2	
Mars (Newcomb)	minus	54.2	
Sun "	plus	94.0	
Venus "	plus	21.5	
Mercury "	minus	54.7	

"As none of the outstanding quantities differ from the average place required by so much as a fifth part of the ecliptic, and the outstanding errors of the tables, or unknown secular equations, may be responsible for nearly the whole of these differences, it becomes practically certain that the Maha Yuga is at least as correct as any of our means of computing, and therefore that it is a veritable cycle of the planetary motions—nay, that it is so much superior to anything which we could produce, that only within the last ten years could we completely verify it, and demonstrate that its exact length has been truly given.

"Allowing for the difference of the centennial precession by the Maha Yuga, and an average of that used by Leverrier and Newcomb (24.152"), we then have the following centennial mean sidereal motions:

Neptune	218° 28' 16.450"	and Newcomb	(plus 24.152")	gives it as	218° 28' 24.572"
Uranus	68 30 33.311,	" "	" " " "	" "	68 30 33.432
Saturn	142 7 13.821,	" Leverrier	" " " "	" "	142 7 10.873
Jupiter	154 54 48.480,	" Dr. Hill	" " " "	" "	154 54 48.102
Mars	60 18 38.650,	" Newcomb	" " " "	" "	60 18 36.772
Sun	359 22 39.377,	" " " "	" " " "	" "	359 22 47.352
Venus	197 49 18.043,	" " " "	" " " "	" "	197 49 22.472
Mercury	72 40 57.000,	" " " "	" " " "	" "	72 40 55.082

“To the Maha Yuga results we have to add 2.641”, as per foregoing, when the outstanding differences will be found as above given.

“The average procession per century by a mean of Leverrier and Newcomb is $1^{\circ} 23' 44.065''$. If we calculate by the Maha Yuga results we shall find that the following would be the heliocentric longitudes on the completion of the cycle :

Neptune	1°	37'	} These according to sidereal places.
Uranus	1	47	
Saturn	359	38	
Jupiter	359	15	
Mars	359	26	
Sun	0	0	
Venus	2	3	
Mercury	359	56	

“The preceding positions and data are all exceedingly striking and they agree very much more closely than could, under all the circumstances, be expected ; while the assignable limits of error show that the last results may be quite accurate. And even if it could be satisfactorily shown that the future corrections to the planetary motions would be in the opposite directions to the above outstanding differences, this would not help objectors to the theory that the Maha Yuga is correct, out of the difficulty very far ; for the synodic periods derivable from it would still be far more accurate than any we possessed prior to the year 1820—and there would also remain the greater probability in favor of the conjunction rather than against it. These things being so, the enquiry naturally arises—where and when, setting aside the reference to the Atlanteans and any other theosophic or occult explanation, did the ancients become acquainted with the exact length of this cycle? We have seen that it would have been impossible for western scientists of the present day to have obtained its measure from their own data, unless put in possession of its approximate length from some external source. It thence appears that the Maha Yuga period is strictly original, and could not have been got up within the historical period or from western data ; and this being so, and it being found to agree so nearly with the best, latest, and most refined efforts of the combined intellectual strength of Europe, it follows that the archaic scientists were in possession of our astronomical periods ages before we, with all our boasted superiority to the ancients in such matters, had arrived at them by slow degrees and intense labor. Moreover this triumph of the ancients is more than complete ; for though it may be claimed that whatever the archaic astronomers may have accomplished in reference to the bodies visible to the unassisted eye, they knew nothing of others, yet by the preceding it appears that our own astronomers can no longer point to *their* discoveries of Uranus and Neptune (which were marvels of telescopic power and intellectual penetration) as a point of vantage to which the scientists of a hoary antiquity could not attain.

And indeed, quite independently of the conclusions on this head derivable from the Maha Yuga, which might be vitiated if any great alteration is in future made in the mean motions of these two planets (but which we may predict will consist of thirty seconds per century or multiples thereof), it is said that one, if not both, of the most distant planets were known to the ancient writers.¹ This escaped notice until modern times, when by reference to any hand-book on Astronomy we may see that Uranus was discovered by aid of the first great reflecting telescope used in England, on the 13th of March in the year 1781; though its existence had been previously suspected, owing to unexplained perturbations in the movements of Saturn.² And similarly, the planet Neptune was discovered by us through the unaccounted-for movements of Uranus, on September 18th, 1846, when it was seen by Dr. Galle with a powerful telescope, in the very point in the sky where the calculations of Adams and Leverrier had indicated that it would be found.³ The difficulties which the discoverers had to face were enormous,⁴ but it is said that "both not only solved the problem, but did so with a completeness that filled the world with astonishment and admiration, in which none more ardently shared than those who, from their attainments, were best qualified to appreciate the difficulties of the question."⁵ And every writer upon the subject for the last sixty years has sung pæans of victory over this celebrated performance as the crowning intellectual triumph of the present day,⁶ but by the contents of the present paper it appears that the whole had been forestalled many ages ago by those despised ancients, whom modern Europeans have been in the habit of looking down upon as the very impersonations of superstitious ignorance.⁷ . . ."

Mr. Stuart is, of course, far too careful a student to say that he has proved his case conclusively, to the point of absolute certainty. But let us, for the sake of clearness, accept the supposition that the case is proved conclusively; that the facts and deductions are entirely correct. What results will follow?

First, that all the planets, including Uranus and Neptune, and, perhaps, other planets still unknown to modern astronomy, do, in fact, come into conjunction with each other and with the sun (that is, gather together at the same point in the Zodiac, or close to the same fixed star) at regularly recurring periods separated by the enormous space of 4,320,000 years.

Second, that this fact was the basis of the cycle called the Maha Yuga, or Great Cycle, which lies at the foundation of the whole Indian philosophy of world-cycles, and which is suggested by the occurrence of

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, i, 126, 128; ii, 512, 513. Cf. *Isis Unveiled*, i, 267, etc.

² *Orbs of Heaven*, 127, by Prof. Mitchell.

³ Mitchell's *Astronomy*, 217.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 215, 216.

⁵ *Popular Astronomy*, 179, ed. 1856, by Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. For the high attainments and qualifications of Mons. Leverrier and Mr. Adams, see *Orbs of Heaven*, 138, *et seq.*

⁶ Mitchell's *Astronomy*, 211 (Routledge's ed.)

⁷ Cf. *Isis Unveiled*, i, 239.

the same figures in other ancient astronomical systems, notably the Chaldean and aboriginal Mexican.

Third, that the fact of such a general conjunction was known to the astronomers of an immensely remote period, presumably Atlantean or Lemuro-Atlantean (since the Aryan, the Fifth Race, did not begin to come into being until a much later period).

Fourth, that these Atlantean or Lemuro-Atlantean astronomers knew of the existence and orbital periods of both Uranus and Neptune, which modern astronomers have only quite recently discovered, by the aid of immensely powerful telescopes combined with highly developed mathematical science.

Which would involve the final conclusion that the Atlanteans or Lemuro-Atlantean astronomers either had equally powerful telescopes and an equal knowledge of mathematics; or that they obtained their knowledge in other ways—by the possession of the occult powers which would make them high Initiates. For we have been told that, to the awakened vision of such Initiates, the most distant nebulae, separated, perhaps, from the sun by spaces which light takes millions of years to traverse, appear as close, as visible, as “daisies in the next field.”

C. J.

(*To be continued.*)

We are only worth the price at which God values us. True merit must be weighed in His scales, for it is His judgment which alone can decide between real and counterfeit virtue.—S. John Berchmans.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

MODERN history finds it hard to discover the true feeling of Alsace and Lorraine only because a veil has been thrown over their own self-expression; while all, literally all, the facts of the case have been distorted and preverted to serve the purpose of an unscrupulous conqueror. It must be remembered that it is not Alsations or Lorrainers who have made such persistent and indefatigable claims to German origin, to German intellect, to German likeness and spirit. It is German conquerors who have made these assertions for them; and the world always grows to believe, or at least half believe, what it is told often enough, and with a sufficient air of conviction. The claims Germany has made and is vigorously making, to a right over Alsace and Lorraine, have in large measure been believed by the world at large, though perhaps a few people outside of France, have supposed that some of their assumptions were rather sweeping. But in the main, Germany's claim that Alsace-Lorraine was and is German, has been accepted because the arguments she put forward appeared plausible enough on the surface, and because the average man is prepared to accept any reiterated definite statement on a subject about which he personally has little or no direct knowledge.

The claims of Germany are false. Even a surface examination of the facts demonstrates that Germany's so-called "right" is an assumption, and that her whole position is untenable and a premeditated fiction.

Germany bases her claim to Alsace-Lorraine on three major premises. First, ethnologically, Alsations and Lorrainers are asserted to be German peoples, descendants of German tribes. Second, Alsace and Lorraine, it is said, had belonged by direct political *liaison* to Germany since the time of Charlemagne (described as "the first German Emperor." *cf.* any German encyclopedia.), and until Louis XIV "seized" them in 1679-1697 (Treaties of Nimwegen and Ryswick, respectively). This would give Germany possession of these territories for eight or nine centuries prior to that of France; and, therefore, in 1871, Germany only recovered that which was legally and rightly hers. Third, Alsations and Lorrainers speak German, are German at heart, and, by all signs save those advanced by a few pro-French extremists, prefer to remain German.

Emphatically, these three claims are historically false and without foundation in fact. It will become evident that the theories, purporting to be scientific, which German vanity has created to serve its ends, are preposterous to an extreme. For it is vanity which has led Germany to claim all good things as German. And it must be remembered, on this very account, that recent generations of Germans have been brought up to believe implicitly any and every falsification of fact which the satisfaction of this vanity has made necessary, and it must therefore have

become almost an impossibility for the modern German at this time to shake himself free from the resulting delusions. For no regard whatsoever has been paid by them to the facts of history; neither to the outer events such as treaties or wars, nor to those more subtle mental attitudes which find expression in these events, as well as more clearly perhaps in literature and art.

A careful investigation of the German claims regarding Alsace and Lorraine reveals the absolute necessity of understanding the whole historic method and treatment which Germans have applied to these unfortunate peoples. Without a thorough comprehension of this method, its intellectual dishonesty and consequent scientific inaccuracy, the problem cannot be solved. History cannot be a thing to conjure with. History is the unravelling and outer expression of human character and human thought. Back of every human activity lie the thoughts that planned and motivated it. The history of a nation or of a people differs only from individual biography in the immensity and complexity of its life—to which must be added that new factor of a united consciousness, which arises wherever the hearts of a group are bound together by some spiritual affinity. "What a man thinks, that he becomes," which is not to say that what he imagines he thinks will he become, but rather that those fundamental principles underlying all his thinking processes will react determinatively on his character, and must inevitably find their realization sooner or later in outer life.

The German interpretation of history,—equally of its own as of other countries,—has been systematically and deliberately falsified to such an extent that the writing of a fair and true account by a German of any period has become an impossibility. Persistent liars distort the truth—even its fragments,—when deliberately trying not to; and the intellectual dishonesty of German thinking is on such a colossal scale, that unless some special study has been directed towards the examination not merely of German historical research, but of other branches of German science, no real comprehension can be reached of how far-reaching and insidious their perversions have become. American scholarship in particular has lent itself (in the past willingly) to the admiration of this German product; and it is as yet a hard lesson to learn that a whole people, under the ægis of "exact science" and "sound scholarship," and quite apart from the direct influence of Prussian militarism, could so basely have misused the intellect and betrayed the trust of men.

But such is the fact, and German histories of Alsace and Lorraine prove it.

The German people, following such German thinkers as Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Haeckel, Harnack, Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardt, and many like them almost as well known, who have led, and in a true sense represented their fellow countrymen for several generations, have succeeded not only in preparing and finally precipitating this war, but also in so impregnating the whole intellectual world with their point of view, which

is the fruit of their method, that all of literature, art, history, and politics have felt strongly this influence. Partly by sheer weight and numbers, partly by an array of accumulated facts and figures (generally untrustworthy because selected with a bias), partly because of a certain complexity and massiveness of mind, they have succeeded in affecting deeply the scholarship and education of our generation. As a result, now that war has revealed what it is that Germany and German scholars in almost every case were striving for, much of the critical study of art, of literature, of history will have to be restudied and rewritten. For it must never be forgotten that, however aside from the main issue a branch of study may be, respected German writers and widely-studied German university professors, sometimes openly, sometimes *sub-rosa*, but always with indefatigable zeal, have maintained the pre-eminence and superiority of Germany, of the Germans, and of everything which by its excellence they could claim as resembling even remotely their own lofty German standard.

This German racial pretension is the philosophical background of all Pan-German propaganda, the corner-stone of all the *Mittle-Europa* scheme, which, by its unscrupulous seizure of territory has finally raised the issues of Alsace-Lorraine, of Poland, and of the Balkan States. It is essential to understand this claim, otherwise no true perspective can be gained of any such complex problem as that which, thanks entirely to German dishonesty and self-delusion, the history of Alsace-Lorraine now presents.

Two main causes have led to this extravagant German attitude. The first and most obvious was the series of military and diplomatic successes of Frederick the Second and William the First, Prussian kings. From being disunited, backward, partly civilized peoples, the amalgamated Germans suddenly found themselves the conquerors of four important nations, immensely rich and able under the clever and unscrupulous leadership of Bismark, and the morally degenerate military aristocracy of Prussia, to become the dominant factor in European politics.

The second cause lay within and behind the outer evidence of the other, and may be traced in the leading thought and intellectual moulds of the Germanic peoples throughout their history, though more definitely, perhaps, since the Protestant Revolt, with its emphasis on self-expression which develops self-will, and as reinforced by the egotistical philosophies of Kant, Fichte, Hegel and Nietzsche.

The accumulated influence of this intellectual legacy can alone explain the unanimity with which German scholarship along so many different lines of research, has lent itself but to one end,—the aggrandizement of Germany and of everything remotely connected therewith. "The proud conviction forces itself upon us with irresistible power that a high, if not the highest importance for the entire development of the human race is ascribable to this German people," writes Bernhardt (*Germany and the Next War*, p. 68). Another well-established writer, Josef Ludwig

Reimer, said in 1905, "The Kultur of the Germans is actually the stimulous to our present European *Civilization* with which we are conquering the world." (*A Pangerman Germany*, p. 31). So, quite recently, an eminent doctor of theology and philosophy, a jurist, and professor of Berlin University, Dr. Adolf Lasson, writes, "The whole of European Kultur . . . is brought to a focus on this German soil and in the hearts of the German people. It would be foolish to express oneself on this point with modesty and reserve. We Germans represent the latest and the highest achievement of European Kultur." (*Deutsche Reden aus Schwerer Zeit*, No. 4, p. 13. A series of pamphlets issued since the war by the Professors of Berlin University and others, typical, in every sense, of German character and mentality.)

Bald extracts such as these, which might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, do not immediately suggest the wide influence which this fundamental idea has had in affecting all German scholarship—and not alone scholarship, but everything to which the German has turned his attention. Take, for instance, their conception of art and of artists—it being remembered that our libraries and colleges are filled with text-books and "standard" works which are colored with just such falsifications. "Every great artistic achievement of France and Italy since the time of the Romans can be traced to families and classes with a strong mixture of Germanic blood, and, especially in earlier times, to the descendants of Germanic stocks, who had kept their blood, or at any rate their nature (*Art*) pure." (H. A. Schmid—Dr. of Philos., Professor of Art History at Göttingen—in No. 25 of the above cited series of pamphlets, p. 21.) This claim is methodically treated, and, to German satisfaction, is proved concerning at least the whole Italian Renaissance period, by an eminent anthropologist, lecturer and scholar, Herr Professor Ludwig Woltmann. He demonstrates that all the famous "Architects, Painters, Historians and Humanists, Naturalists and Philosophers, Authors, and Musicians" were of German parentage or descent; and his list includes exactly one hundred and seven names. But his reasons? Benvenuto Cellini had a blonde beard verging on red; Michael-Angelo Buonarotti, whose real name must have been Bohn-Rotto, or perhaps Beon-Rad, indicating Saxon origin; Leonardo da Vinci, presumably having corrupted his name from Wincke, must have been of the same stem, etc. Even Dante does not escape, so the *Divine Comedy* also should be esteemed as a German classic. (*Die Germanen und die Renaissance in Italien, passim*. Woltmann receives half a column in Meyers' *Konversations-Lexicon*. He died in 1907.)

So too, religion cannot and does not escape this burlesque. Josef Ludwig Reimer, jurist, traveler, and author, accredited by inclusion in *Wer ist's* (Who's Who), "proves" Christ to have been German. In his book, *Ein Pangermanisches Deutschland* (Chap. XIV, p. 233), he says, summarizing the discussion of several chapters: "When we see how very closely Christ is identified with Germanic Nature [note the order], how at the same time he rejected the Jews and was in turn rejected by them;

when we see further that the *Homo judaeus* contains much German blood, and in earlier times must of necessity have had it still *purser than now*, especially in such a very mixed neighborhood (Galilee), out of which Christ sprang, why shall we not be permitted to designate as Germanic the Being of Christ, which is ours today, and always will remain so; entirely apart from the plausible evidence of a Chamberlain and of others who support His Arian origin, and apart also from the sceptical attitude (even when perhaps deliberate) about the legitimacy of His birth, which is widely circulated throughout Judaism!"

These quotations, which might easily be multiplied almost indefinitely, should illustrate to what lengths German vanity has gone. Christ, Greek art, the Renaissance, Dante, Charlemagne, even Jeanne d'Arc, born in Lorraine, are German to the degree in which they were excellent, or to which their possession might flatter the Germans and increase their prestige in their own eyes. Nor is this point of view confined to a small body of Pangermanists. The German school-child is educated in such ideas, German text-books and encyclopedia are based on them, and the whole fabric of German thought thus has its basis in vain delusions and insidious fictions.

PART I.

Returning to the three major German claims to Alsace-Lorraine,—the ethnological, the historic, and the cultural and personal,—it would seem best to take up first the ethnological or racial claim. A survey must be made of a very much controverted question,—who and from whence are the races in Europe?—which is highly technical in its details, but at the same time of such a nature that certain fundamental principles may readily be established by anybody who reads even a resumé of the vast literature involved. For, as Dr. T. Rice Holmes remarks in his really erudite study of Cæsar's *Commentaries*, the student need not "be afraid, even if he is not a Celtic scholar or a professional anthropologist, to form an opinion of his own. For he will observe that the specialists, in so far as they differ among themselves, are simply drawing their own conclusions from ascertained facts which are accessible to all." (*Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul*, p. 261).

A study of the languages surviving from earliest days in Europe indicates a close structural connection between seven great families or groups—the Hellenic, Italic, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic, Lithuanic or Lettic, and Albanian,—in fact, all the existing languages except Finnic, Basque, Magyar, and Turkish. Closely related to these are three Asiatic groups: Indic, derived from Sanskrit; Iranic, including Zend, Persian, etc., and Armenian. The name for this numerous, interrelated family of speech has been a subject for controversy, especially in the earlier days after Bopp's *Comparative Grammar* founded in 1833-35 the science of Comparative Philology. To call them Indo-Germanic or Indo-European is not only clumsy, but inaccurate. The first, adopted by Bopp,

is the favorite term in Germany; but French and Italian scholars see no reason why German should be taken as the type of European speech. Nor do these terms include the Armenian and Iranian branches. Aryan, a term popularized by Max Müller, while originally derived from the supposed center in Asia from whence these sister languages migrated, is now being used more and more by English, French and German students alike as a general term to describe not so much this interrelated family of peoples itself, as the now obsolete theories which dealt with them.

The origin of the Aryans then, became for years a bone of contention, and the modern Pan-German theories of a superior German race, God's own chosen people, are derived directly from the speculations, assertions, and conclusions of a long line of German writers on this question. It culminated in the works of Cuno, Pösche, Penka, and Schrader for scientific theory, and Fichte, Trietschke, Reimer and Bernhardt for their amplification and direct application to Pangermanism.

Max Müller jumped from the conclusion that, behind so many interrelated languages, there must be one primitive, stock-language, to the further, and absolutely unwarranted conclusion, that there must have been also a primitive stock-race. So instead of speaking only of the sources of the Aryan language, he spoke of an "Aryan race" and an "Aryan family," and asserted that there was a time "when the first ancestors of the Indians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Slavs, the Celts, and the Germans were living together within the same enclosures, nay under the same roof." He further asserted that because the same forms of speech are "preserved by all the members of the Aryan family, it follows that before the ancestors of Indians and Persians started for the south, and the leaders of the Greek, Roman, Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic colonies marched towards the shores of Europe, there was a small clan of Aryans, settled probably on the highest elevation of Central Asia, speaking a language not yet Sanskrit or Greek or German, but containing the dialectical germs of all." (*Lectures on The Science of Language*, 2nd revised edition, pp. 211-212. Delivered 1861).

Dr. Isaac Taylor, an eminent English ethnologist, declares—"Than this picturesque paragraph more mischievous words have seldom been uttered by a great scholar." How true this estimate was, Dr. Taylor himself never knew. For to the German mind, an *Aryan* root-race, since it produced Germanic or Teutonic off-shoots, must have been essentially a *German* root-race, else how came so distinctive and superior a race as the Germans of history into being? And once the self-evident fact be grasped that the modern German language, which is at once the best, most scientific and most beautiful of languages (*vide* Fichte) has its roots in the primitive Aryan language, from whence it may also be traced as the foundation of practically all European, Iranian, and Sanskrit languages(!), what conclusion is left but that the German element is the one enduring, enlightening agent of an all-wise and far-seeing Divine

Providence, and is therefore, the leading race in the world? The terms Aryan and German are consequently practically interchangeable, and so they will be found in multitudes of German books.

This brand of vicious reasoning, which always returns upon itself, is characteristic of the German scientific method, though more often in conclusions formed, than in the logic of facts. For it is typical of the German that in the ordering of mere facts he can be sequential and logical to a degree, but when he is called upon to draw conclusions from those facts, in other words, to deal with the logic of ideas; he is incapable of the detachment from self, and of the judgment necessary for coherent, principled, let alone clear thinking.

Now it is an interesting commentary on the whole scientific and philosophical basis of the Pan-German claims, that the ethnological theory on which they are based is today absolutely discredited. French, English, and even some German scholars agree in showing "conclusively that the assumption of the common ancestry of the speakers of Aryan languages is a mere figment, wholly contrary to the evidence, and as improbable as the hypothesis that a small Aryan clan in Central Asia could have sent out great colonies which marched four thousand miles to the shores of Europe." (Taylor, *Origin of the Aryans*, pp. 4-5). There is not, or rather, never has been, such a thing as an Aryan race. "It cannot be insisted upon too strongly that identity of speech does not imply identity of race, any more than diversity of speech implies diversity of race," says Dr. Taylor (p. 5). "Language seems almost independent of race" (p. 204 *et seq.*).

As this cardinal ethnological principal bears directly on the fact that Alsatians speak a language which Germans can understand only with great difficulty, and the French not at all, it may be useful to note that in Italy where the south is Iapygian, Sicanian, and Greek, and the north Etruscan, Ligurian, Rhætian, Celtis, Herulian, Gothic, and Lombard, the speech is that of Rome, a city which itself "contained an overwhelming proportion of Syrians, Greeks, and Africans." The actual Latin blood in Rome was probably extremely small, but its speech extends over Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Roumania, part of Canada and the United States, and practically all of South and Central America. English likewise, is today replacing Celtic in Cornwall, Wales, Ireland and Scotland, as well as Latin in other parts of the globe. German has replaced Celtic in the regions of the Danube and Main, and more recently has extinguished two Slav dialects, Polabian and Wend. The old Prussians spoke a sister language of the Lithuanian (Slavs); and though still from forty to sixty per cent Slav, speak German, which was imposed on them by the conquests of the Teutonic Knights.

Claims to Alsace, then, based on the fact that French is not spoken except by a minority, do not enter into the question at all; and any such claim, put forward in the face of so much self-evident scientific data which proves the absolute unreliability of the language test, is either

relying on popular ignorance and credulity to escape detection, or is a studied factor in a program of wilful deceit. As a matter of fact the Alsatians speak a dialect of their own, which, though largely German in vocabulary, is essentially French in structure, differing markedly from neighboring German. So much is this so, that even five hundred years ago Troubadour poetry could find expression in Alsatian; whereas German imitations, products of the Minnesingers, are in no way equal, lacking wholly, because of the medium of an entirely different language, the spontaneous lyrical flow and lightness of phrase characteristic of this poetry.

A further and final blow was delivered to Max Müller's Aryan race theory, by the series of anthropological discoveries that all the existing races in Europe show conclusive evidence of having lived just where they now are, back into prehistoric times, while there is no evidence whatever to show that they ever migrated from Asia. So entirely without exception has this been found to be, that "the ultimate result has been to bring about a conviction not only that there is no such thing as any pure Aryan race, but that the existence of a primitive Aryan language is doubtful" (*Op. cit.* p. 38. Delbrück, *Einleitung in das Sprachstudium*, pp. 131-137; Bacmeister, *Allemanishes Wanderungen*, Cuno, Schrader, etc.)

Modern discovery, therefore, seconded by some of the ablest German anthropologists, overthrows entirely not merely the probability, but the possibility of a primitive root-race which was the foundation of modern European races; and with this fact proves the complete falsity of the modern German's claim to represent the evolved quintessential perfection of that original stock. Likewise the German claim, corollary to the main one, that all neighboring races in Europe, such as the English, French, Italians, etc., are necessarily off-shoots of the main German stock, and merely a greater or less dilution of German with native barbarian or African blood, is equally false and absurd.

Yet this assertion is put forward today fearlessly and repeatedly. Meyers' *Konversations-Lexicon*, volume 6, p. 827, explains just how the French are German, largely because three tribes of disputed Germanic origin, the Franks, Goths, and Suevi-Alemanni, obtained a partial conquest of independent northern sections of what is now France (despite the fact that they were absorbed by the superior culture of the peoples they overcame). Meyers' encyclopedia corresponds, of course, with the *Encyclopedia Britannica* as a standard for reference. Under "English" the same type of argument is followed, though large parts of England, such as Wales, and Cornwall, and the red-haired sections of Scotland and North England, are either aboriginal or Celtic, while Essex, where the Teutonic element predominated, is about an equal blend of French and Celtic with Germanic. Only in a remote sense are the English, in Matthew Arnold's words, "A vast obscure cymric basis with a vast visible Germanic superstructure." (*On the Study of Celtic Literature*, p. 64): Arnold

learned his ethnology admittedly from Germans, who at that time were almost the only students in the field. So Dr. Karl Woltmann, professor at the Imperial University at Strasbourg, whose volumes on *Mediæval Painting* are a standard and erudite reference work in all libraries, claims as a matter of course that Alfred the Great was German, and he speaks highly of this typical English king because he "resuscitated the studies that lay so low; he had made himself master of the highest culture of the day, and had *taken the first place among the prose writers of the Germanic tongue*" (Vol. II, p. 279). This professor claims some of the best periods of the Dutch School for Germany, because, "The greater part of the Netherlands belonged in this age to the Duchy of Lotharingia (Lothringen, Lorraine) and therefore to the German Empire" (p. 282). There was no "German Empire" at this time, while the Duchy of Lorraine was independent even of the Holy Roman Empire. Alfred the Great was really a Gaul, and by no means a German, either in feeling, character, or mentality.

It is on just such assumptions and inaccurate statements that German public opinion has acquired the firm belief in its blood-authorship of England, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Alsace-Lorraine, Switzerland, Denmark, and others. "Would to God Professor Engel were right in maintaining that the English are Kelts. Then we should not have to be ashamed of our brothers!" wrote Pastor B. Lösche in 1914. One of the most illuminating revelations of the presence of a motive which for long has lain back of German science and method, has been the easy *volte face* effected on this same race question of England since the war. "England is now showing on what feeble feet its Germanism rests, how unsound, how profoundly unworthy of the German Thought it is. It cannot shake off its bitter accusers—its Shakespeare and Carlyle, its Dickens and Kingsley. It has committed treason against the spirit of its greatest men . . ."; and in the same strain: "Does one German cousin fight against another? We good-natured idealists have always dwelt upon this German cousinship. The three-quarters-Keltic England has no feeling of common Germanism." (Quoted by William Archer, *Gems of German Thought*, numbers 440, 439, and 442.)

From all that has gone before, one definite conclusion is established. The word Germanic has two uses. It is loosely used to describe a number of tribes and races which once overran Europe. It is also applied today by modern Prussians to describe themselves and their Empire; and these two applications cannot be reconciled. The modern German is at least as much a mixture of races and peoples as the Englishman, Frenchman, or Italian. Prussians are Lithuanians, at least forty per cent Slav; while Bavarians are just as conglomerate as Alsations. No such thing as a pure Germanic stock survives at the present day. The German racial pretension, therefore, falls absolutely to the ground, since that which is today claimed as German is not the German of five, still less of ten or fifteen, centuries ago.

Specific German claims about the ethnology of France and of Alsace-Lorraine may now be more easily disposed of. They rest on the fundamental error of mixing the terms *race* and *nationality*; of implying that nationality is ninety-nine per cent a question of race. It is not. Present-day Americans, from a racial standpoint, whatever else they are, can neither correctly be restricted to surviving Red Indians, nor can they at this time be said to exclude, for instance, descendants of African negroes. It is true that Americans as a race, strictly speaking do not exist as yet; but as a nationality, however, their self-consciousness and power cannot be successfully questioned. In almost every case, national consciousness is an intangible spirit, sometimes limited by natural geographic boundaries, but quite as often regardless of them; and it seems to be more frequently the result of an ideal forged in the hearts, and exemplified in the persons, of first one and then another of the great heroes and figures of history. Groups of contiguous peoples catch fire from the leadership of such individuals, and are drawn together not primarily by conquest, which often does not last, but rather by their response to a common ideal, and to the mutual interchange of thoughts and experiences. King Arthur, legendary as he is in most of the stories, Alfred the Great, Richard the Lion-hearted,—these men were the active expression of England's spirit; they embodied successively the growth of English national consciousness. In France, Clovis, by his dedication of France to Christ; Charlemagne by his creation of a Christian Empire, ruled in a spirit of chivalry made famous by Roland, Oliver, and Bayard; St. Louis, crusader King; the Blessed Jeanne d'Arc,—these and a host of others epitomize France, and gave to her a self-conscious realization of her mission.

To all of which the German spirit is frankly hostile, rejecting on the one hand such an interpretation of history, and on the other, claiming everything French as German, because France was populated by Aryan and therefore Germanic tribes.

This distinction between race and nationality applies directly to Alsace and Lorraine. Border countries between Germany and France, since the days of Cæsar, and undoubtedly before, they were the scene of incessant conflict. As to the earliest known inhabitants, the *Commentaries* tell us that when the Roman General defeated Ariovistus and thereby prevented the German Suevi from migration over the Rhine, the land was inhabited by three Celtic tribes, the *Treviri*, *Mediomatrici*, and *Leuci*. *Trèves* is one remnant of their nomenclature, while Verdun comes from the name of an incorporated tribe, the *Verodunes*. The Germans claim that the Celts are part of the Indo-germanic stock (Meyers' *Konversations-Lexicon*, vol. x, p. 828.—“eine Volkes des indo-germanischen Sprachstammes”), or Teutonic race. They base their claim on the fact reported by Dion Cassius, the Greek historian, by Cæsar, by Tacitus in his *Germania*, and other sources, that the Celtæ and Belgæ were fair-

haired, blue-eyed, and tall, like their later and better-known conquerors, the Vandals and Huns.

The literature discussing this claim is vast in amount, and the use of the term "Celt" is so confused and at times all-inclusive, that the lay-reader is left hopelessly in the dark. But in the light of recent ethnological research, the old Celtic problem bids fair to reach an unexpected conclusion. Mr. Madison Grant in his exceedingly interesting book *The Passing of a Great Race*, opens with the sentence: "Failure to recognize the clear distinction between race and nationality and the still greater distinction between race and language, the easy assumption that the one is indicative of the other, has been in the past a serious impediment to an understanding of racial values. Historians and philologists have approached the subject from the viewpoint of linguistics, and as a result we have been burdened with a group of mythical races, such as the Latin, the Aryan, the Caucasian, and, perhaps, the most inconsistent of all, the 'Celtic' race. . . . It is, therefore, necessary at the outset for the reader to thoroughly appreciate that race, language, and nationality, are three distinct things, and that in Europe these three elements are only occasionally found persisting in combination, as in the Scandinavian nations" (pp. 3-4).

According then, to the older theories, the Celts, being a part of the original Aryan or Indo-germanic linguistic stock, are in essence Teutonic peoples. The German claimants are so eager to cover every conceivable point which might be used against them, that they frequently conflict and over-reach themselves. Statements about the inhabitants of early France and of Alsace-Lorraine afford ample illustration of this. The Celtic race, identified as such by ancient writers merely on the grounds of blue eyes and blonde or ruddy hair, cannot be distinguished, as far as these same ancient descriptions go, from Teutonic tribes such as Vandals, Goths, Lombards, and Burgundians. The Germans, possessing themselves china-blue eyes and blonde hair (not ruddy) instantly claimed the Celts as Indo-germanic, and Teutonic. But when a little more research proved that the so-called Celtic race, far from embracing most of the inhabitants of France, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, northern Spain and Italy, Belgium, and Alsace-Lorraine, as at first thought because these peoples spoke Celtic, must instead be limited to *either one* of three insignificant, racially distinct, remnants—the Bretons, the Welsh, or the Scotch Highlander.—then the German scientist (though not, as yet, the German public) discarded the Celts, and pinned his faith to Goths, Normans, and Burgundians. So we have one class of Germans (such as Meyers, Cuno, Schrader, Niehbur, Müllendorf and many others) whose assertions lead their fellow-countrymen to claim all France and all Frenchmen as German because they are descendants from the Celts. Then, in opposition, we have such renowned men as Herr Ottokar Lorenz and Herr Wilhelm Scherer who contradict this claim in their (for Germans, most moderate) *Geschichte Elsasses*. They find it necessary,

in order to eliminate an inconvenient French (!) element in Alsace, to disparage the Celts. Thus, "The Celts, as always happens with *moribund* races, were divided into two factions, one of which sought Roman protection while the other depended upon the Germans." Even Myers, wishing to come near the truth, states that, "the Alsations belong, with the exception perhaps of the inhabitants of the northern part, to the alemannic, the Lorrainers to frankish Folkstem." (Under Elsass-Lothringen, vol. 5, p. 727.) He maintains that both are German in origin, but the alemannic more purely so. Further on he says (p. 733): "The oldest historically known inhabitants of Elsass were the keltic Sequani and Rauriki, who followed the Germanic Triboker and Nemeter." We have no knowledge of these last mentioned, practically pre-historic tribes, but by seeking to precede the Celts with German tribes, though quite without warrant, Meyers sought to provide for the most remote possible German heredity of Alsace.

Comparing and summing, therefore, the statements of these several scholars, it would be a fair inference to suppose that France (or Italy or England or Belgium for that matter) became a separate nation through some mistake on the part of a body of Germans who did not realize what they were doing; and so, by cutting themselves off from their fountain-head, and blending with inferior races, they turned themselves into degenerates and renegades who today are even fighting their Mother. Apparently, however, such degenerates can produce an occasional Rodin or Voltaire or Molière (or Carlyle, etc. and etc.), who is a credit, despite his handicap, to the parent country.

The facts in the case, as far as they are ascertainable, may briefly be put as follows:

The original Celts, or at least, users of the Celtic language, somewhere before 1100 B. C. were spread over Central and Western Europe, long antedating the irruption of the Teutonic tribes. Earliest neolithic remains place them in Central France, Belgium and Southern Germany; they migrated west to England and east into Greece; they were called Gauls or Celts by the Romans, and Galatians by the Greeks (*Cf.* De Quatrefages and especially, Broca). They were "gigantic barbarians," with fair, very often red, hair, grey-blue eyes, and brachycephalous or with rounded skulls. They gave their language to the peoples they conquered, and were absorbed by the native populations. The only Celtic-speaking peoples remaining today are the round-skull, or brachycephalic Breton peasants; the short, long-skull, or dolichocephalous Welshman, dark in color; and the tall, light, often ruddy Scotch Highlander, also dolichocephalous. These groups are not physically similar, and their character and mentality are totally unlike. If one be descended from an original Celtic race, then the other two are not. The Scotch Highlander has been identified with the true Scandinavian type, tall, dolichocephalous, with an index of from 70 to 73, whose general structural and cultural characteristics places him with the Row Grave and Stængenæs skeletons

of pre-Teuton invasions, and therefore closely resembling the Swedes, Danes, and Frisians of today. The Welshman is now generally believed to be a residuum of pre-Celtic races "of immense antiquity." The French Bretons, with index over 80, at best are a mixed people, possibly related to the Slavs and even the Lapps, and having no racial elements in common with Welsh or Scotch. In passing, it might be noted that the great mass of Irish are Danes, Norse, and Anglo-Norman,—not Celtic,—together with a substratum of pre-historic elements similar to the earliest Welsh. The Irish, therefore, cannot scientifically claim national independence on any grounds of race.

About 100 B. C. the Teutons appeared on the scene,—first the Ostrogoths, the Huns, the Visigoths, the Cimbri, the Suevi, the Helvetians, and the Alemanni of the upper Rhine. There is a superficial resemblance between the Teutons and the Celts. Both races are tall, large limbed, and fair haired. But they "are radically distinguished by the form of the skull" (Taylor, *op. cit.* p. 109).

Ausonius, Lucan, Claudian, Martial, Tacitus, Calpurnius, Flavius, Propocius, and others, as well as Cæsar, describe these invasions; and German authors have industriously assembled all these quotations (Zeuss, *Die Deutschen*, p. 50 *et seq.*; Pösche, *Die Arier*, p. 25, *seq.*; Penka, *Or. Ar.*, p. 122; Diefenbach, *Or. Eur.*, p. 161, *seq.*; Müllendorf, etc.) Though fair, the Celtic complexion is more florid and freckled than the pink and white of the Teuton, while the eyes of the former are green, grey, and greyish-blue rather than the "*cærulei oculi*" of Tacitus. Dr. Holmes thinks that the keen observation of Cæsar led him to discriminate between the Germans and the Gauls (Celts), for he describes the latter as "resembling" the former, but not so tall, so fair, or so savage (*Op. cit.* Chapter on "Who Were the True Gauls?").

Cæsar's description of these first German invasions of France, which he met and defeated on the soil of Alsace and Lorraine, are very indicative in the light of recent events. Speaking of the ravages which the native Gauls (Celts) of Alsace sustained, he tells us that Divitiacus the Aeduan reported that about 15,000 Germans had "at first crossed the Rhine; but after that these wild and savage men had become enamored of the lands and the refinement and abundance of the Gauls, more were brought over, until about 120,000 of them were in Gaul." (*De Bello Gallico*, i, cap. xxxi). The *Commentaries* then describe the sufferings of various Celtic clans, notably the Sequani, exposed as they were on the border-land to the inroads of alien Germanic hordes. There is much revealed in Cæsar's shrewd description of these same Germanic tribes—description singularly applicable to modern German claims and methods. The Sequani were especially dejected for "Ariovistus, King of the Germans, had settled in their territory, and had seized a third of it, the best land in the whole of Gaul; and now he demanded that the natives should vacate another third, because a few months previously 24,000 Harules had joined him, and he had to find homestead land for them.

[In other words, as today, they wanted a "place under the sun," room to "expand," at another's expense.]

Within a few years, the entire population of Gaul would be expatriated, and the Germans would all cross the Rhine; for there was no comparison between the land of the Germans, and that of the Sequani, nor must the standard of living among the former be put on a level with that of the latter." (I, Cap. XXXI.)

Cæsar's victory was only temporary, however, and the Western Roman Empire collapsed under the repeated blows of the successive Teutonic hordes. But it is important to note that Celtic culture was superior to Teutonic, that the close natural alliance between Celtic and Latin led to the easy spread of the Roman conqueror's tongue, and that the Teutons did not recognize the Celtic speaking peoples as kin in any sense;—on the contrary, they called them Welsh, or foreigners. From this word are derived the names "Wales," "Cornwales" or "Cornwall," "Valais," "Walloons," and "Wallachian" or "Vlach."

So much for German claims that the Celts are German.

With the political and military *débaçle* of Rome, Teutonic tribes, warlike and restless, spread over the whole of Europe. In the fourth and fifth centuries A. D. the Vandals established a kingdom in North Africa. Spain fell under the Visigoths, Portugal under the Suevi. Southern Gaul was also Visigothic; eastern Gaul, Burgundian; while the north was Frankish, until Charlemagne created an Empire and spread their influence throughout France. Italy was conquered first by the Ostrogoths and then by the Lombards. The Saxons and related tribes took the British Isles; while Norsemen and Danes invaded all the costal areas as far south as Spain.

Politically these conquests were real enough, but in point of population, there was no such radical change. As Madison Grant says, "all Europe had become *superficially* Teutonized" (p. 162). Alaric's army which conquered Italy and sacked Rome was very small relative to the whole population of Italy; and the actual numerical superiority of Goths in Theodoric's kingdom at Toulouse, over the layers of Celtic and Roman population, is very improbable.

The Teutonic element was the ruling, warrior class, and as such it gave its name to the various kingdoms. But in its turn this position meant that when the Mohammedan invasions broke the Visigothic and Vandal kingdoms in pieces, and only Charles Martel and his Franks prevented the Moors from conquering France as well as Spain, it was these same Teutonic over-lords who suffered the greatest loss, and were reduced in numbers.

The fact remains that "In France it is probable that nineteen-twentieths of the blood is that of the aboriginal races, Aquitanians, Celts, and Belgæ; while of the later conquerors the descendants of the Teutonic invaders, Franks, Burgundians, Goths, and Normans, doubtless contributed a more numerous element to the population than the Romans,

who, though fewer in number than any of the others, imposed their language on the whole country" (Taylor, *Op. cit.*, p. 204).

To sum up, then, in Lorraine as it emerges out of the Roman period, there were three main strains of blood—Celtic, then Roman, finally German; but the last was decidedly subordinate to the other two. The later Germanic migration of Alemanni and Frankish-Hessian peoples settled in the open country. This left the cities in the hands of the Celto-Roman population, which accordingly impressed its language and laws upon the invaders. Roughly speaking, by the tenth century, or about a hundred years after the treaty of Verdun, Lorraine had succeeded in knitting together these diverse elements and it became as distinct a unit, with as marked an individuality, as any other national nucleus of Europe. The people are described by contemporary writers as possessing a character of their own, and were noted for wit, sensitiveness, a military and chivalric spirit, and a tendency to mysticism. Tauler and Brother Lawrence represent the last, while Jeanne d'Arc speaks for their military and chivalric spirit as well as for their mysticism. Nor should it be forgotten that it was in Lorraine that the Irish monk Columba found a congenial home in the sixth century, and laid the foundations for the future Christianity of the people.

What is true of Lorraine is in almost the same degree true of Alsace, where, however, there was more settling and inter-marrying between the Teutons and their subjects. But even Alsace as she emerged from the Roman period was still essentially Gallo-Frankish. The Celtic inhabitants had not been entirely dispossessed; and as the later trans-Rhine Teutonic immigrations had been gradual and less aggressive, there was less antagonism. They are described with "the characteristics of activity, enterprise, energy, independence, irony, and badinage ascribed to the people of the French realm," and they spoke in different localities both the *lingua romana* and the *lingua teudisca*. (For an exhaustive study, cf. Chas. Schmidt, *Les Seigneurs, les paysans, et la propriété rurale en Alsace*.) The solid peasant stock, which made up the back-bone of the country, reasserted itself, and though modified, it still felt itself to be one with Celto-Roman traditions, and the new French national spirit infused throughout France by Charlemagne.

ACTON GRISCOM.

(To be continued)

Have these three things always present to your mind: what you were, what you are, and what you will be.—S. Bernard.

THE CRUSADES

THE whole Christian world has watched with interest the recent developments in the East, and in the capture of Jerusalem has perhaps recalled to memory others of the many capitulations which Jerusalem has experienced during her long history. Naturally, for western peoples the greatest interest will center in the time when last the western nations held this much-disputed soil, during the great crusading movement nearly ten centuries ago; and when to this is added the fact that just about ten centuries more intervened between that time and the time of the incarnation of the great western Avator, this most recent connection between the Holy Land and the West takes on a new significance.

Doubtless everyone is more or less familiar with the idea of cycles—the theory that individuals, nations, whole civilizations in fact, return in regularly recurring periods; a theory which has been conclusively worked out from the scientific standpoint by W. M. Flinders Petrie in his book, the *Revolutions of Civilization*. And when we consider not only the millennial recurrence mentioned above but also the fact that each of these periods has been marked by the most vital and far-reaching changes for the whole western world, it suggests the possibility, at least, of a thousand year cycle involving the joint activity and connection of East and West.

A comparison, even the most superficial, of our own time with that of the Crusades, shows certain broad characteristics which would seem further to substantiate the idea. Many of the tendencies which stood most in need of correction at the time of the Crusades, many of the evils which would naturally be followed by deep-seated changes, are practically duplicated in our own day. Of course, it will not do to carry such an idea too far; Europe in the XI century was still practically in a state of barbarism, while according to Mr. Petrie's tables we, at the present stage of civilization, are well over the crest of the wave, in some respects are well on toward the period of decay. We must expect difference then; but though there is not identity of characteristics there is nevertheless a parallelism which may well be considered as far as it goes.

To turn first of all to an external feature, is it a mere coincidence or is there meaning beneath the surface, in the position of the various European countries at the time of the Crusades? As in the present day, so then, France was foremost in the movement, bearing the main burden of the warfare. To borrow the words of one of the historians, "yielding readily to ideas, passing quickly from ideas to action, enthusiastic, vivacious France has the power of giving an impulse to the nations, as was seen in 1793, 1830 and 1848, and the thrill aroused in France vibrated over all western Europe." Italy came second in activity, but her interest and her work were more commercial than religious. England, because

of the readjustments necessarily following the Norman conquest, was unable to enter into the movement at the start, but shared more actively in the later Crusades. Spain took no part, being occupied first with the Moors and later with her own Crusade against the Albigenses, and Russia had not yet taken her place among the nations, being still, so to speak, in process of formation. As for Germany, occasional individuals entered into the movement, to be sure, but the nation as a whole looked upon it with disfavor. During the first wave of enthusiasm, Germany was occupied with her War of Investitures, and the events of that war would scarcely lead her to espouse with zeal a movement promoted by a Pope who had so endeavored to humble her Emperors. But further than this, Germany had an opportunity as time passed, to see the results so calamitous to many of the crusaders and to realize the first disadvantages to those who remained at home. Jealous of their power, the German barons were quick to oppose a movement which in other countries was impoverishing the nobles, lessening their number, reducing their military and political importance, and, as it were, playing into the hands of both the crown and the lower classes. And by avoiding the loss she missed also the gain. Hungary, though recently Christianized, was bitterly hostile to the Crusaders, albeit with considerable reason since the lawless, undisciplined hordes of the first crusade, travelling entirely without preparation or provision, overran her territory to the number of eighty or a hundred thousand—sometimes estimated at two hundred thousand—seized everything they could lay hands on, outraged the women, attacked the men, and burned and pillaged the towns, in one case massacring four thousand citizens. Hungary was not prepared to stop them, but in Bulgaria, which was equally hostile, the inhabitants attacked and killed them, reducing their numbers by many thousands. Curiously enough, then, the alignment of nations was roughly speaking, that of the present day.

As for the general characteristics of the two periods, where we have as a dominant feature of our own day, materialistic skepticism, crusading Europe went to the other extreme. There was no lack of religion, but it was fixed and dogmatic, full of superstition, and with it went fanaticism, bigotry and intolerance. The XI century, then, was probably quite as much in need of shaking-up as we are, though for quite the opposite reason. Then there was lack of unity—lack of unity of purpose and lack of national unity; that ferment working close beneath the surface everywhere at the present day and so tragically evident in Russia, was one of the great difficulties then as well as now. The reasons for it were different to be sure: economic conditions, lack of facilities for transportation and communication, limited trade and commerce, primitive methods of exchange were the natural preventives. In addition to these, the whole feudal system, opposing as it did, any centralized authority, recognizing no common laws, making each feudal lord a law unto himself with independent jurisdiction over his serfs and vassals, was a further barrier.

Numerous references are made in accounts of the time, to class-unrest and the wretchedness of the people—it must be remembered that this was well on toward the end of feudalism, and oppression of the serfs and privation and misery may well have been common. Whether this was merely a local condition or sufficiently widespread to have some influence in the Crusades, is a question. Certainly it was not organized as is our present-day counterpart of it, for the means of communication were too inadequate. Whatever may have been its actual value, thousands of the lower classes flocked to join the Crusades, so many serfs becoming freedmen in this way (manumission being a result of taking the vow) that a whole new class of society sprang up.

Like our own day, feudal Europe was cursed with individualism, resented authority, and lacked discipline,—a lack which cost the lives of hundreds of thousands in the first Crusade. It may be argued that these characteristics together with pride, arrogance, avarice and others of the vices which manifested themselves, are found to a greater or less degree in every age, being common to unregenerate man, and that in any great movement, our own war or another, some will be actuated by high ideals and noble qualities, while others—and usually a great majority, will blacken the cause with the low aims and evil passions of their kind. However, there are times when the sins of the world come more nearly to the surface than others, and the events of the Crusades would show lack of discipline, among high and low alike, to be one of the crying evils of the time.

Back of all the more obvious purposes of the Crusades and the tendencies which they were apparently meant to correct, stands the one great fact which was given in a recent sermon at the Chapel of the Comforter, regarding our present World War—namely that from time to time, the Master tries in one way or another to draw the world to Him, appealing now to love, now to pity and so on. The world, it was said, is full of the poison of self, which lulls it to sleep—the sleep of death. The analogy was used of a man dying of cold who must be roused from his lethargy if he is to live. The only way to save the world is to insist that it shall feel; the only way to make it feel is to make it suffer.

How this was done for XI century Europe is better left to a more detailed account of the individual Crusades. The story is more or less familiar to all—enthusiastic multitudes rushing into the project with fanatical zeal, meeting all too soon the pitfalls made by their own self-will and ungovernable natures; their sufferings by plague, pestilence and famine; the tragic end of countless numbers, mere heaps of bones in the desert; and the moderate success of the few in their several short-lived kingdoms and principalities. What the actual results of all this were to the people who took part in it, what changes may have been brought about in their own inner natures, is of course impossible to tell. And yet some indication of it is given in their life subsequent to their arrival

in the Holy Land. One of the chief indications is their change from fanatical intolerance to a reasonably generous recognition of their neighbors' views. In the laws drawn up in the Kingdom of Jerusalem, under the rule of Godfrey of Bouillon, the people were allowed, in almost every particular, to continue in their usual customs. This even went so far as to provide for the Syrian population a court under a Syrian official, though later a change was made to four Syrian and two Frankish officials, due perhaps to the inefficiency of the natives. Apparently entire toleration was granted to all; in the matter of an oath, for instance, Mohammedans took it on the Koran, Armenians, Syrians and Greeks on the cross, Jews on the Torah, etc.

According to one Mohammedan authority, the Musselman farmers found the Frankish rule more agreeable than the Musselman. This meant an extraordinary amount of adaptation to circumstances. Where kingdoms were being established and westerners were remaining permanently, it was necessary, of course, to maintain friendly relations with the surrounding states if possible. The military training and prowess of both Mohammedans and Franks was one point of contact between them, especially in view of their mutual contempt for the unwarlike Syrians and Greeks. But the Franks had come from a civilization which was just awakening; they had presumably little or no breadth of view, and certainly no preparation for their experiences in the East. Practical knowledge of the East and its problems was lacking, as was also any understanding of its peoples; their fanaticism and intolerance was an added barrier. Yet they accomplished the apparently impossible with remarkable success, and in a comparatively short time, we find one of their number writing that all who remained in the East had become orientals. "We have already forgotten the cities where we were born."

No such feeling was entertained, however, by the yearly pilgrims who continued to come from the West in great numbers, and who remained too short a time to gain an understanding of the situation. To them such an attitude toward the unbelievers was apostasy and their own continued intolerance was a source of much difficulty, as for instance, when in a siege of Acre, 1104, the Frankish leader agreed to spare the lives of those who surrendered to him, but soon found himself utterly unable to prevent their massacre by fanatical Pisans and Genoese. In spite of the fact that they were often troublesome, unruly and undisciplined citizens, these western newcomers were encouraged or even urged to remain in the East, for nothing but force of numbers could secure permanence of the Frankish possessions against the continual efforts of the Mohammedans.

Even such potential strength and security as the Franks did possess was by no means utilized, for the new surroundings had done little to overcome the individualism and aversion to authority with which they started out. The leaders were unable to get along harmoniously together; each wanted, and for the most part secured for himself a kingdom, but

instead of uniting their conquests into a strong league under one head, they remained just so many independent principalities under so many independent chiefs—practically a copy of feudal Europe. They had become broader and more liberal but the lesson of unity still remained unlearned.

This was not the case at home, however; not only did Europe grow in unity as the Crusades progressed, but every department of her life, economic, intellectual, religious, took on new vigor, every class of society underwent a change, the Dark Age was left behind, and a rapid development began. In certain of the countries, France particularly, the nobles had joined the Crusades in large numbers, occasionally entire families leaving the homeland for several generations. This removed what had previously been the chief source of opposition to kingly rule, and resulted in a greater centralization of authority and an immense increase for the crown of both power and wealth. At the same time a new citizen class was arising, due as before mentioned, to the large number of serfs released from bondage, some by masters who themselves took the cross, others by the papal decree freeing all bondsmen who did so. Many of these freedmen, hitherto bound to the soil, turned for a livelihood to industries, of which a number had recently been imported from the East and others had received fresh impetus from that source. Thus a class grew up which was independent of the soil and which, leaving the country, congregated in the towns. The king in turn, was quick to take advantage of the changing conditions, and by affording protection to this growing citizen class, still further strengthened his power.

Besides the new industries and improved methods in old industries, there were new articles of every description brought from the East,—new household appliances, fabrics, natural products, fruits, grains, etc. The increase of import and export trade which resulted, still further changed and developed the life of the time, for through localities which had previously been shut off, or hemmed in, by natural barriers of various kinds, great trade routes grew and commercial centers sprang up. And perhaps the most important of all economic effects, was the introduction of a new system of exchange. At the beginning of the Crusades the means of exchange was primitive, in some localities barter was still the custom, though coin was largely used even at that date. The crusading prince, starting out on his journey, had to carry with him in specie, a sufficient amount to defray all his expenses and pay his men. This was reasonably safe because of the warlike character of the company, but the inconvenience of such a method will be apparent. Gradually there developed the custom of securing letters of credit from some wealthy person remaining at home, usually at a heavy rate of interest which the Church tried in vain to regulate. And from this grew a regular system of letters of exchange and a balancing of debits and credits very similar to our own modern system.

Big banking houses sprang up, notably those of Genoa, Pisa and Siena, having offices in all the principal cities of the East and providing by means of their letters of credit, sums of any size at any time and place. When the Religious Orders were formed, they of course, made extensive use of this system and before very long they themselves became bankers on a large scale. The Knights Templars were especially active in this capacity; by the Pope they were given charge of all the vast funds collected for the Holy Land and in addition they made large loans at very high interest to the monarchs of the different countries. In time the regulation of the money traffic of the entire world lay in their power. Such changes in the commercial life naturally revolutionized the world—commercially, at least, old national boundaries lost much of their importance; old national differences were wiped out; transportation and travel became easier and simpler; the productive power of the communities was accordingly increased; and interest became united with interest.

But all this growth was merely economic. Other results of the Crusades were intellectual, moral and spiritual changes equally important and far-reaching if not more so. With the interchange of thought between East and West and the resultant widening of view, new energies were awakened in the intellectual life of the time. The old orthodox ideas of the Middle Ages became obsolete, their narrow mental barriers becoming too restrictive. Slowly but surely, men began to shake off the theological despotism which the Church had so long exercised, to strive for spiritual freedom, to awaken to the possibility of a breadth of thought and speculation, the audacity of which would have been considered impious a short time before. The whole thought of the time became opened up, the soil prepared for the great and rapid development including both the Renaissance and the Reformation, which followed close on the fall of the Eastern Empire and the dwindling of the power of the Papacy. It has been said that the Renaissance must be "viewed mainly as an internal process whereby spiritual energies latent in the Middle Ages were developed into actuality and formed a mental habit for the modern world"; and can it not be said with equal truth that the Crusades furnished the original impetus to that evolution which, including the Renaissance in its course, brought the modern world into being and gave to the nations of the West a common civilization?

JULIA CHICKERING.

Live in this world as if God and your soul only were in it, so shall your heart be never made captive by any earthly thing.—S. John of the Cross.

EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

V

THE INFUSION OF DIVINE LIFE

IN a very valuable study, "Evolution and the Need of Atonement,"* the author, whose purpose is, to bring about a reconciliation between biological and spiritual knowledge, hits upon a striking and brilliant simile for the development of our spiritual life and consciousness:

"We may assume," he says, "for the sake of argument, that some form of marine life was the most primitive. Now when a marine organism begins to adapt itself in the direction of a littoral life, we have obviously a succession of environmental changes so marked as to produce a very rapid adaptation, for even the smallest change will be markedly favorable or unfavorable. The change to a life at first between tide-marks, then wholly on shore, must introduce such a vast series of new factors that an incredibly huge number of experimental variations must occur; some useless, some committing to one line of advance, some to another. Again, equally obviously, organisms that had gone very far in adapting themselves to a particular line of development, could not go very far under the new conditions, for retrogression is impossible; the majority would fail completely, some few would get on in a lowly way, their equilibrium-position being reached in a comparatively short time and comprising relations with a comparatively small range of environmental conditions. An example of this may be found in the littoral and land crustacea. The creatures that succeeded best would be those who had adapted themselves completely to the *simpler* conditions of the sea, yet had not committed themselves by over-specialization, but were ready to respond to the new stimuli of the shore and the land. And in just the same way the land organisms which early reached their equilibrium-position—i. e., the position involving approximately *complete* adaptation to a small number of conditions—would again be incapable of what we call 'progress' into a higher and more complex development. Thus we see that the organism which becomes 'highest' is that which never reaches a stable position, but is always ready to respond to the fresh *higher* environment conditioned by its last progressive variation."

The passage is very carefully written, in order that it may be a quite exact description of biological law, so far as that law is known. But the real purpose of the author goes much farther: He is supplying, from biology, an illustration of the operation of spiritual law; the

* By Stewart A. McDowall, Cambridge University Press.

operation of spiritual law at the critical stage when we are passing, or seeking to pass, from material to spiritual life. The author depicts one of the great critical periods in biological evolution, when the beings which had hitherto been living in water were beginning a new chapter in life, emerging from the water and establishing themselves on land, or, as it would, perhaps, be truer to say, establishing themselves in the lower strata of the air. They will henceforth dwell surrounded by the element air, instead of the element water; and success will mean complete adaptation to this finer medium. It is really a new birth; a death to water-life and a new birth into air-life. Therefore it is a real and natural analogy with the spiritual rebirth, which is the passage from a grosser to a finer medium, or, if one prefer the expression, the passage from a lower to a higher plane. And just because the author is at great pains to make his biological description as exact as possible, it will pay to study and ponder over every sentence. It is a genuine parable, following the example of the Western Master, who bases so much of his spiritual teaching on simple biological analogies.

Before we consider this analogy, it is worth while to turn aside for a moment, to quote a grim passage in which the author raises and answers the question: What is the fate of an organism which, having emerged into the air, elects to return again to life in the water?

“What can we say, then, of a land-organism which once more betakes itself to the sea? Let us take for example the whale. It can never return to true gills and fins of the same nature as, or as zoologists would say, homologous with, those of a fish. At best it can but develop similar or analogous organs, and it will be so far behind the fish in adaptation to marine conditions that its efforts may be regarded as hopeless: it has tried to turn back, failed, and is eventually added to nature’s flotsam and jetsam, being incapable of further progress.” Or, as the Bhagavad Gita says, it “has lost both worlds.”

Returning to our first quotation, describing the development which does not fail, but succeeds, let us try to add to it certain considerations which we reached in preceding chapters. In the first place, it is quite evident that the emergence from water-life to air-life would be absolutely impossible unless the air were already there, with its element of oxygen, giving the possibility of life. In the same way, it would be entirely impossible for us to emerge from material life to spiritual life, unless the spiritual world were already there, pervaded everywhere by spiritual, life-giving force, as oxygen everywhere pervades the nitrogen and other inert elements of the air. It is interesting to recall that the earlier name of nitrogen was “azote,”—that which cannot support life, as contrasted with oxygen, which can and does support life. Therefore our whole possibility of emergence into spiritual life, our possibility of establishing ourselves on the spiritual plane, depends on the pre-existence of spiritual life, everywhere present in the spiritual world, pervading the spiritual plane.

On the other hand, the presence, even from the beginning, of the oxygen-containing air was not enough, in itself, to cause the emergence of living things from the water. Air and water—like the spiritual and material planes—might have continued in contact for ever, without bringing about the great transformation, the new birth from above. The perpetual presence and readiness of the air, of the spiritual world, was not enough. There was needed the impulse in the water-dwelling beings, to come forth, first to the borderland between low and high tide, and then into the clear air.

Orthodox biology simply records the fact of this emergence, but does not seek to explain it. Darwin practically considered this tremendous step in evolution, like all steps in evolution, as a "happy accident." But we have seen already, first, that this infinite multiplication of "happy accidents" is more miraculous than miracles; and, second, that our conscious experience in evolution, in spiritual life, gives us excellent ground for holding that, just as our spiritual evolution is invariably accompanied by the sense of guidance and help by conscious, responsive spiritual forces (manifestations of a *personal* spiritual consciousness and force), so we are justified in believing that the earlier stages of our evolution, from the very earliest, must have been guided by conscious, consciously acting spiritual forces, though we may not be able to form any clear idea of their character. So we have ground for believing that the emergence from water-life to air-life must have been the result of two things: first, the impulse of growth, the "vital drive," in the living things themselves; and, second, the instigation, guidance and supervision of their emergence by conscious spiritual forces, lending, at that point, the same aid which we have such full experience of, at a later point.

But there is a third condition of success, a condition absolutely indispensable, without which failure is quite certain, even though all other conditions of success are abundantly present. This essential condition is eternal effort, eternally renewed. There could be no more fatal mistake than to think that a stage of spiritual life will be reached, comparatively early, perhaps, at which effort will not be needed; in which we shall be able to rest in inactivity. We shall find rest it is true, but it will be the rest of perpetual effort in complete harmony with spiritual law; the element of rest lies in that harmony, and by no means in cessation of effort. On the contrary, at each advance, the effort required will be greater, more diversified, just as the effort of a man is infinitely greater and more diversified than the effort of a sea-anemone. Of course, to compensate, the man has infinitely more power to make effort than the sea-anemone. So each spiritual advance, far from bringing "rest," brings the imperative necessity for greater and ever greater effort; but, in compensation, it brings also greater and ever greater strength, greater power of effort. Popular religion, as expressed, for example, in the inscriptions upon tombstones, seems to promise that

with death comes rest: "Let him rest in peace." But, while there is rest from one kind of effort, it would seem to be certain that there is a new effort of another kind, since this is a universe of perpetual motion. But popular religion has at least this safeguard: It teaches, with entire definiteness, that effort must continue, because imminent danger continues, up to the very moment of death; so far, it appears to teach the literal truth.

We shall be well advised, therefore, at the very outset, clearly to realize, and courageously to face the fact that we shall reach no condition of rest which will mean surcease of effort; but, on the contrary, that without incessant, unbroken, unflagging effort, we can make no progress at all; nay, each step gained will mean more and greater effort. For such is the Law of Life universal.

Let us, for a moment, look at this inflexible law from the other side. There is, as we have seen, the imperative necessity of continuous effort, never ceasing but perpetually increasing. Yes; but does not that mean that we are inherently capable of just that kind of effort; of effort which shall perpetually increase, both in quality and in quantity? The power to make effort is, then, in a sense, the divinest power we have, and we have it perpetually; further, effort invariably carries compound interest; each effort made adds definitely and measurably to our capital of power, our ability to make further effort.

Let us go back for a moment, and see how our biologist has expressed this law of perpetual and perpetually increasing effort. He expresses it thus: "Thus we see that the organism which becomes 'highest' is that which never reaches a stable position, but is always ready to respond to the fresh *higher* environment conditioned by its last progressive variation;" always ready to respond by effort, as each step is gained.

It would be interesting and fruitful to examine the way in which this law of continuous and continuously increasing effort works out in the field of biology, and especially in the passage across that borderland between water-life and air-life, our symbol of the spiritual rebirth. But, for the present, we must be content to remind ourselves that in the biological field the rule is, that each individual must work each day to secure, often with great difficulty and effort, the food for that day. Creatures which lay up stores, like the bees, the squirrels, the jays, are a very small minority. The rest must literally work out the prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread." And every creature has its enemies, which ceaselessly beset it, so that every bird, for example, is perpetually toiling, perpetually vigilant—and perpetually rejoicing. We should learn all three lessons and apply them all.

We shall try to see, later in this enquiry, how, according to recorded experience and experimental knowledge, this law of ceaseless and increasing effort works out in the spiritual world. For the present, however, we shall consider another side of the problem.

Three conditions, as we saw, are involved in this transformation from the material to the spiritual plane, or in its biological analogy. These are, first, the pre-existence of the higher plane or world, pervaded by the powers which support life; second, the inherent drive in the organism, expressing itself in the power of ceaseless effort; and, third, the guiding and fostering power of the conscious spiritual forces which, if our view be true, inspire and oversee both transformations.

If it be true that, as we are making our way from material life to spiritual life, we are, in fact, guided, guarded, helped, ceaselessly inspired by spiritual powers which respond by personal consciousness to our personal consciousness, in what way do those who have immediate experience of this process describe it? What is the direct testimony of experimental psychology, in both East and West, concerning this vitally important experience?

There is a beautiful passage in the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad which describes, not so much the actual passage to the spiritual world, as the spiritual condition of those who have made the passage and are already at home there, freely breathing that finer air; they have largely received, and perfectly responded to, the infusion of Divine Power from above, and have become one with the very essence of that Divine Power. The Divine Life has become their life. It is of high interest and true significance that, just as Spirit means "breath," the divine Breath of Life, so the sanskrit Atma means breath, and, pre-eminently the Divine Breath, the Holy Spirit. In the passage to be quoted, the word Atma is translated Soul:

"Thus far of him who is under desire. Now as to him who is free from desire, who is beyond desire, for whom the Soul is his desire. From him the life-powers do not depart. Growing one with the Eternal, he enters into the Eternal.

"When all desires that were hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal, and reaches the Eternal.

"And like as the slough of a snake lies lifeless, cast forth upon an ant-hill, so lies his body, when the Spirit of man rises up bodiless and immortal, as the Life, as the Eternal, as the Radiance.

"The small old path that stretches far away, has been found and followed by me. By it go the Seers who know the Eternal, rising up from this world to the heavenly world.

"Who knows the Soul, and sees himself as the Soul, what should he long for, or desiring what should he fret for the fever of life?

"By whom the awakened Soul is known while he dwells in the wilderness of the world, he is creator of all and maker of all; his is the world, for he is the world.

"Even here in the world have we reached wisdom; without wisdom, great were thy loss. They who are illumined, become immortal. Others enter into sorrow.

"When a man gains a vision of the godlike Soul, the Lord of what has been and what shall be, he fears no more.

"At whose feet rolls the circling year with all its days, Him the gods worship as the one, the light of lights, the immortal Life.

"In whom the five hierarchies of beings and the ether are set firm, him I know to be the Soul. And knowing that deathless Eternal, I too am immortal.

"They who know the life of life, eye of the eye, the ear's ear, heart of the heart, have found that eternal Ancient, the Most High.

"This is to be understood by the heart: there is no separateness at all. He goes from death to death who beholds separateness.

"This immeasurable and unchanging Being is to be beheld as the One. The stainless Soul is higher than the heavens, mighty and sure.

"Let the sage, the follower of the Eternal, knowing this, strive to behold it in vision. Let him not meditate on many words, for words are weariness.

"This is the mighty Soul unborn, who is Consciousness among the life-powers. This is the heaven in the heart within, where rests the ruler of all, the master of all, the lord of all. He grows not greater through good works, nor less through evil. He is lord of all, overlord of beings, shepherd of all beings. He is the bridge that holds the worlds apart, lest they should flow together. This is he whom the followers of the Eternal seek to know through their scriptures, sacrifices, gifts and penances, through ceasing from evil towards others. He who knows this becomes a sage. This is the goal in search of which pilgrims go forth on pilgrimages.

"Knowing Him, the men of old desired not offspring. What should we do with offspring, they said, since ours is the Soul, the All? They became saints, ceasing from desire of offspring, the desire of the world, the desire of wealth. For the desire of offspring is a desire for wealth, and the desire for wealth is a desire for the world. For these both are desires. But the Soul is not that, not that. It is incomprehensible, for it cannot be comprehended; it is imperishable, for it passes not away; nought adheres to it, for it is free; the Soul is not bound, fears not, suffers not.

"He who knows is therefore full of peace, lord of himself; he has ceased from false gods, he is full of endurance, he intends his will. In his soul he beholds the Soul. He beholds all things in the Soul. Nor does evil reach him; he passes evil. He is free from evil, free from stain, free from doubt, a knower of the Eternal."

In this beautiful passage, there are the following elements: The knowing of the divine power the heaven of the heart; the recognition, in this divine power, of the quality of consciousness, the personal quality expressed by the words, the Lord, the Shepherd, the Master; the transfer of the life, through this infusion of the Divine Life, from this world to the heavenly world; the glory of that immortal life in the Eternal.

Let us compare with this, certain passages from Western spiritual experience, which describe not so much the consummation as the process of the infusion of the Divine Life, or, as it is called "the presence of God" in the heart. The best passages are, perhaps, those which describe the spiritual experience of Saint Teresa who, to a pure, courageous and rejoicing heart, added a clear, well-balanced understanding and a gift of eloquent expression.

"I used to have," Saint Teresa writes, "at times, as I have said, though it used to pass quickly away,—certain commencements of that which I am now going to describe . . . and sometimes even when I was reading,—a feeling of the presence of God would come over me unexpectedly, so that I could in no wise doubt, either that He was within me, or that I was wholly absorbed in Him. . . . For the soul is already ascending out of its wretched state, and some little knowledge of the blissfulness of glory is communicated to it."

Again Saint Teresa writes: "So, in the beginning, when I attained to some degree of supernatural prayer—I speak of the prayer of quiet—I labored to remove from myself every thought of bodily objects. . . . I thought, however, that I had a sense of the presence of God . . ." "It is the settling of a soul in peace, or rather Our Lord, to speak more properly, puts it into peace, by His Presence, as He did just Simeon: for all the faculties are calmed. The soul understands after a manner far different from understanding by the exterior senses, that she is now joined nearer to her God, for that within a very little while more she will attain to the being made one with Him by union. . . . Those who are in the prayer of quiet are so near, that they perceive they are understood by signs. They are in the palace, close by their King, and see that He already begins here to bestow on them His Kingdom . . ." "There is raised in the interior of the soul so great a suavity that makes her perceive very plainly that Our Lord is very near to her. I call it the prayer of quiet, for the repose it causeth in all the powers: so that the person seems to possess God as he most desires . . . though the soul perfectly sees not the Master that teaches us, yet plainly understands He is with her."

Many of those whom the West rightly calls saints, because they have experienced and borne witness to this infusion of the Divine Life, have put on record exactly the same sense of the presence of God in their hearts. A beautiful expression of this experience is that of the great French teacher of mystical theology and religious discipline, Father Louis Lallemand:

"When, after a long cultivation of purity of heart, God would enter into a soul and manifest Himself to it openly by the gift of His holy presence . . . the soul finds itself so delighted with its new state, that it feels as if it had never known or loved God before." And elsewhere in the same treatise on Spiritual Doctrine, Father Lallemand writes very wisely of the renunciation of the world, the mortification

of worldly desires, on which such stress was laid in the Upanishad we have quoted. Father Lallemand says: "The reason why we are so little illuminated by the lights of the Holy Spirit, and so little guided by the motions of His gifts, is that our soul is sensual beyond measure, and full of a multitude of earthly thoughts, desires, and affections, which extinguish within us the Spirit of God. Few give themselves wholly to God, and abandon themselves to the leadings of the Holy Spirit, so that He alone may live in them and be the principle of all their actions."

In the Katha Upanishad, we have exactly the same teaching concerning "the desires that dwell in the heart:"

"The great Beyond gleams not for the child, led away by the delusion of possessions. 'This is the world, there is no other,' he thinks and so falls again and again under the dominion of Death."

It is because of these desires dwelling in the heart, these many attachments to the familiar, long-inhabited world, that the beginning of the way is so difficult, so full, not so much of suffering, as of the dread of suffering. For this reason, so many shrink from the attempt; as, in our opening parable, we may imagine that the water-dwellers clung desperately to their familiar world, dreading and shrinking from emergence into the new world of air and sunlight. Some refused even to try; some, who tried, turned back, but never found again what they had lost.

This trial of the beginning of the way, a trial destined to be overcome, and to dissolve in splendor, has been described with striking likeness in the East and the West. Thus we find Father Louis Lallemand writing:

"At first, divine things are insipid, and it is with difficulty we can relish them, but in the course of time they become sweet, and so full of delicious flavor, that we taste them with pleasure, even to the extent of feeling nothing but disgust for everything else. On the other hand, the things of earth, which flatter the senses, are at first pleasant and delicious, but in the end we find only bitterness in them."

So we find the Bhagavad Gita teaching:

"That which at the beginning is as poison, but in the outcome is like nectar, that is the happiness of Goodness, springing from clear vision of the Soul. But the happiness which springs from the union of the senses with the objects of desire, in the beginning like nectar, but in the outcome like poison, that is declared to be the happiness of Passion."

It would not be easy to cite two passages which more clearly prove the identity of spiritual experience, which forms the basis of the real psychology, the "soul-science," in the East and the West.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(To be continued)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE CAUSES AND CONDUCT OF THE WAR

PART II (*Continued*)

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR

THERE can be no peace in the world until the men and women of Germany repent of their country's crimes. But they will not repent until suffering has brought them to their knees, and they will not suffer to that point unless America comes to understand, as she does not yet understand, the nature of Germany's aims and methods. Again and again it must be repeated and proved that Germany desires world conquest; that her idea of conquest is to enslave, by means of intimidation and outrage, for her own supposed benefit, the peoples she subjugates, and that when she cannot enslave she murders them with absolute ruthlessness and with what she considers heroic good cheer.

As stated already, there is proof of this and to spare. But it will be best further to examine the circumference of Germany's action—the works of her servants, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey—before dealing with her nearer iniquities in France and Belgium.

Blackened by sins so innumerable, so atrocious, it would be impossible to select the German worst; but Germany's responsibility for the treatment of the Armenians is as cowardly and as hideous an offence as any of which she has yet been convicted. In "The Causes of the War," it was pointed out that the friendship between the Sultan Abdul Hamid and the Emperor William was at no time disturbed by the Armenian massacres. As Gibbons says: "The hecatombs of Asia Minor passed without a protest. In fact, five days after the great massacre of August, 1896, in Constantinople, where Turkish soldiers shot down their fellow-citizens [Armenians] under the eyes of the Sultan and of the foreign ambassadors, Wilhelm II sent to Abdul Hamid for his birthday, a family photograph of himself with the Empress and his children" (*The New Map of Europe*, p. 63).

The Emperor William and the Sultan were congenial spirits. The "Prussianization" of the Poles and Alsations was conducted on the same general principles as the "Ottomanization" of the Armenians. With the advent of the Young Turks, who had been educated in Germany or by Germans, the program was carried out more radically and consistently. The Adana massacres of 1909, more terrible than the Hamidian massacres of 1895-6, occurred within a year of the proclamation of the Young Turk Constitution. The massacres of 1915—which, as Mr. Henry Morgenthau has testified, were "encouraged and aided by German army officers"—were the most atrocious of any. Mr. Morgenthau was the

Ambassador of the United States to Turkey until diplomatic relations were severed. Speaking in New York on December 10th, 1917, he further said :

“I was at Constantinople when the massacre began. I was personally told by the Turkish authorities that their forefathers, when they took Turkey, determined to destroy the Armenians; that now, after 450 years, they were going to make up for that little mistake [of not having exterminated them sooner], and that they were going to destroy them then. They gloried in the fact that they were able to accomplish in thirty days what Abdul Hamid had not been able to do in thirty-one years of his reign. They were determined to do it—nothing could stop them—and as I have said before, they could have been stopped if they had not been encouraged by the Germans, and when all the facts are known it will be the darkest mark against the Germans of any of their vandalism.”

In a pamphlet entitled *The Murderous Tyranny of the Turks*, by Arnold J. Toynbee, with a preface by Viscount Bryce (which can be obtained from the G. H. Doran Company, 38 West 32nd Street, New York, for five cents), it is stated :

“Only a third of the two million Armenians in Turkey have survived, and that at the price of apostatising to Islam or else leaving all they had and fleeing across the frontier. The refugees saw their women and children die by the roadside; and apostacy too, for a woman, involved the living death of ‘marriage’ to a Turk and inclusion in his harem. The other two-thirds were ‘deported’—that is, they were marched away from their homes in gangs, with no food or clothing for the journey, in fierce heat and bitter cold, hundreds of miles over rough mountain roads. They were plundered and tormented by their guards, and by subsidised bands of brigands, who descended on them in the wilderness, and with whom their guards fraternised. Parched with thirst, they were kept away from the water with bayonets. They died of hunger and exposure and exhaustion, and in lonely places the guards and robbers fell upon them and murdered them in batches—some at the first halting place after the start, others after they had endured weeks of this agonizing journey. About half the deportees—and there were at least 1,200,000 of them in all—perished thus on their journey, and the other half have been dying lingering deaths ever since at their journey’s end; for they have been deported to the most inhospitable regions in the Ottoman Empire: the malarial marshes in the Province of Konia; the banks of the Euphrates where, between Syria and Mesopotamia, it runs through a stony desert; the sultry and utterly desolate track of the Hedjaz Railway. The exiles who are still alive have suffered worse than those who perished by violence at the beginning.

“The same campaign of extermination has been waged against the Nestorian Christians on the Persian frontier, and against the Arabs of Syria, Christians and Moslems without discrimination. In Syria there is a reign of terror. The Arab leaders have been imprisoned, executed or deported already,

and the mass of the people lie paralyzed, expecting the Armenians' fate, and dreading every moment to hear the decree of extermination go forth.

"This wholesale destruction, which has already overtaken two of the subject peoples in Turkey, and threatens all that 60 per cent. of the population which is not Turkish in language, is the direct work of the Turkish government. The 'Deportation Scheme' was drawn up by the central government at Constantinople and telegraphed simultaneously to all the local authorities in the Empire; it was executed by the officials, the Gendarmerie, the Army, and the bands of brigands and criminals organized in the government's service. No State could be more completely responsible for any act within its borders than the Ottoman State is responsible for the appalling crimes it has committed against its subject peoples during the War."

More than one German teacher, stationed in Asia Minor to spread the blessings of German Kultur, has complained that he would have no pupils left to instruct, as it was the Armenians and not the Turks who went to school. Thus, Dr. Martin Niepage, Higher Grade Teacher in the German Technical School at Aleppo, appealed in vain to the German authorities "to put a stop to the brutality with which the wives and children of slaughtered Armenians are being treated here" (*The Horrors of Aleppo*, seen by a German eyewitness; obtainable from the G. H. Doran Co., New York, for five cents). In a formal report which Dr. Niepage drew up, he states:

"Out of convoys which, when they left their homes on the Armenian plateau, numbered from two to three thousand men, women and children, only two or three hundred survivors arrive here in the south. The men are slaughtered on the way; the women and girls, with the exception of the old, the ugly and those who are still children, have been abused by Turkish soldiers and officers and then carried away to Turkish and Kurdish villages, where they have to accept Islam. They try to destroy the remnant of the convoys by hunger and thirst. Even when they are fording rivers, they do not allow those dying of thirst to drink. All the nourishment they receive is a daily ration of a little meal sprinkled over their hands, which they lick off greedily, and its only effect is to protract their starvation."

Then he adds:

"'Ta'alim el aleman' ('the teaching of the Germans') is the simple Turk's explanation to everyone who asks him about the originators of these measures."

He concludes his report with the statement:

"Only just before I left Aleppo last May (1916), the crowds of exiles encamped at Ras-el-Ain on the Bagdad Railway, estimated at 20,000 women and children, were slaughtered to the last one."

So well had the Turks learned their lesson from their German masters that "in many places on the road from Mosul to Aleppo," the

hands of little children were seen "lying hacked off in such numbers, that one could have paved the road with them" (p. 12).

And these atrocities are being perpetrated today. It is not ancient history. As in the case of the Serbians, and of the Southern Slavs within the Austrian Empire, every week brings further news of outrages as monstrous as any we have recorded. It is so clearly the duty of American patriots to acquaint themselves with the facts, and then to make them known to their neighbors—lest devils be forgiven before they have turned from their wickedness and repented—that we urge every reader of these pages to obtain full and current information from the American Committee for Armenian Relief, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Now for Belgium and France.

Under this head it is important to read the *Report of the Committee on Alleged German Outrages*, presided over by the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce; published by the Macmillan Company, New York, at 10 cents.

The Committee responsible for this report consisted of men likely to err, if at all, on the side of the accused. Among them were Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., and Sir Frederick Pollock, K.C. They discarded all evidence which was not convincing, and were surprised to find how often depositions, "though taken at different places and on different dates, and by different lawyers from different witnesses," corroborated "each other in a striking manner."

The Appendix, which contains the *Evidence and Documents Laid Before the Committee*, includes many diaries found on dead German soldiers. It is printed separately and is also published by the Macmillan Co., New York; price 50 cents.

Other books and pamphlets which throw valuable additional light on the subject are:

German Atrocities: An Official Investigation, by Professor J. H. Morgan; published by E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, at \$1.00.

The German Terror in Belgium, by Arnold J. Toynbee, published by G. H. Doran Co., New York, at \$1.00.

Belgium and Germany, Texts and Documents, collected by Henri Davignon; published by Nelson & Sons, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, at 25 cents.

The Destruction of Belgium: Germany's Confession and Avoidance, by E. Grimwood Mears, one of the Joint Secretaries to the Committee on alleged German Outrages; obtainable from G. H. Doran Co., New York; price 10 cents.

The Belgian Deportations, by Arnold J. Toynbee, with a statement by Viscount Bryce; published by G. H. Doran Co., New York, at 10 cents.

The German Terror in France, by Arnold J. Toynbee; published by G. H. Doran Co., New York, at \$1.00.

Their Crimes, translated from the French; obtainable free of charge by writing to Cassell & Co., Ludgate Hill, London, E. C., England.

Most of these books and pamphlets can be obtained free of charge by writing to Professor W. Macneile Dixon, 8 Buckingham Gate, London, S. W. I., England, who generously has made it his business to spread a knowledge of the facts as widely as possible.

On August 4, 1914, the roads converging upon Liège, in Belgium, were covered with German Deaths' Head Hussars and Uhlans, pressing forward to seize the passage over the Meuse. From the very beginning, this sort of thing happened:

"On the 4th of August," says one witness, "at Herve" (a village not far from the frontier), "I saw at about two o'clock in the afternoon, near the station, five Uhlans; these were the first German troops I had seen. They were followed by a German officer and some soldiers in a motor car. The men in the car called out to a couple of young fellows who were standing about thirty yards away. The young men, being afraid, ran off and then the Germans fired and killed one of them named D"

"The murder of this innocent fugitive civilian," the Bryce Report continues (p. 10), "was a prelude to the burning and pillage of Herve and of other villages in the neighborhood, to the indiscriminate shooting of civilians of both sexes, and to the organized military execution of batches of selected males. Thus at Herve some fifty men escaping from the burning houses were seized, taken outside the town and shot. At Melen, a hamlet west of Herve, forty men were shot. In one household alone the father and mother (names given) were shot, the daughter died after being repeatedly outraged, and the son was wounded. Nor were children exempt. 'About August 4,' says one witness, 'near Vottem, we were pursuing some Uhlans. I saw a man, woman, and a girl about nine, who had been killed. They were on the threshold of a house, one on the top of the other, as if they had been shot down, one after the other, as they tried to escape.'"

The Report suggests that the burning of the villages in this neighborhood and the wholesale slaughter of civilians, such as occurred at Herve, Micheroux, and Soumagne, may have been connected with the rage of the Germans caused by the resistance of Fort Fléron, whose guns barred the road to Liège. "Probably thinking that by exceptional severities at the outset they could cow the spirit of the Belgian nation, the German officers and men speedily accustomed themselves to the slaughter of civilians" (p. 11).

The Committee at that point appears to forget that terrorization is a recognized and prescribed feature of the German war-game. Officially, in its instructions to German officers (*Kriegsbrauch im Landkriege*, translated into English by J. H. Morgan, *The German War-Book*), the German Government, as early as 1902, warned its officers against "humanitarian ideas" (*humanitäre Anschauungen*), and declared that war must be waged "by all methods which promote the attainment of its object, subject only to such restraints as it imposes on itself in its own interest." Further: "To protect oneself against attack and injuries from

the inhabitants, and to employ ruthlessly the necessary means of defence and *intimidation*, is obviously not only a right but a duty of the staff of the army" (p. 120). Finally: "International law [as interpreted by the German Government] is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy" (p. 85).

It should also be borne in mind that German discipline, both military and civilian, is intended to brutalize the nature so that "inferior" races can be treated just as the Belgians were treated.

None the less we must assume that "practice makes perfect." The character of the German outrages became more and more monstrous.

The Germans entered Liège on August 7th. Arms in private hands had already been called in by the Belgian police, so that the Germans might not excuse their murders on the pretext that civilians had fired on them. The Germans found themselves in peaceful occupation of a great industrial city. But the forts around Liège had offered unexpected and exasperating resistance; many German soldiers had been killed, and the Belgian army was continuing its resistance as it retired on Antwerp, Ghent and Namur. The unfortunate city of Liège, therefore, was to be used as an example. On August 20th, a massacre took place in its streets. There is overwhelming evidence that this, and the burning of large sections of the city, were premeditated (Toynbee, pp. 47, 48).

Entries in a German soldier's diary, already quoted, show that on August 19th the German troops were allowed to give themselves up to debauchery (Bryce *Appendix*, p. 255)—something which certainly would not have happened, because German discipline is strict, unless countenanced by officers.

Next day (August 20th), houses in the Place de l'Université and elsewhere were fired systematically with benzine, and many inhabitants were burnt alive in their houses, their efforts to escape being prevented by rifle fire.

It will be best, however, to allow one of the witnesses to describe what he saw (Bryce *Appendix*, pp. 18, 19):

"Before setting fire to these houses the Germans drove any inhabitants there were in them into the cellars. All the houses were inhabited, but some of the inhabitants had got away before the Germans came up to them. At about thirty of the houses, I actually saw faces at the windows before the Germans entered and then saw the same faces at the cellar windows after the Germans had driven the people into the cellars. One set of Germans, about twenty in number, would do all this at a house and then set fire to it. Altogether this took the whole morning. Before each house was burnt it was thoroughly searched by the men who brought out all sorts of furniture and put it on to wagons which were waiting outside. I also saw some of the men bringing out bags of money and handing them to their officers. There were about thirty officers in the street. I am quite sure of this. There were also a crowd of Belgian civilians in the streets. I actually saw all these houses set fire to. In this way thirty-five people were burnt. I know this from the list

which was put up in the police station afterwards and which I saw. One of the houses which was burnt was the house of a man I knew. He and two daughters, his nephew and niece were burnt there. His wife was away at the time. She had gone to Brussels the day before to see her parents. I know the family very well. . . . When I was in the Place St. Lambert when I heard shooting, I went to try and find where it was going on. In the Rue Soens de Hasse I saw civilians brought out of their houses. About 150 Germans under eight officers. They were paying house to house visits, bringing all the people out of the houses and forming them up in the street. I kept some little distance away and so did many other Belgians who were with me. The Belgians from the houses were marched off to the Place de l'Université between files of soldiers. I followed, keeping about twenty-five or thirty metres behind. When the Place was reached the Belgians were not formed up in any order, but the Germans fired on them. I heard an officer shout an order in German and all the Germans in one part of the square fired. The firing was not in volleys, and went on for about twenty minutes. Whilst this was going on other Germans were going into other houses in the square and bringing out more Belgians whom they put among those who were being shot. Altogether thirty-two were killed—all men. I counted the bodies afterwards. I saw all this from the end of the Rue Soens de Hasse. There were many Belgians with me, but none of us were attacked. When I saw any Germans coming I got out of the way. . . . After the shooting about seven or eight were finished off with the bayonet. Immediately after the men had been killed, I saw the Germans going into the houses in the Place and bringing out the women and girls. About twenty were brought out. They were marched close to the corpses. Each of them was held by the arms. They tried to get away. They were made to lie on tables which had been brought into the square. About fifteen of them were then violated. Each of them was violated by about twelve soldiers. While this was going on about seventy Germans were standing round the women including five officers (young). The officers started it. There were some of the Germans between me and the women, but I could see everything perfectly. The ravishing went on for about one and one-half hours. . . . Many of the women fainted and showed no sign of life. The Red Cross took them away to the hospital. While this was going on other Germans were burning the houses in the square."

In that German soldier's diary already quoted, under the date August 24th, we read: "We live like God in Belgium" (*Wir leben wie Gott in Belgien*).

And the German official defence? Practically this: Served them right! (See *The Destruction of Belgium*, by E. Grimwood Mears).

Worse than that, the cry of the women of Germany was and is: Served them right! Had not Belgium resisted the German advance?

But worse was to come. It was not merely that old women and children and cripples and priests were shot indiscriminately and wantonly; that babies were bayoneted and dangled on bayonets before their mother's

eyes; it was not merely that whole villages were burned and their inhabitants thrown back into the flames, under the direction of German officers and while perfect discipline was maintained; it was not merely that nuns, and little girls of twelve, and old women of sixty, and innumerable married women and single women, were violated in ways so obscene and so loathsome as to outdo the foulest records of any criminal court in the world. It was worse than this; for these German heroes, in order to impress the "inferior" race with a sense of German ruthlessness—which in Germany means superiority—developed the practice of cutting off the breasts of the women they violated and of leaving them, naked, to die, though frequently the Germans nailed the bodies of their victims to doors or tied them to trees (Bryce *Appendix*, pp. 120, 14, 82, 65, 112 and *passim*).

Very little has been stated publicly, for obvious reasons, about the violation of nuns. Cardinal Mercier wrote to von Bissing, the German Governor-General of Belgium, "that I could furnish him with no exact information, because my conscience forbade me to hand over to a tribunal of any kind the information (alas! very precise) in my possession. Outrages have been committed upon nuns" (*Cardinal Mercier*, by Stillemans, p. 74). An officer of the 11th United States Engineer Regiment, in a letter to Robert Ridgeway of the Public Service Commission, says: "A British Chaplain told me that he knows personally of a Belgian Convent where they found that fifty-seven out of eighty-two nuns had been violated when the boche fell back" (*New York Times*, December 10, 1917).

Perhaps it is necessary to give specific instances of some of the different outrages mentioned. Here is the affidavit of a Belgian soldier:

"We were passing the flying ground outside Liège at Ans when I saw a woman, apparently of middle age, perhaps twenty-eight to thirty years old, stark naked, tied to a tree. At her feet were two little children about three or four years old. All three were dead. I believe the woman had one of her breasts cut off, but I cannot be sure of this. Her whole bosom was covered with blood and her body was covered with blood and black marks. Both children had been killed by what appeared to be bayonet wounds. The woman's clothes were lying on the grass, thrown all about the place. I was near J. B. at the moment we found the woman. I told Corporal V. what I had seen later on. I was marching on the outside of the patrol, on grass land, B. being next to me and the corporal closest to the regiment. J. B. cut the cords which held the woman up by stabbing them with his bayonet. The body fell and we left it there. We could not stop to bury the bodies because we could see the Germans following" (Bryce *Appendix*, p. 14).

Here is another:

"On September 10th we came to the village of Haecht, and I and some others were sent out as a patrol; we passed a river and came to a farmhouse. On the door of the farm I saw a child

—two or three years old—nailed to the door by its hands and feet. It was clothed and quite dead. There was no wound of any sort on the body; the face was horribly drawn with pain. In the garden of the same house I saw the body of another child, a little girl of five or six; she had been shot in the forehead” (Bryce *Appendix*, p. 119).

And another :

“About 13th or 14th September [1914], we captured the village of Haecht from the Germans. We had, however, to retreat again. While resting we found a woman lying in the road naked to the waist. The breasts were cut right off—both of them. Lieutenant D. ordered us to cover the woman with a small German ‘tent’ we found close by in the haversack of a German, and we afterwards buried her. My section was with me at the time” (Bryce *Appendix*, p. 120).

This is the affidavit of a British non-commissioned officer :

“We were searching a village for a patrol of Uhlans at 3.30 p.m.—a small village of about fifty houses—we found them in a house; about ten got outside, but we did not let them get to their horses and we killed them all. On the ground floor in the front room—it was a house of about six rooms—there were ten Uhlans, who immediately put up their hands, and we took them prisoners. I sent them outside in charge of my men. I searched the house; everything was in disorder. On the floor in the corner near the fireplace I saw two women and two children, the ages of the former apparently about thirty and twenty-five. One was dead, the one I judged to be the elder. Her left arm had been cut off just below the elbow. The floor was covered with blood. I think she had bled to death. I felt her other pulse at once. I have been trained as a hospital attendant before I went into the reserve. She was quite dead, but not yet quite cold. Her clothing was disarranged, but may have been because she was rolling about in pain. The house had farm buildings attached to it, so I presume they were of the farmer class. I did not examine her for any other wound, as I was satisfied she had died of hemorrhage. The younger woman was just alive, but quite unconscious. Her right leg had been cut off above the knee. As she was on the point of death I could not summon assistance quickly enough to stop the bleeding even; I was sure she was beyond assistance then. There were two little children, a boy about four or five and a girl of about six or seven. The boy’s left hand was cut off at the wrist and the girl’s right hand at the same place” (Bryce *Appendix*, p. 232).

There are nearly three hundred closely printed pages containing testimony such as the foregoing and the following :

“As I looked into the kitchen I saw the Germans seize the baby out of the arms of the farmer’s wife. There were three German soldiers, one officer and two privates. The two privates held the baby and the officer took out his sword and cut the

baby's head off. The head fell on the floor and the soldiers kicked the body of the child into a corner and kicked the head after it. . . . After the baby had been killed we saw the officer say something to the farmer's wife and saw her push him away. After five or six minutes the two soldiers seized the woman and put her on the ground. She resisted them and they then pulled all her clothes off her until she was quite naked. The officer then violated her while one soldier held her by the shoulders and the other by the arms. After the officer each soldier in turn violated her, the other soldier and the officer holding her down. . . . After the woman had been violated by the three, the officer cut off the woman's breasts. I then saw him take out his revolver and point it at the woman on the ground. . . . "We ran into the fields and from there saw the farmhouse had been set on fire" (Bryce *Appendix*, p. 21).

As an example of the way towns and villages were treated, the case of Dinant will serve as well as any other. This is from the Belgian Official Report (see *The Crimes of Germany*, published by Horace Cox, London; pp. 39, 41; and *Reports on the Violation of the Rights of Nations . . . in Belgium*, by the Official Commission of the Belgian Government; pp. 81-110):

"On 15th August a lively engagement took place at Dinant between the French troops on the left bank of the Meuse and the German troops coming up from the East. On Friday, the 21st, about 9 o'clock in the evening, German troops coming down the road from Ciney entered the town by the Rue St. Jacques. On entering they began firing into the windows of the houses, and killed a workman who was returning to his own house, wounded another inhabitant, and forced him to cry 'Long live the Kaiser.' They bayoneted a third person in the stomach. They entered the *cafés*, seized the liquor, got drunk, and retired after having set fire to several houses and broken the doors and windows of others. The population was terrorised and stupefied, and shut itself up in its dwellings.

"Saturday, 22nd August, was a day of relative calm. All life, however, was at an end in the streets.

"On the following Sunday, the 23rd, at 6.30 in the morning, soldiers of the 108th Regiment of Infantry invaded the Church of the Premonstratensian Fathers, drove out the congregation, separated the women from the men, and shot 50 of the latter. Between 7 and 9 the same morning the soldiers gave themselves up to pillage and arson, going from house to house and driving the inhabitants into the street. Those who tried to escape were shot. About 9 in the morning the soldiery, driving before them by blows from the butt ends of rifles men, women, and children, pushed them all into the Parade Square, where they were kept prisoners till 6 o'clock in the evening. The guard took pleasure in repeating to them that they would soon be shot. About 6 o'clock a captain separated the men from the women and children. The women were placed in front of a rank of infantry soldiers, the men were ranged along a wall. The front rank of them were then told to kneel, the others remaining standing behind them. A platoon of soldiers drew up in face of these

unhappy men. It was in vain that the women cried out for mercy for their husbands, sons and brothers. The officer ordered his men to fire. There had been no inquiry nor any pretence of a trial. About 20 of the inhabitants were only wounded, but fell among the dead. The soldiers, to make sure, fired a new volley into the heap of them. Several citizens escaped this double discharge. They shammed dead for more than two hours, remaining motionless among the corpses, and when night fell succeeded in saving themselves in the hills. Eighty-four corpses were left on the Square and buried in a neighbouring garden.

"The day of 23rd August was made bloody by several more massacres. Soldiers discovered some inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Pierre in the cellars of a brewery there and shot them.

"Since the previous evening a crowd of workmen belonging to the factory of M. Himmer had hidden themselves, along with their wives and children, in the cellars of the building. They had been joined there by many neighbours and several members of the family of their employer. About 6 o'clock in the evening these unhappy people made up their minds to come out of their refuge, and defiled all trembling from the cellars with the white flag in front. They were immediately seized and violently attacked by the soldiers. Every man was shot on the spot. Almost all the men of the Faubourg de Leffe were executed *en masse*. In another part of the town 12 civilians were killed in a cellar. In the Rue en Ile a paralytic was shot in his arm-chair. In the Rue Enfer the soldiers killed a young boy of 14.

"In the Faubourg de Neffe the viaduct of the railway was the scene of a bloody massacre. An old woman and all her children were killed in their cellar. A man of 65 years, his wife, his son, and his daughter were shot against a well. Other inhabitants of Neffe were taken in a barge as far as the rock of Bayard and shot there, among them a woman of 83 and her husband.

"A certain number of men and women had been locked up in the court of the prison. At 6 in the evening a German machine gun, placed on the hill above, opened fire on them, and an old woman and three other persons were brought down.

"To sum up, the town of Dinant is destroyed. It counted 1,400 houses; only 200 remain. The manufactories where the artisan population worked have been systematically destroyed. Rather more than 700 of the inhabitants have been killed; others have been taken off to Germany, and are still retained there as prisoners. The majority are refugees scattered all through Belgium."

It is also characteristic of German methods that those of the survivors who were deported to Germany, were abominably treated, both during their journey and after their arrival. M. Tchoffen, the Public Prosecutor of Dinant, who was one of these prisoners, gives a graphic account of his experience. He says:

"We were treated like beasts in a menagerie. Officers and soldiers—and they were everywhere—gave the lead to the civilians. The women and children kept on insulting and using

threatening gestures at us. . . . The journey lasted twenty-three hours. Once only had we anything to eat and drink, and we owed that to the Red Cross" (Belgian Official Report, pp. 99, 100).

Both in Belgium and France, the Germans constantly used civilians to screen their advance. Thus, at Mons,—“we waited for the advance of the Germans,” states a British officer (Bryce *Appendix*, p. 176). “Some civilians reported to us that they were coming down a road in front of us. On looking in that direction we saw, instead of German troops, a crowd of civilians—men, women and children—waving white handkerchiefs and being pushed down the road in front of a large number of German troops.” “They came on as it were in a mass,” states a British soldier, “with the women and children massed in front of them. They seemed to be pushing them on, and I saw them shoot down women and children who refused to march.”—“I saw the Germans advancing on hands and knees towards our position,” states another; “they were in close formation, and had a line of women and children in front of their front rank.” A Belgian standing in a side street saw the German tactics close at hand. He saw six of the victims shot by the Germans for trying to get away. The Burgomaster of Mons himself had been seized in the streets, and was driven forward with the others (Bryce *Appendix*, p. 177; Belgian Official Report, Vol. II, p. 136).

In France as in Belgium, arson, rape and pillage were the hall-marks of German occupation. After what has already been related, a single instance will suffice,—that of Gerbéviller. Here, as also at Lunéville, Hériménil, Rehainviller, Mont, Lamath, Fraimbois, St. Barbe, and at scores of other villages, the Bavarians proved themselves to be just as brutal as the Prussians.

“From the moment of their entrance into the town the Germans [Bavarians] gave themselves up to the worst excesses, entering the houses with savage yells, burning the buildings, killing or arresting the inhabitants, and sparing neither women nor old men. Out of 475 houses, twenty at most are still habitable. . . . [Of the inhabitants] some were led into the fields to be shot, others were murdered in their houses or struck down as they passed through the streets, while they were trying to escape from the conflagration. Up to now thirty-six bodies have been identified (names follow) . . . Fifteen of these poor people were executed at a place called ‘la Prèle.’ They were buried by their fellow-citizens on September 12th or 15th. Almost all had their hands tied behind their backs; some were blindfolded. . . . In the streets and houses during the day the town was sacked and most tragic scenes took place.

“In the morning the enemy entered the house of M. and Mme. Lingenheld, seized the son, thirty-six years of age, who was wearing the brassard of the Red Cross, tied his hands behind his back, dragged him into the street and shot him. They then returned to look for the father, an old man of seventy. Mme. Lingenheld then took to flight. On her way she saw her

son stretched on the ground, and as the unhappy man was still moving some Germans drenched him with petrol, to which they set fire in the presence of the terrified mother. In the meantime M. Lingenheld was led to la Prèle, where he was executed.

"At the same time the soldiers knocked at the door of the house occupied by M. Dehan, his wife, and his mother-in-law, the widow Guillaume, aged seventy-eight. The latter, who opened the door, was shot point-blank, and fell into the arms of her son-in-law, who ran up behind her. 'They have killed me!' she cried. 'Carry me into the garden.' Her children obeyed, and laid her at the end of the garden with a pillow under her head and a blanket over her legs, and then stretched themselves at the foot of the wall to avoid shells. At the end of an hour the widow Guillaume was dead. . . .

"Side by side with this carnage, innumerable acts of violence were committed. The wife of a soldier, Mme. X., was raped by a German soldier in the passage of her parents' house, whilst her mother was obliged to flee at the bayonet's point" (*Rapports et Procès-Verbaux d'Enquête de la Commission Instituée en Vue de Constater les Actes Commis par l'Ennemi*, pp. 27-29).

Occasionally, even a German began to feel uncomfortable. Thus (*The Crimes of Germany*, pp. 20, 33), Private Hassemmer, 8th Corps, writes in his diary on September 3, 1914:

"Sommepy (Marne): Horrible massacre. The village burnt to the ground, the French thrown into houses in flames, civilians and all burnt together."

From another German soldier's diary:

"In this way we destroyed eight houses with their inmates. In one of them, two men with their wives and a girl of eighteen were bayoneted. The little one almost unnerved me, so innocent was her expression."

Truly it is not pleasant to descend into Hell. But if, to spare our own feelings, we refuse to do so, how can we hate Hell as it must be hated; how can we persist as we must persist if the world is to be protected against such unspeakable depravity, which crowns its own offence by claiming God as its "unconditional and avowed ally"!

T.

(*To be continued*)



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

HIGHER AND LOWER NATURE

IN the last section is the statement that at first we do not know the difference between higher and lower nature, especially on the borderland where the contest rages. That statement requires elucidation and amplification.

Men and women live in a perpetual fog of self-deception and self-created illusions and delusions. They do so chiefly because they want to. They want to because they would have no peace from the urgings of their consciences if they did not. The same thought in another and simpler form is this: we all know what we ought to do, but we pretend that we do not because we do not want to do it. We cloud the question deliberately, dragging in any side issue or extraneous circumstance that will prevent a clear cut decision. As these general statements are not very convincing, or very clear, I shall use some homely illustration to explain my meaning.

A crude example would be this: We love hot bread but having weak digestions, we ought never to eat it. So we seek for every possible excuse to stifle our conscience and indulge our appetite. We go to a meal when, on a wheatless day, only hot corn muffins are served. The rest is easy. It is a patriotic duty to observe the wheatless day; of what importance is our digestion in comparison with the great issues of the war, and our pledge not to eat wheat bread; *ergo*, we eat the hot muffins. We may be uneasy, particularly after the indigestion has begun, but few consciences are proof against such reasoning. We entirely ignore two facts; one that we ought not to eat hot muffins; and the other, that there was no reason why we should have eaten the hot muffins except that we wanted to. All the rest was pure buncombe. We deliberately tried to fool ourselves.

We all do this sort of thing all the time and every day. The variations are infinite, but at heart they are always the same. I have seen a person eat candy, who should not have done so, and apparently convince himself that he did it to keep it away from a child for whom it would be bad; he *sacrificed* himself for the sake of the child. Yes, we are just as crude and silly as that.

She likes to have friends to dinner and her husband does not. Does

she go ahead anyhow and invite them because she wants to and in spite of his dislike? No indeed. She only asks them because he needs distraction, or because he ought to make friends that would help him in his profession, or what not. If he objects when he hears they are coming, does she tell the truth and say, she asked them because she wanted to? Again no. She argues with him, and tells him about all her good and disinterested motives, and she goes to bed full of resentment and in tears because she is so misunderstood. By this time she may be in some genuine perplexity as to the facts, for they lie buried under hours or perhaps days of dishonest thinking.

A friend asks us to take a walk, and we do not want to; we want to stay home and read. Do we say so. Dear me, no. We tell him the first cock-and-bull story that comes into our head, that we have letters to write or something—anything; and say we are sorry we cannot go. And we justify it on the ground of politeness, or that we did not want to hurt his feelings. This is a little different from the other cases, for we may face the issue frankly and not even pretend to believe our own lie. So that is not a very good illustration. Let us seek another, and one on a little higher plane. Here is a type which I often see.

A man makes a good resolution about some fault, let us say, that he will not criticize others. He sees someone do something wrong or do something badly. He is bursting with the desire to tell about it, but remembers his good resolution. Does he keep quiet? Not often. He decides that it would be better for the sinner's little guru to know about this fault so that he can help the sinner to cure it; or the sinner's friends ought to be told for the sinner's good; or maybe some individual ought to know about it so as to guard himself from the result of the sinner's weakness. There is always some justification, some reason, other than his love of scandal. Practically no one ever acknowledges to himself that he is a vicious and malicious gossip, and that that is the real reason he speaks evil of others.

Or let us take something not so unpleasant. I once decided that I would try not to defend or excuse myself. It was extraordinarily interesting and very humiliating to watch the gyrations of my mind under that strain. I think I kept the resolution for as much as forty minutes, during most of which I was alone. But the funny thing was not my unconscious, automatic and immediate breaking of this admirable rule, but the silly reasons I gave myself when it was not unconscious. I remember once deliberately excusing and defending myself because I was afraid a person who was interested in me would be disappointed and grieved if he thought ill of me where I was not guilty. At my office it was easy. Of course it was my duty there not to let my subordinates think I had made mistakes or done stupid things; that was not self-defense or self-excuse; it was simply and obviously good business. I discovered that my mind could invent forty thousand good and sufficient reasons why it was my plain duty to defend and excuse myself.

I also made another very interesting discovery, and that was that I was nearly always, no, practically *always*, actually guilty. We are very rarely unjustly accused. The best, or the most, we can say for ourselves is that sometimes, though rarely, we are not guilty of just the fault that is brought to our attention, or that it did not express itself in just the way pointed out. But that is more than sufficient to enable us to cloud the real issue. How many, many times we deeply resent a scolding, and lose its benefit, because the particular detail selected was one we felt to be unjust. I feel that I must make this point clear by illustration, for it is one of the commonest of our weapons of self-defense and of self-delusion. Let us take a liar. He knows he is a liar and is ashamed of it. It is a sore point with him, and therefore he particularly dislikes being reprimanded for it. He tells some story full of inaccuracies and exaggerations, is found out and scolded about it. The chances are that the person scolding him will, in the arraignment, speak of at least one detail where he feels that he was within the bounds of truth. That is enough for the lower nature. He is being unjustly accused, unfairly scolded. The fourteen lies he did tell are forgotten in his self-righteousness over the little bit of truth. The issue is clouded, the scolding wasted, the opportunity lost, and he goes off full of resentment and self-justification. How very often have I seen this operate. Nine times out of ten when you speak to a person of his faults, the whole effect of the lecture is completely lost because he does not think himself guilty of the particular illustration you happen to use. You scold a servant for being late. They usually are late, and it may be a chronic fault, but on that particular occasion it was the cook who was not ready. They go off inwardly triumphant and outwardly indignant because they were unjustly accused. We are all like that; the only difference is that some are more so than others. Any little fragment of excuse is seized upon for complete self-justification. The real facts are carefully ignored, and kept wrapped up in the cotton wool of self-deception and self-delusion.

I knew one man who read novels because he liked to read them, but who justified it on the ground that he wanted to improve his literary style. Lots of people drink because it is necessary for their health. Did not the doctor recommend it? I defy any one to think of any sin which people do not commit and then justify. The Germans justify the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the murdering and raping of women. Cannot you hear countless Germans telling themselves that they were not doing wrong to do those things, for was it not the order of their superiors, and is it not their duty to obey their superiors?

The nastier the fault, the more we seek this kind of justification. People guilty of treachery or disloyalty of any kind invariably have convincing reasons why this course was justified. When you come to think of it many novels deal with this theme. They describe the doing of something wrong and the temptations and reactions of the sinner, and his method of justifying his act.

We do things we should not because we are tired, or hungry, or bored, or early, or late, or glad, or sorry, or scared, or whatnot. I mean we do wrong things which we want to do, and use these conditions as our excuses. They are pretty feeble excuses but they serve.

This effort of deliberate self-delusion is not confined to the lower planes from which I have drawn my illustrations, and, of course, it is the more serious the higher up it is carried. It also becomes more subtle and more difficult to illustrate and trace. The whole purpose of self-examination, of which the devotional books make so much, is designed for no other purpose than to enable us to pierce through the self-created fog of illusion and deception with which we have surrounded our motives. Self-examination is a subject to itself of which more anon. This section is to show its necessity.

The mind is the great slayer of the Real. We habitually use our minds to obscure and nullify the promptings of our consciences, the admonitions of our friends, the advice and directions of our superiors, whenever we do not like what our consciences or friends or superiors say to us, and that is nearly always. We even pretend to ourselves that we do like to be scolded and that we are grateful, and that we will try to benefit by the experience, while all the time our minds are busy excusing and explaining and defending ourselves to ourselves, until any possible benefit is lost in a cloud of side issues and irrelevancies. Of course I am writing about things as they are, not things as they ought to be. I confess that it is deplorable, and also, that fortunately for all of us, there are people who do not behave this way. But do not run away with the idea that you are one of them. I have known a few, a very few, who honestly try to profit by the scoldings they receive. They not only recognize and accept the existence of their fault, but they are really grateful to the person pointing it out. Such people have travelled a long distance on the road to saintliness.

Which one of us prays a really honest prayer? Which one of us knows what a really honest prayer is? Who goes before the Master seeing himself as he really is, stripped of all disguise? It is said that only a disciple who is far along can do it, and that the first time he sees himself as the Master sees him it is more than his consciousness can bear.

C. A. G.

"Set me some great task, ye gods, and I will show my spirit!" "Not so," says the good heaven, "plod and plough."—Emerson.

A decorative horizontal banner with a central oval containing the word "REVIEWS" in a bold, serif font. The banner is flanked by intricate, symmetrical geometric patterns of circles and lines, resembling Art Deco or Bauhaus style.

Egotism in German Philosophy, by George Santayana, has a distinctly alluring title to those who wish to see Germany discovered and beaten in every field of her activity. But a careful reading of the book leaves one almost completely disappointed with the inability of Germanized American philosophy to penetrate the cardinal viciousness of that by which it is still too inherently dominated. Generations of American philosophers have gone to school in Germany and learned their philosophy in German, and the mark of Cain is on them.

Dr. Santayana, true to form, has written with great brilliance of phrase, displaying at once wit, and, where he desired it, merciless condemnation, which reveals his own personal animus against German "transcendental, metaphysical idealism." He defines egotism, technically, as "subjectivity in thought and wilfulness in morals;" and he indicts the German people with the phrase—"There is no social or intellectual disease to which, in spots, they do not succumb, as to an epidemic: their philosophy is an example of this." But in an extraordinary way his own philosophy excuses them.

Although his central theme purports to be a discovery of Egotism in German thinking in order to prove that "The whole transcendental philosophy, if made ultimate, is false, and nothing but a private perspective," he is himself so imbued with the materialistic outlook on life, that probably unconsciously he plays right into German hands. The best parts of the book, containing less of criticism and more of descriptive narrative, are those chapters which survey the sweep of German philosophy—with its setting in Protestant theology, the "heir of Judaism,"—and the revelation of the "Seeds of Egotism in Kant," siezed upon and developed by Fichte and Hegel. Dr. Santayana sees the Protestant limitation in setting up self-will and private judgment on the foundation of a more or less fixed revelation;—the result is "to retain, for whatever changed views it may put forward, the names of former beliefs." This duplicity is sanctified by the secret feeling that the categorical imperative is "omnipotent." "God, freedom, and immortality, for instance, may eventually be turned into their opposites, since the oracle of faith is internal; but their names may be kept, together with a feeling that what will now bear those names is much more satisfying than what they originally stood for." Ruthlessness, furthermore, is the logical outcome of such a position, for "Kant expressly repudiated as unworthy of a virtuous will any consideration of happiness, or of consequences, either to oneself or to others. He was personally as mild and kindly as the Vicar of Wakefield (whose goodness he denied to be moral because it was natural), but his moral doctrine was in principle a perfect frame for fanaticism. Give back, as time was bound to give back, a little flesh to this skeleton of duty, make it the voice not of a remote Mosaic decalogue, but of a rich temperament and a young life, and you will have sanctified beforehand every stubborn passion and every romantic crime. In the guise of an infallible conscience, before which nothing has a right to stand, egotism is launched upon its irresponsible career." Again, "the categorical principle in morals, like the ego in logic, can easily migrate."

Fichte and Hegel, building upon this inherited tradition of self-assertion, proclaimed that "The German people are called by the plan of Providence to occupy the supreme place in the history of the universe." In this formulation of history, Egotism found its complete expression, and a reformulation of the perverted Messianic Kingdom ideal, whose adherents of old rejected and crucified the Christ.

But the source, though perverted, of the ancient ideal was a revelation from on High; the source of the German idea lies in a categorical imperative—"Something native and inward to the private soul . . . quietly claiming to rule the invisible world, to set God on his throne and open eternity to the human spirit. The most subjective of feelings, the feeling of what ought to be, legislates for the universe." Truly, "Egotism could hardly go further." Hence, though "self-assertion and ambition are ancient follies of the human race," the Germans "think these vulgar passions the creative spirit of the universe."

So far Dr. Santayana, dealing in a general way with general principles, is right and just. His expressions are often extreme, for he is constantly carried away by desire for effective rhetoric; and it is only by holding to his main purpose that at times one can steer clear of manifold self-contradictions. When, however, he comes to Nietzsche, apologizing for him, excusing him for his "keener and more heroic" romanticism, we discover the German in Dr. Santayana's thinking,—the fruits of admitting for years German dominion and of growing up intellectually in a Germanized atmosphere.

Dr. Santayana specifically disclaims close connection with German philosophy,— "I write frankly as an outsider"; but when he adds that his object is to describe German schools "intelligibly, and to judge them from the point of view of the layman, and in his interests," we assert that he failed of his last purpose, and seems unable to assume the position of the former. The kernel of German philosophy is that the German begins with himself and then ends with himself. Many philosophies begin with the present human consciousness, but they arrive at other states and conditions of consciousness. They start with an outlook that is included within their own narrow experience and they arrive at some comprehension of the experience of a whole universe. From a recognition of their own will, and the right exercise of it, they discover the harmony of co-operating and uniting with the wills of others. They recognize, in substance, another and an outside world, more real than they are except in so far as their self-consciousness enables them to partake of it.

But German transcendentalism, starting with the self's cognition of itself, never goes outside, but draws everything to itself. External experience is brought back into the ideas of it, and these are actually identified with that experience. These ideas in turn are drawn in and identified with the fact that the ego has the ideas. The Ego then feels "I am I," and adds to this the vague feeling that it is striving or tending towards something or other. Which sequence of thought, being reversed, means that the Personal Will, or Personal *Geist*, absorbs its ideas, its ideas absorb their outer experience of the phenomenal world; and this phenomenal world includes all outer things, whether past, present, or future. Therefore, "Earth and heaven, God and my fellowmen are mere expressions of my Will, and if they were anything more, I could not now be alive to their presence. My Will is absolute. With that conclusion transcendentalism is complete."

Though Dr. Santayana rejects such a system of philosophy as "a forced method of speculation, producing more confusion than it found and calculated chiefly to enable practical materialists to call themselves idealists and rationalists to remain theologians," how does he criticize it, and what does he offer as better?

The only philosophic grounds of Dr. Santayana's criticism lie in his chapters on "Egotism and Selfishness" and "Heathenism." An animal's will is a heathen will. He defines Heathenism as a religion of the will, the faith life has because it is life, and in its own aims just because it is using them. German philosophy is

therefore heathen; God becomes vital energy; freedom, personality; immortality, social progress. Happiness is not for wild animals; happiness is only for those who, in Nietzsche's phrase, are "tamed," and Nietzsche thought "the pursuit of happiness low, materialistic, and selfish."

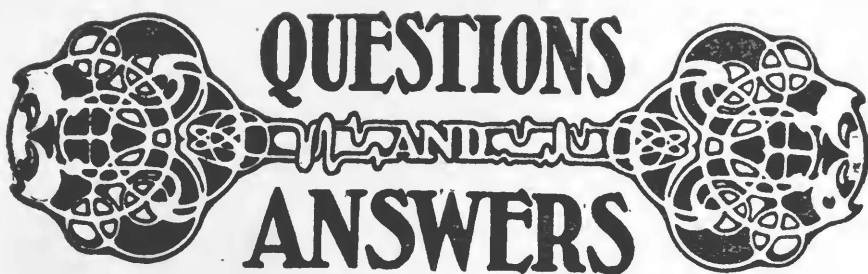
Now Dr. Santayana, despite his criticism, is heathen in his own way. Whereas the crude Egotism and Heathenism of Fichte and Hegel and Max Stirner repel him, he is prepared to forgive Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. He himself defines happiness as "the union of vitality with art." In other words, this animal will to live and enjoy, the blonde beast roving lustful and free, is all right if restricted within the prescribed limits of refined and artistic expressions. Admitted that Art in its true and spiritual sense would be a safe guide, does not this standard, as things now are, leave it to each individual to determine what is, and what is not, an artistic expression of his particular vital energies? Is this not exactly a return to German self-will and egotism under a new guise?

Dr. Santayana claims that the blonde beast must learn wisdom from experience, a thing which German empiricists never do. But all systems of philosophy, including mysticism, and every effort to emancipate the individual from the rule of authority and tradition, can be labelled egotistic, on the principles employed by Dr. Santayana, because, though these systems are based on experience and not on subjective ideas, the interpretation of all experience is based on the needs and interests of each human being,—a return once again to the standard of the personal ego. Dr. Santayana, on the other side, would have us by no means return to obedience to a revelation or to an ideal, for, again, he would let instinct rule, instinct tamed by art.

It is Dr. Santayana's own materialism which makes him unable to distinguish between the self-will of the animal personality and the higher spiritual will of a creative and creating spiritual universe. He is writing solely of the personal, selfish, will-to-live, to be, to have. German philosophy is a glorification throughout of this lower will,—selfish, sensual, devilish; and Nietzsche is its chief prophet. The refinements of art to such a will are merely raising the degree and intensity of gratification by a species of self-control and restraint, calculated to give a higher form of pleasure. Nietzsche pretends to "drop the distinction between good and evil and transcend ethics altogether." Dr. Santayana comments that "Such a thought would not have been absurd in itself or even unphilosophical." We realize how far this is apart from the laws of the spiritual will when we remember that Christianity came not to destroy the law but to fulfil it, and that sacrifice is the cardinal principle of all spiritual, as also of all noble, courteous, and honorable living.

This book then, criticizes German philosophy for one form which its evil expresses, while defending another and, in a measure, a subtler form of exactly the same source of evil. False principles of German thinking are criticized by another set of false principles, which are a by-product of the very same root from which German philosophy springs. The final impression, therefore, is thoroughly unsatisfactory; and on a careless or unguarded reader the book might well have a distinctly pernicious influence, despite the rightness, in a way, of its primary intention. Though Dr. Santayana disclaims a direct philosophic contribution, the present volume appears to fail in being such far more by reason of its inconsistent thinking, than by any lack of studied brilliance or desire to address the professional philosopher. Perhaps its most disquieting feature is the new demonstration it offers of the subservience of even so-called independent American philosophy, to the German models which it has for so long admired.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.



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 No. 204 (Continued).—*What are the first steps toward becoming conscious of the invisible world? Is there not something that one may do to develop the vision for and the powers to function in the spiritual world?*

ANSWER.—There are several worlds now invisible to us, but of these it is only one that we should strive to become conscious of, viz., the inner world, or the "Kingdom of God." And the first steps toward that end are plainly stated in all great religions of the world. It can, without exception, be summed up in these words: "Purify your heart"; because it is only "the pure in heart" that shall see God. This first claim on all who want to scale the heavenly ladder it is very difficult for people of the present age to comply with, because it doesn't commend itself to our lower nature, nor is its indispensableness much understood. But unless it is met to some considerable extent, it is not only futile but in some cases even dangerous to try to climb higher. In some unexpected place of the ladder a step is rotten, and the climber will fall down and injure himself, or perish. Therefore, give full attention to the fulfilment of this first demand. Keep the commandments,—"live the life"; live up to your highest ideal of the perfect man,—or strive earnestly to do so always; and in time you will come to stand high.

Certainly there is something that must be done in order to develop the vision for and the powers to function in the Kingdom of God. *Meditate! Meditate! Meditate!* Unless you have acquired the power of *continual meditation* no vision for, nor any powers to function in that world can develop. And while striving to improve your meditation, you are strengthening your moral nature, thus making it easier to keep your heart clean;—"for you have no conception of the *power of meditation.*" In this way the heavenly ladder is gradually ascended, and when the disciple at last enters the Kingdom he will find that all powers, needed in that world, have developed while he was climbing.

Needless here to describe any special course of training in order to attain to continual meditation, since it has often been exceedingly well expounded in detail.

T. H. K.

ANSWER.—Some of these first steps have already been taken although not clearly recognized, perhaps, at their true value: there is one's consciousness of the now visible world, which has been achieved in the past; this, surely, is the first step, is it not? Then there is knowledge that the invisible world exists; not proof to silence the noisy mind, but direct knowledge of that world which we consciously enter through meditation or in prayer; this knowledge is the second step. The third step is a very long one, even though it is necessarily and logically

derived from the second step; the invisible world is not somewhere else, consciousness of it is not gained through some queer, fourth dimensional telescope; the invisible world is here and now, and we are living in it at every moment.

By the grace of our Masters, it is not necessary to make the entire conquest of each one of these steps before passing to the next; indeed, there can be true vision of the outer world only after consciousness of the inner world is attained, for the outer is but the vague and distorted shadow of the inner reality. If this be true, if the material world is but a *maya*, an illusion, what must be said of the psychic world which is, to most of us fortunately, a part of the invisible world? *Light on the Path* describes this psychic or lower astral world as a plane of unequalled forces where confusion necessarily prevails: A disciple, truly, would not expect to gain vision of eternal things by contemplating this psychic scrap-heap where the counterfeits and shams of the universe are piled in chaotic profusion.

It is a very definite part of the invisible world of which we wish to develop clear, personal consciousness; the spiritual world, the world of the Masters, these are but clumsy terms for designating a very definite and purposeful way of life, but, at least, they convey the impression of a world where wisdom and order prevail. The fourth step is the ordering of our lives so that they may be in rhythm with the life of those Beings in the spiritual world who are eager to aid us with their heritage of wisdom and of transcendent joy.

Does this seem somewhat vague and indeterminate, then ask some older student at what point you should begin, or write to the Secretary T. S., or to any of the contributors to the *QUARTERLY* with whose methods of expression you feel sympathy and understanding, addressing the contributor in care of the Editor.

Why should there not be something of personal guidance when an earnest student desires personal consciousness of the invisible world? Is it not conceivable that this is the goal of all previous lives and experiences?

We have been told that the Masters understand our problems and difficulties because they have passed through every one of them. If this be true, it seems a fair deduction to assume that there is an unbroken line of earnest students and disciples reaching from the newest member of the T. S. all the way up through the different grades of self-conquest and of knowledge to our Masters themselves.

There is, then, a point in the personal consciousness where contact may be made with the world where the Masters unceasingly work for humanity. This point is probably overlaid with much rubbish of careless thinking and self-centred action, but the point is there, and that the Masters are occasionally able to make connection with our minds through this point, in spite of the rubbish, is perhaps proven by the question itself.

P.

QUESTION No. 218.—How can one cultivate the right kind of intensity of feeling and how learn to distinguish between the important and the unimportant things of the average life so as to avoid expending feeling on trifles?

*ANSWER.—*Cultivate the practice of referring all things to the Master as a centre. In His eternal light, many of the fretting details of every day will fall away into their due perspective of insignificance. Study His standard of value—insensibly it may become your own.

J. H.

*ANSWER.—*Would not a good test of the "right" kind of feeling be to ask oneself what the Master's feeling would probably be and to follow this same idea on and ask oneself whether this or that particular thing would be considered important or unimportant by the Master? If this were faithfully carried out I should think it would be one of the first steps towards learning to ask the Master directly and gaining the power to hear his answer.

T. M.

ANSWER.—Feeling is a reward, not an end. When it is not spurious it springs from love and love comes from obedience—obedience to the highest that we can see. If we loved the Masters as we want to love them, we should obey their least wish with eager gladness. Our duties are the Master's will for us, that is what makes them duties. The testimony of all who have really tried it, is that the way to gain love is to *act as if* we loved as we want to love. Then, in time, the love is given.

True feeling is a precious gift and one not to be wasted. To learn to distinguish the important from the unimportant requires a sense of proportion and perspective, and this in turn requires a fixed point to which to refer all things. What is the purpose of your life and what your true desire? When that question is answered truly, if all things be referred to that fixed point, the important and the unimportant will assume their proper proportions.

J. M.

ANSWER.—Let us suppose the questioner is a Republican, or a Democrat, and very loyal to his or her cause—could he or she not feel intensely, yet maintain a true balance between the important and unimportant things? Let a loyal political partisan become a candidate for office—would not his political intensity govern his least acts, without necessarily interfering with them? Is the Cause of Christ less important?

G. WOODBRIDGE.

QUESTION No. 219.—*What is the rationale of intercessory prayer? I have thought that the answer to prayer must depend for its operation on the suppliant's own will? How can the will or petition of one man affect the will of another?*

ANSWER.—Here is a crude illustration that may be suggestive. A man, knowing that his friend is in a financial strait, may deposit a sum of money, with his friend's creditors. The strain is thereby relieved; but the friend may not be aware of the generous act, merely enjoying the freedom from the creditor's pursuit.

I believe that intercessory prayer is similarly effective, and that individual as well as national catastrophies are averted or lessened by such prayer. Monasteries and convents exist in order to maintain perpetual prayer of intercession.

S. M.

ANSWER.—The rationale of intercessory prayer would seem to be that of all vicarious atonement. There are a number of answers bearing on this point in the January, 1917, QUARTERLY, Question No. 210, in particular, one of great value, by Cavé.

No man lives to himself alone and it is a matter of every day experience that what one man is and does affects those with whom he comes in contact, making it easier or harder for them to do right. In other words, the action of his will affects the action of their wills. Prayer is an act of will and is a great power. We know that the Masters are always eager to help a man when they can do so without reactions that do him whom they would help more harm than good. May it not be that prayer makes force available on this plane which they can use without such harmful reactions?

Mr. Judge, in Volume III of the *Path* has an interesting article on the Astral Light as a great mirror from which the thoughts of men are thrown back to earth, thereby influencing all men to a greater or less extent. This, if we add the intelligent guidance of the Masters, may contain a hint as to the mechanics of intercessory prayer.

J. M.

ANSWER.—Having read this question, the thought occurs to me of an answer

of a nine-year-old to his father, when asked why he expected the father to do something for him that the youngster wanted very much. "Because you're my Father." That small boy, it seems to me, may have had a clearer understanding of intercessory prayer than most of us grown-ups. He did not depend upon any rational processes. He accepted a situation and sought to benefit therefrom. How many of us accept as a fact-situation that the Master loves us far more than the best of human fathers may love? Even grown-ups ask for what they really want. The inquirer may find his or her will affected by the answers to this question—if effort be made to utilize them. Would this not be a case within the confines of the final clause of the question? How much trust and confidence and childlike faith does the inquirer put into the question of prayer? And in praying is St. Chrysostom's wise qualification—"as may be most expedient for them" kept in mind and heart?

G. McK.

ANSWER.—What do you believe? When you were a child did you never appeal to your father for aid? If you wanted something that was good for you did he not give it to you—if he could, but, if you had starved your pet hawks to death, could he bring them back to life? Had he been able to use the Law, to do so, would it have been wise—would it not have made you even more careless? If you merely had thought or whispered a request, could he have heard you? If you had not put intensity of desire behind a request, would he have given it active attention? Did you never ask another to intercede for you in home or school or business? Like all analogies these are crude, but they may prove suggestive. We should remember too that by our sins and neglect we have builded walls between us and our Heavenly Helpers. Will and sacrifice are pick and shovel. Try using them.

G. WOODBRIDGE.

CORRESPONDENCE

New York, December 17, 1917.

Editor THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY:

"Parenthood and Discipleship," by Mercy Farmer, an article which appeared in your last issue, contains a statement which, in my opinion, is not in accordance with the facts. It is alleged: "Nothing could have pleased the Devil more than to see those splendid, undisciplined, unorganized young Englishmen whose lives were so unhesitatingly thrown away in the second stage of the war—those days of the first of Kitchener's Army, when the British regulars were wiped out, holding the lines imperilled by their gallant, undisciplined comrades" (p. 162).

Granting that the Devil would have been pleased if the writer's premises were correct, the best proof that they are not correct lies in the fact that Kitchener himself allowed those men to fight; and he would not have allowed it if they had been undisciplined and unorganized: he would not have thrown away their lives. They had received longer training and discipline than the majority of men in the British army who now, for the first time, go to the front.

The writer's misstatement is an echo (of course unintentional) of the present tendency in the press to disparage Kitchener. The time will come when Great Britain, and even France, will recognize that they owe their continued existence to him, and that, though quite incidentally, the capture of Jerusalem and the success in Mesopotamia are due primarily to his insight, which, in its turn, was the fruit of his self-sacrificing devotion and theosophic breadth of vision.

AN OLD MEMBER, T. S.



APRIL, 1918

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THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THEOSOPHY

“The Knowers of the Eternal tell of the Light and the Shadow . . .”—*Katha Upanishad.*

MAKING a comparison between Eastern and Western Psychology, last summer, the writer retold an ancient tale from the Chhandogya Upanishad which records that “the Devas and the Asuras,—the angels and the demons—both of them sprung from the Lord of Beings, strove together.” That self-same struggle has, we believe, continued ever since.

A great many times, in the long cycle of Theosophical writings, it has been pretty plainly said that, at the recurring periods when Cyclic Law makes it possible for the Masters of Wisdom to open the door of the heavens to mankind, they invariably have to weigh and consider a certain contingency: the fact that, as soon as the Lords of Light have sent forth a mighty current of spiritual power into the world, the Brothers of the Shadow are thereby enabled to release a commensurate power of the forces of evil; so that every great spiritual movement invariably has its shadow; every revelation has its counterfeit. It is as though the devils, having failed to stop the spiritual outpouring, were yet allowed to handicap and check it, by instantly producing a travesty of it, like enough to deceive all but the wise, and so charged with elements of disintegration that, in its dissolution, it would almost certainly besmirch and discredit the work of the Lodge of Masters.

The Western Avatar gave his disciples the fullest warning of the imminence of this danger, this dark shadow menacing his own work, saying to them: “Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many . . . For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; inasmuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before . . .”

It would be of immense interest and value to trace the invariable working of this law, in the case of each of the great spiritual movements which, having their origin in the Lodge, have resulted in the foundation of the historic religions; to see, let us say, how the teaching of the Buddha, that the lower self is an unreal wraith, was followed by a "shadow" teaching, that the Self is unreal, a teaching leading to the mechanical and materialistic cast of the whole of Southern Buddhism; to see how the luminous teaching of the great Shankaracharya, concerning discernment between Self and not-Self, was gradually distorted into a system in which the discernment between Brahmans and non-Brahmans led to the strongest and most arrogant priestcraft in the world.

To follow this up, would be of high interest and value; but, for the present, we shall limit ourselves to examining certain manifestations of the same law in the history of The Theosophical Society during the last forty years. When we have once gained a clear view of its operation, we shall find that many things, which may have seemed enigmatic and, perhaps, disturbing, will become very much more intelligible, and may even appear to have been inevitable. *Demon est Deus inversus.*

Many of us hold that Mme. H. P. Blavatsky was the fully qualified and accredited Messenger of the Lodge of Masters, entrusted, in the years following 1875, with the high and splendid task of setting forth to the world a certain portion of the Secret Teachings. Many of us believe that she accomplished this great task with superb courage, selflessness and devotion; and, further, with a scrupulous avoidance of any claim of "personal" authority, either for herself or for her writings. No great writer was ever more genuinely humble.

But just because, as we believe, so powerful a stream of the force of the White Lodge did, in fact, pour forth into the world through her work and writings, it became practicable for the Lodge of the Shadow—the Asuras of our Upanishad fable—to let loose an equal force, not this time of Light, but of delusion and Maya; to set up travesties of the Messenger, who, at first announcing themselves as mouthpieces, soon arrogated to themselves the authority of spiritual despots, at whose nod all Theosophists must tremble, as before the thunderbolts of Jove.

One well-known instance of this is Mrs. Annie Besant, who is the president of a society which calls itself theosophical, but which is commonly referred to as the Adyar Society because its headquarters is at Adyar, India.

This Adyar Society, which is a travesty or psychic counterfeit of The Theosophical Society of which THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is the organ, is constantly producing little psychic counterfeits of some phase

of the real movement. Thus, in a pamphlet entitled "Theosophy and Pseudo-Theosophy," written by a member of the Adyar Society, we learn of a travesty so obviously a travesty that even the blind, who as a rule follow the blind unquestioningly, are forced to cry out that this must be of Satan,—not of God.

The writer of the pamphlet says: "You have seen in the August *Messenger* the announcement of the establishment of the Order of the Brotherhood of Service, of which Mrs. Besant is the 'Brother Server.' The idea is an excellent one, but one reads that members must pledge themselves to carry out the commands of the Brother Server without equivocation, and turn over all their property to the Order, to be disposed of as the Brother Server may direct. To take such a pledge means simply to recognize the Brother Server as an infallible autocrat, in other words,—a pope"

The writer closes his pamphlet with this paragraph: "It is high time that Theosophists, even at the cost of sacrifice of devotion to their leaders, should wake to the fact that the devil, when he cannot make use of the snares of the world and the flesh, cannot tempt with personal ambition, still has many a tool for turning the disciple from the Path, and I am convinced, this whole movement, backed though it is by Adyar, is one of them. It is one of the most subtle devices of 'Satan the Counsellor.'"

We do not think that disciples are likely to be turned from the Path by any such crude device as that! But we do know that the Powers of Delusion and Confusion strive by all means to blur and mislead the thought of the world, and that the existence of this so-called Order of the Brotherhood of Service will make it more difficult for genuine seekers after truth to find and identify the spiritual realities which such psychic counterfeits travesty.

Another distressing perversion of great names and great truths is to be found in the Adyar Society's exploitation of Christianity. By some means or other they have formed branches of the "Old Catholic Church," an entirely respectable organization, the headquarters of which is in Holland. These branches, once established, seem in no way to be under the control of the Dutch hierarchy. In any case, Adyar has provided itself with Bishops, Priests and Deacons. We read of "Bishop" C. W. Leadbeater and of "Bishop" Wedgwood, of the Adyar Old Catholic Church, both of whom seem to officiate in America as well as in England. In all our experience we have rarely if ever heard of such vulgar and degrading travesties of religion as these representatives of Adyar are producing.

The writer of the pamphlet already quoted (and for his own sake, as for the sake of the protest he is making, we must regret his style),

begins his exposition of what he imagines to be new tendencies in the Adyar Society, by criticizing one of "Bishop" Wedgwood's lectures. He writes: "I myself heard him describe the process of spiritual rain-making, by which a properly 'ordained' priest, who has been spiritually vaccinated by some other priest—he assured us that this was necessary, but that the private character of the man was a minor consideration—can, by clothing himself in certain vestments adorned with brass fringes and ornaments for 'conducting the current' and by repeating certain prescribed formulas, produce a rain of spiritual power which would 'affect people for miles around,' including those engaged in secular pursuits at the time. I have always heard that God sends his rain on the just and the unjust, but this is the first time I have heard it seriously claimed by one pretending to be a Theosophist that he does so at the instigation of a man in livery . . ."

We take the same exception to the tone of the following passage, though, as the writer is a member of the Adyar Society, it is inevitable, perhaps, that his style should be as it is. "It need hardly be pointed out," he writes, "that this method of having an 'ordained' person dress up in colors and repeat rituals in order to get the Divine Cow to let down its milk for your benefit, while you go about your ordinary vocations and amusements, is glaringly in conflict with the law of Karma, which teaches that 'Every man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory and gloom to himself, the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.' I take it that while the term Theosophist is a pretty broad one, one can hardly be a Theosophist who either denies Karma or teaches some mechanical way of getting around it. That is what this whole ritualistic tomfoolery is for; to provide a cheap and easy way of dodging the results of one's own actions, of indulging in spiritual sensualism by bathing in a shower of spiritual power produced by magical processes, the only evidence for the existence of which is the *ipse dixit* of certain clairvoyants. I say tomfoolery, for here is the process actually described by the Bishop. The influence of the ritual pronounced by the ordained priest is gathered by an attendant of the astral or some other plane and carried up to the reservoir of 'power.' The power is then sent down through the priest, flowing along the brass fringe on his left sleeve and pours out of the brass ornament on the back of his gown! The Divine Love is clearly a sort of electricity which flows along wires. This, according to these neo-Voodooists, is Theosophy; this is the divinely appointed way by which the Lord blesses those who happen to be somewhere 'miles around,' instead of the old way of entering into one's closet and seeking Him."

"All of this," the Adyar protestant goes on to say, "comes from the influence of C. W. Leadbeater and other clairvoyants who have succeeded in deluding themselves and in persuading others to accept as gospel truth whatever they put forward. It comes from the tendency to take up

psychism and to preach it on every possible occasion, and to neglect the teachings and warning of the Founder of the Society and of books like *Light on the Path*, and, I may add, of the New Testament likewise . . . I have quite a little to do with the circulation of Theosophical literature and I know just what sort of stuff Theosophists read and are advising others to read. . . . You simply can't get them to read anything worth while. [And again the QUARTERLY must protest against such misuse of the words Theosophy and Theosophists]. They are after three things: knowledge (supposed) of the invisible world; learning how to become Invisible Helpers, which means doing while you are asleep what you are too lazy or selfish to do while you are awake; and finding some new and easy way of feeling good and happy. According to recent announcements, Bishop Leadbeater—for he is now a Bishop of the Old Catholic Church as well as a leader of the (Adyar) T. S.—is prepared to furnish the various centers of the Star in the East with a very effective ritual. . . .”

But, lest we be accused of forming our view of this new movement in the Adyar Society from a criticism of it which is evidently not too friendly, we shall quote one or two passages from a pamphlet on “The Occult Investigation of the Mass and Anglican Orders, by the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater,” which has recently been distributed among the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

“We who are students,” says “Bishop” Leadbeater, “have often heard of the great reservoir of force which is constantly being filled by the Spiritual Hierarchy in order that its contents may be utilized by members of the Adept Hierarchy and Their pupils for the helping of the evolution of mankind. The arrangement made by the Christ with regard to His religion was that a kind of special compartment of that reservoir should be reserved for its use, and that a certain set of officials should be empowered by the use of certain special ceremonies, certain words and signs of power, to draw upon it for the spiritual benefit of their people. The scheme adopted for passing on the power is called ordination. . . .”

One passage more: “Bishop” Leadbeater tells us that his attention was first called to the magical distribution of divine power “by the celebration of the Mass in a Roman Catholic Church in a little village in Sicily. Those who know that most beautiful of islands will understand that one does not meet with the Roman Catholic Church there in its most intellectual form, and neither the priest nor the people could be described as especially highly developed; yet the quite ordinary celebration of the Mass was a magnificent display of the application of occult force. At the moment of the consecration the Host glowed with the most dazzling brightness; it became in fact a veritable sun to the eye of the clairvoyant, and as the priest lifted it above the heads of the people I noticed two distinct varieties of

spiritual force poured forth from it, which might perhaps be taken as roughly corresponding to the light of the sun and the streamers of his corona. . . .” “Bishop” Leadbeater goes on to describe the effect of these forces on “the three higher subdivisions of the mental world, the first, second and third subdivisions of the astral,” and even the causal bodies, of the Sicilians. . . .

Now having our material before us, let us draw from it a certain number of conclusions. In the first place, we cannot fail to be struck with the fact that, while pretending to describe a spiritual process, this “vision” is, in reality, extravagantly materialistic; what is seen, is seen through a dense, distorting psychic veil; or, more accurately, what is seen, is not a spiritual reality, but a grotesque fancy, a nightmare dreamed upside down and backwards, amid the waves of the psychic sea. There is not in it a grain of real spirituality; there is nothing in it that could conceivably arouse a true spiritual impulse or inspiration.

One result of such a travesty must necessarily be to bring discredit on the name “theosophical,” and, in that way, to render measurably more difficult the work of The Theosophical Society and the genuine attempts being made to show, in the Light of Theosophy, the deeper side of Christian teaching. And this, in our view, is exactly the purpose of the Powers of the Shadow, of the Brood of Confusion. Perpetually they foster and strengthen these psychic counterfeits of the teachings given forth by the Masters of Light.

Particularly in recent years, invaluable light has been thrown upon the doctrine and purposes of the Western Avatar. Those whose memory of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY goes back far enough, will remember that, perhaps a decade ago, a concerted effort was made to realize one of the ideals implicit in the Theosophical platform. We have, from the beginning of The Theosophical Society in 1875, advocated and practised the comparative study of all religions. In the old days, the formula was: “Aryan and other Eastern religions”; the purpose of this phrasing being, to turn the main attention of Theosophical students away from Christianity to the great religions of Egypt, India, China, Persia. And for this reason: only by thus renovating their religious sense, so to speak, could these Theosophical students possibly bring clear and fresh minds to the study of Christianity.

In the year 1895, our Second Object was re-worded, thus: “the study of ancient and modern religions”; the significance of the change probably being that, after The Theosophical Society had completed the first twenty years of its eventful life, the process of renovating the religious sense of Theosophical students had been so far completed, that a fuller attention

might now be paid to the study of Christianity, not only with a fair hope of avoiding the pitfalls dug by old mental habits and prejudices, but with a still larger hope of reaching very definite and affirmative results.

Some ten or a dozen years ago, the tendency thus indicated began to bear fruit; and those who have followed *THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY* through this somewhat protracted period will remember that much has been said of the Western Avatar; of the place which his work holds, in the larger work of the Lodge; of the relation of the Christian Orders and Rules to the training of Chelas; and much more, supported at every point by explicit quotations from *The Secret Doctrine*. For in the pages of that wonderful book, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky had presciently furnished all the material for the esoteric study of Christianity, which was in fact destined to take form only eighteen or twenty years later, long after Mme. Blavatsky's death.

One may illustrate this prescient provision of material by quoting a few sentences from *The Secret Doctrine* (edition of 1888, Vol. I, page 574): "This was known to every high Initiate in every age and in every country; 'I and my Father are one,' said Jesus (John x. 30). When He is made to say, elsewhere (xx. 17): 'I ascend to *my* Father and *your* Father,' it meant that which has just been stated. It was simply to show that the group of His disciples and followers attracted to Him belonged to the same Dhyani Buddha, 'Star,' or 'Father,' again of the same planetary realm, as He did."

More than may at first sight appear, concerning the Western Avatar and his work, is implied in this brief passage; but a wise pondering over it, and a careful study of many kindred passages in *The Secret Doctrine*, will reveal much to the thoughtful student, concerning the place of the Western Avatar in the Lodge—and, incidentally, concerning Mme. H. P. Blavatsky's clear understanding and revelation of that place and work, a work which, as in the case of every Member of the Lodge of Masters, is of necessity continuous—is, in fact, going on now.

So it comes that, during the last ten or twelve years, as an essential part of the work for which The Theosophical Society was founded, much has been brought to light, much has been accomplished. Inevitably, therefore, the dark shadow appears, the travesty, the counterfeit, the Maya unfolded and developed by the Powers that make for confusion,—perversions of Theosophy, perversions of Christianity, and perversions of the real developments taking place within the Church Universal, in which certain members of The Theosophical Society are playing a vital part; developments to which attention has been called in *THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY*—at least in such a manner that those who have the knowledge or intuition could divine the nature of the information being conveyed.

LODGE DIALOGUES

D. R. T.: Now you may ask your question, Little One.

L. O.: I have two questions.

D. R. T.: Ask me the first one.

L. O.: I want to know how, in the outer world, where the clouds of illusion are forever circling and whirling, one may preserve truthfulness.

D. R. T.: There is a greater difficulty than the clouds of illusion. In the outer world the minds of men are not one-pointed; one door opens to the east and one to the west, and so soon as one of them is opened the other swings shut, so that but half a truth is visible at any time to their comprehension.

L. O.: (*eagerly*): Then I would place a large wedge in one door so that it could not shut, before the other opened!

D. R. T. (*laughing*): Then the draft would blow out the little candle within.

L. O. (*after a pause*): Tell me then how to preserve truthfulness.

D. R. T.: There is but one way in which you can preserve it, and that is from within without—never from without within. That is why those who have no fixed centre of their own never can be truthful, no matter how hard they try. Therefore the secret of truthfulness is *loyalty*,—loyalty to your own highest faith and principles, loyalty to your chosen cause, loyalty to those who are part of that cause. If you see yourself, your words, your actions, only as they are reflected back to you from the surrounding mirrors of other minds, you will find confusion, multiplied reflections, reversals, fanciful vistas and superimposed images. Your own knowledge of truth will be lost in bewilderment, and beginning with self-deception you will inevitably deceive others. Closing your outer eyes and opening wide your inner, you will discover the facts of your own nature and heart,—relative always until you have attained—but real and honest of themselves. Loyal to these and to all connected with them, loyal if need be to the death, refusing compromise or quarter to all that contradicts and injures them, you will preserve truthfulness.

L. O.: Then of all virtues loyalty is the highest.

D. R. T.: The French have an old proverb: *Loyauté passe tout*.

L. O.: I have heard that Metchu Chan said that humility was the greatest of the virtues.

D. R. T.: No, Metchu Chan repeated the occult teaching that

humility is the foundation of all the virtues; the virtue without which all the other virtues are spurious. Think it out for yourself, Little One, you will see.

L. O.: I can see that without much thinking:—where self-love and self-seeking enter in, the virtue disappears.

D. R. T.: What is your second question?

L. O.: You are answering that without my asking. What you said of loyalty answered it. I did not know that my two questions were one at the root. When we had finished with what I had thought to be my practical question,—and I asked that first because I know you like them best—then I intended asking the question of my own preference:—Which is the greatest of the virtues, as the man once asked which was the greatest of the Commandments.

D. R. T.: And the answer, little brother?

L. O.: The answer was *love*, love of the Father, then love of what the Father loved—(*meditatively, while the other watched him*) and that seems so close to what great Paul said in his letters here (*indicating his book*)—"The greatest of these is charity."

D. R. T.: Go on, you are working it out. But you see this: Love without loyalty is not love,—loyalty is of its essence. Also you see this: Charity without loyalty easily degenerates. It has no centre or circumference, and overflows into sentimentality. Loyalty regulates these floods since it reflects the central sun; is the manifest that shines with the light of the unmanifest. Loyalty springs from the radiant heart of Buddhi, and is the enclosing sphere of all the virtues.

As D. R. T. ceased, the sun sank suddenly, and the air grew chill. They turned from the wide expanse of the desert. In the deep silence that fell, one became aware of the distant booming of cannon. The Little One turned.

Good-bye, Great Brother, he said; some day, when I have learned your lessons, I shall help over there in the West. M.



THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

VIII

DOMINICANS (*continued*)

St. Catherine of Siena, Part I

RECORDS of the Saints have this in common with the Stanzas of Dzyan—they are sealed to the multitude. They occupy no inch of the world's precious four-foot bookshelves. Antiquarian minds that stray upon such records toss them away as mediæval and morbid. They are outside even of the large and charitable circle of the cultivated man with his motto: "nihil humani," etc. The Rousseaus and Tom Paines and Piers Plowmans of history and of *belles lettres* have their own places, together with Napoleon and Dante, in the world's esteem. But in any usual History of Civilization, the great Saints, Loyola, Teresa, Gertrude, might receive not so much as a foot note of consideration. They are thought to be outside of life—mere stereotyped stone figures for the ornamentation of church altars and portals.

In a very limited sense, this judgment of the world's is correct. The records of the Saints are a portion of the "hidden wisdom"; they are esoteric. A special training, the equivalent, perhaps, of technical preparation, is necessary in order to read them profitably. As one begins to understand them, he understands also the reason of the world's disesteem. The writings of the Saints are not a portion of this world's goods because they are a bridge leading out of this world to larger and finer realms of life.

There are, however, exceptions in this esoteric communion of Saints. Two, notably, have been secularized—St. Francis of Assisi and St. Catherine of Siena.

These two names are widely known through that secularizing process. But the two Saints themselves are really still as unknown and as esoteric as any others of their community. For, just as a spiritual fact cannot be truthfully expressed in mental terms—the portrayal, clear and attractive as it may be, being *mental* while the fact itself is *spiritual*—so a Saint and secularization are incompatible. The secularized product may be a gracious figure, but it cannot be a faithful likeness of the Saint. It is easy to see how ludicrous the failure is in the case of Jeanne d'Arc, for example. We may be unfamiliar with history but we have an instinct that the masquerading suffragette is a wretched caricature of that divine Messenger. The present popular and widespread notions of St. Francis and St. Catherine are equally erroneous. Those Catholic and cloistered souls are accredited as "social workers." They are venerated as anti-

patory points of light in mediæval darkness, premonitions of the floodtide of science and sympathy that in our day has poured into city slums. The rescue of these two ardent Catholics from "the holy horde of saints," as Swinburne puts it, in order to present them as contemporary humanitarians is a falsification. It denatures them.

Until we study her life and her writings, St. Catherine seems out of place in the Dominican Order—the Order which has as its motto: "Truth"; and imposes upon its members the obligation of study and of learning.

"Truth" is the motto of many celebrated universities to-day. It is engraved on their seals and charters. It means, for the faculties and students of those universities, the sum total of things that the eye can measure and the mind compute. Generation after generation of professors and students grind away in libraries and laboratories upon the confused mass of things knowable; their lifelong efforts only entomb them deeper in the prison of materialism, and do not effect the liberation which the university motto promises: "Veritas vos liberabit."* It may be that modern Dominicans have not entirely escaped the materialistic infections of the age. Their long study of Aquinas's philosophy and theology may savour of intellectual rather than spiritual effort. The result may be somewhat barren. It is this prevalent academic conception of truth, outside and inside the religious Orders,—a narrow and distorted conception—that at first clouds our perception of St. Catherine's fitness in the Dominican Order. In fact, she is, like her own later American disciple, St. Rose of Lima, the inevitable blossom upon that parent stem. Her low class origin and her illiteracy may seem to separate her widely from the high-born and learned St. Thomas and St. Dominic. Despite those external differences, she is their true daughter and sister.

In the article on St. Dominic† mention was made of his and St. Thomas's method of study. They studied, literally, at the foot of the Crucifix, in conference, in *union* with their Living Lord. He was the "Truth" they were striving to discover—the goal of all their endeavour, the motto of the Order. St. Catherine calls Him "the Sweet Primal Truth." Secular learning is valued by the Dominicans because, when unpolluted by materialism, it is like rays of light that emanate from Him. Followed back, these rays lead to His centre; or, finding Him as centre, His disciple can then proceed along any of these rays free from the erroneous conclusions that invalidate so much of the work of materialistic scholars.

The latter method was St. Catherine's. She reached *union* with the Master through the Cell of Knowledge.

St. Catherine's Cell of Knowledge is an apartment of two rooms; but no wall separates those rooms. One is the *cell of self-knowledge*; the other, the *cell of the knowledge of the goodness of God*. For sound

* "Truth will make you free." This is the motto of Johns Hopkins University.

† Number VII in this series.

health, the soul must dwell in both rooms *at the same time*.* This double cell of Knowledge is a fundamental principle with St. Catherine. She repeats it to her disciples, and to people of the world with whom she came into contact. In a letter to a niece, she explains her teaching, without metaphor. "We cannot attain this virtue of humility except by true knowledge of ourselves, knowing our misery and frailty, and that we by ourselves can do no good deed, nor escape any conflict or pain; for if we have a bodily infirmity, or a pain or conflict in our minds, we cannot escape it or remove it—for if we could we should escape from it swiftly. So it is quite true that we in ourselves are nothing other than infamy, misery, stench, frailty, and sins; wherefore, we ought always to abide low and humble. But to abide wholly in such knowledge of one's self would not be good, because the soul would fall into weariness and confusion; and from confusion it would fall into despair: so the devil would like nothing better than to make us fall into confusion, to drive us afterward to despair. We ought, then, to abide in the knowledge of the goodness of God in Himself, perceiving that He has created us in His image and likeness, and re-created us in grace by the Blood of His only-begotten Son, the sweet incarnate Lord; and reflecting how continually the goodness of God works in us. But see, that to abide entirely in this knowledge of God would not be good, because the soul would fall into presumption and pride. So it befits us to have one mixed with the other—that is, to abide in the holy knowledge of the goodness of God, and also in the knowledge of ourselves: and so we shall be humble, patient, and gentle."

Her spiritual interpretation of the word *cell* does not indicate indifference to or condemnation of the advantages derived from a cloistered life within convent walls. Her choice of the third degree of St. Dominic's Order might lend countenance to an assertion that she disfavoured monastic seclusion. The Dominican *Third Order*—Tertiaries, the members of it are called—exists for men and women who wish to lead a religious life without abandoning their social or family or business duties. In the case of St. Catherine, whose life seems in large part directed from a higher plane, one cannot always offer reasonable explanations—the influence that determined her acts was sometimes from above, and sometimes it was a perfectly natural and legitimate influence of this world. Her family so vigorously objected to her becoming a Tertiary, and her mother made such constant complaint about her daughter's duty as Tertiary, that one can believe they would have prohibited absolutely her entrance among cloistered Dominican nuns. On the other hand, she appears such a servant of the Lodge that, the sacrifice of incarnation once made, it may have been expedient for her to live the open life she did. Be that as it may, she appreciated fully the advantages of seclusion, and advised many of

* "These are two cells in one, and when abiding in the one it behooves thee to abide in the other, for otherwise the soul would fall into either confusion or presumption. For didst thou rest in knowledge of thyself, confusion of mind would fall on thee; and didst thou abide in the knowledge of God alone, thou wouldst fall into presumption. These two, then, must be built together and made one same thing."—*Letter to Monna Alessa*.

those who sought her counsel to test their vocation in one or another of the contemplative orders. She instructed her close friend and companion, Alessa, in the doctrine of the *cell of Knowledge*, and she advised her to find an actual cell also, "that thou go not running about into many places, unless for necessity, or for obedience to the prioress, or for charity's sake." St. Catherine herself was in cloistral seclusion from her seventeenth to her twentieth year. The active opposition of her family to her wish for a religious life ended when, at sixteen, she was accepted in the third Order of St. Dominic, a Tertiary. Thereafter they left her to her own way of life. With the consent of her spiritual adviser, a Dominican Father, she arranged for her abode a tiny room in the basement of her father's home. The window was screened so that nothing of the outer world might be seen. There she withdrew even from her family, speaking only with her adviser, and occasionally with a few other persons at his direction. She left the house only to go to Mass. She slept there on a bare wooden board. She gradually reduced her food, until water, salad leaves and bread crumbs became her diet—though her physical system was also able to adapt itself to long fasts, unbroken save for the wafer taken in Communion.

This three-year period of withdrawal from all worldly interests and activities culminated in the event which is known, by name, to people of cultivation, because it is a favourite subject with artists of all nations, Flemish as well as Italian—the event known as the Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine.

As the vocabulary of the Saints is still a foreign tongue to many, it may be expedient to make an effort to describe, without metaphor, this very significant event, which proved a turning-point in her life. We shall find assistance for this undertaking in the life of St. Rose of Lima, a South American girl, part Indian in blood, who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, moved by religious aspirations, took St. Catherine as her model and ideal. The life of St. Rose is a record of miraculous self-sacrifice and achievement that seems impossible and incredible, even repellent, to a mind familiar only with mundane life. The official judges of St. Rose's life seem to have been men who were versed in the Science of the Saints, and competent to observe and rightly to pronounce upon phenomena of the spiritual life. In the private annals of the Dominican Order, an opinion of St. Rose's contemporaries is preserved—it is the judgment rendered by the theologians at the University of Lima. They agreed, in conference, unanimously, that "Rose, by a most direct method, attained to the *prayer of union*, almost without traversing *the way of purgation*, since the Master had drawn her Heart to His own from her infancy." It is not difficult to translate these facts concerning St. Rose into the language of theosophical metaphysics. We might say that, through a pure Karma, the personal Manas, acquired by her spiritual Monad when that Monad was reborn on earth at Lima, was so clean and docile that its incorporation with the Higher Manas, and with the

Higher and Eternal Principles was an easy and speedy process. Through the high grades of contemplation Rose came into union with spiritual Principles. As those Principles are not diffuse and vague forces, but, as forces, emanate from Individual Entities, we may say that Rose ascended to conscious and direct knowledge and union with the Master proper to her in the Celestial Hierarchy.

St. Catherine's "Mystic Marriage" is only an effort to describe the *life of union* in words that may be apprehensible and suggestive to men and women who have entered upon the beginning of the Path. The three years of solitude in that basement room were a retreat for St. Catherine from affairs of outer life and a training for her in the ways of the inner world. They seem to correspond with the years St. Paul spent in the deserts of Arabia, after his call by the Master. For Catherine, it was a period of purification; not purification in an elementary sense, but in the thorough way suggested by the precepts in *Light on the Path*. "These vices of the ordinary man pass through a subtle transformation and reappear with changed aspect in the heart of the disciple. It is easy to say, I will not be ambitious: it is not so easy to say, When the Master reads my heart he will find it clean utterly. 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."

Many of her experiences during those three years are fortunately preserved to us in the letters she afterward wrote to other aspirants; when necessary, she corrects or encourages them with facts from her own training, though she usually presents these facts as happening to a third person. What a lesson in *purification of motive* is taught by the following letter! It indicates, without any uncertainty, that St. Catherine had progressed to the point of loving Divine things with an unadulterated love, free from admixture of self-love or seeking after spiritual things because of personal advantage they bring. The letter narrates that, to a soul in great distress and temptation, the devil once said: "What wilt thou do? for all the time of thy life thou shalt abide in these pains, and then thou shalt have hell?" She then answered with manly heart and without any fear, and with holy hatred of herself, saying: 'I do not avoid pains, for I have chosen pains for my refreshment. And if at the end He should give me hell, I will not therefore abandon serving my Creator. For I am she who am worthy of abiding in hell, because I wronged the Sweet Primal Truth; so, did He give me hell, He would do me no wrong, since I am His' (creature). Then our Saviour, in this sweet and true humility, scattered the shadows and torments of the devil, as it happens when the cloud passes that the sun remains; and suddenly came the Presence of Our Saviour. Thence she melted into a river of tears, and said in a sweet glow of love: 'O sweet and good Jesus, where wast thou

when my soul was in such affliction?' Sweet Jesus, the Spotless Lamb, replied: 'I was beside thee. For I move not, and never leave My creature, unless the creature leave Me through mortal sin.' " It is evident to what extent St. Catherine had carried the purifying process since she obtained the promise given to the pure in heart—"the Presence of Our Saviour."* The appearance of the Master to her and His converse with her was not limited to this one occasion. Her spiritual director drew from her the reluctant admission that the Master came frequently: "most times He came unattended, and conversed with her as a friend with a most intimate friend; in such wise that oftentimes the Lord and she recited the Psalms, walking up and down in her room, as two religious or clerics are wont to say the office together."

The famous paintings by Bartolomeo, Memling and by others have popularized this experience of Catherine's. But as we are striving for a clear understanding of it, let us go back to the account given by her spiritual adviser, one Father Raymond. Father Raymond received the facts from Catherine herself. One day, during her meditation, the Master said to her: "I will this day celebrate solemnly with thee the festival of the betrothal of thy soul." Father Raymond then continues: "Whilst the Lord was yet speaking, there appeared the most glorious virgin, His Mother, the most blessed John the Evangelist, the glorious apostle Paul, and the most holy Dominic the father of her Order; and with these the prophet David, who had the psaltery set to music in his hands; and, while he played with most sweet melody, the Virgin Mother of God took the right hand of Catherine with her most sacred hand, and, holding out her fingers towards her Son, besought Him to deign to espouse her to Himself in Faith. To which graciously consenting, the Only Begotten of God drew out a ring of gold, which had in its circle four pearls enclosing a most beauteous diamond; and, placing this ring upon the ring-finger of Catherine's right hand, He said: 'Lo, I espouse thee to Myself, thy Creator and Saviour, in the Faith, which until thou celebratest thy eternal nuptials with Me in Heaven, thou wilt preserve ever without stain. Henceforth, My daughter, do manfully and without hesitation those things which, by the ordering of My providence, will be put into thy hands; for, being now armed with the Fortitude of the Faith, thou wilt happily overcome all thy adversaries.' Then the vision disappeared, but the ring ever remained on her finger, not indeed to the sight of others, but only to the sight of the virgin herself; for she often, albeit with bashfulness, confessed to me that she always saw that ring on her finger, nor was there any time when she did not see it."

Let us grant that the *names* Catherine gave to those persons present with the Master need not trouble us at all. She gave to the spiritual individuals she saw the names that were most familiar to her—just as the Jewish disciples gave the names of Moses and Elias to the Masters or Chelas who visited Christ on the occasion of what is known as the Trans-

* "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

figuration. Is not the account a sober one? It has none of the high coloring of romance. Is it not entirely credible, if we believe in a spiritual world and spiritual citizens of that world? It would mark the attainment by a mortal of a high consciousness of that other world and of its people. It signifies, as in the case of St. Rose, the transfer of consciousness from lower Manas to the Higher Principles. Those Principles are embodied in the Master,—as the lower Principles, and those only, are too often manifested through humans. St. Catherine is told to act manfully, without hesitation, “armed with fortitude.” She is to act for the Cause which the Master represents. She has become united to Him, her mind, heart and will, her entire life being one with His.

This *union* was achieved at her twentieth year. Her life preceding her seventeenth year was largely a struggle against the misplaced affection of her family—they opposed her religious vocation. She was the youngest child of a prosperous tanner—the youngest of his twenty-five children. As often happens in families, this youngest child was the darling of her parents. Her attractiveness of face and her joyousness of mood seemed prearranged to realize their ambitions for her. But to their gifts of ornaments and fine clothing, and their suggestions of a promising marriage, Catherine replied with the obligations of a vow she had made in her seventh year—the vow of a virgin life. This vow was made—she was ignorant of its meaning—as the result of the Master’s appearance to her one day at the Dominican Church of Siena. That appearance was her call to the religious life. Her family tolerated her pieties and austerities—perhaps as childish exaggeration and folly—until these religious habits came into conflict with their kindly-meant plans for her marriage. To break her habits, and to bend her will, the family refused her any privacy, and gave her a servant’s tasks to perform in the house; this was in order to deprive her of time and place for prayer. But she was instructed interiorly, that, even without a private room, she could pray in the cell of her own heart. One of the most sympathetic of St. Catherine’s modern biographers, Mrs. Aubrey Richardson, suggests that this punishment was a “bluff” on the part of the parents—that prosperous tanners, with social and political aspirations, would not have risked the comeliness of their marriageable daughter by imposing a scullion’s work upon her. Whatever their intention, however, Catherine accepted their commands with entire sweetness, and carried the religious atmosphere into her tasks, by playing that her mother was the Blessed Virgin and the brothers and sisters of the household were the disciples and friends of Our Lord. In time, the parents yielded to her quiet perseverance.

The next opposition Catherine met was that of the Dominican Tertiaries. The evangelizing zeal of the Dominicans had attracted her to that order. But the Tertiaries were women of maturity and were averse to putting their habit upon a girl of sixteen. They too finally yielded. Catherine was ill. Her mother had been negotiating with the Dominicans, and probably was not an over-zealous advocate of the daughter’s cause.

Catherine alarmed her mother one day, in a state of extreme weakness, by declaring that St. Dominic would take her out of the world altogether, if the mother did not obtain the desired permission from the Sisters. Thus spurred, the mother gained the consent of the authorities, on condition that the applicant be not comely. The long illness had done Catherine the service of altering her joyous features, and she passed successfully the scrutiny of her interrogators.

Her three-year seclusion immediately followed. She was born in 1347. In 1367 she began to change her solitary mode of life and to go out into the world as a missioner of souls.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

(To be concluded)

A Source of life and strength! Many of thy mercies do we plainly see, and we believe in a boundless store behind. No morning stars that sing together can have deeper call than we for grateful joy. Thou hast given us a life of high vocation, and thine own breathing in our hearts interprets for us its sacred opportunities. Thou hast cheered the way with many dear affections and glimpses of solemn beauty and everlasting truth. Not a cloud of sorrow, but thou hast touched with glory; not a dusty atmosphere of care, but thy light shines through. And, lest our spirits should fail before thine unattainable perfections, thou hast set us in the train of thy saints who have learned to take up the cross of sacrifice. Let the time past suffice to have wrought over our own will, and now make us consecrate to thine.—James Martineau.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THREE times in my life a Hand has fallen on my shoulder and irresistibly pushed me where I would not go. The first time I was six years old, the second time I was sixteen, and the third was when I joined The Theosophical Society.

These letters should be popular with those writers who enjoy reminiscence for they offer an orgy of it, and if one is commanded to reminisce it is idle to apologize for egotism—I want to go back half a century and talk about that first spiritual experience, the first time I felt the Hand on my shoulder, because, of course, I began to join The Theosophical Society then, although I did not know it. On my sixth birthday our Rector sent me a volume of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It was very large and expensive, very purple and gold—my first grown-up possession. There were many pictures. Inscribed on the fly leaf were the words "To my little fellow pilgrim." The book was a door opened in my life. I finished learning to read on it. I pored over the strange and piquing pictures for hours, till its allegory sank into my soul and became part of me. Then the inscription was my warrant—I was a pilgrim too! I decided to be perfect—there should be no more naughtiness, my burden had fallen from me, and sin was a thing of the past.

No one could now convince me that it was not a genuine experience—a call. For weeks and months I really struggled with my lower self, really gained some victories. The atmosphere of the nursery was not congenial to this task. A beautiful, amused young mother who disliked "early piety" and an elderly nurse who liked it all too well, made up-hill going. The latter (who slapped us, poor thing, when we could not remember "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild") furnished an impossible standard from a dreadful little book, in which a preposterous early Victorian infant, on a couch of pain, discoursed to its elders without let up or hindrance, of things in general and religion in particular. There was a peculiarly disgusting woodcut in front, in which was depicted, simultaneously breakfasting in bed and admonishing her parents, a little girl who robbed piety of all charm. Nevertheless, for a time I really forsook a life of open crime, really modified myself, really knew what it was to be *happy inside*. Sometimes the inner happiness swept me along like a great wave. It was always easy to be good out of doors. There was a great copper beech on a lawn and then an ivied wall crowned with broken glass in the genial English way. Sometimes one might have soapsuds and a pipe under the beech tree. On still days the bubbles would float and float till they passed over the old wall and disappeared over the graves on the other side. Then in the beauty some secret was whispered, and help was close,

and life and death, gardens and graves, equally unterrifying. Surely that wind of the Spirit that bloweth where it listeth swept me then!

It is wonderful to look back into one's own childish soul and realize how much children know that they could give no account of. It is possible at six years old to be quite (though inarticulately) positive that one's elders are making a tragical mess of things, are pawing about among delicate spiritual mysteries with rude or silly hands, and that one is a pawn in a badly played game. In these days of fastidious infant psychologizing it is hard to remember that only fifty years ago most children were artlessly divided into the good or the bad according to whether they did, or did not, aggravate the adult world. There were generations of children at the mercy of kindly and well-meaning people, who yet held immutable views of God, of death, of immortality, that would make a Hun blench. The end of my poor little saintship came in one great slamming backslide. I always lied more easily than I spoke the truth, but I never confused the weaving lie of fancy with the unclean lie of policy—although at six, and often afterwards, I availed myself of both. The ruler of the nursery paused for no such subtle distinctions—a lie was a lie and the Lord abominates a liar. "What are bominates?" "It means to hate." "Not love me any more?" "No." I accepted my fate, what could I do else? It was long before I learned once more that the Master was other than a nervous, irritable being, whose love waned if you banged the door, and waxed if you kept your pinafore clean. So much for the first time the Hand touched me.

The next time I was sixteen and living in a boarding school, a well-meaning and, in many ways, an excellent school, with a high moral code and record of which it was justly proud. If it had stopped there and not tried to mix its moral code up with its misconception of things spiritual, we might have done very well. I remember best the awful Sundays, when, the blessed restraint of classes removed, our headlong, emotional principal had her wild way with us. One of her tenets, and a wise one within reason, was "store the youthful memory with spiritual words." This she did regardless of the youthful spiritual digestion. There were prizes offered to the girl who could say the whole Gospel of St. Matthew first; to the girl who could repeat fifty hymns without a break; to the girl who could best write the sermon from memory. Sunday was one long weary verbal competition. Even the servants came under the harrow—"Oh, miss! 'ow we do 'ate them 'ims" was the wail of the kitchen. Our walk through the lovely English village to the incomparable Norman church was our only interlude of peace.

England is the queen of my heart. I would have her without spot or blemish. When I remember what her Church can be at its best it makes me ill to know how far short she can fall. The living in that particular village was held by a bird-brained kinsman of the autocratic, choleric, godless old lord of the Manor; he was a harmless enough idiot, ruled with a rod of iron by his patron; if there were any hungry souls among

his people hungry they remained so far as his personal ministrations were concerned. Sunday morning service was a joy to us, but a sinful joy. When Lord C—— loudly cleared his throat and said "a-hem" it meant that something was wrong with the panic-stricken organist, or the scuffling school children, or the awed villagers. When he wheeled right about face and stared frowningly at the sheepish young ploughmen in their clean smocks, they visibly gave themselves up for lost; and when he gave three imperative raps with his gold-headed cane, we nudged each other to watch the clergyman start, redden, and bring his feeble discourse to an abrupt close. We naturally regarded the service as a dramatic interlude in a dreary day, but being starved of spiritual food in church and stuffed like Strasburg geese with it in school is not exactly the road to spiritual health.

Then, in the midst of all this, the Hand touched me again. There came a letter from a friend a few years older than myself telling me she was about to go as a missionary to Africa. There were a few words of grateful consecration, through which her joy shone like a lamp, and a prayer that I, too, might find a path for my life. I read the letter twice and when I looked up the world was swinging round the other way. The moment is indelibly printed. I can see the great bare school room, with its crowd of chattering, tiresome girls and distracted under governesses. Huge box trees crowded close to the windows. They made a greenish light, summer and winter, and we detested them. Suddenly I saw them for the first time and loved them—"every bush and tree's afire with God!" The girls had grown real—infinitely real and infinitely lovable. All values had shifted like glass in a kaleidoscope. A school-room maid came in with a great tray of bread and butter. This was always a signal for an outbreak of mordant school-room wit and tonight it was greeted with the usual bitterness. I did not join because I was seeing bread and butter for the first time. How beautiful it was! How good God was! What a world to wake in! I was limp with gratitude. There was no trace of priggishness in it—yet—that woke later—but that night I was newborn—newborn and innocent and I walked with God. Sudden conversion cannot be as sudden as it seems. That letter could only have been the match to light a fire my unknown Self had laid in readiness, while my outer self led the life of a rebel? I only know it happened and that for months utter rapture ruled me. Not only rapture, but a determination to change, to work with fear and trembling for salvation. Father Benson in his story "An Average Man" tells of a sudden conversion that surely rings true. In it the convert is also an utterly commonplace person, but something is done *to* him, an irresistible force takes him in charge, and for a while there is no world, no flesh, no devil—they are held back that an act of recognition may be made. Then they are released again that the conflict may begin—the conflict that is to decide if the called is also the chosen. But the shock of conversion is so dynamic that the most inveterate backslider must move by its propulsion for a time.

For many months I lived this wonderful new life. I formulated, and abided by, strict rules. I wore a footpath of prayer through the jungle of my nature. I aimed at perfection and struggled for it. The governesses were charmed—the most aggravating girl in the school had suddenly become manageable. The girls watched, at first with ribaldry, then with a sort of awed embarrassment, and finally with a frank division into those for me and those against; and a wave of religious emotion swept the school up to the Christmas holidays. These, my first real test, damaged me considerably. I wore my first trained skirt and was allowed to put my hair up and the world was too much with me. With the renewed discipline and social isolation of school some of the lost ground was regained, but not the first fine rapture and with each return to the entrancing outer world I slipped further and further. Backsliding is one of the saddest things to remember—it is so ungrateful and there is such a miserable sameness about it. The worst of all is the lying—the pretending to oneself that it has not happened, that the spirit has not left the forms. It was a great relief after a year or two to renounce the pretense and come out frankly with my new shibboleth—“With the best will in the world it is clear that I have no genuine vocation.” After all a little moderation was best. I would start afresh and eat my cake and have it too, just like everyone else!

What a pity it is there are not enough saints to go round. They are such helpful people for beginners to watch. One saint might have saved me then. I knew in my heart that the religious life is not a matter of minor modifications, a trimming off a little here and adding on a little there, but a forsaking, a turning away from, a *volte face*. I thought then and think still that I was unfortunate in the so-called religious people around me. I heard the language of extreme religious fervor spoken by those who, to my cruel young eyes, were not sufficiently hard at work on their own characters. Over-emotional Sundays were followed by very peevish Mondays. I grew weary of people who could so easily resist *my* temptations, so glibly question *my* cakes and ale; of people who accepted the Bible with a mulish verbal insistence based on ignorance, and who, while professing to yearn for an eternity of bliss, clung to the things of this life like cats to a hot brick. I found an impudent formula for it all that relieved me immensely—“They spend their days resisting the sins that do not tempt them.” Being young and silly I thought this was an epigram and repeated it *ad nauseam*. That I was not lynched goes to prove that my elders were further advanced morally than I gave them credit for. I am ashamed to have to tell all this. My heart melts when I recall how good they were after all and how much I owe them. But that is the way I reacted to them and in that mood I turned my back on grace.

Then came a season of being “clever,” as one of a group of young people who loftily discussed philosophies, rearranged the universe, and tried not to be too unkind to the Deity. With many polysyllables we “fled

Him down the labyrinthine ways" of our silly little minds, as is the way of young people who think themselves clever. Dates elude me, but somewhere about this time a book on Theosophy came my way. I accepted the twin doctrines of karma and reincarnation with delight—or rather recognized them with delight—and then pigeonholed Theosophy as something that would come in handily by and by, when this entrancing business of being young was finished with. To "experience" was my cry, to make haste and get a lot of living done. Life took me at my word. Sorrow came and loss, as well as much joy; it is natural to me to be consciously happy and the faculty rarely failed me. I fear this is contrary to all accepted rules—that I should have been haunted and restless with the sense of all I missed, but I am trying to tell the truth, and truly my cup ran over. The Master was very patient with me; He knew I would come back; He knew that it was written.

About ten years ago a friend tossed me the "Ocean of Theosophy" with a careless—"Have you time to waste on a pipe dream?" I read, and once more the world was swinging the other way—it was the Hand again! The immediate result was a renewal of the old rapture, a setting to the old task, and—an orgy of books. The reading was not done for the sake of conviction—as far as I understood I accepted. I cared nothing about the squabbles of societies, or that my friends called me a Buddhist and many worse names, neither was I curious about magic and mysteries. There was one objective in all my search—where did my own religion come in? What think ye of Christ? The books I read! Christian apologetics are a branch of literature I abhor, but needs must when one's angel drives—what about miracles? what about creeds? what about prayer? With no one to help me I was in a bad mess. So-called occult books will furnish tons of rubbish. Devotional looking volumes with mystic runes on the cover were found to contain rules for adding to one's income; for overcoming one's fellow man with the power of the glance; for increasing one's social fascinations. Other books were quite beyond my understanding. I tried "Isis Unveiled" and decided that that way madness lay; I waded through various scholarly but unsympathetic books on Buddhism and found counsel darkened; read the "Voice of the Silence"—it might have been Choctaw. My husband said, "You have carte blanche on books, but I entreat you not to join any of these societies, I implore you not to discover that you are Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba." He need not have feared—such things intrigued me not—the golden thread led somewhere—to someone—what think ye of Christ?

My debt to certain books must be acknowledged. The "Creed of Buddha" and Mrs. Besant's "Esoteric Christianity" both brought light. Two lines from the "Light of Asia" kept me happy for weeks:

"Slow grows the splendid pattern that He plans
His wistful hands between."

It was like stepping back a few paces from a puzzling impressionist picture and seeing the splotches of paint fall into order and beauty. Then the word "wistful" there, how perfect it is! Of all books the one that helped most then and helps most still is Charles Johnston's translation of the "Gita," with its incomparable commentary. Here was struck the note that my soul longed for—not the *difference* but the *likeness*; not new dispensations, but one eternal divine intention; the certainty that for us men and our salvation God ever becomes man that man may grow to God. God bless those who bring us the old, old scriptures and show us that God has always "so loved" the happy world.

There are more ways than one of being an idiot. In all my new happiness my cry of triumph was "Praise be, I don't have to *join* anything." I had watched so many people in their dizzy maze of joining and unjoining—this, that, and the other cult; had seen so many names signed, and diplomas handed out, and little badges worn, and withal so little regeneration, so little spiritual health. "As for me," I said fatuously, "I am a free lance." But God be thanked I was not free. The Hand on my shoulder was irresistible. The Master had prepared a place for me.

There is a beautiful house with an ugly door; nothing marks it exteriorly from its dreary fellows but the Cross it holds aloft; it is a school for saints. It extends a grave welcome to spiritual dunces, being used to them. It has no bonds—the ugly door opens easily, but the beauty of holiness enmeshes. The new scholar there, moving about in worlds unrealized, is apt to proffer what he calls "help." This is accepted without a smile, and his lumbering efforts are directed. Who shall say what magic is in that house? Or what love? The peace that passeth understanding reigns in the dim basement and bare halls. One's feet may find on its many stairs the small old path that leads to the Eternal, and in the midst of it there blooms like a golden flower the Altar of the Living Christ, for that school has for Master Jesus Christ—the great Theosophist—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

It is good to be even the dunce in that school. There the age-long question "What think ye of Christ?" finds reverent answer, and backward souls are taught their letters. My prayer is that I may waste no more time, but that, even at the eleventh hour, learning to love much, much may be forgiven me.

L. W.

"Let a man be true in his intentions, and the point is gained, whether he succeed or not."—Carlyle.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

PART II.

THE problem of the history of Alsace and Lorraine is distinctly a problem of nationality. We have seen that neither race nor language determine nationality. What, then, does? Or, more precisely, what made France a nation; what were her distinctive characteristics; and why did Alsace and Lorraine share those, rather than incline to her German conquerors?

This question must receive a definite and adequate answer before the German claims about France in general, and Alsace-Lorraine in particular, can be met and refuted. Nor can the total irrelevancy of the German position be made clear without in some measure settling this question. Granted even, for a moment, that the racial and linguistic claims of Germany be true (which they are not)—the question of Alsace-Lorraine would still in no way have been settled if these provinces declared and knew themselves to be members of the French nation. That they have explicitly so declared themselves gives a final emphasis to this argument.

But the Germans will not state the problem in this way. They have systematically reconstructed and rewritten the history of France in order to demonstrate that in the beginning the whole of France was not merely German racially and in feeling, but also politically a part of Germany; and that as time went on, and the personal ambition of "German kings" in France led to the separation of French territory from the "German Empire," border peoples, such as Alsace-Lorraine, clung as long as they could to the German Fatherland, so that not till Louis XIVth were they finally torn from the homeland of their choice (17th century). This "German Empire" is the Frankish realm of Charlemagne; and the Germans claim that the Franks were German—*i. e.* of Germanic race—and that Charlemagne spoke German, and had his capital in the German town of Aachen.

If this had been so, it would still have to be asked—what made France different from Germany, and why does all France go back to Clovis and Charlemagne, Roland and Oliver, as the founders of their nation?

The answer to this question cannot be found with any definiteness by referring to the standard English encyclopedias, which are practically committed to the German interpretation of the history of France. In the *Britannica*, for instance, Charlemagne is described as king of the Franks and Roman Emperor, and in this article he is not called specifically German, the author of it being a Frenchman. But if we turn to the article "Franks," we find that they are sweepingly designated "a group

of Germanic peoples;" while the *New International Encyclopedia* speaks of them as "a confederation of Germanic tribes which appeared in the lower and middle Rhine in the third century after Christ." The inevitable impression from this reading is that Charlemagne made himself king over a confederation of German peoples, which first appeared on the scene of history shortly after 200 A. D. And the article on "France" confirms this idea, frequent reference being made to the German elements in her early population, as contrasted with the "Gallo-Roman."

This general impression is reflected in popular opinion, which believes Charlemagne to have been a German Emperor, and that somehow France grew out of the French part of his Empire. But such a construction of the facts of history is not accurate, nor is it to be found in the majority of French historians. Duruy's popular text-books of French history give no such picture. German text-books of French and German history do. And it is a fact that the German version of the early periods of French history have been accepted in this country as the authorities. (For proof, see the extensive bibliographies cited by writers in our encyclopedias and text books. Most of our scholars have German degrees, not French).

There is a school of French historians, founded by Fustel de Coulanges, born in 1830, and represented by no less brilliant and perhaps somewhat more poised scholars such as Gabriel Monod (d. 1912), Jacques Flach, and Louis Dimier, who repudiate this interpretation of history as "hostile prepossessions," and who try by a rigid adherence to the actual facts of history, as far as we possess them, to write the truth about early French history. The works of these men have never received much recognition outside France, though their accomplishment is acknowledged as "most remarkable," and as showing thorough scholarship. Fustel, to be sure, reacted against the distortions of the extreme German school too far in an opposite direction, but his research is substantially sound, and has never been seriously refuted.¹

This problem, then, is not a question of championing France as against Germany; it is a question of scientific accuracy and historic fact.

¹ Fustel de Coulanges, *Institutions Politiques de L'Ancienne France*, 6 volumes; *Nouvelles Recherches*; and two articles in *Revue Historique*, vols. II, p. 460 ff., and III, p. 3 ff.

Jacques Flach, *Origines De L'Ancienne France*, 3 vols., and *Les Affinités françaises de L'Alsace Avant Louis XIV*, the latter a very suggestive little book.

Gabriel Monod, *Source De L'Histoire Merovingienne et Etudes critiques sur les sources de l'histoire carolingienne*. See also two articles, one in the pub. of the Ecole Pratiques Des Hautes Etudes for 1896—*Du rôle de l'opposition des races et des nationalités dans la dissolution de l'empire carolingien*—very valuable; and the other in the pub. of L'Académie Des Sciences Morales Et Politiques for 1899—*La Renaissance Carolingienne*. cf. Leçon XXIV in Guizot's *Histoire de la civilisation en France*, p. 249 ff. for the first departure from the racial theories supported in France by Augustin Thierry, Michelet in the first volume of his *Histoire de France*, and many other French historians. Fustel ignored apparently his predecessor Guizot. For indefinite compromises between the two theories, see the brilliantly worded chapters of Kleinclausz and Luchaire in Tome Deuxième of Ernest Lavisse, *Histoire De France*. It is this indefinite position which, reflected in the encyclopedias, probably accounts for the pro-German result. The Germans are never indefinite.

Louis Dimier, *Les Préjugés Ennemis de L'Histoire De France*, 2nd ed. 1917. This book most nearly represents my point of view on the Franks. Its basis is Fustel.

The basis of the feeling which persists today that Alsace and Lorraine are French and not German, goes back step by step to the very roots of their existence in the past. Rodolphe Reuss, perhaps the most eminent historian of Alsace, himself an Alsatian, writes in his *L'Alsace au XVIIIe Siècle* "It is not today nor yesterday that this French influence has made itself felt in our province; it was discretely proposed, then invoked, then imposed decisively by a natural development and, so to say, forced by the general history of the XVIth and XVIIth centuries. The beginnings were accidental, the first developments modest, and *the origins have not yet been sufficiently studied in an impartial and critical manner up to this time*" (1897, Vol. I, p. 42. Itals. mine). These origins, if pushed back through the maze of the Middle Ages, lead directly to the Empire of Charlemagne, of which Alsace and Lorraine formed the heart and center. And since the Germans with absolute unanimity proclaim Charlemagne and the Franks to be German, and therefore the whole bias of Alsatian and Lorraine thought and feeling to be naturally pro-German, the falsity of this claim must be exposed, as has been the ethnological claim.

The universality of this pro-German bias in America—the belief that Charlemagne and his kingdom of Franks were German—is the outcome of a combination of causes. The primary one is, of course, the calculated and successful dissemination of the German attitude. This has been rendered easy by the further, notorious, fact that American scholars have received their training in German universities, where degrees are far more easily obtained than in France.

But at the heart of the Germanized formulation of French history lie certain facts of German scientific methods and scholarship which, once more, it would be well to realize. It is to the point, therefore, to survey for a moment the work of German historians and scholars, in order to discover the circumstances under which their version of history came to be written.

The traditional, uncritical belief which was held in France till the 17th century was that the Franks originated somewhere in Pannonia,¹ and were related to the Latin race. This tradition in itself is witness to the extent to which the French did *not* feel themselves to be German, and is traced all the way back to Gregory of Tours (d. c. 594), the great *contemporary* historian of the Franks, and to the chronicles of one who calls himself Fredegarius, and who traces them through Virgil to Troy (*Aeneid*, i, 246 ff. See *Mon. Ger.* SS. Mer. II, Liber II, 4a and III, 2a). Beginning in the 17th century, German research proved conclusively that the Franks first appeared (the usual word used is "originated") in north Germany, and while not Teutons, were most probably of Teutonic race. They thereupon claimed to be the originators of France, —and, through other tribes also German, to be the regenerators, and therefore the best, in every nation in Europe.

¹Gregorii Turonensis Episcopi, *Historia Francorum*, Liber II, last par., sec. 9.

Now German scholarship, such as it is, has recently been in many instances the first to expand a given field of research. The search for and determination of sources as the last word in scientific procedure, is preeminently a German characteristic. This natural mental process has been methodically developed into a science by Germans; and it has been carried by them to extreme and ridiculous lengths repeatedly, as every student knows. Nevertheless, it has resulted in the discovery and editing of countless invaluable manuscripts, and the resurrection of rudimentary information about the past.

In the patriotic reaction that followed Prussia's recovery after Napoleon's defeat in 1815-18, Baron von Stein inaugurated a collection of documents and sources relative to German history from its inception, which bears the imposing title of *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, and which now exists in thirty-seven large folio, and eighty-two, seven hundred page, quarto volumes, or one hundred and nineteen in all. This tremendous work, which is indeed a monument to German industry in itself, is a most important source for modern scholarship on related subjects, since it reproduces and edits manuscripts spread all over Europe, and not readily accessible.

But this work is typically German in its tacit assumptions and pan-German comprehensiveness. It claims to be an expression of truth-loving, truth-seeking science, unprejudiced and unbiased. But its motto engraved on a sort of heraldic device is *Sanctus amor patriæ dat animum*—The sacred love of the Fatherland giveth the spirit,—truly a noble device, but hardly in conformity with scientific detachment. Indeed, Stein quite plainly intended that this work of scholarship should arouse a patriotic spirit in Germany by turning the attention of teachers and students to the greatness of "Germany's" past. J. R. Seeley, M. A., an English author, makes much of this brilliant idea. He describes Stein as "the regenerator of the Prussian Monarchy and the founder of the doctrine of German unity" (*Life and Times of Baron von Stein*, vol. II. Pt. IX, chap. II, p. 456), and quotes letters written by Stein explaining his purpose. To Count Munster, Stein wrote (Nov. 20, 1812), "My wish is that Germany should become great and strong, that she may recover her independence, her self-government, and her nationality, and may assert them in her position between France and Russia; that is the interest of the nation and of all Europe" (Pt. VII, chap. I, p. 172). In 1815, in a letter to the Bishop of Hildesheim, he wrote: "Since my retirement from public affairs I have been animated by the wish to awaken the taste for German history, to facilitate the fundamental study of it, and so to contribute to keep alive a love for our common country and for the memory of our great ancestors" (p. 457). The society to accomplish this work was formed in 1819, and Seeley points out that "the significance" of the above-chosen motto "can hardly be understood by those who have observed how new and fresh was the feeling of patriotism at that time in German breasts" (p. 458). Pertz himself, its famous editor, writes of his first interview

with Stein (April 18, 1820),—"he presented the idea of the undertaking,—that of awakening patriotism through a knowledge of national history . . ." (p. 461).

This spirit would not of necessity bias the almost mechanical editing of texts, but it does apply directly to the choice of manuscripts to be included. The interpretation of ancient history depends absolutely on the texts used, and used in a right spirit of proportion. No one could object to undertaking scholarly work from motives of patriotism; but to permit these motives to misuse or distort facts, and to evolve theories of history based on a desire to aggrandize one's own country is dishonest.

The outcome of the attitude of Stein and the scholars who followed his lead was that the *Monumenta* confound French with German history. Based on the false premise that race or language determine nationality, they tacitly claim as German history nearly a thousand years of French history. There are detailed collections of MSS. dealing with the so-called Germanic tribes which invaded Gaul and other parts of the Roman Empire; but there is no presentation of the long history of Gaul preceding these invasions. With the presence of Teutonic tribes in Gaul, Gaul apparently became quite of a sudden Germany, and the 1500 years of Celtic and Roman civilization is manifestly considered incidental and unimportant. At least, that is the logic of the selection of facts presented by the *Monumenta*. To gain in any degree an accurate or complete basis for the study of this whole period, recourse must be had to the splendid French collections, as Bouquet, Migne, Guizot, and Duchesne. The *Monumenta* are neither fair nor historic in their assumptions. Pan-Germanic schemes were afloat even in Stein's day.¹

The fact is that Teutonic tribes were first known through contact with Rome in Gaul and west of the Rhine. The Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties covered in their northern part what is now the eastern and southern portion of the German Empire; but then, before a German Empire had been conceived, they were Frankish kingdoms carrying on almost continuous warfare with Teuton marauders and invaders. The center of these kingdoms was not trans-Rhine in Germany, but was in Gaul. The fact is that trans-Rhine history at this time was practically non-existent for the simple reason that north Europe was a wild and uncouth wilderness. As Lorenz and Scherer admit in their *Geschichte des Elsass* (History of Alsace) the clash between Romans and Germans at Belfort—then a Celtic town—was the first detailed and authentic history of the Germans, and "Here on the floor of Alsace, German History has its beginning" (p. 1). Be it noted that it was as invaders. France had had a continuous civilization several hundred years before this,—at base Celtic and completed by a Roman superstructure. German history

¹ Though source-worshippers, the German students of the history of Germany in Gaul (!) do not attempt, as a rule, to go back of Theodosius the Great. See any source guides, as Potthast, Molinier, Wattenbach, Ebert, and Gross. A study of this earlier period would detract from German accomplishment, revealing, at the same time, the disruptive and destructive activities of most of the invaders. cf. C. H. Hayes, *Germanic Invasions*, p. 7, etc.

proper can hardly be said to emerge out of the vaguely reported vicissitudes of wandering German tribes until after the break-up of Charlemagne's empire. The northern portions of this empire were Frankish conquests of Germans, whom Charlemagne clearly recognized as his most dangerous enemies. This northern and eastern section broke, or was torn away from the *regnum Francorum* after Charles the Bald (d. 877), became more and more German, and throughout the ages has continued to be France's hereditary enemy. German national history began long after French, and to add to this history that of all the countries fought over by German tribes would be as logical as to incorporate, let us say, all Chinese or Mexican history into that of the United States because our armies and emigrants once set foot on their respective soils.

The *Monumenta* have no more right to include this Gallo-Frankish period and people as integral parts of a German *Nation* (though they did profoundly affect the first Germanic Empire when it first took shape as the Holy Roman Empire under Otto I, a Bavarian king) than, let us imagine, a future democratic England might claim President Wilson as an early and illustrious *English* president, and our generation an English and *unAmerican* generation. Clovis was as much a Frenchman of his time, and not German, as President Wilson is an American of our time, and not English.

To be consistent the *Monumenta* should have collected with equal zeal documents relating to other kingdoms, conquered and ruled over by Teuton tribes much more directly German in point of time and in feeling than the Franks. The Visigothic kingdom in Spain (507 to 712), with its high state of culture and civilization, and its splendid legal code, might have proved almost as great an ornament to Pan-German exclusiveness as that of the Franks. But France was nearer; the history of the borderlands—Belgium, Alsace and Lorraine—was always a debatable question; there was a semblance of fact,—in that the Franks originated in Germany,—to uphold the claim; and after all, the Franks, and Clovis, Charles Martel, and Charlemagne, *must* have been German because they were great;—so all these reasons led to the assumption being made automatically and almost unconsciously, as it were, that with the Franks France was German. And there has been an endless output of "scholarship" to prove this impossible hypothesis. German vanity could not bear to part with nearly a thousand years of what she calls her history, and particularly to yield that history, with all its great personages, to France.

But the facts are against her. French national spirit was born when Roman genius unified her Celtic civilization. It was the first in Europe in point of time and in point of civilization; and the German was, and is, the last.

We have instanced the *Monumenta* as typical of German Egotism because it is merely a skeleton of history, with practically no opinions expressed. But German histories prove the case by the very use they make of the *Monumenta* and by their outspoken, unblushing pro-German bias. Dahn's eleven volumes on *Konige der Germanen* is an accomplished

example. Wetzer and Welte's *Kirchenlexicon* speaks of Charlemagne directly as the first great German Emperor. Instances such as this might be multiplied to the limit of one's reading capacity of German histories. They are all alike in kind, differing amongst themselves only in degree.¹

This German interpretation of French history has for some reason never been offset in the popular belief either by the French histories, or by an adequate study of the facts. Popular books as well as school histories and encyclopedias are responsible for this in part. Bryce, in his *Holy Roman Empire*, describes the Franks in the same terms as the Saxons, Alamanni, and Thuringians (p. 34). In speaking of the appeal of Pope Gregory the Third to Charles Martel, he says, "It is at least certain that here begins the connection of the old imperial seat with the rising German power" (p. 39). But the word "German" here is misleading, and the confusion is representative. It refers back to the original "loose confederation of Germanic tribes," and forward to the Holy Roman Empire as represented by Otto the Great, Bavarian king (crowned 962 at Rome), and his successors. Now the first reference bridges a gap of at least five hundred years, longer than this country has been known to Europe. During that time the West Franks had settled northern Gaul, mixed with the Celts, accepted Roman civilization, and became Roman citizens. Surely no one could correctly describe the product of these centuries in the same terms as the original immigrants. Otto the Great was possibly an East Frank of Bavaria, but was more probably a Swabian (Suevi). In either case, his generation were, comparatively, but newcomers from the German forests; he fought France for the possession of Alsace and Lorraine, with only partial success; and he did not belong in any way to the French people, nor share their already distinct national traditions. And he lived two hundred years after Charles Martel.

Such loose uses of the term German are responsible for much that amounts to inaccuracy in scholarly as well as popular thinking; and the only excuse that can be offered for scholarship outside Germany is that preconceptions and prepossessions are the most insidious foes of scientific accuracy and judgment. Nor is there a more confused period *politically* in history than this late Carolingian. But the key to interpretation may be sought in the rise of national consciousness, which but few even of the French historians have attempted to trace seriously (*cf.* Monod and Flach, *op. cit.* Also Guizot).

The unique position of the Franks in its true light has few champions outside France. Madison Grant, in his chapter on European history, already quoted as saying that Europe had become "superficially Teutonic,"

¹ Cf. the quiet use of *uns* and *unser* in Heinrich von Sybel's *Kleine Historische Schriften*; first three papers. For some of the most illustrious parallels on this phase of the German historians, see Müllenhoff, *Deutsche Altertümkunde*; V. A. Dederich, *Der Frankenbund*, with Louis Will's use of him in *Le Grande Encyclopédie*, vol. xvii; E. Dummler; Waitz in his eight volume *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*; O. Gutschke and W. Schultze, *Deutsche Geschichte von der Urzeit bis zu den Karolingern*, 2 vols.; and W. Junghans, trans. by G. Monod under the title *Histoire Critique des règnes de Childerich et de Chlodovech*. *cf.* Fustel's acute criticism, in Chap. III of *La Monarchie Française*, of Junghans' misreadings.

says with a bland lack of logic, and with typical carelessness, two pages later (*op. cit.* pp. 162-4-5), "Charlemagne was a German Emperor, his capital was at Aachen, within the present limits of the German Empire, and the language of his court was German. . . . Europe was Germany, and Germany was Europe, predominantly, until the Thirty Years' War" (1618+). His widely-circulated book was published in 1916, and shows the degree to which American science has gone to school in Germany. As an earlier example of the typical success attending Germany's method of popularizing the pristine glories of her "Empire," Walter C. Perry's book, *The Franks*, published in London in 1857, might be cited. This book is referred to in the bibliographies of German encyclopedias. "If the Greeks and Romans are rightly called the people of the past, the Germans, in the wider sense of the appellation, have an undoubted claim to be considered the people of the present and the future. To whatever part we turn our eyes of the course which this favoured race has run, whether under the name of Teuton, German, Frank, Saxon, Dane, Norman, Englishman, or North American, we find it full of interest and glory. . . . For many obvious reasons, and among others from the circumstance that the French preceded the Germans in the field of literature, it has happened that the great leaders and monarchs of the Frankish nation have been far more closely connected with modern France than is warranted by historic truth. It will be observed that in the following pages we everywhere speak of the Franks exclusively as Germans, as one of the many offshoots of the mighty Teutonic race, which for more than a thousand years has been steadily advancing towards universal dominion over the political, social and moral world" (pp. 1-4-5). Truly this "Barrister-at-Law" had learned his lesson well, for we read on the title page "Doctor in Philosophy and Master of Arts in the University of Göttingen"; and he quotes freely from the then published volumes of Pertz' *Monumenta*.¹

How "exclusively" the Franks are Germans will now briefly be examined,—it being remembered that Alsace and Lorraine were for centuries Frankish territory.

Somewhere between three hundred and one hundred B. C., several tribes, probably belonging to the ancient *Istaeuvones* of Tacitus, settled about the northern reaches of the Rhine.² They were probably a vanguard which had been driven before the advancing Saxons, Alamanni, and Suevi (Sweben-Bavarians. Cf. Brockhaus' *Konversations-Lexicon*, vol. VI, "Franken"). The Franks, as they came to be called, did not

¹Cf. *The Franks*, by Louis Sergeant, 1898,—a standard handbook. The author says that "the Franks were not a tribe of Teutons, though they were indisputably Teutonic" (p. 11), and he considers the Frank kingdoms to be Germanic. His book is typical; he has read the sources unintelligently, and speaks of their history as "rich in fable but poor in history." Monod, on the contrary, considers the Carolingians are "more clearly characterized than the majority of historic periods" (*L'Histoire Carolingienne*, p. 2).

²Tacitus, *De Moribus Germanorum*, II. Cf. the *Historiarum* and *Annalium* throughout. Cf. the monograph of V. A. Dederich, *Der Frankenbund*, esp. pp. 42-44. Also Waitz, *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*, esp. Vols. I, II and III. Waitz is a thorough German. Cf. also summaries in encyclopedias.

actually clash with the Empire until 240 A. D. Before that time there were interchanges between them and their Celtic neighbors, running over a period of at least two hundred years, or about as long as the United States have had interchanges with Canada.

Now the essential point, and one totally ignored by the German writers as to its primary importance, is the fact that France as a self-conscious unit was already in existence at the time when the Franks finally entered Gaul.¹ The loosely scattered *Celtic*-speaking, non-Teuton, tribes of the first century B. C. in Gaul were by no means to be dignified by the name of Empire, as an over-enthusiastic Celtic scholar, M. d'Arbois de Jubainville tries to demonstrate;² but they had been spread all over France, Belgium and Holland, Alsace-Lorraine, and even well beyond the Rhine since a thousand years B. C., and had a well-developed type of civilization and religion. Because of this superior culture they had overcome and absorbed the primitive Iberians and Basques. The prominent characteristic of this people, and that which Cæsar noted, was their spirit of independence. Local tribes rarely combined, except for temporary confederations in order to overcome a mutual enemy, and were sure to separate in time. The country for that period was populous and prosperous, but there was no political stability on which to found a sense of nationality.

It took the conquest and co-ordinating genius of Cæsar to fuse this body of loosely organized tribes into a nation, and Cæsar is in a certain sense the founder of the French nation. By giving the Gauls the political unity of the Roman Empire, by making them a self-governing, practically independent group in the body of nations which composed the Roman Empire; by arresting to a large extent internecine strife and by defeating decisively the common enemy—Teutons—; by introducing Roman laws, Roman culture, Roman ideals—Cæsar turned the spirit of independence of the Gauls into the positive creation of a new self-consciousness of unity, power and worth. This creation dated, be it noted, shortly after 58 B. C. South-east France had been a Roman province as far back as the 2nd century B. C., and Aix had become a Roman center in 123 B. C., Narbonne in 118. The Roman policy of according complete liberty, requiring only military service and a tax, soon led the people to seek for themselves the superior Roman institutions, and the great *Pax Romana* followed over all Gaul almost immediately upon the successes of Caesar in the north and in Britain. Administrative centralization and municipal

¹ Cf. Walter Schultze, *Deutsche Geschichte von der Urzeit bis zu den Karolingern*, Vol. II, p. 3. "Hardly in another province of the World-Empire had the Roman nature (Wesen) permeated so fully and so decidedly, had the native national Elements made themselves so dependent and useful, as in the quite late-conquered Gauls." But this admission bears no fruit; the Franks are "planted" in Gaul perhaps from the year 8 (p. 38), but because they belong to the great German stem, they are unaffected by centuries of Roman culture and Roman assimilation, they are still as German as the latest comers out of Teutonic fastnesses, in fact, as Hindenburg himself; which is, at least, the logic of his claim, and is typically German.

² Cf. chiefly *Premiers Habitants de l'Europe*, 2 vols.—esp. Vol. II, Chap. III, pp. 254, 297 ff., and pp. 386, 387. All M. d'Arbois' voluminous writings on the Celts should receive careful consideration.

autonomy, religious ties, brotherhood in arms, prosperity—these made Gaul whole-heartedly loyal to Rome for more than five centuries—or for nearly four times as long as the United States have had individual existence. All the emperors favored Gaul; Lyons, the political capital, became the center for the great Roman roads, Caligula visited Gaul and founded literary competitions there. Antoninus (A. D. 138-161) came from Nimes, Claudius and Caracalla from Lyons. The last-named emperor extended Roman citizenship to all Gaul, and the people felt themselves to be, and called themselves, Romans, and their language Romance. In the fourth century there was a “veritable renaissance” in Gaul, literature flourished everywhere, the best specimens being the polished verse of Ausonius and the refined panegyrics of Eumenius.¹ Christianity entered Gaul from the very start;—tradition declaring that it was the Marys and Lazarus who first brought it there.

It was as an integral part of this state that Alsace and Lorraine formed the bulwarks against successive incursions across the Rhine of Teutonic barbarians—who were still mostly nomadic tribes without history or culture. For this very reason, and because its own soldiers as Roman Legionaries defended the Empire, their patriotism showed more intensity, and “the Alsatian population lost, naturally all independent political existence, and absorbed itself into the powerful universal empire” (*Histoire d'Alsace*, pp. 15-16. Rod. Reuss).

The West, or Salian, Franks, began raids across the Rhine about the middle of the third century, and finally were introduced, and planted definitely as a colony in Gaul, in the year 277. They lived beyond the Meuse, and on the lower reaches of the Scheldt, entered into alliance with Rome, became thoroughly Romanized, assisted the Roman armies, and remained a peaceable center for nearly *two hundred years*, while the great tribes of East Germany were in motion. It was from these Romanized Franks, at the end of the fifth century, that came Aëtius and the army that at last broke the power of Attila the Hun (451), and later Clovis, whose people, originally half Frank, half Celto-Roman, were and had been an integral part of the Roman Empire for longer than all but the oldest American families have inhabited the United States. “The idea of race,” says Fustel de Coulange, “does not occupy a single place in the thought and spirit of that time, and we can practically affirm that it is absent from it” (*La Gaule Romaine*, p. 108). These Romans, for Romans they considered themselves, had all their interests in Rome, regarded the German influx of Alemanni, Burgundians, and Visigoths as their worst enemies; and it was as an agent of Rome that Clovis took up arms in the defense of his people.

The weakening of the Roman power and the withdrawal of Roman legions left these cutlying people to shift for themselves, the Roman authority being loosely maintained at this time by Syagrius, son of a for-

¹ T. R. Glover, *Life and Letters in the 4th Century*, Chap. 5, on Ausonius, etc. Also J. W. Mackail, *Latin Literature*, III, Chap. VII.

mer Roman governor, over virtually the whole of France and Belgium north of the Loire. This power Syagrius had assumed on his own initiative, and Clovis, his rival and much the stronger man of the two, raised an army of maybe 3000 men, and in A. D. 486 overcame Syagrius; and soon thereafter made himself ruler of the whole of France.

Now there are certain points to keep clear in mind. These Franks who formed the first cradle of the French kingdom, were not conquerors of Rome, did not invade the Roman Empire, and did not break with the central Roman power, the Emperor. They were an integral part of the Roman Empire, which, because Roman troops and generals were needed elsewhere, had to protect and govern themselves. They exercised in the name of the Empire the military authority. In 476 the succession of the Western emperors ceased; following Gibbon we speak of the Eastern Empire, but in fact at the time no such distinction was made. The Emperor Anastasius sent Clovis the insignia of a Consul from Constantinople, which he assumed with great solemnity at Tours.¹ He died a Roman Consul. The Frank money was stamped with the head of the Emperor as before, and continued to be so until, in the north, Theodebert I substituted his name in 593 (which act Procopius called "audacious"), while in Marseilles Clotaire II (613-629) discarded the superscription of Heraclius (610-641) and substituted his own (*La Grande Encyclopédie*, Vol. XVII, p. 1137).

Nor did Clovis convert Gaul to Christianity (Greg. Tur. *op. cit.* II, 30-31). It had been Christian for more than two centuries. Gregory of Tours describes the conversion of Clovis himself and the baptism of *amplius tria milia*,—more than three thousand—of his *soldiers*. The real significance of this act was in the deliberate dedication of France to Christianity, the acceptance of Christ as the real King of France. The Merovingian kings were hereditary monarchs as far back as we have any traces of them, they believed God to be the source of authority and power; and Pepin d'Heristal "each year, at the commencement of Lent, went barefooted in search of the hermit Wiro at *Mons Patrius*, where he purified his conscience and asked him, in the silence of a retreat, how he might rule his kingdom in a manner agreeable to God." (*Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*, Witzer & Welte, trans. by I. Goschler, vol. IX, p. 153. Cf. also *La Monarchie Franque*, chap. II, of Fustel de Coulange, with the sources).

Clovis conquered in rapid succession his neighbors, colonies of Visigoths and Burgundians who had at first attacked, and then settled in, south-west Gaul and Aquitaine respectively. Both these also had been incorporated parts of the Empire for more than half a century in somewhat the same way as the Franks; and in subduing them Clovis not merely overcame hereditary German enemies in the persons of the rulers, but put a temporary stop to civil war and rebellion within the Empire,

¹ Greg. Tur. *Hist. Francorum*, II, 38. See Fustel's thorough and convincing study in *L'Invasion Germanique*, p. 499 ff.

and protected the large mass of the people who were Gauls and Roman citizens like himself. His real war was against the newly arrived Alamanni, trans-Rhine German barbarians; and he led a well-trained, Roman-modelled army against them. Their defeat was sealed at the famous moment when Clovis accepted Christ. Clovis was king of all Lorraine as well as Alsace, and he himself built the wooden church at Strasbourg in Alsace, on whose site is now the cathedral. Charlemagne rebuilt its nave, and Louis the Debonnaire placed it under the protection of the Virgin (Grandidier, P. A., *Histoire de l'église et des évêques princes de Strasbourg*, I. p. 154, 162 ff, and 258 ff.; and *Essais historiques et topographique sur l'église cathédrale de Strasbourg*, pp. 5, 10 and 11).

The impulse Clovis gave brought the whole of Alsace and Lorraine within the direct sphere of his influence, protecting them from German invasion, and establishing anew Roman institutions. Though Clovis' kingdom broke up into many parts, and the German invasions met with success at many points, yet it was the Frank power which grew, and it was the Frank laws, religion and kingdom which finally reached its climax in Pepin and Charlemagne.

The underlying reason for this is not far to seek. The great upheavals of the period were political upheavals. Conquests by an army do not permanently alter a race of people. The Frank kings and their armies fought with each other or with German invaders, as with the Danes, Avars, and later the Moslems; but though they overthrew the imperial administration, they did not alter the internal organization of the cities. As Mr. George Burton Adams says in his exceedingly interesting and clear, but not always reliable book, *Civilization During the Middle Ages*:

One fact of very great importance for all this long period of conquest, but one easy to be overlooked in the history of more stirring events, is that the life of the provincial, on the country lands and in the towns, goes on much the same as before. He is subjected to a rapid change of masters; he is deprived now and again of a part of his lands; he must submit to occasional plundering; life and property are not secure. But he lives on and produces enough to keep the world alive. He takes himself no part in the wars. He has apparently little interest in the result; indeed, the coming of the German [include Frank here] may be often an improvement of condition for him. He had not been altogether prosperous or secure before. At any rate he keeps at work, and he holds to his language, and to his legal and economic customs, and to his religion, and he becomes thus a most important but disregarded factor of the future (Chap. IV, p. 76).

In the foregoing paragraphs an attempt has been made to disprove the German claims about the early history of France, and to show that Germany's assertion that the Franks are German, Charlemagne a German, France German, Alsace-Lorraine German, is a distortion of the truth absolutely unwarranted by the available facts. And these pretensions spring directly first, from the general extravagance of the German racial claim, and second, from the necessity of creating a support to inflate the

newly-created German patriotism of 1820, led by Prussia. And the result of this was to foster a colossal self-appreciation, with its direct corollary arising from the Napoleonic era—the disparagement of France. The quiet assumptions of German histories that the presence of German tribes on the soil of France warrants the appropriation of centuries of French history could not even be justified if France had been in the same inchoate and barbaric state as Germany itself; but this is not the fact. For a thousand years Gaul had known itself as Gaul, and despite the political upheavals incident to the German invasions, occurring throughout the Merovingian and post-Carolingian periods, Gaul remained distinctively itself, and, overcoming these disruptive factors, evolved one of the greatest empires in history.

Alsace and Lorraine, therefore, had formed this age-long association with France, and it is as such that they entered upon the long vicissitudes of the Middle Ages. Charlemagne's Empire was divided into three strips, running roughly north and south. The name Lorraine is derived from Lothaire, grandson of Charlemagne, who received the "middle" kingdom of the three partitions of the great Emperor's dominions at the Treaty of Verdun in 843, though the actual date when the Latin name took form was from the second Lothaire in 855. (Cf. for treaty of Verdun, Nithard, in *Patrologia Latin*, vol. cxvi, col. 45-76. Cf. *Annales Bertiniani*, an. 843. The Rhine, as usual, formed the boundary between Alsace and the Eastern Kingdom.) Present-day Lorraine is but a piece out of the heart of this great kingdom, which extended from the North Sea clear to the center of Italy, including the Netherlands, Rhineland, Switzerland, and Lombardy; though the "regnum" of Lothaire II comprised only the northern part of this Middle Kingdom.

The treaty of Verdun did not in the least degree separate Lorraine, with the Middle Kingdom, from France; rather it divided the Empire of Charlemagne into three kingdoms; and after the further division in 855 between the son of Lothaire I and his great uncles, Lorraine still remained the central seat of government and the residence of the king.

At the death of Lothaire II, Charles the Bald, king of Western France, received the throne of his great-nephew by *election*, following an ancient French custom. Since the Pope Adrian II sustained the cause of Charles' brother, Louis, called the German, the Lorraine bishop stated that the king of France was "the elect of God and of the people," their unanimous choice, the "legitimate" heir to the throne, chosen because he had Carolingian blood. So Charles the Bald was solemnly crowned and consecrated king of Lorraine on the 9th of September, 869, in the cathedral of St. Etienne in Metz, and was also recognized by Alsace (see the *Annales Bertiniani*, M. G., SS. I, p. 483 and ff.; and Melchoir Goldast, *Collectio constitutionum imperialium*, vol. I, p. 195).

Louis the German seized by force part of this kingdom, which Charles renounced in the Treaty of Mersen (*loc. cit.* 870), but the three original kingdoms were again reunited under Charles the Fat. This whole

sequence of historic events, culminating in the seizure of Louis, is considered by Germans to prove the incorporation of Lorraine into "the German Empire," though that Empire did not exist till William I created it with the help of Bismarck. If you dispute this fact—so speaks German logic—then in any case Charlemagne and his Empire were German, so however you look at it Lorraine is German!

The threads of the subsequent history of these provinces are so tangled that a detailed analysis of them would take several pages. Conflict between the sorely harassed French kings and their Germanic enemies led frequently to the erection of independent kingdoms, or duchies; at one time directly favorable to France, at others—the result of an *occupatio bellica*—under German dominion; but at all times tending to create one of those feudal estates which were the outcome of this complexity of peoples and unbalanced sway of forces which was typical of all Europe at this time. The Dukes of Lorraine became vassals of the Counts of Champagne. They were also, at times, vassals of the Holy Roman Empire for some of the smaller feifs, and by virtue of that feudal connection, frequently appeared at the German Diets. But essentially in their ducal capacity the Lorraine sovereigns were free. At the same time the powerful bishops of Toul, Metz, and Verdun were "princes of the empire on behalf of their ecclesiastical sees, and they were quite independent of the ducal sovereigns in the midst of whose possessions their cities were located." (Ruth Putnam, *Alsace and Lorraine*, p. 105.)

Essentially, the result of six hundred years, from 950 to 1550, was to emphasize in both Alsace and Lorraine two fundamentally important principles. The first is that the native peasants tended throughout to reproduce the original, indigenous Celtic and French stock, the German and foreign element fading out; so that Alsace as well as Lorraine in 1871 were less German than they had ever been. This follows well-recognized ethnological law, and accounts in part for the systematic way that Germany today massacres or deports the populations of conquered nations;—experience having shown that the native stock always reasserts itself in time to the detriment of the conqueror. The second principle is that feudal serfdom, and the incessant conflicts which perpetually raged on the land of these border provinces, developed in the peasants and townsmen alike a desire for complete independence from any imperial authority. Practically, this was attained by many of the cities or landed "free-holds," and the suzerainty of the Holy Roman Emperors was much of the time purely nominal. The less prejudiced German historians Lorenz and Scherer even admit this aspiration on the part of Strasbourg (*op. cit.*, 3rd ed., p. 221).; while there were ten free imperial cities known as the Decapolis, which were virtually self-determining bourgeois republics. A typical controversy illustrative in every way of Lorraine feeling, took place at Nuremberg in 1542 (Aug. 26). Duke Anthony of Lorraine, son of the René whose countship had been raised by Francis I to a dukedom, protested the rights of the Empire, and denied any feudal obligations to

the Emperor (Charles V) ; but rather that Lorraine was "free and independent" and would "remain so forever," which, to make it emphatic, is repeated three times in the text. On the payment of a small sum of money, this agreement was ratified by Ferdinand I ; later again, at Spire, July 28, 1543, by Charles V ; and renewed by the Emperor Rudolph at Prague, Jan. 2, 1603.¹

In 1552, at the Convention of Friedwald in Hessen, German Protestant princes ceded Metz, Toul, and Verdun to Henry II, King of France in exchange for subsidies to carry on war against Catholic Austria. In the Treaty of Westphalia, 1648, Alsace was ceded to France after being conquered by the German Prince, Bernard de Saxe-Weimar for France, and in the interest of a Protestant Germany, arrayed against the Catholic Emperor and the Archduke of Austria. Louis XIV was slow to push his claims in Alsace, and his policy of tact and forbearance did more to inflame pro-French feeling than even renewed contact with French politicians and peoples. In 1681 Strasbourg, a free, independent city, opened her gates to Louis without resistance, and became under his tolerant rule a strong French center. The republic of Mulhouse, a part of Helvetia, asked, and received, incorporation into France in 1798.

This bare sequence of events does not indicate the strength of the pro-French undercurrent which had definitely set in, and which the successes of Louis XIV brought to immediate realization. These two provinces, when not independent, had been bound by loose ties to the Holy Roman Empire, of which the House of Austria was the head, and no portion of them made any part of the so-called "German Empire." This Empire, founded in 1871 by Prussia, had to put Austria out of Germany in 1866 before it cleared the way to the Rhine, and approached either Alsace or Lorraine.

In 1871 these provinces had been an incorporated part of France for over two hundred years ; Lorraine fully three hundred and twelve (1559, Treaty of Cateau Cambresis), and large parts of Alsace since 1648, or two hundred and twenty-three years. Canada, once French, has belonged to Great Britain since 1760, or sixty-six years less than the least time which Alsace-Lorraine have formed a part of France, yet, said the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* recently, "In taking back Alsace and Lorraine Germany accomplished an act of supreme national and historic justice." (Quoted in the *New York Times*.) Would the world today accept a like statement as adequate from France if she were to seize Canada?

To sum up, then, the purpose of this section has been to show that

¹ Heinrich von Sybel, the well-known German Historian, in *Deutschlands Recht auf Elsass und Lothringen*, extracts a diametrically opposite meaning from this text. He is certainly wrong as to the date, 1539. *Kleine Historische Schriften*, p. 470. Cf. the scholarly, careful, and able discussion of H. A. Godron in *Memoirs de la société d'archéologie, Lorraine, 1874*, 3rd series, Vol. II, p. 252 ff. Especially pp. 277, 278, and 280. Sybel's work, published in 1880, written in 1871, is aggressively pro-German, and cleverly inaccurate.

the German claims are fundamentally false as regards their interpretation of the history of Alsace and Lorraine, and false on four major counts.

1. The affinities of Alsace-Lorraine are a problem of *nationality*, that is, of national sentiment and feeling.

2. France, inhabited by a highly civilized non-German peoples—the Celts—existed historically for a thousand years before the Teuton invasions affected the population, and was a self-conscious unit for half that time under Roman leadership.

Alsace-Lorraine formed an important part of this unit.

3. The Franks, who gave the name to France, while possibly of Teutonic origin though not themselves Teutons, were for 500 years an integral part of this Celtic civilization; and it was they, and not invading Teutons, who formed the Frank Empire and established the nationality of France.

Alsace-Lorraine was the heart of that Empire, sharing completely its national feeling.

4. The Teutons, who did conquer Alsace-Lorraine and large parts of France for a time, were displaced; and they were barely related to the modern Prussians, who in their turn are at *least* 40 per cent Slavs. It is the Prussians who for three generations have claimed these provinces for themselves on the grounds of their Germanism. The Prussians first entered France in 1792.

Alsace and Lorraine, then, by racial inheritance and geographic setting, first developed into independent national communes, with an individual patriotism, and a strong national consciousness; and, then, as time went on, and because of their long-established affinity with the French,—by temperament and habit, by mutual self-respect and the intimacy that is born of insight and understanding, by the need France had of a boundary and the need the provinces had of a Mother country, by all the blood ties created by comradeship in arms and association through long centuries of governments and peoples, the spirit of both Alsace and Lorraine grew into the corporate body of the Kingdom of France, just as had the Normans, the Bretons, or the Provençales before them.

ACTON GRISCOM.

(*To be continued*)

"In comforting others shalt thou be comforted; in strengthening others shalt thou find strength; in loving shalt thou be loved."—Amiel.

EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

VI

SALVATION THROUGH LOVE

WE have taken as a simile of the work of Salvation the period when, as is supposed, a multitude of living beings, that had hitherto dwelt in the water, came forth, in virtue of a tremendous concerted effort, an extraordinarily forceful response to the powers of Evolution, and, passing through the neutral zone between low tide and high tide, finally established themselves as dwellers in the air, in the sunlight. And we have seen that our problem is exactly like that; it is a question of raising ourselves, of co-operating with the powers that are striving to raise us, from this world of our material desires to the spiritual world, where we are to establish ourselves, dwellers in a finer air, in a sunlight that shall be everlasting. That finer world is there already; we do not need to create it, any more than our supposed aqueous ancestors needed to create the open world under the blue dome of the sky; and, not only is it there, but strong spiritual forces, already established there, are ceaselessly urging and aiding us to emigrate thither, just as the older forces urged and aided the water-dwellers to come forth into the light. And, as we have seen, the unanimous testimony of the world is, that these forces invariably meet us with the touch of consciousness, of personality, of enlightened and solicitous love.

The practical question then arises—and it is the only really practical question in the world: How are we to respond to these upraising spiritual powers? How are we to gain a hold upon them, in order that we may effectively pull ourselves up? By what part of our being are we to take hold? Or, since it is absolutely certain that the effective part of the lifting must be done by these spiritual forces, how are we to arouse and urge ourselves to co-operate with them, to such a degree as will make their task possible?

We shall find many answers; but, on looking closer, we shall find that they are all but variants of the one answer. They vary, because our temperaments and moods vary, and one answer will appeal to one temperament, while another answer will apply to another. But we shall find that what is actually accomplished, is identical in all cases: it is, to arouse and enkindle in us that divine power which springs from the very unity of all Life, from the oneness of the Universe itself; that power which draws together, draws toward that unity, all the temporarily scattered fragments of divine Life, so that they may once more enter into unity. It is said that love is strong as death; but this divine Love is infinitely

stronger than death, since death is but an accident of Time, while Love is an expression of that divine oneness which is the very essence of Eternity.

As these practical methods came to take form in the East, they grouped themselves into three "ways," with a fourth "way" which synthesized them, and brought the essence of them all together into a single "ambrosia," a single quality of "living water."

The first of these three "ways," as they are enumerated, is the Way of Works; that is, salvation through the perfect performance of all the Works of the Law, which include not only all the steps and details of the ritual of worship, but also the whole of the moral and social law, every part of which was made to flow out of, and depend on, the ritual of worship. Thus the whole life, and every detail of life, was made to depend on the spirit of religion; every act of life became an act of worship, so that all life, from before birth to the hour of death, and after death, was turned into worship. The ideal purpose was, in this way to make every act of life a conscious part of the operation of the infinite divine Life; to link every act of man with the larger acts of God, and, in this way, through infinitely multiplied efforts and exertions of the will, to develop and train that will at all points into active and energetic co-operation with the will of God. In this way, precisely that vigorous co-operation would be brought about, whereby we should help the divine powers to help us to rise to the spiritual world, to enter into the Life immortal.

This Way of Works, this doctrine of Salvation by Works, is, it seems, the essence of the Vedic hymns and ceremonies, which one may call the Old Testament of India. It is also, though in a less luminous form, the essence of the Old Testament of the Jews. And in both, the form gradually overwhelmed the spirit; the Works of the Law were gradually crystallized and darkened, until they became, not inspiring forces of Life, but "burdens grievous to be borne." The cause of this degeneration was the gradual and insidious infusion of egotism.

How was this corroding egotism to be conquered? The answer, in India, was: by illumination, by light, by the Way of Wisdom. The corroding force of egotism rested on a delusion. To go back to our simile, the beings which were emerging from the water had undertaken a series of efforts and exercises to urge them forward, to fit them to dwell in air and sunshine. But, their whole natures still saturated with the habits and tendencies of sub-aqueous life, they had gradually and by subtle degrees perverted these exercises, until they simply reinforced their water-life, instead of raising them to air-life. What was necessary, then, was to break up that whole mood of pre-occupation with the old water-life, and to replace it by a firmly held vision of the coming air-life in the sunshine. It was necessary completely to displace the sense of the self of water-life, to replace it by a clear and inspiring vision of the new self of air-life, the self that should dwell in the sunshine. So the Way of Wisdom, of Illu-

mination, was added to the Way of Works; the Way of Illumination, whose main purpose is, to enkindle a vision of the higher Self, a vision that shall have such driving power as will raise the whole life-force to that higher Self, or, to put the matter truly, a vision that shall make it possible for the solicitously waiting spiritual Powers to carry out the great transformation. This is the message of the Upanishads, of the Vedanta, which is, if one wishes so to call it, the New Testament of India. The Indian Way of Wisdom corresponds very closely to the Way of Faith, which Saint Paul so sharply opposed to the Works of the Law, whereby, he said, "can no living man be justified."

Another method, another "way," was developed in India, which one may call the Way of Yoga, the way of union with the Divine, through the development of mystical powers. But it is not really a different "way," it is simply a different presentation of the one everlasting Way. For, as we saw that the Way of Works, in its purity, means simply the blending of man's will, at every point and in every least or greatest act, with God's will, to the end that man may be blended with God; so the Way of Wisdom is an enkindling and illumination of man's consciousness, until, at point after point, it shall become one with God's consciousness, man thereby once again being blended with God; and the Way of Yoga is in no way different; it is a transformation of all our present powers into their divine counterparts and originals, whereby, exercising the powers of God, man is thereby blended with God. So all "ways" lead to God.

But, just as, in the Way of Works, a subtle infusion of egotism gradually perverted and corroded and, we may say, fossilized the whole series of efforts and exercises, producing, in its last degeneration, a furious Phariseism; so, corrupted by the same egotism—the love of the old self—the Way of Wisdom was perverted by vanity and conceit, into a sense, not of the splendid vision of God, but of the superiority of one's own illumination, with a patronizing or a haughty contempt for the blindness and ignorance of others; and so, in like manner, the Way of Yoga, the way of mystical powers, tended to become a way of self-admiring mountebanks, of "Yogis of the market-place," as they are called in India; the whole assemblage of self-advertising prophets of the psychic world. For it is an inevitable law that this infusion of egotism corrupts the growth of spiritual powers and turns them into psychic counterfeits.

So the practical question arises: Is there any way in which this many-sided degeneration can be hindered? Can we find some new way of expressing the powers of Life, which shall fight directly against the force of egotism, a prophylactic against the degeneration which egotism invariably causes?

The answer, as India found it, is given in a quaint, old-world tale, concerning Narada, (the Son of Brahma the Creator), and that mysterious personage, Vyasa, who, it is said, collected the Vedic hymns and set in order the great poem of the Mahabharata, in which the Bhagavad Gita

is enshrined. Narada, says the tale, going forth on his divine way, visited Vyasa, the mighty Seer and Sage, who was dwelling in his mountain hermitage, the Ashrama, or holy retreat, of Badarika. With due rites, Vyasa welcomed him, bade him be seated, and asked him this:

"O thou Prophet of the Mighty! The soul of man seeks to escape from the grasp of allurements and pain, and craves deliverance from the bondage of this world. But the Karma Marga, the Way of Works, does not lead directly to the goal. The Way of Wisdom, Jnana Marga, truly does. Nevertheless, without the leaven of devoted Love, Wisdom accomplishes but little indeed. Devoted Love is the only true way of salvation! Therefore I humbly pray Thee to teach me the doctrine of devoted Love, the Bhakti Marga!"

The divine Narada, looking into Vyasa's heart, replied:

"Great Sage and Seer! Thou hast come down to earth for the redemption of mankind. Thy present question is inspired by that desire alone. Through thy disciple Jaimini, in the Book of Vedic Rites, thou hast discoursed on the Karma Marga, the Way of Works; and in the Vedanta, thou hast thyself completed the inquiry into the Way of Wisdom. And now thou askest of devoted Love. Therefore I shall declare devoted Love to thee."

And so Narada sets forth "that Love, which is inspired by the enthusiasm of selfless devotion to the Master, the Lord." One version of Narada's teaching is found in the little tract, called the Bhakti Sutras of Narada, which follows this essay, and from which we may, in anticipation, quote a passage or two:

"This way of devoted Love (Bhakti) is higher than the way of ritual Works (Karma), higher than the way of Wisdom (Jnana), higher than the way of mystic Powers (Yoga). For, while ritual works, and wisdom, and the search for mystical powers have each a further goal, devoted Love is its own reward. And devoted Love is better than these, because the Lord hates the proud, and loves the lowly and the humble.

"But some say that wisdom is the cause and source of devoted Love, while others say that devoted Love and wisdom depend upon each other. But Narada says that devoted Love is the source and fruit of devoted Love.

"So it is in the King's house: there are those who serve the King as his Ministers, or for the sake of reward; there are those who love the King for Love's sake. And those who serve the King for the sake of a reward, neither bring to the King delight, nor to themselves assuagement of their hunger for reward. Therefore let those who seek for salvation firmly choose the way of devoted Love."

So far Narada, Son of Brahma. By one of those happy coincidences which wait on spiritual reading, immediately after transcribing these words of the divine Kumara, we came upon the following passage:

"The Lord being Greatness itself, he that succeeds in pleasing Him, possesses true nobility, and enjoys the most enviable favor in this life.

How greatly do not worldlings feel themselves honored, when they draw upon themselves some mark of attention, some sign of good will from a monarch, from some great personage! A soul in the state of grace should esteem far more the happiness of pleasing God. We can do so with a pure intention, and this is what we should wish most of all and should look upon here below as an inestimable treasure. And, in fact, our most ordinary actions being thereby consecrated to the service of God's infinite Majesty, become acts of divine love, and deserve for us eternal rewards. How important, therefore, is it not, to offer to the Lord not only our meditations, our spiritual exercises, but also our work, our leisure time, our conversations, our sleep, our meals?"

Is it not clear that we have between these two passages not so much a close resemblance as an identity, not only in the spirit of the teaching, but even in the details and similes? Yet I think that neither is the Belgian Redemptorist Father Bronchain under obligations to Narada the Kumura, nor is Narada the Kumura under obligations to Father Bronchain. But both are under obligations to the eternal Spirit of Love.

There is a very vital side of the Indian doctrine of devoted Love, which we may introduce in this way: Father Bronchain elsewhere writes:

"When the Saviour appeared on earth, charity was practically extinct, but He spread it throughout the world as much by His example as by His doctrine. His love for us not only induced Him to come down from heaven to perform a mission of clemency and forgiveness in our regard, but, during His whole life, He preached to us by His conduct the kindness and benevolence we should show our fellow-men. How tenderly did He not love His Disciples! He treated them patiently, forgiving their faults, instructing them patiently, putting up with their ignorance and defects, going even at night, relates Pope St. Clement, to visit them asleep and carefully cover them to secure them against the cold and the inclemencies of the weather"

We have found that Works without devoted Love, Wisdom without devoted Love, the search after mystical powers without devoted Love, are all faulty and destined to fail. How is devoted Love to be enkindled? How is the revelation of divine Love to be made in such a way that it will cause our hearts to take fire and burn with the same divine flame? The answer, in East and West, is the same: by a divine Incarnation, an Incarnation in human form, of that very principle of divine Love, the Love of the Eternal; the Power, that is, which rests upon the everlasting Unity; the Power which, kindled in our hearts, will draw them into unity with their source, so that all shall be "united in the One."

This doctrine of the divine Incarnation, the Avatar doctrine, is the very heart of the Bhakti Marga, the Way of devoted Love, as it is understood in India. Many of its aspects are so full of wisdom and inspiration that it will be well to set it forth at some length, so that a broad comparison with the same teaching in the West may be possible.

The One Eternal (Parabrahma), says the Indian teaching, should be

viewed in three Aspects: the Creator (Brahma), the Preserver (Vishnu) and the Transformer (Shiva). It is the Second Aspect, the Preserver, who is manifested in divine Incarnation, the Avatar. Or, to give the same teaching in its Western form, as phrased by Father Louis Lallemant in his *Spiritual Doctrine*:

"From the three preceding properties of the Son we may conclude that it was He who was to become incarnate, and not the other two Persons of the Holy Trinity.

"God was pleased to be made man that He might make men children of God. It was the Son, therefore, who was to take human nature, in order to associate it with His own divine Sonship, and make it partaker in His heritage.

"God was pleased to be made man that He might give to men in a Man-God a visible model of a holy and divine life. It was the Second Person, therefore, who was to clothe Himself with a human body, in order to serve as a model of perfection to men, since it is this Person who is properly the image of God the Father.

"God was pleased to be made man that He might teach men the truths of salvation. It was to the *Logos*, therefore, that is to say, the Word of God, that it belonged to come into the world to teach mankind . . ."

There are certain sides of the Eastern doctrine of the divine Incarnation, the Avatar doctrine, which are admirably set forth in the treatises on Bhakti Marga, the Way of Devoted Love; and these teachings have been brought together by George A. Grierson, in a translation of the Bhakti-rasa-bodhini of Priya-dasa, which he has enriched with a lucid commentary, largely drawn from works on the Bhakti Marga. From this valuable essay, I shall draw details concerning the Avatar doctrine, without making specific references.

Each Avatar, says Priya-dasa, is a boundless sea of bliss, and each semblance, or form, in its whole expansion, was taken only for the salvation of souls. When the thoughts of a believer are steeped in any one of these forms, so great a devotion awakens in his heart, that it has no limit. Each incarnation, or Avatar, is co-existent and co-eternal, and meditation upon them, even in this Kali Yuga, or Age of the Devil, illumines the whole inner being. Nay, he who knows their essence is full of joy, like a mendicant who has found a priceless treasure.

The eternal existence of an Avatar is a vital point in this doctrine. It is taught that, when an Avatar has carried out his work and fulfilled his mission, he is not again absorbed into the Bhagavat, the Logos, but retains personal existence forever. Thus Rama-chandra, though he has long left this earth, is still Rama-chandra in Heaven, looking down upon his people, guiding them and keeping them from harm and sin.

It is taught, too, that, in past world-epochs, the incarnating Preserver, Bhagavat, took many humble forms. This was to show that in the sight of the Lord, all men are equal; the Lord regards not caste or tribe. "The keynote of the Bhagavata system of belief is that Bhagavat or the Ador-

able, Himself descends (*avatarati*) to this earth for special reasons, such as: to create the universe, to help the Faithful, to relieve the world from sin, or to spread the true religion. On this all the rest of the theosophy depends." (Grierson.)

The Deity, besides the usual personal names, Bhagavat and so forth, is, as such, known as Para or Parat-para, the Supreme. He is a pure Spirit, and it is "at His feet," (that is, in His presence) that the soul abides, immortal and eternal, in perfect bliss, and with a personal identity, when it has been released through bhakti, or devoted Love, from the weary round of reincarnation.

The Supreme is pure Spirit. Therefore a necessity is felt for connecting links between the spiritual and the material. These links are supplied by a series of graduated phases of conditioned Spirit (Vyuhās). The Bhagavat, as Avatar, first takes conditioned personality, and in that phase is called Vasudeva, (that is, the Manifested Logos). From Vasudeva proceed Prakriti, or indiscrete Primal Matter, and a secondary phase of conditioned Spirit; from these two proceed cosmic Manas or Mahat, and the power called Pradyumna or Mighty, who is identified with Sanat-kumara; from Manas and Pradyumna proceed Self-consciousness and the power called Unrestrained, who is called "the son of Kama"; from these proceed the Great Elements.

This series, besides giving an account of the emanations from Spirit to Matter, further outlines the complex nature of the Avatar, exactly corresponding to the teaching concerning the Western Avatar: that He at once possessed Deity, a divine soul, a human soul and a human body. He existed, and exists, on each plane, in a form belonging to that plane.

But, besides a plenary Incarnation (Purna-avatara) of the Preserver or Bhagavat (Logos), such as that of Rama and Krishna, there are Incarnations of a part only, such as the Matsya Avatar; of a digit only (a digit being that part of the growing moon which is each day illuminated), like the Divine Swan Avatar, or the teacher, Kapila; there are, further, Avatars, Incarnations, of a single Power of the Logos, or of some purpose (karya) of the Logos; or there are overshadowings, such as was Vyasa. Then there are Avatars of governance, like that of Narada or Manu, the purpose of which is, to manifest the power and love of the Bhagavat (Logos), and to spread the true teaching.

Finally, the power called Antaryamin, the "inner constringer in the heart," is an Avatar of the Supreme; he is God, dwelling in the soul of every animate creature. This is exactly the teaching of the fourth Gospel concerning the Logos as "the True Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

But the word Avatar is sometimes given a much wider sense. Thus, it is said that the whole Manvantara, or period of cosmic Manifestation is an Avatar; that Sacrifice is an Avatar: "The Adorable Bhagavat, the Sacrificial Man, in the sacrifice inaugurated by Brahma, of golden complexion, full of Vedic inspiration, full of sacrifices, the Atma

of the deities, from the breath of whose nostrils the Vedas were created."

The twin teachers of Narada, Nara-Narayana, who are the sons of Dharma and Ahinsa (that is, of Righteousness and Innocence), and who are famed for their passionless austerities, are held to be an Avatar. The same is taught of the mysterious Datta, whose name signifies "I have given myself to thee," the very essence of the Avatar's sacrifice.

Then there are the four (or seven) Kumaras, of whom it is said: "Owing to the offerings of Brahma's austerities (Sana meaning "offering"), for the creation of the different worlds, the Adorable Bhagavat (Logos) became the four Sanas, (Sanaka, Sananda, Santana, Sanat-Kumara), the types of perpetual youth and innocence. Becoming thus incarnate, He fully recited, in this present age, the truth concerning Atma, which had been destroyed at the dissolution of the preceding Aeon—a truth which the Saints (Munis), when they heard it, recognized within themselves." Everyone, therefore, while preaching the true faith, is, to that extent, an Avatar.

But the primal purpose of an Avatar, a divine Incarnation, is, to manifest the Deity in a form that will enkindle devoted Love, thereby imparting to the soul the divine fire of immortality. There are progressive stages in this growing Love, which are thus divided by the Indian teachers:

First comes acceptance; or, as it may be, in our experience, resignation, which may be accompanied by fear, by thoughts of sorrow, by a heart-broken turning from all earthly things. This acceptance, which is somewhat like the feeling of the ship-wrecked mariner, cast up almost lifeless on the beach, who hardly does more than accept the fact that he is still alive, and which is the transition line of conversion, gradually grows to obedience, the "obedience of the slave," as the Indian teaching calls it. From this gradually develops the love of the friend and companion. From this comes tender devotion. And tender devotion finally flames forth in passionate Love.

How is this path of growing Love to be entered? There are two classes of driving powers or "excitants": the essential, and the supporting or enhancing; and these are applied systematically to the five stages of growing Love that we have outlined, as follows:

The essential excitant of the first stage, Resignation or Acceptance, is the recognition of the Adorable Bhagavat, or His Incarnation; an excitant, relatively less perfect, is the knowledge of the divine Powers, like Brahma or Shiva, or of Saints who have practised resignation; while the enhancing excitant is study of the Upanishads. There will result a "flavor" of the mind and heart which is called "resigned," and there will ensue concentration of mind, unselfishness and freedom from passion.

Of the second stage, Obedience, the essential excitant is once more the Adorable Bhagavat or His Incarnation; relatively less perfect is the study of the lives of the Saints who were noted for obedience. An enhancing motive is a consideration of the graciousness of the incarnate

Lord to all those who serve Him. This brings the flavor of the mind and heart which is called "obedient," and there ensue from it obedience to the commands of the incarnate Lord, and a pure life; also such practices as the use of rosaries.

The third stage, Friendship, likewise has, as its excitant, the Adorable or His Incarnation; with the study of the lives of Saints famous as friends of the incarnate Lord, as a less perfect excitant. The thought of the gentleness of the incarnate Master, the sweetness of Rama's voice, will enhance these excitants. There will result the flavor of heart and mind called "friendly," and joy will follow, in the feeling that the incarnate Lord is ever near.

As excitants of tenderness, the essential one, as always, is the Lord and His Incarnation, and especially the consideration of His childhood, whether as Rama or as Krishna; the Mother of the Lord will bring an added fervor, to be enhanced by remembering the baby graces of the Lord, whether as Rama or as Krishna. The mood of heart called "tender" will arise, and there will follow a joyous celebration of the day on which the incarnate Lord was born, with devotion to the Lord as a Child, and with an ardent love of all children, for the Child Lord's sake.

There remains the fifth stage, Passionate Love, to be aroused by drawing near to the Lord and His Incarnation, with remembrance of those who have passionately loved Him. To this passionate Love, the beauty of Springtime should minister, with the songs of birds, and all that tells of omnipresent Love. The flavor of heart and mind will be that called "passionately loving," which will have its fruition in passionate adoration of the Lord.

So far, in mere outline and with something of the dryness of any systematic analysis, is the Indian Way of devoted Love, of growing Love for the incarnate Master, rising to a vivid and constant sense of His nearness, His tenderness, His solicitous watchfulness and care. And this very Love, it is held, is the supreme and perfect driving power, which will enkindle the spiritual will in us, enabling us to make the effort needed, in order that we may fully co-operate with the greater effort which the once incarnate Lord and the spiritual Powers that work with Him, are making to raise us up from this world to the spiritual world of our immortality. And we have seen that this Indian teaching insists that it is the former Avatar Himself, as a personal spiritual Being, who makes this ceaseless effort to lift us up into spiritual life.

So striking is the likeness of this whole system of the Way of devoted Love to all that is most essential and characteristic in Christianity that, as soon as the Sanskrit texts were translated, a group of scholars with Professor Albrecht Weber at their head declared their conviction that the whole system of Bhakti, or devoted Love, had been borrowed by India from the Christian teachings; and the traditional mission of Saint Thomas the Apostle to India, in the first century, was supposed to be the source of this communication. It was further laid down as self-evident that

books like the Bhagavat Gita and the Bhagavata Purana must of necessity be later than the beginning of the Christian era, just because they contained these "evident borrowings from the New Testament."

But these scholars, in their desire to claim for Christianity, as they understood it, an exclusive possession of the Religion of Love, proved a great deal too much for their own case. For it becomes evident that, if it shall be proved that these Indian Scriptures and the Bhakti Yoga system are in fact older than Christianity, then the likeness on which was based the claim of their derivation from Christianity cannot be denied, and the exclusive claim made by these sectarians—in a spirit which is really quite contrary to the true spirit of Christianity—that Christianity alone teaches the religion of Love, will fall to the ground.

And this is exactly what has happened. Not only has the whole sense of Orientalists turned away from the view of Professor Albrecht Weber and his school, but quite specific proofs have been discovered, which show that the doctrine of devoted Love, the worship of the Adorable Bhagavat, was fully developed in the days of Alexander the Great's invasion of Northwestern India, three centuries before the foundation of Christianity. This fact, established by the writings of the Greeks who visited India, is corroborated by ancient inscriptions in India. For example, at Besnagar, in the Bhilsa district of the principality of Scindhia, in Central India, a pillar inscription in the most ancient characters, recently deciphered, reads thus:

"King Chandradasa caused this Garuda banner of Vasudeva, the God of gods, to be made here by Heliodoras, a votary of the Bhagavat, who came from the great King Antalcidas." And the great King Antalcidas flourished in the period B. C. 175-135.

It is quite clear, therefore, that the teaching of devoted Love, to be kindled by adoration of the incarnate Lord, arose independently in India, and had reached its full development at least two centuries, and, in all likelihood many centuries, before the incarnation of the Western Avatar. And, further, that this teaching habitually and consciously employed many methods, such as a particular devotion to the Mother of the incarnate Lord, or to the divine Infancy, which are thought of as peculiar to Christianity, nay, as peculiar to Catholicism. Even the sacrifice of the Divine Man by the Creator goes back to the days of the Rig Veda.

If the religion of the Bhagavat is thus demonstrably not indebted to the life and teaching of the Western Avatar, are we to say that Christianity may be indebted to the religion of the Bhagavat? In a certain sense, yes; but in a spiritual sense only. In view of the action of spiritual power and spiritual law, it would seem certain that the long and devoted worship of the Adorable Lord in India, with the generation of spiritual force which that worship must of necessity represent, would make measurably easier the work of the Western Avatar, in teaching; and exemplifying, that devoted Love. But, if there be a question of derivation, it is, in both East and West, a derivation, not of one teaching from another, but

of both from the eternal majesty of divine Love, from the Love of that Divinity who, again and again, has manifested Himself, to bring the very essence of divine Love to the hard, loveless world, so that mankind may be lifted up into the kingdom of immortal Love.

THE INDIAN TEACHING OF SALVATION BY LOVE ACCORDING TO

THE BHAKTI SUTRAS OF NERADA

Beginning here, we shall set forth the teaching of devoted Love. That devoted Love is of the nature of supreme attachment to the Adorable Lord; it is as the living water of immortality. He who possesses this devoted Love, has already attained; immortal, he has gained his heart's desire. When he has gained this devoted Love, he longs for nothing and laments nothing; he hates not, nor exults, nor is aught left, for him to strive after. When he has known this devoted Love, he is filled with ecstasy, with stillness, rejoicing in the holy Spirit (Atma).

This devoted Love is not tormented by desire, for it brings cessation of desire. And the cessation of desire means the consecration of all acts, both worldly and spiritual, to Him. It is a single-hearted devotion to Him, an overcoming of all that is inimical to Him. This single-heartedness is a surrender of all refuges but Him. And the overcoming of all that is inimical to Him is accompanied by the due performance of all acts, both worldly and spiritual, that are in harmony with Him, not flowing contrary to the current of His will.

The commandments of the Scriptures must be kept, even after the heart has firmly resolved to devote itself altogether to Him. For otherwise through pride one may become a castaway. Worldly works must be carried on only so far as they are in harmony with Him. But the right care and nurture of the body must be continued so long as we bear the burden of the body.

And now the distinctive marks of devoted Love will be set forth, as the minds of many devoted lovers of Him have recorded them.

Parashara's disciple, Vyasa, declares that devoted Love will manifest itself in the ardent performance of all acts of the worship of Him. Garga says that devoted Love will show itself in speaking of Him, in hearing of Him. Shandilya declares that acts of worship, and speaking and hearing of Him must not displace the heart's joy in His holy Spirit. But Narada says that devoted Love is, to rest all our acts in Him, to grieve if He be absent from our thoughts. And there have been saints who have done all these things perfectly, as maidens of Vrindavana, who gave their hearts to Him.

But even in the heart's joy, it must be remembered with reverence that He is a mighty Master. For without this reverence, Love cannot be pure. And in impure love, there is lacking the feeling of happiness in the happiness of the other.

This way of devoted Love (Bhakti) is higher than the way of ritual

Works (Karma), higher than the way of Wisdom (Jnana), higher than the way of mystic Powers (Yoga). For, while ritual works, and wisdom, and the search for mystical powers have each a further goal, devoted Love is its own reward. And devoted Love is better than these, because the Lord hates the proud, and loves the lowly and the humble.

But some say that wisdom is the cause and source of devoted Love, while others say that devoted Love and wisdom depend upon each other. But Narada, Son of the Creator (Brahma-Kumara), says that devoted Love is the source and fruit of devoted Love.

So it is in the King's house: there are those who serve the King as his Ministers, or for the sake of a reward; there are those who love the King for Love's sake. And those who serve the King for the sake of a reward, neither bring to the King delight, nor to themselves assuagement of their hunger for reward. Therefore let those who seek for salvation firmly choose the way of devoted Love.

The means for gaining devoted Love are thus declared by the Masters:

Devoted Love requires renunciation of worldly ends—renunciation of all attachment to them. The allurements of worldly aims is to be conquered by unflinching devotion to Him.

Even in the midst of the world, devoted Love springs up from hearing and praising the virtues of the Adorable Master. As He has said:

"I dwell not in the farthest Heaven, nor in the hearts of saints alone. I dwell, O Narada, wherever My lovers praise Me!"

But devoted Love comes most of all through the compassion of the Great Ones; from the touch of the compassion of the Adorable Lord. But the company of the Great Ones is hard to win, nay, it is well-nigh unattainable; yet, when it has been gained, it can never fail. And that company even is gained only through the compassion of the Lord, since there is no division between Him and His own. Therefore strive for devoted Love! Therefore strive for devoted Love!

In every way, contact with the evil must be shunned, since it nourishes desire and wrath, forgetfulness of Him, loss of vision, loss of all. These evils, beginning in tiny ripples, grow, through attachment, to a stormy sea.

Who is he that crosses over, that crosses over Maya's delusions? It is he who puts away attachment to evil, who lovingly follows the Great Ones, who is without covetousness or conceit; he who dwells apart, he who breaks the bonds that bind him to the world, who turns from the threefold world of desire, who puts away the lust of possession; who looks not for a reward of his good works, who dedicates all his acts to the Master, thereby escaping from expectation and dread, from exultation and pain; he who consecrates even all spiritual reading to the Master, he who has gained a pure, continuous flow of passionate Love for Him;—it is he, it is he, who crosses over Maya's delusion, and likewise leads others safely across.

THE LESSON OF THE GARBAGE PAIL

Meditate on things you want to know . . . Seek all knowledge within yourself, do not go without. You understand what is meant by this; not that books should be neglected, but that information obtained from them should be drawn within, sifted, tested there. Study all things in this light and the most physical will at the same time lead to the most spiritual knowledge.—Fragments, Vol. I., p. 43.

MY beloved Mentor wrote me, inviting me to the Camp. I little thought, when I accepted with almost vociferous joy, that one of the cherished memories I should carry away would be centered about a blue agate-ware, white-lined garbage pail.

Even as I write these words, I realize how shocking it would have seemed—before my visit—to conjoin my Mentor and his associates with a garbage pail. Yet what I have written is a “cold fact,” demonstrable even to our old and never-to-be-forgotten friend, Mr. Gradgrind. Furthermore, and do not think that this is literary emphasis, nor exaggeration, had I a private sanctuary, I should be glad to place on the steps of its shrine that self-same garbage pail.

There were no servants. There might have been any number. My host and hostess and their associates, for reasons best known to themselves, preferred to have none. They did their own work.

My host was the chief cook. On a day towards the end of my delightful visit, he asked me, his very happy guest, to empty the garbage pail. The guest forgot his assignment for a time, becoming absorbed in the talk about the War and its spiritual phases. So, as it happened, the task was neglected until all had scattered for the afternoon period of rest or quiet in the several quarters of the camp. He went alone into the empty kitchen—left in spotless, nicely-exact, good order by the hostess and her aids, when the dish-washing and pot-cleaning had been finished.

The guest carried the pail out and emptied it, which was all that he had been asked to do—or, perhaps it should be said, had been given the privilege of doing. He brought the pail back and set it down. Then he started to put on the cover. As he bent over, the insistent question popped up in his mind, like a child’s grinning Jack-in-the-box, “Why do they do this menial work, and do it as if it were a pleasurable privilege?” Indeed, it did seem strange that these charming, well-bred people should be spending their time on such work.

At that moment the guest noted a piece of potato peeling, clinging with determination to the rim of the garbage-pail. It was like a sudden,

discordant noise, breaking in upon some delicious, and deliciously quiet, symphonic movement. It was just as foreign and as discordant, in the perfected neatness and immaculate cleanliness of that kitchen, still reminiscent of the gathering barely over.

As the potato peel was clearly out of place, the first reaction was to flick it down into the pail, under the hovering cover that was still held aloft. Somehow this did not lessen the discord. Rather it served to emphasize the undeniable fact that the pail was dirty and, therefore, still making a discord. Defiantly the guest grabbed up the pail, dropping the cover, and strode out to a nearby hydrant. Filling the pail, and emptying it out, several times, did not suffice to bring satisfaction. Rather did it bring it out, still more poignantly, as one might say, that the pail was essentially unclean. Something, perhaps the standard of that immaculate kitchen, seemed to advertise that the pail was grease-lined; unpleasantly so lined, at that.

Putting the pail down in the sun, the guest gazed at it in sorrow. Certainly that pail was in no condition to go back into the kitchen. When he had taken it back before, he had been unconscious of its true condition. From *Fragments*, Volume I, came back "Insight brings responsibility." Now that he had realized the condition of the pail, in its contrast to the cleansed utensils, so carefully placed by the hostess herself, he would assume for himself the dirtiness of the pail if he did nothing about it. He felt sorry for the chela or saint who accepts a would-be disciple or follower.

Since something had to be done, the guest got a stick. He filled the pail with water and put in some soap powder. The vile-looking compound was stirred to increasing unpleasantness, the guest taking pains to keep his hands out of the mess. He worked up a high and a foul lather. Then, with relief, and with face averted, he emptied the pail. He emptied it hopefully; even with the beginning of joyous respite. He turned to look at his craftsmanship. There were many scratch marks to be noted on the lining of the pail. His gingerly efforts had only served to emphasize its condition and not to afford a remedy.

The blue of the exterior was normally a really lovely hue—now to his opened eyes it appeared as marred with soap sloppings and streaked with grease. The pure white lining was sadly soiled. The lining even appeared as if scarred, with its cross-hatching of scratches from the puddling stick. The guest looked at the pail and shuddered. Then he thought of his hostess' hands, which he had seen, so short a time before, handling greasy plates. He began to get angry. Was he to consider himself finer than that gentlewoman? Was he not just a plain coward? Did his Mentor and the latter's associates stop short at the sight of the unpleasantness in him? Did the Master shirk His tasks merely because they were so vile, and the objects of His cleansing so foul?

The guest grabbed that pail once more; giving it, as must be confessed, a vicious wrench. Pail in hand he fairly stalked into the kitchen.

He went to the sink. A large kettle of boiling water was lifted off the stove. Its contents were poured into that objectionable pail. Soap powder was added. An old discarded cloth was retrieved from the box where such things were cast out; a box located in the woodshed, adjoining the ash barrel. How the guest recalled its existence he cannot even now state, unless it be that his determination to get that pail clean had sharpened all his senses. This may be the case. At more than one Branch meeting of the T. S., he has heard it said that acts of volition are strengthening to all mental processes. This is also set forth by such mystics as St. Ignatius and St. Teresa. Did not the Blessed Margaret Mary consider it important to her soul's progress to make herself eat the cheese which was dispensed from her diet by the settlement arranged by her brother when she entered the Convent?

Equipped, as he felt, materially and volitionally, the guest went to work. One last spasm of repugnance to overcome and his hands went—souse! into the water, still hot and now greasy. He went to work. It was messy, but he stuck to it. He tried to shut out the picture of his immediate discomfort, and tried to substitute a picture of his hostess' keen interest in and close attention to similar tasks, which were done, most unmistakably, without thought of self.

At last the job was, as he thought, done. But he found no exaltation. Rather came keener insight. The work was not perfectly done. Some grease from the morning's cooking was caked on, and all but caked in. It took time, patience, sand soap, "elbow grease," repeated rinsings, and many close observations, to make even a start towards that standard of perfected cleanliness which the hostess daily and continually set. Determined, at last, the guest settled down to real and loyal work towards a definite goal. At all hazards, and at whatever cost to himself, that pail must be cleansed, until it should be as spotless as any other utensil in those hallowed precincts.

As this thought formulated itself in the guest's mind, something within him became suddenly alert, and reminded him of the insistent query that had so troubled him. "Hallowed precincts"? the guest repeated to himself. "Why do I say hallowed?" As he worked away, working with close attention to his set task, he pondered on this. What was it that made him regard a kitchen as "hallowed." Was it not because of the silent keynote—*Light on the Path* says that spiritual truths must be expressed in paradoxes—the silent keynote underlying all the work in the kitchen, as elsewhere? What was that keynote? A keynote must be simple. Yet the guest thought of many similies and analogies. Out of these, by a process of meditative selection, as he kept on working, and working with increasing attention to his pleasurable task, he seemed to sense a co-ordinating unity in his many illustrations. Perhaps he might express that keynote as love of and service for a Master. Love and service for a real Master—not some hazy Spirit, a phantasy from a dream—but a real Master: Who loves one, helps one, trains one—yes,

and Whom one loves. Then came a painful thought—painful as all self-reference is painful—how would one seem to such a Master. A particularly hard spot of particularly unpleasant and most sticky grease held the guest's entire attention for a moment: long enough for him to become filled with an awesome thought, that seemed to come to him almost from without himself: Were there just such spots on him? Did not the Master, yes, and those who worked for Him, and, in all probability, with Him, find such spots as unpleasant as the guest found those on the garbage pail?

As the guest worked away on the pail, he reviewed the process in the lights of this thought, that had come to him. Why was he doing this work? Was it not, in the first place, in an endeavor to live up to a standard that had been set for him? What sort of a standard was he setting others?

Next, he asked himself, why it was that he had not taken the pail out to one of the men employed on the ditching work? For a quarter the Italian would have been glad to do the work. The Italian, moreover, would not have reacted from the messiness of the job. He would have thought only of the quarter—the reward from his work. Why had he not done this? The guest saw that he had wanted to experience, to share, the feelings of those whom he admired—why not be honest and Gallic?—those whom he loved. For this, he had to do the work himself. Was this all? If so, was he essentially above the Italian labourer, in his desire for a tangible reward? Probing deeper, as he worked away with sand soap and scrubbing cloth, he found that he had recognized that he could clean the pail better than the Italian, because his insight had given him a higher standard, as part of the increased responsibility.

Was this all? No; there was the further reason that he wanted to give pleasure to his host and hostess. Was this, too, a selfish motive? Perhaps in its outer coating, but, within, it was prompted by a simplicity that was not tainted by selfishness. Of this he dared to feel rather certain, because he saw that it was, in essence, the same sort of feeling that prompted his little sons, when they did childish, yet loving, things in an effort to give him pleasure.

A spot, that he had prepared to abandon, as a case of hopeless dyeing of the enamel, now began to give signs of waning. He redoubled his manual labours, in the determination to overcome even its insidious tainting. "Insidious tainting"—were his motives not becoming tainted with self-reference? He changed his line of thought, or it changed itself for him—he dares not now say which. What did the Master think of this kind of work? Indeed, of this particular job? Would He be satisfied with anything short of perfection in the cleansing of this pail? In the cleansing of one's life? Why would the Master, presumably, prefer to have the guest cleanse the pail, rather than to have had the Italian hired to do it? Perhaps, because it would be better cleansed by the guest. Possibly, even, it might be for the guest's own sake; and this did not seem self-reference, when one was trying to understand the Master's will,

in regard to a piece of work which one had undertaken. How was it to the guest's advantage? In terms of St. Ignatius, was it not a tribute of sacrifice from love? It had been hard to undertake, but it had been undertaken, and had been stuck to, and stuck to until it had become a pleasure to do it aright. Was this not a Wartime need: To learn to do hard things joyously?

"Hard things"—again the guest's thoughts turned, or were turned, to the Master's own tasks with human beings. How like a garbage pail is the ordinary human mind (lower manas, as it is called at the Branch meetings) filled as it is with waste, which ferments, if it be not emptied out, and the vessel cleansed. Did the garbage pail smell unpleasantly at first? Was it nasty to touch? What was the effect of the ordinary human mind upon the Master's highly developed sensibilities? Yet we are always taking it as a matter of course that the Master welcomes our appeals to be cleansed. Something within us is certain that the Master will respond to our appeals. Even the lowest of savages shares this conviction with high chelas and great saints. What parallel was there in the experience of cleansing the garbage pail?

The guest had grown to recognize that one cleansed the garbage pail, in part, because one gave pleasure: Did this not indicate, at the least, a latent desire to know that pleasure had been given? It was not exactly "working for reward." Was it not more an unformulated desire to attain somewhat of a consciousness of unity, of brotherhood? Could it be that the Master Himself might be nerved to persist in such seemingly hopeless tasks of cleansing as He undertakes by a hope of such a recognition of consciousness with Him, on the part of the human garbage pails He cleans? Could it be, even, that the Master Himself might welcome appreciation of His efforts, on the part of the human garbage pails? The guest put down the pail—it looked brave and spotless: it seemed even glad. If its inanimate simulation of a pleasurable reaction from his efforts rejoiced him; how would the Master feel in regard to real thanks from those whom He served? Should he not immediately thank the Master for working away so patiently at his streaks, caked dirt and messy spots?

The guest lifted out the pail and wiped it off with loving care. He took it back to its place. He started to put on the cover. Behold—the pail was no longer clean. The soiled cover, which he had neglected, spoiled the whole effect. To be clean one must be entirely clean—inside and out, and even to the outer trappings and trimmings. One spot infected the whole being and tainted it. Thus came the thoughts, as the cover, in turn, was scrubbed and polished. The cover was perhaps two per cent., or even less, of the whole unit, yet so long as it was befouled, the effect of the whole unit was one of unpleasant uncleanliness.

How about life? Could a Master Himself rest until a child of His, upon whom He was working, was wholly clean? Would He not have to, actually have to, let life itself scrub and scrub, until all spots, at all points, had been cleansed, and the unit, as a whole, thereby, been per-

fectly cleansed? So long as the desires of the lower mind were not, at all points, in consonance with the highest standards, could there be any true unity with the Master Mind?

The garbage pail—vessel, cover, and bail, from the bottom to topmost tip,—was now clean and gay. The guest stood up and surveyed his handiwork. He realized that he had passed a happier, more helpful time than if he had hired the Italian to do the work. He had offered something in the sacrifice of service. He had learned, though only to a minute extent, to appreciate something of what the Master has to do, and keep on doing, for him. He bent over again, and shook the bail gently, as if it were the hand of a friend.

Warmed, as it were, by this pleasurable emotion, the guest went out, reaching within his pocket for his tobacco pouch. Suddenly a mnemonic vision came to spoil his satisfaction. A picture of the sink, as he had just left it, came into his mind. Paralleling this came a picture of the sink as it had been left by the hostess, when she had finished her own labours. The contrast was saddening, all but disheartening. A condition existed that could not be ignored. There was only one thing, in that atmosphere, that could be done. The guest turned back. He re-entered the kitchen. It had suddenly grown hot once more.

The guest went at that sink. It was in a chaotic condition. He began to work. Then he found that he had displaced a number of utensils that he thought he could easily re-locate, for he had had daily opportunities to observe how and where things were placed—always in due order to save waste of time or needless effort. It did not prove a simple task. He realized, even as he endeavored to do right, that he was making mistakes. The disciple's quality of recollection may be tested in the affairs of daily life, he had often read and been told. He did not pass this test with credit. He could not create a power he had neglected, merely because he felt a sudden need to use it. That evening, to tell the whole truth, he could see that both the cook with his assistants and the dish-washing party, were inconvenienced, and both time and effort were wasted, as the result of his poor recollection and the mistakes that he had made in his efforts at replacement of the utensils he had disturbed.

A co-contributor to this magazine, who was at that particular house-party, has been good enough to go over the Ms. (but, pray remember, no responsibility was thereby assumed) and made this comment:

"Why don't you say, right here: 'In so doing he (the guest) had sinned against one of the unspoken canons of that marvelous place—which was that everyone should do thoroughly and completely whatever he undertook, and in such a manner that he did not make more work for anyone else.'"

"Good;" I declared, "I will say that." But, please note how that Camp atmosphere gets into one's system (but don't judge it by this guest's actions or efforts—please. That would be unfair. Praise the atmosphere while pitying him that he could not better have taken into himself its life.)

In this article the guest has undertaken to tell the truth. To do it "thoroughly and completely" how may he venture to claim that neat phrasing as his own? He dare not do it—hence the use of the quotation marks, however anathema they be to the proof-reader.

But it is time to return to the Laboratory experiment. After the guest had emerged from the kitchen for the second time even his awakened conscience pronounced the experiment completed. He considered the garbage pail episode as closed. He lighted his pipe and pushed on down to that part of the place where he knew that his host was going to work in the corn field. Soon his host came, and asked what the guest had been doing so long in the kitchen.

The guest told this story of the garbage pail and its teaching, as he worked, hoe in hands and in action, down rows paralleling those on which his host was working. The guest closed with the statement: "Doesn't it sound crazy to say that one could learn so much from such an experience? Wasn't it a piece of luck, though?"

Mentor straightened up, to smile at his guest, with that smile of loving comprehension that unflinching prevents his directness of speech from ever once giving offence: "'Luck,' you say—why do you suppose I asked you to empty that garbage pail today?"

That same co-contributor, who has been quoted, when looking over the Ms., commented—at this point: "Good place to end." Then a few truthful, kind and merciless remarks were added in regard to the two or three pages of comment and elucidation, which the guest had written in sequel to his host's remark and its connotations. Perhaps that well-liked critic is best attesting a real friendship by this advice. Certainly those pages had to go. They have gone. It is lucky that Charles A. Dana's famous cat was not around. Even her seasoned appetite might have revolted. But to do this article "thoroughly and completely" seems to the whilom guest to require the rounding out of the chronicle by giving the experimenter's deductions. Who would mark a test in physics, submitted without deductions in addition to a laboratory note book?

The first deduction is the quotation from *Fragments*, which appears at the opening of this paper. It seems rarely apposite.

The secondary experiment—the confirmatory lesson of the disordered sink—seems to suggest that in endeavoring to help others there is unlimited help to be derived from the *Letters* of the Master K. H., especially in His warning against failing to consider all possible reactions, interrelations and correlations. Furthermore, if one really aims to help, one must be prepared to assume responsibility. This, in turn, might well be regarded as a warning that one must never let up in attention, recollection and detachment, for one may never tell at what point one may fail, through the neglect of these precautions, thus harming others or one's Teacher.

Another deduction is that the Hindu Gurus, St. Benedict and other Founders know their business, the immortal business of helping others

along The Path. Alike are they, in West as in East, in keeping their students, chelas, novices and postulants and even their Regulars at humble and even menial tasks—tasks which the Twentieth Century is too prone to call a wastage of time.

But one borders too closely to being familiar—one of the unforgivable sins—in commenting on the reasons for a course of personal acts. Conclusions will have to be drawn from the empirical point of view, if the reader would seek for a fuller answer to the guest's own, original query: "Why do they do these things?"

Along another line it seems safer to comment. That is on the matter of the out-of-doors work. This may be done with propriety. This may be done with safety, however, only if the reader will promise to remember that these are personal deductions and not indirect quotations. No explanations were offered. Had any been offered would not the laboratory aspect of the teaching have been lost?

It seems to the guest that the Camp illustrated the lost distinction between relaxation and recreation. Everyone, who knows anything of the powers of men, warns against relaxation, especially volitional relaxation, the slackening of the will. Volitional relaxation produces volitional lesions, which are difficult to reunite, at the best, and which may be permanent in their menace. If only we spelled and pronounced recreation as "re-creation" the distinction referred to might be more obvious.

About this time of the year many of us begin planning for the summer. Perhaps the object lessons or laboratory experiments at the Camp may be helpful. If this be true it may be doubly safe to give personal deductions.

Science of even the driest and most material limitations recognizes that in the summer, in this Northern Hemisphere at the least, there is a great flowing in of physical vitality from the Sun. Men who turn to golf and other exercises recognize this unconsciously; hence come their efforts to turn the tide into safer channels. All physical nature, from the trees to the restless little babies, feels this. But which is better, which is really safer—the re-creation of real work on a farm or the relaxation of a golf course? Apply the test of Adam Smith's economic rule of productive values if the volitional aspect seem at all vague.

Again—mundane man seeks to strengthen the physical, while would-be chela or disciple seeks to control it. Animals retreat from the winter, the retreat ranging from hibernation to migration. Advanced man alone welcomes the fighting stimulus of cold weather, with all its physical handicaps, and awakens to activity. Does it not seem advisable, therefore, that the spiritual-minded should seek for physical control and even dormancy in the physically-stimulating summer months, turning within in quiet and even in silence? Would not this be along the line of *The Elixir of Life in Five Years of Theosophy*? According to a sermon once preached by the Rector of a certain "little church" the great Christian church itself recognizes this in its selection of the summer months

for the Trinity season, that period for burning in the lessons of the great drama of Winter and Spring in the church calendar. Those of us who know and love *The Sermon in the Hospital* will recall the lesson of the pruning.

And as a last point—only this Spring day, months after the first section of this was written, the ex-guest heard an address by the fighting Bishop of Massachusetts, who was never neutral from the first day of August, 1914, and whose courageous stand and wisdom warrants one in bracketing him with churchmen of the Cardinal Mercier type. Bishop Lawrence said: "I have heard Hell described as a place where one could never be alone." If one has to stay in Hell, during most of the year, while doing one's daily duties, why, deliberately, stay there in one's free days or weeks or months?

All this may be rambling, though one may hope it is not. But could personal deductions be otherwise? But let each reader make his or her own deductions. Make them, however, only after trying a practical experiment.

SERVETUS.



"Whatever we do is perfect in proportion to the self-possession with which we do it, and that self-possession is proportioned to patience. Nothing, however trifling, can be done well without good judgment. There are fifty ways of doing anything, but only one perfect way. Nature is always inclined to hurry, to run before judgment, but grace is deliberate. To work fruitfully is to work with a patient will; fretful haste damages both the work and the workman."—Archbishop Ullathorne.

FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF LEMURIA

V. A VENERABLE LEMURO-ATLANTEAN.

“**T**HUS,” says H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, Volume I, Edition of 1888, page 185, “Occultism rejects the idea that Nature developed man from the ape, or even from an ancestor common to both, but traces, on the contrary, some of the most anthropoid species to the Third Race man of the early Atlantean period. . . . no ‘missing links’ between man and the apes have ever yet been found. . . . Nor will they ever be met with. . . .”

This piece of information, published by H. P. Blavatsky, on the authority of Occult knowledge, well nigh thirty years ago, has just made its way through the dense clouds of scientific prejudice, and has appeared so startling that it has been sent by cablegram around the world, taking a prominent place on the front page of the leading newspapers in America, in spite of the enormous pressure of war news and even of the active fighting and casualties of American troops. It was sent by special cable from London to the *New York Times*, on February 28, with these sensational headings: “Says Man Was Ancestor of Apes: British Scientist Calls for Reconsideration of Post-Darwinian Theory.”

Students of *The Secret Doctrine*, who may remember reading the passage quoted above when it first appeared, some thirty years ago, will read, with deep satisfaction, and with a certain feeling of amusement, the opening paragraph of the cablegram, which is almost identical with *The Secret Doctrine* passage:

“That man is not descended from anthropoid apes, that these would be in fact more accurately described as having been descended from man, that man as man is far more ancient than the whole anthropoid branch, and that compared with him the chimpanzee and orangutan are newcomers on this planet, were assertions made by Professor Wood Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London, in a lecture yesterday on the origin of man.

“The professor claimed these assertions were proved not only by recent anatomical research, but that they were deducible from the whole trend of geological and anthropological discovery.

“One of the most interesting references in the lecture was to recent reports by Dr. Stewart Arthur Smith of Sydney on the Talgai skull discovered in 1889 in Darling Downs, New South Wales, but never seriously investigated until 1914.

“‘This undoubtedly human skull, very highly mineralized,’ he said, ‘was found in a stratum with extinct pouched mammals, and probably is

as ancient as the famous Piltdown skull, whose human nature was so hotly disputed just before the war. In deposits of the same age as those in which the Talgai skull was unearthed were found bones of dingo dogs, and also bones of extinct pouched mammals gnawed by these dogs.

“‘Until the arrival of Captain Cook in Australia (1770) no non-pouched animals were ever introduced upon the Australian continent. It is geologically certain that Australia has always been surrounded by the sea since the evolution of pouched mammals. Had it not been so, it is almost certain that many non-pouched mammals in the neighboring continents would have migrated thither.

“‘How then can the presence of the Talgai man and his dingo dogs alone among these be accounted for? The conclusion deducible is that he must have arrived there in boats with his family and his domestic dogs, and the astounding fact emerges that at a period in the world’s history when only a year or two ago the most advanced anatomists were satisfied that man was scarcely distinguishable from his brute ancestors, a man already so highly developed as to have domesticated animals and to be a boat builder and navigator was actually in Australia, and, to an astonishing degree, the reasoning master of his own fate.’

“In view not only of this,” the cablegram concludes, “but of even more convincing evidence gathered from man’s own anatomical structure, Professor Wood Jones made a moving appeal for the reconsideration of the whole post-Darwinian conception of man’s comparatively recent emergence from the brute kingdom. The missing link of Huxley, he asserted, if ever found, would not be a more ape-like man, but a more human ape.”

This is, of course, only a telegraphic summary; but, pending the receipt of a fuller account of this lecture,—without which it is impossible to form any opinion as to whether the lecturer’s undoubtedly sound conclusions were based upon equally sound premises—it may be interesting to add a few details concerning the venerable Lemuro-Atlantean, who seems to have helped this intuitional anatomist to take so long a step towards the acceptance of the Occult teaching.

The highly mineralized, and therefore extremely old, Talgai skull, which furnishes Professor Wood Jones with so strong an argument, was found in the bed of the Talgai Creek, near Clifton, on the Darling Downs, by a ranchman, who picked it up and took it home, without any great understanding of its significance. It appears to have been washed out of the black soil of the Darling Downs. A few miles from the spot where the skull was picked up, bones of many types of extinct mammals of Pleistocene age have been discovered, and, as the Talgai skull is in at least as advanced a stage of fossilization or mineralization, as the bones of the Diprotodon, Nototherium and others, in adjacent regions, it may be provisionally assumed (says a preliminary report to the British Association, dated 1914) that this human skull is also of Pleistocene age. The distortion caused by steady pressure due to the weight of an original

thick overburden of clay is in harmony with the evidence as to the high antiquity of the skull. While there is a strong probability of the fossil skull being of Pleistocene, perhaps early Pleistocene, Age, its exact age obviously cannot be determined until further evidence can be adduced which may directly connect it with the mammalian bone-bearing clays of the Darling Downs; certainly it is far older than any aboriginal skulls that have ever been obtained in Australasia, and it proves that in Australia man attained to geological antiquity.

In 1914, the year referred to in our cablegram, the British Association for the Advancement of Science met in Australia, Dr. Arthur Stewart Smith of Sydney being one of those taking part in its meetings. The highly mineralized skull from Talgai Creek was produced, very carefully examined and reported upon by a Section on Anthropology; and from its report, tantalizingly brief, the preceding paragraph is taken. Clifton appears to be, not in New South Wales, as described in our cablegram, but in Queensland, some thirty miles north of the N. S. W. border, and eighty miles inland from Brisbane on the coast, with which it is connected by rail.

One word more as to the age in years of our Lemuro-Atlantean from the Darling Downs. In *Prehistoric Man*, by W. L. H. Duckworth (1912) the Preface contains this suggestive paragraph: "I regret to be unable to affix definite dates in years to the several divisions of time now recognized. To illustrate the difficulty of forming conclusions on this subject, it should be noted that in 1904 Professor Rutot assigned a duration of 139,000 years to the Pleistocene period, while in 1909 Dr. Sturge claimed 700,000 years for a portion only of the same period. Evidently the present tendency is to increase enormously the drafts on geological time, and to measure in millions the years that have elapsed since the first traces of human existence were deposited."

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"There are two things to be considered in every man, and these two things have to be well and carefully distinguished from each other; what the man is of himself, and what he is by the superadded gifts of God. Every man ought to subject what is purely his own to what is of God, whether that which is of God is in himself or in another.

"This is the principle of humility in its exercise towards our neighbor; it is not a reverence given to human nature, but to the gifts of God within that nature."—Archbishop Ullathorne.

TWO QUESTIONS

ONE of the inimitable pages of London *Punch* portrays two Englishmen at their club, the one very excited, the other quite cool. Between them there is a brief dialogue that may be commended to the thoughtful consideration of all of philosophic taste.

"I tell you Russia is doomed—doomed."

"What do you mean by doomed?"

"Never mind what I mean. It is not what I mean that matters. It is what I say."

All our lives we have been using certain great terms: Christianity and Theosophy, love of God and of man, Brotherhood and Karma, justice and self-sacrifice, good and evil. Do we know what we mean by them? Have we ever deemed it important that we should know,—till as now, in this world war, we are brought face to face with the great facts of life and death and of the human spirit; and reality itself challenges our formulas.

There is a sense in which we rightly may hold that not what we mean but what we say is of moment. For our words may point to a fact that we may know we do not understand, and it is the fact and not our understanding of it that is vital. We may say: I do not know what it means or what I mean, but there is a reality that presses upon my consciousness, that I see acting in life and in me—and its action, deep, mysterious, unfathomable, is as doom itself, unescapable, all compelling. It—it, the thing I point to with my words, though I do not know their meaning or its—is vital beyond all else. It matters—and it alone. Pay heed to it. Never mind my lack of knowledge, my failure to comprehend. Act. Act upon it.

But when we say this, it is obvious that we are also saying that to understand better is our crying need—and today we find this need on every side—in every department of our own thinking and in the thought of the world at large. It is reflected in two questions which lie before me, and that demand a fuller treatment than can be accorded them in the Question and Answer department.

1. If through the action of the Karmic Law, the victims of German bestiality and infamy were but reaping what they had sown, presumably in former incarnations, is the feeling—one of the deepest in our nature, and stronger as our love of righteousness increases—that *these things ought not to be*, a right or wrong one?

Will not this feeling inevitably be dulled, if we believe that they who perpetrated these horrors were but the instruments of Karma, and indeed, that it is the Moral Law which is being vindicated?

Does not mutual forgiveness from this standpoint (see the

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1917, page 109) become somewhat less unthinkable?

2. Is there any evidence, other than from occult sources, that all the events of outer life are the outcome of the past, and not rather the preparation for specialized service in the Body of Humanity?

It will be clearer to deal with these two questions as one,—for the second contains a thought that is essential to the right understanding of the first.

The literal meaning of Karma is action. The law of Karma is the law of life's action—the way life acts or works. On pages 89 and 90 of Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*, we find it described as "The universal law of harmony which unerringly restores all disturbances to equilibrium." This equilibrium is not a static thing. It is dynamic. It is like the equilibrium of a revolving wheel or a flowing river. It is the stability of the infinite current of universal life—the unbroken, undeviating evolution of Being. In this view, the law of Karma is the law of cohesion, that causes each atom or fragment of life to move with the movement of the whole. As the waves of the sea rise and fall, yet must advance or recede with the tides; or as drops of spray are thrown up from a mountain brook yet fall again into the current of the stream, so the individual human life is moved by its human will, but is brought back always—in accordance with the law of its inmost essence—to the course of the Divine Will. Karma is the action of the Divine Will in life and in man, and this Divine Will is man's only real and lasting will. As he lives only by the divine life manifesting through him, so he can will only with divine will. Turn this will as he may, he can never alter or destroy the nature of its ultimate essence. To turn it back against itself—to will evil—is to necessitate the destruction of that evil. More than this; however he may blind himself to it, in the inmost essence of his being, in the very nature of the will itself, he must hate the thing that he has willed, and will the undoing of it. He must will his own repentance, the turning back of his will; or else his personal destruction, the sweeping away of that which deflects the current of the divine life that is his life.

The man who wills evil is thus divided against himself—the house that cannot stand. In the Maya of material life, the sense of his own individuality—the reflection in him of the oneness and wholeness of Being—passes into the sense of separateness; and his sense of self-identification becomes limited to that portion of himself (his personality) which he sees as separate from other selves. Identifying himself with this portion only, he seeks to wield with it, and to bend to its uses the powers of his full being. He claims the will as his will—as of his personality—to be used and directed as his personal desires or judgment may dictate, ignorant or careless of its own divine nature and of the greater, deeper self that lies beyond the personality—beyond his consciousness of separateness. But though he be blind to this deeper self, or in conscious

rebellion against it, it is none the less his true self; nor is he able to alter or corrupt its nature. As Krishna says to Arjuna in the Bhagavad Gita, "With a single portion of myself I created the whole universe, yet remain separate," so the Eternal Man creates the personality and ensouls it, yet remains separate from it in just so far as the personality regards itself as separate,—in just so far as the personality wills what the Eternal Man does not will. The thought of separateness creates separateness. Yet it is the Eternal Man that is the personality's true self and being; and the Eternal Man wills, and can only will the good. He wills the undoing of the evil that the personality does; he wills the turning back to good of that portion of his own will that the personality has claimed and turned to evil; he wills the restoration of harmony and "at-one-ment"; he wills the repentance of the personality or its destruction. It is the action of this will of the man's true and deepest self—at one with the divine—that we call the man's Karma. When he is inwardly unresponsive to it in his personal consciousness, it presses upon him from without—through circumstances and events, through the whole action of the infinite current of life. A man's Karma is his own deepest will.

If this is seen, the answer to the second of the two questions before us will be clear. There is no evidence, either from "occult" or any other sources, "That all the events of outer life are the outcome of the past and not rather the preparation for specialized service in the Body of Humanity," if these two alternatives are regarded as alternatives, mutually exclusive.

The theosophical teaching of Karma is wholly misunderstood if it be interpreted only in the light of the past and not of the future. The misunderstanding is, perhaps, easily explainable, for this teaching has been set over against views of life which saw in the circumstances and events that bring men happiness or misery, either the play of blind chance, or the arbitrary will of an "extraneous and inaccessible God" in whose dictates neither consistency nor justice was discernable, and which had no discoverable relation to what had gone before. Men rightly felt that such a universe or such a God was intolerable and unthinkable. The present, in which they enjoyed or suffered, could not be arbitrarily separated from the past. Life must be consecutive, causal, just; and this required that the present should depend upon the past.

But it is equally necessary that it should depend upon the future. Every movement, every action, whether of life, or of the will, or of a material object in space, cuts across the divisions of past and present and future. It is one act, one movement. The threefold division is not in it, but in the mind that looks upon it; for strive to separate it into parts, and each part alone is meaningless. We cannot conceive of movement in a present that has no past or future. The present is but a cut—a cross section in the flow of being—and in that section all is static, no movement possible. Life—and life's action, Karma,—is not static but dynamic. It is a flow from the past through the present, into the future; and in it past,

present and future are taken up and made one. If we would understand any act—if we seek any comprehensive grasp of life—we must lay hold upon its unity; and though, from the nature of our mind, we must divide it into past, present, and future, we must not be misled by that division into believing that these three aspects of a single unity can stand separate one from the others. We can never understand the past or present until we see in them the future, or comprehend our own wills until we see that to which, as well as that from which and through which, they move. The doctrine of Karma is no less concerned with the future than with the present and the past.

To quote once more from Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*, "No spot or being in the universe is exempt from the operation of Karma, but all are under its sway; punished for error by it, yet beneficently led on, through discipline, rest and reward, to the distant heights of perfection." Here, surely, "the distant heights of perfection" are no less stressed than the punishment "for error." Punishment, apart from the perfection to which it tends, would be meaningless, and could be willed by none. And movement toward perfection, apart from the imperfection from which that movement passes, would be also meaningless. The two are one.

It must now, I think, be clear that the two views, which are set as alternatives in the second of our two questions, are not alternatives but are rather two aspects of a single fact—the will of the real and eternal man, moving in the present, from the past, to the future. Life is one; your life and mine; the life of the "Body of Humanity," and the life of the Eternal and Divine. Life is action. To live is to have "within one an activity of one's own arising from an inward principle, which is capable of developing itself by its own action and of possessing its own development." Unity in action is service. And there is no service that is not "specialized service," nor is there any service which does not include, as part of itself, the preparation that made it possible, and that does not, in the same way, constitute the preparation for further service. The service of the soldier lies no less in his months of training than in the day of battle. It moves *to* victory; but it moves *from* every fault and weakness and lack of discipline that were present in him on the day of his enlistment. To understand the will that moves him—the embodied, united will of army life—to see the meaning of the circumstances of that life, the daily routine of drill and labour, hardship and recreation, it is essential to look both back to fault and forward to victory. It is the same with the events of our own outer lives,—with the discipline that is laid on us—with the will of the Eternal Man that is our true self and that leads us from the failure or half-successes of the past to the full victory of the future.

So much, then, for the second question. And now, for the first. I know no better answer to it than that which may be found in the first three chapters of an ascetical treatise of the early seventeenth century by Jeremias Drexelius, a translation of which into English has recently been

published under the title of *The Heliotropium*, or "Conformity of the Human Will to the Divine." He quotes freely from the early Church Fathers, as well as from the Bible, passages whose meaning should be clear to every student of Theosophy, and he joins these together and develops their theme with an insight and skill that are rare. And yet he does not pretend to make all things plain to the mind of his reader. "Thy judgments, O Lord, are a great deep." He who says that there is no mystery in life, says only that he is ignorant of its mysteries. There are mysteries, beyond whose veil the mind cannot penetrate.

"Wouldst thou bound the boundless?
Set limits to the infinite?
Or seek to hold within thy cup
The waters of the whole?
Desist O Lanoo!
Such is not the teaching of the wise."

But the heart can lay its hold on truths the mind cannot dissect, and it is to the heart that Drexelius primarily addresses these three chapters—despite their dialectic skill.

He teaches us that all things are from God; good and evil alike the result of His will. Yet there is a will of permission, and a will of active desire; and though both good and evil come to us from God, yet the one is good and the other evil; and here he quotes from St. Augustine:

"Therefore, thou sayest, if one slay an innocent man, doth he justly or unjustly? Unjustly, certainly. Wherefore doth God permit this? Thou desirest to dispute before that thou doest anything, in consideration whereof thou mayest be worthy to dispute, why God hath permitted this. The counsel of God to tell to thee, O man, I am not able. This thing however I say, both that the man hath done unjustly that hath slain an innocent person, and that it would not have been done unless God permitted it; and though the man has done unjustly, yet God hath not unjustly permitted this.'

"And in the same way he speaks of the death of our Lord:—'Accordingly, my brethren, both Judas, the foul traitor to Christ, and the persecutors of Christ, malignant all, ungodly all, unjust all, are to be condemned all; and, nevertheless, the Father hath not spared His Own proper Son, but for the sake of us all He hath delivered Him up. Order if thou art able; distinguish these things if thou art able.'

If we think of Karma as anything but the action of the inmost will of the divine in man, we surely cannot hold that it was Christ's Karma to be reviled, and scourged and spat upon; to be crucified as a malefactor by those he came to save. Yet we can believe that it was his own deepest will—an act made necessary to him, being what he was, by the sins of the world, an act of "preparation for specialized service in the Body of Humanity," an act which, though his personality shrank from it, in the

fulness of his perfect stature and the unity that was his, he willed in his personality as in his divinity.

May there not be those in Belgium, in France, throughout the allied nations, today, who in their real selves will to follow where Christ led? To prepare themselves also for "specialized service in the Body of Humanity"? To give their lives that men may learn the lesson of the reality and terrible power of the evil to which the world has so lightly given entrance—that the world has, in itself, so easily condoned? Need we think that "the victims of German bestiality and infamy were but reaping what they had sown"? Surely *not*, if we mean by this that they were but justly punished for past sins—and that now the account is closed. If this were the meaning of Karma, Karma would be false. For self-sacrifice, self-giving, the love that lays down its life for its friend, the hope that looks forward, the will that acts forward, the courage that endures and pays the price of its desire, the loyalty that knows no swerving—these are facts. And the will of the Eternal Man presses on to gain by them—for himself and for the whole "Body of Humanity" that is his greater self, "the distant heights of perfection." To ignore these, to look only backward to fault and not forward to victory, is wholly to fail to understand the action of life. The will to victory is also sown, and also has its harvest. It, too, is part of Karma; its fulfilment part of the Law, part of God's justice and God's love.

If we see this, can we be in any doubt as to whether "the feeling—one of the deepest in our nature, and stronger as our love of righteousness increases—that *these things ought not to be* is right or wrong?" Were our concept of Karma the narrow and misleading one that deems it only a mechanical balancing of past debts—it is possible that our feeling against the perpetrators of these infamies might be dulled through seeing in them only the instruments by means of which the moral law is vindicated. To this I will return later. But seeing Karma as it is—life as it is—surely our feeling against the Germans, against everyone who has that taint upon him, for this unspeakable evil and infamy to which they have sold themselves, must be intensified a thousand fold. To awaken us to its true horror a million men have died. Unnumbered thousands of women and children have surrendered their lives to shame and fear and anguish to teach us to hate and loathe it from the depths of our souls and in every fibre of our body. Can that sacrifice be in vain? Are we incapable of hate? If so then we are indeed dead and lost. For no man can love righteousness who does not hate with fierce, undying hatred all that is evil. Can we say we love Christ and not hate that—in ourselves and in all the world—that nailed him to the cross?

But I do not wish to appear in any way to avoid the issue, and to substitute a question that was not asked for the actual one before us. If a true concept of Karma must include the will to service and sacrifice, it must also include punishment and expiation for the past,—that the evil of that past may be turned from and the will of the Eternal Man be

done. It is with this aspect of Karma that the question deals, and though we cannot grant that it is a picture of Karma in its wholeness, yet it is a picture of something Karma includes.

It is tragically easy to fit much of Belgium into this picture. Which one of us does not fit into it, when we look only to the past of the personality and are blind to the will of the soul? There is the Belgian Congo—a stain such as we thought few nations could endure till Germany showed us that men could glory in infamies so black that these seemed white beside them. It is easy to say that Belgium is being punished—is expiating and atoning. But does the perception of the need for Belgium's atonement—the recognition of the horror of the evil that she must expiate—make us condone the Germans who repeat that evil on a greater, deeper scale—even though, in the eternal goodness, that repetition be made the means of Belgium's expiation? Let us once more quote from Drexelius—or use his quotations from St. Augustine and others:

“God has judged it better,” St. Augustine says, “to work good out of evil, than to allow no evil. For since He is supremely Good, He would in no way allow any evil in His Works, unless He were as Omnipotent as Good, so as to be able to bring good even out of evil.”

“And here we must reflect,” as Theophilus Bernardinus admonishes us, “that all who hurt us (in whatever way the injury is done) support a two-fold character. One in which they have *wicked intentions* towards us, and devise no common mischief against us; the other in which they *are able to effect* what they have devised, and are the instruments of the Divine Justice which punishes us.”

It is an obvious absurdity to ascribe to the wicked intention the good that divine mercy uses it to accomplish—to credit the Germans with Belgium's expiation. Here, too, Drexelius is wholly explicit:

“But understand from this that no man's sin merits pardon the more because God brings forth the greater good from it;—for man affords the occasion of good alone, not the cause; and even the occasion he does not afford himself, but through the abundance of the Divine Goodness. If some wicked person has set fire to the cottage of a poor man, he has not on this account committed the less sin because the poor man has borne his loss patiently, or some prince has erected in its place a ten times better house. Another person's virtue and a happy circumstance do not wipe out the guilt of the incendiary; and so sin does not acquire any excellence because it has afforded opportunity for doing good.”

And again, quoting both from St. Augustine and Isaias: “In this way God instructs good men by means of evil ones. Thus it is that the Divine Justice makes wicked kings and princes its instruments, as well for exercising the patience of good men, as for chastising the forwardness of bad. Examples of this are ready at hand from every age, in cases where God works out His Own Good Pleasure through the wicked designs of others, and by means of the injustice of others displays His Own just Judgments. And just as a father seizes a rod, and strikes his child, but

a little while afterwards throws the rod into the fire, and becomes reconciled to the child, so God threatens by Isaias and says (chap. x, 5, 6) : 'Woe to the Assyrian, he is the rod and the staff of My anger, and My indignation is in their hands. I will send him to a deceitful nation, and I will give him a charge against the people of My wrath, to take away the spoils, and to lay hold on the prey, and to tread them down like the mire of the streets. But he shall not take it so, and his heart shall not think so; but his heart shall be set to destroy and to cut off nations not a few.' How plainly does God declare Himself to be the Author of such great evils! 'My indignation' He says 'is in their hands. The rod of My fury is the king of Assyria, for punishing the abominable wickedness of the Jews. I have sent him that he should carry away spoils, and should bring down the surpassingly insolent and inflated minds of those who have cast aside their faith and worshipped the idols of the Gentiles with a mad service. But the king of Assyria himself will have far different thoughts, and *will not come to chastise, but to slay and utterly destroy them.* But when I have chastened My people by the Assyrians, then *woe to this rod! woe to the Assyrians! for as the instrument of my anger will I cast them into the fire.'*"

There is no possibility of confusion in this—and there should be none in our thought of the German infamies. The Germans have not come to chastise. They have "far different thoughts," and for their murder and their rapine—their depth of cruelty and calculated torture—the flames of hell await them. Let us be done forever with this weak, maudlin sentimentality that fears to hate as God hates. Do we think it Christian? Turn to Christ's own speech and act—the whip of knotted cords, the unsparing invective, "Oh generations of vipers." We cannot love until we learn to hate—and our fear of hate is but our own coward consciousness of the sin we still treasure for ourselves. There can be no condoning of sin. There is no forgiveness for it. Look where you will—turn to what race or time or scripture you will—nowhere will you find a teaching of palliation of evil, forgiveness of sin. Hatred, constant warfare, eternal destruction are the only measures than can be meted out to evil. It is the sinner, not the sin, that may be forgiven—but this forgiveness is possible only as and when he turns from the sin and is loosed from it. So long as he identifies himself with it so long is he the enemy of God and of all who love God—the enemy of all of life—yes, of his own true self. And as that enemy, hate, unsparing, uncondoning, unlesening hate, must be his portion—meted out to him by us, his brothers, as by his own real self. Let us be quite clear on this. Brotherhood is but a name unless we wage war on that which wages war on our brother—unless we strive, not to pardon, but to destroy the enemy that has usurped his true place and nullified his real will. The German people as they are today are not our brothers—in them the life of the Eternal Man is turned against itself. They are our brothers' enemy and ours.

Let us remember, also, the passage from the *Secret Doctrine* with which Mr. Judge closes his chapter on Karma—"The western Aryans had every nation and tribe like their eastern brethren of the fifth race, their Golden and their Iron ages, their period of comparative irresponsibility, or the Satya age of purity, while now several of them have reached their Iron age, the *Kali Yuga*, an age *black with horrors*. This state will last . . . until we begin acting from within instead of ever following impulses from without. . . . Until then the only palliative is union and harmony—a Brotherhood in *actu* and *altruism* not simply in name."

What do we think a Brotherhood in *actu* and *altruism* would be? What would we do when we have learned to act from within? What is the feeling and will of the soul toward the German evil let loose on Belgium and on France? What does "mutual forgiveness" mean between the soul and this.

H. B. M.

"Let it be plainly understood that we cannot return to God unless we enter first into ourselves. God is everywhere, but not everywhere to us. There is but one point in the universe where God communicates with us, and that is the center of our own soul. There He waits for us; there He meets us; there He speaks to us. To seek Him, therefore, we must enter into our own interior."—Archbishop Ullathorne.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE CAUSES AND CONDUCT OF THE WAR

PART II (*Continued*)

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR

IT would be easy to fill volumes with a recital of Germany's crimes in France. But every day brings further public record of them. A few headlines from the *New York Times* will serve to remind most people of what they have read already. "German Cruelty seen by Gerard. Tells Canadian Club of War Prisoners put in camps with typhus-stricken Russians. Children taught Savagery. Ambassador saw them shoot prisoners with arrows tipped with nails" (April 10th, 1917). "German Retreat a Vandals' Orgy . . . Graves defiled, buildings razed and Women mistreated by the Teuton invader. Saw-tooth swords found. Serrated blades bear evidence of brutal soldiery" (April 15th, 1917). "Whitlock depicts Belgians' Misery. Calls deportation of natives 'One of the foulest deeds that history records'" (April 22nd, 1917). "Belgians tortured to compel labor. Deported Civilians tied to posts and exposed for days in German camps" (July 13th, 1917).

The United States Committee on Public Information, consisting of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. George Creel, is publishing some excellent pamphlets about the war, one of which, entitled *German War Practices*, contains a fairly complete statement in regard to deportations and forced labor. It can be obtained, free of charge, on application in writing to "The Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

Many books are being published, giving the first-hand testimony of those who have fought in the trenches or who have had opportunity to visit, in France, the scenes of German outrages. Among others there is a book entitled *German Atrocities*, by the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn. More convincing, if that were possible, than the catalogued testimony of official reports, is the evidence of these observers. Thus, Dr. Hillis relates (p. 53) that English officers and a French Captain were resting in a dugout at the foot of Vimy Ridge. The Englishmen were speaking of leave, and of the prospect of spending a few happy days with their families. The French Captain could not conceal his agitation. Questioned, he exclaimed: You Englishmen do not understand! Go home! To what could I go? The Germans have been in my country for a year and more. My town has gone, my home has gone. My wife is still a young woman. My little girl was quite a little girl. And now our priest writes me that my wife and my child will have babes in two months by those brutes. "And then the storm broke."

Major Corbett-Smith, in *The Retreat from Mons* (pp. 169, 170), tells us:

“Then it was that our men first saw a little of the hideous work of the invaders upon the civilian population, and if anything more were needed to brace them up to fight to the last man, they had it in that brief hour in the recaptured town. . . . Up the main street everywhere was horrible evidence that *they* had been at work. Mingled with dead or wounded combatants were bodies of women and children, many terribly mutilated, while other women knelt beside them with stone-set faces or gasping through hysterical weeping. From behind shutters or half-closed doors others looked out, blinded with terror. But there was one thing, which for men who saw it, dwarfed all else. Hanging up in the open window of a shop, strung from a hook on the cross-beam like a joint in a butcher’s shop, was the body of a little girl, five years old, perhaps. Its poor little hands had been hacked off, and through the slender body were vicious bayonet stabs.”

Frances Wilson Huard, in *My Home in the Field of Honour*, and the Right Reverend Monsignor John Bickerstaffe-Drew (“John Ayscough”), in *French Windows*, both speak of the loathsome and perverted bestiality of the Germans, who, whenever compelled to retire from the invaded districts, deliberately befoul, in ways quite indescribable, cooking utensils, bureau drawers, and the personal linen of both ladies and peasants.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew tries indirectly to whitewash the German soldiers who are Catholics, though it is notorious that the Bavarians, who are Catholics, have been as brutal and as vicious as the Prussians, during all stages of the war. But he tells what he saw as two French peasant women showed him the homes of a village which the Germans had just evacuated (pp. 86, 89, 92).

“The staircase was only a steeper variant of the hall, a ladder of shame and shamelessness. The upstairs rooms were much worse . . . Up here there were fouler and more sickening smells,” which his two guides interrupted their silence to explain in “language that English women would have been shy of.” “I said, ‘Devils’; what do you call it? That filth . . .”

German officers had left their imprint there.

In the poorer sections of the village, where German privates had been quartered,—

“There was the same ruin, and havoc, and filth, and devilment; only more crowded, and more striking, and more visibly damnable for being crammed into so much smaller spaces and for being the ruin of a poorer, slower effort at decency and order and comfort. The garments were sadder, I think, because they had cost so much less money, so much more time, so much more labor. There was little here that had been superfluous; little that had stood for sheer ornament; by slow degrees the things that make the difference between poverty and ease of life had been earned and added to the home. All alike, now, lay soiled,

battered, trampled, derided, desecrated. Children's garments, fashioned by tired hands after the children had been laid to bed; men's garments patched and mended, with frugal care; the mother's own fête-clothes, saved from year to year, and never despised as out of fashion; all dragged about, fouled, torn, ruined; the bits of furniture, gathered at slow intervals, the strictest necessities first, then the few witnesses of a late-won prosperity—an arm-chair, an escritoire—all broken, thrown down, insulted . . ."

He went forth to explore further. Speaking of himself as "the Ancient," he writes:

"He found a street of villas, each overlooking the valley, and each with a pretty garden; all empty. It was easy to enter, for the Germans had been there, and had broken the doors open. From one to another the Ancient passed, finding in each the same ruin, havoc, spoiling, desecration, filth, and shame; you would say that bands of malevolent apes had been holding spiteful, senseless, ingeniously destructive Carnival there; as though, long kept under by the superiority of Man, they had seized a moment of anarchy for revenge—not revenge of an injury, but of Man's hated superiority. So they had outraged Man's sense of decency and reverence; had marked for peculiar insult and desecration the things Man holds sacred by nature—the privacies of his women-folk, the play of his children, the shrine of his hearth."

But the Germans regard such behavior as "Knightly." It is the word the Kaiser selected as descriptive of his conduct of the war. They do not use words as we use them.

"Like some Satanic sacrament, the thing against which we battle has an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual evil. This sign is what the Prussian terms 'frightfulness.' He has given civilization abundant examples of what this means—murder of old men, of women, and of children; rape and pillage; arson and sacrilege; nameless mutilations; bombardments of defenceless towns and of harmless watering-places; sinking of passenger-ships and of vessels which carry the wounded or endeavor to aid the unhappy victims of his own sin; poison gas and liquid flame; attempts to disseminate germs of disease among man and beast [as at Bukarest]; incitements to treason and plots against those whose bread and salt he still enjoyed—nothing too vile or too low to serve his purpose" ("Prussian Frightfulness and the Savage Mind," by Louis H. Gray, a most suggestive psychological study in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1918).

It is strange indeed that with such facts now so generally known, there can be people in this country, and a few even in England, who talk about negotiating peace with Germany. How can you negotiate peace with a criminal who glories in his crimes! And when will people realize at last that it is the nature of a German to make a promise, to break it, and then to laugh uproariously at the gullibility of the man who believed him? When will they understand that the only difference between a German and an Austrian is that the latter will not laugh uproariously,

but that he also will make a promise, will break it, and will then smile politely, and occasionally with pity, at the man who was so incredibly foolish as to have accepted his word about anything?

Does it still seem too remote, this world war, to warrant the sacrifices we are making? If to Americans, Germany seems far off, to Germans, America seems quite near; and perhaps it is that which counts! "America had better look out after this war," and "I shall stand no nonsense from America after the war," was the Kaiser's repeated warning to Ambassador Gerard in October, 1915 (*My Four Years in Germany*, p. 252). No one can say that America was quick to take the warning; but that is no reason why anyone should still refuse to take it.

Who are the people who ask—Must this war still go on? Is it worth while? Ought not peace to be brought about somehow?

There are men with hobbies (and some who use their hobbies as a means of livelihood), who hate the war because it distracts attention from their pet "reforms," from "social betterment," from "uplift" propaganda. They are not Pro-German; they are not exactly Pacifists: but they do everything in their power to suggest that the real difficulty which confronts us is not the conquest of Germany, but how to attract the attention of the public from the war to the "graver" issues underlying it. "Make democracy safe for the world," is their present slogan.

They may be fanatics; they may be self-seeking fanatics. In either case they are miserably blind. If Germany were to conquer the world, these would-be reformers would find themselves in a chain-gang, mining coal in Pennsylvania or digging canals in Asia Minor, as the German Imperial (or Socialist) Labor Bureau might decide. Their "reforms" would be chained up with them. In their blindness they think such dangers non-existent, just as in England, before the war, many well-meaning people, mightily exercised over Old Age Pensions or similar foibles, laughed at Lord Roberts when he told them they were not safe from invasion, and that there would be no old people left to pension, once the enemy were to land on England's shores.

Dr. Robert E. Speer, representative of this group, who is Chairman of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, has gone so far as to suggest at a public meeting, held under Y. M. C. A. auspices, that the social and international sins of England and America are as bad as the sins of Germany, citing in proof of this, some violated treaties with American Indians and the outpourings of a Pacific Coast newspaper against the Japanese! (See protest by Professor H. B. Mitchell in the *New York Times* of February 23rd, 1918).

Once such talk is recognized for what it is, all decent people will react from it with the contempt and hatred it deserves.

But for Roman Catholics, it is not so easy to react vigorously and with clear vision, when their Irish priests insinuate, in Dr. Speer's best manner, that it would be "unchristian" to think harshly of Germany if England in consequence were to be hated less! An insane hatred of

England, based upon ignorance and jealousy, and strangely fostered by our Public School teaching of history, is as much the hobby of many a Catholic priest, as "social uplift" and the desire to force men in his own pet mold of righteousness, is the hobby of his Nonconformist counterpart. The priest should beware, however, lest he lose the best of his people, including the best of the Irish, by too flagrant a sacrifice of truth and justice on the altar of his cherished hatred. This war is so real; is so completely Christ's war, that like Him it may be said to have come "that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed," and, because of its coming, "now they have no cloak for their sin."

There is another class, with no particular hobby except that of its own intellectual superiority, and which is less demoralizing than the first, because more transparent. It affects to see the world conflict in a remote, detached way, as if observing a struggle of animalcula through a microscope. It finds gentle interest in the contortions of the participants. A few university professors and some very young students are among the leaders of this group; but it is represented in all classes of society, down to the point at which one mechanic says to another, "I don't think much of this war, does you, Bill?"

It is an attitude of superior boredom, but occasionally it becomes paternal and even solicitous, as if to say, "Now my dear children, are you not going a shade too far?" People of this group, in so far as they can be said to approve of anything, nodded wise understanding when President Wilson, in January, 1917, talked of "peace without victory."

It is difficult to say whether there is hope for them,—for these very superior people. Dante placed them on the wrong side of the door where "Abandon hope" was written. Still, when their sons or brothers are crucified by Germans, they may wake up.

A third and much larger group consists of those who are so sound asleep spiritually, that they are as incapable of an active belief in evil as of a clear perception of its opposite. Their impressions on both sides are blurred. Nothing is very evil and nothing is very good. More than that, because they find nothing in themselves which they can classify as very good or as very evil, they refuse to believe that things "can be quite as bad as all that," even when the brutal facts are presented to them. For no other reason, they dismissed the Bryce Report on German atrocities as incredible, just as today they dismiss anything which is "too" this or "too" that as incredible. That Germany would, if she could, conquer America and enslave them and their children: No, that is incredible! The words have no meaning for them. To say that they are sound asleep spiritually is only another way of saying that their imagination is inoperative. They cannot see what they have not experienced. Both Hell and Heaven for them are empty words. There is only one thing in the world that can save them, and that is suffering, because suffering is the only thing in the world that can rouse them from a sleep more terrible than that of Arctic death.

The "Internationals," who constitute the fourth group, are of two kinds. There are the Bolsheviki whose purpose is to deprive everyone of power that they themselves may possess it, and who believe in the use of force to gain their ends. Chaos, confusion and license (Satan's own brood) are their weapons, and they love these so dearly that often they sacrifice their goal for the delight of playing with their means. We have seen them at work in Russia. The I. W. W. represent them in America. But there are Socialists everywhere who are proud to claim the title of Bolsheviki.

Then there are the Bolsheviki, Socialists and others, who would repudiate the title, though their purpose also is to deprive everyone of power so that they themselves may possess it. They differ from the first kind in so far as they do not openly advocate the use of force to gain their ends. They believe intensely (and rightly) in the disintegrating power of words. They thrive on discontent. They foster "class consciousness." They make it their business to convince the workingman that he is the victim of capitalistic intrigue; that he is an oppressed slave (we read in today's papers—March 15th—that many workers at the Hog Island shipyards are making from \$6,000 to \$7,000 a year). These Bolsheviki of the tongue do not sneer at patriotism. They would lose supporters if they did. So, by means either direct or indirect, depending upon their audience, they preach the gospel of Internationalism, as the "larger" attitude.

The editor of *The Survey*, Paul U. Kellogg, is an adept at that sort of insinuation. "It is hoped to keep alive," he writes, "in spite of the somewhat narrow nationalism naturally engendered by war conditions, something of that 'international mind' which has always been cultivated by the churches" (*Survey*, March 16th). Incidentally, casually as it were, he gives a glimpse of his own mind—the 'international mind' *par excellence*—in his account of a Radical Labor assembly at Nottingham, England. With real unction he describes the "very evident resurgence of feeling of working-class brotherhood." The delegates, he tells us, "began with singing Connell's familiar Red Flag, which was distributed by the *Labor Herald*. They did not balk nor turn a hair at the second stanza, which runs:

"Look round—the Frenchman loves its blaze;
 "The sturdy German chants in praise;
 "In Moscow's vaults its hymns we sung;
 "Chicago swells the surging throng.

"With one accord," he continues, "they gave the full-throated chorus for a seventh and last time at its close, singing it standing, heads up, in a great rolling bass:

"Then raise the scarlet standard high!
 "Within its shade we'll live or die;
 "Tho' cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
 "We'll keep the Red Flag flying here."

That Englishmen could sing such words, with Belgium still bleeding beneath the heel of the German brute, he does not see as shameful, but as commendatory, because the Englishmen who sang were Socialists, and because "the sturdy German" who "chants in praise" of the Red Flag is also, presumably, a Socialist. That is to say, they both belong to an inner circle which is above the limitations of nationality and whose only real enemy is the class which believes in the principle, *Noblesse oblige*—or *défende*, as the case may be.

It was in *The Survey* of March 9th, 1918, that that lucubration appeared; and *The Survey* is supposed to be the organ of the United Charities of New York! The worst of it is, the ignorant are deceived,—the feeble-minded who make up so large a percentage of every population. Thus, in *The Churchman* of February 23rd (an organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church), we find an editorial note: "Every issue of *The Survey* brings to *The Churchman* office valuable material which we would like to share with those who perhaps have not the privilege of reading that invaluable paper."

"Internationals" of the second group are far more dangerous than those of the first. "Sit down and talk it over with the Germans; appeal to their good sense and better nature,"—is what their words appear to suggest. Superficially the suggestion, in spite of its obvious folly, might be considered harmless—even "Christian." But what bitter mockery of Christ it is in fact! For beneath the surface of the words you are asked to condone evil; you are asked to compromise with wickedness and vice; you are asked to regard a German workman, simply because a workman, as belonging to a privileged class; you are asked to forget the outraged and mutilated women, the murdered and mutilated children, of Belgium and Serbia and France; you are asked to believe that God has forgotten these light peccadillos of the past (though they are of today and tomorrow and of eternity until those shameless criminals repent), and therefore you are asked to cultivate the 'international mind' which is above differences and above frontiers and above such things as sin.

It is one of the hideous perversions of true brotherhood, undermining of all righteousness and making peace impossible because God would spew such peace out of His mouth. Yet in some cases these "Internationals" are not so intentionally corrupting as they are in actual effect. Incurably provincial and self-complacent, they are often the victims of their early environment,—refugees from places like Kalamazoo, where the editor of *The Survey* was born and where he won his spurs as a journalist. They are twin to the *mujik* who thinks America is a part of Germany. He is emancipated. He knows. Travel merely deepens the impression!

And now we come to the question: Why is it so grievous a sin, fraught with such evil consequences, to forgive or to forget a crime until the criminal has repented? The answer is to be found in the command-

ment: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

If you had committed some awful crime, would you wish to be treated as a comrade, as a man of honor, by men of honor? Would you wish your offence to be ignored, to be forgotten, before you had repented and before you had tried to atone for your sin? Many people, unthinkingly, would answer, Yes! But that is because, first, when you ask them to imagine themselves as criminals, they shrink automatically from crime and induce in themselves a condition resembling penitence. Unable to imagine themselves as shameless, they very properly infer that they would be entitled to forgiveness, because they would forgive anyone who had truly repented. Ask them if, having committed a crime in a moment of passion, they would wish to continue a life of crime,—and they would answer at once in the negative.

In the second place, no one could answer in the affirmative who believes really in the existence of the soul, and in character as more important than worldly credit or success. The welfare of the soul, and the improvement, instead of the deterioration of character, should, for a Christian, be matters of supreme moment. To make light of sin is to encourage sin, both in oneself and in others. A child naturally wishes to smooth things over with his parents, regardless of contrition. But no parents worthy of the name will permit matters to be smoothed over, until their child is sorry for his wrong doing. Even if he is not as yet able to understand, for instance, the enormity of lying, he must at least be made to realize that his parents regard lying as an ugly and dishonoring offence. Unable, perhaps, to repent of having lied, he must be made to repent of having offended his parents. And if his parents fail him in this (as parents, through laziness or cowardice, often fail their children), they have failed to do unto him as they ought to wish that their parents had done unto them.

There is vital need to understand this principle clearly, because all the arguments of Pacifists are based, in effect, upon failure to understand it. Do unto others as you would be done by. Treat them as souls, not merely as bodies. Think of the desire of their souls, not merely of the desire of their personalities. Think of their eternal welfare, not merely of their transitory good pleasure.

Suppose that, in a moment of madness, you had killed your mother and two out of five of your brothers. Would you wish to be treated as Pacifists advocate, thus leaving you free to murder the survivors too? Or would you wish to be shot dead before your madness could carry you further? It is because you would wish to be killed, if possible before you had murdered anyone, and certainly before you had murdered the three who had so far survived, that it is a moral and a religious duty, at this time, and until Germans collectively and individually repent of their unspeakable crimes, to kill as many of them as you possibly can,

and, if you are not in the Army or Navy, to do everything in your power to provide the sinews of war for those who fight for you.

Forgive your enemies,—of course. It is mean and small not to do so. But this refers to your *personal* enemies, not to the enemies of Christ, not to the enemies of righteousness and truth and honor. If a man insult you, it may well be your duty to overlook it, particularly if in your opinion his welfare is not your primary concern. But if a man insult your wife or your mother, would it be "Christian" to invite a repetition of the offence? No one who thinks so has the slightest understanding of Christ.

No one can love righteousness who does not hate evil. Not to hate the iniquity which Germany embodies and therefore perpetrates, is to declare oneself not only unchristian but inhuman. As a central committee of Protestant churches recently declared:

"Love is fierce as well as tender. Love alone can make a man capable of indignation like that of Christ against the selfishness and brutality which throws aside sentiments of honor and humanity for intrigue and frightfulness. It was Christ who looked into the faces of men and called them children of the Devil; who said of those who mistreated children that it were better for them that a millstone were hanged about their necks and they were cast into the depths of the sea; who uttered the amazing invectives of the twenty-third chapter of Saint Matthew. It is the duty of the church to express and arouse the conscience of the nation against the acts of the German forces in captured territory and on the high seas."

Cardinal Mercier and hundreds of prominent Catholics have said exactly the same thing. "We will revenge and punish, if it shall take seven upon seven crusades to do so," said one of the best-known of Catholic laymen, Mr. William D. Guthrie, at a mass meeting of the Parish of St. Patrick's Cathedral, held on March 10th, 1918. And he spoke for the human conscience, not for his own Church only.

The Pacifist will quote: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." But mercy and justice are His also, and even as He requires us to execute justice and to extend mercy on His behalf and in His name, He requires us likewise to revenge the befoulments of His own being which Germans of all classes have found delight in committing. To leave God to revenge Himself would be as unchristian as to withhold mercy on the ground that mercy is His prerogative.

German-Americans, if any still feel that such fiends are their brothers, should be the first to wish them punished. No man, at that stage, repents, until long-continued suffering compels him to seek for its cause. He will never find the cause, which is his wickedness, unless human justice inflicts upon him publicly the punishment which fits the crime, and maintains the pressure of that punishment, steadily and relentlessly, until the lesson has been learned and effect traced back to cause. A child who steals and who persistently steals, must discover that whenever he steals he suffers. Otherwise you confirm him in his thievery.

Pacifists who desire peace (and we assume that is what they desire) should be the first to insist upon punishment. Can a city be at peace if murderers get off scot-free? It takes two to make peace.

Do Pacifists want this war to lead to another and a worse one? Germany is already preparing for her next war. General von Freytag-Loringhoven, Deputy Chief of the German Imperial Staff, in his *Deductions from the World War* (Putnams), tells us all about it, or as much as he thinks it would be good for us to know. "Will not the general exhaustion of Europe," he asks, "after the world conflagration, of a certainty put the danger of a new war, to begin with, in the background, and does not this terrible slaughter of nations point inevitably to the necessity of disarmament to pave the way to permanent peace?" To which he replies: "World-power is inconceivable without striving for expression of power in the world, and consequently for sea-power" (p. 150). And the German Majority Socialists are as mad for world-power in their way, as von Freytag-Loringhoven and the German Crown Prince are, in theirs. Power in both cases is their goal. Might makes right, in both cases is their creed. If there is one human being whom the German Socialist despises above all others, it is the Socialist of America, or of England or France: a non-German imitation of himself. To make peace with a socialist Germany would be to make peace with the Kaiser's left hand instead of his right, and to make peace with either would be to make peace with Hell.

If politicians were to concoct a "peace" tomorrow, there would be no peace in the world so long as Germany and Austria are free. They must be captured and hand-cuffed. If the rest of the world is not strong enough to do it now, the rest of the world must either accept the overlordship of Germany, or must arm to the teeth for a final life and death struggle. Every student of German history; everyone who knows the German nature, realizes that that and no other would be the choice. No agreement will bind her. She has proved that. Nothing but force, ceaselessly exerted, will keep her in her place. Pacifists may take their choice. But every man worthy of the name, and certainly every Theosophist, would rather give his life many times over than see the world-wide triumph of treachery and outrage over honor and justice and truth.

T.

"When things are at their worst according to the world, if the calamity is rightly used, they begin to be at their best according to God."

—Archbishop Ullathorne.



ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

THE NEED FOR SELF-EXAMINATION

DR. PUSEY introduced several useful Catholic practices into the Anglican Church, or, rather, he taught his adherents to use several useful practices, which, before his day, were almost unknown outside of Catholicism. One of these was Self-examination.

Of course every religion pre-supposes the need of the examination of one's conscience, morals, ideals, and general condition, at least occasionally, but, so far as I know, no Protestant sect makes a point of this. They certainly do not inculcate it as a systematic practice and as necessary to a healthy religious life.

To find experts in the religious life we must go, with very few exceptions to the Catholic Church. Of course I am referring only to Christianity, for the mass of the really great experts are of the East. But, wherever they are, experts long ago found out the paramount value of the great Hermetic axiom, "Man, Know Thyself"; and that, if we are to obey this injunction, the only way to do so is by means of the most systematic, detailed, and repeated self-examination. Casual and general examinations of conscience are practically valueless, for at the best, it is exceedingly difficult for us to determine our real faults, our real motives for doing anything, let alone arriving at any actual understanding of our natures, of ourselves. It is said most positively that, at the beginning of the way, no one understands himself in the least. He has faults he is unaware of; his real weaknesses are likely to be just where he prides himself upon his strength; he has no knowledge whatever of his besetting sin. Indeed, few people know what is their besetting sin. You will have travelled quite far towards self-understanding before you will be capable of so profound and subtle an analysis of yourself as to reveal to your own understanding, what actually is your chief weakness, and, previous to that, if some one else should tell you, you would not believe it.

Nor is it easy to diagnose the condition of others. We can often see outstanding faults in our superiors; at least we think we can, but we are quite incapable of any real judgment of their condition. The most that can be said is that we are nearly always wrong when expressing an opinion of a superior; we may occasionally guess right about an equal; and, if trained by experience, we may have a fairly reliable judgment with regard to those below us on the spiritual ladder.

One reason for all of this is fairly simple. Suppose a disciple already almost a saint is sent into incarnation to learn self-confidence and self-reliance. This is often necessary, for nearly all disciples lose their proper self-confidence while having false self-confidence beaten out of them. What happens? They are put into an environment where they must accept responsibility and where they must be aggressive. They are urged, by life, or by actual and definite advice from their spiritual director, to cultivate self-confidence, to take the initiative, to accept responsibility, not to be afraid, etc. Such a person goes through life giving the impression of being aggressive, domineering, forceful, self-reliant, while all the time, the Master, and perhaps a few others in the secret, know that the exact opposite of what appears to be the case, is the actual besetting sin of that disciple. No; it is not easy to understand others.

The reason why self-understanding is difficult, is still simpler. One of the chief punishments of sin, of any form of self-will,—of self-indulgence, is obscurity. Just in so far as we are bad, do we create veils between our consciousness and the Divine Light. The ultimate wages of sin is death, truly, but the proximate wages of sin is ignorance—blindness.

The reason why it is so hard to convert sinners is that sinners, because of their sin, have surrounded themselves with a cloud of misunderstanding which prevents their realization of what seems to others to be obvious and self-evident truth. Who has not felt that intense exasperation with some friend who, we feel, *will* not see the truth we are so anxious to give him? Who has not dashed himself in vain against that fatuous self-complacency, which is the common armour of unrighteousness? Who has not grieved over the sterility and lack of vision which is the concomitant of self-indulgence? We meet every day, we each know scores of people; friends, relations, associates, many of them charming, intelligent, agreeable, good in the common acceptance of the word, estimable people from almost every point of view, who yet lack something we consider vital; they have no interest in religion, or in a really personal spiritual life. On the contrary, they fight shy of it as something uncomfortable and upsetting, and they smile benignly, yet with irritation very near the surface, upon our tentative and usually ill-advised efforts to draw them into the net. We think it a pity that such nice people do not make more of their lives, do not have serious interests. Their opinion of us runs all the way from thinking us weak-minded bores, to having a secret respect for us, which makes them uneasy and which they endeavour to conceal.

The trouble with such people, and their name is legion, is not so much that they do not want to be religious, as it is a genuine and honest inability to see and understand. They have by past sinning of some kind, perhaps by what we are almost inclined to call innocent sins or harmless self-indulgences, as if there really were such things, (the tendency to think of any form of self-indulgence as harmless is an evidence of *our* blindness) put themselves outside the pale of understanding. They have cut themselves off from a whole department, and the most important and fundamental department of life. They no longer have any sense of spiritual values; they are incapable of responding to religious stimuli.

Of course, this is not a permanent condition, or at any rate, it need not be so. They have inhibited their faculty of spiritual perception, not permanently and not completely, but to the point where they do not respond to ordinary incentives. It takes a very heavy jolt to wake them

up. In ordinary times, as the Divine Powers are very merciful, such people are slowly trained, by life and experience, out of this dangerous condition. When the world gets too full of such people, and the people get too sound asleep, as was the case in recent years, we have a hideous catastrophe, like the Great War, which jars many millions out of their spiritual lethargy,—and so becomes the greatest of blessings.

But we must come back to our theme. Each one of us is also full of blind spots; we too have spiritual myopia. We are lucky if we haven't also astral astigmatism. We not only do not, but also, we cannot, as we are at present, understand ourselves; and yet we must. It is, in a sense, the same old spiritual paradox. We cannot cure our faults until we know we have them, and we cannot know we have them because they have so dulled our perception that we deny their existence. It would be a hopeless *impasse* if it were not for that gift of the Divine Powers called Grace.

We are picked bodily out of the black little hell each one has made for himself and carried up into a cleared spot where there is light enough for us to make a beginning. We begin to want to be good, and we see dimly a few of the things we must try to accomplish; we see faults to correct; we see habits to get rid of; we see qualities we lack and must try to acquire. Then, with each step forward, comes more light, a greater self-understanding. Every conquest of self lifts a corner of the veil. Years of effort result in a real penitence, and finally, as we begin to be saints, we realize that we are miserable sinners. Only the Saints understand how wicked they actually are. The higher we climb, the more contemptible we find ourselves. We start thinking ourselves pretty good, when we really are very bad, and we wind up knowing ourselves to be very bad, just as we are beginning to be pretty good. There is no hypocrisy or false humility about it; it is a sober fact. The ordinary man, who keeps the Ten Commandments, thinks himself a very decent sort of person, a credit to himself, his family and his country. Lots of people think it of him, and even tell him so. His clergyman, for instance, will point him out as a shining example. But after that man has spent a few incarnations trying to live a religious life, he will begin to get a conviction of sin, and by the time his poor "cribbed, cabined and confined" soul has a chance to breathe, he will know himself to be saturated through and through with evil. About the time others begin to speak of him as a Saint, he will see himself as a sink of iniquity, for he will be comparing himself with a clear vision of what he ought to be and can become, and will know how very far he is from this ideal. He no longer contrasts himself with other people, which is the comparison we all make in order to comfort our uneasy consciences, for that no longer interests, or concerns him; it is the yawning abyss which separates him from what he ought to be, that fills him with a genuine humility. He sees that he is ten thousand miles from his goal. That others around him are ten thousand and ten miles away, no longer comforts his vanity. They may, and many will, by extra effort, overtake and pass him.

But our theme is Self-Examination, and its great need, because we have blinded ourselves by sin, by self-indulgence. The last Elementary Article spoke of the way we deceive ourselves, but our present point is that even when we want to be honest and understand ourselves we are incapable of doing so because we have lost the faculties which should enable us to understand. The cure for this condition is, like everything else in the spiritual life, a question of effort. We must make a beginning, we must try. How to do so will be the subject of the next article.

C. A. G.



REVIEWS

A few days ago I was reading in one of the New York papers an unusually intelligent and acute account of certain phases of the present condition in Russia. the writer described among other things the mujiks' views on the United States. "I learned," he says, "a number of interesting things from the mujik concerning the United States:—that it is an English colony; that it is a part of France; that the masses are starving and a great Bolshevist revolution is in progress here; that America and Japan are now at war with Russia; that the United States itself is torn in Civil War, involving the distressing consequence that Mexico has revolted or withdrawn from the Union; and quite commonly that America is a bourgeois aristocracy where workmen are worse off than slaves." These impressions, if I might so style them, are somewhat bewildering and amazing, and are truly comic, in that the pathos of their ignorance brings the tears that mingle with our laughter.

THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY has received for review a slender book, attractively bound, entitled *The Work of the Masters*, by C. Lazenby, and reading it just now, the recently awakened mujik and his United States came cheerfully into my mind. The writer appears sincere and well meaning—one has been led to believe the same of the mujik by those who profess to know him—but in what depths of the ocean of Avidya both are submerged, while equally placid in their naïve confidence,—the greater in our astounding little book, because so frankly simple in its acknowledgment of lack of *complete* information. "I make no claims to finality," the author assures us in his Introduction; "And I hope my readers will bear constantly in mind that my statements are to be considered in the light of hints for thought, not as statements of exact knowledge." "Hence I hope no one will make a dogma of my utterances concerning our great Comrades," he adds further on in the same paragraph,—a hope which we all must fervently echo! For this book is nothing less than the biographies of ten of the Masters, some of the names used being those best known and loved by all members of The Theosophical Society. We read strange things—the veriest kaleidoscopic maze of fancy and fable shot through here and there with a glimmer of fact, but so misplaced and misunderstood as to be hardly recognizable in its garb and company. One feels in one's giddiness that astral gyrations could hardly move more breathlessly; and one has just enough intelligence remaining when the last page is turned, to realize that a sense of humour, even a *little* sense of humour, could have saved the whole situation. Laughing weakly, in an effort to establish one's own sanity, one suddenly had visions of H. P. B. reading the book, and one was sobered instantly at the sense of the consequences. No, under no circumstances, one said; never let it fall into the hands of H. P. B.!

It is hinted more than once, however, that we are not dealing with astral or psychic things: "not with any mayavic or spook forms." Certainly we are not dealing with "spooks" in the sense suggested that it may be no more than an "animated photograph," for no semblance of any photograph is here—animated or otherwise; but it would seem that we are dealing with those concentric semi-luminous whirls of psychic substance which are simultaneously cause and expression of psychic impulse.

I said we read strange things. Here are a few of them. We are told that we may "look upon the Scranton Correspondence schools and Cambridge University, the manual training schools and Leipzig University, the technical schools and Harvard University, as all parts and centers of the activity of K. H."!—(One wonders why Oxford, Yale and Chautauqua were omitted.)

We learn that another great Master will teach men in time to be *au dessus de la mêlée*, and to have "the great pride in humanity as a whole, which they now feel for a flag or a Country." (Behold the astral serpent coiled!)

Hilarion was a highly educated Englishman of the best social position thirty-five years ago, we are informed, who "had a good deal to do with keeping alight the fires of spiritual knowledge in Cambridge University." The mystery of the intervening years is not explained, but in compensation it is stated plainly that he is a reincarnation of Iamblichus!

The Master of Vibrations is telescoped with the Rajah, and the Rajah is spoken of as "this great Nirmanakaya"!—and so on, and so on.

One leaps from amazement to amazement on each page, until the distressing loss of Mexico is as nothing in comparison!

But we cannot altogether forget another side,—the pity, the infinite pity of it: that good intention, minus intelligence and understanding, should lead any form of spiritual search into such a morass as this, and, living in the midst of it, should still see it as spiritual! Better far the mujik, whose religion and philosophy are merely matters "of crossing himself whenever he encounters an icon." And there is something akin to indignation, drowned only by our pity and a certain human contempt, that even ignorance can blindly strive to drag to such low levels, if only the names of those whose splendour and loftiness place them beyond the reach of trivialities and travesties like these.

Then there is the scarcity of paper and the need for retrenchment!

G.

The Fruits of Silence, by Cyril Hepher, published by the Macmillan Co. Mr. Hepher was an editor of *The Fellowship of Science*, and is one of a group of Anglicans who have been closely associated with the Society of Friends and certain Theosophists. This book is an admirable, if limited, appeal for the right use of meditation, and for the need that there is to-day for a discovery in one's own heart of the Master's presence. "Christianity is Christ," Mr. Hepher says, and we cannot find Christ in the world until we have discovered Him in our own souls. It is to the silence of our "closet" that we must go, and it is the "Father which seeth in secret" whom we must find. In the steadily growing demand for reality in religion, men are discovering that religion and religious consolation are not to be found in the forms of religious worship, in prayer-meetings, in divine service, in Communion, unless there be attached to that form the spirit of religion, unless within that form there is a breath of divine reality, unless the Master is perceived and known directly.

This reality may most readily be achieved by entering into silence, especially "a corporate silence. It is a Fellowship of Silence, and silence in fellowship is the easiest of all silences. In it we help one another. As we seek God together the Divine Life indwelling each separate soul overflows our individual separateness, and reaching forth unites soul with soul in the unity of the One Spirit" (p. 17).

The Fruits of Silence are first "the sense of the Presence," next, "the sense of His voice and His will." These fruits come only with the actual "living of the life," come only when the heart and mind are concentrated whole-heartedly and with determination. The Inner Light is there to be found—"more than the light of conscience." And this Inner Light can only be perceived by entering into the inner darkness and mastering the power of spiritual vision latent within us. "The evolutionary transition from the faintest sensation of light to the miracle of the

human eye is as nothing to the interval that lies between the sensitiveness to the Light of God in the soul of the savage and the soul of a saint."

But one glimpse of this Light and the soul turns toward it,—penitent. "No more sins" was the first cry of St. Catherine of Genoa. With penitence comes a new power, the first great active fruit of Silence, and that is the power to intercede, the power to help others. "The Intercession of Silence" is at once the main theme and the lesson of Part II; for it should be the prayer of the non-combatant half of the Christian Church to-day. Intercession can be learned; it is a vital necessity, and therefore *must* be learned. "Sacrifice is the stuff of which great prayer is made" (p. 149), but there is the sacrifice of intercession as well as the soldier's gift of his life. "The Church must be England's penitent before she can be England's intercessor." The sacrifice of the intercessor is a sacrifice of will—it is the essence of sacrifice, "the will to give oneself wholly and without reserve to God and man" (p. 157). "Not words but longing is his prayer." "Our capacity to influence others is in proportion to our capacity to focus and concentrate our whole unified being, first upon God, and then upon those we desire to help" (p. 48).

"First upon God"—that is the lesson which men must learn. All other commandments depend upon the "first and great." Our ability to help our brother, to love our brother, depends on our love of God, upon our self-dedication to God.

Mr. Hepher has had experience, and he speaks with the assurance and the tolerance of genuine conviction. "Repetition, when it is not vain repetition, is half-way along the road to silence"—thereby uniting the Buddhist prayer-wheel with the Rosary. "Any man can make an occasional effort in prayer, but perseverance in things spiritual demands discipline. In any campaign it is the steady disciplined work of the trained man that turns the scale. Such discipline is as vital to the soul, and as essential in the spiritual task as in the industrial or military." In this recognition we find the justification of the religious Orders of the Church. "The Church needed a spiritual Kitchener to recruit and train its army of intercessors." What the world does not yet realize is that Kitchener could have taught the world how to pray better than most accredited religious teachers.

This little book reveals a very mellow spirit, and is earnest and sincere. It has also the merit of definiteness. "Spiritual things are spiritually apprehended, and only spiritually. Spiritual truth is not unfolded to the intellect without the Spirit" (p. 30). The silence of meditation is a means to an end—"it liberates the spiritual in man,"—it is the path of union with the Voice of the Silence.

One thing we regret. "What is the attraction of Theosophy and Christian Science to so many minds? Certainly not the astonishing dogmas that they propound. It is, I believe, the method of spiritual development, the initiation into the mysteries of meditation, and the strong emphasis on the presence of God in the soul and upon the immanence of the spiritual within the material, that is the secret of their power" (p. 121). We deplore the fact that Mr. Hepher has evidently come in contact with one of the many pseudo-theosophies, not with Theosophy itself,—otherwise he could not have spoken of its "dogmas," nor have coupled it with Christian Science.

The constitution of the Society reads (Article V, 2) "Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, and to declare such belief or disbelief without affecting his standing as a member of the Society, each being required to show that tolerance of the opinions of others which he expects for his own." By-Law 38 reads: "No member of the Theosophical Society shall promulgate or maintain any doctrine as being that advanced or advocated by the Society." On the back cover of the *QUARTERLY* will be found the words: "The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose . . ." Mr. Hepher is right in stating that the attraction to Theosophy cannot and never will come from "dogmas." In the very fact of their being dogmas, they cease being Theosophy. Theosophy may best

be described, perhaps, as an attitude and a life, and its power comes truly from the "immanence of the spiritual within the material." But the recognition of this, if it be expounded as a dogma, is cramping and limiting the reality into forms and words. There can be no dogmas that hold life, for soon or late life will expand, and outgrow or burst the form. Societies or people who use the name of Theosophy and at the same time dogmatize, in the very nature of things belie the name they use. The light they have obtained from experience will be so distorted and colored as to mislead and darken rather than to illumine.

Mr. Hepher's book is to be recommended to readers of the QUARTERLY.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

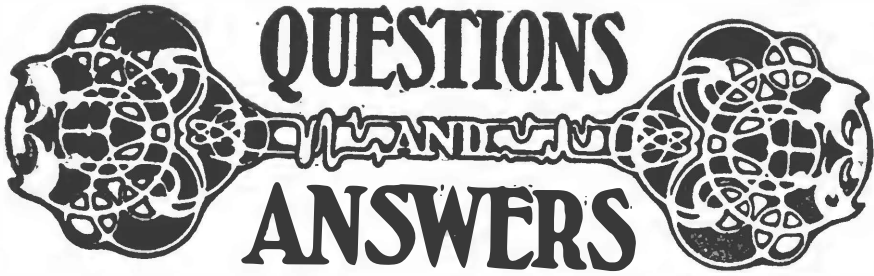
The Vision Splendid, by John Oxenham, published by George H. Doran Co., at \$1.00, is a book of poems inspired by the war. They are religious in the widest and best sense. Read unmoved "The Ballad of Jim Baxter"—if you can. Read "One Mother," and see what the war has taught. But of the author himself one says,—A man who has suffered, and who has found the Eternal. *The Vision Splendid*, he says, is the Cross Victorious. H.

The United States and Pan-Germania, by André Chéradame, the author of *The Pan-German Plot Unmasked*, is published by Scribners at 50 cents. The author again sets forth the vitally important facts which his earlier work called to public attention—knowledge of which is essential to an understanding of the war—and then shows why it is that the United States, for its own protection as well as for righteousness' sake, must throw its full weight into the conflict and must never turn back until Germany and Austria-Hungary have been brought to their knees. More specifically, he shows that there can be no peace in the world so long as Germany is allowed to keep in subjugation the Slavs, Czechs, Poles, Roumanians and Italians whose misfortune it is to live within the Austrian Empire, and that the people of that Empire, which is Germany's base for her Berlin-Bagdad-World-Dominion programme, must, for the world's preservation, be set free. H.

A Crusader of France, by Captain Ferdinand Belmont, with an Introduction by Henri Bordeaux, is the English translation of *Lettres d'un officier de Chasseurs Alpins*. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., at \$1.50, and is one of the best books written about the war. The author, who was killed in action in 1915, was a deeply religious man. But he was also by nature a poet and a philosopher. His letters give a moving and illuminating picture of his own inner development, as the war beat upon him and as he re-acted to its tremendous claims. He attained an astonishing detachment, but, as M. Bordeaux says, warmed and purified it "in the flame of charity and divine love." "He himself had gradually loosened the bonds which held him to the earth, and when God called him, He found him free." H.

Meditations Dans La Tranchée, by Lieutenant Antoine Redier, may be remembered by readers of the QUARTERLY as having been referred to, more than once, in the "Screen of Time." It has now been translated into English and is published by Doubleday, Page and Company, under the title *Comrades in Courage*, price \$1.40. It is an admirable and most interesting record, not only of the growth of a human soul but of the broadening and deepening of a human intellect as the result of life in the trenches.

There is much in it that will be displeasing to Socialists, Bolsheviki, and people with similar obsessions; because the author has come face to face with the facts of life, and is honest enough to recognize the lessons which such facts instil. H.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 220.—*What can we learn from the Great War about Karma and its workings?*

ANSWER.—As Karma is the working of inner things out to the surface, we might think of this war as the working out to the surface of all that the different nations have been building into their national character. And as the nation is made up of individuals, it would appear that the small everyday choices which determine the character of the individual, must have been potent in ranging the nations, some on the side of the White Powers, some under the control of the Black Forces, the powers that make for Evil. Can those who regard Karma as absolute compassion, as an expression of love, mercy, and “poetic justice,” reconcile this view with the position in which the Central Powers are now placed? One answer might be that mercy would be exemplified by making conditions such that the impurities within those nations and their peoples might be allowed to work out (no matter what form that took) instead of being allowed to stay within their natures, thereby producing corruption and death. Would it be their good or their bad Karma that lead them into such a plight? In that question we have the statement of one of the paradoxes surrounding this whole law of Karma; from the point of view of Higher Manas whatever made for purification would seem to be good, no matter what the pain or the loss; from the point of view of Lower Manas the opposite conclusion might be reached.

We have been told that in order to understand the War it is necessary to look at it as one moment in that everlasting conflict between Good and Evil that must endure until the whole world is redeemed; it is waged ceaselessly in the inner world, and occasionally externalized as at the present. In 1914, men were apparently so convinced of everlasting peace that they had given themselves to fox-trotting, speculation, and social reform; war was declared, and they were rudely awakened from their dreams. As viewed by the Lords of Karma the only change in the situation then must have been the extent to which men had become aware of it; to which they willed to enter into it.

What brought about the externalization of the war? We can only surmise that under cyclic law the time had come when the Lords of Karma could risk bringing the conflict to the surface—where man’s active coöperation was demanded, where his course might be temporarily decisive. It is interesting to speculate as to the length of time by which their decision preceded the outbreak of hostilities. We can image to ourselves the situation when the forces of Evil discovered that there was to be open contest in this external world, which they must regard as peculiarly their own domain; we can see the devils exultantly seeking out their own in each country, whispering into every attentive ear the false doctrine of Socialism, saying in many different tongues,—“Lo, we are all brothers!” We ask ourselves, was it necessary that some nations should have been found to represent their cause? Was Germany doomed, by its past Karma, to be their tool? What turned England’s wavering of early August, 1914, into a brave declaration for the right? It was Russia’s determination, in July, 1914, to mobilize her forces that was made the ostensible occasion for the entry of Germany into the quarrel between Austria

and little Serbia—thus precipitating Europe into war. How does it happen that Russia, then so determined, is now a great disintegrating mass, dangerous alike to friend and foe? When Russia saw her duty clearly, our own country was deep in the drugged sleep that looked like the sleep of death. How was it that this country was finally aroused, in time to gain the chance to fight side by side with the Heavenly Hosts? There is the once lordly kingdom of Spain, taking no part in this contest. Is its present ease, its freedom from toil and suffering, the measure of its past good Karma? Or might we venture the conclusion that the amount which a nation is permitted to suffer for the Master's Cause is, as in the individual case of Joan of Arc, a gauge of its worthiness rather than of its offences? What quality has made the French the leaders in this warfare, and through what past experience was that vision and that ardour gained? It has been hinted in the QUARTERLY that France is the chosen land of the Master Christ? Might the triumph of the cause to which she is so completely giving herself mean the establishment of His outward and visible kingdom upon the earth? Would this mean the externalization of a part of the spiritual Hierarchy? Is the cycle of the Adept Kings to return?

There are endless questions that present themselves about the part played long ages ago by the souls that now guide the destinies of the warring nations. How did they then align themselves; how did they make the Karma which has placed them where they are to-day? We may not lift that veil as yet, but as this conflict advances we do see thrown into wonderfully vivid colouring that web of Karma's weaving which "binds together men and nations in a pattern of marvelous beauty." Intricate relations which are usually open only to the eyes of the spiritual powers are by this conflict made clear for those who care to see. Indeed so much is now forced to the surface, consequences follow so quickly and so unmistakeably on the heels of action, that we should be wise to study and store up for use in future lives the revelation of spiritual law now so openly made.

Take the case of Belgium, whose very name breathes honour. A few years ago she stood calmly by, first conniving in and then sharing in, the unspeakable cruelties which her mad king inflicted on the natives of the Congo. By what act of "poetic justice" was that Belgium galvanized into the Belgium of King Albert and Cardinal Mercier? At which period in her history can we imagine that she would seem richer, happier, more fortunate in the eyes of the Lords of Karma?

Where could we find a more vivid picture of rapidity of Karmic action than in Russia? Hurried into war, lacking guns, ammunition, in fact everything save men, that goes to the making of a great army,—how splendidly she fought and sacrificed so long as she saw this as a contest to be waged for God and Czar and home! Then we see the idealists listening to voices that bade them centre their efforts at home, and seize this time of confusion to right the governmental wrongs that their people had suffered. They probably did not see this as treachery to their Allies, but dreamed of the quiet and peaceful establishment of a better form of government for Russia, while all eyes were fixed on the world war. So they raised the old battle cry of "liberty, freedom and equality" which has never failed to make its appeal to the baser passions of men—and shortly Russia was on fire; Socialism was rampant; then, so quickly did the fire run, Socialism was too conservative for the masses who, forgetting everything except their greed, opened their gates to Anarchy and the Bolsheviki—who at least dared to put into practice the theories which Socialists the world over had proclaimed. In the name of the Brotherhood of Socialism we hear them calling upon their German fellows not to advance upon Russia, consistently exemplifying the principles of their common cause. It is evident that this cry has been answered by an uneasy stirring in Germany, but the German army's advance was not halted. Instead we have another object lesson on the big screen of current history, showing again that the Brotherhood of the dark powers, based upon selfishness and aggression, holds firm only when it is to the

separate advantage of each participant that it should; only when no sacrifice of one for the others is demanded. Already there are signs that the Socialists of America are questioning the position of their brothers in Germany, charging them with being untrue to the cause of Socialism, although to us it might seem that German Socialists were showing out consistently the evil wishing on which their theory of government is based. Is it possible that the contrast between true and false Brotherhood may yet be made so plain on the steppes of Russia that all the right-minded, true-hearted people of every nation may be rallied in conscious recognition of the issues really at stake in this episode of the great spiritual war—may finally, and deliberately take their places under the banner of the Master for the external conquest of this world, for the establishment of His kingdom, outwardly a part of the Kingdom of the Heavens?

Several writers in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY have declared that the Theosophical Movement has in this century accomplished what it has never been possible to do before—that the impetus brought by the Lodge Messenger in the last quarter of the 19th century has been carried over the turn of the century. This would imply that in maintaining outer connection with the White Lodge the Theosophical Movement must also have attracted the special notice of the Black Lodge; seeds of evil, lying dormant in men's hearts, must have been quickened by the same outpouring of force that has quickened the seeds of aspiration and devotion. In some sense, therefore, we might find warrant for saying that it has been the Karma of the Theosophical Movement to bring into the world this greatest of all world wars.

C. H.

QUESTION No. 221.—*If all true religion is based upon theosophical principles, why is it that the church (or some church) does not formally acknowledge and teach Theosophy, and be the center of all theosophic thought, instead of the Theosophical Society?*

ANSWER.—The form of this question would be improved by the omission of its first word, "if"; because the hypothesis, suggested by the "if," is not a hypothesis at all, but solid fact. Why then do not the Churches make themselves centres of the Theosophical teaching? Because the Churches, to their great loss, in most cases, shake upon the sands of conjecture and speculation instead of standing firm upon the rock of Truth.

The Theosophical Society is a small piece of leaven working silently and hidden. In time, through the work of the T. S. the Churches will become centres of Theosophical teaching. The T. S. may then be able to disband, possibly.

C. D.

ANSWER.—Theosophy is not a body of dogmas. It means "divine wisdom," and is "practically a method, intellectually an attitude, ethically a spirit, and religiously a life." If every truth ever enunciated at the meetings of the Theosophical Society were to be formally acknowledged and taught by the churches there would be no less need for the Society. As a sphere cannot be mapped on a flat surface without distortion so Truth cannot be cramped into formulas and dogmas, nor can it be contained in any one mind. Each man sees from his own angle his own little piece. For anything approximating a true view, the synthesis of many minds and many viewpoints is required. The Theosophical Society has no dogmas and by its constitution can have none. It is and must be kept a free platform where opportunity is given for such a synthesis. It is "a missionary organization for the conversion of men to their own ideals." It makes the Buddhist a better Buddhist and the Christian a better Christian. It does not seek to make the Buddhist a Christian, or the Christian a Buddhist.

Two travelers start for New York, the one from Washington, the other from Albany. Their goal is the same yet the one goes north and the other south and both are right. The Theosophical Society would have each man follow his own

highest light, that "dim star that burns within" till it leads him to his own Master and his own immortality.

ANSWER.—*Theosophy and the Theosophical Society*, by H. B. Mitchell, obtainable from the Quarterly Book Department, contains the answer to this question and much else of great value.

ANSWER.—A house rests on one foundation, but each room may be different. For convenience, each room will be different in arrangement, furnishings and even decoration. For any church to assume the position of the T. S. would it not have to include all churches? Would there not result a distinct loss, in the failure to give racial, and even individual, expression. I try to be a follower of Christ, because I belong in the West. Had Karma made me an East Indian perhaps I should use the room in the mansion dedicated to Gautama Buddha. But whichever church I belong to, I may still be a loyal F. T. S. Is the mass ready to take this position? Would not an Army lose if regimental pride were wiped out? Yet all soldiers are loyal to the Army.

G. WOODBRIDGE.

ANSWER.—Has any church ever avoided dogma? Is there any church that is not an organization with some form of discipline or rule? These questions may suggest answers to this question. Holmes, in either the *Creed of Christ* or the *Creed of Buddha* (books well worth reading, by the way), points out that the Soul being infinite cannot be limited; hence cannot be defined, and, therefore, cannot be proved, but, once cognized, ratiocination will then work and strengthen faith. A church must insist on the existence of the soul as a matter of dogma—there would be no other basis for its discipline or rule. The T. S. insists only on tolerance—unflinching, never-failing tolerance.

P.

ANSWER.—Study of the teachings of Our Lord Jesus Christ, in comparison with the teaching of the Lord Siddartha, or the Lord Krishna, seems to develop a marked similarity; yet there is not duplication. There appears to be a drawing upon a common source of teaching; yet there is not identity of expression; nor of application. Each Great Teacher seems to have recognized a different phase of understanding in the multitudes addressed, however close may be the inner Teaching to disciple, chela or lanoo. Would a typical citizen of Chicago enjoy the same form of worship; the same angle of truth, that would suit a typical resident of Benares or Hyderabad? Could a church face these differences without weakening its position? Is not a church an organization of people of similar tastes? Is not Theosophy what Professor Mitchell calls it in "*Theosophy and the Theosophical Society*" (which the inquirer might well write for to the Book Department)? Could a church so extend its limits? Could a church rest on so universal a platform—and have any strength of organization left?

S.

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, on Saturday, April 27, 1918, beginning at 10.30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, 349 West 14th Street, New York; or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

4. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. At 8.30 p. m. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors (members and non-members) are cordially invited. On Sunday, April 28th, at 3.30 p. m., there will be a public address at the Little Thimble Theatre, northwest corner, 8th Street and Fifth Avenue, open to all who are interested in Theosophy. The regular Notice of the Convention, sent to the Branches in February, was in error in stating that this lecture would be at the Hotel St. Denis, which is no longer available.

ADA GREGG,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 28, 1918.

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