THE ARYAN PATH

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CONTENTS

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

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

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Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the world, that face of the true Sun, which is now hidden by a vase of golden light ! so that we may see the truth and know our whole duty.

THE ARYAN PATH

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1930. No. 9

The Editors hold themselves responsible for unsigned articles only. They are not necessarily in agreement with the views of their contributors to whom they leave free expression of opinion.

THE GREAT HERESY.

Not very long ago spiritual life was identified in the west with the monastic life, and in the east with idleness, masquerading as asceticism. Other-worldliness meant the vision of a heaven distinct from earth where God existed for the Christian, and Nirvana-Moksha-Fana for the easterner. Such was the objective, and traditional belief was the way to it. As a natural concomitant it was held that only the " chosen of God " could know God, or that " the highest caste " could realise Atma, Spirit. In the case of the west all others were damned unless they came into line and acknowledged the supremacy of the Church, while in the east men had to wait until Karma made it possible for them to be born into the caste which alone can truly understand holy writ and practise its doctrines.

For long centuries these views held sway. Let a grateful word be recorded to the memory of those few heroes who in the face of persecution kept the Light of Pure Reason burning. Preaching in secrecy to ready listeners and proclaiming publicly their message whenever opportunity presented itself, these, fortune's favoured soldiers, fought the devil of separateness—blind belief and Luciferian pride. To them, amongst other potent forces, we owe the breakdown of the falsehood that spiritual life is for the monk, the *bairagi*, and the dervish alone.

We are, however, still in a transition stage. Only one principal cause of ignorance on the subject has been removed—at least for the educated. The heresy of separateness is the original sin which reproduces itself in countless ways. And so we find humanity still surrounded on all sides by this false notion: The wordly man with his cares, the merchant dealing with lucre that is too often filthy, the householder attached to parents, partner and progeny, the artist engrossed in his own creations, the individual absorbed in his profession, craft or even scientific research—all such as have not set themselves apart from the world, the flesh and the devil, cannot possibly live the life of the soul. Although religious and creedal limitations have broken down, and although it is recognized theoretically that any soul anywhere can aspire to spiritual realization and succeed, it is still a general working belief that soul-life has no intimate connection with this world, and therefore it is not for ordinary mortals to tread the strait path and the narrow way.

In this era of specialists it is taken for granted that doctors of the soul form a distinct class, to whom sick souls must repair, even as a neurasthenic to a psychiatrist. Even among those familiar with the doctrines of Theosophy there are some who hold that the higher soul-life is for the particular few alone and not for the masses for whom religious creeds suffice. Such people have not recognized that in the east and west alike religious corruption is rampant and is the breeder of two-thirds of the evil from which our civilization suffers.

Fortunately the breakdown for such a separative and narrow view is imminent since the emergence of the idea that a man desirous of living the inner life of the soul need not give up his vocation, should not run away from his duties. It is even granted by such men as Gandhiji and Tagore in India, Romain Rolland in France, Middleton Murry in England, and their peers in America, that an aspirant for soul illumination will have to leave behind the hard and binding narrowness of *math* and church. All such advanced thinkers and friends of humanity say that soul-life consists in a particular attitude to the world, its ways and vocations, and that this attitude is an inner attitude. Satyagraha, perception and practice of truth, is the attitude recommended by Gandhiji. To live in, and by, the light of beauty is that reiterated by Tagore. The quality of thought which enables a man to seek for the meaning of life in sincerity and sacrifice is that recommended by Romain Rolland. The integrity which brings serenity with the emergence of the true self through the second birth, of which Middleton Murry speaks, results from an attitude to life which in its turn produces a higher attitude. Many other attitudes have been suggested, and all of them have two common factors—firstly, soul-life is a matter of individual and inner effort for which religions and churches are not only unnecessary but are even positive hindrances; secondly, any daring soul can start on the journey.

So far so good. But the original sin has reproduced itself in still another form of separateness which, in its, nationalistic phase was dealt with in our last number by J. W. T. Mason. Applied to the individual it means that an inner and psychological division is being made—some emphasize the supremacy of the will to do, others of thought, still others of feeling, as a means of soul-expansion. Confusion and failure mostly result for Life is an indivisible whole and can only be understood, conquered and absorbed by the whole man, not by any one part or combination of several parts of him.

Theosophy deals with the whole man, defining him as the microcosm, a miniature but an *exact* copy of the great cosmos. There is not a force in nature which is absent in man : every power and potency of matter is inherent in the human body ; every law in nature works as an energy in human intellect, thus enabling it to master all natural processes, visible and invisible ; universal and impartite Spirit, one with the human being, is emptying Itself in him in the long course of evolution. The Perfect Man, the Initiate, the Mahatma, is one in whom the ocean of life and light has already emptied itself. He is like unto a translucent lake in which the mighty sun casts a perfect reflection.

Unless this ancient view of man, as the highest product of evolution, is recognized ; unless this ideal that each human soul can become not only God-like, but God, is admitted; unless as a resultant from this, *knowledge* is sought as to how one can perceive these facts, practise their lessons and gain first-hand experience like unto those who have preceded us in the quest—the living of the higher life will remain a fitful adventure full of risks, dangers and failures.

To overcome the sin of separateness between branches of knowledge, the sin which causes religious bigotries, class wars, nationalistic enmities, the sin which started in the human kingdom with the fall of the angels (not a Christian but a universal myth)—to overcome this, man must learn of the Dual Unity. First, there is the unity subsisting within himself, a wholly complete copy of the Great Nature and second, the unity subsisting between himself and the Great Self which is Nature.

Not by devotion alone, not by mind alone, not by sacrificial works alone, but by the effort of the whole man to unfold all his latent powers and to perfect all those which have become partially patent—that is the only correct method to pursue in the spiritual life, because it deals with the complete man. That leads to the goal where truth is fully known ; where beauty completely expresses itself ; where wisdom radiates forth on all sides ; where the glory of the second birth is a realisation.

Man and the Universe are one. As long as this basic truth is not made the starting point of the inner life and held to all through the journey, the dire heresy of separateness will assail the aspirant, and in some shape or form will cause his fall.

What can give us the courage and sure confidence to proceed with this stupendous journey of the Soul? The knowledge that in the past souls have attained to the supreme height, and that what men have done, that men can do.

In Brahma-Vidya, Gnosis, Theosophy, is to be found the record of evolution and experience. Such a record, immemorial, constant and consistent forms the Book of Nature, translated in every era and civilization by illumined minds for the helping of human individuals. Look for the synthesis of science, religion, and philosophy which completely explains the whole of man and the whole of Nature, and the first correct step in Soul-Life will have been taken.

In ancient seats of learning the following is given as an early subject of meditation to the aspirant and the disciple :—

That which is neither Spirit nor Matter, neither Light nor Darkness, but is verily the container and root of these, that thou art. The Root projects at every Dawn its shadow on ITSELF, and that shadow thou callest Light and Life, O, poor dead FORM. (This) Life-Light streameth downward through the stairway of the seven worlds, the stairs, of which each step becomes denser and darker. It is of this seven-times-seven scale that thou art the faithful climber and mirror O, little man! Thou art this, but thou knowest it not.

THE PRACTICALITY OF BUDDHISM AND THE UPANISHADS.

[**Edmond Holmes** is known wherever idealists strive for a higher life or a better state of society. For thirty-five years he was in the Educational Service of the British Government; and he used his experience to write a volume which has become a classic—*What Is and What Might Be.* He belongs to that very small band of Westerners who read correctly the old Eastern philosophies, because they sincerely endeavour to practise the teachings and live the life; this is the secret of success, of the grasp displayed in *The Creed of Buddha*; this also explains how he was able to make living *The Creed of Christ.*

We consider it a privilege to publish this article which brings ripe fruits of experience borne of a venerable age—eighty years. He tells us, "I can honestly say that I mean every word of it." An interesting personal remark we must take the liberty to record—"Here is the paper which you asked me to write. I have written it to order for the first time in my life." Doubly grateful then, we print the article which has not only a message for the individual but also forms one more noble link that binds East and West.—EDS.]

Of all the schemes of life which man has devised for his own edification and guidance, the most practical is that which Buddha, as the inheritor and interpreter of the wisdom of the Upanishads, gave to the world. In it both religion and philosophy are resolved into ethics. The path of life, as Buddha mapped it out, is the path to Ideal Good. It is also the path to Ideal Truth. Knowledge of Reality, the goal of every thinker, is to be won, not by intellectual activity, but by a life-long effort to become real, to find one's real self. And each of us must work out his salvation for himself. There is no need for him to invoke the aid of the priest, the spiritual director, the theologian, the metaphysician. He must take himself in hand and be a lamp unto himself—a lamp which will shine more brightly, the more it is used and trusted. The life of self-control, self-sacrifice, self-development—the life, in plainer words, of unselfishness, of moral goodness—will enable him at last to overcome all the forces that war against the soul, and solve all the riddles that perplex the mind.

If we would understand Buddha's scheme of life, how it came to be, and what it stands for, we must go back to the Upanishads. What were the Upanishads? We of the West are apt to assume that there was no philosophical speculation in the world till Thales of Miletus in Ionia appeared on the scene, with his naïve suggestion that the one reality which underlies all phenomena is *water*. But centuries before the birth of Thales (494 B.C.) the sages of Ancient India had meditated on the great problems of life and had felt their way towards a solution of them, a comprehensive solution which, for imaginative insight and largeness of conception, has never been surpassed. But the solution was one which transcended the limits of formal exposition. "The aim of the Upanishads," says Professor Radhakrishnan,

" is not so much to reach philosophical truth as to bring peace and freedom to the human spirit. They represent free and bold attempts to find out the truth without any thought of a system. Notwithstanding the variety of authorship, and the period of time covered by them, we discern in them a unity of purpose, and a vivid sense of spiritual reality."*

If Professor Radhakrishnan is right—and as an exponent of Indian philosophy he speaks with unquestionable authority—the Upanishads were the outcome of a profound intuitional philosophy which stood apart from orthodox theology on one side, and metaphysical speculation on the other. An intellectual philosophy, whether it take the form of theology (the metaphysics of the people) or quasi-logical speculation (the metaphysics of the "Schools"), must needs elaborate itself into a system ; for a system alone possesses the finality which intellect imperatively demands, and without which it cannot have "consummation and rest." And the inevitable shallowness of a purely intellectual philosophy makes it possible for it to formulate its conclusions and present them to us as a system which offers intellectual satisfaction and demands intellectual assent. But an intuitional philosophy is content to be as unsystematic—and yet as sure of itself ; as indifferent to precision and formulation—and yet as dogmatic (in the true sense of the word) as is that kindred movement of the human spirit which we call poetry. Finality has no charm for it ; for vision has a certitude of its own which enables it to dispense with formal proof.

The unity of purpose which Professor Radhakrishnan discerns, and would have us discern, in the Upanishads reflects itself in a unity of method. The interest which the sages of the Upanishads took in the fundamental problems of existence was practical rather than speculative ; and this initial feature of their philosophy determined both their method and their aim.

Why do we want to understand the Universe ? So that we may order our own lives aright. This is why I, for one, want to understand it. I want to find out what the Universe means for me, the real Me, being well assured that what it means for my real Me, it means for every other Me. This is a valid reason for wishing to understand the Universe ; and the only valid reason ; and the only reason which can enable the attempt to understand it to achieve even a partial and provisional success. To make the attempt in a spirit of intellectual curiosity, to degrade the mystery of the Universe to the level of a cross-word puzzle, is to go astray at the very outset ; for to undertake the quest of Reality in that spirit involves an initial misunderstanding of the scope and purpose of one's undertaking and, correspondingly, an initial misconception of the test and measure of Reality. It is only in terms of moral and spiritual values, of what the ultimate facts of existence are worth to me, of what they demand from me, that the evaluation of the Universe can be attempted by me, with any hope, however faint and fleeting, of success.

* *The Philosophy of the Upanishads* by Professor Radhakrishnan.

It was in this spirit that the Rishis, the recluses of Ancient India, to whose meditations we owe the idealistic philosophy of the Upanishads, set forth on their great adventure. They were not metaphysicians. They worked in no spirit of intellectual curiosity. They wanted to find out what is real in the Universe, in order that they might find out what was real in themselves. And it was in themselves that they sought for what is ultimately real in the Universe. If they could not find it there, where could they hope to find it ?

Their method was that of *meditation*, a word which has depths of meaning that few of us Westerns have attempted to fathom. We are apt to think of meditation as a kind of day-dreaming, or, at best, as an intense mental concentration such as that of the mathematician who is absorbed in the solution of a difficult probelm. For the Rishis, as for all the great mystics of whatever race or creed, meditation was an intense spiritual activity, an exploration of self which is made possible by a forcible stilling of the surface waves of life so that the voice of the Silence can at last make itself heard. It begins as an attempt to get outside self into a higher reality. So far as its immediate aim is concerned, the attempt must needs miscarry ; for what seems to be outside self—the outward world, as we call it—is obviously less real (if there are degrees in reality) than the self or spirit which is able to contemplate it, and survey it, and study it, and question it, and make use of it, and even re-mould it to its heart's desire. Where, then, is Reality to be found ? In a world which meditation can unveil to us ; a world which is not outside self, but which lies beyond its familiar horizon. To explore that world is the work of the meditative spirit, a work in which there is no finality, for the boundaries of self recede for ever as we approach them, and its depths deepen for ever as we try to fathom them.

But this unknown self, this self which eludes our grasp by hiding itself, again and again, in its own infinitude, must be our *real* self, if there is any meaning in the idea of reality. It follows that the Ultimate Reality which we are in quest of, and which we speak of familiarly as God, is no other than the real self of man. Brahman and the Ātman, the innermost reality of the Universe and the real—or ideal—self of man, are one.

This is something more than the conclusion to a chain of metaphysical syllogisms. For the masters of meditation, for the great spiritual mystics, to whose goodly company the Rishis of Ancient India belong, it is an inalienable conviction, the outcome of a self-certifying experience, an experience which is too authoritative to be challenged and too vivid to be ignored. It is the last term, so to speak, in an experience which is common to all of us, the experience of self consciousness, the revelation of self to self. It is the height to which he carries that familiar experience, it is the unexplored region which it opens to him, that distinguishes the mystic from the ordinary "standardized man." What the Rishis discovered in their forests, the great mystics of every age, of every land, of every creed, have, one and all, found out for themselves. There has not been one of

them who could not say, with one of the Upanishads, "What that subtle essence is of which the whole universe is composed, that is the real, that is the self, that art thou;" or, with St. Catherine of Genoa, "My Me is God; nor do I know of any other Me except my God Himself;" or with Julian, the anchoress of Norwich, "When we verily and clearly see and know what our Self is, then shall we verily and clearly see and know our Lord God in the fulness of joy." The words which this or that mystic used when he spoke for himself might differ widely from these; but they would have the same general trend, the same assurance and the same fulness of meaning.

The identification of Brahman with the Ātman, of the soul or self of the world with the real self of man, is the central conception of the philosophy of the Upanishads. But how were the experiences of the Rishis to be made available for, or, better still, to be shared by, ordinary men? The ethical implications of their philosophy are obvious; for if the real self of man coincides with the innermost reality of the Universe, the finding of the real self is at once the destiny and the duty of man. But how is the finding of the real self to be undertaken by the "standardized man"? It was long before an effective answer was given to this question. Meanwhile a belief came into being which made it possible for such an answer to be given. "The hypothesis of rebirth," says Professor Radhakrishnan, "is formulated in this period." This is the only theory of the origin and destiny of the individual soul which fully safeguards the reality of the soul;* and its widespread acceptance by the people is one of the chief features which differentiate the religious faith of the East from that of the West. It is not given to many persons to make so much spiritual progress in one earth life as would enable them to reach an advanced stage in the process of self-realization. But rebirth, as Professor Radhakrishnan points out, "offers a succession of spiritual opportunities." How shall we best profit by those opportunities? For many generations this question remained unanswered. The practical deductions from the daring conceptions of the Upanishads were not drawn; and the light of their idealism grew dim. "In the post-Upanishad period," says Professor Radhakrishnan, "truth hardened into tradition; and morality stiffened into routine."

Then came Buddha.

Buddha believed in rebirth, and he accepted the teaching of the Upanishads at its highest spiritual level. How to bring the light of that teaching into our daily lives was the problem which he set himself

* The West does not really believe in the soul. Such faith as it has in it is neither sure nor deep. Materialism denies the soul, or, at best, explains it away. Supernaturalism teaches that each individual soul—the soul of an idiot or criminal equally with the soul of a sage or a saint—is the direct and immediate creation of the Supernatural God; that earth is its only sphere of action, and its life on earth its only period of activity. The doctrine of rebirth, by throwing the life of the soul back into an unknown past and forward into an unknown future, and by regarding its successive earth-lives as links in a chain of spiritual causation, allows us to think of it as existing by grace of Nature and yet (in virtue of its apparently limitless potentialities) as real in its own right.

and which he duly solved. He saw that rebirth offers " a succession of spiritual opportunities "; but he also saw that if those opportunities are not made use of, rebirth may become a " whirlpool " in which the soul eddies round and round like a log of wood in a whirpool of water.

Must the return to earth go on for ever ? Is there no higher level of existence to which the soul may attain when it has learnt all the lessons which earth can teach it ? The Upanishads bid us aspire to the unimaginably high level of our own real, or ideal, selfhood. Surely, on its way to that goal, the soul will have broken all the ties which bind it to earth.

Buddha saw that there is a way of living, which, if faithfully followed, will enable the soul to attain to a stage of development in which there will be no return to earth. That stage may not be the highest of all, but if there are any higher it will prepare the way for them.

The way of living which Buddha prescribes is the way of self-transcendence through self-discipline and self-surrender ; the way—to speak plainly and simply—of living an unselfish life. It is open to each of us to walk in that path ; and he who elects to walk in it must walk in it by himself, and by his own inward light. Buddha has no use for legalism, for ceremonialism, for priestcraft, for theology, for metaphysical speculation. His disciple must lead an unselfish life. This is all that is asked of him ; but it is enough and more than enough to call all his powers and resources into play ; for self goes with us in all the efforts that we make to transcend it ; and the more unselfish is a man's life the higher does his standard of unselfishness rise. The disciple may have to return to earth again—and yet again ; but his way of living, if he will not swerve from it, will release him at last from " the whirlpool of rebirth," by delivering him from bondage to his own lower self.

What Buddha says to each of us is, in effect, as follows : If you would be happy, you must live aright. If you would live aright, you must be able to distinguish reality from illusion. If you would distinguish reality from illusion, you must attain to knowledge of Reality, another name for which is Wisdom. I can tell you where and how wisdom is to be found. But I cannot find it for you. You must find it for yourself. The Rishis in their forests found it by meditation. But meditation, as they practised it, is a gift of the Gods ; and, in its fulness, it is given to very few. Yet it is more than a gift of the Gods. It is also the natural reward of a selfless life. Even the Rishis owed their power to meditate, and their consequent vision of Reality, in part to the fact that they lived, and had long lived, selfless lives. Do as they did. Lead the selfless life. Recognize the unreality of what you call self—the separate self, imprisoned in its own individuality, content with its separateness, ready to indulge and enrich, and aggrandize itself, even at the expense of others.* Realize that this is not your true self, that this is not

* Buddha's apparent denial of the Ego is really the denial of *reality—not of existence*—to the individual, the separate, the self-centred self.

what you really are. Try to become what you really are. Control self, subdue it, develop it, expand it, transcend it. Little by little the wisdom that you seek will be given to you. With the expansion of self will come the expansion of consciousness; and with the expansion of consciousness will come the higher and clearer vision, the knowledge of Reality. By the light which that knowledge sheds on the path of life you will walk in the path more surely; and the light will become clearer and stronger as the path which it reveals takes you nearer to its inward source. In fine, you will gain wisdom by living wisely, by living a selfless life; and the wiser you become the easier it will be for you to lead the selfless life. In all the ordinary affairs of life there is a ceaseless interplay of knowledge and action. It is the same in the main conduct of life. Grow in grace and you will grow in wisdom. Grow in wisdom and you will grow in grace. The power to meditate, as the saints and sages have meditated—the vision of Reality—will come to you in the fulness of time; if not in this life, in the life which awaits you when you have severed the last of the ties which bind you to earth. Enter the Path, then, and walk in it; you will find it is its own ever-increasing reward. Live your way into the heart of Reality; and you will understand the Universe better than if you were to pore over its deepest problems for the rest of your days; for you will find that, at the heart of Reality, Ideal Good and Ideal Truth are one, and that as they become one they lose themselves in Inward Peace.

This is a practical scheme of life; of all schemes the most practical, and therefore, ideally, the most practicable. But what Buddhists have made of the teaching of Buddha (which has much in common with what Christians have made of the teaching of Christ) is a warning against expecting even the most practical of schemes to find early realization in practice. Yet, if any teacher can afford to wait for the seed which he sowed to fructify, Buddha can. The accessories of religion and morals are all perishable, and will all, sooner or later, be worn out by Time. Therefore the future belongs to the scheme of life which, like Buddha's, is largely independent of its accessories; in other words, which is practical through and through. The practicality of a scheme of life varies directly with its latent idealism, with its faith in the power of the soul to respond, with disinterested devotion, to a high appeal. And this is the greatness of Buddhism that, when we strip it of all its accessories and get to the pure essence of it, we find that it is the interpretation, in terms of conduct and character, of the sublimely idealistic conception which dominates the Upanishads, the conception that "the innermost reality of universal nature is the same as one's innermost self,"* that Brahman and the Ātman are one.

EDMOND HOLMES.

* *The Philosophy of the Upanishads* by Professor Radhakrishnan.

"WHY DO WE HUSTLE?"

[**Murray T. Quigg** is the Editor of *Law and Labour*, a New York publication which has rendered useful service in economic and social fields.

In this reflective and thought-provoking contribution, Mr. Quigg shows why and how among the westerners "their activity has become a quality of their bloodstream."

The proverbial hustle of the American is not devoid of virtue, and intense activity has certainly provided a more comfortable environment for physical life, and so for cultural pursuits. By labour, the early settlers and more recent emigrants built, and are building, for themselves a State which is certainly superior to any in Europe. As America, according to Theosophy, is the home of a new sub-race of people, older countries—especially India—will do well to watch and learn from the ingenuity displayed and the miracles produced there.

No historical record exists of how the early Aryans settled in and civilized India; the record of the early settlers in New England, to which the article refers, and the stupendous, almost sublime, efforts of those who streamed westward to California peopling vast tracts of land, make an epic.

India has much more to learn from the United States of America than from Europe, and also the American mind is more ready to assimilate the old-world truths of our Vedas, Upanishads and Puranas.—EDS.]

Ease and fellowship are common to the Elysian Fields, Heaven, Nirvana and the Happy Hunting Ground. It would seem that, East or West, cultured or aboriginal, the hope of man is to gain a status in which he may safely indulge himself in endless comtemplations. We are all conscious of the fact that it takes time to understand and appreciate the highest values, whether they be those of a work of art or of the Spirit itself. Why, then, is the westerner so incessantly busy and active? Why is he constantly occupied with externals?

Rabindranath Tagore in his essay on *The Relation of the Individual to the Universe* writes:

> The West seems to take pride in thinking that it is subduing nature; as if we are living in a hostile world where we have to wrest everything we want from an unwilling and alien arrangement of things. This sentiment is the product of the city-wall habit of training of mind.

And again:—

> The first invasion of India has its exact parallel in the invasion of America by the European settlers. They were also confronted with primeval forests and a fierce struggle with aboriginal races. But this struggle between man and man and man and nature lasts till the very end; they never come to any terms. In India the forests which were the habitation of barbarians became the sanctuary of sages, but in America these great living cathedrals of nature had no deeper significance.

These passages are typical of the comment which is made in contrasting the East and the West, and they are typical also in their oversight of the obvious. The nature which the first settlers of India enjoyed was not like that with which the first settlers of America had to contend. The northern boundaries of India are on the same

parallel with northern Florida and southern California. Save for differences of temperature due to differences of elevation, the forests of India may well form a comfortable and happy sanctuary of sages ; but the men and women who stepped on Plymouth Rock on the 2nd of December encountered a fierce and hazardous environment. Their struggle with the forest was far more dangerous and exacting than their struggle with the aboriginal races. Indeed, had not the aborigines showed them how to plant and cultivate the ground, it is unlikely that this first stable settlement of Anglo-Saxon stock in the New World would have survived.

New England is a country of great charm and beauty, but to wrest a living from it, even the bare necessities of life, requires a constant struggle. The inhabitant must build his home of durable material which means that he must cut down heavy growth of forest or quarry rock. He must cultivate, sow and reap within about six months, all that he needs for himself and his family for the entire year. If rains delay his planting or droughts destroy the growth, he is hard put to it to survive the year. He needs the help of animals for his toil, and he must procure grain and fodder for them. He may fish in the streams or hunt in the forests but this is exacting work requiring the physique of a robust and active man. Early in the fall he must cut wood for his fire or mine coal and haul enough for a year's supply before the winter sets in, in its full majesty, for in the early spring the ground is too soft for hauling and later, when the thaw is out of the ground, he must get to work on his crops. While he toils in field or forest, his wife must spin or weave, preserve vegetables and fruits for the long winter, and cook heat-giving foods. Six days must they labour from sunrise to sunset and even so, be they not courageous and thrifty, they will be overtaken by storm or drought and their family and their little children will be thrown upon the mercy of other hard pressed families.

These were the facts of life for those who braved the forests and the great plains of America. If there are to be any sanctuaries for sages, they must be indoors, and they must be built and maintained by constant struggle with the environment for stone, heavy timber and coal. It was fortunate that those who brought civilization to North America came of people whose ancestors in the dim past had been physically hardened by struggle in the snow-laden forests of northern Europe and on the cold, bleak shores of the Baltic seas.

The peoples of northern Europe and America who have given significance to what is meant by the term "the West" are active because they must be active. Their activity has become a quality of their bloodstream. Beginning but three hundred years ago with a virgin continent of vast resources, free from the conventions and authority of Old World systems of ecclesiasticism and social order, the emigrants set up an order founded upon work. Of necessity survival depended on activity plus sound judgment in the application of activity to useful ends. The man who could hold up his end by

hard work was honoured in his community. The man who could not or would not do so was looked down upon. It is so to-day. Whatever a man's means may be, whether inherited or accumulated by some timely stroke of fortune, the men who do not apply themselves to some active pursuit are looked down upon and distrusted.

The material results of the westerner's activity are truly amazing. In some aspects they are magnificent, in others they are revolting, but they need no telling here. What, however, has this characteristic of activity done to the westerner himself?

Activity such as the westerner's has developed at least three characteristics in him which are significant. These are curiosity, ability to co-operate and the desire to exercise power.

He is curious because, being in an unfriendly environment the more he learns about it, the more readily he can adapt it to his necessities and overcome its dangers. By observing it carefully and by devising instruments of measurement to gauge it, he can measure the forces of nature which are about him, adapt them to the performance of work and even, to some degree, forecast their behaviour. He need no longer start out in face of a heavy storm simply because it is yet beyond the physical horizon. He need no longer plant on the eve of a heavy rain.

Curiosity is sometimes confounded with mere speculation. The really curious man, however, does not wonder what might happen and wait to see. He goes forth to induce activity. He experiments under fixed conditions in which he can measure forces at work and calculate the result with a nicety. In the current of curiosity such as this—the by-product of western activity—we have developed a number of men whose curiosity is of a most searching kind. Their only interest is to see what happens, or what may be made to happen, and to record the result with the utmost fidelity. We call them pure scientists. We give them laboratories with most elaborate equipment and we supply them with whatever they say they need and ask them only to find out things for us. We do not even ask them what they will find out. They are simply to find out. It remains for others to apply their discoveries to some possible need or use.

The second important characteristic induced in the westerner by his activity is his ability to co-operate. Where heavy timbers are to be felled and carried long distances, the harvest of a year's supply to be garnered within a month, stone to be quarried and coal dug from the ground, if starvation, disease and death are not to ravage the community, men must truly help one another. Working together and dividing the result of the work is doubtless a matter of common experience the world over, but with us it is a matter of daily necessity, and from it grows our gift for the organisation of enterprise. Our best leadership has gone into it. Leadership follows the interests of combination. In centuries past, leadership went into the Church or the State, that is, it went into the organization of the religious

activity or the political and military activity of men. In the founding of a new country, where much work was necessary, and where religious freedom and freedom from fixed military obligation was the corner-stone of the political thought, this genius for organization has been directed to the business of supplying men's economic needs. It is for this reason that America is prosperous in terms of physical prosperity. It is not because of great natural resources, for there are great natural resources in Asia and in the southern hemisphere. It is not because of wars in Europe. It is because a high measure of co-operation was bred in the blood of our people, the environment has compelled co-operation and the leadership for co-operative enterprise has gone into business rather than into the Church, the State, or to some other activity.

The third important by-product of the westerner's activity is the desire for power. Again it has its origin in the conditions of life which it has pleased Nature to mete out to us. If we are to live at all, heavy weights must be moved, great energies must be released and directed. In handling power, two matters are of importance. If the power is human, the question of the organization of the work to be done and the point at which the power is to be applied is of great importance. But it is better still if the power can be secured by harnessing the forces of nature herself and applying this power directly to the task to be done. Thus we are interested in power as a force itself, and in power as a subject of control and leadership. At a given moment of time or place, there is available so much human power and available or procurable there so much mechanical power. How these are to be employed and who is to direct their employment is a matter of high concern. Power, therefore, is a matter of great interest and the exercise of power is both an object of envy and an ideal of attainment.

By virtue of curiosity, co-operation, the development of mechanical power and the interest in the control of both mechanical and human power, western civilization has accomplished within the past two hundred years or less, and notably within the past fifty years, most astonishing changes which will have a permanent effect upon the history of mankind. Notable, however, among these changes, because of their effect upon man's outlook and because of the issues to which they give rise, are the following four important results of the westerner's activity and the characteristics which accompany them :

First, the numbers of people on the face of the earth, notably the westerners themselves, have greatly increased, while the death rate has been lowered, thus increasing and conserving the total of adult human energy seeking sustenance and means of self-expression ;

Second, knowledge of the world has increased ; of its physical content and of man's means of control over natural forces ;

Third, work is now organized on a large scale and thereby there has been a multiplication of needs and uses and increased participation therein by the masses of the people; and

Fourth, as a result of these three, authority and privilege have been weakened, the amenities and opportunities of life have been placed within reach of an ever increasing number of persons. Thus, while Henry Ford is far wealthier than Croesus ever dreamed of being, his humblest employee enjoys contacts with the world and the use of the world's offerings to a far greater extent than did Croesus. The revolver and the hand grenade have placed the meanest yeoman upon an equal footing with the mightiest knight. The printed page and the public library have placed tools of understanding and appreciation within the reach of the humblest. Never before have all men enjoyed such equality of opportunity. Never before has the inherent wealth of the individual as he came from his mother's womb counted for so much, or the social or material position to which he was born counted for so little. This is the great achievement of western activity. It has laid the ground upon which the individual may rise free of the authority of classes, dogmas and superstitions.

By virtue of these changes which western characteristics have wrought within the past two hundred years, and especially the increase in population, the world is faced with three great conflicts:

First, the conflict between man and insect for dominion over the food supply;

Second, the conflict between persons of capacity and those of incapacity for dominion over the terms and conditions of the social order; and

Third, the conflict between races and cultures for dominion over bloodstreams and ideas.

The cultures of the world are coming in closer contact as a result largely of the activity of the westerner. In this closer contact there is great dread and great hope for all. We know, however, from sad experience that while the vices of different races are easily transmitted, their virtues develop in an alien culture very slowly. We can afford time for the good things of life, but the first lesson is generally the hardest. The first lesson, perhaps, on the subject of the westerner is that he has been living and still lives in a "hostile world" where he must "wrest everything from an unwilling and alien arrangement of things." This has been the basic condition of his life, and so the westerner is active because he must be active. He is curious, he is co-operative and he has a love of terrestrial power which he has applied for the liberation of the individual from political and intellectual restraints. His future may be largely determined by the force of these characteristics upon him and those with whom he comes in contact.

MURRAY T. QUIGG.

THE MERCHANTS OF OLD.

[**K. Ramachandran, B.A.,** is an Indian journalist, specially interested in ancient Aryan culture.

Vaishya-dharma protected and inspired the traders of old India, protected them against the sin of avarice, and inspired them to serve the people through the state.

This article deals with the subject and has a bearing on the economic aspect of ancient Hindu culture.—EDS.]

Ancient Indian Scriptures refer to the four Castes, of which the Vaishya, the merchant caste, is the third. This caste engaged itself in trade and the production of wealth.

Vratta, as trade was known in ancient India, was a special branch of learning and was the means of subsistence of the third Caste, and the Rāmāyaṇa and the Mahābhārata contain several references to this. According to the *Śukraniti* every man had to perform the functions of the forefathers of this Caste. Kauṭilya says that the three legitimate functions of the *Vaishyas* are *Kṛṣi* (agriculture), *paśupālya* (cattle-rearing) and *vāṇijya* (trade). With the increasing activities in the various fields of production trade expanded. Products had to be carried far and wide. As commercial activity grew, the merchants felt the need for corporate activity among themselves. *Śreṇis* or trade guilds came into existence, and each craft or trade was governed by its *śreṇi*. The merchants occupied a high position in society and the kings consulted the *śreṇis* on important undertakings. Trade, in general, was considered an honourable profession though a stigma was attached to particular branches, such as for instance, meal-selling.

A distinct feature of Indian policy was that it aimed at the promotion of social well-being. The Vedas say that the furthering of the common weal should be the object of every social institution. The Government framed laws to regulate trade so as to protect the people from exploitation by the merchants. The merchants, too, realised their responsibilities as part of the social fabric, though of course they were primarily solicitous of safeguarding their own interests. The laws of the state and the customs of the profession contributed to the evolution of a system which gave to merchants a code of conduct which became their *dharma*.

The ideals of trade form an interesting study. Are traders absolute servants of the people, or are they members of a department of activity to promote their own welfare by means feasible and convenient? As persons interested in their material prosperity, they engage themselves in business primarily for their own benefit. But the conditions of supply and demand are legally made to operate in favour of society by placing a limit on the avarice of traders. The former theory is expounded by John Ruskin. He says in his *Unto this Last* that the

merchant's function is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. Like the doctor and the preacher he has a work to do irrespective of earning a fee. At a crisis in business he must be prepared to bear with suffering to himself and even be prepared to die for the nation. He has to apply all his sagacity for preserving the products he deals in and sell them in good time and at cheap price. These are highly humanitarian considerations and they were to some extent in practice in ancient India. But considerations of economics did and will operate, and Ruskin's ideals are rather difficult of practice.

In India, as early as the fifth century B.C., bargaining was a common feature of the trade. The seller, as is usual, wanted to get the best price for his article and the buyer to strike a good bargain. The cost price, the condition of the market, and competition helped to effect a compromise and settle a price reasonable for both. The Rāmāyana and the Buddhist Jātakas contain references to haggling.

The State tried to regulate the conditions in the market and prevent exploitation. The first set of purchasers usually fixed the price and the Controller of Prices checked enhancements over a prescribed maximum. In estimating the value of the article the Government Officer considered the utility, the rarity, the probable cost price, the freight and other aspects of business. A fair price was fixed and then a percentage was prescribed as the profit which alone could be earned by the seller. In the case of exports the maximum profit allowed was 5 per cent on local products, and 10 per cent on foreign products. The trades were regulated by the guilds ; and details of their activities and constitution are traceable in the Mitākṣharā, the Mahābhārata, the Arthaśāṣtra and the Chāndogya Upaniṣad, among other works. The guilds had their own executive to enforce their rules and regulations. The merchants had their laws of partnership. If a trader was found guilty of fraud he was immediately expelled from the guild. If one was guilty of breach of contract, according to Yāgñavalkya, he was to be penalised by banishment. A partner's negligence in business was recompensed by his being denied the profits to his credit. But due consideration was given to loss in business resulting from causes beyond the partner's control. In deserving cases the guilds themselves started again in trade a merchant who failed, and thus revived his business.

The profession of merchants was regarded as important and certain qualifications were essential for it. Ruskin says "the merchant should understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in and the means of obtaining or producing it." Indian literature lays down the same principles, and the Arthaśastra has ample reference to it. The merchants realised the value of training. The Vaishya had to study not only the qualities of the things he dealt in but also other aspects of business. A merchant should be able to correspond in negotiating the purchase and disposal of goods. He had to maintain accounts and also acquaint himself with commercial arithmetic.

In the market for the actual disposal of goods he had to be conversant with different languages and also be acquainted with coins tendered. Therefore, he underwent a course of training in *lekha* (correspondence), *gaṇāna* (accounts and commercial arithmetic) and *rūpa* (study of coins). In the literature of the times of Harsha it is said a merchant should be clever, active, familiar with coins, honest and enterprising.

As already stated, the Government appointed a Controller of Prices and Superintendent of the Market. The Controller of Prices punished even the slightest enhancement of prices over the prescribed maximum. The penalty was regulated and fines were fixed in proportion to the enhancement. In some case the fines were tyrannically heavy, being a hundred times that of the enhancement. Provision was made to prevent exploitation by means of false weights and measures. The measures were stamped and examined once in six months. The buyers were entitled to the exact quantity they paid for, and the merchant was to make up for any shortage in weight or wastage caused in weighment. For instance, it was prescribed that as butter adhered to the scales a thirty-second fraction of the quantity should be added as make-weight. According to the Arthaśastra, if a seller misrepresented the quality of an article, and passed an inferior article as superior, he was legally bound to pay the loss sustained by the buyer, namely, the difference in the prices for the two qualities. In addition, he had to pay a fine of 54 paṇas. Unhealthy speculation was banned. Conspiracy to raise prices was fined heavily, in some cases to the extent of a thousand paṇas. Adulteration and deceitful mixture were also penalised. The seller had to be very careful about the quality of the food he sold, and the sale of bad food was punished. Certain trades were considered disreputable and some, such as the sale of daggers, poison, slaves, etc., were prohibited under certain conditions.

While the merchants were indispensable for society, they also enriched social and cultural life. Certain temple inscriptions prove that the merchants set apart a proportion of their profits for charity. Many merchants undertook to repair temples.

Thus ancient Indian merchants observed a *dharma* of their own, which gave them a status in society and conduced to social well-being. It regulated trade on sound economic lines and protected the interests of society.

K. Ramachandran.

A STORY OF NANSEN'S.

[**Prof. Patrick Geddes** is famous for his achievements in town-planning; though the value of his philosophical principles is not very widely recognized, the latter endeared him to numerous Indians who contacted him through his lectures and in practical civic work. He works by the sure light of analogy, of the law of correspondence, and has clear intuitive perceptions.

He narrates a very interesting story the moral of which, let us hope, will not be lost on missionaries; and in these days of high political tension in India it has a message for all.—EDS.]

The magnificent career of Nansen and the grievous loss of him to the world while still but on the threshold of mature old age, are still being discussed. So a story is worth telling which he told the writer, more than forty years ago, on his visit to Edinburgh after his first and great triple feat which made him famous, alike as explorer, geographer, and athlete—his crossing of Greenland, over its vast deep ice-sheet. At the little east-coast village where his journey ended, he was greatly cheered to find almost a countryman—a Danish missionary, alone amongst the Eskimos. For not only did he hear from him the news of their home countries and beyond, but he was hospitably entertained, after his long privations, beside a small wood fire; and even feasted, after so many months on pemmican and snow-water, with two or three cups of tea, and one fresh boiled egg—each found delicious beyond anything in memory or in hope! After his host had made him tell his story of adventure and danger, Nansen drew him out in turn, and found him wholly discouraged, so thinking of giving up his task and returning home.

"How so?" asked Nansen. "Eskimos are not bad fellows; my companion has stuck to me faithfully!"

"Ah yes," said the missionary, "but I know them better now, there is no living with them!"

"But explain," said Nansen. "How can that be? What's wrong?"

"Well, when I came here, two years ago, nothing could seem more encouraging! They listened to my teaching with such good-will that I was convinced I had converted most of them, so baptised them. I was confident of the help of a good many of them as Christian elders; but what a disappointment now! Though you have roughed it on this journey, you know very well that we Europeans cannot endure living in a little snow-hut with no ventilation, and heated by a lamp; we need something of house-room, and a bit of fire; and for food something beyond perpetual seal flesh and blubber. But now they have gone furious against me about this little store of driftwood; they say I stole it from them, while I picked up every morsel for myself along the shore. Worse than that, I brought over a few fowls from Denmark when I was home lately, but—would you

believe it!—the very elders I most depended on, have broken into my little hen-house, and carried off all but the one whose egg you have just eaten. I see I can do nothing with these people, but just give up, and go home."

Later in the day, Nansen, who knew the Eskimo language, had a stroll through the village alone, and a talk with some of the elders who poured out to him their woes—nothing less than utter disgust with the missionary.

"How's that," said Nansen, "I'm sure he means well to you."

"Yes," they said, "we thought him as good as you can do, and we listened to his preaching, and we felt it was good, and believed it all! But now we know what a bad man he is."

Nansen, still puzzled, pressed them to explain.

"Why, first of all, he has stolen our driftwood."

"But he told me he gathered it all himself, along the shore."

"What a lie to tell you! Doesn't everybody who finds a bit of wood on the shore throw it up beyond tide and wave-mark; so every honest man knows his own, and would never take another's! And then, too, to burn *wood!* Wood! Wood that we use to frame our Kayaks, and hold up our summer tents, and make shafts for our harpoons, and every kind of use, even of little bits—who ever heard of burning wood—stealing and wasting too?"

"But he told me you stole his hens," said Nansen, "what about that?"

"Why," replied an Eskimo, "you surely know that when I catch a seal or get some fish, I share all round; and another day when I get nothing, my neighbour helps me and my wife and children. How else could we live? But when he brought over these birds, he tried to keep them all to himself—but we went and took them all but one, for we said: 'We must show him the law!'"

In these times of mutual misunderstanding among people of which we have in every day's papers increasing evidence, whether from India or Palestine, from French Cochin-China or nearer home, what contrast of different people's customs and laws, manners and morals, can be better worth thinking over than this simple story? Anthropologists of course can and do tell us many such, for the constant expansion of Western civilisation is ever providing them—but the tragedy is that so few of us, even of the best-meaning on either side, as yet either know or understand enough of the others to judge truly of their view-points and life-ways. Even then, co-adjustment is a hard matter; yet if sympathy and science can be brought together, the extremes—even of East and West—may meet, and their distinctive folk ways and cultures may be more nearly reconciled. Was it not through such union of generous heart, and understanding head, and effective hand, that Nansen himself matured to such a splendid career of social helpfulness—as, for instance, the League of Nations with his vast repatriation of prisoners, and his corresponding services towards the

Greeks expelled from Asia Minor? That much of the like reconciliatory service is possible, and at many friction points, the thinking and active anthropologist and sociologist plainly see, though left mourning that as yet so seldom the trader or the administrator can be got to listen and act accordingly.

P. GEDDES.

THE HIGHER HARMONY.

What the *true* occultist seeks, is not knowledge, or growth, or happiness, or power for himself; but having become *conscious* that the harmony of which he forms part is broken on the outer plane, he seeks the means to resolve that discord into a higher harmony.

This harmony is Theosophy—Divine or Universal Wisdom—the root whence have sprung all "religions," that is, all "bonds which unite men together" which is the true meaning of the word religion.

Therefore, Theosophy is not *a* "religion," but religion itself, the very binding of men together in one Universal Brotherhood.

—LUCIFER, Vol. I, p. 48.

THE COLOUR LINE.

[**J. D. Beresford** writes on a very difficult subject with a commendable insight and impartiality. In our February number Mr. A. J. Hoffman wrote of his South African experience; in the March issue Lord Olivier wrote on "Some Moral Aspects of the Colour Bar"; "Explorer," a well known journalist, presented some important thoughts on the subject in the April number; and now Mr. Beresford writes of his experience in France, and touches upon the problem in India.—EDS.]

It appears to be very difficult for anyone to discuss the problem of the "Colour Line" without prejudice. Underneath nearly all the articles I have read on this subject, I have found indications of a powerful bias in one direction or another, sometimes half-concealed, sometimes frankly admitted. Where the problem has a political significance, this prejudice may be taken for granted; for no political argument is free from it. But in this matter there is another powerful factor, instinctive and not within the conscious control of the writer; and if we wish to arrive at any true understanding of the difficulty, it is essential to make generous allowance for this inborn sense of repulsion.

The first point that must be made in this connection, however, is the necessity to insist upon one important distinction. It is manifestly absurd, though not at all unusual, to put all the coloured peoples in the same category. Yet no easy generalisation will cover the differences between the Australian aboriginal and the Maori, the head-hunting Dyaks and the Hawaiian, the Zulu and the Hottentot. Such races differ from one another as markedly as the Aryan from the Mongolian. And what differentiates them is not their colour, but their grade of intelligence, and their ethical and racial types, wherefore in any consideration of the colour question it is foolish to speak, though many people do so, as if colour alone were the single issue.

In America, for instance, and more particularly the Southern States, where this problem is a difficult and urgent one, we are dealing primarily with the type of the African negro. Even so we might make distinctions, for not all African negroes come from the same stock; but for present purposes we may confine ourselves temporarily to the more prognathous type—with a facial angle of from 70° to 80° according to the Frankfort scale—as being representative not so much of the general negro population as of the breed that begets such fierce antagonism, often rising to uncontrolled fury, in those of Caucasian origin.

Now in the many racial antagonisms and jealousies the underlying stimulus may be found in likeness rather than in difference. Racial hatreds are most frequently begotten from envy of the relatively more dominant peoples, more particularly if they are those of a neighbouring country. In the case we are now considering this element

does not enter. The Virginian has no fear that the negro will even become morally, politically or commercially too strong for him. His attitude must be likened to that of a man towards a dangerous animal rather than to that of one national representative to another.

And the underlying reason for this is so fundamental, that it would be folly to shirk it. Let us honestly face the fact that the negro type we are discussing is not of the same world-race as ourselves, but a survivor from an earlier age. It is a fact that accounts for, though it does not excuse, the common American saying that "the nigger is not a human being." The two stocks are so far differentiated that they cannot understand one another. And the negro type is so stubborn, so slowly adaptable, that after nearly two centuries it has been little influenced by those climatic and physical influences of the North American continent, which have worked so powerfully on the more sensitive Teutons, Latins and Slavs.

In my opinion there is but one cure for this primitive antagonism, and that is by the slow growth of wisdom. For I would remind readers of THE ARYAN PATH that the way of self-knowledge demands not only the mastery of desire but also the mastery of all those inborn distastes and repugnances which have their origin in animal instincts below the level of consciousness, however much they may be apparently rationalised by social custom and opinion. Self-knowledge and control cannot be won so long as we are slaves in whatever degree to a primitive impulse of disgust that we cannot conquer. But until the present world-race develops to a higher state of knowledge, this instinctive antagonism between the Ethiopian and the Caucasian will inevitably manifest itself now and again in such pitiable brutalities as those that mark the lynching of a negro by a white mob.

The case of the Indian of Aryan stock is obviously in quite another category. Here we are dealing not only with the same world-race but with those who are in some ways more closely allied to the Teutons of Central and Northern Europe than to the Latins. We English people have much more cause for fellowship with the educated Hindu, than with the white-skinned Greek or Armenian. There is, in short, no ethnological argument in this case against the fraternity and inter-marriage of Europeans and the Aryan peoples of India.

Unhappily neither personal predilections nor racial prejudices are governed by reason; and as the history and religion of Europe and Northern India during the last two thousand years have little in common, we begin in most cases by the unhappy assumption that East and West can find no meeting ground, and often end as we began. The untravelled and half-educated English man and woman, no matter to what class they belong, labour under this initial prejudice, and to a most regrettably large majority, "colour" is regarded as the sign of an inferior race. Moreover that crude instinct I referred to as expressing itself in a feeling of repulsion for the negro type, generally fastens upon colour as the distinguishing mark of its subject for distaste, and reason will not influence those who suffer from this, or any other form of "phobia."

But having stated my premises with as little bias as may be, I find myself on more uncertain ground, writing with a greater tendency to prejudice, when I come to consider this question in its relation to the English occupation of India. For in this connection my sympathies are not with the country of my birth, and there is a danger of being betrayed into unfairness.

For one pregnant cause of trouble in India is, I infer, due to the same attitude of the English which I have so often seen and resented in France. I use the instance as an illustration because I can write with authority only of that which I have seen and experienced. But I am told by those who have had a lifelong personal knowledge of the Indian situation that the parallel is a very close one. Indeed, how could it be otherwise since the English character will manifest the same traits whether in contact with the peoples of India or those of France.

My chief accusation, then, against the representative English man or woman tourist in France—there are happily some splendid exceptions—is the blind, unreasoning assumption, made from the outset, that they are dealing with an inferior race. They come over under the misapprehension that the French bourgeois or peasant, is dishonest and a liar ; and do not trouble to hide their suspicions. They are prepared to treat all " foreigners " as cheats and, since if you treat a man as a cheat he is the more lil ely to cheat you, believe themselves justified by experience. Beyond this, and I am writing of experience since the war, their air of tolerant condescension, their unconcealed contempt for the French language and for those who have no other, can only produce a powerful resentment in the minds of those for whom this contempt is openly displayed.

When I was living in the South of France, this English attitude was far less noticeable. Along the Northern Mediterranean border, from Marseilles to Genoa, the winter visitors are a cosmopolitan crowd, life is carried on almost solely with a view to the enjoyment of eating, drinking, dancing, gambling, playing games and general entertainment, and a large percentage of the native population regards the visitors mainly as a source of livelihood, panders to their foibles, accepts their airs of superiority with a shrug of the shoulders, and laughs at them behind their backs without rancour.

In the North it is different. Brittany and Normandy are so much nearer England, and the English people who visit there are not so rich as those who seek the Riviera. So that it is in the North that the dislike of English people is most noticeable. Yet I believe that it might be overcome in a generation if my fellow-countrymen and women would put off their arrogance and treat the French peasants and bourgeois as their equals.

Let me take one small instance out of my experience. I went with my family to a small pension in Brittany and was warned by a compatriot that the proprietor and his wife were dishonest, grasping people who would certainly cheat us if we gave them the opportunity.

In fact, he himself was so determined not to be robbed, that two or three days after our arrival he had a violent dispute with the proprietor and left at an hour's notice with his wife and children.

Yet that same proprietor and his wife treated me and my family throughout our stay with the greatest consideration and generosity. So far from attempting to rob us they failed to charge me for recognised extras, such as our English meal of tea, and refused payment when I pointed out the omission. When we left at the end of a fortnight to move into a furnished villa for the winter, they helped us in every possible way, lent us linen, and the proprietor himself went out of his way to help us with our emménagement. And this, although there was then no further prospect of our being of any profit to him.

I do not wish to claim any credit for the part I and my family played in this instance. We had been living in France then for three years and knew by experience that French people of this pension proprietor's class expected and deserved to be treated on a level of perfect equality, which level is, indeed, the only happy one for ordinary intercourse, any assumption either of superiority or inferiority raising an immediate barrier between mind and mind.

And if there is to be any solution of the colour problem in India, it can be attained by no other means than by this practical application of the ideal of fraternity. It is, I am quite aware, the white races that are chiefly at fault, although I do not deny that there is a strong prejudice also on the other side. The cultured Hindu who has been treated with arrogance and contempt by his intellectual inferiors will inevitably suffer annoyance and resentment. But those, at least, who profess and would willingly practise the principles of Universal Brotherhood, would quickly overcome their feeling of antagonism, if they were treated as fellow pilgrims. With the white races and particularly the English, the way of reconciliation is not so easy.

The problem is exaggerated, moreover, in the case under discussion, by the fact that the worst traits of the English character in this connection, insularity, arrogance, narrow-mindedness, self-complacence, are most prominent in that military caste which the average Hindu who has never left his native country probably regards as representing the British nation. Members of the Indian Civil Service are a shade less objectionable, perhaps, but their attitude, also, as I have heard it expressed in their own words, is that "you can't treat the Babu as an ordinary human being." There have been and are exceptions in both services, but the majority of men and women who go out to India, go prepared to regard themselves as representatives of a superior race. It is lamentable, but whether there is any cure for it other than the slow process of spiritual development, I do not know. Certainly there is none by the way of war and rebellion, which throughout the history of the world have never failed to aggravate the original grievance and confirm both parties in their own opinion.

J. D. Beresford.

AMERICAN INDIANS AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

[**Dr. Ralph Van Deman Magoffin, LL.D.,** is the President of the famous Archæological Institute of America. He is also the head of the Department of Classics of the New York University. He is the author of *The History and Topography of Praeneste.*

This article will interest Theosophists especially, as it shows the advance made by modern knowledge towards the ancient teachings.—EDS.]

It has been only within recent years that the American Indian has become an object of archæological research.

Museums and farm-houses in the United States east of the Allegheny mountains are full of Indian arrow-heads which have been turned up by the plough. Unexplainable but man-made potholes are to be seen in the rocks in many of the rivers in the east. In the south-east many mounds made by aboriginal people have been dug into. The skeletal remains, the rude pottery, the necklaces and many objects of feminine adornment made of shell, of pearls, of obsidian, and even occasionally of turquoise, have excited the admiration and stirred the curiosity of those who found them.

It was, however, not until the westward drive of white civilization had populated the entire area of the United States that the possibility came for first an off-hand, and then for a scientific, study of the objects left by the American aborigines. The widespread discovery of thousands of conical and animal-shaped burial and defence mounds, coupled with the fact that living Indians, when questioned, had no satisfactory explanation for them, brought about a general belief that the Mound Builders were not Indians, but a second, or at least a different, aboriginal race. The researches in the fields of American anthropology, ethnology, and archæology, however, have now authenticated the growing theory that the Mound Builders were American Indians. Archæologists are now able to trace with more than approximate certainty the ancient trade routes along which went over all the land the abalone shell of the California coast, the turquoise of the New Mexico mountains, the copper of the Lake Superior region, the mussel pearls of Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, the pipe stone of the central States, and the best obsidian and flint for spear and arrow-heads.

The widespread proof of commercial dealings among the widely scattered aborigines and the general Mongoloid type of the Indians now living in the same localities where had lived the persons who might logically be supposed to have been their ancestors, tended more and more to establish the hypothesis that all the American aborigines were Indians.

The different colours, or pigmentation, of living Indians kept for a time the general certainty from solidifying. But satisfaction came with the seemingly proved statements of scientists that the three

prevailing shades of colour in the living Indians had developed through many centuries, due to habitat in part, but due in the main to the resultant effects from a preponderance of a certain diet. One group of Indians had lived mostly on the berries and seafood of the seashores, another on the wild game of the forests, and the third group on the cereals which they had learned to raise on the plains.

Coincidently with the interest in the artifacts left by these aborigines arose also the absorbing question: Whence came these American Indians? The theory that they had sprung from the soil, were autochthones, that is to say, could not stand the white light of science. The theory that they were the descendants of a remnant of one of the "lost tribes of Israel" gained a small and diminishing credence. The theory that they were the sons and daughters of peoples of the far eastern Pacific islands who had been blown by chance across the ocean to South America, offered too many difficulties to obtain any belief.

One theory only remained. They were Asiatic people who had migrated definitely across the easy island bridge that extended from northeastern Asia to Alaska. This theory seemed tenable from two excellent points of view. First, the possibility of arrival offered few difficulties, and secondly, the Mongoloid features and the undercast tinge of Mongolian yellow in Indians both living and dead, added confirmatory reasons. Now, if indubitable proof could be found of the trek southward from Alaska, the question could be settled. These proofs have been found, although they have been clearly established only within the past two decades.* But now, both by the discovered remains of things left by the slowly southward moving

* Students of Theosophy were given this information nearly half a century ago. Below we print an extract from an article which, says H. P. Blavatsky, "was written from the words of a MASTER," adding ironically "a rather doubtful authority for the materialists and the sceptics." This was first published in *The Theosophist* of October 1883:

"Until the appearance of a map published at Bâsle in 1522, wherein the name of America appears for the first time, the *latter was believed to be part of India;* and strange to him who does not follow the mysterious working of the human mind and its unconscious approximations to hidden truths—even the aborigines of the new continent, the Red-skinned tribes, the "Mongoloids" of Mr. Huxley, were named Indians. Names now attributed to chance: elastic word that! Strange coincidence, indeed, to him who does not know—science refusing yet to sanction the wild hypothesis—that there was a time when the Indian peninsula was at one end of the line, and South America at the other, connected by a belt of islands and continents. The India of the prehistoric ages was not only within the region at the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes, but there was even in the days of history and within its memory, an upper, a lower, and a western India: and still earlier, it was doubly connected with the two Americas. The lands of the ancestors of those whom Ammianus Marcellinus calls the "Brahmans of Upper India" stretched from Kashmir far into the (now) deserts of Schamo. A pedestrian from the north might then have reached—hardly wetting his feet—the Alaskan Peninsula, through Manchooria, across the *future* Gulf of Tartary, the Kurile and Aleutian Islands; while another traveller furnished with a canoe and starting from the south, could have walked over from Siam, crossed the Polynesian Islands and trudged into any part of the continent of South America."—EDS.

groups, and by the objects of like character still found in use in Alaska, Canada, and the northwestern States among the descendants of those groups who dropped out of the trek, the connection has been made. It is quite clear along what river valleys and over what easier mountain gradients, these Asiatic immigrants spread over the now Dominion of Canada and the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. A natural and correct deduction, however, was that the majority moved southward, west of the Rockies. It caused no undue surprise therefore when the habitations of the American Indians were discovered in such great numbers in the cliffs and on the mesas of the American southwestern States. Information began to increase with the beginning, fifty years ago or more, of the work of scientists from the Government's Smithsonian Institution among the Pueblo Indians, and of the collection by European museum experts of the dress and accoutrements of the rapidly vanishing Indians. The materials above ground were easily gathered, but it was some time before interest was aroused in the antiquity of the aborigines. That came about partly from the growing desire to discover whether the early inhabitants of America dated anywhere near the time of the early peoples of the Mediterranean regions, partly from the increasing certainties about the high state of civilization among the Incas of Peru and the Aztec, Mixtec, and Maya of Central America and Mexico, and partly from the finds of pottery which seemed to warrant a belief in a considerable antiquity.

Of all the methods in finding the exact chronology of ancient peoples that of comparative ceramics is the most certain. Dated written or inscribed monuments are absolute, but in all countries the making of weapons, of pottery, and of certain household utensils, antedate the introduction of the written or inscribed word. Now, the earliest date in America, fixed with absolute inscribed certainty is some years before Christ, and is inscribed upon a Mayan stela of stone. Another petroglyph for which a date of some 600 B.C. is claimed, has not been scientifically accredited as yet, but it probably will be, and it is not at all unlikely that some of the other as yet undeciphered Mayan stele inscriptions will yield still earlier dates. But what is quite certain is that a stage of civilization which has produced monuments of an artistic and literary character such as those in Yucatan and Guatemala, presupposes absolutely many preceding centuries of the life and growth of a people. Although a date as early as 10,000 years B.C. has been claimed for the beginning of civilization in central America, it has not yet been proved ; but it is not impossible that it will be proved.

The aborigines of Peru, as is known from very recent discoveries of artifacts and pottery, may claim a very decent antiquity, and from the fact that they are farther south than the early peoples of central America, might be supposed to have reached their future home the earliest of all American immigrant aborigines. The less fertile character of their country—although they may have found gold and other metals as early—must certainly have delayed the progress of

their culture in comparison with that of a people who settled in a country rich in agricultural possibilities. The Maya meet the latter condition in the territory which they chose for their home. The lush luxuriance of vegetable growth in the swampy land of central America to-day, furnishes all the necessary proof of the rank fertility needful for the rapid advance in civilization of an early, settling people. Comparative proof can now be adduced for that fact from the archæological discoveries in India, Mesopotamia, and Egypt of the rapid advance—comparatively speaking—of the culture of peoples who settled in warm river valleys on a fertile soil.

Not enough work has yet been done in Peru or in Central America on comparative ceramics to warrant any definite statements as to how many hundreds or thousands of years the civilizations in those countries antedated the Christian era. But in the south-western United States facts are more abundant.

New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, southern Colorado, and California are full of the dwellings and tombs of the aborigines. By the depth, thickness, and number of inhabited or burial strata it is now possible to make close approximations to the dates of basket and pottery making Indians. It is evident that the first incomers into the American South-west chose for their habitations the likeliest spots where the proximity of natural caves in the rock, of water, and of clear land would make living the easiest. We know how they tamed wild grasses and roots and slowly developed several cereals and tuberous edibles. In widely separated groups they began to live in comparative comfort. They soon discovered good clay for making bowls and pots for household use. They discovered turquoise from which such lovely ornaments could be made that the opportunity soon arose to extend it to a marketable commodity, especially with their more distant neighbours to the south. They found and then learned to flake and chip the flints and the obsidian of their hills and mountains into hide-scrapers, cutlery, and weapons. Their fame began to spread.

As time went on, their wilder and less comfortably placed kinpeople began to invade them. The small community house was enlarged to what amounted to a fortress. But time, and the stress of defence against forays, have always tended to enervate and to lessen in numbers a settled people. Centuries however passed before these Indians of the plains and valleys found it first advisable and then necessary to seek homes in places that offered a more secure protection. The majority of them betook themselves to the flat tops of their isolated hills or mesas (from the Latin word *mensa*, meaning *table*). There they built their community houses into towns to which we give the name *Pueblos*. They farmed the valleys below when they dared, but planted also on the tops of their mesas. Others betook themselves to natural shelters in the faces of sheer cliffs, where by enlarging rifts or caves and then building up the openings with strong outside house walls, they established themselves in the very wonderful Cliff Dwellings which in such great numbers are the wonder of the present-day tourist, especially to south-western Colorado.

It seems warranted to set a date for these cliff dwellings and mesa pueblos as a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago. It is, however, quite too unscientifically easy to say that the slow progress of early civilization among these southwestern American Indians must guarantee two or three thousand years of previous life in the vicinity. It is here that the science of ceramics comes into play.

Since the multitudinous discoveries and excavations of sites in Egypt, Palestine, Crete, and Mesopotamia which have produced such quantities of pottery and sherds, and the results of comparative dating that have been made with the help of exactly dated inscriptions, hieroglyphics, and cuneiform glyphs, with the aid of geology in dating stratifications, with the comparison of types of pottery-making and painting with cross measurements of different techniques already dated by historical, inscriptional, or geological proof—it has now become scientifically possible to date with a close approximation of exactitude the life of a settled community, by the stratification of its pottery.

Much credit is due to many scholars from different institutions for this work, but possibly the greatest share of it belongs to the School of American Research founded at Santa Fé by the Archæological Institute of America. The members of the staff and the students of that School have found, collected, tabulated, and dated thousands of pottery sherds and containers. It was not until lately however that this has been accomplished. Excavations have been extended to the earliest of the small pueblos which antedated the mesa and the cliff dwellings. In many of them series of clay containers have been found at different levels. The scientific possibilities of fairly exact dating of ceramics, as already established in the Old World, have made it possible to assign both very early and late dates to pottery by its forms, its texture, and its technique of decoration. There have been, however, several gaps in the chronology, for which lack of sufficient excavation probably accounted. To the lasting honour of the lately deceased and greatly lamented Wesley Bradfield, the expert ceramist of the School of American Research, be it said that in his last work in the Mimbres valley in southwestern New Mexico he found series of pottery which closed the gap. His last work was to set up proof that the different dateable series of Pueblo pottery carried the time of the making of the earliest pieces thus far known in America back to approximately four thousand years ago.

Ralph Van Deman Magoffin.

THE SYMBOL OF THE LOTUS.

[**G. T. Shastri** has already described the Symbol of "The Path" and of "The Serpent" in our January and March numbers.

Those who are desirous of studying the many aspects of this symbol will do well to turn to H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* Vol. I, pp. 379-86.—EDS.]

The modern traveller who ascends the Nile from Cairo to Assûam without glimpsing a single specimen of the Lotus may conclude that the flower which played such an important part in the religious and artistic life of the ancient Egyptians must have vanished with their civilization. But such is not the case. Of the three varieties of Lotus which flourished so abundantly in the days of Herodotus, only the rose-coloured has disappeared. Blue and white Lotuses still star the unfrequented waterways of the Delta, and the ditches and stagnant pools in the neighbourhood of Rosetta and Damietta still slumber peacefully beneath a colourful blanket of the sacred blossoms. The white Egyptian Lotus opens her starry eyes as the shadows begin to lengthen, and in the deep silence of the tropical night keeps her silent tryst with the moon—ever called the "lover of the Lotus." But her sister-Lotus, blue as the sky above her, is a lover of the day and attunes her daily habits to the rising and setting of the sun.

Lest it be thought that the Lotus is an idle lady, seducing all men with her beauty but yielding naught of practical value, let it be understood that she once furnished the staff of life to those who asked for it. Lily-loaves made of Lotus-seeds appeared on the tables of the Egyptian Kings of the IVth Dynasty, and are found even at the present day.

The method by which Lotus-seeds are turned into bread is very interesting. The seeds of the flower are sowed by being enclosed in balls of clay and thrown into the water. After the roots have sprouted and the stalk has journeyed upward, the blossom appears on the surface of the water. Later the seeds are removed and dried, and bread is made from them. The method of sowing the seeds and the food resulting from them may serve to explain a puzzling text in the Christian Scriptures: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

The exquisite simplicity of the Lotus-blossom gives it a peculiar esthetic value which the ancient Egyptians were not slow to recognize. There seems to have been no period in Egyptian history when this flower was not used for decorative purposes. It appeared on prehistoric pottery even before the IVth Dynasty, one of its earliest delineations having been found at Koptos. Although the applications of the Lotus-motive are numberless, they nevertheless follow certain traditional lines, so that the art-forms of the later period differ but slightly from those of the most archaic days.

In the Temple of Karnak, the Lotus is exquisitely adapted to the capitals of some of the granite columns of Tehutmes, and appears again in bas-relief on a square column of Thothmes III. These pillars, only one remove from the Doric columns of the Greeks, furnish one of the many proofs of Herodotus' statement that Greece inherited her art from Egypt. Professor Alan Marquand—whose voice in matters of Greek archæology is second to none—is convinced that the Corinthian columns of the Greeks owe their origin to the Egyptian Lotus.

In the temples and tombs of ancient Egypt, the Lotus appears as an offering upon the altars and as an oblation to the *manes* of the dead. Garlands and necklaces were fashioned from the blossoms, and wreaths of Lotuses were laid on unwrapped corpses. Some of these wreaths were found in the coffins of Rameses II, Amenhotep I and others, and are most probably the "Egyptian wreaths" of Pliny and Plutarch and the "Lotus garlands" of Atheneus.

The Lotus was so highly reverenced by the Egyptians that not a monument in the Valley of the Nile, not a single papyrus failed to place it in a position of honour. It adorned the capitals of the Egyptian pillars, decorated the thrones and head-dresses of the ancient King-Initiates, and appeared in close association with the creative gods and goddesses of every period.

The god Khoom, who represented the Great Deep or Primordial Space, and Thoth, the god of Wisdom, are both pictured as sitting upon a Lotus. Isis, the immaculate Virgin-Mother of the Egyptians, who symbolized both mystical and material Nature, appears with a Lotus in one hand and a *crux-ansata* in the other. Osiris is shown in the papyrus of Hunefer with a Lotus growing from a pool at his feet, and is pictured upon the wall of the Temple of Dar-el-Medeenah with four genii standing upon a fully opened Lotus blossom. Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris, is said to have sprung from the Lotus of the Celestial Nile, and in the Museum at Cairo there is a lovely image of him rising from the bosom of the heavenly flower. In Chapter LXIII of the *Ritual of the Dead*, called "Transformation into the Lotus" the god exclaims :

> I am the pure Lotus, emerging from the Luminous One.....I carry the message of Horus. I am the pure Lotus which comes from the Solar Fields.

The constant association of the Lotus with all the gods and goddesses connected with creation gives a clear indication of the meaning of this symbol. It was a flower sacred to Nature, and was used to symbolize the Universe in its abstract and concrete forms. Whenever it appears, it signifies the emanation of the objective from the subjective, the eternal thought of the ever-invisible Deity passing from the abstract to the concrete or visible.

It would be impossible to imagine a more graphic description of the Universe emerging from the waters of Chaos than that contained within this lovely flower. The Lotus is the product of Fire (or heat) and Water. In every philosophical and religious system Fire stands

for the active, male, generative principle, while Water represents the passive female principle from which everything in the universe has sprung.

The Lotus grows upon the surface of the water, extending its roots down into the mud beneath and expanding its perfect blossom into the blue above. In like manner does the universe itself exist. Cradled in the bosom of Infinite Space, its roots are embedded in the slime of matter while its fully opened blossom expands within the light of Spirit. So also is the life of man, for man is one with the universe, and both follow the same line of development. Like the Lotus, each human soul is temporarily rooted in the mud of material existence, while the expanding bud of his spiritual nature unfolds into the perfect blossom of Wisdom.

The seed of the Lotus contains within itself a perfect miniature of the plant to be. Each embryonic leaf is delicately folded within the womb of the Lotus seed, patiently awaiting the hour of its expansion. Thus did all the spiritual prototypes of existing things once rest within the womb of subjectivity before they assumed concrete shape and visible form. In the words of an ancient Commentary:

> Like the Lotus, whose external shape assumes gradually the form of the model within itself, so did the form of man in the beginning evolve from within without.

Some of the loveliest legends in the world are found among the Hindu stories of creation which revolve around the Lotus as a central figure. In that period of cosmic quiescence before the hour of creation has struck, the Heavenly Lotus of the Universe is said to rest passively upon the bosom of Space, still unfructified by the Fire of creative energy, the ideal forms folded like embryonic Lotus-leaves within the seed of Eternal Ideation. During this period, Vishnû, the *ideal* creator of the universe, floats upon the Waters of Space reclining upon a Lotus blossom. Lakshmi, the female aspect of Vishnû, is likewise shown as floating on a Lotus, and during the churning of the Ocean of Space she springs from the froth like Venus-Aphrodite, borne upon a Lotus and holding a Lotus in her hand.

> Then seated on a Lotus,
> Beauty's bright goddess, peerless Srî, arose
> Out of the waves.....

The ideal Universe appears as a Lotus growing out of Vishnû's navel, and from this Lotus Brahmā, the architect, comes forth. Although Brahmā is considered as the *practical* creator of the Universe, he is never pictured as a Being outside and above his creation. Brahmā and the Universe are one Being. Brahmā *is* the Universe, and every atom in Cosmos is part and parcel of Brahmā.

Although Gautama Buddha has never been deified by those who follow his teachings, the Lotus is not absent from his pictured and sculptured representations. In his case, the Lotus stands for the Universe as he conceived it, and shows that he was among those who have been able to wrest the secrets of the Universe from the grim Sphinx of life. Gautama's birth was announced to his mother

by Bodhisat, who appeared before her couch with a Lotus in his hand. This same idea appears in pictures of the Annunciation, where the Archangel Gabriel appears to the Virgin Mary holding a spray of water-lilies. The Christian dogma of resurrection is a branch engrafted upon an even older tree than the Buddhistic. The Egyptian frog-goddess Hiquet, who is particularly connected with the doctrine of resurrection, sits upon a Lotus, and the church lamps of the early Christians were made in the shape of a frog enshrined in a Lotus, and were engraved with the words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

There is still another kind of Lotus than those we have been considering. This is the Zisyphus which, when eaten, makes a man forget his fatherland and all those dear to him. Tennyson's poem "The Lotus Eaters" tells the tale of those who, after eating the Lotus, were content to bask in the deceptive light of earth-life and so completely lost the memory of their true spiritual home.

The *real* Lotus of the ancients stimulated this memory and directed their thoughts toward the spiritual source of their being. The fragrance of this sacred flower lingers to this day, permeating the atmosphere of thought with its redolence and quickening the spiritual senses of those who have not yet forgotten.

G. T. Shastri.

There are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet may remain silent for lack of speech:

The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour has no limit.

The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.

The Idyll of the White Lotus.

THE LARGER PATRIOTISM.

[**Hon. Robert Crosser** represents the State of Ohio in the Congress of the United States of America. His short article contains some very Theosophical ideas, and if such become more current in political circles, so that they are acted upon and not only spoken of, the cause of Universal Brotherhood would be greatly benefited.—EDS.]

Patriotism is usually defined as love of country. That statement, however, conveys no clear meaning.

Certainly the love of country which we call patriotism does not mean the love of that portion of the Earth's surface which has been subjected to the authority which one recognizes as his government.

If love of such a part of the Earth itself were to constitute patriotism, then if one's government should abandon any territory, that act would diminish patriotism or love of country to a like degree. If love of country means love of that part of the Earth in the possession of one's government, then if that government should annex the whole of an enemy's land, the people of the annexing country would be required to extend their patriotism to include the newly acquired land, or in other words, would be compelled to love what theretofore they had been taught to hate.

The more recent and generally accepted explanation of what is meant by "love of country" or "patriotism" is that it consists of love of the people within the territorial limits of the government to which one owes allegiance—that is, "love of countrymen." But this also is an unsound and far from laudable conception of patriotism.

The logic of such a notion of patriotism necessitates the hating of those in territory, the possession of which may have been relinquished by one's own government either willingly or unwillingly, although immediately prior to such relinquishment, it was regarded as one's duty to love them. When this doctrine is carefully analysed it will be seen that it is merely an effort to justify the promotion of what erroneously may be considered as the self-interest of the group, called nation, to which one belongs, however unfair such a course may be to the rest of mankind. If, regardless of the rights of other men, the apparent degree of material advantage to one's group or nation is the justification for the conventional notion of patriotism, or love of countrymen, then, regardless of injustice to the people of the rest of his country, one should uphold the contention of the people of his own city because his advantage in common with them may be seemingly greater than his interest in common with the people of the country as a whole. If degree of apparent self-interest be the justification for one's devotion, then one should uphold his family, right or wrong, when its interests seemingly conflict with those of the rest of the community. Finally, if anyone's self-interest should conflict

with the desires of the rest of the family, then however right may be the rest of the family, we must uphold his position when he says : " Myself, right or wrong !"

The fact is that patriotism is devotion to principle—the principle of justice—which upon analysis will be found to include such other principles as freedom and equality.

But principle is not a finite thing. It is not confined to locality nor to a person or persons. It is infinite. Justice is a vital quality or attribute of the Life-Force which sustains and actuates all that really exists. This power is named by religionists, God ; by metaphysicians, Infinite Mind ; and by so-called material scientists, Cause.

Since, therefore, justice is an active quality of Nature, it is the law of her action, and there can be no true thinking which is not in harmony with the activity of this Law.

Man has not a separate mind. He is not an entity independent of what seems to be other beings or life. All men make one Infinite Mind and are governed by it. Men can really live only in harmony with the law of this collectivity—One Mind. To live truly, therefore, man must live, think and act in terms of the whole of life. He must realize his at-one-ment with all life. Only by so doing can he experience true understanding. This is the principle of enlightenment and progress. This is the principle of Brotherhood which must not be trampled under foot by a spurious patriotism stated in the language : " My group, my crowd, right or wrong."

This is the principle of the Unity of Life. This is the basis of the Larger Patriotism.

Robert Crosser.

BLAKE'S AFFINITIES WITH ORIENTAL THOUGHT.

[**John Gould Fletcher,** traveller and author, is liked and admired by many for his books, and by not a few for one of his recreations—metaphysics, To his credit stand many volumes, the first of which was published in 1913. *Fire and Wine,* and the last, *Two Frontiers,* in 1929.

When Charles Wilkins, with the help of Warren Hastings, published the *Gita* in 1785, little did either suspect what peculiar force of influence they were letting loose on the western world in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Warren Hastings described the *Gita* to Nathaniel Smith, Chairman of the East India Co. in London, as "a very curious specimen of the literature, the mythology, and morality of the ancient Hindoos." To struggling western aspirants for soul insight and celestial vision, however, it must have appealed differently —a source of inspiration and a lasting solace.

It certainly came as a help to William Blake, as the article shows.—EDS.]

Readers of Professor Saurat's recent book *Blake and Modern Thought* will realise that in making the attempt to relate William Blake's ideas to sources in early Gnosticism, the Hebrew Kabbalah, and still further East, Professor Saurat has not only expanded our knowledge of Blake, but has given us a new point of view upon his thought. Hitherto, one of the chief difficulties in appreciating Blake has been that, throughout his life, he seems to have used his symbols somewhat inconsistently, and to have held two entirely different views of life which he strove to combine. For example, up to the end of his life, Blake asserted that the Old Testament was an inspired document. In his "Vision of the Last Judgment," written as late as 1810, he says that the Hebrew Bible and the Gospel of Jesus are not Allegory, but "Eternal Vision of all that exists," while the Greek myths are mere fable, or allegory—inspired by the muses who are the daughters of Memory, not the muses who are daughters of Inspiration. But at the same time while Blake was writing this, he was giving us, in his Urizen, a perfect picture of the Jehovah of the Old Testament—and a horrible picture it is. The trouble with Blake is that he went to a great deal of trouble to try and prove for others' benefit that he was after all, a Christian, whereas the fact remains that he was not a Christian in the ordinary sense, and if a Christian at all, he was a Christian of an altogether different cast from any Christian either before him or since. The primary dogma of the Old Testament—the dogma of original sin—was a dogma that he did not accept in its orthodox form. He did not believe that human nature was irretrievably fallen by its own disobedience to God—so fallen that only the sacrifice of the son of God on the Cross could redeem it. He believed rather that "Thou art a man, God is no more; thy own Humanity learn to adore"—a doctrine which is utterly destructive of all Judaism and of Christianity as well. It was in fact because he wavered constantly between two contrary beliefs, first, that life is

altogether evil and that all we need do is to get rid of the "delusions of the great goddess Nature" and perish, and second that life is good, and that humanity, in the person of Urthona, is its real saviour, that makes the prophetic books of Blake such difficult reading. He never seems to know which side to accept; he believes in absolute forgiveness of sins and yet he also believes that sin is ordained by God: "to be an error and to be cast out, is part of God's design." Unless Blake literally believed in the version of the Lord's Prayer which he wrote at the end of his life and in which Almighty God is identified with Satan, and we are recommended "to let His Judgment be forgiveness, that he may be consumed on his own throne," there is actually no reconciliation of the contradictory ways in which he handles his symbology, nor of the inherent contradiction in his own metaphysic.

Professor Saurat's hint that Blake may have been in some way modelling his prophetic books upon the Hindu epics, is valuable, precisely for this reason, that it enables us to enjoy the Prophetic Books without troubling our heads too far about these contradictions—which if we start to do, I fear that we will arrive somewhere else than at the new Jerusalem Blake meant us to fetch up at. We are much more likely to get somewhere near the Lake of Udan Adan if we attempt to derive a complete, logical system from Blake—his general meaning is clear enough, but his "minute particulars" have a habit of dodging about in a most disconcerting way. I don't know just how many detailed accounts of the Fall and the Last Judgment Blake gave in his lifetime, but I venture to say that almost every one of them differs in some respects from the others. The fact is that we find in Blake a body of material continually in process of recasting, development, evolution.

There is much indeed in that mythology that recalls Blake's "Four Zoas." Just as Prakriti in developed Hinduism has two forms: Daiviprakriti, or source of thought and inspiration, and Mulaprakriti, or neuter matter, or root of matter, so Urizen, the most developed form of Blake's myth has two forms: he is the King of Light and at the same time a demonic tyrant. It is worth noting also that he calls the mundane Shell into being, just as Brahmapurusha does. Still more striking is the affinity of Los with Shiva—who is alternately destroyer and regenerator. Shiva has his dwelling, we are told, in a golden palace, on Mount Meru, somewhere beyond the Himalaya, on a spot that is both centre and summit of the earth. Just so is Los equally the builder of the golden city of Golgonorza, where, like Shiva, he is the master of all the arts, and in the Four Zoas he is also made the great destroyer of the world:

> Terrified at non-existence
> For such they deemed the death of the body, Los his vegetable hands
> Outstretched; his right hand, branching out in fibrous strength
> Seized the sun, his left hand, like dark roots, covered the moon
> And tore them down, cracking the heavens across from immense to immense.

Luvah and Tharmas, the other two chief gods of the Blakean pantheon, have no specific counterparts in the Hindu cosmology, but they resemble strongly two gods of the older Vedic system: Agni and Varuna—the god of the fire and that of the waters. But by an even more striking parallel, Blake gave to all these figures female counterparts, a feature that certainly makes us feel sure that he must have somewhere heard or read about the Indian conception of Shaktis—perhaps as Professor Saurat suggests from such a book as Sonnerat's *Voyage to the East Indies*, published in 1788.

Now it is worth noting that during the time when Blake was writing, an immense interest was being taken in all branches of Indian literature generally. Blake with his theory that all religions are one, was exactly the sort of man who would be interested in translations from Indian literature, permeated as that literature is with religious concepts. Though there is no proof that he read any of Sir William Jones's pioneer translations which appeared during his lifetime, yet there is no doubt that Blake had some contact with the man who was Sir William Jones's (1746-94) successor, Sir Charles Wilkins (1794-1836), the first translator of the Indian *Bhagavad-Gita*.

In Blake's famous Descriptive Catalogue, printed in 1809, of his pictures on exhibition, Number X. appears, as "The Bramins—A Drawing."

> The subject is, Mr. Wilkin translating the Geeta, an ideal design suggested by the first publication of that part of the Hindoo Scriptures translated by Mr. Wilkin. I understand that my costume is incorrect but in this, I plead the authority of the Ancients, who often deviated from the habits to preserve the manners, as in the instance of the Laocoön, who, though a priest, is represented naked.

This plain reference is practically ignored by Professor Saurat. His superior knowledge of French literature apparently leaves him overlooking the fact that the Mr. Wilkin of this passage was a real person—Charles Wilkins, made Sir Charles in 1833—who in 1785 translated the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the "Lord's Song," from Sanskrit into English. Whether Blake had read this, I do not know. At all events, some of his most important ideas are very strongly akin to it, as we shall see.

One of the chief features of Blake's work is, as everyone knows, his attack on morality. Blake felt that people should be judged not by what good or bad they had done, but by their belief or unbelief; he believed in justification by faith as strongly as any Protestant. Later in Blake's life, in his description of the "Vision of the Last Judgment," he returns to the charge.

> Satan thinks that Sin is displeasing to God; he ought to know that nothing is displeasing to God but Unbelief and the eating of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. The Combats of Good and Evil is eating of the Tree of Knowledge. The Combats of Truth and Error is eating the Tree of Life. Men are admitted into Heaven not because they have curbed or governed their passions, or have no passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings. The fool shall not enter into Heaven, let him be ever so holy.

In other words, in Blake's view, heaven is the reward of enlightenment, not of virtue—to know the truth fully is to enter heaven, and to "cast off fools continually from your company and receive wise men into your company continually" is the Last Judgment.

This is precisely the view of the *Bhagavad-Gita*. The poem is a long dialogue between Prince Arjuna and his Divine Teacher Krishna, acting as his charioteer. They drive to the battlefield, where Arjuna's enemies, who happen also to be his near kinsmen, are assembled. Arjuna feels that he cannot fight these kinsmen. Though his quarrel be ever so just, he thinks that to slay those nearest and dearest to him, who are fighting on the other side, is wrong. He lets his weapon fall, and refuses to go on with the battle. Then Krishna shows him first of all that he is mistaken in supposing that either death or slaying exists. In the quotations that follows, I may say incidentally, I have used Charles Wilkins's original version, which Blake may have seen, in preference to later translations:—

> As the soul in this mortal frame findeth infancy, youth, and old age; so in some later frame, it will find the like. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass. The sensibility of the faculties giveth heat and cold, pleasure and pain, which come and go, and are transient and inconstant. Bear them with patience, O son of Bharat; for the wise man whom these disturb not, and to whom pleasure and pain are the same, is formed for immortality.

Here we have precisely Blake's doctrines of the states through which man passes, and of the deceit which the senses practise on us when we take them literally. In the view of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, only God is eternal and does not alter:—

> The man who believeth that it is the soul who killeth, and he who thinketh that the soul may be destroyed, are both alike deceived, for it neither killeth, nor is it killed. It is not a thing of which a man may say it hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter; for it is a thing without birth; it is ancient, constant and eternal and is not to be destroyed in this, its mortal frame.

Readers of the footnotes which Wilkins appended to his translation of the *Bhagavad-Gita* may note that this universal soul which is indestructible, and therefore the same thing as God, is described by Wilkins as being "represented under the figure of Maha-Pooroosh, the great man, or prime progenitor; who in conjunction with Prakreetee, nature or first principle, under the emblem of a female, engendered the world by means of his Maya, or supernatural power." Thus we find in the *Bhagavad-Gita* the same figure as Blake's Albion, the Ancient Man, or the Adam Kadmon of the Kabbalists. None can find this ancient man—this eternal quality of the universe—in the Hindu poet's opinion, who is in any way bound up with the three earthly qualities which are called Sattwa, Rajas and Tamas, that is to say, truth, passion and darkness. In other words "a truth that's told with bad intent, beats all the lies you can invent," the way of passion is the way of self-destruction, and the way of darkness (or of doubt) is condemned just as strongly by the author of the *Bhagavad-Gita* as by Blake:—

> A riddle or a cricket's cry
> Is to doubt a full reply.

It may be noted here that the word Tamas, which is used in the *Bhagavad-Gita* to describe the particular state, or quality, of mental darkness, has been supposed, I think by Mr. Foster Damon, to have given to Blake the name of his Zoa, Tharmas. I do not think this is exactly the case. I feel sure somehow that Tharmas is simply the word Thames slightly disguised. But this is by the way.

To go on with the *Bhagavad-Gita's* argument. The only way man may attain to a divine state is not by morality of any sort, but by wisdom. "As the natural fire, O Arjoon, reduceth the wood to ashes, so may the fire of wisdom reduce all moral actions to ashes." And further "The Almighty createth neither the powers nor the deeds of mankind; nor the application of the fruits of action; nature prevaileth. The Almighty receiveth neither the virtues nor the vices of anyone." We surely cannot find anywhere than that a plainer statement of just what Blake believed in all his mature works. And this, be it remembered, appeared in 1785, before any of those mature works were written.

According to the *Bhagavad-Gita*, this wisdom is to be attained in one of two ways. One can either withdraw from the world and become a pure contemplative recluse, or continue to take part in the world, but remain detached from one's own actions, and indifferent to their results :—

> **Let the motive be in the deed, not in the event. Be not one whose motive for actions is hope of reward. Let not thy life be spent in inaction. Depend upon application, perform thy duty, abandon all thought of the consequence, and make the event equal whether it terminate in good or evil. The action stands at a distance inferior to the application of wisdom. Seek an asylum then in wisdom alone; for the miserable and the unhappy are so on account of the event of things. Men who are endued with true wisdom are unmindful of good or evil in this world. Study then to obtain this application of thy understanding, for such application in business is a precious art. Wise men who have abandoned all thought of the fruit which is produced from their actions, are freed from the chains of birth and go to the regions of eternal happiness.**

Here we have almost the whole of Blake's own dominant characteristics : his feeling that the artist must practise his craft continually; his indifference to worldly success, shown in such a poem as "I Rose Up At Dawn of Day"; his belief that understanding is much more important than either good or evil actions; his valuing of great men according to their works; his feeling that Death is a release from life. The only difference between the Hindu singer and the English poet-painter is that Blake is more of the creative and prophetic type—he gives us the "end of a golden string"—whereas the Indian poet is didactic, more reasoned-out, more—as Blake would say—"abstract." Blake has too much image-making creativity in his composition to reach the dispassionate heights of his great predecessor. But both reach the same conclusion—and whether Blake read Wilkins's translation carefully or not—this fact is very suggestive. It proves that the possibility exists that Eastern and Western views of life may be brought into contact, a possibility that must now at this moment again become actuality, *if we are going to avoid another catastrophe to civilisation on an even greater scale than that of the late War.*

The sum total of the *Bhagavad-Gita's* argument may be stated in this way:—Each class of man has a dharma, a code of social religious work incumbent on it. On the other hand, the paramount duty of the individual man is to save his own soul, to bring his own conditioned self and individual existence into harmony with the Supreme Self, the unchangeable Ancient of Days, the "Supreme Male," who rules all things; and the way to that harmony lies through realization of the distinction between Self and not-Self, soul and matter and through devotion to the supreme, *bhakti*. This enlightenment can be reached either by the *sannyasin*, or recluse, who casts off all worldly ties and meditates alone in the wilderness on the nature of the Soul and Matter, or by the ordinary man, who under the "rule of works" performs all his social and religious duties purely for the love of God, and without bothering about the results that may accrue from them. This, according to the *Bhagavad-Gita*, is the most natural and convenient way; we may be sure it was also Blake's way.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

It is not very long since the inhabitants of India were considered by many, as creatures scarce elevated above the degree of savage life; nor, I fear, is that prejudice yet wholly eradicated, though surely abated. Every instance which brings their real character home to observation will impress us with a more generous sense of feeling for their natural rights, and teach us to estimate them by the measure of our own. But such instances can only be obtained in their writings: and these will survive when the British dominion in India shall have long ceased to exist, and when the sources which it once yielded of wealth and power are lost to remembrance.

—From a letter of Warren Hastings to Nathaniel Smith, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the East India Company, dated 4th October, 1784.

IS SOCIAL WORK THE SOLUTION ?

[**John Hamilton Wright** speaks from first hand experience as a social servant. He is also a research scholar of many years standing. While his deductions are derived from U. S. A. conditions, they are equally applicable to other countries. One of his deductions is very Theosophical, namely, " that bettering physical conditions alone will not make men either good or happy." With regard to this point, and also to the necessity for personal interest in charity, we read in *The Key to Theosophy* (p. 193), by H. P. Blavatsky :

> " The Theosophical ideas of charity mean *personal* exertion for others ; *personal* mercy and kindness ; *personal* interest in the welfare of those who suffer ; *personal* sympathy, forethought and assistance in their troubles or needs. We Theosophists do not believe in giving money (N. B., if we had it) through other people's hands or organisations. We believe in giving to the money a thousandfold greater power and effectiveness by our personal contact and sympathy with those who need it. We believe in relieving the starvation of the soul, as much if not more than the emptiness of the stomach ; for gratitude does more good to the man who feels it, than to him for whom it is felt."
>
> —EDS.]

Out of the increasing complexity of our Western civilization has arisen a host of problems of human misery and maladjustment which cry aloud for solution. These problems are by no means new, but the present massing of individuals in our large cities makes them apparent on a scale that prohibits ignoring them or attempting to gloss them over. Notwithstanding the vaunted triumphs of man over nature, the discoveries which have increased the physical comfort and well-being of millions, and our exhaustive economic and sociological research, widespread poverty and wretchedness are eloquent of the defective adaptation of man to his environment or of the latter to the needs of man. The difference, in this respect, between America, with its highest *per capita* income in the world, and India, with its overworked and underfed population, is one of degree, not of kind.

No normal human being likes to see suffering. It pricks him in spite of himself with an uneasy sense of responsibility that he should attempt to alleviate it. As the number of cases of need have increased, the socially sensitive have seized with relief upon the idea of subsidizing efforts to better conditions by proxy. From a cash contribution to a specific charity which appeals to them, many in America have taken the next step to a blanket cheque to all the recognized charitable enterprises sponsored by the community chest. A few strokes of the pen once a year and one's duty by society is done. One need no longer be harrowed by sights of wretchedness. The victims of misfortune who come to one's attention may be referred to the appropriate agency and their cases dismissed from mind with a clear conscience.

But are we any nearer the solution of the problem of human suffering through our cold vicarious charity, with its scientific methods, than we were with the old direct giving when the heart was touched ?

A quantitative measurement of the results of social work is exceedingly difficult, inasmuch as they are largely intangible, but figures are lacking for even such obvious gauges as whether the ratio of submarginal families to the total number of families in a given community is rising or declining. An index, subject to certain qualifications, to be sure, is offered by the rapidly mounting costs of caring for the submarginal group, as indicated by the appeals for more and ever more support from the community.

The increase in the number of American cities on the community chest plan in the five years 1922-27 explains in part the rise in the amount contributed to community chests from $23,000,000 to $64,000,000 in that period. The latter figure is reported to represent only 40 per cent of the budgets of the agencies financed by community funds. In Cincinnati alone the total amount raised for social service jumped from $675,000 in 1914 to $1,767,000 ten years later. What is there to show for this tremendous outlay ?

The enumeration of all services performed by their employees over certain periods is featured by most family case work societies, but this does not tell us whether social work really pays. The poulticing of boils may afford the sufferer temporary relief without getting at the condition that causes the eruption.

A better gauge is offered by the results of dealing with specific families, so far as the social worker is able to evaluate them. The outcome of the attempt to determine the net results in a group of selected families under care in an American city of about 250,000 population, reported in *The Survey* for January 15, 1928, is suggestive. Fifty-four current cases, chosen as outstanding examples of services rendered, were analysed and the present condition of the families compared with their condition when they came to the agency's attention.

The services rendered were quite numerous and varied, including physical and mental examinations, hospital and other institutional care, change of housing conditions, securing of employment, the obtaining of mothers' pensions, the prosecution of support actions, the provision of recreational opportunities, and the furnishing of Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets. The families had been known to the agency on an average of four years but were classified as active cases for an average of less than two years. They had received material relief to the value of $12,827 while under the agency's care.

An impartial consideration of the results led to the following conclusion :

Condition of family apparently improved	..	24 cases.
,, ,, ,, ,, unimproved	..	25 ,,
,, ,, ,, ,, worse than before	..	5 ,,

The results of analysing fifty current consecutive case records in the same agency's regular files made a slightly better showing, but in fourteen of these the condition of the family was reported

apparently unimproved and in thirteen more the record was too vague to justify a conclusion, showing less than half for which an improvement could be claimed.

In one respect organized charity certainly has advanced in the last few years, but it is best stated as a negative gain. Terrible mistakes the most conscientious social worker still is liable to make, a danger which ever attends arbitrary interference with the course of others' lives, but charity organization societies no longer wreak the widespread havoc they once did with indiscriminate pauperizing of applicants for alms. While the budgets of such societies have grown in many cases by leaps and bounds, they have shown a consistent reduction in the proportion of their funds going for direct material relief, and an increase in allotment to salaries of trained workers for an increasing variety of services.

Some of the evils contributing to human misery and affecting great blocks of the people, such as an inadequate wage scale, bad housing conditions, and a large amount of unemployment, have their rise in the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence or in other forces quite outside the social worker's range of effective influence. Palliative measures may relieve at best but a fraction of the people affected by these conditions, and that sometimes at the expense of other members of the group who else might have had the opportunity for employment or for a better dwelling which was preëmpted for a client of the agency.

What better housing, health, and employment regulation can do for the mass, social work can do for a limited number of individuals in preventing or relieving suffering or social maladjustment. There is no gainsaying that organized social work does relieve or prevent human misery in numerous specific cases. Society cannot escape its responsibility towards the mentally and physically incompetent. A large share of human wretchedness, however, is directly traceable to a wrong attitude towards life, arising out of a misunderstanding of one's own nature and obligations to others.

It has come to be recognised by most thoughtful social workers that bettering physical conditions alone will not make men either good or happy. Helping a man to help himself, and strengthening individual character, are prominent among the announced aims of social workers to-day, however much belied in practice. Their tangible labours, however, are directed largely at untangling the meshes of untoward circumstance in which the family is involved and for which it has sought help. Grappling, in the family's behalf, with its specific problems may solve the particular difficulties which confront them, but offers no assurance for the future. If the character of the individuals remains unchanged new problems are but too likely to lead to new complications and new appeals for help.

The outstanding cases offered by social agencies in justification of their existence, and they are few indeed in proportion to the total number served, involve most frequently people of sterling qualities and some ability who have fallen on misfortune through no immediate

fault of their own. The respectable and hard-working father, stricken with blindness, is sent to a school for the blind and restored to his family able, as he had always been eager, to contribute materially to their support. A widowed mother whose earnings with her best efforts cannot be stretched to provide adequately for a large family is given help pending the securing of a mother's pension or until the older children reach the age where they can help.

This minority responds gratifyingly to the help given, but who can question that it would have been better, even for them, if their relatives or other individuals had rallied to their aid. Personal assistance and encouragement would have brought the same results physically, and would have benefited the recipients further by inspiring gratitude, which it is difficult to feel towards an impersonal charity organisation society or a community chest.

And how much more their benefactors would have benefited from personal exertion in their behalf, personal sympathy, forethought, and assistance in their troubles or needs ! It is such ties of service and gratitude that strengthen the bond between man and man and hasten the day when the realization of human brotherhood will dispose all to acts of justice, charity, and mercy, and relegate organized charity to a place in the history of man's unfolding social consciousness.

JOHN HAMILTON WRIGHT.

None know more keenly and definitely than Theosophists that good works are necessary; only these cannot be rightly accomplished without knowledge. Schemes for Universal Brotherhood, and the redemption of mankind, might be given out plentifully by the great adepts of life, and would be mere dead-letter utterances while individuals remain ignorant, and unable to grasp the great meaning of their teachers.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY in *Lucifer*, I p. 169.

TORTURED BY KURDISTAN WITCHES.

[**Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah,** the Afghan explorer and writer, has lately come into prominence in England as author and lecturer. His wanderings have taken him off the beaten track into many of the unvisited places of Asia.

The experience narrated in this article with the seemingly curious demand for human blood and human hair will not surprise any genuine student of Occultism. Though magic is supposed to be dead, it flourishes both in inspiring as in terrifying forms all over the East; in the West undesirable magical practices are taking birth in strange places—in beauty parlours, in the development of personal magnetism and fascination, in ameturish hypnotism, etc. Eastern black magic might scornfully laugh at these Western jejune attempts, but personal desires form the soul of evil magic, and if the West does not heed the advice soon there will be "Eastern magicians" doing a roaring trade, and what is worse, enslaving their chelas' souls into the bargain.

We draw our readers' attention to *Isis Unveiled*, II 629-633, where Madame Blavatsky writes about the warlike tribes of Kurdistan and narrates a thrilling experience of her own among them.—EDS.]

It was only recently that I rather stupidly resolved to cross Kurdistan on horseback from the neighbourhood of Lake Van to Diarbekr. There was an ugly range of mountains to negotiate, but passes were frequent, and on the whole I was optimistic about winning through without much difficulty. But I did not know what was coming to me.

I had ridden perhaps about twenty miles across the low, sandy flats south of Lake Van when I found myself almost beneath the shadows of the mountains—and without either of my servants. As a matter of fact I was scarcely surprised at this, as the day before Abdul, my faithful dragoman, had hinted at such a possibility. But the excuse he gave for a possible withdrawal made me laugh so consumedly that I lost the gist of his further remarks.

"Effendi," he whispered solemnly, "beware the mountains of Kurdistan, for there lurk the witches who hold men by magic spells and steal their wits away."

And now I found myself at late afternoon in a pass of the gloomy heights, alone, and with a distinctly eerie feeling playing through my hair and down my spine. I rode slowly, glancing fearfully from one side to another. Of what was I afraid? I could not tell. I only knew I was afraid, and wretchedly afraid, like a child in a darkened room.

Suddenly my horse's foot slipped, and I felt myself sinking. Down we went into an artificial pit dug in the ground where we floundered. The beast lashed out in its panic, and nearly brained me, but I succeeded in quieting it. I found we had fallen into a dug-out or trap some eight feet deep. Could I pull my steed upright? I might mount on his back and make my way out in that fashion. But an effort convinced me that that was impossible, as he had broken the near hind leg.

I was considering the wisdom of shooting off my rifle to attract assistance when I became conscious of a number of strange and dreadful faces grinning down upon me with unholy glee. That they were women was evident, but their wild eyes and matted hair gave them rather the appearance of evil spirits in that gloomy and desolate place.

"Halloo," I hailed them in my best Kurdish: "What in the name of Sheitan does this mean? Get me out of this at once, or I'll report you to the police when I arrive at Diarbekr."

They remained silent, but after an interval one of them threw a rope down. This I tied round my middle, and was hauled out of the pit, by no means gently. My first act was to shoot my horse from above. I had scarcely done so, when I found myself seized by rough hands, my cartridge-belts and revolvers were stripped from me, and the rope which had been the means of my deliverance was triced round about me so quickly that I found myself helpless.

I was marched to the lee of a great spur, in the shadow of which sat a veiled woman. My captors halted me abruptly.

"So," I remarked jocularly, "I suppose I am in the power of the witches of Kurdistan?"

"Insolence will not serve you," replied the veiled lady in fluent Persian. "Something is required of you—and if you do not agree, it may go hard with you."

"Indeed," I replied jauntily, "and what can I do for you?"

"We want some of your blood—a man's blood," she said, or almost chanted in a gruesome tone, "also your hair and beard."

"Well," I ejaculated, "I'll be hanged.. ..."

"You'll be hanged if you *don't*," she sneered, "Zuleika, bring the knife and the shears."

I resolved to put a bold face on the incident. "Look here," I said, "I suppose you want bits of me for your absurd incantations. You should be ashamed of your grovelling superstitions. I don't mind paying you a reasonable ransom. But blood and hair! Certainly not."

"That matter is out of your hands," she hissed vindictively. In a second I was thrown to the ground and a deep incision was made in my left arm. I felt the blood trickle from a vein, heard it drop into some vessel held to receive it. I struggled, but all to no purpose. I only bled the more freely. Rough fingers seized my hair, my beard, and tore great strands therefrom. Then I felt my arm being bound up in a perfunctory manner. The whole business was over before I could realise it, and the weird women had flitted away, leaving me weak and disfigured but unbound in the shadow of the spur.

How long I lay there I cannot well say. I was conscious of nightfall, but, later, through loss of blood, I fainted again and again. At last, when I came to myself, it was morning. I dragged myself into a sitting posture and looked about me. There was not a soul in sight.

Painfully, little by little, I crawled on all fours to the mouth of the pass. In the distance I could see a couple of horsemen, my deserting servitors. I gave a weak halloo and waved my handkerchief. Slowly, cautiously, they rode towards me. When at last they came up with me I was much too exhausted to rate them as they soundly deserved.

Hoisting me on one of their horses and chattering volubly, they took me by a detour to the nearest village, a poor enough place, where I lay in the grip of fever and exhaustion for nearly a week. At the end of this time I made my way to Diarbekr, and reported my mishap to the Chief of Police there. He shook his head.

"I am sorry, Effendi," he said with a deprecating smile, "but I can do nothing—nothing at all. The people simply would not stand it. To them the witches are sacred folk not to be meddled with."

And with that I had perforce to be content. Oh, the attractions of Kurdistan as a holiday resort! But what those she-demons did with my "remains," heaven only knows. I have heard that they use the blood of a man to raise demons. Well, mine must have attracted a bunch of angry devils indeed.

IKBAL ALI SHAH.

WHERE TO BEGIN?

[**B. M.** is an old-world man living by his old-world methods in our era. We are fortunate in having secured a few reports of his talks to his intimate friends. The Bhagavad-Gita is the book he has mastered through long years of study and meditation; but further, having lived according to its tenets more successfully than is generally possible, his thoughts breathe a peculiar fragrance. The papers have been translated from the vernacular; it should be understood that they are not literal translations, and the translator has adhered more to ideas and principles than to words. Although B. M. knows English, his inspiration becomes impeded in employing that medium of expression and so he prefers not to use it. We think our readers will find real inspiration in this series.—EDS.]

> "But those who seek this sacred ambrosia—the religion of immortality—even as I have explained it, full of faith, intent on me above all others, and united to devotion, are my most beloved."
>
> —*Bhagavad-Gita*, XII. 20.

The greatest virtue of the *Gita* is its practicality; even for the man of the modern age of gold and electricity it offers something which can be practised.

In its compact completeness the *Gita* proves of even greater value to the aspirant who desires to live up to his ideals. Unlike the Zoroastrian Gathas, or even the Sermon on the Mount, it is not fragmentary. The only other message of early eras as compact but not as complete is Lao Tzu's *Tao Teh Ching*. Christian Church authorities know, and many among them admit, that Christendom cannot live according to the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount without destroying itself. The main reason for this is that an equally convincing programme for the higher life such as the Sermon gives is not available in the Bible for less strong souls: it is the Sermon or nothing, and so it has naturally resulted in mostly nothing. Scepticism of Science is born of experiences which have been and are real to the consciousness of scientists. In the Church there is hardly anything except belief for the ordinary intelligent mind,—which that mind rightly rejects. This will be presently the case with all India—Hindu and Muslim alike. As western education spreads and western institutions are adopted, religious dogmatism, blind belief, credulity and superstition are bound to receive rude but deserved shocks. Our only hope is that in their shattering, spiritual knowledge, faith rooted in such knowledge, open-minded enquiry into soul-life and soul-problems and the tenets of old-world philosophies will not die out, as happened in Europe and America. The transition period from the death of creeds to the birth of spiritual life may become prolonged and harmful to India if materialism and scepticism about soul-verities come to the forefront. The remedy lies in the popularizing of the teachings of the *Gita*, which, as we have pointed out before, is for all Indians. When creeds are discarded, there must be something to take their place, and we do not know of any Indian Message so potent and powerful as that of the *Gita*. Because of its sound logic, its consistency, its thorough

reasonableness, it appeals to the mind of man; because of its deep spirituality it touches the intuitive heart of man; because of its vigour and practicality, it energizes man to right action in his individual as in his public life.

In the twelfth discourse will be found the different stages of the uphill path of Soul-life. The most strenuous as the most simple are described. It is the chapter on Bhakti-Yoga, and the Devotion to be practised makes the practitioner the disciple and friend of Shri Krishna, and the follower of the Religion of Immortality. All who practise their respective disciplines as herein explained are beloved of the Mahatma. After the variety of steps, suited to different stages of human evolution, is given a superb description of the man successful in his efforts: he has risen above the pairs of opposites, and is unexpecting and unsolicitous about the results of things, has acquired control over his speech, and is free from the attachments of home, country or race. He has attained that Freedom which speaks not, but is at the service of his fellows every hour of the day.

What are these steps and stages?

In verses 7 to 12 these steps and stages are described: —(1) He who having united himself to his own Higher Self acts as that Self and in his lower nature is not affected by the outside universe, and thus is free from the bondage of Karma. (2) He who with the aid of his Manas (Thinking mind) and Buddhi (Intuitive discrimination), both influenced and energized by Wisdom, endeavours to penetrate the Atman, the Self, and reaches the vicinity of the first stage of the emancipated Dhyani. (3) He who is not able to use his higher attention and image-making faculty, first requisites for the preceding stage, regularly attempts by practice to feel and come in contact with the Higher Self with the assistance of his ordinary intelligence and knowledge. (4) He who is not capable of such purification and concentration of the third stage becomes intent on the performance of only a certain class of deeds which are dana—charity, tapas—mortification, and yajña —sacrifice, exclusive of all else. (5) But the mere mortal is not able even to do this which gives him a sure refuge, unbeknown to himself, in the Higher Self, and so he is told to do all he has to do, but with self-control, and renouncing the fruits of all his actions.

Each one among us has to find out on what step on the ladder of spiritual life he stands, of what he is capable. Certain things are natural and easy to us, and the steps in advance require strenuous endeavour. If it be asked: what about someone who is not able to begin the practice of self-control and renunciation of the fruits of action? The answer is: It is not that he is not able, but that he is not prepared to commence living spiritually. In the 12th verse Krishna says that renunciation —tyaga—prescribed for the 5th or the starting stage is superior to all else, for from it results peace and tranquillity—Shanti. This because whatever the stage, the doing of deeds, the wearing of bodies, the discharge of obligations to man and Nature, are strongly and repeatedly advocated. Even the Mahatma Krishna is engaged in action all the time.

No man is denied his right to Wisdom and Immortality and for each the way begins where he is, where he actually stands—at home, in the market-place, East or West. And so it is said in the *Voice of the Silence*:

No warrior volunteering fight in the fierce strife between the living and the dead (the immortal Higher Ego and the lower personal ego) not one recruit can ever be refused the right to enter on the Path that leads towards the field of Battle.

For, either he shall win, or he shall fall.

Yea, if he conquers, Nirvana shall be his. Before he casts his shadow off his mortal coil, that pregnant cause of anguish and illimitable pain—in him will men a great and holy Buddha honour.

And if he falls, even then he does not fall in vain; the enemies he slew in the last battle will not return to life in the next birth that will be his.

But if thou would'st Nirvana reach, or cast the prize away, let not the fruit of action and inaction be thy motive, O thou of dauntless heart.

Know that the Bodhisattva who Liberation changes for Renunciation to don the miseries of "Secret Life" is called "Thrice Honoured," O thou candidate for woe throughout the cycles.

B. M.

CONTACTING THE INVISIBLE.

III. MEDIUMS, PSYCHICS AND RELIGIONS.

[This third instalment of a carefully prepared statement on the important and practical subject of the influence of the invisible, contrasts the mediums and the psychics. No one interested in religions should omit to study the contents of this contribution.—EDS.]

The religious instinct is a basic factor in human conduct, for it is common to all mankind. Its most potent manifestation is Psychism. Although allied to Mediumship, the differences are as great as the similitude. Although the materials for study and comparison of these two phases of inter-communication are abundantly provided by both, one may search in vain in the one as in the other for any coherent understanding of the phenomena presented. No more than the Medium is the Psychic able to explain either his peculiar gift or the nature of the influences exercised on him.

Mediumship pure and simple is exceedingly limited in its field; its communications are almost wholly personal, and hence it is barren of the elements of definite continuity. Moreover, its practitioners are in nearly every case physically and nervously deranged; addiction to it rapidly wears down the moral and intellectual fibre of the medium, so that all force of character is gradually dissipated.

In Psychism, however, there is, more often than not, a heightening of the intellectual and moral nature, even though verging on what would be accounted insanity, were it not coupled with ideas generally reverenced by mankind. Mediumship shows a greater and greater dispersion of thought in the practitioner, while in Psychism there is always an intense concentration of the whole nature in a particular channel. The Medium has no mission; the Psychic always has, and by none is this mission more seriously regarded than by the Psychic himself. In fact, he is consecrated to it, regards himself as the direct agent of divine Authority, brooks no questioning of the authenticity of the relation established.

The medium is always in more or less of a trance or cataleptic condition during the production of his messages or other phenomena; preserves little or no recollection of what occurs; cannot be depended upon for any particular phenomena, or indeed for any manifestations at all at any given *séance*; is always accompanied by a "control" or "controls," that is, a "familiar spirit" which manipulates the performance. The Psychic or Sensitive, whether clairvoyant or clairaudient, is always more or less conscious of what takes place; is able to produce his communications more or less at will; does not require the physical concomitants of ordinary mediumship; usually receives his chief "inspirations" when alone. The genuine Psychic submits himself to a given regimen of discipline and conduct, and is in all leading cases imbued with an increased energy and force of

character by his experiences. The examples of Psychism are numberless and many of its practitioners have exercised a power over their followers, an influence over succeeding generations, well-nigh incalculable.

Mediumship, if not positively immoral, is in all cases certainly unmoral, for men of any and every shade of moral infirmity become mediums. Since in every case passivity and a large degree of unconsciousness are necessary to successful mediumship, no Medium is strengthened intellectually and morally, regardless of the nature of his communications. Many, if not most, Mediums do deteriorate. Psychism requires a rigid moral practice of a nature consonant with the communications received, and demands a like conservation of energy to make the communications effective on the minds of others.

Psychism has been the governing factor in all religions and the originator of all religious sects. To limit for present purposes an otherwise unlimited record, Psychism is the same potent influence to-day as in all former times. Omitting the founders of the various large divisions of sectarian Christianity, made respectable by time and numbers, there have been astonishing communications from psychics in modern days. Once the accessible facts are studied it would seem impossible for any ordinarily intelligent and honest man to apply the epithets of fraud and hallucination to these psychics or to their communications. It suffices nothing merely to label such extraordinary specimens of the possibilities latent in human beings, and those who are content with such scepticism are, to say the least, no nearer understanding than those who are content blindly to believe in them, or to surrender to their manifestations. What is even more astonishing than blind scepticism and blind faith, is the indifference with which the wordly-wise leaders of mankind have uniformly treated this scientifically unexplored domain. The mysteries of physical nature are as nothing compared to the mysteries of human nature. Religion exercises a firmer hold and a vastly greater influence on humanity than any and all sciences, any and all governments, any and all the purely social, intellectual, and other racial movements—exercises this hold and influence here and now, for all these other cycles of activity are dependent on the religious ideas of mankind. It is not too much to say that nothing survives except as it is rooted in the soil of the religious instinct. Men ignore this instinct, or succumb to it, but no study of it is made for what it is—the greatest psychological mystery of all time.

It should be observed that the break-up of any old established religion does not mean the death of the religious instinct. The dissolution of the old and the establishment of a new religion or sect are accompanied by the same phenomenal outbursts—Mediumship and Psychism. As these cease in the old they appear as precursors of the new. Every new religion and every new sect appear, from the standpoint of the older creeds, to be unreasonable, unmoral or immoral, and their originators and converts to be unbalanced where not insane, actuated by sinister motives where not deluded and

hallucinated. This may be true enough, but it is forgotten or ignored that the signs and portents of the new were also the portents and signs of the old in *their* beginnings; that every argument against the new claimant is equally valid as against the established faith, and conversely that the same phenomena which originally secured the tenure of the old faith now attest the sanctity of the new.

To the "inspired" leaders and their devoted adherents, the communications of Mrs. Eddy and Joseph Smith in America, of "the Bab" in Persia, of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda in India, are as holy, as consecrated, as genuinely messages from another and higher world as the messages of Mohammed or Jesus, Buddha or Krishna. They are no more to be ignored or scoffed at by "orthodox" sectarians than the life and messages of George Fox, of John Calvin, of countless other founders of sects in the West and in the East. The plain truth is that no believer in *any* religion, let alone any sect, has the faintest moral or logical right to impeach or deride any other, no matter how absurd or bizarre. And why not? Because they all rest on the same phenomenal basis, all adduce and employ the same facts and factors, all alike are open to the same objections. What applies to one applies to all the rest.

What is needed by the world at large, and what must be undertaken for himself by each new investigator of the subject, is an examination, not of any particular "revealer" and his messages, but of the fundamental nature of Psychism itself. By all too many men Mediumship and Psychism are identified with the world Spiritual. Fundamentally, the average man lives in this world and believes in "the other world." For him there are only two worlds: the world of the living and the world of "Spirits." On this naïve basis, it is an unassailable logic which regards as "spiritual" any and every manifestation which does not have its origin in the world of the living: since mediumistic and psychic phenomena and phenomenal communications when and where genuine do not originate with living men, they must come from "Spirits." Equally, it is common belief that just as in this world there are good and bad men and influences, so in the other world there are good and bad "Spirits." Inevitably, to each Medium or Psychic *his* "Spirits" are the good, his messages the genuine.

Considered merely from the standpoint of their effects on living man, this human instinct and logic with their concomitants of Mediumship and Psychism have been the governing factors in racial evolution—of all its good and of all its evil. When weighed for their potential influence on the destiny of the human Soul after death, they become simply immeasurable. All the more reason, then, that the thoughtful man should overlook no possible criterion by which to determine his own choice and course among the countless varieties of Psychism.

Was Krishna, was Buddha, Jesus, H. P. Blavatsky, a Medium or Psychic? Were *their* phenomena of the same nature as the psychological experiences of the countless founders of religious sects?

Were *their* Messages delivered under the same auspices, to be accepted or rejected on the same basis, as those provided by the Psychism and the Creeds of religion and religious sects ?

To admit the *bona fides* of these many Psychics, the actuality phenomenal or otherwise of their multitudinous messages, does not imply the necessity of also accepting the wisdom of these teachers or the verisimilitude of their teachings. *What the careful student must face is another fact—that unless criteria exist independently of any and all purported teachers and teachings, superior to them all, and accessible to the humblest as to the highest man, there is no real choice possible, no real path through the confusions of this world, let alone the other.* It is self-evident that no teaching is presented as false or erroneous, whatever it may be in fact; that whatever teaching is accepted is adopted because it is believed to be true.

What is needed by the world and by the individual seeker after the Mysteries is not more "truth," revealed or otherwise, but a common and infallible standard by which to determine the actual nature inherent in any and all experiences, mundane or super-mundane. A teaching may be never so true, but if it appears as false to any man, its benefits are lost to him. A teaching may be never so false, but if it appears as true to any man, he will adopt it, give his life for it, suffer endlessly for his mistake—here, we know, and hereafter it must be, if there be a Hereafter.

What are those Fundamentals by which a man may weigh in the same scales his own faith and experiences as well as those of any and all others ? *There* must be the true Occultism.

[The last instalment will be on "The Path of Theosophy."]

WHAT MAKES A CITY'S PERSONALITY.

[**Helen Bryant** is one of the young English writers whose illusive and delicate prose has increasingly been seen of late in the leading London dailies. She is also entering the magazines as a short-story writer. Educated in England and France, she has travelled in Italy and the United States.

In her article Miss Bryant speculates, and naturally cannot come to definitions and decisions. There is feeling and instinctual perception but not knowledge. This is not surprising, for the rationale of this feeling will be found in one of the ten principal tenets of the Esoteric Philosophy, with which, perhaps, Miss Bryant is not familiar, *viz* : "All things that ever were, that are, or that will be, having their record upon the astral light or tablet of the unseen universe, the initiated adept, by using the vision of his own spirit, can know all that has been known or can be known." Thoughts, feelings, words, deeds of citizens registered in the astral light of any city are drawn back to it as reflections under the unerring law of magnetic attractions. Each person, permanent citizen or passing traveller, is impressed, literally and actually by the astral light, each drawing chiefly to himself that which is consubstantial with his own nature and constitution. But let it not be supposed that this implies fatalism ; for as H. P. Blavatsky points out ; "Humanity, in its units, can overpower and master its effects : but only by the holiness of their lives and by producing good causes." (*Secret Doctrine* II, 512).

In a future number we will publish another study of the same subject from Miss Bryant—"The Reincarnation of Cities."—EDS.]

"Which city," asks a character in *The Sea-gull*, "did you like best?" And the answer is : "Genoa. The life in the streets is so wonderful there . . . . . you wander aimlessly zig-zagging about among the crowds . . . . . you live with it, are psychologically at one with it, and begin almost to believe that a world-soul is really possible . . . . . "

A world-soul, perhaps : a city-soul, assuredly. Not only in Genoa, but wherever a collection of people has been magically fused into an entity with a personality of its own.

What makes the personality of a city ? Not its history, for often we feel it most strongly in a city to which we come for the first time, knowing nothing of it. With cities as with people, it is not what we know, but what we feel, that is important ; that is to say, not their history, but their character.

And we read their character through their people, as we read people through their works and actions. The streets and buildings of a city are only its features, the face on which its character is printed by its people.

Thus, though two or more cities may look superficially alike, or may stand at much the same point on the path of progress, their personalities may be as different as the character of any two or three people picked at random from the same climate, race, and age. Take the three metropolises of London, Paris and New York—how enormously different they are ! London, the man's city, solid, stolid, lovable, dignified : Paris, essentially feminine with its aura of frills and frivolity, of laughter that springs from wit and wine, of beauty born

of exquisite taste rather than intensity or simplicity or the pervading melancholy of a Nordic race : and New York.....But how shall one define New York ? That city of contrasts, that strange city with its feverish streets and its roofs of silence : with its generous recognition of talent, beauty, culture, and its incredible blindness to these same things : with its prodigality of help to potential youth, its implacability to failure, its unexpected Samaritanisms to those who fall by the way. Its contrasts cry out against each other : on the one hand speed and noise violently outrage silence and meditation, on the other these very gifts are offered. Upon its skyscraper roofs, between earth and stars, one can be divorced from mundane realities and bathed in mystery even more completely than in the quiet of London. For London's is a friendly quiet : warm, unquestioning, uncritical, never aloof. It envelops one so that there seems to be always a trusty friend at one's elbow. To be alone in London is not to be stripped stark of companionship : companionship is instinct in every misty street. Walk through the most deserted thoroughfares—the " city," say, on a Sunday night—and friendly ghosts will accompany you. Voices echoing down an alley, music from some homely room, perfumes of tea and rubber and wine, a crane upreared from a tangle of girders, beautiful and lyric, stabbing the sky—in such sights, scents, sounds, are spirits which are inenarrably London.

We have called London the man's city, and Paris the woman's—an implication that cities take unto themselves not only personalities, but genders. Perhaps it is fancy, but to us the cities of Italy seem almost all feminine, while—strangely enough in that Land of Women—American cities are utterly masculine. Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago, Buffalo—there is nothing of the woman in these. They seem to have been built ruthlessly by men as means to an end ; and though perhaps that end was the vision of dreamers, these cities are in no way the fabrics of a dream.

In the older civilizations of Europe and the East, cities grew slowly out of the very hearts and lives of the people : they were wrought with an infinitude of labour and love: into them, consciously or unconsciously, jewel after jewel was set, while a spirit grew up in them and pervaded them, and they became entities, almost they became alive. The cities of the New World are tools in the shaping of the destiny of a nation, but most of them are not entities—not yet.....

The personality of a city is a strange thing. It can be so powerful that one can be almost afraid of it. Many a person has said of Venice : " It's too beautiful—I daren't live there." It can be so strong that one feels a mad desire to go out and give oneself to the city and so be done with it—but that is impossible. The giving or taking of a city is a slow process, for it entails the same interchange of soul as takes place in the forming of a perfect friendship.

And this soul, this spirit with which, if we love it enough, we may merge our own, what is it? Not the city itself, not its people, not the history they have forged : not the magnets which have drawn them together in a certain place, not even the beauty of that place or of

the city which subsequently they have created—though undoubtedly such beauty plays its part. It is rather the spiritual essence of the city's inhabitants, compounded of that which is finest in them, in their beliefs, their ideals, their aims. And since it is thus compounded, this fine essence in which a myriad atoms of humanity can merge what is true and beautiful in themselves and thus find unity, the personality of a city offers something which is at once more restful and more enduring than most human friendships. Once accomplished, only one wound can come of it, the hurt of separation. Human relationships are subject to more numerous and cruel stresses. To be at one with a city is to know peace.

HELEN BRYANT.

It is on the indestructable tablets of the astral light that is stamped the impression of every thought we think, and every act we perform; and the future events—effects of long-forgotten causes—are already delineated as a vivid picture for the eye of the seer and prophet to follow. Memory—the despair of the materialist, the enigma of the psychologist, the sphinx of science—is to the student of old philosophies merely a name to express that power which man unconsciously exerts, and shares with many of the inferior animals—to look with inner sight into the astral light and there behold the images of past sensations and incidents. Instead of searching the cerebral ganglia for "micrographs of the living and the dead, of scenes that we have visited, of incidents in which we have borne a a part," they went to the vast repository where the records of every man's life as well as every pulsation of the visible cosmos are stored up for all Eternity!

—H. P. BLAVATSKY *in Isis Unveiled*, I. pp. 178-9.

NAVARĀTRI.

[**N. Kasturi Iyer, M.A., B.L.,** is already known to our readers.—EDS.]

Hindu sages, while recognising and rejecting the phenomenal world as but a string of zeroes, posit as the basis of the series of evanescent nothingnesses the One, the Integer, the Absolute, which lends them a relative value and authenticity. The Brahman is beyond all dualities, beyond language and intellect, unknowable in space and time, unknowable through cause and effect. This wonderful phantasmagoria of Life is, however, a subjective projection, born of ignorance and capable of being annihilated when its real nature is grasped. "As soon as She is recognised, Māyā flies away." And Brahman, alone, is seen in all effulgence. This cosmic energy or Sakti, creating and destroying name and form, ceaselessly modifying itself into multitudinous manifestations, is, therefore, both Tempter and Liberator, Grace and Terror, Executioner and Saviour, Kāli and Jagaddhātri. Siva is the Transcendent, and Sakti the Immanent, aspect of the one Brahman who is Sivasakti. As the Sage Mēdhas declares in the *Mārkandeya Purāṇa :*

> It is the inscrutable power of Mahā Māyā, which knits human souls together by the bond of love and brings about attachment between each other. She is the creative energy of the Universe and is the cause of its preservation. Go, worship and propitiate her.

The Navarātri is consecrated to the worship of this all-pervading Energy of the Universe in various aspects and through significant rituals.

During the Nine Nights, according to the *Mārkandeya Purāṇa* Kāli, the Mother, was engaged in combat with the demons and dark spirits, the chief of whom was Mahishāsura, the embodiment, in buffalo form, of physical passion. The *Saptashati* or "Seven Hundred Slokas" relate, with dramatic and simple directness, the overpowering of the world by demoniacal forces ; the creation of Mahāmāyā ("a mass of light proceeded from the bodies of all the Gods and conglomerated in an effulgent lustre which revealed the glorious form of a woman reaching over the three worlds") ; her battles with Madhu and Kaitabha, Sumbha and Nisumbha, Chanda and Munda. These Slokas are read and repeated with fervour and feeling throughout the nine days in most Hindu homes. "For all alike," as Sister Nivedita writes, "there is but one object of contemplation, the wars that were in heaven ; one hope and one alone, the conquest of the demons by the gods."

Nowhere, however, is mythology permitted to smother mysticism, for wherever Durga is praised, she is revered as permeating every activity and function of Life. She dwells as "the sense in the heart of the wise, as faith in mankind, as modesty in the superior castes." She is "the essence of the substance of the various sciences." She plays in the form of mind and intellect and memory, of power and

splendour and prosperity, of repose and delusion and shadow, of appetite and gratification, of joy and wisdom. She is terrible only to the lust-ridden and the inert. He who conserves his child nature is blessed by her caress, as the Universal Mother. As Sri Krishna says in the *Gita*, "*Pitāhamasya Jagato mātā dhātā pitāmahah*," "I am the father of the Universe ; I am its mother, its protector, its grandsire."

The Durga Puja, of which the recital of the *Saptashati* forms an integral part, is the national festival of Bengal, an epitome of the Shākta side of her culture. There, the mother is revered in three forms. She is Durga, the Divine Energy, making and destroying, defeated and again conquering, indifferent to personal desires. She is Kāli, the Dark Mother of Mystery, wielder of Destruction, receiver of Sacrifice, whose benediction is Death and Regeneration. Finally she is Jagaddhātri, the tenderness at the heart of Nature which shines in good women, and from which come forth the Madonnas of the World. In her social aspect, Durga has come to be installed as the daughter of the household, the little wedded girl, returning from her lord's home for a three days' stay among the clinging memories of childhood. Her arrival, stay and eventual departure have formed the theme of exquisitely poignant songs from Bengali devotees. Again, in Bengal, on the day when she leaves her home, " bijoya " greetings of reunion pass and repass from man to man, long nurtured quarrels being forgotten in the fraternal embrace. For " are not all bonds of kindred renewed and sanctified at the feet of the Divine Visitant " ?

In other parts of India, also, beneficent aspects of Sakti are worshipped, such as Saraswati, the Sakti of Brahma the Creator, and Lakshmi, the Sakti of Vishnu the Preserver.

Saraswati is knowledge and knowledge is creative. Hence on the eighth day called Durgāshtami or Vīrāshtami implements of culture, swords and spears, writing utensils and books—every little tool of hand and brain—are consecrated with prayers that her blessings might infill them. Such is the wise and virile adaptability of Hinduism that to-day not only old Sanskrit manuscripts are used, but also printed books, including Persian, English and German.

Lakshmi, the Goddess of Fortune, of Wealth, and the three Cosmic Impulses, is also offered special puja on the ninth day. The horse, the palanquin, the umbrella, the sword and other insignia of royalty and authority are venerated, and even supercilious cars can be seen rolling along the roads on Mahanavami bearing the garlands and sandal paste of homage to Srī or Glory.

In honour of both the Goddesses, the girls of every family arrange in competitive enthusiasm groups of toys, manufactured and decorated by their own hands, for the delectation of neighbours and friends. Special gifts and offerings are made to maidens as representatives of Sakti.*

* In Gujerat and Kathiawar, the "garba dance," with lighted lamps, is held as part of the universal rejoicing at the arrival of the Mother into every home.

The tenth day is the day of victory over the demon and is known as Vijaya Dasami. No day is more auspicious for the initiation of human endeavour. Little tots of four years are introduced into the mysterious wonderland of symbolised thought; children of seven years, palpitating with excitement, are privileged for the first time to handle the tools of their ancestral craft. Hence the day is also called Vidyādasami—the tenth day of Knowledge. It is also a day reminiscent of the inauguration of many a mighty campaign in Indian mythology and history. It was on this day that the immortal Pandavas, after their successful completion of the vow of exile, came out as protectors of the cow—the symbol of prosperity—and of Dharma—the Law—and resumed the use of their celestial weapon from the sacred Sami Tree (*Acacia Ferugenia*). Sri Rama set out on his expedition to slay the Rakshasas (demons) on that day; and Sivaji, the King of the Marathas but servant of Bhāvani, led his intrepid horsemen, after the monsoon, on this very day, to exercise suzerainty over the four quarters.

Even to-day the Maharajas of Mysore, Travancore and Baroda proceed in regal splendour with all the Mangalas or auspicious accompaniments outside the bounds of their capital cities, and re-enact the triumphal deeds of the heroes of the *Mahabharata* through the rites of Sīmōllangḥana (Crossing the Boundary) and Samī-Puja. The Sami, used during Vedic rites for generating fire through rotational friction, is a tree "impregnated with fire," and hence was considered by the Pandavas as able to increase the effectiveness of destructive weapons of war. But behind the romance repeated year after year glimmers the significance of the loss of the spiritual kingdom, which has to be regained by more potent weapons than those of the flesh, weapons that can only be wielded by the hand that itself is the vehicle of the developed, disciplined and purified will. The Raja is felt by the popular mind not as a transient individual, but as the symbol of rulership: the function of ruling is reflected in every citizen's Free Will which must rule over all faculties and instruments, and, these subdued, become the channel of the Omnipotent Will which is creative. It is significant that one of the terms for the attainment of Supreme Bliss is Swarajya-Siddhi, the achievement of self-Government, or rule of the self by the Self.

The Navarātri is thus universally observed in India as a festival of culture, of moral victory, of communion with the Energy which permeates and plays in the phenomenal universe.

N. Kasturi.

THE POETRY OF CHINA.

[**Philip Henderson** contributed to our April number an article on "The Spirit of Indian Poetry." He now gives us the benefit of his critical literary judgment on Chinese Poetry. The awakening in the West of a discerning interest in the literature of the East is a very hopeful factor which must inevitably contribute to a better understanding between the two.—EDS.]

When the poetry of China was first introduced to English readers by Arthur Waley it was as though a flower had sprung to life in our hearts. And it spread its cool and gentle pallor through our minds, and we became aware of a new and delicate rhythm in life, an intangible rhythm as of the air.

Beside such a pure spirit of poetry western writers seem clumsy. Even with the finest production of the West there is always present a sense of strain, of striving after accomplishment. But in the Chinese poetry, wherever one looks, either at the Book of Odes or at the work of the great T'ang poets, there is always the same effortless and exquisite accomplishment. These poets have opened our eyes again to the beauty of natural objects, to the beauty and significance of the affairs of ordinary life, not by any elaborate pantheistic theory, but simply because they are able to see the simple light of beauty in things and able to say so without high-sounding metaphor.

> **Steady the smoke of the half-deserted village,**
> **A dog barks somewhere in the deep lanes,**
> **A cock crows at the top of the mulberry tree.**
> **At gate and courtyard—no murmur of the world's dust:**
> **In the empty rooms—no leisure and deep stillness.**

At the first line they disarm criticism. At once we see that they have no desire to be what they are not. They have no false conception of heroism and indeed they have no wish to show themselves as in any way heroic. The complete absence of egotism in these poems allows us to respond directly to the idea expressed, unhindered by the irrelevant personality of the poet. Spontaneous as a sigh, here are the qualities of the soul finding natural expression rather than a hardly striven for and hardly won lyrical release of the type that makes so much western poetry distorted and unnatural in sentiment.

> **....my soul is not fashioned like other mens.'**
> **To drive in their rut I might perhaps learn:**
> **To be untrue to myself would only lead to muddle.**
>
> ***T'ao Ch'ien, translated by Arthur Waley.***

We do not call these poems philosophical. Yet why should they not be so called? We cannot lay down laws as to what is important in life and what is unimportant, for values change from generations to generation. There is no particular "outlook," as we know it, here, yet the poet moves us as deeply when he writes of cutting flowers, or making tea, or sitting at ease, as when death, absence or unrequited love is his theme. And so powerfully realised

is each simple thing that it remains poetry even in translation. It is as though all creation to the poet was as music, the rhythm of the universe in everything, balance, proportion and a sweet sanity. Anguish is bitter at the death of a loved-one, yet how keen the delight of flowers, the cool wind and dreaming of past happiness! Only there is no sentimentality in this literature. Never for a moment is vision blurred. They know that dreaming of past happiness means waking to loneliness in the morning.

> **At night you came and took my hand and we wandered together in my dream;**
> **When I woke in the morning there was no one to stop the tears that fell on my handkerchief.**
>
> *Po Chüi.*

They have arrived at this tranquillity of perfect self-possession by looking steadfastly within, by quiet meditation, by passivity, so that their minds might become as mirrors of the world and that calm and cessation of conflict beyond the world. In tranquillity they have sought the Way and in tranquillity they have been rewarded. When the world was hostile and stupid they had their own inner world of which they were sole lords. Retiring from their duties as administrators, they opened their poetry books, practised caligraphy or painting. And the value of their poetry to us is that in it are to be found not the ideals of a dead past, but that which we all desire for the future—ideals at once simple and subtle and clear.

That the Chinese poets were painters as well was an additional reason for the textural harmony of their compositions. Whoever has stood in front of a Chinese painting of one of the earlier periods and has felt the soft suffusion of light and shade as it has been so miraculously caught by the brush and conveyed to the silk, the transparent shadows and the pervading and exquisite harmony, will be able also to form an idea of Chinese poetry. The same spirit informs both. In both can be seen the world in its native beauty, yet a vision of the world in the rare atmosphere beyond conflict.

PHILIP HENDERSON.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

CLEMENCEAU ON INDIA*.

[**Dr. Mulk Raj Anand**, an Honours B.A., and gold medallist in philosophy (1925) of the Punjab University, who edited there the *Durbar* of the Chief Khalsa Diwan, is now resident in London. He took his Ph. D. of London University in 1929 with a thesis on Locke, Hume and Bertrand Russell. He is a contributor to English and American periodicals. To us it is appropriate that the prodigious work of an Occidental displaying such indebtedness to Eastern lore as does Clemenceau in that work of his which is a whole life-time matured, should be reviewed by an Oriental who of choice is settled in a Western land.

An extract from his book will enlighten our Indian readers on the point of view of Clemenceau about the Indian mind and Indian philosophy :—

> "I do not know why I so boldly sum up in a few words the aspects and the development of Hindu thought. The subject fascinates me and leads me on. ..... I cannot set forth here the doctrine, or the doctrines, of the Vedanta. That doctrine is nothing less than a knowledge of the Vedanta, according to the traditional interpretation of the Upanishads and of the Vedanta Sutras. Revelation or tradition—much fault has been found with the words, for when we go back to the origin of the two ideas they express, they become almost confounded in sense.
>
> "Under the title: 'Introduction to Vedantic Philosophy,' Max Müller has given us an excellent exposition of the subject in three lectures. Any one will profit by reading them. The chief danger lies in the fact that the eminent philologist is determined to find his personal god in the books of India. Now, the divinity of those books seems closely to resemble that of Spinoza, an eminent Asiatic, who instinctively re-lived the thought of India, just as, according to the legend, Pascal automatically re-lived the thoughts of Euclid. ..... With the Vedanta of Sankara and the Sankya of Kapila, India has kept the advantage of having the loftiest metaphysics, which some day, perhaps, will be recognised as having anticipated the conclusions of knowledge based on universally admitted science.....If the first hints of science and of generalization about the earth and about mankind really come to us from Chaldea, and perhaps also from Egypt, it was incontestably India that knew how to bind the luminous sheaves of investigation into radiant torches of dreams—lures to generalization under the spell of which we still remain. In spite of all the systematic training which ontology has given us, the marvellous suppleness of the Indian mind has never been excelled."
>
> —Vol. I. 404/412 EDS.]

Were it not that I know Clemenceau made his last testament of truth sitting in the wilderness of his den, before an audience composed of the dead corpses of white paper sheets (which he has miraculously brought back to life), I should like to imagine him roaring out his last words of wisdom to human beings in the Chamber of Deputies in the manner of his own hero Demosthenes. By him he was so inspired that he paid him the homage of an impassioned little volume

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* "*In the Evening of My Thought*" By Georges Clemenceau. Translated by C. M. Thompson and J. Heard, Jr., Two Volumes. (Constable and Company Ltd., London, 30*s.* net.)

three years before writing *In the Evening of my Thought.* But why should I imagine him speaking to the Chamber of Deputies ? Are not people in political arenas often carried away by their tongues into uttering false heroics? Clemenceau would perhaps have told us a lie if he had delivered his oration in the Chamber, or what is worse than a lie,—half the truth, and that is not the way in which the battles of philosophic truth ought to be fought.

I can imagine him sitting by his writing table in the tall dark sanctum of his study in the little cottage at La Vendée, the fond retreat of his last days. Bloodshot eyes, shaded into a melancholy gloom by his thick eyebrows, reflect the loneliness of his spirit. His short, sudden gasps for breath indicate the bitterness of his soul as it struggled in the stormy sea of life. An ironic smile on his thin lower lip, refusing to tremble with anger and hate at the thought of his misery, hard cheeks and fixed chin, express his determination to fight for truth. as he had always fought for other causes in the morning of his life, to supply food to his famished soul.

He was ready to emancipate the world from the vile lies, the despicable hypocrisies, the narrow dogmas which it cherished so much. Nicknamed " the Tiger," he could not have looked very unlike a tiger as he sat down to roar out four hundred thousand words of beautifully ecstatic, majestic and masterly rhetoric for the benefit of his soul.

What is the truth Clemenceau has told us? The answer to this question is simple. Away with ideas, metaphor and imagery, embrace the hard and stern facts of the universe with science.

It seems to me that he had been preparing to tell us this truth from the very beginning of his eventful career. Born in the early half of the nineteenth century, he found himself in the throes of a philosophic revolution in France. There, the scientific spirit was making a strong headway. Cousin and Taine had just brought over the empirical philosophy of Britain into France. So, when Clemenceau graduated in medicine at the Sorbonne, he was at once carried off his feet by the sensationalism of the then living prophet of empirical philosophy, John Stuart Mill. Putting Mill's *Auguste Comte and Positivism* in his pocket to translate, he set off to America to study on the spot the application of Mill's progressive ideas to democratic practice. Liberty, government of the people by the people, he shouted when he came back to France, and he fought with all the vigour and intensity of bold speech and fiery writing against conventions social, religious and political. With the help of the scientific method he had learnt from Mill, Clemenceau tried to destroy existing schemes. Since he could not shatter them he denied them. He pulled down ministry after ministry in the Chamber without ever accepting offers to form one himself. Mill had unfortunately given him a highly developed critical sense, but no positive theory which he could substitute in the place of what he destroyed. It was only when he became the premier of France during the latter portion of the war and led the Allies from strategy to strategy to victory with his " indomitable will to victory,"

that he put together a few positive beliefs with regard to war and peace which took shape in the Treaty of Versailles. For his constructive philosophical beliefs he went to India because he believed that India had solved the riddle of the Sphinx. But even during his search for wisdom in the East his critical faculties were not in abeyance, so that what he learned he criticised, sometimes kindly, sometimes adversely. And although the system expounded in *In the Evening of my Thought* owes its inspiration to the Hindu philosophy, that inspiration is interpreted by Clemenceau in his own characteristic way, and is then applied to the vast material which physics, chemistry, biology, anthropology, cosmology, astronomy, physiology, metaphysics,' epistemology and other Western sciences afforded him.

"Whence are we born, where do we live, and whither do we go?" is the problem which the authors of the Upanishads put to themselves. "What.....is life? To have lived and died?.....What is it to be born?" asks Clemenceau. And he answers: "Birth is the continuation of an ordained interplay of energies in perpetual flux and change." Life "is the sensation of an imaginary permanence amid the elusive whirl of things." Death is "to continue forever eternally changing forms." The universe, according to him, is deterministic and mechanistic. Material energy is its ultimate essence. Man is free. But his freedom is to be interpreted as his unconsciousness of the primordial fact that his organism determines his activities. Evolution governs man, animal, plant and substance alike. The struggle for existence, the necessary corollary of evolution, prevails everywhere. Our much cherished values, good, evil, truth, beauty, etc., are purely relative. Even knowledge is relative. It is indeed open to doubt, because we cannot know the universe from without, being forever enclosed within its boundaries. As a matter of fact we ought not to try to know it from without. We ought to aspire to know its elements. The task of comprehending it may be protracted and difficult in this way but it is the sure path. We should go on acquiring knowledge and yet be hungry for it. The presuppositions of science do not admit of argument, for science has no presuppositions. Scientists, therefore, need not be questioned as to whether the universe is coherent or incoherent. The generalisations of religion are the product of dreams and hallucinations. The ideals which speculative metaphysics keeps on building up are the last attempts of drowning men to clutch a straw in order to keep afloat while they are being tossed and buffeted by the waves on the heavy sea of existence. Metaphysics is really the consequential disabuse of terminology expressly invented for the purpose. Systems built on the insecure foundations of imagination, Clemenceau thinks with almost Humian scepticism, shun the daylight, while science standing on the firm rock of reason invites criticism and contradiction. Take courage, men, who plod your weary way researching, researching, researching in the laboratories, "accept the unpleasant guidance of approximate truths which are ever under revision," then perhaps you will become capable of "vibrating in unison with the elements," Clemenceau seems to exhort us.

A noble ideal ! An ideal fit to be embraced if we would be intellectually honest. And Clemenceau brings to its exposition the testimony of the oldest philosophy in the world. He goes namely to the storehouse of metaphysical learning in the poetic philosophic utterances of the Upanishads and surprisingly enough finds that, although dating back to hoary antiquity, they supply a rational explanation of the universe in which the foremost of our modern scientists will discover positions akin to their own. Clemenceau's debt to Hindu thought is immense, and he confesses to it in numerous references to India in both his prodigious volumes. But who cannot find corroborative evidence for his particular belief or beliefs in those mines of golden thoughts ? By slight tricks of phrase one can interpret the meaning of old Hindu poets each in his totally different way. Clemenceau does not refer to the passage in which ultimate reality is described in the Upanishads, but I will quote it here in order to show how differently it has been construed by different commentators. The passage I have in mind occurs in the *Kaṭha Upanishad*. It runs :

> Beyond the senses there are objects ; beyond the objects there is the mind ; beyond the mind there is the intellect ; beyond the intellect there is the great self. Beyond the great one there is the highest undeveloped ; beyond the undeveloped there is the person, the all pervading characterless. Whatsoever knows him is liberated and attains immortality.

The Vedantists laid down that the great undeveloped is Maya avidya, or sakti (illusion, ignorance, or power), the fictitious energy which joined with the highest self (atman, purusha) constitutes Isvara, the cosmic soul, the cause of all existent entities.

It is obvious that Clemenceau did not believe in this particular view. The Absolute of the Vedanta was for him the ghost of what was once full-blooded reality. He believed rather in the interpretation of the Sankhyas who regarded the great undeveloped as the primary material principles (pradhana, prakriti) coexisting with purusha from eternity. And with the Sankhyas, too, he looked upon the *Upanishads* as containing the germs of a philosophy according to which knowledge is relative, good and evil and all the other values are relative, and according to which man is free. For his other multifarious beliefs he dug into other systems of Hindu thought, such as the Epic philosophy, Buddhism and the monism of the *Bhagavad Gita*. But throughout he went with a firm purpose to borrow only that which suited his own broad standpoint ; and selecting the features that fitted into his scheme, left the rest intact. Intuitive beliefs he argued are and will remain necessarily vague. Mysticism is a good thing for lazy people who have a fatalistic contempt of struggling for truth. For himself he would rather choose the process of intellectual analysis. He would seek logical proofs for every particle of the knowledge of reality gained by man. The generality of mankind, however, are inclined to prefer the easy-going method of belief.

Those who seek emotional peace, order, uniformity, truth, in the inspirations of poetry, mysticism, religion, will not turn to Clemenceau. He is for the stubborn realist who can go doggedly and persistently

searching for truth even though he knows he will never find it. He is not for the man who cannot face an ideal, who cannot free himself from the shackles of slavery to his environments, who is for ever groping in the dark abysses of existence. But he is honest. Where Science is concerned he can lead from darkness to reasonable light. If his voice is sad, if it is like the groaning of a lonely, bitter, disillusioned man, it is also courageous, it attains true nobility and majesty.

MULK RAJ ANAND.

Songs of Love and Death. BY MANMOHAN GHOSE. (Basil Blackwood, Oxford. 6*s*.).

This book has an admirable preface by Laurence Binyon, who was both at school and university with the poet. Manmohan Ghose, an elder brother of Aurabindo Ghose, was transplanted to England at the age of seven years, and there received his education. He won an open scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1887. He left England in 1894, unable to find a post there, to take up professorial duties in India. He died in 1924. His published work was very slender. In 1890, he produced at Oxford along with Stephen Phillips, Laurence Binyon and Arthur Cripps, a small volume entitled *Primavera*, and in 1898 his *Love Songs and Elegies* formed one of Mr. Elkin Mathew's "Shilling Garland" series.

His entire education in England made a deep impression on the poet that was not to be effaced. Mr. Binyon says:

> Is it not something for pride also that England could be to this Indian a nursing-mother of imagination and the dear home of the Muses. Yet with the English people, I fancy that the orientalism of a Flecker or a Lafcadio Hearn finds much readier sympathy than the romantic admiration of England that inspired Manmohan Ghose.

In 1890, Oscar Wilde wrote of his verses thus:

> His verses show us how quiet and subtle are the intellectual sympathies of the oriental mind and suggest how close is the bond of union that may some day bind India to us by other methods than those of commerce and military strength.

But a heavy price had to be paid as a link in the chain that binds the two countries. Manmohan's life was full of tragedy—and this undoubtedly accounts for the vein of melancholy that runs through his poetry. Brought up in England, accustomed entirely to western ways, he returned to India—his native land. In a letter written during the War to Mr. Binyon he says:

> For years not a friendly step has crossed my threshold. With English people in India there can only be a nodding acquaintance or official connection, and with Indians my purely English upbringing and breeding puts me out of harmony; denationalised, that is their word for me.

This is pure tragedy—an alien in both countries, and, added to this, ten years of agony watching by the sickbed of his beloved wife.

Just as Rabindranath Tagore has interpreted the East to the West, Mr. Binyon feels that Manmohan may be an interpreter of the West to the East, and he says : " I do not think that an Indian reader would feel him as a foreign poet, for all his western tastes and illusions."

The most important poem is " Immortal Eve," throughout the whole of which a mystic note is interwoven, but throughout which also a very human note is sounded :

Her eyes were not of amethyst,
Her teeth were not of pearl.
Human all over, laughing, crying,
Shrewd, simple,—just a girl.

In the " Orphic Mysteries " is included a delightful poem—" The Black Swallow-tail Butterfly."

Beautiful dancer upon the wind of the life in thy fluttering wings,
O mingle of breeze and sunlight, whose glancing gaiety sings
Of the heavenly life, and my soul on the verge of invisible things !

We cannot, however, feel but regretful that the poet, if his mission —albeit unconsciously to himself—were to interpret the West to the East, did not write in Bengali. But Bengali had to be re-learnt on his return to India, and even in language he was estranged from his native land. How much further that estrangement went must be left for every reader to decide for himself.

T. L. C.

The Meaning of Culture. By John Cowper Powys. (W. W. Norton and Co., New York. $3.00.)

In these days when there are too many books, it is refreshing to find there are still writers who can both think deeply and express their thoughts attractively. Here is one who, like Browning's Abt Vogler, throws up monuments in mental and emotional architecture in that magic process of creating a cosmos out of chaos. The book is divided into two parts—first, a consideration and analysis of what is culture, and then a study of its application to the chaotic conditions of modern life. In life there is a personal pilgrimage of culture. It is a slow refining process of working one's self out, while environments continue to influence inherent growth. It is difficult to attempt to define so impalpable a process. But Mr. Powys's felicitous expression is useful when he talks of culture as that which " is left over after you have forgotten all you have definitely set out to learn". Culture then is a residue after all superficial growth is evaporated in the process of refinement, an indestructible part of the Self, and is therefore eternal—enduring as Truth, beautiful as Light. This suggests the great fact that though education can vitally contribute to culture, true culture is something more than mere education, for it is what a man *is*, not just an acquired mental garment to cloak and hide the deformity of his growth and expansion. Culture is thus different from pedantry or philistinism, it chafes at dogmatic control or restraint, and, though to some extent inchoate and often inarticulate, it has a facility for combining extreme opposites and creating an understanding, a humanism, and a sympathy that are deep.

There is a continuous interaction between personality and individuality, two constituents of the inner man. Though education, knowledge and experience forming that personality indirectly colour the soul within, it is the immortal and permanent individuality that mainly affects human personality which is under education in the school of life. If, as Mr. Powys suggests, culture is a bent of the mind, it follows that the senses from outside and the soul from within affect the process of thought that is responsible for the accrual and expression of the residual culture.

In human culture, we find a working substitute for religion itself: it is something that can "calm us and steady us" in our intelligent enjoyment of "the magic of life, so overlaid and vulgarised by modern conditions." These two words "calm" and "steady" are worthy of note, for they suggest the peace and the poise which are necessary for quiet, deep introspection and vision. Through culture and its simplifying effect on existence, Mr. Powys offers a guide to happiness to his "fellow-wrestlers in the stark arena of life," but he does not emphasise enough the glory of effort, and the satisfaction which is obtained from the doing of right for its own sake. Cultured love is possible when "deep might call unto deep," while in other human relations, culture implies "an earth-deep humility."

Here then is a book to be enjoyed. Its words are as well-chosen as its thoughts are profound. If ever a writer can provoke thought by thought, Mr. Powys can do it. It is "an attempt to isolate the mysterious human creation known by the name of culture from other. . . . .achievements of the human mind." It lays emphasis on the conditions of modern life where chances of attaining culture are both "ameliorated" and "menaced" by our industrial system.

S. V.

West African Secret Societies. Their Organisations, Officials and Teaching. By Captain F. W. Butt-Thompson. (H. F. & G. Witherby, London. 21*s*. net).

Something of the magic and mystery of Western Africa can be placed in facts about the many Secret Societies of that unfathomable land which was old when Europe was unborn. For the most part, Capt. F. W. Butt-Thompson confines himself to facts in this most thorough-paced treatise of his on West African Secret Societies. He declares:

> Magic is older than religion, it is as old as the world and its African exponents keep inviolate secrets that date back to creational times. . . . The magicians and wizards often come down from special families long connected with the craft, in which from father to son, or from mother to daughter, the secrets are handed down.

This recalls the famous item of *Isis Unveiled* about those secret rules of practice transmitted from generation to generation with a more or less wide range of psychical phenomena as the result.

Over seventy mystic and religious Secret Societies in the territory stretching from Sierra Leone on the West to Angola on the East approximate in organisation and purpose the Pythagoreans, Gnostics, Jewish Kabalists and Essenes, the Bayern Illuminata and Prussian Rosicrucians. Throughout, the Path of Initiation of the ages comes inevitably to mind. Step by step, as with the Okonko of Nigeria and the Muhammedan Masubori, the probationer passes through ordeals progressive in menace and terror to life and mind from the first grade to the tenth. Each one achieved gives a member certain functions in carrying out the Society's law, some higher power and morality to the final climax in its completeness. Anyone who has passed through all the grades—which few do—becomes an Elder, revered, honoured, obeyed. He receives a new name. He is able to understand and reply to after-death spirits. He has passed through the valley of the shadow, been wounded, bruised, sore, terrorised in a body weak from ordeals, slain, to return resurrected from the old life. Body disciplined to bear incredible fatigue, will strengthened to endure pain in silence, courage and fortitude brought out, ability to keep secrets tested, before the real mysteries are imparted and he is a magician. An esoteric language is his. Only those who have reached the highest grade are privileged to use it in its entirety "handed down in a tongue so old as to be practically forgotten in the present day."

The heads of ten Societies from Sierra Leone to the Congo are held to be embodiments of the gods, their sacred office overshadowing the personality. Some live and die alone in a privacy hardly ever broken, the secret of their very identity known but to a few.

Along the Upper Volta and in Nigeria the Swastika is in everyday use, that most mystic symbol pregnant with occult meaning to be found to-day in India, China, Mongolia, as in ancient Peru, Egypt Chaldea, Germania. Many of the Societies know something of the meaning hidden in numbers as in the use of three, for example, along the entire West Coast across central and south-east Africa to Rhodesia, and the use of seven on the Congo. A volume will not suffice to exhaust the abundant comparisons on almost every other page which must occur to the student of H. P. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled* and the *Secret Doctrine*.

A. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Looking Towards 1975.

Mr. J. D. Beresford, in his article in your August number, suggests that Amenhotep IV. may have been the deliverer of "what may have been the first great message given to the present race of mankind". We are told "that this Egyptian Pharaoh made no great renunciation. He did not so much preach his new doctrine as impose it upon a people by a mandate against which there was no appeal." He made an "unprecedented endeavour to change the religion of a nation from Polytheism to Monotheism by a royal decree."

It would seem that these very facts, if they be correct, invalidate any claim that might be urged in favour of Amenhotep as one of the great spiritual teachers. All the great teachers, from the early Indian sages down to 1875 when Madame Blavatsky delivered her message, have made the great inner renunciation — this Amenhotep may have done — *but they have never imposed their will on others.* They have been merely signposts pointing out the spiritual way, but have ever left man free to follow or not to follow that path exactly as he pleases.

No true Occultist may impose his will on any human being, therefore Amenhotep's endeavours to do so—endeavours that were completely frustrated in the next reign—run contrary to a fundamental law that man can only win his Immortality through his own self-induced and self-devised efforts. It is because the great teachers have inspired to self-effort that their results live to the present day, while Amenhotep's influence has been forgotten for some 3,000 years.

Bombay. F. E.

Is the "Gita" Unique?

In your July number Mr. G. V. Ketkar writes of the *Bhagavad-Gita* and rightly calls it "a book of life for the guidance of humanity," but adds that as such "it is incomparable." I am a devotee of the *Gita* and personally to me it is "incomparable," but can the *Gita* be that necessarily to all? I know worthy people who equally dogmatise about other "incomparable" books. One lady swears by *Light on the Path*; another, a man, says "Memorize the *Voice of the Silence*, don't bother about anything else." Like Mr. Ketkar I belong to Poona and know a Maratha friend who says "Why not be swadeshi? *Jñaneshvari* is good enough for any Maratha". No doubt your other readers can refer to other gems.

It is not only to soften such final dicta that I appeal, but to say that in my experience the *Gita* itself has spoken more forcefully to me when I took to its further study the Light received from the above

quoted books, but more than any other from *Tao Teh King* of China. Our spiritual vision deepens through a *comparative* study of the *ideas* in such books. As an example, the doctrine of the Pairs of Opposites revealed in the *Gita* is better understood from its treatment by the Chinese sage.

Poona. B. N. G.

Colour and Sound.

A musical instrument which manufactures its tones from beams of light has recently been developed in the laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The instrument was constructed by Professors Hardy and Brown of the department of physics for Duval R. Goldthwaite, who conceived the idea. In the apparatus, a photo-electric cell receives the interrupted light impulses and converts them into electrical currents which are fed into a loud-speaker. The heart of the instrument is a glass disc upon which there are a number of concentric sound-tracks. The disc is rapidly rotated before a lamp and the beam of light is impinged on the photo cell by closing the switches under the keys in the keyboard. In addition to the ordinary tones, others are produced by this synthetic treatment which are ordinarily inaudible to the average ear.

The close connection between sound and colour is by no means a new discovery. It was well known to the Aryans of the *pre-Mahabharata* period, as a little investigation will prove. As a result of the abundant data furnished by linguistic research, philologists have unearthed some very suggestive facts. For one thing, all the words denoting *sound* and *light* are found to be derived from the same root. Professor Ovseniko Koulikovsky has shown that the Sanskrit verbal root *ARC* is used to denote two meanings—"to sing" and "to shine." The substantive *rc* and *arka*, derived from the root *ARC* are likewise used to signify a song or hymn and brilliancy, ray, sun. In the *Vedas* the words denoting "sound" and "light" are always closely associated, and in the Book of *Kiu-ti* it is said that "sound is seen before it is heard."

The myths of many ancient peoples also contain pregnant hints as to the indissoluble connection between sound and light. As will be remembered, the sun-gods and radiant deities—such as Dawn, Aurora, the Sun, Phœbus and Apollo—are always connected in some manner with music and singing.

Mr. Goldthwaite's new instrument is only one of the many present-day illustrations of the never-ending law of cycles—a law which is again bringing back some of the knowledge which has been buried for ages.

New York. L. P.

Who is Our True Guru?

In these days India is passing through a crisis which is as spiritual as it is national. The opening pages in the March issue of The Aryan Path have brought into a bolder relief this spiritual aspect of the political awakening in India. Therein we read: "It may be, very often is, religious to follow a person by believing in him; it is never spiritual. This thought is of paramount importance." As I was trying to realise the full significance of the thought, I remembered the story of Uma and Indra in the *Kena Upanishad*. This Upanishad points out that the Atman is attained only by the Atman, that self-realisation is an ideal to be reached without any external help. The Goddess-Teacher Uma only *suggested* the Path to Indra. She would not, in fact, could not, *lead* him to Truth. This story, however, in no sense, minimises the importance of Great Spiritual Teachers, as Hertel, the Orientalist, seems to have gathered. To me, the *Kena Upanishad* simply suggests through that story that "The March of the Soul like that of the body is an exercise; the glow of health results. The *Ojas*, luminosity, of the progressing Soul throws its radiance on the path of Life." The true Guru of every Soul, marching on *the Path* is this *Ojas*, this light of the Soul's own making, this glow of its inner spiritual health.

Baroda. Vāsistha.

Birth Prevention.

In your issue of August (p. 543) you refer to the League of National Life which is formed to "combat the theory and practice of contraception." This League has been able to secure powerful arguments for its object from the writings of prominent Doctors. As early as 1916 the Professor of Gynecology of John Hopkin's Medical School, Baltimore, wrote: "There is no right or decent way of controlling birth but by total abstinence." In 1930 the Professor of Physiology at Guy's Hospital (University of London) wrote to the *Nursing Times*:

> There is a true morality, one which may be called physiological or natural morality; a standard which has remained the same from the first beginning of life, the same in all places, the same at all times and among all forms of life . . . The modern crusade of "birth control" is not based on biological principles . . . Reproduction is the fundamental characteristic of life; repression and the failure to recognize physiological needs have degraded man and woman below the beasts of the field.

Despite such opinions, Birth Control clinics are in existence, and as late as March of this year, Mrs. Lella Secor Florence, of the Cambridge Birth Control Clinic, remarks in *Birth Control on Trial* that "there has been almost no scientific research into this important subject. No substantial contribution to the technique of birth control has been made in fifty years." Is this because Scientists know that even they cannot fight successfully against the inexorable decrees of Nature?

Bombay. L. T.

ENDS AND SAYINGS.

"_____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS.

The *New York Tribune* of May 5th, 1930, comments upon the ideas of God which American children receive from the Sunday School and Church services which they attend. Dr. Angus Hector MacLean has been conducting a series of tests among Protestant children, the results of which were recently released at Teachers' College, Columbia University. The results show that the average Sunday School attendant holds ideas about God, prayer and heaven which would put to shame the naïve thought of the negro race as shown in that remarkable play "Green Pastures." Eighty per cent of the children questioned are shown to believe in a personal God, in miracles and angels, and only eight per cent held an opposite point of view. Most of the children consider God as a person living in the sky, wearing long white robes, to be found only in *our* church. One answer to the question "Where is God?" provided the information that "He is not in the stores on Ninth Avenue"! Those who scout the personal God are unable to give any suggestion of the impersonal nature of the Deity.

Prayer among children seems to be the rule and is usually the result of the insistence of parents, although some children confess that they like to "talk with God" in prayer, especially when they are in trouble. He is a partial God also, some children expressing the opinion that He loves only *white* people and favours the poor above the rich. He seems to be a God of vengeance to the average child mind; "He gets even with people by having things happen to them."

According to Dr. MacLean, the Sunday School is to blame for these erroneous concepts, inaccuracies and illogical methods of thought. The children's responses, he says, show a striking parallel with the ideas expressed in religious literature and in church services, and he feels that it is high time for a new religious literature to appear which will do away with such "ignorant beliefs" as these. Surely, it is overdue for America to sweep away the Sunday School so dangerous to the morals of the young.

It is interesting to read in the *Spectator* of June 28th, a reference to the ancient Hindu Mantram—the Gayatri—that is told to, and repeated by, every Brahman boy when he receives the sacred thread. Mr. F. Yeats Brown starts his article thus:

> The Brahmins have a prayer to Savitur, the true Sun, whose "longed-for glory" they desire to inspire their lives. It is the oldest prayer known to man. To-day Dr. Saleeby is bringing us back to the wisdom of the Vedas, of Akh-naton, of Hippocrates, and of the Black-bellied Tarantula.

Dr. Saleeby, well known eugenist and Chairman of the Sunlight League, has arranged his dwelling so that the maximum amount of sunlight may be enjoyed. By the rational light of physical science, he knows the physical value not only of the " visible octave of light," but also of the ultra-violet and infra-red rays.

The light of instinct teaches the black-bellied tarantula to bask in the sun ; and when she has a family to bring up

> she lifts the wallet containing her eggs to the light of life, turning it carefully this way and that, so that every side may be warmed, and repeating the process every day for a month, with exquisite patience. Then, when the young are incubated, she carries them on her back for seven months, giving them feasts of energy from the sun as their only sustenance.

Many are the lessons which we might learn from studying the instincts of animals. Hippocrates tells us : " We see what indicated the way to man to find relief for all his physical ailings. It is the instinct of the earlier races, when cold reason had not as yet obscured man's inner vision . . . Its indication must never be disdained, for it is to instinct alone that we owe our first remedies."

Madame Blavatsky defines Instinct in *Isis Unveiled* (I, 425) as " the universal endowment of nature by the Spirit of the Deity itself," and with regard to the Sun she says in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 479) :

> The Sun is matter, and the Sun is Spirit. Our ancestors—the " heathen,"—along with their modern successors, the Parsis—were, and are, wise enough in their generation to see in it the symbol of Divinity, and at the same time to sense within, concealed by the physical Symbol, the bright God of Spiritual and terrestrial Light.

In view of the above our readers will do well to start reading THE ARYAN PATH each month with the aspiration that we may behold the face of the True Sun, the " longed for glory," that is told of in the Vedas. For this purpose we print it every month.

Henshaw Ward, after reading "twenty books of experts on God," by Protestant, Catholic, Jew, scientist, philosopher, minister, all Western and very modern, be it noted, has been moved to write a delightfully satirical article on " The Disappearance of God " in which he cites them all. It appears in the June number of *Scribner's Magazine*. According to the article, it is the believer and not the infidel who is talking deity out of existence. Just as the great mountain of belief in Hell melted away, so may this idea go the same way. Mr. Ward quotes Prof. H. J. Laski that it is no longer possible to accept the Christian theology as a system of belief or the Christian ethic, as a guide of life; he derides both the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick's advice to rely on specialists in religion for guidance, and Prof. Alexander's thesis: " God as actually possessing deity does not exist, but is an ideal, tending towards deity, which does exist " ; and adds that the God that used to hear his prayers is being nebulized out of

existence by the Holmeses and Ameses and Millikans. An Oriental maxim is recalled "If you believe in the gods they exist; if you do not believe in them, they do not exist."

> We do not know what a man means in 1930 if he says he believes in God. If he is a university professor or a noted physicist or a humble psychologist, it is likely that he means this: "I believe in the kind of God that is described by Professors Ames and Smith, the symbolic God." Such men are very tender with the sacred emotions that cling to the old religion. For every enemy of God in these days there are a thousand tender-hearted men who hope to conserve the values of religion by using the word "God" to mean what it does not mean to me.

And now, we should much like to see an article by Mr. Ward taking up the same theme after consideration of twenty Eastern books on God from the ancient schools or their modern heirs. Instead of discovering widely varying and confusingly different ideas, he will find but one, iterated and reiterated constantly and eternally. It has remained unchanged through the centuries and generation after generation of men have found themselves the wiser, their minds the keener, their lives the sweeter, for constant brooding over it to *realise* its meaning. Says *The Secret Doctrine* (I. p. 341):

> No one can study ancient philosophies seriously without perceiving that the striking similitude of conception between all—in their exoteric form very often, in their hidden spirit invariably—is the result of no mere coincidence, but of a concurrent design: and that there was, during the youth of mankind, one language, one knowledge, one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds or sects, but when every man was a priest unto himself. And, if it is shown that already in those ages which are shut out from our sight by the exuberant growth of tradition, human religious thought developed in uniform sympathy in every portion of the globe; then, it becomes evident that, born under whatever latitude, in the cold North or the burning South, in the East or West, that thought was inspired by the same revelations, and man was nurtured under the protecting shadow of the same TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

What is the basis of conduct? Sir Herbert Samuel tells us in the July *Journal of Philosophic Studies* that it is twofold—self-interest and sympathy. "Both are primary elements in human nature." We may be good from several motives, the author tells us. In effect we may be good either because it pays us to be so, or we are frightened into it by public opinion, law-courts, religious punishments; perhaps we have developed a moral conscience and are good by preference, because bad disgusts us. Anyone can think out for himself dozens of motives for being good; it may be some, having an intuition of the Law of Brotherhood, desire to do well by their fellow-beings, and to live according to Christ's precept: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Plato is quoted as saying: "The greatest penalty of evil doing is to grow into the likeness of bad men," and this is very truth. Sir Herbert quotes also with approval from the *Psalms* that "Evil follows the sinner," and from the *Dhammapada*, where it is written:

"If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage . . . If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him."

In short, Sir Herbert, although he rejects Huxley's "fixed order of nature" which punishes wrong-doing with suffering, seems to admit that good will follow good and evil will follow evil. But, alas, like too many western thinkers, he is either ignorant of—which we cannot credit—or he designedly neglects, as not useful to his purpose, the eastern doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, with results that sometimes spell confusion, where an understanding of these Laws would have made the position perfectly clear. As an instance, take the following:

> **Individuals prosper, no doubt, in spite of bad character, but not indefinitely. And if the prosperity outlasts one life, it seldom attends the family in a second generation.**

The only way, it would seem, to get out of the difficulty of the wicked man flourishing like a green bay tree, is to visit the sins of the father on the children, according to Jehovah's idea of justice. But the law of Karma is *not* spasmodic in its working, and there *is* reincarnation, so that man does not acquire vicariously the virtues or sins of another. The basis of good conduct may be twofold but the basis of Spiritual conduct can only be Altruism, an altruism engendered, developed, and perfected by knowledge. The Buddha was such an altruist, and quotations made from a spiritual philosopher as He was, or from Plato, should be made in relation to the rest of Their teaching which certainly included these fundamental truths—Reincarnation and Karma.

Dr. John Hodgson Bradley, Jr., of the University of South California, writes interestingly about cyclical recurrences in Nature in an article on "The Delusion of Progress," (*Scientific Monthly*, May 1930). He shows "the cyclical recurrence of certain phenomena," e.g., day and night, summer and winter, the phases of the moon. He traces the growth of the concept of cycles in the history of astronomy, in the periodicity of the elements, in the phenomenon of nutrition in biology, in the recapitulation of biologic history, and in the rise and fall of races which "too have their stages of youth, maturity, old age and death. The only difference is that the racial cycles may be very long and the individual cycle is usually too short."

> After tracing the cyclical recurrences, Dr. Bradley concludes—that the desire to get somewhere is deep rooted in the human heart and progress is a word often on the lips of civilized men. But it is a word of numberless meanings, because it refers to changes which may seem desirable to some but not to others. The concept of progress is underlain by that other concept of destination. Man wants ends for his struggles, hopes and fears, where he fancies he will find peace. But these are anthropomorphic conceptions born of desire. Nature has an entirely different point of view, and nature is still the ultimate ruler of her children.

> In all things, which even remotely touch the lives of men, she is infinite and limitless. She has imposed a cyclical pattern upon the Universe whereunder all things are charged to go forever but never to arrive. It avails man little to fret. He had much better travel his curve in the spirit of little children on a merry go-round who enjoy the ride though it takes them nowhere."

As an academician, Dr. Bradley has demonstrated the supremacy of the law which works everywhere and always. His account mainly deals with the material universe and thus contacts only the effect side of the Law. But, as he does not expound or describe " the nature of the Law which is at once the Deity and the Universe," his conclusions are partial. To students of Ancient Science, this Universal Law is but another fundamental, wherein it asserts that Man is the master of his own fate, the guide and the moulder of his own destiny, who does not depend on any outside help or gift " save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of metampsychosis and reincarnations " (*S.D.* Vol. 1. 17.), Man realizing his religion of responsibility, working under the cyclic law evolves from rank to rank of power and usefulness and gains complete self-consciousness when he perceives the unity that underlies all diversity, the one in the many. Then Nature becomes the " material ally, pupil and servant " of the perfected human will. Though he is probably not aware of it, most of Dr. Bradley's statements bring out the universality of the Second Fundamental Proposition of *The Secret Doctrine* which affirms:

> The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane; periodically " the playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing," called " the manifesting stars," and the " sparks of Eternity." " The Eternity of the Pilgrim " is like a wink of the Eye of Self-Existence (Book of Dzyan). " The appearance and disappearance of the Worlds is like a regular tidal ebb of flux and reflux."
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> This second assertion of the Secret Doctrine is the absolute universality of that law of periodicity, of flux or reflux, ebb and flow which physical science has observed and recorded in all departments of nature. An alternation, such as that of Day and Night, Life and Death, Sleeping and Waking, is a fact so common, so perfectly universal and without exception, that it is easy to comprehend that in it we see one of the absolutely fundamental laws of the universe.