



30 TEN BROECK.



The
ARYAN PATH

No. 1.

JANUARY 1930

Vol. I.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
POINT OUT THE WAY	1
CONCERNING THE TITLE "THE ARYAN PATH"— <i>By A. V. Williams Jackson</i>	3
THE GREAT HUNGER— <i>By B. M.</i>	5
PSEUDO-MYSTICISM AND MODERN SCIENCE— <i>By John Middleton Murry</i>	7
THE ANTIQUITIES OF HARAPPA AND MOHENJO DARO— <i>By S. V. Venkateswara</i>	11
WHAT EASTERN RELIGION HAS TO OFFER TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION— <i>By C. E. M. Joad</i>	16
THUS HAVE I HEARD— <i>By Crāvaka</i>	20
THE RELIGION OF WORKS	22
THE LEAGUE'S TENTH BIRTHDAY— <i>By Lord Parmoor</i>	25
A HISTORICAL SURVEY OF SAIVA SIDDHANTA— <i>By S. Sankaranarayana</i>	28
PHILOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY— <i>By W. Stede</i>	31
THE CONSTRUCTIVE SIDE OF BUDDHISM— <i>By M. G. Mori</i>	38
ON CYCLES— <i>By Occultus</i>	41
THE PATH— <i>By G. T. Shastri</i>	44
FROM LONDON— <i>By J. D. Beresford</i>	46
FROM PARIS— <i>By Mlle. M. Dugard</i>	50
IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS— <i>By E. E. Speight, Dr. Lionel Giles, and others.</i>	53
ENDS & SAYINGS	63

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

THE ARYAN PATH

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.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
ABOLITION SUCCEEDS. <i>Charles Duff</i>	717
ALCHEMY. <i>E. J. Holmyard</i>	68
ALCHEMY—A NOTE	70
AMERICAN INDIANS AND ARCHAEOLOGY. <i>Ralph Van Deman Magoffin</i>	570
ANCIENT CIVILIZATION. <i>Margaret Thomas</i>	467
ANCIENT INDIAN BOTANY. <i>L. S. S. Kumar</i>	335
ANTIQUITIES OF HARAPPA AND MOHENJO-DARO, THE. <i>S. V. Venkateswara</i>	11
APPROACH TO THE PATH, THE	481
ART AND RELIGION. <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	254
ART IN PARIS. <i>J. Buhot</i>	181
ARTIST AND ACTOR : AN INTERVIEW WITH SYBIL THORNDIKE ..	266
AS ONE NEWLY BORN	145
AT THE ROUND TABLE	625
BARBARIETY OF BLOOD-SPORTS, THE. <i>Henry S. Salt</i>	174
BLAKE'S AFFINITIES WITH ORIENTAL THOUGHT. <i>John Gould Fletcher</i>	581
BOOK FOR HUMANITY, THE. <i>G. V. Ketkar</i>	450
CHANGING MIND OF THE RACE, THE. <i>B. T.</i>	711
CIVILISATION. <i>C. Delisle Burns</i>	226
CLEMENCEAU ON INDIA. <i>Mulk Raj Anand</i>	609
COLOUR LINE, THE. " <i>Explorer</i> "	220
COLOUR LINE, THE. <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	566
CONCERNING CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. <i>Charles Duff and W. Q. Judge</i>	717
CONCERNING THE TITLE " THE ARYAN PATH." <i>A. V. Williams Jackson</i>	3
CONSTRUCTIVE SIDE OF BUDDHISM, THE. <i>M. G. Mori</i>	38
CONTACTING THE INVISIBLE—	
i. INTERCOMMUNICATIONS	446
ii. MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP	515
iii. MEDIUMS, PSYCHICS AND RELIGIONS	597
iv. THE PATH OF THEOSOPHY	669
CORRESPONDENCE .. 143, 286, 345, 473, 536, 617, 684, 745, 811	
CRITICISM WITHOUT FRUIT. <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	741
CYCLE FOR RESOLVE, THE	753

	PAGE
DEMOCRACY AND CULTURE. <i>L. P. Jacks</i>	429
DIGNITY OF LABOUR, THE. <i>Hon. James J. Davis</i>	163
DIMENSIONS IN SPACE AND HUMAN UNDERSTANDING. <i>Ivor B. Hart</i>	665
DISCIPLINING THE SOUL	209
DOGMATISM IN SCIENCE. <i>Col. Arthur Lynch</i>	108
DRAMA THE ORGANIC PART OF HUMAN LIFE. <i>Huntly Carter</i>	779
DURATION AND ETERNITY. <i>H. D. Sethna</i>	529
ENDS AND SAYINGS .. 63, 137, 205, 283, 349, 409, 477, 540, 620, 685, 750, 814	
ETERNAL MOVEMENT, THE. <i>Prajnanda</i>	501
EXAMPLE OF DENMARK, THE. <i>Francis Perrot</i>	312
FESTIVAL OF SERPENTS, THE. <i>N. Kasturi Iyer</i>	522
FORTY YEARS OF PHENOMENA—	
<i>i.</i> THE PRESENT POSITION OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. <i>Sir Lawrence Jones</i>	357
<i>ii.</i> SPIRITUALISM—FORTY YEARS AFTER. <i>David Gow</i>	361
<i>iii.</i> AN AFTERWORD	364
FROM GERMANY. <i>Waldemar Freundlich</i>	130, 401
FROM LONDON. <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	46, 331
FROM PARIS. <i>M. Dugard</i>	50, 270, 525, 733
GLANCE AT H. P. BLAVATSKY'S "SECRET DOCTRINE," A <i>Hu.</i>	193
GOD GEOMETRIZES. <i>E. Hughes-Gibb</i>	395
GREAT HERESY, THE	545
GREAT HUNGER, THE. <i>B. M.</i>	5
GREAT SELF IN DAILY LIFE, THE. <i>W. Stede</i>	661
GREEK PHILOSOPHY AS AN ANTIDOTE TO MATERIALISM. <i>Cratylus</i>	368
GUILDS IN ANCIENT INDIA. <i>K. R. R. Sastri</i>	673
HIGHER HARMONY, THE	565
HINDU NAMES. <i>V. Narayanan</i>	794
HISTORICAL SURVEY OF SAIVA SIDDHANTA, AN. <i>S. Sankaranarayana</i>	28
HISTORICITY OF THE KING-LISTS OF THE PURANAS. <i>L. A. Waddell.</i>	725
HISTORICITY OF THE KING-LISTS OF THE PURANAS, A NOTE. <i>D. G. Vinod</i>	727
HOME, THE NURSERY OF THE INFINITE. <i>Patricia Edge</i>	735
IDEALS OF ADULT EDUCATION, THE. <i>Basil A. Yeaxlee</i>	134
INDIAN CONCEPTION OF GOD, THE. <i>Sten Konow</i>	378
INDIA'S FREEDOM : A PERSONAL VIEW. <i>T. L. Crombie</i>	165

	PAGE
INDIA'S FREEDOM—A NOTE. <i>C. Rajagopalachari</i>	169
INNER LIFE OF SOCIALISM, THE. <i>G. D. H. Cole</i>	95
INTELLECTUAL INTEGRITY. <i>C. E. M. Joad</i>	309
INTERCOMMUNICATIONS	446
IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS .. 53, 132, 193, 273, 335, 403, 467, 529, 609, 673, 735, 800	
IS A NEW RELIGION EMERGING? <i>D. L. Murray</i>	437
IS SORCERY EMPLOYED IN MODERN SHOPS? <i>Claire Bergson Endersby</i>	231
IS SOCIAL WORK THE SOLUTION? <i>John Hamilton Wright</i> ..	587
IS UNIVERSAL PEACE PRACTICABLE? <i>Raja J. P. Bahadur Singh</i>	263
ISLAM AND THE GITA. <i>Rama Swarup Shastri</i>	712
JESUS AND CHRIST—A NOTE ON "WESTERN MYSTICISM" ..	88
KARMA, THE GREAT EVOLUTIONARY FORCE. <i>Gerald Nethercot</i>	640
LARGER PATRIOTISM, THE. <i>Hon. Robert Crosser</i>	579
LAWS OF PAINTING IN ANCIENT INDIA. <i>S. Fyzee Rahamin</i> ..	132
LEAGUE'S TENTH BIRTHDAY, THE. <i>Lord Parmoor</i>	25
LET BUDDHA INSPIRE THE WEST! <i>Kazutomo Takahashi</i> ..	490
LET US DISARM	65
LET US STUDY DEATH. <i>Faquir</i>	444
LITERATURE AND LIFE. <i>A. N. M.</i>	774
LIVING POWER OF HINDUISM, THE. <i>C. A. Krishnamurti</i> ..	702
LOOKING TOWARDS 1975. <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	495
LORDS OF MAYA, THE. <i>Occultus</i>	709
MAN <i>versus</i> NATIONALISM. <i>Norman Angell</i>	188
MAYA OR ILLUSION. <i>H. P. Blavatsky</i>	217
MARCH OF THE SOUL, THE	289
MASTERS IN DAILY LIVING	417
MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP	515
MEDIUMS, PSYCHICS AND RELIGIONS	597
MEISTER ECKHART. <i>John Middleton Murry</i>	403
MENTAL THERAPEUTICS OF AKHLĀK-I-JALĀLY. <i>R. P. Masani</i>	72
MERCHANTS OF OLD, THE. <i>K. Ramachandran</i>	560
MESSAGE OF THE HEROES, THE. <i>John Middleton Murry</i> ..	293
MESSAGE OF INDIAN TEMPLES, THE. <i>S. V. Venkateswara</i> ..	763
MORAL AUDIT IN INDUSTRY. <i>By Jerome Davis</i>	798
MUHARRAM. <i>N. Kasturi Iyer</i>	398
MUI TSAI SLAVES, THE. <i>John H. Harris</i>	319

	PAGE
NEW LIFE OF CHRIST, THE. <i>Alexander Haggerty Krappe</i> ..	273
NEW RELIGION IN RUSSIA, THE. <i>C. E. M. Joad</i>	691
NEXT RENAISSANCE, THE. <i>A. R. Orage</i>	89
NAVARATRI. <i>N. Kasturi Iyer</i>	604
OCCULT KNOWLEDGE	353
OCCULT WORLD, THE. <i>Occultus</i>	115
OLD DOCTRINE OF MAYA AND MODERN SCIENCE, THE. <i>Ivor B. Hart</i>	212
ON CONTROLLING THE MIND. <i>B. M.</i>	322
ON CYCLES. <i>Occultus</i>	41
ON EXORCISING EVIL. <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	389
ON EXORCISING EVIL—A NOTE. <i>Asiatic</i>	393
ON REINCARNATION. <i>Algernon Blackwood</i>	155
ORIENT AND OCCIDENT. <i>Sir E. Denison Ross</i>	243
PARABRAHMAN, THE ABSOLUTE—IN EUROPEAN PHILOSOPHY. <i>G. R. Malkani</i>	503
PARABRAHMAN, THE ABSOLUTE—IN INDIAN PHILOSOPHY. <i>G. R. Malkani</i>	420
PARACELSUS AS PIONEER OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. <i>Dr. Bernhard Aschner</i>	249
PATH, THE. <i>G. T. Shastri</i>	44
PATH ACCORDING TO AL-HUJWIRI, THE. <i>Margaret Smith</i> ..	767
PATH OF THEOSOPHY, THE	669
PATHS OF INDIA, CHINA AND THE WEST, THE. <i>J. W. T. Mason</i>	484
PEACE IDEALS AND THE HEART OF A CHILD. <i>Jeannette Wallace Emrich</i>	454
PERSIAN ISLAMIC MYSTICISM. <i>Margaret Smith</i>	184
PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL METHODS. <i>J. D. Beresford</i> ..	652
PHILOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY. <i>W. Stede</i>	31
PLATO'S VIEW OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. <i>E. H. Blakeney</i> ..	756
POETRY OF CHINA, THE. <i>Philip Henderson</i>	607
✓ PONGAL, THE ARYAN CHRISTMAS. <i>N. Kasturi Iyer</i>	784 ✓
“POINT OUT THE WAY”	1
POWER OF PASSION, THE. <i>B. M.</i>	81
PRACTICALITY OF BUDDHISM AND THE UPANISHADS, THE. <i>Edmond Holmes</i>	549
PRAYER FOR EVERY MORNING. <i>W. Stede</i>	315
PRESENT POSITION OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, THE. <i>Sir Lawrence Jones</i>	357
PROSPICE ET RESPICE. <i>A. R. Wadia</i>	305
PSEUDO-MYSTICISM AND MODERN SCIENCE. <i>John Middleton Murry</i>	7

	PAGE
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND SPIRITUALISM: TWO POINTS OF VIEW. ° <i>David Gow and H. S. Redgrove</i>	258
PURGATION OF SUFFERING, THE. <i>John Middleton Murry</i> ..	648
RACE AND CULTURE. <i>Kelly Miller</i>	788
RED INDIANS UNDER HOOVER. <i>Carter Field</i>	325
REINCARNATION AND MEMORY. <i>Vera Grayson</i>	521
REINCARNATION BEING TRUE. . <i>H.W.R.</i>	301
RELIGION OF WORKS, THE: AN INTERVIEW WITH MURIEL LESTER	22
RELIGIOUS TENDENCY IN JAPAN. <i>E. E. Speight</i>	124
REMOVE THE HANDICAPS: AN INTERVIEW WITH HON. RAY LYMAN WILBUR	329
RIGHT RESOLVE, THE. <i>B. M.</i>	355
SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES, THE. <i>Sir E. Denison Ross</i> ..	781
SCHOPENHAUER AND THE EAST. <i>Richard Mueller-Freienfels</i> ..	761
SCIENCE AND RELIGION. <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	460
SCIENCE (?) OF GOVERNMENT, THE. <i>J. R. Stafford</i>	729
SCIENTIFIC METHOD, THE. <i>Max Plowman</i>	637
SELF, THE DISCIPLINARIAN. <i>B. M.</i>	645
SELF WHO IS GOD, THE. <i>W. Stede</i>	178
SERMONS IN STONES. <i>Kumar Ganganand Sinha</i>	658
SHALL WE BECOME CIVILIZED? <i>B. M.</i>	223
SKANDHAS	643
SOCIAL EVILS OF BIRTH PREVENTION. <i>Halliday Sutherland</i> ..	790
SOME BUDDHIST LITERATURE. <i>B. S.</i>	739
SOME MORAL ASPECTS OF THE COLOUR BAR. <i>Lord Olivier</i> ..	160
SPIRIT OF INDIAN POETRY, THE. <i>Philip Henderson</i>	246
SPIRIT OF INQUIETUDE, THE. <i>M. Dugard</i>	101
SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY. <i>B. M.</i>	171
SPIRITUALISM—FORTY YEARS AFTER. <i>David Gow</i>	361
STORY OF NANSEN'S, A. <i>Patrick Geddes</i>	563
SYMBOL OF THE LOTUS, THE. <i>G. T. Shastri</i>	575
SYMBOL OF THE SERPENT, THE. <i>G. T. Shastri</i>	197
TAO TEH KING, THE. <i>E. E. Speight</i>	53
TATHAGATA LIGHT, THE	689
TENDENCIES OF NATIONAL POLICY, THE. <i>J. D. Beresford</i> ..	111
THEOSOPHY AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. <i>W. Q. Judge</i>	722
THEOSOPHY AND NEO-THEOSOPHY	750
THREE BASIC IDEAS. <i>H. P. Blavatsky</i>	442
THREE KINDS OF READING. <i>T. Chitnavis</i>	91
THUS HAVE I HEARD. <i>Çrāvaka</i>	20, 153

	PAGE
TORTURED BY KURDISTAN WITCHES. <i>Sirdar Iqbal Ali Shah.</i>	591
TOWARDS A RECOVERY OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. <i>Irwin Edman.</i>	233
TOWARDS A UNIVERSAL RELIGION. <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	148
TU FU. <i>Lionel Giles</i>	57
UNBRIDLED TONGUE, THE. <i>B. M.</i>	457
UNCHANGING EAST, THE. <i>K. S. Shelvankar</i>	464
UNDER HEAVEN ONE FAMILY. <i>Arthur Davies</i>	714
UNRECOGNIZED THEOSOPHISTS—EMERSON. <i>Lionel Hawthorn</i> ..	117
UTOPIAS. <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	800
VAISAKH—A FESTIVAL MONTH. <i>N. Kasturi Iyer</i>	298
VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPRESSION, THE. <i>Geoffrey West</i> ..	696
VEDIC PATH, THE. <i>S. V. Venkateswara</i>	371
WESTERN MYSTICISM. <i>John Middleton Murry</i>	83
WHAT CAN INDIA CONTRIBUTE ? <i>N. B. Parulekar</i>	632
WHAT CIVILIZATION HAS DONE FOR THE NATIVE. <i>A. J. Hoffman</i>	106
WHAT EASTERN RELIGION HAS TO OFFER TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION. <i>C. E. M. Joad</i>	16
WHAT HURTS LIBERALISM IN EUROPE. <i>N. B. Parulekar</i> ..	77
WHAT MAKES A CITY'S PERSONALITY. <i>Helen Bryant</i>	601
WHAT THE WEST CAN LEARN IN AND FROM THE EAST. <i>Upton Close</i>	628
WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET. <i>A.N.M.</i>	75
WHERE TO BEGIN ? <i>B. M.</i>	594
WHO, WHERE, WHAT IS GOD ? <i>B. M.</i>	519
" WHY DO WE HUSTLE ? " <i>Murray T. Quigg</i>	555
WILL WEST MEET EAST ? <i>Paul E. Johnson</i>	383
WISDOM OF THE FOREST. <i>Bruno Lasker</i>	707
WORK WITH A WILL. <i>W. Stede</i>	776
ZOROASTRIAN CALENDAR, THE. <i>Hadi Hassan</i>	237

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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

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VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1930.

No. 1

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.

“POINT OUT THE WAY.”

“Point out the ‘Way’—however dimly and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.”

This injunction to all aspirants for the Higher Life is from the *Book of the Golden Precepts*, one of the works put into the hands of mystic students in the East. Some chosen fragments from it were translated, annotated and published for our daily use by “H.P.B.”—our loved and revered teacher known to the world as Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.

The one and only reason for launching this journal into existence is to be found in that injunction. Human eyes are dimmed by the host of human errors and so the Way to Life is very difficult of recognition; we make bold to attempt the showing of the old Path to the travellers of to-day, including ourselves.

The true philosophical propositions have ever been and must ever be the same; by their aid men have climbed the mountain of evolution. Ours the task to marshal these old-world propositions for the benefit of those who are eager to learn. They are not vague but definite, not changing and evolving, but constant and consistent. They constitute Divine Knowledge—that true wisdom which teaches man the nature of his inner Self, its source and destiny. This ancient and immemorial Theosophy Madame H. P. Blavatsky once again taught, following in the footsteps of her illustrious Predecessors. How her Theosophy is different from, and superior to, what passes current under that name, as also the relation of this journal to Theosophy is explained in our Prospectus printed elsewhere in this number.

Our programme and policy need not be detailed here: this first number envisages our future labours; in short we might say that our business is with truth and philosophy not with politics and administration; with the World of Ideas, not with mundane speculations. But it is designed that our journal shall be read with as much interest by those who are not deep philosophers as by those who are. Our pages will be like the many viands at a feast, where each appetite may be satisfied and none are sent away hungry.

The subscription price at which THE ARYAN PATH is published does not cover even the bare cost of production, the purpose in establishing the journal being to reach a wide circle of readers apart from any thought of financial compensation. Ours is a peaceful humanitarian mission, founded on sacrifice, reared by sacrifice, sustained by sacrifice. For the founders of this journal the true path lies in the way pointed out by our Aryan forefathers, philosophers and sages, whose light is still shining brightly, albeit that this is the dark Kali Yuga, the age of iron. In the words of the great American Theosophist, W. Q. Judge:

We appeal to all who wish to raise themselves and their fellow creatures—man and beast—out of the thoughtless jog trot of selfish everyday life. It is not thought that Utopia can be established in a day; but through the spreading of the idea of Universal Brotherhood, the truth in all things may be discovered. Certainly, if we all say that it is useless, that such highly-strung, sentimental notions cannot obtain currency, nothing will ever be done. . . . Although philanthropic institutions and schemes are constantly being brought forward by good and noble men and women, vice, selfishness, brutality and the resulting misery, seem to grow no less. Riches are accumulating in the hands of the few, while the poor are ground harder every day as they increase in number. Prisons, asylums for the outcast and the magdalen, can be filled much faster than it is possible to erect them. All this points unerringly to the existing of a vital error somewhere. It shows that merely healing the outside by hanging a murderer or providing asylums and prisons, will never reduce the number of criminals nor the hordes of children born and growing up in hot-beds of vice. What is wanted is true knowledge of the spiritual condition of man, his aim and destiny. This is offered to a reasonable certainty in the Aryan literature, and those who must begin the reform are those who are so fortunate as to be placed in the world where they can see and think out the problems all are endeavouring to solve, even if they know that the great day may not come until after their death. Such a study leads us to accept the utterance of Prajapati to his sons; 'Be restrained, be liberal, be merciful'; it is the death of selfishness.

From selfishness through sacrifice to selflessness—such is the course for all human souls. To these the *Bhagavad-Gita* makes this appeal: leave off diversity of aims and objects and goals; concentrate on the one purpose of life; and repeating the *Gita*, THE ARYAN PATH says:—

In this Path there is only one single object, and this of a steady, constant nature; but widely branched is the faith and infinite are the objects of those who follow not this system.

CONCERNING THE TITLE "THE ARYAN PATH."

[Professor A. V. Williams Jackson is too well-known for any introduction. The highest authority in Iranian philological lore, his services to allied tongues and subjects have been and are of acknowledged value. At Columbia University, New York, he is esteemed by his pupils as few professors are, not only for his deep learning and his painstaking teaching, but also for the nobility of his character, for his sunny disposition and his equal-mindedness in all events.

It is a real pleasure that we find ourselves in a position to give his article the place of honour in our first number. It raises before the reader the ideals which our name invokes—those of Universality, of the Life of the Spirit, of the Light that comes from Great Souls of every land and era.

He begins his article with the well-known question: "What's in a name?" We say: "Very often there is more in it than the profane is prepared to understand, or the learned mystic to explain. It is an invisible, secret, but very potential influence that every name carries about with it and 'leaveth wherever it goeth.' Carlyle thought that 'there is much, nay, almost all, in names.' 'Could I unfold the influence of names, which are the most important of all clothings, I were a second great Trismegistus,' he writes.

"The name or title of a magazine started with a definite object, is, therefore, all important; for it is, indeed, the invisible seedgrain, which will either grow 'to be an all-over-shadowing tree' on the fruits of which must depend the nature of the results brought about by the said object, or the tree will wither and die. These considerations show that the name of the present magazine is due to no careless selection, but arose in consequence of much thinking over its fitness, and was adopted as the best symbol to express that object and the results in view."—EDS.]

"What's in a name?" said Shakespeare once. The choice of such a title as "The Aryan Path" is particularly felicitous for an international review which has for its aim the publication of articles that represent what is best in both Western and Eastern cultures. The term 'Aryan' recalls the common heritage which the Occident shares with the Orient and the union growing ever closer between them, while the word 'Path' itself opens vistas of the way that leads toward the light.

Christ himself, in summing up the light of his spiritual predecessors, used the image when he said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (John, 14.6). The Greek word *hodós*, 'way, road,' as there employed, has connotations that may be compared with 'path,' even though the words have not a common origin. By derivation the English word *path* may possibly be connected with Sanskrit *pánthan*, *páth*, Avestan *pantan*, *path*, Old Persian *pathi*, and compare Greek *pátos*, 'path,' Latin *pont-em*, 'path, bridge,' and kindred words in modern European languages. The word is attested in the Eastern branches of Indo-European: in Indo-Iranian, Armenian, Slavic, and Baltic; see A. Maillet, in *Indian Studies in Honor of Charles Rockwell Lanman*, p. 4, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1929. The use of the word 'path' in a symbolic sense is found in the earliest writings of India and Persia.

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Thus the Rig-Veda, which is the oldest of all Aryan literary monuments, speaks of 'the path of Right'—*pánthā-ṛtásya*—(RV. 1.136, 2, and elsewhere). The designation 'path of Right' is here full of spiritual meaning, whatever its usage in the later ritual may have become. Guidance along the spiritual path, moreover, forms the keynote of the Upanishads. A single quotation will suffice: 'This is the path (way) to the gods, the path (way) to Brahma' (*eṣa deva-patho Brahmapatho*, Chāndogya Upanishad, 4. 15.6). In Buddhism we all are familiar with 'the noble eightfold path,' (*ariya atṭhangika magga*) namely, that of right belief, right resolve, right speech, right behaviour, right occupation, right effort, right contemplation, right concentration (*e.g.*, Dīgha-Nikāya, Sutta 22). Furthermore, the name of a famous Buddhist work is Visuddhi-magga, 'the Way of Purity,' the Pāli word *magga*, like the Sanskrit *mārga*, 'way road,' being synonymous with 'path,' a natural interchange also in other languages.

Turning to Persia we may note that Zoroaster, the Prophet of Ancient Iran, seven centuries or more before the Christian era, similarly employs the word 'path' with a symbolic connotation. In his Gāthās, or metrical sermons, he preaches to the people about 'the right paths of weal (salvation), the true ones, to the worlds where Ahura (God) dwells' (*erezūsh savāñhō pathō*, etc., Yasna, 43.3); likewise elsewhere in his exhortations he uses the expression 'the right paths.' Generations later, or about 500 B.C., the great Persian king Darius I, a worshipper of A(h) uramazda, Ormazd, caused to be carved around his future tomb that was hewn high in the rocky cliff at Naksh-i Rūstam, in Southern Persia, a historic inscription, the last words of which record his behest to each and all of his subjects, 'abandon not the path which is right' (*pathim tyām rāstām mā avarda**, N Ra, 58-60).

Instead of confining the quotations to the literature of our Aryan kinsmen in India and Persia, it would be easy, if time and space permitted, to add illustrations from Greek, Latin, and other literatures. To follow 'the right way of life' (*rectam vitæ viam*) was a watchword of Cicero and the Roman poets; instances might be multiplied. Enough, however, has been adduced to show how happy is the choice of the word 'Path,' and 'Aryan' alike, in the title of this magazine which merits the heartiest of good wishes for assured success in its high aims.

A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON.

THE GREAT HUNGER.

[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.]

“The hungry man loseth sight of every other object but the gratification of his appetite, and when he is become acquainted with the Supreme, he loseth all taste for objects of whatever kind.”—*Bhagavad-Gita*, II. 59.

To hunger and thirst after righteousness, which our Christian brethren ought to do, following the advice of their teachers, was advocated many centuries earlier by the *Gita*. Food, either for the body, or mind or soul is the necessary basis—*upadhi* for experience, and the relish of food is dependent upon hunger and thirst. Over-eating is the order of this day and the beauty and utility of hunger are unknown among the well-to-do. It looks as if in former Yugas when Plenty blessed this land our own ancestors forgot to practise the rules of fasting. So Karma has overtaken people and to-day Poverty stalks the land. Our future would be more glorious than our past if our millions were taught the beneficent influence of adversity ; and who can do this save our well-to-do and educated leaders ? But most of them are educated in western ways and have forgotten the wisdom of their fathers, and their physical wealth increases their moral and spiritual poverty. Our India is trampled under foot not so much by foreigners as by her own sons, and in our daily personal lives we degrade her almost every hour. Not until we take to high-thinking which purifies us from our petty meannesses, small selfishnesses, constant immoralities, will India be really free. Our educated men and women, our natural leaders, will err in administration and in advice just as the British rulers blunder and give wrong advice, because they are beset with blemishes which result from false views of life, of state, of progress.

It is the individual who reforms himself who will be able to reform others ; he who rules himself, and he alone, is fit to govern the destinies of masses. The blind are leading the blind in most countries. The very measure of physical wealth and economic prosperity whereby countries are regarded as great or backward is false. If India does not get away from that basis of thought she will suffer, as rich and influential western states are suffering.

Just as food is the basis of life on the economic plane, so Knowledge is the basis on the plane of soul. There are poisons which kill the soul, there are intoxicants which madden the soul, there are foods which nourish the soul. There are systems of thought which produce

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actions that kill the soul, and living men become dead units. There are millions in this land who are soul-less. Lust produces sex perversions (birth-control is one of them), anger produces hatred (communism is a species of it), greed produces selfishness (family law-suits are an example) and these tend to poison the soul. All intoxicants are poisonous and slowly lessen the power of the soul in the body.

Soul-nourishment must be sought and we must hunger and thirst after it. Soul-knowledge is desired when lust and anger and greed do not disturb. Most men are not aware of the sweets and high pleasures of soul-knowledge, as the eater of dogs who never tasted fruit knows not its lusciousness. Once the fruit is tasted and its juice currents mingle in our blood the hunger for it begins. Intuitively all men long for soul-contentment and soul-growth, because in golden ages of the past the impress of wisdom was burnt into them by the Compassionate Ones. Now, darkness envelops us, for this is the dark age, Kali Yuga; and soul-knowledge changes decade by decade—candle light, oil-light, gas-light, electric light, because there is no Sun.

This innate desire for spiritual life leads people in wrong paths, because they mistake the part for the whole and the semblance for the reality. But in this verse Master Krishna gives one word, the Supreme, which the hungry soul needs. The most objectionable feature of orthodox religions is the false and unspiritual view of Deity. Spirit is materialized, God is carnalized and egotism enlarges the shadow of the cruel task-master which it fears. Such is the magic of Maya!

Supreme, Param, is described at length in this chapter—the one impartite, omnipresent Self, which is the Source and Soul of every creature. The Inner Ruler in the heart of each is the King of Kings, and it is the knowledge about It, the science of Its emanations, the philosophy of Its permeation, for which we must hunger and thirst.

In a famine-stricken land people eat whatever comes; so it is now. Carrion, strewn all around, is near at hand and people devour it. Rather that we die than pollute the shrine of the Soul! False ways which look like short-cuts are impulsively taken. Dangerous practices which sound easy are ignorantly adopted. False knowledge is accepted because it sounds plausible,—for example, the craze for worship of the dead called Spiritualism.

The effort to know what the soul is, as taught by the Knowers of the Self—that is the first step. There are hungers and hungers, but we must hunger after the Self within and It will guide us to the food It verily needs. The *Gita* answers both questions—what is the soul? what is soul-nourishment?—and as we shall see later, it expounds in detail how that nourishment should be absorbed and assimilated.

First then, let us hunger and thirst after the Soul within.

PSEUDO-MYSTICISM AND MODERN SCIENCE.

[John Middleton Murry is one of England's foremost men of letters. As Editor he made for *The Athenæum*, 1919-1921, and has now made for *The New Adelphi*, a high reputation in those circles of eclectic readers who are connoisseurs of the finest and best of modern criticism. For four years he was reviewer to the *Times Literary Supplement*, also serving in the Political Intelligence Department of the War Office during part of the time, 1916-1919. Afterwards he was Chief Censor. He is the author of several works including *Fyodor Dostoevsky*, *Keats and Shakespeare*, *Life of Jesus* and *Things to Come*, the last published in 1928. Only a few weeks ago his *God: Being an Introduction to the Science of Metabiology* made its appearance.

The crude anthropomorphism of religions has acted as a deterrent to the living of the inner life of the Soul for many centuries; now a new danger threatens the Theosophical Movement which has been the champion of soul life in every age and clime, *viz.*, the superior attitude assumed by modern science, in face of the collapse of its materialistic structure, due to its own advance in connection with the mystic ideas of Soul, Spirit, Deity. While we are glad to see acknowledged scientific authorities moving in the direction of the occult world, we say with our respected author that "True mysticism does not need to have room made for it by science or any other mode of human knowledge." If we were to substitute the word "Theosophy" for Mr. Murry's "Mysticism" this fine pronouncement would represent, even in letter as it does in spirit, our own views. Next month we will publish another excellent article by Mr. Murry on the subject of "Western Mysticism."—EDS.]

Before we can substantiate a charge of false mysticism, we need to have some clear conception of true mysticism.

Essentially, mysticism is the conviction of an all-pervading and all-embracing One. The Universe *is* a universe. It is obvious that to all modes of intellectual cognition this conviction can only be a hypothesis. The act of knowing involves a separation, and an opposition, of the knower and the known; therefore of an all-pervading and all-embracing Unity there can be no intellectual *knowledge*. Intellectual knowledge excludes unity; unity excludes intellectual knowledge.

Mysticism not merely admits, but insists upon this. Unity is not known, but given in immediate experience; and this immediate experience of unity is *known* to have been such only when the experience itself is at an end. An unique and ineffable experience totally different from any kind of intellectual cognition, and given under conditions which definitely exclude any kind of intellectual cognition, is averred to be the self-experience of the all-pervading One.

This experience stands perfectly secure from all intellectual criticism. Intellectual criticism may legitimately apply itself to the intellectual interpretations of this experience; but with the experience itself it can make no contact.

It is clear that the conviction of an all-pervading Unity given in mystical experience is absolutely opposed to any form of religious or philosophical dualism. A real Unity cannot be half-hearted. Mind and matter, good and evil, may seem different enough in our practical lives, but the differences cannot be ultimate. They are

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differences necessarily established in the Unity by individual existences with the faculty of intellectual knowledge. Not that those who believe in the ultimate Unity of mysticism necessarily suppose that individual existence is a *defect*, though a nuance of this opinion is perceptible both in Platonism and Buddhism. It is just as consonant with the convictions of mysticism to believe that individual existence is a necessary means towards the self-explication and self-consciousness of the One. In order that the One shall be conscious of itself it needs the individual mind, and it needs the development of the mind to the point at which it recognises that its own inevitable intellectual perspectives are only perspectives. When a finite existence recognizes the conditions of its own existence, and a finite mind recognizes the conditions of its own operation, and these conditions are felt not as burdensome and oppressive, but merely as necessary, the pathway of the One into that individual existence is cleared of obstacles. The intellect has ceased to usurp a sovereignty to which it has no rightful claim.

Since Mysticism is irreconcilable with any Dualism, we have a short way of dealing with the assertions now frequently made by modern men of science that the modern scientific view of the world "leaves room for" Mysticism. Before being grateful for this condescension, we must inquire what kind of mysticism it is for which the modern scientist leaves room. If it is a dualistic mysticism, it is simply not mysticism; but an attempt to reimpose under that name the dualistic religion from which the Western mind is painfully struggling to free itself.

I cannot, in this brief space, permit myself the luxury of long quotations from such modern scientific apologists of 'mysticism' as Professors Eddington and Haldane. But it is true to say of both of them that the mysticism for which they wish to find room is a mysticism of 'values', or of 'morality'. "The real world," as Professor Haldane puts it, "is the spiritual world of values." Without discussing whether this statement is true, or whether it has any *meaning*, we can state quite peremptorily that this 'mysticism' is not mysticism at all. Mysticism knows nothing of "a spiritual world of values" as distinct from a "material world of facts." The One of true mysticism is not the Good, or the True, or the Beautiful; it is the One. And in the One the Bad, the False, and the Ugly exist no less than the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. All alike, for true mysticism, are in some sense appearance. The goodness of the good thing is its element of appearance; because we call it good only in so far as, in some obvious or obscure manner, it promotes the fundamental propulsive energy of some individual human existences. And the badness of the bad thing is likewise its element of appearance. Their sheer existence alone is real.

True mysticism is beyond good and evil; and the mysticism which seeks to persuade itself or others that the One is good is a false mysticism. Mysticism does not seek to impose its personal terms upon the One. The One is not what we like, but that to which we

and our likings belong. We cannot bargain with it, or propose conditions; and the true mystic has no desire to do so. That is what false mysticism finds it impossible to understand about true mysticism; for if it were possible for false mysticism to understand precisely that thing—that the true mystic has no desire that the One should be what he likes—false mysticism would become true.

Mysticism, by whatever path it is attained, demands the stripping off of our personalities from ourselves. We surrender them, it is true, only to receive them again. But the personality we receive again, is not the personality we surrendered. It is no longer we who like, or think, or do, but the One which likes, or thinks, or does in us. And this impersonal personality we receive does not resemble the personal personality we surrendered. It is a new birth.

This impersonal personality can neither require, nor desire, that only the qualities it likes should qualify the One. The mere idea of such exclusiveness is strange, remote, fantastic. For the impersonal personality does not like things in the same way that the personal personality liked them. It is detached from them; it knows that its being does not depend on them; its affections towards them are disinterested. Therefore the desperate cry that what we love shall be eternal, and the desperate expedients by which some apparent answer to that cry is obtained, are alien to true mysticism.

In other words the validation of human ideals is no concern of true mysticism—with one great and momentous exception—the validation of the ideal of Unity itself. Mysticism claims that this ideal is real, and that it has direct experience of its reality. And precisely because this ideal *is* real, no other ideal can be real.

Now the 'mysticism' for which modern science, through the mouths of some of its chief expositors, seeks to make room is simply a 'mysticism' devoted to the validation of human ideals. Since human ideals are never complete (or they would not be ideals), the validation for human ideals is merely the perpetuation of Dualism. The good is real, the bad is not; spirit is real, matter is not; the 'ought' is real, the 'is' is not. The arguments by which these preferences are deified is childish. It runs thus: Since the exact sciences do not give us a picture of reality, something else must. It is not certain; but even if it were, there is no ground at all for assuming that the moral preferences of a civilized European scientist supply the picture of reality which we need.

Not that those preferences are vain. The choice is not between their nullity and their omnipotence. This kind of dilemma which haunts the soul of 'religion' and 'science' alike is simply ignored by mysticism. Man's preference for the good, like everything else, is for the mystic a form taken by the One. It exists; and—this is the point—the man in whom it truly and strongly exists does not seek to have it validated. For him, and in him, it exists in its own right. The good would not be more desirable if it were proved to be the sole reality. "He who verily loves God," said Spinoza, "cannot endeavour

that God shall love him in return." The demand that human ideals shall be validated outside the human being, in whom they are real as his own right hand, is simply the endeavour "that God shall love him in return."

True mysticism does not need to have room made for it by science or any other mode of human knowledge. It occupies no room which they can occupy, for it does not exist in the same dimension. It is not an alternative, or a possibility. It is the simple truth underlying all existence. It is a certainty reached by the effort towards self-knowledge; it is simply the discovery that when the self is truly known, there is no self to know or to be known,—but only the One.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

"There are very few persons in this country, who being in search of the ancient Aryan Philosophy, have obtained control over the bodily passions which trouble ordinary men beyond measure. Fewer still who like one now living in India, whom I dare not mention, are known. Almost all who have thoroughly studied or are studying that ennobling philosophy, keep themselves out of the public view in compliance with wise and inexorable views. It is not through selfishness, as too many imagine. Though unseen, they none the less are continually working for the good of humanity. In thousands of cases what they effect is ascribed to Providence. And whenever they find anyone who, like themselves, has an ambition above the mere pleasures of this world, and is in search of that Vidya which alone can make man wise in this as well and happy in the next, they stand ready by his side, take him up in their hands as soon as he shows his worthiness, and put in his way the opportunities to learn that philosophy, the study of which has made them masters of themselves, of nature's forces, and of this world."

—D. K. M. in *The Theosophist*, Vol. I, p. 91.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF HARAPPA AND MOHENJO-DARO.

[Professor S. V. Venkateswara, M.A., is the well-known author of *Indian Culture through the Ages*, and the chief editor of the *Mysore University Journal*. He is the head of the History and Economics department of the University. He has made a special study of the excavations at Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro on the spot and writes out of wide knowledge and accurate observation. It is of significant interest that our learned author tends in the direction of assigning a greater antiquity to these old civilizations than the usual 3000 B. C.; but what is more interesting and valuable to us is that his researches prompt him to view these old civilizations as Indian and Vedic.

To us who have studied H. P. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled* and the *Secret Doctrine* the question suggests itself: how long will it be before the "authorities" of modern science see that "India is the cradle of humanity," and that "the Babylonian civilization was neither born nor developed in that country. It was imported from India, and the importers were Brahmanical Hindus"?—Eds.]

The archæological finds of Harappa, Mohenjo-Daro and Nal have revolutionized our ideas regarding the antiquity of the culture of India and its origins and affiliations. One school of thought has suggested that the relics are those of an exotic culture, 'of the Indus valley' rather than Indian, as pre-Indian and probably Sumerian in character. Another school would consider them Indian and entirely pre-Aryan, and a third as Indian and altogether Aryan. It is necessary to view the evidence with a watchful eye and review it with an open mind.

The Find-places.

The finds are in places where the student of ancient Indian history would naturally expect them. The earliest hymns of the Ṛg-veda have references to the region of the Rāvi and one of them ⁽¹⁾ even refers to a battle on the Hariyūpiā, a name closely analogous to Harappa. It was from Sindh that Indian muslin (hence known as *sindhu*) and possibly the axe (*pilakku*, cp. Vedic *parsu* and *parasu*) went to Babylonia. In Beluchistan is the habitat of the Brahuis whose language is of the Dravidian family though they appear Indo-Iranian in ethnic type.

Buildings.

The bricks of the Indus valley are straight-sided, while those of the Sumerians are plano-convex. The underground cellars resemble those of Mesopotamia which afforded retreat in the summer months. But there are no baths in Mesopotamia. The thick walls and the use of sun-burnt bricks for the foundations and the sides in walls appear to me to be clear evidence of the anxiety for protection against percolation and inundation. Dangers from floods are known in the earliest books of the Ṛg-veda and one hymn of the Seventh book ⁽²⁾ records that the floods on the Rāvi abated in response to the prayers of Vasishṭha. Vedic evidence indicates that the cities of the Aryas were of brick (*ishtaṅka*) while those of the Asuras were of stone (*aśmamayī*) ⁽³⁾. One of the texts of the Yajur Veda even refers to the dismantling of a brick wall of the Aryas by their enemies ⁽⁴⁾.

(1) Ṛg-veda VI. 27, 5.

(2) Ṛg-veda VII. 83, 6 & 7.

(3) Ibid IV. 30, 20.

(4) Taittiriya Brāhamana I, 1, 2.

Square niches in the walls of two rooms at Mohenjo-Daro seem to give this portion of the structure the look of a primitive temple. Some of the figures on the seals would fit in with this view. One of them is crosslegged in meditation, and has been rightly interpreted as an Indian god in pose. There are figures also of two goddesses.

Human Figures and Remains.

The men have their hands about their knees, in figurines in both Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro, and some of them have the Nāga hood. The Nāgas are a prehistoric Indian people whose memory is preserved in place-names and in traditions. The nijānuka posture of the men (hands about the knee-caps) is described in one of the later Vedic texts ⁽¹⁾. This may be contrasted with the Sumerian posture of the hands folded at the waist.

The Indian female figures have their upper arms covered with armlets right up to the shoulder as is even now the fashion with newly wedded women in Sindh and Rajputana. The women are nude and have conical breasts. But figures of nude women are unknown in Babylonia before the end of the third millenium B.C.

In the museum of Mohenjo-Daro the skeletons are dolichocephalic, but the skull from the fractional burial and the marble and alabaster statues show a pronounced brachycephaly. The head forms gives evidence, therefore, of more than one race.

All the methods of disposal of the dead found in the relics, with one or two others, are found described in the Vedic texts ⁽²⁾ and in later non-Aryan tradition ⁽³⁾. From ancient South Indian sites were unearthed numerous urns like those of Harappa in which skeletons were doubled up inside, their foreheads being bound with fillets of gold as at Mohenjo-Daro, and with bronze figures of the dog and the buffalo near them. These clearly non-Aryan urns are now in the Madras Museum.

Implements and Ornaments.

Bronze implements discovered in plenty dismiss the illusion of India having only a copper and not a bronze age. The bangles are hollow and filled with shellac or joined by wax. On some of them are two pin-holes at each side of the joint. The bracelets are unlike those of Syria and S. Russia which are penannular. The Copper and Bronze Age to which these finds belong is Aryan rather than Dravidian, as no copper implements unaccompanied by iron ones have yet been discovered in South India. The Vedic word for copper is *loham*, the

⁽¹⁾ Taittrya Āraṇvaka, I. 6. We have similarly the upavītā (See Memoirs of Arch. Sur. No. 41 Plate 1.)

⁽²⁾ R̥g-veda IV. 38, 5.

⁽³⁾ Mañimekhalai, Book VI.

Sumerian *urud*, and the Armenian *aroir* (cp. alloy). It is generally accepted among scholars that the Egyptians got their knowledge of copper working through Syria (1).

Ceramic Art.

The ceramic wares of the culture may be classified in three main stages. The rough hand-shaped pots associated with urn-burial belong to the earliest stage. The second stage appears marked by the wheel-turned red-coloured unpainted pottery of medium-textured clay. At Mohenjo-Daro are tall jugs and large ring-stones. The latter are probably the receptacles of large jars which had pointed bottoms. This explanation is suggested to me by the pits on the pavement near the walls on the Dk. site. The spherical bowl with wide-lipped mouth persists in the *gangālam* of South India, and the horizontal jar with the mouth to one side was probably the forerunner of the *Kamaṇḍalu* and the *Keṇḍi* of the West Coast.

The painted pots of Nal appear to denote the third and latest of these stages. They are made of finely textured clay and are of a light red colour and bear various designs. I find that some of these designs are connected with the pictographs on the seals. Some pots clearly bear fish-marks, and some the sun and the crescent moon, while there are chess designs on other pots. The humped bull appears, too, on the bowl. The beak-spouted jugs of the Anatolian type found here persist in the horned coins of the Gungerian hoard and the *gosrṅga* vessel of South India, which is mentioned in a seventh century work(2).

It will be clear that the antiquities of Baluchistan are part and parcel of the Indus valley culture and do not represent a half-way house between Sumeria and India as some scholars have supposed. It is possible that this painted pottery culture was connected with that of the people at Ur who also used painted pottery and were displaced by the first Sumerian dynasty.

The Seals.

Engraved seals were found in the rooms and very few in the halls. They are of fine paste (faience) inlaid or carved. Some are tiny and brittle, some large and clear; and we have a hole running through the body of the seal in most cases. They are rectangular in form and have analogues in the new finds at Kish (before 4000 B.C.) and not in the Sumerian seals which are of stone, semi-globular and concave-sided, and are of white, red, and black colours, but not blue or green as in India.

The figures on the seals form an interesting study. The humped bull often appears and it is zoologically Indian. A tree of interest is the *Asvattha* or the *peepal*, which is the tree of Eternity in some, and the tree of the folk in other Vedic texts. The crocodile symbolises the Ganges in works of art in historical times. The tiger is known to the *R̥g-veda* but is prominent in the *Yajur-veda*. The black antelope

(1) Camb. Anc. History Vol. I, p. 371.

(2) Mahendravarman—Mattavilāsa prahasna. (Trivandrum Sanskrit Series) p. 4.

was the sacred animal of the habitat of the Aryans. The buffalo is a totem of some of the primitive South Indian tribes. The horse has not been found on any of the seals so far, but toy-carts drawn by horses are found both at Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro.

Representations, probably symbolic, on these seals have to be carefully considered. One is a crosslegged figure of a god on a tablet of blue faience with Nāga worshippers to right and left of him, and peepal leaves over the figure. Another is that of the Goddess of the Lamp at Harappa, whose figure has extended ears to serve as cavities for holding the oil of the wick on each side. Such Dīpalakshmi figures (but holding the oil in hand) appear in the metal work of India in later times. Lastly we have the figure of the goddess which was discovered by the Survey when I was at Mohenjo-Daro last November. It is a goddess in padmasana posture (Buddha-like) with horns, pictographs above figure, on a square seal. To the upper left is an elephant, and lower, a lion or tiger ; to the upper right is a crocodile and lower is a buffalo. The symbolism of four animals round a central divine figure is expressed verbographically in the Yajur-veda ⁽¹⁾. We have the goat, sheep, tiger and lion round the central figure of Purusha.

The seals are apparently current coin evolved after a period of cattle currency, and I find that one of the silver coins in the Museum of Mohenjo-Daro exactly resembles a seal in size and shape and has marks which resemble some of those on the punch-marked coins of India.

The Age of the Culture.

It appears to me that all the seals taken together display three stages in evolution. The earliest are the square or oblong seals of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro. Here the passage for thread extends right across the body of the seal from top to bottom. A second stage of evolution is suggested by the seals which have a perforated boss at the back through which a tasselled cord might pass. A seal of this class is described by Coomaraswami ⁽²⁾. I find it anticipated in the gold discs between the seals at Mohenjo-Daro which are provided with a vertical bar through which the thread was passed. These and the circular objects with rounded backs and a central hole are analogous to those of the first period of Susa (*circa* 4000 B.C.) The flat seals of the earlier period may therefore be assigned to the fifth millennium B.C. The cylindrical seals are the latest and they appear simultaneously in Elam, Sumer and Egypt.

A study of the pottery and pictographs points to the same conclusion. On a comparative study of the pictographs on the seals Langdon holds that the seals of the Indus valley are in script which is nearer to pre-Sumerian than to Sumerian proper (4000 B.C.) Hall is in favour of tracing the pre-Sumerian pottery to India. As has been shown above there are ceramic strata earlier than the pottery of Nal which itself is pre-Sumerian, judging from a comparison of the pictographs and figures on the pots and the seals.

(1) Tait. Sam. V. 3. 1. •

(2) Hindustan Review for July 1929, p. 42.

Conclusion.

If the culture of the finds has to be carried back to the fifth millennium B.C., it is interesting that already in that age we seem to have evidence of a blend of Aryan and non-Aryan cultures and of the contact of India with other lands. The similarity of the seals and pictographs to those of the pre-Sumerian period and the use of bitumen in India are clear evidence of the latter. The fish and the female form clearly suggest the non-Aryan, while the brick and the copper implements as clearly suggest the Aryan influence. The head forms, the funeral customs, etc., are partly Aryan, partly non-Aryan. The antiquities of the Indus valley belong as certainly to India's culture, as the river Indus does to her geography. Geometrical designs on the seals persist not only in the pottery of adjoining villages but far and wide in India. So do the shapes of the bowl (*e.g.* the *loṭa*) and the lotus designs in the ornamentation.

S. V. VENKATESWARA.

The Aryan race was born and developed in the far north though after the sinking of the continent of Atlantis its tribes emigrated further south into Asia.

Secret Doctrine II. 768;

The Secret Doctrine says that the Aryan Hindu religious philosophy is more ancient than the Egyptian.

Secret Doctrine I. 387.



WHAT EASTERN RELIGION HAS TO OFFER TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

[The name of **C. E. M. Joad** appears perhaps most frequently in the leading London newspapers and magazines for he is held in high esteem as an author (and lecturer). He was John Locke Scholar in Moral Philosophy, University of Oxford, 1914, and is now connected with the University of London. His journalistic contributions include such book-essays as *Common Sense Philosophy*, *Mind and Matter*, *The Mind and Its Workings*, *The Future of Life* and *The Great Philosopher*, which have been widely read and discussed by the British intelligentsia.

It is with pleasure that we print the following article, and we find ourselves in agreement with its central suggestive message: the West surfeited with its own life-ideas and endeavours should turn to the East. The failure of the Western civilization on the moral plane to which Mr. Joad refers was seen by the Masters of Theosophy more than fifty years ago. One of Them writing in 1881 said: "The world in general, and Christendom especially, left for 2,000 years to the regime of a personal God, as well as its political and social systems based on that idea, has now proved a failure." And it was recommended—"Teach the people to see that life on this earth, even the happiest, is but a burden and delusion, that it is but our own Karma, the cause producing the effect, that is our own judge, our saviour in future lives, and the great struggle for life will soon lose its intensity."

For the youth of Asia, and especially of India, the article also brings a message: instead of copying the questionable and failing methods of the West from Moscow to Hollywood let them look into the "traditional Wisdom of the East, stripped of the religious dogmas which have accreted around it" of which Mr. Joad writes.

We welcome such a pronouncement from one who is popular among the young intellectuals of Great Britain, and hope that **THE ARYAN PATH** will find him among its regular contributors.—EDS.]

The decay of religious belief in the Western world is notorious, and I propose to take it for granted. There is now growing to maturity a generation of men and women to whom organised religion in the traditional sense of the word is meaningless. They do not subscribe to its dogmas with regard to the supernormal government of the universe, nor do they seriously endeavour to live the kind of life which it enjoins. Their scepticism is instinctive. It is not merely that the modern Western mind rejects this or that description of the supernormal world, or this or that explanation of the point and purpose of existence; it denies the existence of any world other than that which is known to the senses, and fails to recognise any purpose beyond the immediate purposes of daily life.

That this world is not in itself such as to satisfy our aspirations, or this life such as to invest the business of existence with significance, is unfortunately obvious. It follows that the modern Westerner tends to be cynical and indifferentist, and looking upon life as a pointless adventure in a meaningless universe, finds the rationale of existence in the satisfaction of his tastes and appetites. Where everything is uncertain, the doctrine of "let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," at once concrete and definite, is eagerly embraced. The future being unknown, it is the part of wisdom to make the most of the

present that we know. At the same time moral considerations, deprived of their supernormal backing, lose their accustomed force. God, we used to be told, takes delight in a good man. But once the practice of virtue is identified with pleasing God, it becomes difficult to ignore the respective consequences of His pleasure and His displeasure. Most religions have taken care to paint these consequences in the liveliest colours, with the result that it is difficult to say how much so-called virtuous conduct has been prompted by the desire to achieve an eternity of celestial bliss, and to avoid an eternity of infernal torments.

It is notorious to-day that heavenly rewards no longer attract and infernal punishments no longer deter with their pristine force ; young people are frankly derisive of both, and, seeing no prospect of divine compensation in the next world for the wine and kisses that morality bids them eschew in this one, take more or less unanimously to the wine and kisses.

The resultant way of life is found less satisfactory than might have been expected. The objection to living for pleasure is that pleasure is so short-lived ; repeat it and it no longer pleases. The objection to being able to do whatever you desire is that you quickly find that there is nothing that you desire to do. Hence the aimless and pointless character of much of modern Western life. We have revolted successfully against every kind of rule and authority, yet we are disillusioned with the results of revolt. We have shown the gods to be fictions, but we have still to come to terms with the needs that created the fictions.

In this impasse what assistance, if any, can we derive from the traditional wisdom of the East ? Much, provided the wisdom of the East be stripped of the religious dogmas which have accreted around it. Common to all religions is the belief that the universe is in some important and fundamental sense, and, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, worth while. The appearances to the contrary include the everyday world and the everyday business of living in it. It follows that the everyday world is not the sole type of world ; it may, indeed, be merely a mask or veil concealing a world of reality that underlies it. Further, it may be possible by living a certain kind of life to tear aside the mask and penetrate, however obscurely, behind the veil. Very well, then, it may be worth while to try to live the kind of life in question.

And here, I take it, we are within sight of the basic truth of all Eastern religions, which is that for those who live in a state of agitation, certain kinds of serene and lasting happiness, certain intellectual and creative processes, are impossible. Hence the religions of the East have insisted upon the systematic cultivation of mental quietness and the conscious pursuit of a certain way of life ; in a word, they have laid down rules for the attainment of spiritual health.

Adopting them, we gain a criterion of value, a yardstick by which to measure and appraise the worth of our activities, which the current thought of the Western world fails to provide. Such a criterion of

value invests our lives with significance by suggesting that it matters—and not only to ourselves—how they are lived. Given the belief that some kinds of activity are more valuable than others, we may go wrong, but we shall know that it is wrong, and that we might have gone right. Thus the belief in the intrinsic value of certain kinds of activity springs directly from the conviction of the fundamental worth-whileness of the universe. Lacking the latter, the Western world lacks necessarily the former. It has, in fact, lost the sense of value. Thus it prides itself continually on its ability to do things, without stopping to enquire whether the things are worth doing. Its boasted efficiency may indeed be defined as doing the wrong things in the right way. I take two examples.

No feature of Western civilization is more remarkable than the disparity between our mechanical skill and our social wisdom, between the powers we have won over nature, and the uses to which we put them. Science has given us powers fit for the gods and we bring to their use the mentality of schoolboys. Consider the mechanic by the roadside mending the carburetter of his car; in his knowledge of complex mechanism and in the skill with which he handles it, he is behaving like a superman. Consider the same mechanic ten minutes later, driving at forty miles an hour in a little hell of noise and dust and stench, unable to appreciate the country himself and precluding the appreciation of all who come near him; he is behaving like a congenital idiot.

Men of genius by the dozen, men of talent by the hundred have laboured that wireless might be. They succeeded, and the tittle tattle of the divorce court and the racing stable is broadcasted to the remoter Pacific, while the ultimate ether vibrates to the strains of negroid music. In war time our medical science displays an almost incredible skill in patching up shattered bodies, in order that the equally incredible imbecility of our political science may set chemical science to work to blow them to bits again. In our scientific knowledge, we are gods; in our ethics and politics, quarrelsome babies. And the babies are entrusted with the powers appropriate to the gods.

What is the bearing of the wisdom of the East upon the situation? In the light of what has been said it is not far to seek. It consists simply in reminding the West of the fact that scientific knowledge and power over nature are of no value in themselves; their value depends upon the use to which they are put. If they are used to promote right living, they are good; if the contrary, harmful. It is necessary, therefore, first to discern what is right living. "You have taught us," said an Eastern philosopher to me, "to fly in the air like birds, and to swim in the sea like fishes. But how to live on the earth you do not yet know."

Or take the case of motion. The capacity for rapid motion is, as is well known, the brightest jewel in the crown of Western civilization. But one of the reasons why we move so rapidly from place to place is that we are not satisfied to remain in any place. We are driven by an aversion from the place at which we are, rather than an attraction for

that at which we are not. This is particularly true of rich Americans, who, perpetually in transit across the Atlantic, seem to be running from something which is lying in wait for them on whichever side of it they happen to be. They suffer from a perpetually itching sole. This something is boredom, a boredom which springs from an inability to distinguish what things are really worth while, and an incapacity to pursue them.

Aware of the danger the East preaches the virtues of serenity and a quiet mind, as witness for example the following from an exposition of Taoism. "If a man desires too much or overworks and does not rest in time, the result will be the illness of Time.The first step for a man who becomes a candidate for immortality is to keep life easy and the body young, since both mind and body have no inherent defect or trouble."

Speaking generally I should say that the Westerner tends to be discontented unless he has some positive reason for content ; the Easterner, in so far as he has followed the teaching of his religion, tends to be contented unless he has some positive reason for discontent. The gift of contentment is, therefore, the chief gift which the East has to offer to the West, and this gift can only be received by those who have recovered the conviction of the fundamental worth-whileness of things.

C. E. M. JOAD.

THUS HAVE I HEARD.

[**Çrāvaka's** contributions to THE ARYAN PATH will serve to remind editors, contributors and readers alike that its prime object is faithfully to repeat for the modern era the great truths of the Ancient Records. So much "original" writing is done to-day, so much "self-expression" is indulged in that, in the clamour that is raised, the chants of the Gods remain unheard. One of our tasks is to bring home the truth that it is not derogatory to *repeat* the old age facts of the science of the soul. The study of the wise ancients convinces us that our forefathers knew better and more than we do. It is a modern form of madness to take for granted that we of the twentieth century are superior not only to the men to whom Jesus spoke, but also superior to those to whom Plato taught, to whom Pythagoras imparted his Indian Knowledge, to whom Gautama offered his Light, to whom Lao Tzu showed his Tao, to whom Krishna sang the Divine Lay. Verily we think our fathers fools! It is one of the tasks of this journal to awaken an intelligent appreciation of the hoary past so that an intelligent adaptation of some of the old truths to modern life and conditions may take place. Çrāvaka is an old Theosophist who has learnt the virtue and acquired the power of saying—"Thus have I heard."—Eds.]

"Thus have I heard," sang the Vedic poets. They listened to the Rishis chanting in the world of the Spirit, and recorded for the ears of flesh the religion of immortality. In the philosophy of the Magicians the universe is conceived of Sound, the primal property of Akasha.

The Verbum of the Christians is the Aum of the Aryans. Shabda Brahman is the Word made flesh. The universe is a word, a sound.

Apollo played upon his seven-stringed lyre at the banquet of the Gods. Krishna's flute called mortals to divine efforts. The voice of the God in the human heart, as the music of the Spheres; the growl of the beast within, as the crash of civilizations without—all the innumerable whispers and roars, rhythms and discords are but witnesses to the fact that Sound is the foundation of all that exists.

Human speech is superior to animal speech. In our civilization over-indulgence has made man worse than the beast in many things, but strikingly so in speech. In soul-life speech and silence are complementary. Our own talk drowns all sounds for us; he who is silent hears.

Speech purified by silence becomes wise and compassionate; egotism talks; discrimination born of knowledge and thought humbly repeats what wisdom has taught and contemplation mastered. Hence spiritual life commences with a vow of silence, and the neophyte is named Çrāvaka, श्रावक, the listener. The Greeks called him Akoustikos.

No one can make another a listener. By self-resolve alone can one enter the Path of the Inner Life. Such a resolve I have made, though afflicted by that which to-day passes for cleverness and which is but a species of egotism. Academical cleverness is cunning, and subtly engenders mock modesty; under its guise one finds justification for constant talk; such talk silences the Soul. The recognition of an inner divinity leads to a quieting of the passions whose essence is egotism. When the boisterous voice of passion was subdued in some measure I began hearing many sounds, all of which were not beneficent.

Now a desire has arisen to share with others the fruits of my silence. I am not dead to the lower energies of my nature and fear overtakes me lest I speak not as a listener. But every step has its pitfalls and the taking of the step alone can show if one is grown sufficiently strong to avoid the fall.

That is why I will repeat what I have heard. But not all I have heard. For each one of us has two voices, and one of them is false. In Nature also there are two voices, and one of them is illusory. The Powerful Ones are of two kinds and one class speaks the language demoniac. There are faerie hosts who can but sing beguiling verse; there are ghosts and goblins whose speech is worse than that of criminals; there are mischievous sprites who lure one to fancy and forgetfulness.

The Voice of the Silence is the Soul of Nature, and the self-conscious part of that Soul is the Grand Lodge of Master Masons who dwell in a Shrine not made with hands. Compassion and sacrifice make Them speak and Their word is always in the world. We hear Them when we become deaf to all other sounds. That too I have heard.

I wish others to share my hearing. For that reason I consent to speak in these pages as leisure permits and opportunities arise. "False learning is rejected by the Wise and scattered to the Winds by the Good Law. Its wheel revolves for all, the humble and the proud. The 'Doctrine of the Eye' is for the crowd; the 'Doctrine of the Heart' for the elect. The first repeat in pride: 'Behold I know'; the last, they who in humbleness have garnered, low confess: 'Thus have I heard.'"

ĀRĀVĀKA.

THE RELIGION OF WORKS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MURIEL LESTER.

[A student of Theosophy who prefers to be anonymous visited Kingsley Hall and interviewed its presiding genius. There is Theosophical spirit in evidence there and in the words of H. P. Blavatsky (*Key to Theosophy*, p. 186) "Every Theosophist is bound to do his utmost to help on, by all means in his power, every wise and well-considered social effort which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor. Such efforts should be made with a view to their ultimate social emancipation, or the development of the sense of duty in those who now so often neglect it in nearly every relation of life."—Eds.]

We can make our minds so like still water that beings gather about us that they may see, it may be, their own images, and so live for a moment with a clearer, perhaps even with a fiercer life because of our quiet.

W. B. YEATS.

The way lies through some of the meanest streets in London's East End and the last but one is the meanest of all. It is a narrow thoroughfare lined with costers' barrows, whereon lie the people's second-hand clothes, piled in crushed confusion, and the people's food, meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, exposed to dust, flies and a myriad other brutish influences. On the pavements littered with dirt and debris, haggard and bent or rough and gruff shoppers jostle one another. A sharp turning to the right, another,—there rises straight and true a simple tower, unornamented and austere. And the way crosses by two or three steps a stone porch into "a place of worship."

Its polished oak parquet-flooring, oak-panelled walls, the curve of which directs attention to the Eastern window with burnished copper and flowers arranged to shape in the mind's eye the form of the Holy Grail, the bareness, are unusual. The golden austerity of this hall would be strangely beautiful anywhere but here, with those streets outside so near at hand. . . . Like the ideas that fashioned it, it is sublime, for the Religion of Works has taken actual form, emblem of twenty-six years of service on the altar of humanity.

Muriel Lester, in the early nineteen-hundreds, used to drive with her family from a beautiful country home to town to the theatre and to social entertainments. The way lay through Bow, conspicuous because the foulest odours came from there. She says she had no social conscience then but some friends were interested in a girls' club. So Bow having drawn notice, she went. She became interested in the factory girls she met. Her brother, Kingsley, her sister, Doris, and she set to work at first with a little house, then in nursery schools, begging the use of gardens from the people around.

"One started, took it on for fun," she said on the wide, concrete, verandah-like roof of the present Kingsley Hall with the bare, cell-like rooms behind and, stretched out ahead, Poplar. "Then it became a duty (I loathe the word 'duty'). Very soon it was just affection. One could not have borne *not* to do it." She looked out over the roofs of London's East End, with tightly clasped hands, as once

nearly two thousand years ago another servant of humanity looked out from a flat roof over Jerusalem.

A Kingsley Hall was started in 1915 in memory of her now dead brother. Where sectarian Baptists used to meet and where their creed was actually found, "We deny that salvation is free. We deny that Christ died for all men," a centre of fellowship for the whole community was built up, a club for the people. Out of the children's side of the work was built, in 1923, Children's House, which is another story. The present Kingsley Hall came into being as the result of a summer school for eight or ten unemployed in which Muriel Lester tested out one of her theories.

"Do you realise what harms?" she asked. "It is not the unemployment. It is the aimlessness, the never having anything to do next." She also held that they would respond to the best as middle-class people do. For a week they all lived together as a family; daily baths, simple food, going to libraries, to the Zoo, to the House of Commons, a theatre with tea afterwards—"All the things working people don't get, which are usual middle-class amenities." They studied together, too, English poetry, the principles of rhythm, reading as much or as little as they liked. And at night she played the best music, at first wondering whether they would be quiet. They were—there fell silence together for the space of many moments afterwards. "There was always something to do. The awful look left their faces. At the end of the week, they appeared just like happy undergraduates."

As a result, the present Kingsley Hall was opened a year ago. What the architect, C. Cowles Voysey, declares he did was to give form to Muriel Lester's ideas. Above "the place of worship," always devoid of furniture except when needed, for the chairs come and go through a concealed trap-door in the parquet floor, is the spacious and airy club room where the people of Poplar gather in fellowship. There is music, games, a place for meals in delightful simplicity. On one side is the library, a place all book-lovers would love to use, and behind, the office, on the door of which is pinned a card bearing the words by Yeats, quoted at the head of this article, with kitchen and other rooms adjoining. One side of the roof has cell-like rooms for the women and the other for the men. At the corners are roof sitting-rooms and a roof-garden with one of Gilbert Bayes' fountains.

Holding that "no one should have luxuries until every one has had their needs supplied," Muriel Lester has alienated her own income to a Trust Fund that supplies Poplar's poor with help in time of bitterest need. That, again, is another story. Like her co-workers from the ranks of the rich and the very poor, she has nothing but the allowance of 4s. 6d. a week for clothes and 2s. 6d. for incidental expenses, out of which collections at the Hall and such etceteras come. Eight or ten of them—the numbers vary—live as one family, austerely-housed and simply-fed, serving the people to whom it is a spiritual home. Each shares the menial and other tasks.

“The place of worship” is not a church in the ordinary sense. “I am the *minister*,” said Muriel Lester and the word took on its beautiful old-time meaning, generally unknown in these times of salaried priests. “I marry people and I bury people.” The service has readings from the literatures of the world, the Bible, Tagore, Carpenter, Wordsworth, Shaw; music; liturgies composed of the finest elements in the different sects; and periods of silence. Rabindranath Tagore’s son said that he felt more at home at one of these than anywhere away from India for “We like, when we have heard anything beautiful, to ponder over it and that is what I found here.”

That Kingsley Hall is international in the widest sense is shown by symbols to the left of the main entrance into “the place of worship.” They are paper bricks laid by leaders of East and West alike. To cite but a few, Lady Chatterjee placed one for India, Mr. Cricklow Chen for China—the strongest links are with those countries because of friends in each—John Galsworthy for Literature, Sybil Thorndike for Drama, Mrs. J. Douglas Watson “In Memory of H. E. Lester for the broadening of the Kingdom of Heaven.” Lady Clare Annesley for Service and Dr. Maxwell Garnett for World Brotherhood.

The influence of this Religion of Works spreads far beyond Poplar. During the War, for example, a number of women dressed in black walked in single file through the gutters of London to the Houses of Parliament bearing a letter to the then Prime Minister, Bonar Law, protesting against allowing children of enemy countries to die of starvation. More recently at the Hendon Air Display they made public protest asking the people if they realised it all meant death for the populace and not life. She contrasted the disabilities of the people so near to her with those of the wealthy and middle-classes.

“Do you know the Eastern doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma? She nodded—she has spent nearly a year in India, living with the Hindus as one of themselves, knowing Rabindranath Tagore and Gandhi, of whom she said “I think he is the greatest living man.”

“Don’t you think that these teachings explain why the disabilities have come about?”

“I am afraid I cannot see it.”

“Why not?”

“I am not against them. I don’t think one can explain everything in the world. I don’t think it matters if we don’t. I have a horror of people who have explanations for everything. I would rather have the thing unexplained than explained in a way that doesn’t satisfy me. Everything has some mystery in it. I like mysteriousness.”

“Don’t you think that man has knowledge, truth, within himself and therefore can know the truth about everything? Do you think that you can find truth through the Religion of Works? What, for instance, is the ultimate purpose of what you are doing here?”

“To build up the Kingdom of Heaven on earth here in Poplar,” came instantaneous response, “to substitute the Laws of Christ for

the laws of the state. I am on the mystic side but the mystic has to be very, very practical."

In reply to another question she said, "I think Christ understood nature. It depends upon never scorning anybody else, always being humble-minded, ready for new light whenever it comes and from anybody."

"Maybe the new light for you is a knowledge of Reincarnation and Karma."

"Maybe, the new light for me is," she returned simply, "Humbleness—Our social workers, our political leaders, are in daily peril of losing their own souls. They count themselves very superior to the rest of us. No one is really a superior to any one else. If we separate ourselves from others, we lose our humility. Others teach us as much as we teach them."

THE LEAGUE'S TENTH BIRTHDAY.

[The progress of the League of Nations must necessarily be watched with interest as one of the most prominent organizations working towards Brotherhood. THE ARYAN PATH stands primarily for Brotherhood which implies that (a) all men have spiritually and physically the same origin and (b) as mankind is essentially of one and the same essence, and that essence is one—infinite, uncreate, and eternal, whether we call it God or Nature—nothing, therefore, can affect one nation or one man without affecting all other nations and all other men. The League of Nations does not practise this *universal* view, for if it did, it could not have neglected, as it has done, in so many directions, the interests of the indigenous peoples of Asia and Africa. General Smuts recently in Oxford pointed out that the problem of coloured civilizations would become a dominant issue in this century. Is the League planning to guide and help the rising tide of Asiatic renaissance? Will it act, before it is too late, and show that justice is the foremost characteristic of a League, which is truly the League of all nations and not of a few European states?

It would be unjust not to emphasize the important constructive social work the League has accomplished, work which we will notice appreciatively in future issues, having secured some good articles. But this social side of activity has been obscured by the somewhat vociferous political activity, which, we think, has not achieved as much as has been claimed for it.

With pleasure we print below the article from a lover of the League.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Parmoor, P.C., K.C.V.O., is one of Great Britain's most distinguished jurists, and is closely associated with the cause of world peace. For years he has been identified with the League of Nations and has represented his country at Geneva. He was specially appointed Judicial Member of the Privy Council in 1914 and was Lord President of the Council in 1924. In legal circles his works, the *Principles of Compensation* and *Laws of the Church and Clergy* are held in high esteem.—Eds.]

The League's tenth birthday is, in itself, a testimony to the admirable work which it has carried out at Geneva, a hopeful guarantee for future stability and progress. At the same time, there is a danger of weak optimism. The desire that nations should covenant with one another in order to agree on a method for settling international disputes by friendly means finds a place both in the history of Greece and Rome, and as a sequel to the terrible mediæval and religious war which desolated Europe. Can the League of Nations depend not only on the spirit on which it is administered at Geneva, but on the strength of a world opinion in favour of a peace basis in international relationships? This is the only ultimate guarantee, raising the League above political changes and the risks attendant on the recrudescence of armament competition. This competition will not be effectively discouraged so long as the power of secret diplomacy is maintained.

The main question is whether the peoples of the world can exercise a permanent influence in the domain of foreign politics. They certainly desire peace, but there is a difficulty in giving expression to this desire. The prejudice in favour of war, as the ultimate sanction in international affairs, remains a strong factor. At first thought, it would appear that, immediately on the morrow of the Great War, so destructive to human civilization and resulting in an industrial dislocation, widespread in its ruin, some really drastic steps might have been taken in the all-round reduction of armaments. The years, however, are slipping by, and a new generation is growing up to whom the terrible memory of the Great War is less vivid. Effective disarmament is still delayed. This is so, in spite of the evidence that the most potent cause of the war outbreak was the competitive increase in armaments during the preceding decades. There is, too, the certainty that, as invention advances in the development of methods of human destruction, future warfare will bring about the silence of death. Macaulay's picture of the New Zealander gazing over the ruins of London may be realized unless the government of this country, before it is too late, gives its whole-hearted support to League principle.

There are evident signs that the prestige of the League is not being safeguarded with sufficient vigilance. Peace-lovers recognized the value of the Locarno Treaty and of the Kellogg Pact, but if Geneva is to become the true centre of international understanding, these and other movements should have found a place for discussion and settlement at Geneva. International opinion at Geneva has expressed the opinion that no general scheme of disarmament can be finally carried out unless an alternative way to war is accepted for the settling of international disputes when conciliation fails. The only suggested alternative is the acceptance of third party decision in all cases, whatever their nature or quality. This principle stands out prominently in the preamble of the Covenant of the League, one of the most solemn treaties in history. It is recognized throughout all the subsequent articles. The subsequent articles, however, contained a gap by which constituent nations might still resort to war after

certain preliminary precautions had been taken. It was unanimously desired by representative international opinion, as expressed in the Assembly at Geneva in 1924, to amend the Covenant and to fill up this gap. It then became possible to define an aggressor clearly, and to denounce an aggressive war as an international crime. Proposals, having this object, were forwarded from Geneva for approval to the various constituent countries, not necessarily as an ultimate solution, but as a basis for a world conference on disarmament. They were at that time jettisoned by this country without reservation. Great Britain still stood out for the reservation of a right to use force in large ranges of international disputes.

At Christmas time, Christians, turn once more to the lesson of peace and goodwill; but, unless these lessons take a permanent place in modern evolution, the future is not assured. It is not that the people, who stand for moral evolution, are not urging a new international justice, but that the old methods of international intercourse are entrenched under the traditions of secret diplomatic methods, handed down through the archives of history.

Earl Loreborn wrote in 1919: "But reconciliation must come before the League can really succeed, and the prospect of this seems to be daily becoming more remote." This forecast has been proved to be too pessimistic. The League has become an established institution; each year has enlarged the area of its international influence. Those who desired a League of Nations before the Great War, and steadily supported the principle during the War, feel that their faith has been justified, and that Geneva will continue to grow as the centre of a new international peace spirit. It is essential that it should hold its place as a meeting for public discussion between all the constituent countries of the League, great and small, and not be allowed to become merely a convenient meeting place to recreate the old diplomatic methods with the risk of bringing back the heresy that a balance of power, calculated on the strength of rival war equipments, can ever give security to an advancing civilization or ensure an era of progressive industrial stability.

PARMOOR.

A HISTORICAL SURVEY OF SAIVA SIDDHANTA.

[Mr. S. Sankaranarayana, M.A., B.L., Advocate, belongs to a rich and respected Brahmana Zamindar family of South India. A research scholar in philosophy, his labours are known and appreciated. He has written legal and educational articles, but his chief admirers are the students of philosophy who have read with advantage his original contributions on "Do Finite Individuals have a Substantive or an Adjective Mode of Being," "Panchasti Kayasara," etc. He is now undertaking research work in Saiva Siddhanta and promises to give to our readers the advantage of the results of his labours.—EDS.]

Saiva Siddhanta is a neglected branch of Indian philosophy. It is written in high-class Tamil and is difficult even for the most trained scholar to understand. Much of the literature on the subject is inscribed on cadjan leaves ⁽¹⁾. The native instinct of conservatism which is almost insurmountable, and the desire to preserve this literature as the property of the Thiruvaduthurai Mutt ⁽²⁾ where it is deposited, coupled with a jealous guard over strangers who go in quest of the knowledge, have acted as clogs on the appreciation and propagation of this branch of learning. The student who wishes to be initiated into its study is obliged to observe certain disciplinary formalities and undergo a regular course of systematic training to get upadesa (initiation) even as a student of Sanskrit in a Brahmin Veda Patasala.

Indeed Saiva Siddhanta is the Veda for the Saiva sect of South India, which is comprised mostly of non-Brahmins. History has it that Siva imparted the Vedagamas for the salvation of finite souls. Vedagama is Veda plus Agama. Veda, according to Saiva Siddhanta, means the weapon or the instrument of knowledge of Pāthi (God), Pāsu (Soul), and Pāsām (Senses). Āgāmā means that which has descended from God. It may also be understood as Ā meaning Pāsām, gā meaning Pāsu and mā meaning Pāthi; that is, the sastra or code that explains the qualities of Pāthi, Pāsu, and Pāsām. There is still another interpretation. Ā may be taken to mean Sivagnana, gā as moksha, and mā as destruction of the senses, in which case Agama may be taken to mean the sastra that inculcates the knowledge of God to the souls by the destruction of the senses.

⁽¹⁾ In olden days when paper was not manufactured, Indians used palmyrah leaves in its place, and instead of writing with pen and ink they inscribed letters on the leaves with an iron style pen. These leaves when bundled up and tied by a string formed volumes by themselves even as books of modern days. All the original works of the olden days are found only in such volumes and these are carefully preserved for generations and are less easily susceptible to the destructive work of the white ants than paper.

⁽²⁾ This is a rich Mutt situated about three miles from Narasingampet railway station, in South India. Its origin is to be traced to about 1200 A.D. It is presided over by a Sanyasin called Pandarasannadhi who is the spiritual head of all the Saivites and under whose control all the properties of the Mutt are placed. Some literature is also to be found in the Dharmapuram Mutt about two miles distant from Mayavaram railway station of the S. I. Railway in the Suryanarkoil Mutt in Thirumangalakudi about three miles distant from Aduthurai railway station of the S. I. Railway; in Vellaichandānam Mutt in Nachiarkoil about six miles distant from Kumbakonam railway station of the S. I. Railway; in the Annappanpettai Mutt about two miles distant from Mariammankoil railway station in the Tanjore-Nagore line of the S. I. Railway, and in the Mutt presided over by Hajapanatesa Pandarasannadhi in Tiruvavur in S. I., but the quantity of literature is practically negligible when compared with that of the Thiruvaduthurai Mutt.

The Vedagamas imparted by Siva are to be divided into Karma Kanda and Gnana Kanda. Karma Kanda deals mainly with ceremonial rituals and is not of much importance to the student of philosophy. Gnana Kanda deals with the Upanishads and the Vedanta. While the Upanishad portion of the Gnana Kanda deals with the deification of particular objects such as the sun and moon as Brahman, the Vedanta portion or Sivagama deals with Siva as the only Brahman, and explains the particular objects mentioned in the Upanishads as mere partial manifestations of Brahman. Leaving the thantric portion out of consideration,⁽¹⁾ the Sivagamas are twenty-eight in number.

Tradition has it that Nandhi learned these twenty-eight Sivagamas from Srikanta. Evidently confused with certain conflicting principles in the various Sivagamas, Nandhi worshipped Srikanta and asked which was the true one. Srikanta pronounced that the Rourava Agama Sutras were the true ones and imparted their lore to Nandhi. From the time of Nandhi there has been a regular succession of master and pupil, the former imparting and the latter learning and imparting in turn, until the reader is carried swiftly on to the band of Sishyas within the impregnable walls of the Thiruvaduthurai Mutt: thus Sanatkumara, Sri Meikanda Deva, Arulnandhi Sivacharya, Maraignanasambanda Sivacharya, Umapathi Sivacharya, Arulnamasivaya Desigar, Namasivayamurthi, and the Gurumoorthis one after another of the Thiruvaduthurai Mutt⁽²⁾.

The philosophy of Saiva Siddhanta is to be found first in Sivagnana Botham by Sri Meikanda Deva. The principles contained therein are further amplified and illustrated in the thirteen other Siddhanta Sastras. They are Arulnandhi Sivacharya's "Sivagnana Siddhiar" and "Irupa Irupakthu"; Manavasagam Kadanthar's "Unmaivilakkam"; Uyyavanda Devar's "Thiruvundiar" and "Thirukalitrupadiar"; Umapathi Sivacharya's "Sivaprakasam," "Unmainerivilakkam," "Kodikkavi," "Viva Venba," "Nenjuviduthuthu," "Sankarappanirakaranam," "Potripahrodai," and "Thiruvartupayan." Sivagnana Swamigal's commentary and Bhashya are invaluable. None of these thirteen sastras is translated into English and are all written in high-class Tamil.

The question whether Sivanana Botham is Aryan or Dravidian in origin is very difficult to decide. Certain orthodox writers of the Saiva Sect, such as Prof. T. Sundaram Pillai, Pandit D. Savarirayan, T. Ponnambalam Pillai, and Virudhai Sivagnana Yogigal, hold that the Tamil Sivagnana Botham is earlier in origin than the Sanskrit Sivagnana Botham, that the latter is derived from the former, and

(1) This is very wise. *Yoga practices* given in Sivagamas and all known tantric works are dangerous and to be avoided. In the development of Raja Yoga no extant works made public are of the least good; they can at best give inklings of Hatha Yoga, something that may develop mediumship, which is dangerous, at best, and in the worst case—consumption.—EDS.

(2) This is reminiscent of the Bhagavad-Gita, IV, 1-3, The Mundaka Upanishad, I, 4-5, and other Sanskrit texts. It is a well-known idea of the old world that Wisdom was handed down the generations by teacher to pupil, who became teacher in his turn to other pupils.—EDS.

as proof they state that the chapter entitled " Pāsāvinōchānāpādālām " of the Rourava Agama of the Sanskrit Sivagnana Botham is a translation from the Tamil Sivagnana Botham. But the commentary on the second sutra of Sivagnana Botham by Sivagnana Swamigal starts with Advaita abruptly as an axiomatic proposition, and it is clear from internal evidence that the Sanskrit Sivagnana Botham is the earlier of the two. While the Rourava Agama of the Tamil Sivagnana Botham is thus copied from Sanskrit, it is extremely improbable that the Pāsāvinōchānāpādālām alone of the Sanskrit Sivagnana Botham should have been, as alleged, translated from the Tamil Sivagnana Botham. The date of Sivagnana Botham by Meikanda Deva may however be fixed as 1200 A. D.

Saiva Siddhanta has some distinctive features. While the other systems merely refute what is contained elsewhere as unreal, Saiva Siddhanta takes within its fold the principles common to itself and the other system. Again, unlike the other systems, it is not based on Sruthi or perception but proceeds only on the basis of inference. Sivagnana Botham means the sastra that inculcates the truth of the Agamas by discerning the principle common to all of them, i.e., that leads to the correct apprehension of the qualities of Pāthi, Pāsu, and Pāsām.

The teaching of Sivagnana Botham is shortly this ; God, senses and soul exist. God can only be known by revelation. Soul is the connecting link between God and the senses. Through the due performance of Sariyai (tapas with leg), Kriyai (tapas with hand), and Yogam (tapas with mind) in previous births, the Soul realizes its true state and gives up its connection with the senses and adheres to God. Knowledge of God is attained by shaking off Malam (dirt of ignorance) by meditating on Panchakshara (i.e., the Five Letters composing the word Namasivaya) and by merging of the individual self into Brahman. By ceaselessly pursuing this course the devotee becomes a Jivan Mukta.

S. SANKARANARAYANA.

PHILOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

[Professor W. Stede, Ph. D. (Leipzig), is a savant—a Pali scholar, a fine linguist, a clear thinker. He once wrote, “I believe in never letting a thought pass without wrestling with it as Jacob wrestled with God, until He blessed him, *i.e.*, became part of his inner self.” Our author is a loved teacher at the School of Oriental Studies in London, and of his profession he says, “I like teaching, but I am not a teacher of the ‘regulation’ kind.” Dr. Stede is well known because of his scholarship, but among his friends he is better known for his fearless views and spiritual ideals. Readers of THE ARYAN PATH will find all his contributions possessing a dynamic quality such as was evinced of old by Martin Luther, an ancestor of his on his mother’s side.

In this thought-provoking contribution the reader will find some basic ideas so necessary for clear deductions essential in noble living. The closing paragraphs will start him, if he so wishes, on the fascinating journey to the land of symbols. The Ancients were taught by the sages in symbols—images, emblems, pictures. Hieroglyphics, ideographs, logograms represent the basic language in which universal truths are infallibly expressed. The language of the Spirit-Soul loses its efficacy when lips try to articulate even its alphabet. Only the *purified* human mind, as our learned author implies, can perceive the meaning and significance of those Images which tell the truth about man and the universe.—Eds.]

When I was told about the project of this new magazine I was delighted and wished it every success. I was requested to state my views on the problem implied in the above heading, and as one interested in this problem I consented. I am putting forth my remarks as merely programmatic, stating the problem, its limitations and its bearing upon our endeavour to reconcile (a sad word !) East and West.

There is only one way in which a mutual understanding can be brought about : by the realization of our weaknesses, or of our common helplessness when awake to the stupendous tragedies of nature. To these belongs language, which although generally praised as a blessing, constitutes one of the gravest tragedies of the human race.

Language is a great hindrance to peaceful progress. It is often a means of deception, of hiding one’s true feelings. But the full weight of this obstacle can only be realized by the deeper consideration of the relation between language and national pride and so-called patriotism. It is the difference in language which gives rise to estrangement between nations, and to the stupid idea that one nation is better than the other—an idea based on the ignorance of each other’s language. Language is the evil genius of patriotism, and the worst of it is that we cannot do away with the natural differentiation of languages. Esperanto, or a world-language, is a phantom. It may be useful as a business language, but it can never replace a natural one, because life and development of language (a wrong expression : for language has *no* life of its own ⁽¹⁾) and I should say :

(1) We do not quite see the point of our learned author. Our Arhat Esoteric Philosophy teaches that “languages have their cyclic evolution, their childhood, purity, growth, *fall into matter*, admixture with other languages, maturity, decay and finally death” (*Secret Doctrine* II, 199.)—Eds.

of ideas finding expression in human sounds) proceeds sub-consciously and we cannot control this source of our life, because we cannot create ourselves. The myth of the Tower of Babel is true in its substance; language is a device of Mara, the creator of "No" and "But" (1).

To speak of and handle a language without combining with it the soul-life of the people who speak that language, is of no avail. That would mean dealing with phantoms only, or with the bones and not with the blood of the living body. Language is never anything apart from the heart of the people, out of which it grows spontaneously. You can acquire a language by learning it, but you cannot understand a language except by living it: and *that* means that you do not understand the language, but the people whose soul is expressed by it.

Polyglottism is a dangerous sport, leading often only to conceit and illusion of mastery over others. A superficial knowledge of a language is not only waste of time but actually dangerous.

As language reflects the human mind it is a manifestation of human error. We constantly misunderstand each other owing to the imperfect expression of our thoughts, since we only deal with likenesses, which are usually illusions. Language is a mirror of human development as it ought *not* to be; it is by no means normative in indicating how things *should* be. Language is the spontaneous reflection of man's moods and fears, it is not a creation of conscious mind: otherwise no misunderstanding would be possible. On these grounds language is one of the poorest and most imperfect means of communication.

Language is the subject of many branches of human learning. Its importance cannot be over-emphasized. Here, however, we are concerned with one branch only, regarded as the supreme one because it is scientific, and that is philology. To give a rough, improvised definition of philology, we may say it is a rational activity of the human mind, dealing primarily with the analysis and comparison of sounds which as language have already become rational (*i.e.*, have been invested with meaning), with their structures and combinations. It neither regards the psychology of anthropomorphic expression underlying the word, nor its philosophic value as an expression of soul-life.

I must explain what I mean by the three terms scientific, anthropomorphic and philosophic. They indicate aspects of looking at the universe, or views of the world. I group these in their ascending order of value, in their bearing upon soul-culture and man's relation to cosmic-creative foundations, the first one being farthest removed from Life, and therefore from Truth, but valued most highly at the present time. They are:

1. The *scientific* view, which in order to "explain" things has to kill first and then treat its object with the abstractions of weight and measure. Man is in this view only a figure in statistics. It is the microscopic view where succession in time dominates everything.

(1) And yet Sanskrit is called the language of the gods, and are not the forty-nine letters of the Devanagari alphabet spoken of as forty-nine abodes, each of a deva?—Eds.

It treats man as a machine, it value things as nothings. The ultimate is a blank or a question mark. This view is foremost in despiritualizing and disintegrating effect, unless checked by the third view.

2. The *anthropomorphic* or primitive-human view, which surrounds all things with a net of fancy. Fear and pleasure are its indicators. It thinks of everything and acts always and in every way from the personal point of view. Time is turned into power and man, imagining that he rules by time and the artificial value of money, is in fact ruled by both. This view is a source of ignorance and trouble if not controlled and ennobled by the next one.

3. The *philosophic* view, macrocosmic, extra-personal, considers all life as a manifestation of *one* life only, thinks of man as one living being among billions of other living beings, believes in eternal values, seeks sense and purpose in life, and restores the unity of action in man and of community in men. Faith and trust are its feelers, joy of universal life its motive. Neither time nor money nor power counts, but the ideal only. Its prevalent sense is that of weakness and imperfection. Life and death count as cosmic qualities not as petty human affairs; these do not cause worry, fear or pride, but inspire awe and admiration, for the wonder of man begins where he ceases to be man, *i.e.*, after subtraction of his merely human personal qualities. It treats the phenomena of life as essentially and intrinsically the same in all forms of life.

On the ground of these considerations we may ask; what do we mean by a philosophic treatment of philology?

To philosophize means to refer all phenomena to the basis of our feeling and understanding, in other words, to become as clear as possible about our position in, and our relation to, the world into which we are born and out of which we pass. It must be clearly understood however that this referring to a human basis is not finally a matter of reason or logic, but of our creative imagination or intuition. It is a reviving, a re-presentation of happening in its infinite variety in human imagination, not the fanciful imagination (*i.e.*, illusion) of a single individual, but that perception which is the intuitive imagination of *all*, the collective imagination of mankind⁽¹⁾. The processes which go on in one being are the same in all, are processes of one universal body and mind, mirrored in millions of identical sparks of life called human and other beings. These all are of the same quality of life which is one and universal. While language and the science of language is bewildering and deceiving, Philosophy restores simplicity and vividness of view. When we deal much with abstracts and read books all the time, life in general becomes abstract and we lose all sense of reality, forget that every word stands either for a real, unfathomable thing or a living being which we by no means understand. Yet, in language we pretend to understand everything, reason with and about every-

(1) The view here presented is certainly basic and our readers will gain by examining it in the light of H.P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, pp. 272-73 (original edition or the correct New York edition of 1925).—Eds.

thing, as if we were complete masters of everything. Language and reasoning deprive nature of its original life, of its character as having decidedly a will, a history and a right of its own. It is only through much intuition (*vipassana*) and meditation that we can regain the feeling of our primary and original relation to nature and the outside world.

Philosophy is nothing dry and dead : it is life itself, life realizing and recreating itself in full consciousness. It is not an abstract science, but a most concrete and perfect art ; it is not thought, but felt. It is not restricted to any definite science of mind or a definite trend of inspiration, or any other limitation, but it is purely and intensely human and all-embracing. Every view of the world is a philosophy⁽¹⁾ and comprises all the essential features of man's relation to the universe. The value of a philosophy lies in its depth and its universality, and that may be expressed just as well in a few sentences as in dozens of books. In fact, the more books a philosophy or a religion puts forward as embodiment of its creed, the less valuable it is bound to be. The ultimate criterion is man's *sense*, i.e., sense of harmony as a reflection of the harmony of the Universe ("cosmos"), which is an unimpeachable axiom of the human heart. And this may be expressed in one chapter of the *Satapatha* better than in 84,000 chapters of the *Pali Pitakas*. A philosophy which satisfies the mind only and not the heart is nonsense, as it is not human. And in this respect, from the point of harmony, the philosophy of the *Vedas* and *Upanishads* is more valuable (which is equal to "correct" in our interpretation) than that of a Hume, Kant or Spencer.

Philosophy (or rather the philosopher who has the courage to do so, and in that he resembles the religious reformer and prophet) assigns to other branches of human mental activity their relative value, puts them into their proper place, imparts that general, common-sense element which specialization has neglected. Specialization is at present the greatest danger of mankind, which philosophy must try to counteract by all possible means. Specialization means isolation and if we proceed on the way which we are following now, we are doing the greatest damage to future generations. We must think of the future and make life better for our grand-children than we are finding it ; and we must consider what is to become of all that is going on inconsiderately to-day. We must think more of essence and substance, not of appearance.

It is a curious and sad thing that people object to "waste" because it costs money, and they do not realize that money is only a fiction and that the waste of actual material is the thing that matters. With the accumulation of books on special subjects we waste the essence of mind, not the paper. Specialization means mechanization, and drawing away from common tasks. It makes men enemies to each other because it creates unnecessary and wrong competition ; it over-

(1) Therefore there are many false philosophies, and some of these alas, flourish to-day.—EDS.

emphasizes a small point of a large whole which has no value in itself.

The West has lost the macrocosmic attitude and quality of mind, for with all its specialization we have lost the feeling of intrinsic unity. Cures in medicine, dogmas and sects in religion, sub-divisions in degrees and examinations, are all signs of disastrous specialization and do serious damage to the integrity of life.

What then is the human basis with regard to language and philology? Firstly, we do not want to know only what a word *means* (for that means only putting one synonym for another) but what it *is*, i.e., *the condition of consciousness which it represented in the original speaker*. It is not the meaning we want to get at but its *effect*; and that is beyond the sphere of philology, it belongs to philosophy and intuition. It is the same with every work of art, every expression of the human mind. It is not enough to examine it from the scientific and anthropomorphic point of view only (i.e., critically and æsthetically), but we must ask ourselves: What made the people do this and what did they feel when they did it, what is the meaning and purpose of it, and how does it represent a part of the World-Soul? Every work of art must make us feel the same as it made those feel who created it, and it must bring us nearer to the understanding of the World Spirit. We must in other words not make a historical study of it but place ourselves on the same plane of time and space and consider it from the *timeless* point of view, *sub specie aeternitatis*. Nothing can be satisfactorily explained or understood without referring it ultimately to its universal source.

Secondly, in emphasizing the subconscious character of language the most wonderful thing is how *sense* springs up unconsciously out of emotion. Man feels and desires and utters his emotions in sounds which form words, and when he examines these words with his reason he suddenly finds that there is *sense* in them—sense which was not premeditated nor expected, sense which comes we know not wherefrom, which is an immediate revelation of the rational universe. The problem is not: “How is language made to fit the sense?” but, “How is it that sense fits the language?” Thus we must suppose that there is an equal sense in the utterance of all creatures, and we may be able to compare their relative sense, or the meaning of their language, and thus with deeper intuition come to *know* the language of *all* living beings.

The interesting factor in the deeper interpretation of language is that it is impossible from the point of view of reason, as the combination of imagination and reason rests on what to us is chance. We always want to know too much. So *this* part of the philosophy or psychology of language escapes philology altogether. Reason and sense in language do not lie in the words themselves, but in the arrangement of the words.

Thus a language of 400 words can and does have as much reason and explains and pictures as much of the universe as a language of 4,000 and more words; in fact the latter destroys by too much reason and artificiality the simplicity and forcefulness of the original natural connec-

tion of picture and sense. The more words, the more is hidden, the fewer words, the more is supplemented by imagination, i.e., expressed, as a tune of a few notes is bound to be more expressive (because it is catchy ") than a whole sonata. It is a fact that that is most effective which is *not* (either partly or wholly) expressed, but is left to the imagination. The impressiveness of silent nature rests upon this principle.

I have to utter another warning. The great danger of any study is to treat its object as independent of man. We speak of the meaning of a word, of the change of grammatical forms, of the function of cases, etc., and we forget that it is not the word which has the meaning, nor the form which changes, but that all these things are phenomena occasioned by subconscious changes in the mental habits of man. We have to study them, if we want to account for the phenomena of philology; just as in religion, philosophy or the study of outward expressions of mental life we must consider the condition of *mind* behind these expressions. It is nonsense to say "Varuna" develops, Mitra merges into Varuna, etc. And when we look at these things psychologically we shall find that there is *no* development or change at all, it is only an apparent change of the expression.

There is one branch of philology which is, or rather was, supposed to solve the riddle of the origin of language and ultimately the secrets of the human mind as expressed in terms of mythology and religion. It was in Max Müller's time that this was specially emphasized—the science of *etymology* which was to give us the "true word," that is, the real meaning of a word. We have now become more careful, especially after finding that there is no *real* meaning of a word, but that *all* meaning (*i.e.*, of the word alone) is *figurative*. I may repeat myself a little in the following remarks, but I shall risk that in the face of the importance of the problem in question.

What is a word or term? It is an expression of impression and feeling which is not based on logic, but on all kinds of psychological relations as they crop up in the mind. The understanding of a word does not give us any ultimates. From words alone we cannot even gather the right idea; for example, *Nirvana* is a negative expression, but the idea is positive, and the negation is only a psychological variance of a position, in effect of equal value.

The etymological craze is to be compared to the concealment of the thing by its name, so frequent in ordinary life, and the illusory notion of people that they have discovered all the secrets of the thing when they know the *name* of it. Instead of leaving the name alone they do not rest until they know it⁽¹⁾ and are satisfied with this superficial description of the thing, whereas in reality they are not one step further in the knowledge of the thing.

I repeat: the name or term does not tell us anything about the "sense" or meaning of the word, i.e., the value and purpose of the thing, as the word "understand" does not in the least show by its

(1) Is this not an innate human feeling regarding the *true* names of things and trying to know that name with wrong motives and methods we fail?—Eds.

etymology what it means, nor does the word "pericarditis" tell us what the thing is. Here belong all the medical terms which are misleading as through them we get only a superficial description of the thing and are led to take that for a definition of the purpose and ultimate value. *Nāmarūpa*, *sāṅkhya*, *anatta*, *unsubstantiality* cannot be understood from their etymology, for what has substance rationally to do with "standing under"? It is purely a matter of chance that "substance" means what it does mean, for all we know it might have come to mean "understanding." The *primary* meaning always rests on chance, like all crude happenings which form the base of experience. Words are bricks with which we build sense, but in themselves are meaningless. As soon as a word becomes a *term* or a *title*, it loses its etymological value. To get, for instance, at the real (originally intended) meaning of the word "sankhya" we must not take its etymology as decisive, as that is misleading. It is the same with titles of people, which do not define the people's value, but deceive us about the real value of the person who bears the title. It is most important to realize that things are called by what they *appear* to be and not by what they *are*. One names a thing (view No. 2) before examining it, and the word is a symbol for its appearance.

In conclusion, a few words about ultimate issues and applications, Philology and philosophy are the two final disciplines of the human mind. The result of every research, every feeling, every thought, is communicated and handed on in language. Thus language is the depository of the human mind; and in this age has become a faulty depository as specialization has boiled down the creative power of artistic reproduction into analysis, bare logic and definitions, i.e., the more *scientific* it has become. And philology takes the life out of the spontaneous manifestations of the human heart by preserving and treating the outward shell only, like the botanist presses the living flowers into dry specimens. But the philosopher as the truer of the two puts life back into the shell by means of his creative imagination, like the gardener tends the living flowers and the artist preserves the passing appearances of life in a lifelike picture of his imagination.

If we want to save not only a vestige of life but recreate the overflowing, genuine, full life of the past as a part of our own life (because contained in and flowing out of the universal source of life) we must insist on a leavening and infusion of philology by philosophy. Although philosophy may in the end be said to depend and rely on philology as its representative element, we must not forget that this representation is a far deeper image than the mere word. It is a symbol composed of many words (for one single word contains no philosophy), set into a picture as a hymn, a poem, or a myth. Finally all representation and explanation of the world proceeds in images; it is by means of a vision and a myth the human soul tries to express the World Soul, and philosophy fills each word with the breath of life and the experience of the whole race as it is attached invisibly yet effectively to the symbol, like the breath of the World-Soul pervades every living form and lives on even after the form decays

W. STEDE.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE SIDE OF BUDDHISM.

[Masatoshi Gensen Mori is a son of Japan whose recent publication *Buddhism and Faith* has attracted considerable attention. We sympathize with the theme of his article and find ourselves in general agreement with his views.

The ethics preached by Gautama Buddha are not the exclusive property of his declared followers, since they are the soul of all religions and as such belong to all nations ; yet while in other religions ritualism and dogma have supplanted these ethical principles, in Buddhism they are still alive. It is for this reason among others, that we would specially recommend a study of Buddhism, the sublime teachings of which can be practised even to-day, in our age of competition and selfishness, as the writer well points out. In fact our modern civilization which worships the physical man, and encourages the pursuit of mortal pleasures and comforts, has much to learn from Buddhism. Much of the struggle for existence and the fever of modern life could be alleviated were we to acquire, at least in a measure, the Buddhists' detachment from that which is fleeting and evanescent, by seeking refuge in that which is eternal. It is interesting to read this article in the light of the following quotation from Madame Blavatsky's *Theosophical Glossary* :

“ His (Gautama's) is the only *absolutely bloodless* religion among all the existing religions ; tolerant and liberal, teaching universal compassion and charity, love and self-sacrifice, poverty and contentment with one's lot, whatever it may be. No persecutions, and enforcement of faith by fire and sword, have ever disgraced it. No thunder-and-lightning-vomiting god has interfered with its chaste commandments ; and if the simple, humane and philosophical code of daily life left to us by the greatest Man-Reformer ever known should ever come to be adopted by mankind at large, then indeed an era of bliss and peace would dawn on Humanity.”—EDS.]

A well-known Buddhist philosopher of Tokyo recently warned his countrymen against the ever-growing tendency to look outside oneself for the means of gratifying one's desires or minimizing the sorrows of life. Now this tendency is not new in Japan, any more than in other countries, but obviously it has been accentuated by the introduction of Occidental civilization. Whereas in former times men were taught to resign themselves to the effects of their *Karma*, many of us now-a-days think it at once our right and our duty to combat these evils as best we can, without seriously reflecting upon their causes. “ Extinguish the flames of your own mind, and you will feel cool and refreshed in the midst of a great fire,” says a Dhyana teacher. Not so a modern Japanese imbued with Western ideas. He has a scorn for those who apparently submit meekly to their fate. Science, he holds, has pointed out the way to the conquest of Nature. He shrinks from nothing in his endeavour to alter his surroundings to suit himself, but he remains ever dissatisfied with his lot. And no wonder, for in his eagerness to conquer the external world, he has forgotten how to control himself.

Now we may succeed to some extent in reducing the physical discomfort caused by climatic and other conditions. Medicine and sanitation may minimize disease and prolong life. Production may be increased and distribution equalized by efficient scientific methods ; and it must be admitted that these improvements, or legitimate advances, in material civilization are to be welcomed, provided that they are calculated to liberate human energies for more enduring pursuits.

It would be a mistake to accuse Buddhism itself of indifference to such improvements. One of the cardinal principles of this religion is social service in the highest sense of the term, and Japanese history abounds in inspiring examples of such service done by Buddhists in all ranks of society. Bestowing material comfort on his fellow-men, however, is not the true end of a Buddhist's social welfare work. He has, so to speak, a double purpose in view. It should not only serve as a means of earning religious merit for his own soul, but it should also help his brethren to turn their thoughts from the more pressing problems of daily existence to the high and lasting things of the Spirit, and thus pave the way for their ultimate salvation. A Buddhist, therefore, is not supposed to grow angry or be deeply disappointed at the ingratitude of men, because charity for him is as much for his own spiritual benefit as for the relief of others.

Buddhism has only too often been interpreted negatively and has thereby been exposed to a charge of unfitness for an age of progress. It has been accused of pessimism and fatalism, love of passivity, and everything else unsuitable for an era of international competition. That the present state of social and international relations is far from desirable no one will dare to deny; and much good will certainly be done in the way of alleviating the fever of rivalry and jealousy if some of the "negative" teachings of Buddhism are put into practice. But it is not fair to insinuate that this religion is opposed to progress or science, or that it is essentially negative in its attitude towards life. I have already hinted at a more positive motive behind the Buddhist practice of almsgiving. Let me cite another instance, namely the negative form of the Buddhist commandments. The first of these runs: "You should not destroy life." Following this precept to the letter, you would be driven to the absurdity of refusing to use a vermicide. Disinfectants would have to be banned as involving the destruction of countless bacteria, the lowest forms of plant life. You would have to leave your fatherland at the mercy of an invading horde because resistance would mean war. Since even a vegetable diet requires the destruction of plant life, the logical outcome of following the inhibition slavishly to the letter would be slow and ignominious suicide. But self-destruction, whether by one's own hands or by passively falling a prey to starvation, disease and vermin, would be in itself a distinct violation of the great commandment.

No! This first Buddhist inhibition, like all the rest, is really positive and constructive in spirit. By the best Dhyana teachers in Japan it has been so interpreted, being paraphrased thus: "You should value life, both in yourself and in others." By deprecating the *needless* destruction of life, it implies in itself all the other inhibitions, for instance those against loose living, falsehood and slander, and the use and sale of alcoholic drinks. For these things constitute offences against life itself, and the injunction to value life in all sentient things amounts to an injunction to obey the highest laws of the universe. The *Dharma* or *Dhamma*, as these laws in their totality are called in Buddhism, comprises not only the natural laws with which modern

science is chiefly concerned, but also the spiritual laws that are still above them and that obtain in all human relations. The injunctions and inhibitions of Buddhism derive their authority ultimately from the *Dharma*, with which abstract Buddhahood itself is identified as the *Dharma-Kaya*. After centuries of internecine strife the leading Christian nations of the world are attempting to conclude a treaty for permanent peace. Buddhism forestalled this anti-war declaration more than two thousand years ago by the very first of its commandments. And positively interpreted, this inhibition is the basis of all virtues—mercy piety, loyalty, friendship, charity, moderation, and even self-sacrifice,—for these can manifest themselves as occasion arises if only one knows how to value life in obedience to the highest spiritual laws. Furthermore, knowing the value of life does not necessarily involve the cowardly fear of death, since physical death sometimes becomes necessary to keep one's spiritual life inviolate. On the other hand, spiritual life may be ingloriously extinguished before the end of one's earthly career, or it may be kept alive and pure years after bodily death. Were proofs called for, let me cite here only three—Buddha, Christ, and Confucius, who are all more alive to-day than many a living priest, philosopher or moralist.

Returning now to the Buddhist teaching of self-conquest, which is the reverse of the modern Occidental tendency towards self-assertion (the apparent cause of the present ascendancy of the white man), let me point out that this, also, is positive in the spirit. The European War has shown that the result of every nation aspiring to beat every other nation in armaments and commerce can only be mutual destruction. Thinkers in the West have come to realize the paramount importance of co-operation not only in social relationship but also among nations; and efficient co-operation can only be secured when each individual is willing to subordinate himself to the whole for the well-being of all. Self-conquest in Buddhism, be it remembered, does not mean self-abandonment or self-abasement. It means the suppression of the minor self for the liberation of the inner soul and the attainment of complete union or re-union with the Spirit of the Universe. Indeed, without this profound background—the Mysterious Essence of All Things—the principles of Buddhism, valuable as they certainly are as rules of daily conduct, would be commonplace in comparison with the esotericism of many another system of philosophy or ethics. Without the recognition, explicit or implied, of this Infinite Cause, all such Buddhas and Bodhisattvas as Amitabha ("Amida" in Japanese), Maha Vairocana ("Dainichi"), Avalokitesvara ("Kwannon"), and others so deeply adored by Japanese Buddhists would be in danger of descending to the level of mythological deities or idols. Only when recognized as symbolic incarnations or visible manifestations of the Infinite will they win the heartfelt veneration of the modern mind. But of this great subject, of the relation of the concrete to the abstract, of the symbol to what it symbolizes, of individual Buddhas to abstract Buddhahood, I may treat more at length in a future article.

M. G. MORI.

ON CYCLES.

[**Occultus** is a student of Theosophy whose article is as thought-provoking as it is suggestive.—EDS.]

The latest astronomical view is that the universe is finite. It has boundaries—invisible to senses but conceived by mathematicians. Presently they will deal with measurements and proclaim that the universe is in the form of an egg. That is what the ancient Seers declared. Brahmanda, the egg of Brahma, was the universe named.

We already see the attempt on the part of certain religious dogmatists of putting the creator of the universe, which is now said by science to be finite, outside of it. That is accepting half the truth and manufacturing a lie out of it. The universe is finite in the sense that our body is finite ; it is made up of matter which is indestructible, i.e., immortal. Science is looking out for primordial matter whose existence is not only suspected but felt ; the ancients knew of the nature of Svabhavat, the plastic essence of matter.

The universe is finite—it has a beginning and an end ; but Svabhavat, the formative, vital, life-principle has neither beginning nor end. In the ocean of primordial stuff, universes swim like fishes. Hear an ancient text :—

All around this Brahmanda (Egg of Brahma, i.e., a solar system) there blaze infinite millions of Brahmandas ; each has its own shell (or envelope ; each self with its sphere) four-faced, five-faced, successively up to a thousand-faced portions of Narayana, in whom Rajoguna is predominant, each the unfolders of one world-system, each its presiding deity. Aspects of Narayana, called Vishnu and Maheshvara, in whom Sattva and Tamogunas predominate, also are there, performing the work of preservation and destruction, of sustaining and regenerating. These Brahmandas swim like shoals of fishes in the Ocean of Existence ; these Brahmandas blow up and burst like bubbles on the Face of the Deep that ever is.

Prabhava and pralaya, the emergence and disintegration of any given universe, are recognized in the ancient science and are beginning to be recognized in the modern. In the laboratory of space globes, systems and cosmoses come to life, persist and perish like a human body. Thus periods of birth and death arise and the law governing them was and is known among Theosophists as the Law of Cycles. The Greek Kuklos and the Hindu Yuga tell us of this. Cycles were represented by circles and wheels of life. Among the ancient occultists one branch of higher mathematics dealt with cycles, and so it is among their modern heirs.

The occultists, the students of the hidden mysteries of the universe who have mastered nature, i.e., the workings of the plastic essence of matter or Svabhavat, taught in symbol and emblem. Masses of mankind learnt by rote, often without intellectual understanding, and were impressed by such teachings ; and even in this dark hard cycle or Kali Yuga, Iron Age, they instinctively feel and intuitively respond to the old-world experiences. Thus in India the dance of the Gopis around the Solar God, Krishna, represents the circling of the Zodiac.

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Just as the sun passes through the Zodiac, a movement which is mayavic, so did each Gopi see next to her the divine figure of the dancing Krishna. Similar was the meaning of the circle-dance of the Amazons round a Priapic image, the emblem of the creating energy of the Immortal Soul.

All evolution is cyclic—emerging from a point Life circles spirally onwards and upwards making small and great wheels, chakras. Thus the Chakra of Vishnu denotes a particular cycle of evolution. Whatever emerges from its parent inherits the power to move in circles which the parent possesses, though each makes its own circles or cycles. Thus a child born of the womb of its mother inherits her power but makes its own cycle. That is why in the ancient world birthdays were invested with a religious significance and were observed by spiritual practices. The birthday marks the beginning of a yearly cycle.

Our whole individual life is composed of cycles : moods good and bad, have their rotatory motion, and so they rise and set, to rise again. Concentration requires regularity in practice if it is to be successful which means that mind moves cyclically. Doctors recommend fixed hours for food for the sake of health, and their pills and powders have to be repeated in cyclic intervals for the cure of diseases. The return of cyclic impressions is a fact, and any intelligent person can observe the phenomenon in his own life.

Reaction is cyclic ; effect is cyclic reaction of a cause ; therefore action and reaction are equal and opposite and thus the circle of Karma. is formed. Therefore also free will and determinism make a circle We are free to speak but not free to feel the reaction of that speech ; we hear the echo in terms of the strength put into our shout. Therefore is Karma often mistaken for destiny, which is only one aspect. Karma is action *and* reaction ; human free will energizes action and thus determines its reaction. Because we act without knowledge, as we breathe and digest involuntarily, we mistake the cyclic reaction of our thoughts and feelings, our words and deeds as determined for us from without and not by us ; while knowledge reveals the fact that reaction emerges from action and that each pair of action and reaction, of cause and effect, is a circle in itself, though it has continuity in a spiral motion. Thus cause produces its effect, which in its turn becomes a cause. Therefore in the Vaiseshika philosophy Karma is considered a motion, one of the seven categories of things.

The sure way to master the subject of cycles is to begin to observe its operation within ourselves. The human body in its pre-natal life grows by weekly cycles, connected with lunar movements ; diseases pertaining to children as to grown-ups are also related to lunar cycles, as observant doctors will recognize. But there are cycles hidden in our psychic natures and these are not very much recognized and still more sparingly known. There are mind cycles which are related to solar movements, as there are psycho-physiological cycles related to lunar ones. These are still less known. Soul practices are taught by the gurus who take advantage of the solar cycles affecting

their chelas' lives. All such sublime knowledge is lost to the world of to-day, and counterfeits which are mere superstition have become rife, for example astrology.

There are National cycles, and their study lies at the base of occult history. These who know the cycles working in the histories of different peoples are able to say how one land is on the eve of such and such a catastrophe, or a second is threatened with some cataclysm, or a third is passing from subjugation to power, or a fourth is falling into slavery. Thus, we have heard of the cycle of India's coming emergence to world-service ; not through her political emancipation will this rise to eminence take place, for her millions may still be the slaves of ignorance, superstition and even political chicanery, though every Britisher may have left her shores. The spiritual renaissance is reported to be due, and in that India's chief enemies are not foreigners and aliens, but some of her own sons and daughters who in the name of religion perpetuate superstition, in the name of liberty act licentiously, in the name of patriotism indulge in pride, and in the name of progress fall prey to social and other anarchy. When some at least of her children betake themselves to the study of the Holy Lore of her Living Rishies purifying their characters and ennobling their conduct, they will learn that India's path to glory is not through mere political action but through self-conquest, conquest of the lower and internal self by the Higher and Divine. *That* is India's Path to Nobility.

OCCULTUS.

THE PATH.

[Mr. G. T. Shastri—a wanderer in more than one sense, travels over continents physically, and metaphysically studies obscure but interesting phases of art and philosophy. We appreciate the kindly thought which prompted him to remember so appropriately the first number of THE ARYAN PATH—EDS.]

“ To know the universe as a road—
as many roads—for travelling souls.”

WALT WHITMAN.

The symbol of the Path has been used from time immemorial to suggest the never-ceasing, ever-progressing pageant of Life. Every expression of Life, from the soul of an atom to the Soul of a Sage appears to be slowly wending its way upon a road, the beginning and the end of which lie shrouded in darkness and mystery.

Many of these souls are being propelled along the Path of Evolution by the force of natural impulse, while other souls energise themselves. Some are blindly stumbling along the Path of Existence, while others are slowly and deliberately climbing the Path of Life. Some few Souls, having reached the summit of the weary road that “ winds uphill all the way, yes to the very end,” stand hesitant at the crossroad where the Path of Life divides. To the left a broad smooth highway stretches out, leading to liberation from all the woes of flesh ; to the right a rugged, stony course, leading to renunciation of self for the sake of others.

The Path which the un-self-conscious souls are travelling lies far behind us ; the Path of Initiation into the mysteries of Being lies far ahead. But the other roads lie at our very feet. Which shall we choose to travel ? Shall we continue our stumbling way along the Path of Existence, caring little whence we have come or whither we are tending, or shall we boldly enter the Path of Life, armed with determination, humility and fortitude ?

The old Chinese philosopher Kwang-Tze said of these two Paths : “ There is the Tao (or Way) of Heaven, and there is the Tao of Man. These two are far apart and should be distinguished from each other.”

The Path which so many of us seem content to travel is that in which the sensations and the feelings are allowed to dominate the life. But these are not the qualities which distinguish as *men*, for we share them in common with the brute. The line of distinction is marked by will, creative imagination, discrimination and the desire for altruistic service, and these powers must be exercised if we would assert our humanity and assume our divinity.

“ Ye are gods !” thundered the voice of the old King-Psalmist ; “ I am verily the Supreme Brahman,” asserted, in calmer accents, another ancient voice. These words of power, resounding through the halls of Time and reverberating down the centuries have been heeded by all whose hearts were tuned to their vibrations. In the golden days of Greece many listened to the ancient voices and reiterated their words. The *Noûs* of Anaxagoras was but a restatement of

the Hindu *Brahman* and the Egyptian *Nout*, and the philosophy of Pythagoras but a cadent echo of the voice of ancient Aryavarta. Socrates, meditating upon the import of these words, realized the divinity of his own nature and pointed the way of realization to other men. Plato and Plutarch hearkened and learned the nature of the Soul. We too must listen if we would fathom the depths of our own divine nature, for as Manu says: "Of all the duties, the principal one is to acquire the knowledge of the Supreme Soul; it is the first of all sciences, for it alone confers on man immortality."

The Path which leads to the "knowledge of the Supreme Soul" has been called by many names, and the way to reach the goal has been variously described. To each temperament one particular road seems most desirable, whether it be devotion, knowledge or self-sacrificing labour. But in the ancient Shu-King it is said that "We come by many branching roads and devious ways to the understanding of wisdom. I perceive that the forest trees are of many sorts and sizes, and those which bear fruit do not put it all forth upon a single branch."

This broad, unsectarian point of view is found wherever a true philosopher speaks. Only the cramped and limited soul narrows the world within the range of its own vision. The Path of Filial Duty, outlined by Confucius, is one of the many roads that leads to wisdom; the Path of Virtue and Purity so highly esteemed by Lao-Tsu is another. We may choose between the several Paths described by Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, or we may tune the scale of our spiritual endeavours to the Buddhistic octave of right seeing, right willing, right speaking, right behaving, right living, right striving, right concentrating and right meditating.

We may turn, by temperamental affinity, to the poets, the philosophers or the moral instructors of the race in our search for spiritual guidance; we may look toward the "bloom of the East or the chambers of the West" for the Path which seems our own. But when our journeys are finished, we return whence we started to discover that the Path exists *within ourselves*, and that we—and none other—are the "way, the truth and the life."

The Path of Life is one in which every thought, word and deed is generated by the Pure Self within; therefore it is called the Path of Purity. When the flame of Pure Motive is applied to every action, the lower, instinctual self feels the pain of the burning, and the Path of Woe begins. But the Self can feel no pain; the sight of the pyre upon which the lower self is cast as a living sacrifice can bring but joy to the Self Supreme. And so the Path of Life becomes the Path of Bliss.

G. T. SHASTRI.

FROM LONDON.

[J. D. Beresford's name is widely known in English literary circles as well as in the vastly larger world of newspaper and magazine readers. It is not so generally known that he practised architecture for several years before he began to write for publication in 1906. With his first novel published in 1911, *The History of Jacob Stahl*, he achieved a big reputation and that, with other early works of his, is still in demand—a phenomenon indeed in these days of best sellers and a season's fame! Of later books *God's Counterpoint*, *Unity* and *The Monkey Puzzle* have been much discussed. His thoughtful and uplifting articles are now among the most notable contributions to those first class newspapers which have lately turned their attention to the better and finer things of life in response to popular demand.

Mr. Beresford has kindly undertaken to write for our pages every month on some phase of the thinking and creative life of Great Britain. Once a Master wrote about the Theosophical Movement that "There is more of this movement than you have yet had an inkling of." Students of Theosophy are apt to fall into the old rut of special claims for revealed books and exclusive prophets. "Neither Jesus nor H.P.B. lived and died that a book or books should be swallowed wholesale, nor even that men should become disciples, but that all men should become brothers," said Robert Crosbie, himself a fine and discriminating student and server of the grand philosophy of Theosophy. One of the aims of THE ARYAN PATH is to indicate the influence of Theosophy in the world at large—in literature, in drama, in social movements, in scientific advance, in religious changes, etc. Therefore we have arranged to notice the work, however unperceived or unrecognized, which is proceeding in various lands and which is Theosophical in spirit and in power. Our readers' co-operation in this department is cordially invited.—EDS.]

The life of a nation rarely finds a true expression in its contemporary literature. The man of letters, if he be an artist, is apt to detach himself from his period. He may be a generation or more ahead of it in thought, or he may find an escape from all that irks him in the manners and customs of his own time by an idealization of the past. There have been notable exceptions. Charles Dickens's ardent portrayal of his own world was just sufficiently ahead of current thought to anticipate and encourage that general movement towards a greater charity and wider humanity that was characteristic of the latter half of the nineteenth century. But if the artist is frequently a pungent, even an angry critic of his own times, his work is seldom representative of that secret movement of the nation's spirit which either moves towards its essential development, or plunges it temporarily into a state of apparent retrogression.

Wherefore in this brief initial survey of current Literature and Art in England I must necessarily touch upon much that, however admirable as art, is as detached from the contemporary movement of English thought as were the later plays of Shakespeare from the first beginnings of Puritanism in the reign of James I; and it may, therefore, be well in the first place to indicate what I believe to be the essential development that is actually taking place. I will indicate this very briefly because it does not properly come within my scope in these pages. But it is necessary here if only as a criterion.

As I see the broad influences of present day thought, still moving for the most part beneath the surface of literary, political and social

life, it is tending with increasing impetus to free itself from the materialism that first began to get a hold on the public as far back as the eighteen-sixties, reached its climax towards the close of the century and since then has been gradually merging into a new phase. That this phase will be one of great spiritual development, I can have no possible doubt. In the Spring of last year, I wrote three articles for the *Daily Express*, dealing with my views on the future of religion, and the enormous response that I received indicated beyond any question the existence of a great body of people of all degrees (I had two letters from one of our prisons), most of them eager for a gospel that shall override their small dissensions of sectarian creeds and the dogmatisms of an outworn theology.

Returning now to current literature, I find the most significant indications of the broad movement I have indicated, less in fiction and the drama than in science. It is, indeed, a rather serious fact that our four most prominent writers at the present day are all materialists, although three of them, at least, are moralists of a high order, and two idealists in the van of social reform. I will take each of them in turn with particular reference to their most recently published work.

Bernard Shaw, who has in my opinion the finest intelligence and the most cultivated gift of expression of any living English writer, has produced a new play recently *The Apple Cart*. Its satire is chiefly directed against political and diplomatic methods, and though approving the point and tendency of that satire, I miss the indications I found in *Back to Methuselah* and *Saint Joan*. In both these plays there was the faint stir of a religious motive though it were but the hint of a brilliant mind handling with a faint new bewilderment the presentations that it had hitherto regarded as the only reality. Whether that mood of wonder will return in his future work it is impossible to say. He is a man of over seventy and unusually clear-sighted as he is, has reached an age that dreads the cataclysm of any radical change of thought.

H. G. Wells' latest production was the scenario for a screen-play *The King who was a King*. The theme is, in effect, that developed in the latter chapters of "The World Set Free"—the movement towards a world-peace and universal understanding. He is a great humanist and all war is, to him, a sacrilege. He is, also, an idealist, looking continually forward into a future in which all social life shall be ordered and orderly, to a reign of universal justice, freedom and brotherly love obtaining among all the peoples of the world. It is a great and worthy ideal and he does much good by preaching it, but he mistakes the means by which such an Utopia may be attained. He is a worshipper of machinery and his mind is obscured by the scientific opinions that distinguished the materialistic climax I spoke of as coming at the end of the nineteenth century. His habit of thought has never tended towards mysticism.

John Galsworthy has published nothing of first importance since he brought his *Forsyte Saga* to a conclusion with "Swan Song,"

which with "The White Monkey" and "The Silver Spoon" is now included in a single volume with the title *A Modern Comedy*. Galsworthy is, also, a humanist, but this "Saga" of his exhibits him as the detached artist presenting his material—and how admirably he does it—without comment. It has not, for instance, any evidence of the reaching out for other values that I found in some of his earlier books, most notably *Fraternity*. He has, almost wilfully, shut his eyes to man's relation to eternity. His people are pilgrims only upon this earth, conceived upon the deliberate assumption that all experience knowledge and progress end with physical death.

Arnold Bennett's last novel was *The Accident*, but I must confess that I read only the first three chapters. In his later books he has devoted himself to glorifying the life of aimless luxury, revelling in his descriptions of the manner in which men and women may enjoy great wealth by merely spending it, a theme that has no interest for me.

Among other works of fiction that have attracted my attention this year, I should give pride of place to Mr. John Cowper Powys's *Wolf Solent*. It is a very long book and has no "plot" in the accepted sense. Furthermore since it is written without the least regard for the conventions of civilized morality, it may tend to shock those who guide their lives solely by a consensus of public opinions. But Mr. Powys is before all concerned with essentials rather than with appearances. *Wolf Solent's* mysticism is of the pagan order. He seeks identity with the lower kingdoms of nature—a tree, a flower, the moods of earth—and fails to achieve any sort of unity with mankind. Nevertheless he is truly a pilgrim soul and is aware of it at least to the extent that Mr. Powys is himself conscious of his relation to all life, and it is a relief to find even such an awareness as this in a work of fiction. Mr. Powys writes with great power and insight, and this book of his is dignified by its complete sincerity.

I have said that I have found more impressive evidence of the movement of thought in recent science than in fiction and the drama, and my comments on recent literature would be incomplete without a reference to A. S. Eddington's Swarthmore Lecture, entitled "Science and the Unseen World." Professor Eddington is the Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge and one of our most brilliant mathematicians. He is also a writer of unusual clarity for a scientist and has done more than any other man in England to render Einstein's theory of Relativity if not altogether intelligible to the layman, at least fascinating in its various applications to the design of the universe. For astronomical science with its now inseparable companion atomic physics has done more in the last ten years to smash the old materialism of the 'nineties, than all preachers. Experiments into the constitution of matter aided by mathematical theorems have been pushed far enough to reveal wonders and mysteries that are inexplicable by that old doctrine of causation which held such a spell over the imagination of the biologists of thirty years ago and made "evolution" the single word of power. Indeed at a public conference recently

Professor Eddington declared the possibility that the ultimate constituent of matter might turn out to be not what we commonly regard as matter but consciousness—a truly astonishing statement for science.

In his book on *Science and the Unseen World*, he is more tentative in his approach. He is obviously a man of deep sincerity, a Quaker by religion, and he has been careful to avoid the very appearance of a hasty generalization. I will, however, quote a passage that has an effect of summary and goes very near to the essence of mysticism. He writes :

We have to build the spiritual world out of symbols taken from our own personality, as we build the scientific world out of the symbols of the mathematician. I think therefore we are not wrong in embodying the significance of the spiritual world to ourselves in the feeling of a personal relationship, for our whole approach to it is bound up with those aspects of consciousness in which personality is centred.

Another writer on these subjects of astronomy and atomic physics whose work is intelligible to the average man and woman, is Sir James Jeans. His recent book *The Universe Around Us* is immensely stimulating to the imagination and I have found in my own case that modern books of this kind serve an admirable purpose in relieving the mind from the pressure of common life and giving to it new and important values. Sir James Jeans does not come so near the heart of existence as Professor Eddington, but he has none of the pessimistic materialism that characterized such earlier exponents of science as Ernst Haeckel and his like. He concludes his book with the statement: “The main message of astronomy is one of hope to the race and of *responsibility to the individual*,”—and the phrase I have put in italics should be a fundamental principle of all true religions.

Except for a reference for Shaw's play *The Apple Cart*, I have said nothing of the drama in this article. Indeed, the London stage has come so deeply under the influence of various business exploiters that it has made hardly any advance in the past few years. There have been a few experiments with Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, but neither in his plays nor in his books did Strindberg ever lift his eyes to the horizon. He could see intensely anything that came very near to him, but he could not relate it to the stream of life. The one, fine exception to the long list of comedies and musical plays that occupy the London theatres is provided by that highly successful piece *Journey's End*, the work of Mr. R. C. Sherriff. He has given us a view of a few lives during a few days in the Great War, and has done it with genius. The scene throughout the three acts is a “dug-out” in one of the British front lines in France just before a German attack, and there is no woman character in the play. But what Mr. Sherriff has done is to enter into the lives of the half-a-dozen or so men he sets before us and to record their speech and action with a naturalness that we almost forget to recognize as fine art. Above all, he has given us a picture of the horrors and brutality of war that will serve as an admirable object lesson to any of the younger genera-

tion who may manifest a tendency to react towards the old romanticizing and glorification of the murder of our fellow-men. Eric Remarque's book *All Quiet on the Western Front* serves the same purpose, but *Journey's End* makes the stronger appeal to the sensibilities.

J. D. BERESFORD.

FROM PARIS.

[Mlle. M. Dugard is the well-known translator into beautiful French of the works of Emerson, and the author of original books too numerous to mention. As a teacher, she had a long career at the Lycée Molière, Paris, where she moulded the minds of hundreds of her countrywomen. Her friends know her as a rare soul who sincerely endeavours to practise not only what she preaches but what she admires in the teachings of others. A protestant against cant and hypocrisy, she possesses a mind that not only tolerates but appreciates, and though old in body she is young in outlook, one of those to whom she refers as "youth testified by freshness or vigour of spirit." We are glad we have secured the co-operation of this active recluse, busy in the service of others and detached for the contemplation of events and ideas.—EDS.]

To give actually a sketch of the intellectual life of France is far from being easy. This difficulty, however, is not to be deplored since it proves how vain are the prophecies which predict the end of our mental activity. To listen to some pessimists, one would imagine that for occidental Europeans the age of literature and philosophy is almost at an end. The day is at hand when, exclusively occupied with problems of material comfort or of social convenience, they will give up this high culture, these works of thought, which were once their glory, but which the pressure of economic necessity has turned into a luxury out of reach. On the contrary, we find in France such a literary efflorescence, such an intellectual product abundant in all varieties and directions of the mind—logical reason, intuition, experience—that the embarrassment is to get a general view, or to choose the most characteristic works.

"To remove this obstacle," readily say the men under thirty, "eliminate the writers of a mature age: the books of the young are alone representative of our time." Evidently this method facilitates selection. But it succeeds only at the cost of a confusion between two different things, namely youth testified by a certificate of birth, and youth testified by freshness or vigour of spirit. Dismissing such a counsel which brings us only to a crude simplification, we shall seek in La Bruyère our touchstone. "When a reading," he said, "raises your mind and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, do not look for another rule to appreciate the book: it is good, and has the master-touch."

Amidst the present multitude of works, which are those that raise the mind, and give inspiration for the better guidance of humanity? In the philosophical and religious line (the only line that we shall consider now), although M. Benda wrote lately a denunciatory book on *The End of the Eternal*, the number of works showing revival of interest in moral and spiritual problems is almost incredible. We must mention: *What I know of God*. "Feeling the profound and universal interest to-day on the subject of GOD," the editors made an appeal to representatives of Catholicism, Protestantism, Judaism, and to laymen for their ideas, and some of the answers received open "infinite perspectives." Under the title *God, The Eternal Anguish of Men*, M. Boegner, a minister of the Reformed Church, has published with such headings as "Torment of God," the "World of Gods," etc., a series of lectures where he explains clearly for all the fundamental problems of life and destiny. On somewhat allied lines is *The True Message of Jesus*, whose author, L. Meunier, wishes to offer a biography of Christ "reconstructed in the light of the scientific spiritism, metaphysics and ethics of the twentieth century." This biography, he says, is for the Oriental World as well as for the Occidental, Jesus being the Prophet who unites East and West, teaching the one to know Truth by contemplation, and the other to realize contemplation through action, to prevent the contemplative mind losing itself in empty dreams. We cannot leave this group of books without saying that in a work entitled *On Protestantism*, the well-known pastor Wilfred Monod has also treated the essential questions of religious life, *i.e.*, the spirituality in the human soul, in the Bible, and in the Church, and the emergence of a catholic spirituality through the Eternal Protestantism.

Those who take more interest in the practical than in the speculative, will find in the last book of J. de Mestral-Combremont, *A Great Servant: Jean Frederic Oberlin*, the example of an activity which, inspired by the Gospel, succeeded in transforming a region of miserable villages into "a corner of Heaven." France-Nohain has given an *Art of Living* from another standpoint. For him, the art of living "is to strive to beautify our own life and that of our fellow creatures. . . . to have lived in such a way that people sometimes may think of us gently, affectionately, and feel some regret for our disappearance." This amiable philosophy is far from that of an Oberlin who wanted only "to be a worker with God." However it gives sound and kind counsels which can help those who seem unable to leave the beaten road.

It is not for such as these, but for men who can breathe on metaphysical summits that Paul Valéry writes. He is one of the masters of French thought and language, whose style, a combination of that of poet and mathematician, reminds us of Pascal. Under the form of a Letter to serve as a preface to the work of L. Ferrero, *Leonardo o del Arte*, he has published lately a masterpiece on the relation of philosophy and art. He shows the change undergone by the idea of *Knowledge* whose value, once estimated in relation to abstract

Truth, is now measured according to *Power*, and that of the idea of *Beauty*, which to-day gives place to what he calls the *valeurs de choc*,—the unconscious, the irrational, the instantaneous. He points out also a changed estimate in the idea of language, the importance of which is now minimized by graphics—traces or inscriptions left directly by things themselves—and by consciousness of the relativity of words, the significance of which varies with the context and with individual minds, since they are but imperfect signs or symbols of incommunicable Thought.

From these considerations and from their corollaries, P. Valéry concludes that philosophical systems, regarded in the past as monuments of truth, appear now what they are really—poems or works of art which we only consult to find an intellectual exercise or pleasure. So there is nothing to prevent us from seeing in Leonardo a thinker for whom painting was philosophy.

M. DUGARD.

[From more than one quarter news comes of a new phase in French cultural expression ; psychism and mysticism are to the fore, and literary minds are reported more and more to be turning in the direction of spirituality and idealism. Love for oriental contact and eastern atmosphere is expressing itself in Paris and other French towns more than ever before, and Indian friends report with grateful appreciation the courtesy, friendly feeling and brotherliness on the part of the citizens of France for Orientals in general and Indians in particular. We have also heard in more than one quarter in France of what our esteemed correspondent says in reference to M. Meunier's *True Message of Jesus*, namely that Jesus should be regarded as the prophet who unites East and West. But is not this true of *all* great Seers and Sages ? Does not Buddha or Krishna occupy a similar position ? True prophets are not for any one class or country—the greater the teacher the more universal the influence of his message, and so we all must watch against the spirit of proselytism entering into literature and philosophy by a back door. Against this, we are happy to say that in France there is a growing demand for old as well as modern Indian books, especially the teachings of Vedanta and Buddhism. France, and Paris particularly, can greatly help the spread of the idea of *universality* in religious and spiritual matters. We say to our French friends : the *Gita*, the Upanishads, the *Dhammapada* and other Buddhistic canons will unveil the hidden worth and beauty of the Bible, make the Sermon on the Mount itself a practical treatise for every day life rather than that which it is for most Christians to-day—a beautiful poem which inspires people from time to time. Great thoughts, noble ideas join together the separated units of the race, and there is no power more beneficent for a realization of Brotherhood than that which they generate. —Eds.]

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

[In this department of THE ARYAN PATH we will review not only the new publications, but also draw attention to old and valued friends on our shelves. There is no dearth of book-making, but we are not among those who sense nothing but danger to the mind because of the over-production of brochures and tomes. If to no one else, to the writers themselves the labour does some good, and incidentally the printing trade—one of the noblest in any community—is benefited. But we do hold most certainly that it is a great mistake, in the zest of keeping abreast with the new, to forget or even to neglect the old, trusted and tried friends. Culture and inspiration come from a few books; ennoblement of character and bestowal of vision is the privilege also of a few. Great books are rare and so THE ARYAN PATH will insert special articles on these from time to time.

Thus to-day one of the brightest gems of Asia, *The Tao Teh King* is considered. There are very few treatises which quiet the tempestuous mind and the troubled heart, and enable the eyes to pierce the veil of appearances as these sayings of Lao Tzu.

Prof. E. E. Speight of the Osmania University of Hyderabad, having lived for long years in Japan and having perceived the effect, direct and indirect, of the philosophy of the Tao on its followers, writes a very interesting paper which we print below. Next month we will publish from his pen an article entitled "Religious Tendency in Japan."—Eds.]

THE TAO TEH KING.

Human thought may be roughly divided by a line determined by conscious practical activity. This side of it we have the experienced and equated; beyond lie the vast and unadventured regions. The advance of knowledge has or seems to have moved this dividing line forward: that is a problem of metaphysics. The philosophies arising from life-experience have everywhere a similarity of conclusion and conviction; like all other fruit of definite knowledge they seem shrunken and aged as soon as a breath of air blows over the barrier from the region of the unknown. Moreover, the mystic utterances from that other side have also their resemblances: Lao Tzu, Gautama Buddha, Jesus of Galilee, as Jalaluddin Rumi, Kabir, Jakob Boehme, all are leading us out from the finite to the limitless, from complacency to a divine dissatisfaction, from knowledge to wisdom, from the realm of the mind to the universe of the soul. Their body of thought is true Theosophy, being their witness to the divine poetry of life.

And the teaching of all these great men has suffered the same distortion through the ages. The meaning and application of their gospel have been constantly rejected by the popular mind.

Tao is not merely a fearless, joyless drifting on the stream of infinite flux. Tao is eternal inaction, and yet it leaves nothing undone. Nirvana only means annihilation in the sense in which the seed is annihilated in the grown plant.

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Yoga makes of its true disciples good, healthy and happy men, even as Shelley claims goodness, health and happiness for the true poet. It is not mere submersion in the unconscious. Of all these things it is profoundly true that their mysticism is not mystery, but mystery unveiled.

The teaching of this old philosopher to whom we attribute the Tao Teh King is only a philosophy in the sense that the fragments of Early Greek thinkers are philosophies,—a residue of much experience and more debate. But it is also a penetrating psychology, with human character in a cosmic setting, a precious and stimulating ethic, and a moving interpretation of the interrelation of humanity and the world of infinity. No such body of teaching so true, so comprehensive, has ever been propounded in so few words, except the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Tao is one of those clusters of remarkably terse and impressive sayings which seem to come from something deeper than an individuality; they embody the essence of the wisdom of a race or an age. They have only been heard among the older peoples, and Asia has been the birthplace of most of them. They are not encumbered with the restless comment of Western self-consciousness; all that is in the East is winnowed in endless talk; what we have is the harvest of golden grain, which never loses its lustre, its appeal to the unappeasable longings of the human heart.

What then is Tao?

It is generally spoken of as the Path, but it is even more truly the Passing. The old book deals with it in the way of all mystics. It is something which cannot be uttered, only suggested by words. And thus it is of the nature of all great poetry, where the meaning is partly revealed, partly elusive.

It is unfathomable, inpalpable, and the source of all truth. Its vagueness conceals form, and it was before all creation. Life depends on it, and it nourishes everything in the world. It is the undefinable which is behind personality, that which draws men and delights them in one another.

It is the great invisible from which all visible things arise, the great silence from which all sound is born. It is the light against which all the shadows we call life are set in play. It is behind all change, all unfolding of what is perfect. It is behind all might, and yet it is the overcoming of might without striving.

The much talked of non-action of Tao is a relative thing, like every summarization of human conduct. It is a popular attitude of Western mentality facing Eastern thought to regard the final processes of that thought as leading to the void in which both thought and passion are consumed, instead of to purposive activity. Certain developments of metaphysical thought of both East and West do fade away in abstraction, but if there is any being in the world who has his feet firmly planted on the earth it is the Chinaman.

For me, Tao is an aspect of life not merely Chinese, but human, which is the great mark of Chinese life. It is a phase of humanity which works for salvation, by creation and by resignation,—by self-immersion in the world-process. It is a perpetual redirection of energy, one of the world's everlasting fountains of encouragement and revaluation of familiar things,—an organon by which the mortality of such things is transcended.

From long residence among a Buddhist people I know what tenderness is added to strength by the suppression of self-assertion, a suppression which is a step towards Nirvana. With this knowledge I see more, much more, in Tao than the merely negative. The senses, it has been said, are to the Taoist doors leading out into the Universe. A Chinese poem of seventeen centuries ago says :

My joy is as though I possessed a Kingdom
I lose my hair and I go singing ;
To the four frontiers men join in my refrain.

And Japanese poetry is one long chain of witness to the rushing forth of the soul to "mingle with the colour and tones of the Universe."

And the teaching of Lao Tzu has had a profound influence upon Japanese character. All Japanese students are grounded in the teaching of the men they call Rôshi, Kôshi and Môshi, that is Lao Tzu, Confucius and Mencius—and over and over again, as I read the Tao Teh King, I am struck by sentences which seem brilliant condensations in words of ordinary phases of life in Japan,—such thing as these :—

1. To know, but to be as not knowing, is the height of wisdom.
2. To the good I would be good ; to the not good I would also be good, in order to make them good.
3. He who knows how to shut needs no bolts—yet you cannot open.
4. When warriors join in battle, he who has pity conquers.
5. Those whom Heaven would save it fences round with gentleness.
6. I have three precious things which I hold fast and prize,—gentleness, frugality and humility.
7. Temper your sharpness, disentangle your ideas, moderate your brilliance, and live in harmony with your age.
8. He who has been the means of the death of many people should mourn over them with bitter tears.
9. Tao gives to all good men without distinction.
10. The further one goes away the less he knows.
11. One may be transparent on all sides and yet be unknown.
12. Silent teaching, passive usefulness,—few in the world attain to this.

Here are a dozen pearls which are surely unsurpassed in our Western literature of morals. Everyone of them I have found embedded in Japanese life and character, not here and there, but as a matter of daily occurrence. Some of these ideals are, of course, often only suggested from afar or expressed by people who love to pose. But all of them are integral parts of the ethic or the faith of Japan, and every one of them brings back to me the memory of definite individuals. I remember, for instance, the naval commander with whom

I spent the summer vacation at the hot springs on the slope of the extinct volcano Myoko San, and who had practically turned into a Buddhist priest. He had killed two Germans at Tsingtau—their heads were off before they knew they were in danger. But he sorrowed, and it worked upon his mind, and he spent much time in prayer. He had three bonny little children, a girl and two boys. On his way home to Kyoto, the elder boy was taken ill and died. He wrote me to say it was his punishment for having taken life, and I felt his fear. Two months later came another funeral card, with a brief and poignant message: *He too has gone.*

Japanese literature also is full of the thoughts of Tao. And one of the many strange parallels between Japan and England is illustrated by the fact that there is far more of Tao in English Literature than has ever been translated from Chinese, and in quarters where we should hardly expect. There are words of Sir Richard Steele which are pure Tao:

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it.

It is clearly present in sayings of John Keats, which, as utterance of his normal convictions, throw a new light on his poetry: his sensuous delight would seem to have a definite principle behind:

Let us open our leaves like a flower, and be passive and receptive.

The only way to strengthen one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing.

And Emerson, as a student saturated with Eastern thought, is constantly showing facets of Tao. It is Emerson, too, who has given a constructive aspect to Tao, by relating it, though not perhaps with full consciousness of what he was doing, with salient convictions of Indian thought:

It is a secret which every intellectual man quickly learns, that, beyond the energy of his possessed and conscious intellect, he is capable of a new energy by abandonment to the nature of things. . . . then he is caught up into the life of the Universe: his speech is thunder, his thought is law.

With the gradual approximation to Eastern standards which is now in progress we find more and more evidence of the survival of the spirit of Tao. Passages are appearing on all sides in English Literature which cannot be understood without the comment of this old book. For example, Mr. T. S. Eliot's assertions in *The Sacred Wood* that art is not the expression of personality but a continual extinction of personality. In the light of Tao such passages come to have clear meaning, and as definite applications they in turn illuminate the theory of Tao. It is hard for us to conceive of any work of art that is not an expression of the personality of the artist, indeed, that is just what we demand of the artist. But there is a sense in which things renounce their characteristic qualities to become or suggest something on a higher plane. By gradually losing its personality, we may say, a block of stone becomes the most exquisite dream of marble foliage, mingling with the invading sunlight and the shy rays of the morn in a ceaseless music of ever-changing form around the resting place of a

well-beloved queen. And is it not the insistent personality which subdues our delight in all verse to which we cannot give the name of poetry.

With all recognition of the Cosmic Flow, which some regard as the heart of Tao, there are forms of Tao which persist and are yet as momentous as the more visibly variable. The shaping of Chinese character, the transmutation of life into forms of art, the insistence on keeping one's position—reserving one's foreground, as Nietzsche puts it—while giving place to others, and the practice of *jujitsu*—are all immensely great things,—as great as the latent power of a handful of dust or as the smile of a little child may be.

Tao involves a charity without bounds, a new vision of oneself and one's place in the world, sanction to many of our illusions, especially to those which make for happy social relations, and the recognition that we ourselves often form an unnecessary barrier between yesterday and to-morrow.

Tao warns us against becoming static and so regarding the past as static. We have to live in the present flow, to realize that the past was a stream of life, not rocks in a dry river bed, and that we have about us the same stream of life, of which the beauty and the excellencies and the possibilities are waiting to be recognised, aching, with a meaning for us, as Rabindranath expresses it. This truth has immediate bearing on all our life, and should be made the central principle of all arts, doing away with all slavish imitation, all meaningless surrender to convention. Tao would not be Tao did it encourage us to set more store on the past than on the present, to condemn ourselves by disowning our age and its ideals.

It may not cause us to change our life, but it gives us a feeling that this life and the way we live it are not all; we recognise that we are playing a part in some more than human ritual, whose meaning and value are beyond our comprehension, and whose end beyond our shaping.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

TU FU¹.

[Dr. Lionel Giles, the learned Orientalist, who is Deputy Keeper of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts at the British Museum, is held in very high repute as a Chinese scholar and is familiar to the student of Chinese literature as the author of *The Sayings of Lao Tzu*, *Musings of Chinese Mystics*, *The Sayings of Confucius*, *Taoist Teachings*, etc. We have great pleasure in publishing this review article from his pen.—EDS.]

The translations of Chinese poetry that have appeared during the last few years have opened up a new world of thought and expression to Western readers. To many it was a revelation that the Chinese had any poetry at all, or at any rate poetry possessing a wide

¹Tu Fu: The Autobiography of a Chinese Poet Arranged from his Poems and Translated by Florence Ayscough—(Jonathan Cape, London, 21s.)

human appeal. Now the names of Li Po and Po Chü-i and T'ao Yuan-ming are rapidly becoming as familiar as those of Hafiz or Sadi or Omar Khayyam. But Tu Fu, the greatest of all in the estimation of his countrymen, has remained comparatively unknown to us owing to the lack of a translator with sufficient courage to attack the undoubted difficulties of his verse. He lived through one of the most disastrous periods of Chinese history—the terrible rebellion of An Lu-shan, which broke out in A.D. 755 and laid waste the most flourishing provinces of the Empire. The scenes of desolation which the poet witnessed at that time, and the sufferings which he and his family had to endure, left an indelible mark on his mind.

If ever a poet laid bare the secrets of his heart, it was Tu Fu. His poems are poured forth on every occasion, chronicling all the hopes and fears and varying moods that elevate or depress his sensitive spirit. Even the allusiveness of his style cannot disguise the essential candour and simplicity of the man, and Mrs. Ayscough is right in regarding his poems as constituting a veritable autobiography. There can be few such records of a poet's life. Wordsworth gave us something of the sort in his "Prelude," but that was a retrospect tinged with a sentimental haze, whereas Tu Fu has composed a sort of intimate poetical diary recording the thoughts and emotions evoked from day to day by the most trivial incidents as well as the most momentous events. Nothing is too homely for his muse: he does not think of poetry as something aloof and sublime to be employed only on great romantic themes, but as a golden thread closely interwoven in the texture of human life. It is this sympathetic human quality which invests his writings with such charm, even when they are read in a translation.

Many other qualities, of course, are lost. We miss the rhythm, the tonal effects, the masterly conciseness, the exquisite diction. Even the rhyme has had to go—and perhaps it is better sacrificed. Generally speaking a semi-rhythmical prose forms a more satisfactory medium for translated Chinese poetry than the rather artificial verse—renderings which used to be in fashion. But Mrs. Ayscough is sometimes seized with a strange passion for terseness which results in passages like this:

Not sleeping, fancy hear gold keys in locks;
Because wind, think of jade bridle-ornaments.

This is literalism run mad. Because the Chinese use no articles and few prepositions, it does not follow that the practice is permissible in English. It may seriously obscure the sense, or border on the grotesque.

"Drinking ended, this person is without return to place." Here one can see no reason at all for avoiding the obvious rendering: "has nowhere to go." Still less defensible is this staccato style of translation when applied to a piece of prose commentary: "Hsuan Tsung latter years, supply of soldiers exhausted; conscription of men to guard frontiers, incessant; provinces harassed," etc. That reminds one of nothing so much as Mr. Alfred Jingle.

Tu Fu is much too difficult an author to be tackled single-handed by one who has no serious claim to be regarded as a sinologist. The present translation seems to have been made in the time honoured fashion, that is to say, more or less from the dictation of a Chinese *hsien shêng* or teacher, whose name might well have appeared on the title-page. Such a method has its advantages, but also its dangers; and those who have any first-hand acquaintance with Chinese poetry will not be surprised to learn that the book is strewn with mistranslations. I shall only have room to mention two: P. 77. "Strong soldiers thought Hu Barbarians annihilated; Commanding General was revered as were the Three Chief Ministers of State." The true meaning is very different. What the poet wishes to drive home is the contrast between the discipline of former days and the anarchy that followed An Lu-chan's rebellion:—

Then, our fiery warriors thought only of exterminating the Hu
And our Commander-in-Chief looked with respect to the Civil Ministers of
State.

P. 213. The year-title *Chib Tê* does not mean "Arrival of Virtue" but "Perfect Virtue." Such mistakes are those of a mere beginner in Chinese.

Despite its defects however this book is interesting in that it breaks new ground and may be useful to students if it induces them to turn up the original. A second volume is promised which will complete the story of Tu Fu's life and give a further selection from his poems.

LIONEL GILES.

Mysteries of the Soul. BY RICHARD MULLER FREIENFELS. TRANSLATED BY BERNARD MIALL. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London. Price 12s. 6d.)

Herr Richard Muller Freienfels, who is well known for his philosophical and metaphysical teachings, deals with the subject of "The Mysteries of the Soul" from a new angle and elucidates it as far as possible from the present state of knowledge. At the outset he warns us not to expect any melodramatic or emotional results produced by the pseudo-occultists, but tackles the problems of the Soul and Religion from the examination of the facts of every-day life. The subject-matter is discussed mostly from the Western psychological view, with a very brief mention of the ideas of Eastern philosophers or psychologists.

From an historical survey of the views of primitive men, materialists and conscientialists, the author gradually leads up to his own view that soul is the "connecting link between substance and consciousness." "Soul for us is *nothing* but a *happening* a continuity of activity of an extremely complicated kind." In contradistinction to the view of such philosophers as Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, who held that the Soul was essentially consciousness, Dr. Freienfels maintains that the Soul develops consciousness and that it could never be consciousness—movements of the will and definite sensations of thought—that body and consciousness are the effect of a third entity which is the Soul. In this doctrine, Dr. Freienfels expresses a philosophical view akin to the ancient Wisdom-Religion or Brahavidya, that "man has not a Soul, but is a Soul, for his whole life is the unfolding of the Soul," and he dispenses with the immortality of the Soul, but confers on it an infinity.

His account of the Americanization of the Soul does not do any justice to the Americans. His survey, his analysis, his inferences of the psychology of the civilization (which he names as Americanism) is only partial and therefore incomplete.

Herr Freienfels does indeed a grave injustice to Theosophy when he regards it as purely or typically an Americanistic Movement. Theosophy is ageless, and although in America in 1875 a fresh impulse was given, it belongs to no country, but to all countries, and is the essence of all philosophies, sciences and religions. Madame H. P. Blavatsky in her *Secret Doctrine* says: "It reconciles all religions and strips every one of its outward, human garments, and shows the root of each to be identical with that of every other great religion" (S. D. Vol. I, p. XX). Theosophy, the accumulated wisdom of the ages, whose facts have been checked, verified and tested by countless generations of Seers, is scientific for it shows that Nature is not a concourse of atoms but that everything is orderly and works under Law.

Herr Freienfels concludes with the hope for a new "religion which will arise out of Christianity just as it did out of Judaism, which will not in false piety burden itself with the past," but which will adapt itself "to the cultural situation of the present"—a religion or religions which will develop from the "psychical constellation of the present day."

The Mysteries of the Soul will command a sincere appreciation from every reader, including those who dissent most emphatically from some of its conclusions.

PH. D.

The Hittite Empire. BY JOHN GARSTANG, M.A., B.Litt., D. Sc., Rankin, Professor of the Methods and Practice of Archæology in the University of Liverpool. (Constable & Company, Ltd., London, Price 25s. net.)

To the growing amount of knowledge on the Hittite Empire, which has occupied archæologists ever since 1812 and on which a number of works have been published since 1862, Prof. Carstang's book is an important contribution. It is a summation to date of a subject, the last word on which has by no means been said. A remodelling of the author's older *Land of the Hittites*, the volume is well illustrated, the symbols conveying more to students of symbology pictorially than as they are described in the text, for this particular ground is not one on which our excavators are as yet at home. In this thorough survey of the history, geography and monuments of Hittite Asia Minor and Syria, he not only summarises the discoveries on sites in which he has been actively interested since 1908, and where his efforts were richly rewarded in 1928, but neglects no point in contributions already made or in contemporaneous work elsewhere that will throw light on this—to modern historians—once obscure people, who treated with the Babylonian and Egyptian courts on terms of practical equality.

The first chapter on the history of the people of Hattie (pronounced Khatti) develops some interesting points about this theocratic state. The king was also the chief priest of the gods and fulfilled the appropriate rites in person, reminiscent of divine rulers of an earlier tradition than the date now attributed to these records said to be under four thousand years old. Queen-priestesses, too, played a leading part in state affairs. Leagues and the balance of power were not unknown in those days and the Hattie King allied with Egypt, a former enemy, against

Assyria, a former friend, when it suited him. An important point to be noted in the chapters on the geographical configuration of Asia Minor is that valleys and passes form the great highroads between East and West and elsewhere in the work, Prof. Garstang comments in more than one place on "nature's high road between East and West in which the Hittite capital formed for many centuries a connecting link." Certain of the rites are noted as being more Oriental than Greek. While the author, as other eminent archæologists have done, sees the obvious parallelism with the symbolism and ritual of India and the similarity to Assyrian art, advantage has not been taken of the connection to work out the explanations of the monuments which are most admirably described. This alone, it seems to us, is the weak link in the chain.

All our Western archæologists seek refuge in commonplace account (*e.g.*, as on pages 134, 302-3, to cite but two here) of the figures and scenes repeatedly shown in Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian and Hittite remains which, linked up with ancient Indian treatises and the clues in the Bible, might give much deeper significance to the constant use of the Lion, the Eagle, the Bull and the human figures standing on the backs of certain of the animals. According to symbology set forward as long ago as 1888 by H. P. Blavatsky, the whole indication of the relation of man to nature and the history of early mankind is to be found in these four figures, also described in Ezekiel and Revelation.

Much of *The Hittite Empire* is devoted to the remains beginning with the famous Lion-gate of the city wall of Hattusas (the Pteria of Herodotus), which mass of masonry discloses as no other monument "the power and resource of the people whom it has so long survived." The lions guarding the entrance are among the finest products of Hittite art. At Sinjerli, too, was found a façade with two life-size and realistic representations of lions of which the learned author says: "Though 'provincial work' the snarling, defiant realism of these lions has never been surpassed in any specimen of Oriental art." The temple dado relief at Bethshan (Syro-Hittite, excavated by the expedition under the auspices of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania), with lions treated in some respects similar to those at Carchemish, is held to be "a veritable link between Babylonia and Egypt, indeed between East and West." It is interesting to note that just as the problem of transportation of huge masses has furrowed the brow of many an excavator in Egypt, so too here. Of the great altar of stone with a lion crouched on the top, weighing over a ton, and yet on a small, grassy plateau in the shadow of the lofty peaks of Soghanlu Dagh, 6,500 feet above the sea, it is said "it is a matter of considerable perplexity how it was transported in ancient times over the rugged path to its present position."

This and other mysteries will undoubtedly be revealed in time to come for, as Prof. Garstang concludes, present indications are admittedly vague and incomplete, serving but as guide and stimulus to future research. In the meantime, the many people interested in the discoveries in Asia Minor and Assyria will find this work as comprehensive and complete as present exoteric research allows.

M. T.

A Primer of Hinduism. BY PROFESSOR D. S. SARMA, M.A. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price Re. 1).

In her *Theosophical Glossary*, H. P. Blavatsky defines Theosophy, or Theosophia as "Wisdom-religion or 'Divine Wisdom,' the substratum and basis of all the world-religions and philosophies, taught and practised by a few elect ever since man became a thinking being."

Hence, it naturally follows that a true student of Theosophy is also a student of comparative religions. In fact the second of the three objects of the Theosophical Movement is the serious study of the ancient world-religions for purposes of comparison and the selection and the reform of universal ethics. That

the basic truths of life are to be found in all monuments of Holy Writ is exemplified in this primer which is in the form of a dialogue between the author and his young daughter. It states very simply the essentials of Hinduism, those principles which form its basis. His presentation becomes a study of Theosophy as expounded in the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Ramayana, the Mahabharata; for Professor Sarma has gone to the spirit of these ancient texts, and read behind their symbolism the eternal principles of the Wisdom Religion. Professor Sarma shows the true attitude of the philosopher above sectarianism and dogmatic limitations of creed and nation. To the question "Are the Avatars confined to India" he answers referring to the famous verses from the *Gita* in the 4th discourse that "no geographical or chronological limitations are indicated." Thus, in his opinion, Hinduism is not the only way to the goal of human evolution, and it would be a sin to consider other religions false. All are but means to the same end. He writes: "We look upon the whole world as a joint family. We welcome with open arms Muslims, Christians, Jews and Parsees as our brethren. We study their scriptures as reverently as our own, and bow before their prophets." What is this if not the liberal and unsectarian attitude of a believer in Universal Brotherhood, the very corner-stone of the Philosophy of Theosophy?

The student of Theosophy will find it interesting and helpful to study this "Primer" correlating its teachings with those of Theosophy outlined in the works of Mme. Blavatsky.

S. B.

ENDS AND SAYINGS.

“———ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers.”

HUDIBRAS.

The title, “Ends and Sayings,” has been borrowed from Samuel Butler, quite felicitously we think for the purpose we have in view. Each month in our pages will appear short notes on topics of interest to the thoughtful reader. Poets and Philosophers by their intuition and contemplation have enriched to an incalculable extent the content of the world's soul knowledge, and we would wish to emulate them in these pages, by bringing to bear some of the fruits of intuition and contemplation into the everyday affairs of the world. This can only be done helpfully, in our opinion, by having a sure gauge in order to test the true measure of value in what goes on around us. That gauge we shall find in the Wisdom Religion, and by its light and inspiration we shall try to examine the different viewpoints, culled from all sources, that we shall present before our readers. In this opening number, however, we give the Prospectus of our Magazine, because it is well to have it on permanent record, and it will acquaint our readers with our aims and aspirations. The Prospectus is fitly placed at the end, for by the time the reader comes to it—if he be a conscientious reader—he will be able to judge for himself whether our first number has in some measure, however small, approximated to the aims and ideals we have set before us.

A high-class journal, non-political, and mainly devoted to the dissemination of spiritual, idealistic and humanitarian principles, is to be published monthly, beginning January 1930.

Its chief aim is to supply the long-felt need of an unsectarian organ of instruction, suggestion and inspiration for all souls, in every land, who are seeking for a philosophy of life and conduct, having failed to gain contentment, and understanding in the old religions or the new creeds. The mind receives but little illumination, nor does the human heart learn to beat to the tune of lofty wisdom and compassion from social organization or political legislation. Organized effort at changing environment affects but little the inner vision of the soul; the free Briton or the republican American is as much the slave of his passions and prejudices as the Indian or the Japanese. Modern science, being young, has not yet supplied rules for the health of the Soul; confining itself almost exclusively to matter and form, it is only just beginning to be heard on the subject of soul evolution.

This journal will endeavour to show the Noble Path of the ancient sages and their modern heirs, a Way of Life which every soul is capable of treading by self-discipline—self-examination, self-control, self-energization. These practices require knowledge. Such knowledge exists in many old tomes and some new volumes; it is obscured by the dust of superstition and bigotry, and arrogance denies its very existence. The fearless search of this knowledge and the resulting conviction of its existence offers a basis for that self-discipline. This journal will embody the spirit of courageous seeking by all aspirants and put forth the fruits of their convictions, exercises and experiences.

Wisdom is universal, not the special possession of any chosen people, though the expression of it, in manner and degree, has greatly differed in different lands and ages; it is impersonal and is available to any and every dauntless seeker after Truth. This seeking is a Way—The Way: that way has been trodden by many in the past, and those who completed the journey are known as Mighty Souls—Mahatmas. To-day many are seeking to be shown that old, old way, and a few among them are trying to tread it.

This Wisdom or the Way of Life was better known in the distant past; the giant civilizations of ancient China, India, Persia, Arabia and Greece were influenced by it. Even then, thousands of years ago, the Way was ancient. By many different names was this Path described; the Chinese knew of the Tao, the Hidden Way; the Wisdom of the Self (Atma-Vidya), the Wisdom which is Divine (Brahma-Vidya) were its names in ancient India. The Sanna Marga of the hoary southern Dravidian is the same as the Aryahata of the northern Buddhist. The Sufi, the Neo-Platonist, the early Christian knew of the straight Path and the narrow Way. In the early centuries of the western era this knowledge was named Theosophy, a word which has been used through the centuries, time and again, and which has become famous the world over because of the reiteration of that Knowledge by H. P. Blavatsky, the Resuscitator of the Theosophical Movement in 1875.

It is very necessary to clear the position of this journal in reference to the word Theosophy, a term deliberately used. Deploring the injury caused to its fair repute, this journal has as one of its objects the cleansing of that noble word from the contamination it has contracted during the last twenty-five years, by a dignified presentation of real Theosophic ideas. THE ARYAN PATH is not connected with any Theosophical Society. It is to be devoted to the consideration of the great ideas found in the principal literatures, philosophies and religions of the world; of all activities irrespective of political parties or shibboleths, working for human betterment; of all movements which spiritually advance the thought of the Race. This is the real Theosophy, the truths uttered by the great seers, sages, poets, writers existing in every nation from modern times extending back into the pre-historic past—not the present current misconceptions clustered around the name.

THE ARYAN PATH is the Noble Path of all times. The word Aryan is not used in its modern ethnological and anthropological sense. THE ARYAN PATH stands for all that is noble in East and West alike, from the ancient times to modern days. The name is indicative of the healthy fusion of Eastern and Western culture. It stands for the Ancient Way of spiritual development and growth in holiness, which is rooted in knowledge, and which can be walked by Brahmanas and Mlechchhas, by Muslims and Infidels, by Christians and Heathens, by Jews and Gentiles, by Zoroastrians and Durvands. It is the Great Path on which men and women of all castes and classes meet in unison, while preserving their individual qualities and abilities; it is the Path of Brotherhood, not the Brotherhood of one race or nation alone, but of Universal Brotherhood. All speak about Brotherhood; many desire its realization; a few seek the knowledge, which, when acquired, enables them to practise and live this ideal. Those few will find in THE ARYAN PATH the practical knowledge of daily living; those many will find it full of ideas which make the realization of Brotherhood possible; but all will find in it ideals and aspirations which enrich life and endow the daily struggle with a noble purpose.

THE ARYAN PATH is dedicated to the Service of Humanity, and its promoters are energized by the example of the Noble Ones whose deeds, influenced by the Spirit of the Great Sacrifice, shine in the secret pages of human annals.

The Word and the verses at the head of this text contain the verbal exposition of the symbol on the cover, which is, in one aspect, the radiating of the Great All. He who knows this is fortunate, and will learn to pronounce the syllable

A U M !

THE UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS



THE policy of this Lodge is independent devotion to the cause of Theosophy, without professing attachment to any Theosophical organization. It is loyal to the great Founders of the Theosophical Movement, but does not concern itself with dissensions or differences of individual opinion.

The work it has on hand and the end it keeps in view are too absorbing and too lofty to leave it the time or inclination to take part in side issues. That work and that end is the dissemination of the Fundamental Principles of the philosophy of Theosophy, and the exemplification in practice of those principles, through a truer realization of the SELF ; a profounder conviction of Universal Brotherhood.

It holds that the unassailable *Basis for Union* among Theosophists, wherever and however situated, is "*similarity of aim, purpose and teaching,*" and therefore has neither Constitution, By-Laws nor Officers, the sole bond between its Associates being that *basis*. And it aims to disseminate this idea among Theosophists in the furtherance of Unity.

It regards as Theosophists all who are engaged in the true service of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, condition or organization, and

It welcomes to its association all those who are in accord with its declared purposes and who desire to fit themselves, by study and otherwise, to be the better able to help and teach others.

*"The true Theosophist belongs to no cult
or sect, yet belongs to each and all."*

Being in sympathy with the purposes of this Lodge, as set forth in its "Declaration," I hereby record my desire to be enrolled as an Associate ; it being understood that such association calls for no obligation on my part other than that which I, myself, determine.

The foregoing is the Form signed by Associates of the United Lodge of Theosophists. Inquiries are invited from all persons to whom this Movement may appeal. Cards for signature will be sent upon request, and every possible assistance furnished to Associates in their studies and in efforts to form local Lodges. There are no fees of any kind, and no formalities to be complied with.

Correspondence should be addressed to

THE REGISTRAR,
UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS,
51, Esplanade Road, Bombay, India.

Adv.

THEOSOPHICAL BOOKS

Recommended for Study



By H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE SECRET DOCTRINE, The photographic reprint of the Original Edition, two volumes bound in one.

THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY, Original edition.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE BLAVATSKY LODGE

THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE, Original edition.

ISIS UNVEILED.

THEOSOPHICAL GLOSSARY.

FIVE MESSAGES TO THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHISTS.

By WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

BHAGAVAD-GITA.

NOTES ON THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.

PATANJALI'S YOGA APHORISMS.

THE OCEAN OF THEOSOPHY.

ECHOES FROM THE ORIENT.

LETTERS THAT HAVE HELPED ME.

AN EPITOME OF THEOSOPHY.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, *a History*

THE OCCULT WORLD. *By A. P. Sinnett.*

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM. *By A. P. Sinnett.*

LIGHT ON THE PATH. *By M. C.*