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SATYÂN NÂSTI PARO DHARMAH

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

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To form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

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THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Unlabelled Theosophy

WE have often drawn the attention of our readers to the admirable theosophical articles written over the signature "J. B." in *The Christian World*. That such articles should be acceptable to the enormous public reached by this religious weekly is a notable sign of the times, and one that should bring cheer to the heart of many a lonely worker in our ranks, who thinks now and again that Theosophy is not making the progress desired by his ardent soul. And now another writer in the same journal, Washington Gladden, D.D., has an article on "The duty of loving ourselves," many of the sentences of which might have been transferred from our literature. How familiar, for instance, is the following:

> The law of the lower part of our lives, of the animal nature, is the law of exclusion; what we get for our bodies, and for our lower propensities, we get at the expense of the rest of the world; what one has of these goods of sense another cannot have. If our self-love is directed toward the gratification of this part of ourselves, it puts us into a necessary conflict with our neighbours.
>
> But the law of the superior part of our lives, the law of the spirit, is the law of fellowship or communion. Everything that we get for this higher

nature of ours brings us into partnership with others. Many of these higher goods of the spirit we cannot have at all, without sharing them; all of them are vastly increased in value when others partake of them. Imparting them to others does not lessen their value to us, but rather increases it. Friendship, sympathy, hope, love of truth, delight in beauty, joy in God—all these higher possessions are confirmed to us by imparting them to others. They cannot be monopolised.

Dr. Gladden then proceeds to point out that our real Self is not the Self which takes but the Self which shares:

Which, now, of these selves—the animal self, whose law is exclusion, or the spiritual self, whose law is fellowship and co-operation—is the real human self? Not one of us would have any difficulty in answering that question. A true and genuine self-love, then, is the love that chooses the good of the higher self in preference to the lower. And that kind of self-love identifies us with our fellows, and makes it impossible for us to prosper by despoiling them or disregarding their welfare.

No one can doubt that a true self-realisation does involve the perfection of this higher part of our nature by which we are united in interest and affection with our fellow-men. And there is no danger whatever that we shall love the superior self, the real self, too well, since that self finds its happiness in the happiness of others, and its perfection in their welfare.

All this is seen as clearly and said as well as can be, and every Theosophist must rejoice that this portion of the Doctrine of THE SELF should thus be declared in the ears of so large a public as that reached by Dr. Gladden through *The Christian World*. Quite good also is the continuation of the article:

Indeed, we may say that the trouble with the man whom we call selfish, is that he is deficient in self-love. He does not love himself nearly as much as he ought. His real self—his manhood, his character—is not dear to him. What his heart is set upon is not the interests and possessions which make him a man, but rather those by which he is allied to the inferior realm, the things of flesh and sense—money, place, power—the kinds of goods to which the law of exclusion applies. Such selfishness inevitably dwarfs and degrades him. If a man had any intelligent regard for himself he would not be a selfish man.

The duty of loving ourselves is, therefore, as nearly essential and fundamental as anything can be in character. In the true understanding of it, it is a deeply religious obligation.

Dr. Gladden recognises as the reason for this "religious obligation" the fact that man is made in the image of God. Loving his higher Self is really loving God in His human

temple, and herein lies the ennobling power of this Self-love. Dr. Gladden rightly says:

> The true self-love can no more be separated from neighbour-love than light from colour, or extension from space. No man can love himself, in the highest and truest sense, without loving his neighbour, and no one can love his neighbour as he ought to love him without loving himself.

Truly is this so; for the deepest Self is one in all of us, and no man may win perfect success for himself alone. By the blessed law of life all our highest acquirements must be shared, must enrich the common life, for "we are all one in Christ," as says the Christian apostle—one in that Self of love, unity and compassion that in Christian terminology is termed "the Christ."

* * *

Doom or Coincidence?

A CURIOUS story comes from Paris, from the "own correspondent" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He states that when M. Carnot was Minister of Finance to the French Republic, and "before there was any question of his election to the Presidency," his friend, Dr. Gustave Le Bon, presented him with a statuette he had brought back with him from India. This image had been given to Dr. Le Bon by an Indian Râja, who told him that the owner of the image "was certain to become the principal personage in his country, but was equally certain to die a violent death." The Râja, a firm believer in this prophecy, was delighted to get rid of his perilous possession by bestowing it on an incredulous foreigner, who would carry it out of the country. M. Carnot accepted the gift, despite its sinister character, and when he was most unexpectedly elected President, his wife wrote playfully to Dr. Le Bon that "it was the statuette that had worked a miracle." Seven years later the rest of the "miracle" was worked by the dagger of the assassin Caserio. Mme. Carnot herself was so far a believer in the sequence of statuette, presidency and assassination, that in her will "she solemnly adjured her family to rid themselves of the fateful statuette." It is quite possible that a "curse" may attach to the image in question, and unless a new owner is wishful to test its potency it might

be as well to bury or burn the image. A convenient way to dispose of such dangerous articles is to drop them into the sea.

* * *

THE *Globe* has an interesting note on Japanese Buddhism, which is showing "abundant evidence of renewed vitality."

Buddhism in Japan

> The strongest sub-sects are paying much attention to the education of the people. In the Eastern Hongwanji temple (Monto sect) there is a large school which is not restricted to candidates for the priesthood, nor is its curriculum confined to religious instruction; it is fairly well equipped in the departments of modern science and of European languages. There are Buddhist schools all over the Empire, which are giving assistance to the common people in general education on a scale of fees much more liberal than that of the Government schools and colleges. . . . . It will readily be seen that with the Imperial favour shown the Hongwanji sect of Buddhism, and the broadness of its creed, the Christian missionaries have in it a foe to be feared, if it devotes itself and its ample revenue to the elevation of the masses, and it seems to be doing this in the establishing of schools for all classes, hospitals, and kindred institutions of a charitable nature. Another evidence of militantism is that the Buddhist priests are paying more attention to the study of their religion than ever before. It was not long since that a priest who could read Sanskrit was almost unheard of, and the canonical books were sealed as much to the clergy as to the laity. Education has never been a marked attainment of the Buddhist priesthood in Japan, to be sure—no more than in China—and the service has been considered somewhat as a refuge rather than a holy calling; but there is a difference to-day. Laymen who have opportunities of study which are superior to those of most of the lower clergy are encouraged by the high priests and Buddhist prelates to devote a part of their time to research in Church lore and to the Sanskrit language, and then to impart their knowledge to the priests.

The President-Founder's work in Japan is bearing fruit, as did his similar work in Ceylon, and along the same lines. Buddhism has found, in modern days, no better helper.

* * *

A CURIOUS story is recorded in a French paper, with a note from the Editor that the phenomenon described must be some form of a Will-o'-the-wisp. It is said that the Italian journals have several times reported a strange phenomenon, seen in a village called Berbenno. Professor Faboni has presented a report on it at the *Académie des nouveaux Lycées pontificaux*. It appears that a great

Will-o'-the-Wisp?

battle between the Venetians, the French and the Spanish was fought in 1634 on the ground whereon the village now stands, and bones are often uncovered in turning up the soil. Further there is a common grave in which were buried the victims of the pestilence of 1557. Nearly every night for about twenty years a flame has appeared, generally white, but sometimes showing brilliant colours, somewhat like a magnesium light with a bluish tinge; it measures about a metre (39 inches) in height and has a breadth of three or four centimetres. It comes down into the road and stops at a cross-road, changing into a white cloud, passes into a special vineyard and again becomes a brilliant flame, remains there for some time and then follows a definite path, always the same. Sometimes three flames have been seen, which merge into each other and form a luminous globe in the aforesaid vineyard. If anyone approaches it, it moves rapidly away. It is unaffected by the wind and often goes in its teeth. Such is the account; the phenomenon is certainly a curious one and is not very intelligible. Perhaps the Psychical Research Society may consider it worthy of investigation, as it is reported on by a learned professor, and they may discover whether it is a local trick—scarcely likely, as it has been going on for twenty years—a physical phenomenon, or a psychical appearance.

* * *

The President-Founder

THE President-Founder sailed for Ceylon from Southampton on August 13th. His European tour has been of the most satisfactory description, and the many Lodges he has visited speak warmly of his genial courtesy and of the help they have received by coming into touch with his fervent loyalty to the movement he has served for a quarter of a century, and in which his heart and life are bound up. Next year he is to visit North and South America, and much good is hoped for as the result of his extended tour in the western hemisphere. May he keep good health and enjoy long life to continue his faithful service to the Theosophical Society. There is only one President-Founder, and we would all like to keep him with us as long as we can. He is the proof of the continuity, and the symbol of the unity, of the Society, and none else can fill his place.

ANOTHER valuable discovery has been made on the site of ancient Babylon. Professor Herman v. Hilprecht, the explorer sent out by the University of Pennsylvania to superintend the excavations in Assyria and Babylon, has written to report the unburying of a Babylonian library. He says:

The Past speaks

The results of our researches exceed everything that has so far been known about Babylon. We found the great temple library and priest school of Nippur, which had been destroyed by the Elamites, 228 B.C. The library consists of 16,000 volumes, written on stones, and covers the entire theological, astronomical, linguistic, and mathematical knowledge of those days. We also unearthed a collection of letters and biographies, deciphered the inscriptions of many newly discovered tombstones and monuments, and espied finally, best of all, 5,000 official documents of inestimable value to the student of ancient history. The net result of our journey consists so far of 23,000 stone writings.

The translation of these ancient stone-volumes will throw increased light on the great civilisation which produced them, though Professor Hilprecht makes a rash assertion in saying they cover the "entire" knowledge of those days in the branches of science dealt with.

* * *

DURING the Zionist Congress, held last month in London, some pathetic accounts were given of the sufferings of the Jews in various countries. Professor Dr. Mandelstamm, of Kieff, read a paper on the physical amelioration of the Jews, dealing chiefly with the Jews in Russia, and gave a heart-rending description of the lives they there led. He argued that Jews should be allowed to cultivate the land in Russia, saying that:

The Crucified Race

If the Jews were only permitted to engage in agriculture in Russia, that country could, without harming the general population, support three times the present number of Jews. The speaker proceeded to give a graphic sketch of the Ghetto life of the Russian Jew. He said the Jew was pent up in the pale or settlement, lived in poor towns, and in the poorest parts of the town. Even their places of worship were more like dirty hovels than houses of God. Their schools were without windows. The shop-keepers, with poor stocks, had not the means of paying the heavy taxes which were imposed upon them, and they stood, like hungry wolves, waiting for customers. Only here and there were there decent houses, and they were inhabited by officials or members of the bourgeoisie. Sobolkin, the

great Russian reformer, had described the Jews in Russia as being worse off than any people in the whole world. Jewish home life in Russia, said Professor Mandelstamm, was terrible. Two or three families, consisting of sixteen or seventeen people, were often found in one room. If they excepted a few manufacturers and general dealers, the mass of Jews in Russia were artisans, day-labourers, and small shopkeepers. He repudiated the statement that the Jews were afraid of work. On the contrary, they were the hardest worked people in Russia, and were glad to do the most menial work in order to keep off starvation.

Russia is driving away the Jews as once did Spain, and will reap the results of her short-sighted cruelty as centuries pass. The Jews are a hardworking, patient and able race, and their patent faults are chiefly due to the injustices so constantly inflicted on them. The faults have been grafted into the race by the cruelty and injustice of centuries, and nothing will eradicate them save long-continued justice and kindly feeling. It is the habit of the strong to trample on the weak and to implant in them fear, suspicion and hatred, and then to hate and oppress them yet more bitterly for the crop of vices which grow from the seeds they have sown. Every member of the Theosophical Society should, when he comes into contact with a Jew, show that he believes in human brotherhood, without distinction of race. Especially should this be remembered on the continent of Europe, where anti-Semitic feeling is strong and often brutal.

* * *

Our Philosophic Statesman

MR. BALFOUR'S speech at Cambridge to the University Extension students, on the Future of Thought, dealt with the effects upon the direction of human thought likely to result from "the products of scientific research, to which no other period offers a precedent or a parallel." "No century," he declared, "has seen so great a change in our intellectual appreciation of the world in which we live. . . . We not only see more, but we see differently." "Things" have become "movements," and differences are seen as primary differences of movement. How will thought be affected by a theory which reduces "the physical universe, with its infinite variety, its glory of colour and of form, its significance and its sublimity, to one homogeneous medium in which there are no distinctions to be discovered but distinction of movement

or of stress"? Mr. Balfour does not fear the result so far as religion is concerned, and he does not think that this view will lead to materialism. He believes that the very completeness of the scientific theory as regards matter will force thoughtful men to find some place for the spiritual:

> That in some way or other, future generations will, each in its own way, find a practical *modus vivendi* between the natural and the spiritual I do not doubt at all; and if a hundred years hence some lecturer whose parents are not yet born shall discourse in this place on the twentieth century, it may be that he will note the fact that, unlike their forefathers, men of his generation were no longer disquieted by the controversies once suggested by the well-known phrase "conflict between science and religion."

The inextinguishable longings of man for the knowledge which is Life Eternal can never be satisfied by "the dynamic explanation" of everything, and in the review in *The Spectator* of Mr. Balfour's speech it is suggested that we may look forward

> To the coming century as one in which men, satisfied, it may be even satiated, with their triumphs over the forces of Nature, would turn eagerly to discern more clearly those spiritual forces from which they have as yet extracted so few convictions. They will seek further demonstration of the truth that if all forces are but manifestations of one force, motion must be imparted to that one by a compelling Mind. Conscious how short life is, even for investigation, they will become more anxious than ever to be sure that there is a life beyond this of which at least the duration will be infinitely greater. The want of satisfaction with concrete things, of which men are conscious in proportion to their powers, will become indefinitely greater, and will produce a new ardour to discover an adequate object for existence, and a rule of conduct more obviously imperative than any one yet accepted by the mass. So far from looking forward to an increase of secularism, we should expect religious revivals of almost unprecedented vigour, possibly led by men of equally unprecedented insight, the very battle with Nature tending to enlarge both the reasoning and the perceptive powers. We should expect to see many men turning from the wearisome pursuit of material knowledge to lead lives of fruitful meditation, such as must in the end produce a new perception of light. That has been the result in the East, and the West would bring to its research into the laws of spirit a greater vigour, and a trust which the East has never felt in the great method of induction. Perhaps, too, there may be new aids.

It is very likely that, as evidence accumulates of intelligent "modes of motion" apart from the physical, the Psychical Research Society may be the bridge over which orthodox science may cross to new fields.

FORGOTTEN ENGLISH MYSTICS

THERE is possibly no early literature of which English people in general are so ignorant as their own. How this comes about is a question not hard to answer—there are but the merest scraps and fragments of it left for study. It is well worth the while of those who have been bitten by the new "Continuity" mania to examine with what fanatical frenzy the followers of the New Religion set themselves to obliterate every trace of the old. Those who melted down the sacred vessels and smashed up the altars and tombs and the stained glass from the windows, were not likely to leave the books. It had been, not long before, one of the complaints made of the Friars that they bought up all the books of any value which were to be had; and, as far as can be gathered, the libraries of the great families and the religious houses in England at the time of the Reformation were in no way behind those of the Continent. Unhappily, whilst the lead and timber were available for the payment of the King's gaming debts, and even the stones were of value to a royal favourite who had a house to build, books were not saleable at that time. Being "Popish," they must not be left to poison the Protestant mind and so there was a destruction—grim and great, like that of the Alexandrian library aforetime, and all the treasures of the ancient learning were cut into measures or kindled the cook's fires for the new owners of the land. This sad loss our insular position made irreparable. The foreign books could be found in their own lands, but the equally precious results of English thought and study were utterly destroyed, with the exception of such scanty remains as might be left in the few houses whose Catholic owners were able to maintain possession through the years of torture and death, of endless fine and imprisonment, which were their portion under Bloody Queen Elizabeth.

As long as the new State-made religion had full legal power

in England, and every child was taught that his nation had been for 500 years "drowned in idolatry," it was easy to check any regrets for the lost learning. The manifestation of any interest in Popish books was far too dangerous to be thought of; and it is a curious fact that though circumstances are so completely altered, the old feeling seems still to remain, even in the most strictly "scientific" minds. Even those who take an interest in such things carefully avoid the smallest reference which might recall to their readers or hearers the unwelcome fact that their own ancestors for over a thousand years were Catholics, and good Catholics too. And yet there are still fragments enough remaining and put into good modern print to show that there was a strong and beautiful religious life in England, no whit inferior to the French or Spanish contemporary schools of which we read so much; in many respects far more suitable to our modern English thought than the washy "devotions" with which a present-day Catholic prayer-book is filled; for it is the thought of strong, healthy, common-sense English men and women of a period far more like our own than our prejudices will allow us to admit. I have thought that a few notes upon some of these scattered remains might prove interesting, if presented, not by way of learned catalogues of manuscripts and editions, but simply attempting to reproduce to my modern readers the way men in those days spoke and thought of the religious life, which is the same now as it was then. It seems to me that it is time that the spiritual life which burned strongly and clearly through the Middle Ages in our own native country should cease to be decried or left in oblivion simply because it was in English hearts that it glowed. We have kept up longer than any other nation the characteristic Renaissance illusion that the world began in the sixteenth century; it is beginning to give way in history and sociology; it is time it should be broken through in religious matters also, and that we should cease to think that there were no holy souls before Mme. de Guyon, and that religion, like some other luxuries, is but an "article de Paris."

The filiation of Mediæval devotion is—first, Italy. Italian sanctity has its own peculiar mark; a childlike simplicity mingles in the most delicious way with a broad-mindedness, a *repose* of

soul, which in the greater Italian saints comes very near indeed to the qualities enumerated in our books as the characteristics of one high upon the Path. An Italian saint is never in a hurry or a fuss; he has the largest toleration for "human nature," though he is saved from the undertone of contempt expressed in the French "le bon homme," by his Italian shrewdness and penetration into character and motive, and his Italian witty expression of it. Pitiless to himself, he is all sweetness to his pupils, though on occasion he can be sharp enough, if he knows they are strong enough to bear it. S. Philip Neri, who is the typical Italian saint, was once bothered by one of his penitents, a fashionable young gentleman, for leave to wear a hair shirt; and at last he yielded, and solemnly gave the order that he should wear the hair shirt—*outside* his clothes! And the young man did it, and bore the ridicule of it bravely; and was never known, to the day of his death, by any other title than "Berto of the hair shirt"! Does this story help you to understand why the young men loved and worshipped "the good Pippo," as they always called him? If not, pass him by, and instead read the *Fioretti* of S. Francis, the loveliest idyll of devotion which I know in any language.

From Italy we pass to France, and there we feel a great change. French piety is always self-conscious—desiring to "edify" others—never quite easy (permit me the "bull") unless it is not only uncomfortable itself, but making everybody about it uncomfortable too. It would be too hard upon it to say, as a rude outsider would, that it always has an eye upon the side scenes and boxes; but something very like this cannot be denied. When S. Francis de Sales (the great saint born on the confines of France and Italy, and combining in himself the good qualities of both) first became confessor to the great lady who was to become, under his guidance, S. Jeanne François de Chantal, the house servants—quick observers, as ever—noted that "Madame's old confessor made her pray an hour a day, and upset the whole household with it; but her new one makes her pray all day long, and inconveniences nobody". Unquestionably her old confessor was a Frenchman. If we remember that the French race furnished to the Catholic Church Pascal

and the Jansenists, and, to the Protestant, Jean Calvin and his followers, we shall see that this distinction goes down to the roots of popular character. The French people are the most uncompromising of logicians; with them (as Mrs. Browning says) "the idea of a knife cuts real flesh." Of the exquisitely sensitive human-heartedness of the Italian they are as incapable as of the blunt insensibility which works out nearly the same result in the average Englishman. Logic must be followed out to the bitter end, the *more* remorselessly if we have to trample upon our nearest and dearest to do it; Pascal and Calvin are not Catholic—not even Christian (as I read Christianity), but they both are *all* French. It is not against this view, as it might seem at first sight, that France furnishes us with the most miserable hash of sentimentality in devotion and (worst of all) in that profanest branch of art which is charitably styled religious that is at present to be found anywhere on the globe. When a Frenchman once gives up his logic he has no guide left, not even his taste—all goes together.

In Spanish Christianity we breathe yet another air, akin to the cool, fresh, free air of the North, whence came the best of *our* ancestors, as well as *theirs*. It has grown customary, chiefly through the writings of certain popular novelists, to regard the relationship of England and Spain as determined only by the Spanish Armada and the Inquisition; but this again is a mistake. Long afterwards, when Pepys is narrating a struggle for precedence between the French and Spanish Ambassadors at the coronation of Charles II., he rejoices in the Spanish victory, "for we all (says he) do naturally love the Spaniard and hate the French." Indeed, the kinship in mind and soul is very close. If you take up the volume of S. Teresa's letters and note the practical, straightforward way in which she deals with business matters and the firm hold which common-sense keeps upon the highest reach of her devotion, I think your criticism will almost certainly take some such shape as "How English it all is!" The Spaniard had had to fight for his country and his life whilst the students of the University of Paris had been doing their word-spinning and practising their logical weapons; and you feel in him a greatness and strength of soul combined with his soldier's unquestioning

devotion to his creed, which, to my mind, is hardly matched in any nation, unless it may have been in our own. The Spaniard of the time of Charles V. ruled the world by the divine right of being the strongest and best man in it; and (say what you will against it) Ignatius Loyola's Salvation Army was a grander and nobler Order than its nineteenth century English imitation. Did it ever strike you how close the imitation is?

I have indicated in these few words what seem to me to be the relationship and the value of our own English school. I take it to have been mainly of our own indigenous growth, but allied more nearly to the robust and vigorous Spanish than to the French, or even the Italian. Marked naturally by its insular limitation, it is all the more interesting as another instance of how completely *one* is the truth which the Inner Light reveals to devout souls of all nations and times. As my first example I will take a little work which bears on its title page: "XVI. Revelations of Divine Love, shewed to a Devout Servant of our Lord called Mother Juliana, an Anchorete of Norwich, who lived in the Days of King Edward the Third." No more than this is known of the book or its author, and we owe the survival of it to a kindly hand which republished it in the seventeenth century. From the date given by the writer, 1373, the book becomes specially interesting, as offering a specimen of what the religion of the time of Wyclif really was, as a more recent work I hope to introduce to my readers will furnish a similar sample of the so much and so cruelly maligned religion of the English nation at the time when it was forcibly superseded by that of the Geneva preachers.

The word "Revelations" will give us Theosophists much less difficulty than it has given to Catholic theologians. We are not troubled as they have been by the necessity of formal distinctions between "private" revelations and those of the Bible, nor are we concerned to sift them so minutely in fear lest they should be "devices of Satan." There can be no question for us that these things were, as the writer herself says, shewn to her by something quite beyond and above her ordinary brain-thinking; and it is to us indifferent whether this "something" was her own Higher Ego, or a Master who desired through her to

teach somewhat more of the Divine Love than, may be, was generally recognised at that time—at a time when national prosperity had perhaps laid a deadening hand on the national faith, as so often occurs. It is enough for us to find it, as the author heads it, a Revelation of Love. I do not myself know any book of either ancient or modern times which so fully deserves this epithet; and the beauty of the language is often almost equal to that of the thought. Of all the bugbear of *sin*, worked out by later theologians into such terrible detail, Mother Juliana has but this to say:* "And after this I saw God in a point; that is to say, in my understanding: by which sight I saw that He is in all things, and that He doth all that is done. I marvelled in that sight with a soft dread, and thought: What is sin? for I saw truly that God doth all thing, be it never so little. For I know well that in the sight of our Lord God is no chance or adventure. Wherefore I needs must grant that all things that are done are well done; for our Lord God doth all. *And I am sure that He doth no sin.*"

With this brave confidence in her God we cannot wonder that our "voyante" ventured far into the open sea of the Gospel of Love. Take this from her fifth and sixth chapters.

"In this same time our good Lord showed a ghostly sight of His homely being: I saw that He is to us all thing that is good and comfortable to our help.

"He is our clothing, that for love wrappeth us and windeth us, embraceth us and all encloseth us, hangeth about us for tender love, that He may never leave us.

"And in this He showed a little thing, the size of a hazel nut, seemingly lying in the palm of my hand. I looked thereon with the eye of my understanding, and thought: 'What may this be?' and was answered thus: '*It is all that is made.*' I marvelled how it might last, for me thought it might suddenly have fallen to naught for littleness.

"And I was answered in my understanding: '*It lasteth, and ever shall, for God loveth it.*' But what beheld I therein? verily the Maker, the Keeper, the Lover. For till I am substantially

* In my quotations I modernise and compress her language a little to make it more intelligible, but do not otherwise alter it.

united to Him I can never have rest nor true bliss; that is to say, that I be so fastened to Him, that there be right naught that is made between my God and me.

"For this is the cause why we be not all in ease of heart and soul; for we seek here rest in this thing that is so little, where no rest is; and we know not our God that is all mighty, all wise, and all good, for He is very rest.

"God desires to be known, and He longs that we should rest ourselves in Him.

"For all that is beneath Him sufficeth not us.

"For as the body is clad in the dress, and the flesh in the skin and the bones in the flesh, and the heart in the body, so are we soul and body clad and enclosed in the goodness of God; yea, and more closely, for all they vanish and waste away; the goodness of God is ever whole and more near to us without any comparison.

"For our soul is so preciously loved of Him that is highest that it over passeth the knowing of all creatures. That is to say, there is no creature that is made that can know how much, and how sweetly, and how tenderly our Maker loveth us. And therefore, we may ask of our Lover with reverence, all that we will, for our natural will is to have God and the good will of God is to have us, and we may never cease from willing, nor from loving, till we have Him in fullness of joy."

Then comes into her mind the question, so pressed by the new lights as to the intercession of saints, etc., and thus her Catholic instinct and her clear, well-balanced English intelligence answer:

"In the same time the custom of our prayer was brought to my mind how that we use, for unknowing of love to make many means (media). We pray to God for His holy flesh and for His precious blood, His holy passion, His dear-worthy death and worshipful wounds; but all the blessed kindness and the endless life that we have of all this, it is of the goodness of God. And we pray Him for His sweet mother's love that bare Him; and all the help that we have of her is of His goodness. And we pray Him for His holy cross that He died on; and all the help and all the virtue that we have of that cross, it is of His goodness. And

on the same wise, all the help that we have of special saints and of all the blessed company of heaven, the dear-worthy love and the holy, endless friendship that we have of them it is of His goodness. . . . Wherefore it pleaseth Him that we seek Him and worship Him by means; *understanding and knowing that He is the goodness of all.*"

But I must not extract the whole book, though favourite passages crowd on me, as thus:

"Then said our good Lord, asking: '*Art thou well apaid that I suffered for thee?*' I said: 'Yea, good Lord, gra'mercy; yea, good Lord, blessed mote thou be.' Then said Jesu, our good Lord: '*If thou art apaid, I am apaid; it is a joy, a bliss, an endless liking to me that ever I suffered passion for thee; and if I could have suffered more, I would have suffered more.*'"

It will not have escaped a careful reader how many more and higher meanings such words are capable of than that which they carried to the simple recluse of Norwich; and how little their value is affected by any question as to what are called the historical facts of the life of Jesus. There *is* a God who loves us to the full and beyond even what she was taught; there *is* a God who has suffered *for* our life, and will in very truth suffer *in* it till we are all made one with Him; there *is* a God who rejoices and will for ever rejoice in His sufferings, seeing what they have brought forth to Him of joy and bliss and endless liking; and what matters it what names we give to Him? I am desirous of emphasising this, because there is one thing in the book which is specially interesting to a Theosophist, and which evidently neither the writer herself nor the censor who permitted its publication quite understood—a bit of the Wisdom which lived *before* Christianity. She was still in trouble about sin, which she rightly felt could not be brought into such a system of Divine Love as was being given her. "And then," says she, "our courteous Lord answered in showing full mistily by a wonderful example of a lord that hath a servant. The lord looketh upon his servant full lovely and sweetly; he sendeth him into a certain place to do his will. The servant not only he goeth, but suddenly he starteth and runneth in great haste for love to do his lord's will. And anon he falleth in a slippery

place, and taketh full great sorrow; and then he groaneth, and moaneth, and walloweth and wrieth; but he may not rise nor help himself by no manner of way. And of all this the most mischief was failing of comfort, and that he lay alone. I looked all about and beheld, and—far nor near, high nor low—I saw to him no help. And I beheld with advisement, to see if the lord should assign him any manner of blame. And verily there was none, seeing for only his good will and his great desire was the cause of his falling, and he was as serviceable and as good inwardly as he was when he stood before his lord, ready to do his will. And thus said this courteous lord in his mind: 'To my beloved servant, what harm and discomfort he hath had and taken in my service for my love, yea, and by his good will! Is it not reason that I reward him, his fright and dread, his hurt and maim, and all his woe? and not only this, but falleth it not to me to give him a gift that be better to him and more worshipful than his own health would have been, or else methinketh I did him no grace.' "

Not much help to the doctrine of eternal damnation in all this! But do we not see that before the Power who was showing her this lay the whole mystery of the Life's fall into matter, repeated ever and ever on lower planes till we come down to the lowest, where our own Higher Ego sits as Lord, and the body of desire he has taken for his learning goes forth into the world to do his work and falls—so sorrowfully and so shamefully, but yet ever in heart turning to and loving its bright Master? Listen to his further explanation: "The Lord . . . is God. The servant that stood before him was showed for Adam; that is to say, one man was showed that time, and his falling, to show how God beholdeth all man and his falling. This man was hurt in his might and made full feeble, and he was stunned in his understanding; for he was turned from the sight of his lord, *but his will was kept in God's sight;* for his will I saw our Lord commend and approve, but himself was hindered and blinded of the knowing of this will; and this is to him great sorrow; for he neither seeth clearly his loving lord nor truly what himself is in his loving lord's sight. But the lovely looking of the lord upon his servant continually, and especially in his falling, methought it

might melt our hearts for love and burst them in two for joy!"

And evil being no more than this, the question remains: Why even this? The "misty" answer will not be misty to us, who know how the Logos is Himself fulfilled by the experience of all the scattered sparks on their long pilgrimage, drawn into Him in the "day when He maketh up His jewels." "There was a treasure in the earth (so ran the revelation) which the lord loved; and I was shown it as a meat which is lovesome and pleasing unto the lord. And the servant should be a gardener, labouring hard that in noble plenteousness fruit should spring which he should bring before the lord. And I saw in the lord that he hath within himself endless life and all manner of goodness, save the treasure that was in the earth; and that was grounded within the lord in marvellous deepness of endless love, but it was not all to his worship till his servant had thus nobly dressed it and brought it before him."

And thus, whilst Wyclif was squabbling over temporalities and speaking evil of dignities, did the Holy Spirit speak in the hearts of His English servants far remote from the turmoil, and teach that "God enjoyeth that He is our father, and that He is our mother, and that He is our very spouse, and our soul His loved wife; and that in these joys He will that we enjoy, Him praising, Him thanking, Him loving, Him endlessly blessing for all the time of this life." Has the Reformation which destroyed all this put anything better in its place? Or is not its best the mere scattered fragments and ruins of what to Mother Juliana was the stately edifice of the Love of God?

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

"TRULY they who know still know nothing if the strength of love be not theirs; for the true sage is not he who sees, but he who, seeing the farthest, has the deepest love for mankind." P. 38.

"SUPREME virtue consists in the knowledge of what should be done, in the power to decide for ourselves whereto we should offer our life." P. 166. *Wisdom and Destiny*, M. MAETERLINCK.

THE MISSION OF THEOSOPHY

In the midst of an age which is surrounded by an ocean of materialistic and dogmatic religious tendencies, a broad and mighty wave is breaking, dissipating all kinds of ignorance and prejudice, and spreading far and wide the light of Truth to the thousands of souls who are thirsting for knowledge. Quietly and imperceptibly, despising the assistance of all noisy advertisements, this tremendous light-wave rolls steadily onward, irresistibly spreading itself upon the path it has chosen. This wave, with its silent strength and overwhelming influence, is Theosophy—the name is, now-a-days, pretty generally known, and it will become still more and more wide-spread as the age advances. But that which is hidden behind the name, is, on the other hand, perhaps less known, and has therefore often been made a subject of misapprehension and unjust attack.

Although within the prescribed limits of this little article, it cannot possibly be a question of attempting to give anything like a comprehensive representation of the true wealth of Theosophy, the boundless treasures that it contains, nevertheless, I will try to give a sort of general notion, and to indicate what Theosophy is, and what is its purpose.

Theosophy can, with perfect right, claim that it contains all human wisdom, since it publishes a system of collected knowledge dating from the earliest ages of humanity. It would be, however, somewhat pretentious to venture to affirm that every one who occupies himself with Theosophy could know all this. The greater portion of its students and followers have certainly only succeeded in grasping an exceedingly small fraction of its truths, thus evidencing that it is not exclusively a wisdom of the intellect. With the purely speculative, or so-called exoteric side of Theosophy, it is certainly possible that one and all can become familiar, through the study of the extensive theosophical literature which

is now being widely published; but to the inner knowledge, or the Wisdom, they alone attain who steadfastly assimilate and apply its teachings in their daily lives.

Theosophy is said to be the ancient Wisdom-religion, and is to be found in the religious records of all people, certainly no less in the Chinese *King*, the *Zend-Avesta* of the Parsee, the *Veda* of the Hindu, and the little that has been saved of the old Egyptian manuscripts, than in the "Book of books," which is considered as the basis of the Christian religion. It is distinctly clear that Theosophy is not to be considered as a religion in the ordinary narrow sense, and still less—as is so often the case—as a kind of doctrinal sect, but rather that it is universal, according to the widest meaning of the word. And if we have but the patience to search, we shall find Theosophy not alone in the great religions of the world, but even in the now half-forgotten worship of the Druids, in the Asar records of our northern ancestors, and in all ancient mythological conceptions, as well as in those renowned philosophical systems founded by the most intellectual teachers of ancient Greece, which became great schools of thought. It is even to be found in the writings of certain of the Fathers of the Church; a fact which is, after all, not so much to be wondered at when we consider that the religion of Jesus is true Theosophy. Numerous thinkers of the Middle Ages, such as Thomas à Kempis, Reuchlin, Erasmus of Rotterdam, were penetrated by theosophical ideas, as also were Jakob Boehme, and still later Swedenborg; these last were truly Theosophists, not alone in their manner of viewing things, but in their personal experiences and qualifications.

We must here remark that very few modern Theosophists can lay claim to be Theosophists in the same elevated sense as these here mentioned. For by a true Theosophist is meant one who is enlightened, a personality inspired by divine wisdom, who, with a perfectly unselfish altruism combines intuitive knowledge, with a more or less complete mastery over the hidden forces of nature—qualifications which are only to be acquired by one who leads an absolutely pure and worthy life.

But modern Theosophy—which, as often before observed, is no *new* thing, but only the presentation of eternal and un-

changeable truths in a new form—has for its mission the awakening of the humanity of the present day to a conception of its lofty and exalted destiny, thus influencing and training its future development. Theosophy teaches that every human being has the divine spark within him, and is for that reason predestined to attain a God-like perfection. But he cannot reach the goal except through his own individual effort. This God-like perfection —or perfect godliness—never comes to him from without, from anything external to the man; the possibility for its development lies within, in the inner man, and it is from the depths of his own being that the God must arise. It is only natural to suppose that ere such an awakening can happen, the man must himself be conscious of the possibility. He is not at all likely to gain such conviction either through materialism, which dooms him to total extinction after death, or through the ordinary religious representation, which permits him to hold the belief that he can only be united with his heavenly source through vicarious help, or through some power substituted for his own. It is true enough that we have in the lives of the noblest and wisest sages which our humanity has produced, ideal characters upon which to form our own, and if we really follow their example we may grow in their likeness; it is certainly also true that an overshadowing influence or power can be imagined as streaming down upon us from these great souls, and helping us upwards in our efforts to rise. But it is nevertheless a fact, that by ourselves and through ourselves alone are we able to progress towards the fulfilment of the purpose for which we are intended, and no one else can do this for us, or in our place.

The case would be about the same as if we tried to imagine that an absolutely ignorant and uneducated man might be capable of developing into an astronomer, through the study of astronomy pursued by another man in his place.

We must not, however, expect to attain to the prize of our high calling at a single stride, or by one prodigious effort. Nature takes no great strides in her method of evolution. Life evolves slowly and hardly perceptibly, through the lower forms of existence up to the higher. The evolutionary scale is in reality endless and its steps are countless. The development of

humanity is one such series of steps of endless continuation, a veritable Jacob's ladder, its upper portion reaching to the heaven-world; but its countless rungs must be climbed one by one; step by step must man fight his way to freedom from material bonds. He dies assuredly, and passes through the portal of death to a plane of subjectivity where he remains for a time; but he shall return again and again to take up afresh and continue the work of development until he has completely identified himself with the divine source within, or, in other words, until he brings to full ripeness and perfection the divine capabilities which were originally implanted in his being, and of which his reason alone conveys a weak and incomplete reflection.

This, then, is the purpose of Theosophy. To point out fully and distinctly to mankind the path to this exalted goal; to show, how, through the right performance of the minor as well as the greater duties, men may become worthy to fulfil their high and noble calling; and also, how through loyal, unselfish and altruistic efforts they may gain that peace which passeth knowledge, and which it is not the privilege of any one special religious system to bestow. Truth can well appear in many changing forms, for she is the one eternal verity underlying all things.

G. HALFDAN LIANDER.

HUMAN EVOLVEMENT

ONE of the commonplaces of Theosophy is that analogy is our great guide in prosecuting the search for truth. This is because the universe is a unity, not only proceeding from one mind, but built on one plan, exhibiting like principles and methods in all its departments, pervaded all through with the coherence of a single design. When we are absolutely sure of the correctness of the survey in any one region, we may infer that the structural result will hold in any other region. It is not merely that there is a presumption in favour of a like scheme elsewhere, but that this presumption points out the line whereon we are to seek.

An illustration occurs in the analogy between the evolution of the kosmos and the evolution of man. We are told that the evolution in man is threefold—physical, intellectual, and spiritual; and we are also told that the evolution of the kosmos was through the successive influences of three Logoi: the Third Logos imparting life to matter, the Second following it up by the shaping of form, the First crowning the work by giving the human Monad and the potential energy towards an ever-upward ascent. As seen in the area of our own world, the process was that mere matter was suffused with vitality, then that the vitalised matter was through æons of time differentiated into the countless forms which in their totality we call Nature, then that the upward impulsion of the Monad continually raised the type and enriched the quality, and elevated the degree and approached the ideal. There was a continuous *spiritualising* of matter, an uplifting to higher planes, a progressive manifestation of the loftiest heights of being.

Similarly with man. First there must be a life in the tenuous atoms which were to compose his form, then there must be the gradual modelling of the form itself, then the im-

partation of that intelligence and spiritual essence which should make him truly human and will make him truly divine. Such was the process in what we may call man abstractly. But it is equally true of the individual, and equally true of the race. Life arises in the ovum, form is given during the pre-natal period, and after actual birth into the world there is that gradual ensouling by the Ego which is not complete till the seventh year. The race as a whole follows the same course. Far back in the Âkâshic record was the time when life first thrilled in the incipient entity which was to evolve into humanity, and very slowly did ages pass while its shape was moulded and modified and harmonised into that we know. There came in due season the dawn of mind, the beginning of that long process whereby intelligence was to ripen to the full, before fading into the greater glory of that spiritual attainment which transcends thought and intellect and reason.

Very constantly are we reminded in theosophical literature that the specific evolution of the present, the fifth race, is in Manas, or mind. Humanity has long left behind the era when went on the modelling of its physique. The type is now complete. There may be refinements in structure and appearance, small modifications in the direction of greater delicacy of apparatus or less grossness in nutrition, but nothing of organic change can be supposed during the ages, before the entire development of mind and the beginning of distinct spiritual evolvement shall have been attained. When Manas has been perfectly achieved, when all of intellect has been appropriated, when the fifth race has accomplished its task and is endowed with all the powers of mind, and when the sixth has so far progressed in its appointed work that heraldings of the seventh begin to manifest, then, indeed, may the form of man show signs of that change which is to accommodate it to its new mission and its new exactions. But this is æons away. The present body and the mind which works within it are yet the appanage of humanity. The body is fixed, but the mind is capable of virtually limitless expansion. Now it is this expansion which is the function of the fifth race.

We can see the process in what is known as the " history of

civilisation." It is really a reversal of the original relations between man and nature. At first, nature dominated man; now, man is dominating nature. The physical forces which terrorised the savage are the useful servants of the civilised; the territory of the unknown is rapidly becoming not only explored but subjugated; intelligence is steadily causing natural powers to do the work formerly altogether manual, and thus releases itself for further acquisitions. Society has improved because the inherent laws of social existence have been to some extent studied and conformed to. If progress in this department has been very slow and is still lamentably backward, it is partly because the complications in that specific evolution are so great, and partly because the greatest of all human forces—selfishness —stands so persistently in the way. Yet even now there are better forms of social order, better methods of social administration, better conceptions of individual rights, and the advance of liberty, while neither unchecked nor satisfactory, is going on. Knowledge is so striding along that only the very able can keep pace with it. Facts and truths are so penetrating the by-ways of society that there is hardly a person, however humble or obscure, who cannot get in touch with them. Indeed, looking at the history of late centuries, and more particularly of the present, one might express their characteristic as "the emancipation of mind"—emancipation from drudgery, tyranny, prescription, superstition, weakness, and error. Full deliverance has not come; we do not see the noonday of unclouded brilliance; but the morning is here, and it gives hints of the radiance in store.

There is perhaps no subject of interest to man which has not a special interest to Theosophists. This is because their philosophy is an all-comprehending one, and therefore gives larger value to each part in the connected whole; but also because they have both the key to the entire evolutionary system and a perception of the end to which it moves. In this matter of historic intellectual advance, for instance, they can see not only what every one sees—the particulars of the advance, but they know why that advance is the specific work of the existing race, what are the hindrances which need to be undermined, what are

the forces which should be stimulated or assuaged, wherein lies the secret of all true progress, and the lines whereon that progress is to be led. The evolution of mind in a general way, or the distinct evolution of the mind within the last hundred or three hundred years, is a topic full of value to an ordinary scientist; but it glows with vastly greater richness and suggestiveness when you turn upon it the light of the Esoteric Philosophy.

Now if it be true that the development of Manas is the specific function of the fifth race, true also that we share in it because belonging to that race, and true, furthermore, that Theosophy imparts an extra significance to every content of human thought, a number of very interesting consequences ensue. I take it that one of these is to make our Theosophy intelligent. Of course in the early history of any intellectual movement there must be a good many misconceptions and mis-statements and mis-applications. The facts are not distinct, and the minds treating them are still untrained. But theosophical literature has already been undergoing clarification and correction, the terminology is more accurate, and very much new truth has been vouchsafed. On the other hand, both writers and readers have thought more, absorbed more, digested more. The whole system is better understood and better expressed. There is much less reason for mistake, and very much less excuse for extravagance.

Coincident with the evolution of a more correct Theosophy among Theosophists has been the expansion of interest in it outside. The spread of truths and terms and inquiries is one of the astonishments in our era. But of course the misconceptions are innumerable and grotesque. A man recently wrote me his wish to join the Theosophical Society: there was a very fine female medium in his town, and he would be glad to know who is the present reincarnation of Peter the Great. Naturally nonsense of this kind will manifest itself, but we shall not be able to duly treat it so long as we harbour any nonsense ourselves. And this is another reason why our conceptions of Theosophy need to be intelligent, and why the reign of Manas should be extended over these conceptions, even more than over those we hold of life and literature and science.

The great, the final, test of any doctrine is its conformity to reason and the moral sense. But here a distinction is at once to be made. By "reason" is not meant conventional belief, the theory of things human and divine which happens to be prevalent in any land or even any age, much less a fictitious and arbitrary *a priori* standard, whereby every new thought is to be gauged and then rejected if differing. And by "moral sense" is not meant the moral code of a people or an era, the outcome of purely fanciful distinctions not inherent in the nature of things, and the dictum only of a sacred book, a sacred caste, or a popular prejudice. All these things are local, transient, unreal; they express the notions of a locality, an epoch, a nation; they are not actual verities binding on all thought and all men; they are no guides to fundamental principles of right.

Succinctly stated, the trial judge of questions in the court of reason and morality may be said to be *common-sense*. But here again a qualification. Decisions cannot be infallible where the judge is not inerrant. Now, no human being is utterly void of predilections, prejudices, bias; no one has a judgment absolutely achromatic, poised, perspicuous; no one detects all possible sides of truth, or gives to each its proportionate worth. Some error is certain to every mind short of omniscience. When it is said that the appeal is made to common-sense, this cannot mean that every man possesses this sense in greatness, or that any man possesses it in perfection. As in all other matters in human belief, or conduct, or obligation, the tribunal is the largest attainable wisdom, the best practicable judgment, the opinion freest from deflecting influence—not unalloyed sagacity, but the nearest possible approach to it.

And it is further to be remembered that common-sense itself, when sound, has within it a check to its own imperfection. Nothing could possibly be more misleading than the supposition that any asserted truth must be delusion if it goes counter to hitherto beliefs or even hitherto experience. Every newly discovered truth does precisely this, and every trophy from a region just entered for the first time contradicts many of what are supposed to be the best-settled facts. This is the history of all advance. That a fresh doctrine is somewhat revolutionary does not of necessity

discredit it. Possibilities cannot be summarily established from existing knowledge. No greater verity was ever voiced than that in the famous line, "There are more facts in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Now, readiness to recognise this is one of the most essential components in genuine common-sense. That could never be common-sense which does not perceive that there are vast ranges of reality beyond its scope, truths which it cannot surmise, cannot dissect, cannot pronounce upon. Modesty is a part of real clear-headedness.

But, granting all this, it may still be held that the mind must pass upon doctrines on the ground of their rationality. The mind may be imperfect, yet it is the tool with which we have to work. What worth it has depends upon the degree of our evolution; but, be the evolution small or great, we cannot transcend the degree. It is for this reason that we have been so often and so plainly told by authority that no man is to accept anything which is contradicted by his reason, and that unintelligent deference to a mere *ipse dixit* is mental slavery. Theosophy is like every other philosophy or religion in its necessitated subjection to this canon. And anything calling itself Theosophy, which defies the pronouncements of sound common-sense, is presumptively a fiction.

Now we do at times find in literature or in conversation notions which cause some dismay. All Theosophists are not free from the common superstition that anything in print is probably true; for there are hosts of people who give a validity to a printed proposition which they would never dream of giving if it were orally heard. Moreover, some Theosophists, usually recent acquisitions and with zeal as yet untempered by experience, observe that theosophical doctrines are generally opposite to those current in the community, and infer that the more a proposition contrasts with the conventional one the more likely it is to be true.

Another warning is needed over the exaggerated deference given to the East. A frequent conviction exists that religion and philosophy have their sources there, and that for truth and light and stimulus and sanction we need to turn to the Orient.

"The sun rises in the East," many say. This is doubtless a fact, yet it is no less a fact that the sun does not remain there, but in the course of its daily journey pours its effulgence from every point of the circuit till it disappears in the West. Theosophy is under measureless obligations for the impulsions received from the Orient, notably in that glorious one of the present century, which caused the formation of the Theosophical Society and ensured to us the truths we revere and the hopes we cherish. And yet it is possible to avow these obligations with enthusiasm and with gratitude, while fully recognising the facts that truth is the exclusive property of no race and no land; that wisdom is justified of *all* her children, and not only of those of one hemisphere; that the sacred books of the East, full as they are of ennobling thoughts and spiritual quickening, are yet lowered by puerilities and sad moral misconceptions. Sense of proportion, discriminating assignment of respective merit, freedom from one-sidedness or fanaticism, fairness, impartiality, perception of fact—in short, common-sense—point out the *via media*.

But the department of doctrine is not the only one where the great slayer of fictions needs to function. Some Theosophists are credulous. They believe everything they hear. Some prophet announces an approaching cataclysm, perhaps the devastation of a coast or a city. A newspaper prints marvellous reports of the growth and vigour of an anti-theosophical organisation. A half-fledged psychic proclaims a new era of and a new Head to the theosophical movement, or a much-titled hierophant offers initiation into occult mysteries at so much per grade. Other Theosophists are timid. A scientist denies that *The Secret Doctrine* is accurate in a scientific assertion. Some one avers that H. P. B. was discovered in a trick. A tourist in the East finds that Hindus repudiate reincarnation. A Swâmi gives out different teachings from those in *The Ancient Wisdom*. An impostor claims to represent the Masters, and in Their name to cancel the credentials of the Theosophical Society. A reputable Theosophist trips up in his course, and leaves alike the path of rectitude and the path of progress. The mare's nest or the puzzle or the scandal dismays the faint-hearted. Other

Theosophists are doubtful. Some loss or drawback occurs to the Society. Things do not take quite the course that was desired. A grievous burlesque of Theosophy pains believers, delights sceptics, and discredits the Esoteric Wisdom through the community. Some temporary success of the Brothers of the Shadow is heralded as making certain the discomfiture of the White Lodge. Hearts sink, forebodings awake, questionings pour forth. "Where are the Masters at this epoch? Why these disasters if competency is at the helm? Why was not this evil foreseen and thwarted?"

Common-sense, if summoned, would at once reply that there has never been a period in human history when spiritual interests met with no opposition, or when guarantee was given that the opposition should not secure a transient success. No promise has ever been made that false prophets should be unknown, impostures unheard of, vanity, ambition, love of power be nipped in the bud, untruth, malice, mistake, inconstancy, be kept out of the world. Nor has it ever been intimated that the Masters can or will suppress every hostility to right before it reaches manifestation, or overwhelm evil-doers upon the first sign of their intention, or even prevent Theosophists from stumbling into error or mistake. On the contrary, history and revelation alike assert that the victory of Truth is over many obstacles and through many battles, that wrong-headedness and evil-heartedness are very widespread and very powerful, and that the progress of good, however ensured, is slow, because its way is checked by just these enemies. True, the Masters are ever on the alert to give aid to Their own cause, and true also that karma is a power which can never be evaded or defied; but none the less is man free to take whatever side in the conflict he may elect, and, though the final triumph of right is certain, it will not be because the Dark Powers are never permitted a success or because miracle is always ready to interpose. These considerations are so obvious that one may wonder at the existence of Theosophists easily frightened, and Theosophists marvelling at the backwardness of the Masters.

This prompt and stern application of common-sense to fanciful theories in Theosophy, and to credulity and timidity in

Theosophists, would do much towards making both more reputable in the public eye. But it would also do much towards that development of Manas which Theosophists, in common with all members of the fifth race, are here to effect. The spiritual insight which has caused them to sense the reality of Theosophy implies that to that extent they have spiritually evolved beyond the masses who sense no such reality, but it proves nothing as to their mental evolution and it does not in the least release them from fifth race duty. They have accepted Theosophy; very good; yet if theirs be not an intelligent Theosophy, it does not come up to mânasic requirements. And, very evidently, one of their first obligations is to make their Theosophy rational and common-sense, free from phantasy or misconception or folly; a Theosophy worthy of the age and the Society and the race. It will never commend itself to the public mind if it is not, and it will do so precisely in proportion as it is.

So, then, this tribute to intelligence is due from an F.T.S., in his three-fold capacity as an individual, as a Theosophist, and as a member of the fifth race. There is interest in the thought that a somewhat converse process is actually going on. Human evolvement on the mânasic line is bringing humanity nearer to Theosophy. This evolvement is most marked in the highly civilised peoples of the world, and it is among them that this nearing is most perceptible. In England, the United States, and the west of Europe, regions where science, popular intelligence, and journalism are specially diffused, the thoughts and the truths and the terms of Theosophy are yearly becoming more familiar, and not only more familiar, but more welcome. This is natural; for it is there that additions to the imperfect knowledge of lately-discovered tracts of the universe is most craved, and a rational solution to the perpetually pressing problems of life most sought. The light brought by Theosophy is not scorned as it was, for it is now perceived to be a veritable contribution, relieving perplexities, accounting for facts, furnishing both data and explanations. Words and phrases but lately strange outside the Society are now appearing in journalism, literature, and grave discourse, and thousands, who twenty years ago had never

heard of Theosophy, are now acquainted with some of its leading truths. As the evolution of Manas goes on, nothing will satisfy its claims but Theosophy, and the faint appeal yet heard will swell to an eager cry for " More light, more light."

And yet, coincident with this fact, is another which checks our satisfaction, however much it confirms what Theosophy has foretold. Mânasic evolution does not necessarily mean spiritual evolution; rather it precedes that in order of time. For this increasing acceptance of the doctrinal framework of Theosophy is not accompanied with an equal acceptance of its deepest and most essential thought. Unity is that thought, a unity finding its emphatic expression in the solidarity of the race, the Brotherhood of Humanity. If they who believe in the evolution of the kosmos, the antiquity of man, human progress through re-incarnation and karma, and the revelation of after-death states, believed as fully in human brotherhood, if even they saw the application of their principles as clearly as they see their demonstration, not a believer would sanction the stupidly selfish policy of governments or look upon war with anything but horror. It is far easier to perceive the plausibility of a doctrine than to use it as a working motive; anybody can admit that selfishness must be destructive, while few will refrain from it because it is so. And so for a long time must spread a conviction as to the truth of Theosophy, and thousands, perhaps millions, give it intelligent acceptance, before its deep spiritual significance first dawns upon the soul and then sways it into delighted acquiescence.

Yet even this will be the ultimate future of humanity. For there is a sixth race before us, and then a seventh. Manas will do its work, and evolving mind will reach to heights unthought of now, but not in mere brutal power or unfraternal antagonism; for increasing enlightenment will long before have shown the folly of selfish aim, and the glorious wisdom of those later times will walk hand in hand with the Godlike in the loving sons of the final outcome of humanity. For " the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace, of them that make peace."

ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

THE "WISDOM" TRADITION IN THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

GEORGIUS GEMISTUS PLETHON

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 564)

LET us now pass on to what is the really important part, to us, of the philosopher's teaching; it is a curious fact that only a few authors refer to the "Esoteric" school that he started, and only one gives much detail of the mystic element in the teaching of Gemistus.

Schultze,* who is one of the most sympathetic writers (and the only one apparently who treats this aspect in any detail) tells us that he had gathered a community together in Mizithra, a school for the new religion as it ought to be. "The Book of Rules," or "Law-Book," of this Society, was Plethon's chief work, which contains his "dogmas," as he often calls them, and in many other places in the speeches of Gregorios—one of his disciples—there is reference made to the school. These Eulogies have been reprinted by Migne.† In these speeches, says Schultze, Gemistus is mentioned as being the "Seeker into the Divine Secret Doctrines"; the "Mystagogue of the high Uranian Dogmas"; the "Great Guide to the Hyper-Uranian God, of whom Plato had also taught." These expressions are all in the Laws, with the explanations. Gregorios zealously invites, says Schultze, all his readers to follow Plethon's "Politeia," "whereby alone they can live happily." Nothing else can have been meant by this "Politeia" than the reform of the State and of its organisation sketched out in the "Laws,"‡ and that this sect was already in possession of the "Law-Book" of

* Schultze (Fritz). *Georgios Gemistos Plethon, und seine reformatorischen Bestrebungen;* pp. 53, 54. Jena; 1874.

† *Op. cit.*, pp. 106, *sqq.*

‡ The "Laws" and the "Law-Book" are different works; one, evidently used in the school by the students; and the other for the outer world—Laws Esoteric and Exoteric.

Plethon is demonstrated by Gregorios, who speaks of it by name, and his other comments also show clearly that the thoughts in it are in complete accord with those of the "Laws;" and indeed, says our author, some passages are taken almost word for word from this latter work.

The attack made by one Mathaios Camariota, in two articles against the "Atheist Plethon," prove also that this school had existed. After the death of its teacher it was broken up—as had been predicted by one of its members, Hieronymus, at the grave of Gemistus. It is not known whether it was in existence before he went to Italy, or whether it was founded on his return; for the details were given out by Hieronymus and Gregorios only at the passing away of the philosopher.

Schultze says: "Gregorios is intimately acquainted with it; not so Hieronymus, who, it is true, shows knowledge of the ethical teachings of Plethon in his writings, but not of the secret theological (*geheimen theologischen*) knowledge. He complains of not having been admitted into the Society (Bund)." From this it is probable that Plethon made a difference between exoteric and esoteric pupils. These last were the Chosen, who were fully initiated into his doctrines. Bessarion—who afterwards became the celebrated cardinal—was from the year 1415 one of his pupils, and later on became fully initiated into the secret knowledge; now if he was Plethon's pupil before 1436, and at a later date shows by his letters to the sons of Gemistus a knowledge of his secret doctrine, then it would appear that this school of the Chosen must have existed before 1436, and therefore prior to Plethon's journey to Italy.

His old age was embittered by the fierce attacks directed against him by Gennadius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, who was particularly virulent against the esoteric doctrines; it may cause some surprise that, with such an enemy, Gemistus did not share the fate of his own teacher of occultism, Elissaios, who was burned. It is a curious fact to notice that amongst the many writers who have mentioned Plethon and his great influence on the Renaissance, Schultze is the only one who gives any detail about the secret doctrine, and the school of esoteric pupils that formed indeed the "heart" of his work.

Let us now pass rapidly on to the book which deals most fully with the doctrines of Plethon.*

It is by no means friendly, but the author has gathered together a valuable list of the works of this philosopher, the most complete, except that of Migne, which I have seen. Only a cursory sketch of the teachings can be given in a magazine article, since we are following a chain of tradition, and not necessarily dwelling on the detailed expression of that tradition as given by the various teachers.

The important point which must be kept in view is that from this great man comes the revival of philosophy in the Christian religion, for, as we shall see, Marsiglio Ficino, his disciple, who worshipped Plato no less fervently than Christ, attempted to demonstrate that the Platonic system contained the essence of the Christian faith.

In the introduction,† Alexandre tells us that the chief idea, which dominates all, is that of one supreme Deity giving His essence to all manifested things, in a manner that is graduated, and by degrees that are descending in the scale of evolution; first to the Gods, who are themselves divided into various categories, next to immaterial substances, and then to corporeal things.

This ladder, says Alexandre, represents the Æons of Gnosticism, and the Sephiroth of the Kabbala. All these Gods, according to Plethon, although they are equivalent ideas, have also their own proper individualities; they are thinking essences (*des essences pensantes*), with will, and with activities; able to marry—doubtless in a purely spiritual sense, and to produce progeny, spiritually also. But they are personalities, otherwise they could not be adored, or prayed to, or have sacrifices offered to them.

Let us next pass on to what is said about reincarnation. Here, alas, but a fragment is left us; but in that precious fragment can be seen how clearly this dogma was held, and how,

* *Alexandre* (*C.*). *Pléthon, Traité des Lois, ou Recueil des Fragments, en partie inédits de cet Ouvrage.* Paris; 1858.

† *Op. cit.*, p. lvii., *sqq.* Alexandre has tried to piece carefully together the fragments of this valuable book. He is himself quite antagonistic to the main ideas. Some most important fragments have been preserved by the chief opponent of Plethon, *i.e.*, Gennadius.

therefore, it became a portion of the philosophy taught in the Platonic Academy. Says Alexandre: "He makes the soul immortal and immaterial, although habitually united to matter; enlightened, but limited, and in consequence fallible; subject like all things to necessity, with liberty after a certain condition, and therefore peccable. But if this soul is immortal, what, then, happens to it after the separation from the body? Here the text is wanting, and in the fragments which remain to us we do not find any explicit details.

"According to our ideas, and in the effort to try and unify them with those of Plethon, we should wish that the soul, or at least the virtuous soul, should unite itself with the superior class, that of Dæmons or Genii.

"But this system does not permit it; that would break the hierarchy, and destroy the eternal demarcation between the different natures of these beings.

"Moreover, Gennadius, in his analysis, says definitely that in this system 'the soul never goes up to the heavens.' 'What happens then to it?' 'It returns,' adds he, 'into the body, and recommences the circle of life after certain defined intervals.' Hence we find, and Gennadius clearly says it, that metempsychosis, that dream common to Brâhmaṇism, Pythagorism, and Platonism, and to all those systems which are drawn directly or indirectly from Indian sources," was taught by Plethon.

Alexandre then proceeds to complain that Plethon says nothing about what happens to the soul in those intervals between its migrations. This is not astonishing to the student of mysticism, for the simple reason that these teachings* belonged to what Schultze called the "Geheimelehre," the secret teachings, and were not at that period given out publicly. Our author then proceeds to say that it was the "mania" of the neo-Pythagoreans of the first century, and later of neo-Platonists, to refer back their doctrines to the most ancient Sages "of Greece, of Asia, and of Egypt," and he says, quoting Gennadius, that it was the teaching of Proclus to which Plethon owed his views. "At all events," says Alexandre, "let us make it

* They used to be part of the old Mystery-teaching, and have only of late years been made public, the time having come for a change in the method of teaching.

clear that Plethon borrowed from the neo-Platonists above all, and it was the proud presumption of this sect which undertook the rebuilding—upon the plans of its ancient Masters—of the edifice of human knowledge, and which, without any scientific demonstration, pretended to dominate all philosophies and all religions. Again, that which they borrowed had constant recourse to emblems in order to disguise the vagueness of its ideas, which verged with them on the absurdities of mysticism, and at times even on the extravagances of demonology and of theurgy."

Our enemies are sometimes our friends, and the writer here quoted drops many valuable hints in his diatribe. He next proceeds to say that hatred of Christianity was the characteristic of this school; but this expression of opinion hardly coincides with the fact that Plethon was selected as one of the conciliators, to try to unite the Greek and Latin Churches, and moreover, that one of his most intimate friends and pupils was a Cardinal of the Roman Church.

This later Platonic school, our author proceeds to say, was allied with Paganism, in which its dogmas were well nourished; it encouraged the persecution under the last Pagan Emperors, triumphed for a short time under the Emperor Julian, and then continued up to the time of Justinian, when it was extinguished in exile, or in silence. This school again revived in the Middle Ages, and was "reborn in the fifteenth century with Plethon, and we see under what a form. This time it did not try to disguise itself; it was the restoration of the ancient Gods. Whatever may have been the influence and talent of Plethon, it is not probable that his paganism ever made many adepts in his country. We know, it is true, that he had formed at Mizithra among his most devoted disciples a Secret Society. Michel Apostolius in a letter published at the end of this work, testifies his desire to enter it. One of his great admirers, Charitonymus or Hieronymus, the author of the funeral oration in his honour, laments that he was never allowed to enter this privileged circle. What happened at those meetings? we do not know. But it may be imagined that the Master there developed his doctrines, and planned the outlines of the reformation." We further learn that when Mizithra was occupied by the Turks, the secret school

was scattered, and indeed one of its members had already foretold that it would be so.

Let us pass on to Italy: Alexandre says very truly that these ideas had immense influence, at least on Italy. "It was under the inspiration of these remembrances that there was founded at Florence the most ancient of all the academies, which later was under the direction of Marsiglio Ficino, whose pantheistic views of the neo-Platonic School make themselves sufficiently clear, in spite of his difficult style, for him to be regarded as the disciple and immediate successor of Plethon."

Four great academies mark this Renaissance period: the Platonic Academy at Florence, that of Pomponius Lætus in Rome, of Pontanus at Naples, and of Aldus Manutius at Venice.

The first of these has exercised a European influence, for through the writings of Marsiglio Ficino and of Pico della Mirandola it reached Reuchlin and his pupil Melancthon, and it is to Gemistus that all this can be directly traced. Symonds writes: "It may be added that Platonic studies in Italy never recovered from the impress of neo-Platonic mysticism." Some students may rejoice that it is so. To the above names must also be added those of Angelo Poliziano, Cristofero Landino and Luigi Pulci; nor, indeed, must the great Cardinal Bessarion be omitted, one of the earliest disciples of our sage. The members of the Platonic Academy in Florence fared more happily than did their fellow-workers in Rome. For Pope Paul II. issued an edict against the name Academy, and said that all who took the name of academicians were to be regarded as heretics. He moreover had many of those who could be found in Rome imprisoned and tortured. The details of these academies must be left for our next article; in this we have been concerned only with the re-introduction into Italy of the Wisdom tradition and the work done by the philosopher Georgius Gemistus Plethon; with his disciples and their work we have yet to deal. The cobwebs of time have been spun around this man's memory; but he laid the foundation upon which was builded the Renaissance of the Platonic philosophy in Italy.

ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY.

THE BARDIC ASCENT OF MAN*

THE Welsh Bardic account of the origin and progress of souls is certainly worth at least a passing notice on the part of students of Theosophy. This is not only because it contains much which coincides with such of our modern theosophic literature as deals with these subjects, but because it also has a remarkable likeness to teaching which is to be found in Egypt, India, and Greece. Some of the Bardic statements are of a nature which, I frankly admit, are incomprehensible to me. It is very likely that there are those in our Society to whom they may be perfectly comprehensible; but even should this not be the case, the fact remains that statements which indicate the existence of a coherent theory and system touching the birth and evolution of animal and human souls, are to be found in the traditions and literatures of widely separated nations. In this fact alone there lies great interest; moreover, when we find the least comprehensible statements made and re-echoed again and again in differing systems, systems in which we observe much profound and subtle thought, we are driven to the conclusion that there is some great truth lying hidden in the most bewildering statements; a truth which, though it may at present evade us, will be unveiled at last. The Bardic assertions as to the two Rivers of Life, and the northern and southern paths of souls, are incomprehensible to me; but since they exist in other great systems, they no doubt represent a veiled truth; veiled, that is to say from me, not necessarily from others.

In my last article on this subject, I pointed out the Bardic belief that irrational lives needed to be inspired by the *Awen*, or Reason from the Highest†; in a poem attributed to Aneurin a

* See THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, Nos. 150, 151, 154, February, March, and June, 1900.

† June, p. 363.

statement is made which seems to imply that this *Awen* is identical with the "Mind" of Hermes Trismegistus; not only so, but the ancient Bard seems to imply either that all men have not the Mind, or else that the Mind is an after-death condition, a state of the disembodied soul. The words employed might be construed to imply that Taliessin, of whom they are used, had reached Nirvâṇa. "I, Aneurin," says the Bard, "knew what is known to Taliessin, who participates in Mind."

This mind was acquired by man during his progress through three *Cylchan* or Circles; I propose in the following pages to give some account of the nature of the evolution of souls, both animal and human, through these three states, which include their experience through the whole cycle of births and deaths, to final Liberation. There was a fourth state sometimes called a Circle, but it was conceived of rather as Space, or as a limiting Ring; a state into which man as man could not enter; nay, into which he apparently could not enter in his superhuman states, and yet remain limited to Self-Consciousness, however vast. This circle was the *Cylch y Ceugant,* or Circle of Infinity; sometimes translated as the Circle of Vacuity, or the Circle of the all-enclosing Circle; it seems to be equivalent to the Ring Pass Not of the *Secret Doctrine.* Only God, says the Bardic teaching, can changelessly endure the eternities of the *Cylch y Ceugant;* He, the Divine and Eternal, has three essentials: He is infinite in Himself and thus can endure infinity; finite to finite consciousness, and therefore to be known of man; possessing co-unity with every mode of existence in the Circle of Felicity. This Circle of Felicity appears to me to indicate that which we call the buddhic plane, and also the nirvâṇic. The *Triads* say that there are three attributes of God: these are Life, Knowledge, and Power; three causes produce beings: Divine Love, Wisdom and Power. God is Love in the most positive and unlimited degree, and "to know Him as He is" and attain union with Him is the goal of all beings. In order to attain this knowledge, union, and co-operation with Deity, lives must traverse the three Circles. They were originally placed in the Circle of Felicity; when there, they "attacked Infinitude" and fell into the state of Inchoation.

This was the Circle *Annwn*, Chaos, or the Great Deep, where there exists no knowledge of God; thence they emerged into the Circle of *Abred*, and there supplicated God. All beings have beginning in *Annwn*, progress through *Abred*, and arrive at completion in the Circle of Felicity, whence they fell, and to which they are finally restored after many births. It is through experience in the state of *Abred* that man attains felicity; he fits himself for heaven by means of births and deaths. If his conduct in any life causes him to retrograde rather than to progress, he falls back "to commence again his purifying revolutions."* The author of the *Vindication* remarks, that although the *Triads* show a Bardic belief in metempsychosis and also in the progress of the soul through many states, the fact only proves that the mediæval Bards believe thus; since the age and authenticity of the *Triads* remain a vexed question. We have the evidence of ancient writers that the Druids held the doctrine of the transmigration of souls†; with regard to the question of metempsychosis, the Bardic belief is by no means clear. Iolo says: "I have . . . . . mentioned a qualified sense in which the Christian Bards and Druids believed in metempsychosis; this was that the depraved soul of man passes, in a state beyond the grave, into progressive modes of existence corresponding with the natures of earthly worms and brutes; into whom in the literal sense, the Aboriginal and Patriarchal Druids believed it passed."‡ Iolo further says that Christianity found nothing in Bardism inconsistent with its own teachings, that the Bards exercised the functions of Christian priests, and imbued the ancient British Church with Druidic philosophy; if this be so, then a belief in re-incarnation must have formed part of primitive Christianity. It is not easy to see why Iolo imputes a wider form of belief to early Bards than to the Bards of the past Christian period;

* See Turner's *Vindication*, p. 235.

† We have the evidence of Cæsar, who also states that the Druidic instructions were purely oral; the evidence of Diodorus of Sicily, Valerius Maximus, Pomponius Mela, and Lucan. Ammianus Marcellinus, quoting Timagenes, makes the same statements with regard to the teaching of the Druids of Gaul. There is also evidence that the Irish believed in rebirth; for instance, Mongán, the Irish hero, was supposed to be a re-incarnation of Find mac Cumaill. According to O'Beirne Crowe, the Irish transmigration was into the bodies of animals; the Gauls believed that souls entered the bodies of men.

‡ *Poems, Lyric and Pastoral.* Iolo Morganwy. P. xx. 2 vols., London; 1794.

ancient writers speak of the Druids as learned men. Iolo hated Rome, but he mingled Protestantism with his Bardism; he seems to think that his Christianity compels him to attribute comparative darkness to his pre-Christian Bardic brethren. Myfyr Morganwy is far more catholic in his views. The belief of the "Aboriginal and Patriarchal Druids," was probably the same as that of the mediæval Bards with regard to the "earthly worms and brutes."

Let us return to the consideration of the state of *Abred*. In *Abred* are "three necessities," to wit: existence in its least possible degree,* matter of everything, and forms of all things; it is in *Abred* that individuality arises; it is pre-eminently the realm of animal and human life, and would include, in our nomenclature, the physical, astral and mental planes, the elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms. The state of *Abred* is needful, because therein is the matter of every nature, there knowledge of every state of being is collected, and power is there generated in order to destroy† *Gwrth* (the opposing) and *Cythraul* (the destroying) principles.

In *Abred* man gradually purifies himself from evil; and though he incurs necessity,‡ oblivion, and death, yet these are divine instruments for subduing evil. The deaths which follow man's changes are escapes from their power; it is necessary that humanity should suffer and should change; but above all, man must *choose;* knowledge, benevolence, and power to acquire are the objects of human evolution; to attain these things it is needful to have relative liberty§ and power of choice; therefore any being in the states previous to humanity cannot attain them. Humanity alone is the battlefield, the scene of contest and struggle for perfection. Since knowledge can be attained only by means of experience, it is needful to pass through all modes of existence.

* It may be that "existence" should rather be "consciousness."

† I speculate whether the word "balance" should not be used rather than "destroy"; it seems to me that these "principles" are the Indian Guṇas, Tamas and Rajas. Perhaps this is straining the phrase, therefore I make the suggestion tentatively.

‡ Of his higher state.

§ The liberty is relative only; liberty is attained in the Circle of Felicity; and yet, in a verse presently to be explained, it is not attained even there in permanent perfection.

Iolo Morganwy puts forward an interesting Bardic doctrine with regard to evil. All states below humanity are of necessity evil; that is to say, there can be no active goodness where there is no choice and no sense of evil-doing. In a condition where evil unavoidably preponderates, no being can be considered as culpable in its action; beings, as they approach humanity, attain some degree of "negative goodness." In the human kingdom good and evil are equally balanced, liberty is attained, and the will becomes free. Of course this cannot be taken in any save the broadest sense; good and evil are not equally balanced in the average "unregenerate" human soul; most souls swing to and fro between the two poles; and there are, as we know, varying proportions of the two ingredients of "ill" and "well" in the different units which compose the human race; nevertheless, broadly speaking, it is possible to see what is meant, and to assent in the main. Man, thus becoming accountable for his actions, may attach himself either to good or to evil. Iolo further remarks that man cannot, even though he attach himself to evil, commit any act that is not more or less conducive to the ultimate good. In other words, however disastrous may be the consequences of evil action to the actor, however painful the results of his deed to him, and even to others, the Will of the Logos, which is Absolute Good, cannot be thwarted. Every being is destined to fill an allotted place in creation; the Creator has made nothing in vain; forms only are annihilated; eternal misery is impossible; the soul, a minute particle of refined matter, endued with life and capable of expanding to any new form which it enters, must not only endure for ever, but must ultimately reach eternal bliss; it may nevertheless delay its progress. And here I will revert to the question of the Bardic doctrine as to metempsychosis and the retrogression of the sinful soul.

The soul injures itself by three means, and they are worthy of close attention. 1. By not endeavouring to obtain knowledge.* 2. By non-attachment to God. 3. By attachment to evil.

By these three means a human soul may cast itself back, or

* See *The Christian Creed.* C. W. Leadbeater. Pp. 95-96.

at any rate delay its evolution. It appears to be a little uncertain whether the soul can re-visit *Annwn ;* there are statements to the effect that it can so sink ; and there is also a statement that " there is but one visit to *Annwn.*" I am inclined to think that both statements are true ; I think the clue to their meaning can be found on pp. 108, 109 of *The Christian Creed ;* Mr. Leadbeater draws a distinction between the " æonian fire,"* which is the lot of the severed personality or discarded sheaths, and the " æonian delay," which befalls the true man.

Sharon Turner gathers from the Bardic *Triads* and the *Barddas* that pride will throw the soul into *Annwn,* falsehood into a state called *Obryn,* and cruelty into *Cydvil ; Obryn* is said to be a condition signifying something nearly equivalent to the fault committed. Iolo says : " Man, attaching himself to evil falls in Death to such an animal state of existence as corresponds to the turpitude of his soul ; which may cast him to the lowest point of existence, to rise again to Humanity ; yet should he fall again, he will rise again, and should this happen for millions of ages the path to happiness is still open to him, and so will remain, for sooner or later he will arrive at his destined state of happiness."

Iolo further says that memory, and the consciousness of having transgressed the Law, are suffered to remain in the lower states of existence after death, in order to implant an aversion for evil ; when man arrives at a state above humanity, he recollects all his past, both good and bad, and can retraverse it at will.

Morien, the pupil of Myfyr Morganwy, declares that the human soul can never re-enter the animal kingdom ; but if ungodly, it can be relegated to the circles of metempsychosis " in the southern direction." This is an allusion to the " Rivers of Life " to which reference will shortly be made.

This is the bitter, but by no means hopeless, condition of the wicked. The good, on the contrary, go after death to *Gwnfa,* the White or Holy Place, and after many changes attain the Circle of Felicity, where all changes are " felicitating." Having reached this condition the soul may rise above humanity and attain liberty, " the glorious liberty of the Sons of God ; "

* *Annwn,* a sort of crucible of raw material.

nevertheless, says Iolo, permanently perfect liberty can never universally take place till all beings and all modes of existence are entirely divested of evil; but evil, being possible, will eternally exist in its abstract principles; all possibilities are things of eternity.

In the Circle of Felicity man can remember every state of animated existence; he undergoes changes, but these are happy ones; he perpetually gains knowledge, and enjoys occasional repose. He can co-act with Deity; and since in his high condition good preponderates, he cannot fall, but must rise higher and higher as his wisdom increases; his virtue and purity cannot increase, for he is sinless. Three "restorations" are made to him; 1. Original genius. 2. All that was primevally beloved. 3. Remembrance.* The "three stabilities" of his knowledge are: to have traversed every state, to remember it, and to be able to retraverse it at will. He knows the causes of evil in every mode of existence, and all the operative principles of Nature. Such knowledge was attributed by Lucan to the ancient Druids. The soul whose habitat is the Circle of Felicity can revisit humanity; it seems to be likely that he is one of those Beings to whom reference is made by Iolo. He asserts that all the knowledge which we possess of "supernal existence" has been given by celestial Beings, who of their own benevolence, subject to that of God, return for a while to this world. Such knowledge has been communicated in all parts of the world, and to such Divine communication Bardism owes its knowledge.

The statements made in the foregoing pages are chiefly summarised from the *Triads*, the *Barddas*, the statements made by Iolo, W. Owen, and Owen Morgan (Morien), and those made by ancient writers repeating the beliefs of the Druids, the forerunners of the Bards.†

I must before concluding this article make some reference to Morien's statements, the fruit of the teaching of Myfyr

* He has originally fallen from Felicity and his origin is Divine, therefore he but finds his true Self again. I may remind my readers of the words: "This race, my child, is never taught, but when He willeth it, its memory is restored by God." *Secret Sermon on the Mountain*, THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, Feb. 1899, p. 523.

† Druid was, in fact, the title of the teaching Bard; there were three chief orders, and apparently lesser degrees.

Morganwy, with regard to the two paths of the Sun, and the two Rivers of Life.

In the *Light of Britannia* it is asserted that the Hidden Sun, of which the physical sun is a symbol, was held by the Bards to be the Father of Lives; the two rivers of Druidism are his northern and his southern paths. The south was regarded as the entrance to *Annwn*, because there the sun descends in helplessness on December 20th; when he re-ascends on the 25th he brings with him lives from *Annwn* and from *Abred*. Souls ascend from *Annwn* with the sun, and descend with him; the "two rivers" are the means of the cyclic ebb and flow of life. The lower rung of the circles of *Annwn** is in the southern region; its highest rung in this life is the Equinoctial Line of Free Will.† The sinner, at death, sinks to the depth to which he has adapted himself; but none sink to *Annwn*,‡ whence they climbed with the sun's assistance as their Father.

Animal lives, which are human souls in progress of development, are finally delivered to free will, the station of which is compared to the line of the equator; south of it is winter and death; north of it is summer and life eternal. Perhaps the line of the equator corresponds to the state of *Abred* from the point of humanity onwards; it is the dividing line—perhaps the mental plane, or lower mind in man. But the equinoctial line is also said to be the "natural river" which causes physical growth, for the sun endows man with both spiritual and physical life. The Bardic statement that the lives transmitted from the sun evolved through the animal kingdom to the human seems to hint at an idea similar to that conveyed by the theosophical division of the various classes of beings into Solar and Lunar Pitris.

Morien says that the Druids passed, in their speculations, beyond the limits of the material world; he does not seem to entertain the idea that their views were less the fruit of speculation than of experience. He does not seem to think that human souls live many lives on earth; he places no such construction

* It is implied that the three circles are sub-divided; there are circles in *Annwn*, and circles in *Abred*; *Obryn* appears to be a circle within a circle.

† I should have supposed that the Equinoctial Line was in *Abred*.

‡ The lowest depth of *Annwn*, the state of Inchoation, seems to be implied. *Annwn* and *Abred* blend. Readers of Dante will probably be struck by this Welsh system of many "circles" in Hades; so too will students of the *Pistis Sophia*.

on the Bardic assertions. He apparently thinks that the Bards believed in progress after death, at least in the case of the virtuous. His view seems to be very much akin to that which the late Mr. Marsham Adams took of the Egyptian teachings;* neither Morien nor the author of *The Book of the Master* appears to perceive that the "felicitating changes" might form part of the experiences of an incarnate soul; the later Bards speak of Initiation, but they do not appear to understand what is implied by it. Morien's representation of Bardism seems to imply that the soul which has retrograded during its human life, sinks to some level of *Obryn*, and must reclimb to the Line of Free Will when the sun leads souls from *Annwn* northwards; it then re-enters the human kingdom, and incarnates for the second time; thus it is again tested; if it fails, it sinks again when death destroys its physical body. If it succeeds, it passes onwards towards its "felicitating changes." Thus the soul *may* have many human incarnations, but it is not compelled to do so, save through sin. As aforesaid, we have evidence that a belief, not only in reincarnation as we hold the doctrine, but also in "degraded transmigrations," formed part of the ancient orally-transmitted system of the Welsh.

The symbol which represents the sun as launched in a boat which floats on a celestial river, is to be found in other systems besides that of the Bards; so also is the conception of a cyclic ebb and flow, and a dual path by which souls go to and from the underworld; for instance, among the Maoris there are believed to be two entrances through which souls pass into Hades, and by these the sun also appears and disappears. Readers of the *Mahâbhârata* will remember that the hero Bhîshma refuses to leave his tortured body while the sun is in the southern path, and the time of forthgoing unfavourable. The idea of a celestial river as the pathway of lives is found in all the legends in which the soul is represented as crossing water after death; that is to say, all over the world. The Mic Mac hero, Glooscap (by some identified with the sun), goes forth on a dark, underground

* It may be that the later Bards withheld the teaching as to reincarnation, or lost it almost entirely. W. Owen, in his translation of the works of Llywarch Hên, says he is indisposed to disclose their traditions save at a Bardic *Gorsedd*.

river, singing the "Songs of Magic,"* and he finally returns to the light of day; he takes with him two companions who die, and are restored to life by him when he emerges into the light. In India the earthly Ganges is the representative of the heavenly; in Egypt the celestial Nile was the prototype of the great river which gave fertility and life to the lands which it watered; I will ask the reader to compare the Egyptian system as it is set forth in the *Book of the Master*† with this Bardic system which I have attempted to summarise in this and in my previous article on Celi-Cêd.

The hymn to Rā, the Sun God, which is quoted by Mr. Wallis Budge from the papyrus of *The Coming Forth by Day*,‡ has in it points very reminiscent of the whole Bardic system. There we not only find the symbol of the boat,§ but we also find the *Ātet* boat contrasted with the *Sektet* boat, indicating the two paths of the sun; in this hymn to Rā, the Sun is invoked as the beautiful and beloved Man Child, and the Divine Child;‖ He is the giver of life and the leader of souls, precisely as He is represented in the Bardic system; the following quotations will show the reader how remarkable is the similarity; it is said: "When thou risest, men and women live."¶ "Thou leadest in thy train that which is, and that which is not yet, in thy name of Ta-her-sta-nef; thou towest along the earth in thy name of Seker" (p. 124). "Grant thou that I may sail down to Tattu like a living soul, and up to Abtu like the Phœnix, and grant that I may enter in and come forth . . . without let or hindrance" (p. 124). "Grant that I may follow in the train of thy Majesty even as I did upon earth" (p. 33). "His land draweth unto every land; the South cometh sailing down the river thereto, and the North, steered thither by winds cometh daily to make festival therein" (125). Again: "Rā (saileth) with a fair wind;

* These Glooscap legends, translated by Mr. Leland, are of great interest. Glooscap is the Creator and also a human teacher.

† See especially pp. 10 to 15 and 41 to 44

‡ *Egyptian Ideas of the Future Life.* Wallis Budge. London; 1899.

§ The boat, as I said in my previous article, was a symbol of *Cêd* and *Ceridwen;* a boat-shaped vessel was also the symbol of the Mexican Goddess *Chalchiuhtlicue,* who was the Mexican Isis.

‖ The same symbol as the Crowned Babe.

¶ See *Egyptian Ideas of the Future Life,* p. 122.

the Sektet boat draweth on and cometh into port. The mariners of Rā rejoice" (p. 196).

The last quotation forms part of the *Papyrus of Ani*; in this papyrus the God Rā (the Sun) promises to Ani that he shall come forth into heaven, shall pass over the sky, and shall be joined to the starry deities. "Praises shall be offered to thee in thy boat," says the God. "All the Gods shall rejoice when they behold Rā coming in peace to make the hearts of the shining ones to live" (p. 196). "May the Soul of Ani come forth with thee into heaven; may he go forth in the Ātet boat. May he come into port in the Sektet boat" (p. 33). "Those who are in the Tuat (under world) come forth to meet thee" (p. 34).

These quotations certainly indicate a system containing much which is startlingly akin to the Indian conception of the northern and southern paths of the Sun and their influence on birth and death; they are yet more strikingly like the Bardic system, as it is indicated by the *Triads*, the *Barddas*, and the exposition of Bardism offered by Morien. In conclusion I would, though only in passing, point out once more the curious fact that something not unlike this system is also found among the Maoris, and among the Mic-Mac Indians; among almost all the North American Indian tribes the Sun is reverenced as a symbol; among the *Zuñis* the Sun is pre-eminently the Father and Leader of lives. Further links in the chain are afforded by the assertion of Carver, quoted by W. Owen, to the effect that certain Mississippi Indians were called "Welsh Indians" because they possessed Welsh words in their language. These people, he says, used the colour blue as an emblem of peace and truth; it is stated in the *Barddas* that blue was the colour worn by the *Bard Braint* or Ruler Bard; that he wore this blue as an emblem of Truth, which was the ultimate goal of all Bardic study. If this be true, it is a very noteworthy point; in any case there is, in the Sun and Fire rites which are found alike in Scotland, Ireland, Wales and America, undoubted evidence which links the Bards and Druids not only with Egypt and the East, but also with the ancient "new world" of the West.

IVY HOOPER.

INDIAN HYMNOLOGY

Râvana's Hymn to Shiva

Mark of darkness on the throat of snow,
Moon on flaming front in golden glow,
Tossing tress in lotus-petal palm,
Wreath of heads radiant with conscious calm,
Folds of skin of mammoth, gleaming blue
Splendours of loins translucent shining through,
Mystic Light unknown—to Thee I bow!

Moon and threefold eyes outstreaming light,
Making day alway of day and night;
Immortal River of th' immortal race,
Wand'ring thro' lighted locks at wanton pace;
Wand'ring in waves at will thro' waving hair,
Laughing with spray of stars, the River fair;
Lambent Light of locks—to Thee I bow!

Crowds of Indras at Thy palace-gate
Craving entrance, altho' all too late;
Kept in order by the trunk incurled
Of Thy Warder-Son, and flung unfurled
Thro' those thronging Rulers of the world,
Show'ring shattered crowns and sceptres hurled;
Better wear Pishâcha form, so we
Evermore are near and wait on Thee!
Wish for wealth of Gods we disavow;
Light of Pramathas—to Thee I bow!

Blazing over back of Vrisha, white
With a whiteness that puts out of sight
Snow-born pride of high Kubera's hill;
Blue with folds of skin enwrapping still;

Red with deep vermilion from the frame
Of the shining Bride of the sweet name;
Light of Uma's heart—to Thee I bow!
Sin-consuming Light—to Thee I bow!

Light! that ever helped me eve and morn,
Lead me past the sins of sense forsworn;
Light! illumine still my path and guide
Far from the ways of Kâma and of pride;
Laving in the waves of Ganga's stream,
Living by the banks, I do not dream
Anything but Thee—to Thee I bow!
Ever-living Light—to Thee I bow!

Let not Lakshmi's lightning-flashes find
Favour in thy dazzled eyes, O mind!
Actress, swifter than the lightning's play,
Fills thee now with life, and now doth slay!—
Place thy peace and pleasure e'er in Him
On whose locks the moon grows never dim.
Thou that wear'st the moon upon Thy brow,
Thou that wear'st the skin—to Thee I bow.

May my days pass peacefully away
On some mountain-top, where day by day
Pramath' girls rob trees of fruit and flow'r
At Thy fane to lay in every hour.
No more do I desire the golden sides
Thick with the tress-dropt flowr's of Siddha's brides.
Vain delights! of these I've had enow,
Dweller of Kailâs—to Thee I bow!

May my fancies cluster at the feet
Of those lights that crown Thee—where there meet
Crystal waves of Thy bright Ganga's stream;
Cluster ever, ever, till they dream
They are hermits gath'ring Tapas there
Where stand leafy trees by river fair;
White as blameless bloom of Mallika,
Lord of Forests—unto Thee I bow!

Holding back Thine eyes from outward sights,
Meditating on the Inner Lights,
Lord of Creatures, Âtmâ of the all,
From whose locks the streams of Ganga fall—
Ganga, on whose banks the crescent grows
Of the Moon within whose beams there flows
Endless stream of curling Kalpas—Thou,
Lord of Light and Love—to Thee I bow!

May the creeper-tendrils of the rays,
Fed by Ganga's thousand rills and sprays,
Crowning Thee as tresses, finding life
From Thee, Tree Divine! May they be rife
With the fruit of Moksha, sought with pray'r,
Hung'ring heart, and tears and eyes of care.
Lord of Moksha—unto Thee I vow
Love and Faith, and unto Thee I bow!

To the Children of Manu

O Sons of Manu! Set your hearts on Him—
The Lord of creatures, and the Lord of earth,
The Lord of the snake-worlds, Lord of the moon,
Lord of the Satî—Him who takes away
The pains of those that turn in love to Him.

Not father and not mother and not brother,
Nor sons, nor families, nor armies vast—
Nothing avails but He when Death assails;
So, Sons of Manu! set your hearts on Him.

Master is He of the sweet Pancham' sound
Diff'rent from sound of Murâj, Dindima,
Or other instrument, and Master too
Of Pramathas and Bhûtas in great hosts;
So, Sons of Manu! set your love on Him.

Let your love rest on Him who wears the wreath
Of human heads and ear-rings of the same,
Rejoices in His serpent-garlands, bears

The pennon with the sign of the great Bull—
Is whitened all with the white dust of Chit—
O Sons of Manu! set your hearts on Him.

Giver of refuge, Giver of all joy
Giver of help, auspicious, Shiva, Shiva!
Revered of men, Giver of fearlessness,
Sea of compassion—children, turn to Him!

Destroyer of the faithless sacrifice,
Yet giving fruit of it if done in faith;
Crowned with the snow-rayed moon, consuming yet
In one vast conflagration—at the end
Of dying Kalpas—Titans, men and Gods;
O Sons of Manu! fix your faith in Him!

Let pass the pride that you have garnered long
And carefully within those hardened hearts;
See death and birth and trembling anciency
Crushing the crouching worlds—and turn to Him!

To Him whom Hari and Viranchi too
And Indra, Monarch of the Gods, revere.
Whom Yama and Gaṇesha and Dhanesh
Lowly salute; Him of the Threefold eyes,
The Lord of the Three Worlds, the Lord of all—
O Sons of Manu! set your hearts on Him.

A HINDU STUDENT.

I ALWAYS feel very much helped by the thought that the thing which I find difficult to do is just that rung of the ladder which marks my progress and upon which I must place my foot to rise still higher.—COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCE

In these days of exultation over the advance of Modern Science, people are perhaps a little apt to forget that there still exists in the world a Science of vast antiquity, of hoary anciency, whose achievements dwarf those as yet obtained by its modern namesake, whatever of possibly overtopping greatness may await the latter in the future. It may not then be useless to study the two briefly, side by side, to see where they agree and where they differ, whether their methods coincide or whether they entirely diverge.

In speaking of Ancient Science, I am not thinking of the demi-antiquity of Greece or of Rome, the Science of which was merely an offshoot from that of Egypt, Chaldæa and India. Ancient Science strikes its roots deeply into that vast continent over the greater part of which the waves of the Atlantic are now rolling, that continent of Atlantis which Modern Science is beginning to recognise, and the last fragment of which—the Island of Poseidonis, whereof Plato tells us—disappeared some eleven thousand years ago. Traces of that occidental Ancient Science are yet to be found in the records of Egypt and in the antiquities of China, and it is not without significance that the science of chemistry takes its name from Khem, the old name of Egypt. The Ancient Science that is more familiar to us is that which—brought eastwards by the flower of the Fourth Race that bore in its heart the seed of the Fifth—was planted in India and there grew into a mighty tree. While the Ancient Science of the West was whelmed under the floods, that of the East grew up in its stead, and in the first sub-race of the Âryan stock it was carried to a magnificent height and took on the sublimest developments. It is this which we will therefore take as the type of Ancient Science.

The point that at once strikes us when we first put Ancient

and Modern Science side by side is the profound difference in their several attitudes towards Religion. In antiquity, Religion and Science were never divorced from each other, nor did it enter into the imagination of any to regard them as possible rivals. Every temple was a school; every priest was a teacher; and, for a reason that will presently be seen, a man needed to be a saint ere he could hope to be a sage. The Brâhmaṇas, the priestly caste, were also the teaching caste, and had it as their duty to train the young in all knowledge. And so highly was knowledge valued, that this teaching caste was the highest caste, and the ruler clad in cloth of gold would bow humbly at the feet of the half-naked but learned teacher, for it was thought a greater thing to add one small fragment to the area of knowledge than to bring another country within the confines of the empire. If Religion strove to reveal God to the heart, Science strove to reveal Him to the intelligence, and thus we find it written:

"Shaunaka, verily, the great householder, came near to Aṇgiras full humbly and asked: 'What, O blessed one, is that which known makes known all else?'

"To him he spake: 'Two sciences should be known—thus the Brahma-knowers tell us—the higher and also the lower. Now the lower is the Ṛigveda, the Yajurveda, the Sámaveda, the Atharvaveda, prosody, rites, grammar, etymology, poetry, astronomy, and so on. But the higher is that by which the Eternal is understood.'"*

Within this Lower Science, the *Apara-vidyâ*, some four-and sixty sciences were numbered, and for many patient years the student would strive for their mastery; but the Higher Science, the *Para-vidyâ*, that was but one, but a life-time could only learn its alphabet, for it was the crown of all sciences, the knowledge of the Heart of All, the Self. To know the Self, the Essence of nature, the Life universal, the supreme Being, the Eternal, that alone was knowledge—all else was ignorance. To know God was the last triumph of intelligence, the supreme achievement of Ancient Science, of the Science of the East.

Now the Science of the later West, Modern Science, strikes

* Muṇḍakopaniṣhad, i. 3-5,

its roots in Southern Spain, in Andalusia, in the schools of the Moors and the Arabians. Fair fruit of the early days of Islâm, its very origin was an offence to the Christendom on which it was grafted. It came in the wake of invading conquering armies, and its presence was felt as a blasphemy against the Christ, as a triumph of His Mussulmân rival. The compasses were a weapon against the Faith like the scimitar, and while the Muslim chivalry slew the body the Muslim university poisoned the soul. Religion seized, imprisoned, tortured, burned Science, and Science, forced to fight for its very life, for air to breathe, for ground to live on, struck with ever-growing force at the Religion that strove to slay it. Hence increasing antagonism, enlarging strife, the bitter "Conflict between Religion and Science," lasting down to our own days.

The difference between Ancient and Modern Science in their attitudes towards religion is thus due to the different environments in which they severally evolved.

The next point of difference that strikes us is that of the objects and line of study. Both work by observation, but the observation is directed along different lines.

Modern Science studies the forms that make up the kosmos; Ancient Science the life which holds it together and maintains each form. The first studies objects, and seeks by induction to discover the relations between them and the laws within which they act; the second studies the basic principles of the kosmos, and seeks by deduction to trace the path of evolution and to outline the necessary forms in which these principles will be expressed. It is as though in studying a tree one man began at the leaves, observed the shape, colour and characteristics of each, dissected them one by one, went from them to each twig, to each branch, to the trunk, to the root and the rootlets; the other took the seed, and, observing the life-principles at work, deduced their manifestations in root, trunk, branch, twig, leaf. The first studies the Many in its indefinite branches; the other the One in its definite expansion.

The order in which physiology and psychology are dealt with in relation to man will serve as a convenient illustration. Modern Science begins with physiology, studies the body, the

nervous system, the brain, measures responses to stimuli, calculates the speed of nerve-waves, and so on, and on this basis proceeds to build up psychology. The individual consciousness is regarded as the outcome of all this nervous activity, and cannot be considered apart from it; to this conclusion this method of study inevitably tends.

Ancient Science begins with psychology, studies intelligence, analyses consciousness, investigates mental states, and regards the body as an instrument, an organ, shaped for the expression of these states. To it the body is *a result*, and consciousness can do without any particular body; let the one it is using be struck away, and it can readily fashion another.

The question at once arises in the mind: How can such a study be carried out? And the answer leads us to another profound difference between Ancient and Modern Science. When the modern scientist reaches the limits of his powers of observation, he proceeds to enlarge those limits by devising new instruments of increased delicacy; when the ancient scientist reached the limits of his powers of observation, he proceeded to enlarge them by evolving new capacities within himself. Where the one shapes matter into fresh forms, makes a more delicate balance, a finer lens, the other forced spirit to unfold new powers, and called on the Self to put forth increased energies. Why and how this was done shall be presently shown; that Self-evolution, or preferably that Self-manifestation, was the Secret of the East. Its first stages were in exoteric religion; its later stages in esoteric teachings. The end was the effectual shining forth of the Self omnipotent and omniscient, and when That was manifested all else became manifest afterwards.

Before dealing further with this let us glance at some results of modern study, which have carried Modern Science into a field whereon it meets its ancient predecessor. The common ground on which this meeting takes place is the ether. The two start from opposite poles, and meet at last here. Modern Science has climbed slowly upwards, making sure each step of the ascent; solids, liquids, gases, have been observed, weighed, tested, analysed, and at last Science finds itself in a region where matter fails to respond, becomes intangible, imponderable,

and yet it must be present to render intelligible the working of mighty energies. So Science formulates the existence of intangible, imponderable matter—intangible, imponderable for its present resources—and proceeds to study it as best it may. Ancient Science has descended step by step from life and intelligence to the kinds of matter in which they clothe themselves, becoming ever denser and denser, till it also reaches the ether and carries on therein its later observations. Here, then, we can compare their results, and see how far they agree.

Among the more significant of late discoveries has been that of the Röntgen or X rays, vibrations in the ether which pass through matter hitherto regarded as opaque, and, for instance, enable a photograph to be taken of the skeleton within a living body, or of a bullet imbedded in an internal organ. These vibrations are alleged to be seventy-five times smaller than the smallest light vibrations, and thus can pass through matter impermeable to light and heat. Now eight years before the X rays were discovered *The Secret Doctrine* was published, and in that Mme. Blavatsky remarked: "Matter has extension, colour, motion (molecular motion), taste and smell, corresponding to the existing senses of man, and the next characteristic it developes—let us call it for the moment 'Permeability'—will correspond to the next sense of man, which we may call 'normal clairvoyance.' . . . . A partial familiarity with the characteristic of matter—permeability—which should be developed concurrently with the sixth sense, may be expected to develope at the proper period in this Round. But with the next Element added to our resources in the next Round, Permeability will become so manifest a characteristic of matter, that the densest forms of this Round will seem to man's perceptions as obstructive to him as a thick fog, and no more."* The fulfilment of the latter part of this quotation lies in the future, but the earlier part is now verified, for the discovery of the X rays has completed a singular chain. Not long ago, a little boy in America saw the bones of his father's hand through the covering flesh, and medical observations established the fact that he "saw by the X rays," or, to use our

* *Op. cit.*, i. 272, 278, last edition.

own phrase, was "physically clairvoyant." Other people here and there show this faculty, born with them, "variations" pointing to a line of evolution. Under hypnotic conditions many persons show this same power, and "hypnotic lucidity" is a well-established fact. Others become clairvoyant by practice. Surely when these facts are set side by side: etheric vibrations by which certain objects may be seen through opaque matter; occasional instances of people born with a power to receive and respond to those vibrations; many people able to receive and respond to them when shut off from the vibrations they normally respond to; artificial development of the power to receive and respond to them; we have definite signs of the evolution of a new sense and sense-organ. The sense-organ is rudimentary in the normal person, is at least partially developed in the born clairvoyant, is susceptible of stimulation in most people when the developed senses are temporarily silenced, and may have its development forced by special means. Here the positive declaration of Ancient Science, based on innumerable experiences, is in way of verification by the discoveries of Modern Science.

The existence of what occultists from immemorial antiquity have called "dark light," or "invisible light," is being proved by the experiments of Dr. Le Bon, related by himself in a monograph, of which the salient points are quoted in the Parisian *La Nature* for June, 1900. Conscious or unconscious of its significance, he has named his discovery *la lumière invisible.*

Ancient Science asserts that etheric vibrations can be utilised for purposes of communication without the employment of apparatus connecting the points of generation and reception. Jagadish Chandra Bose and Marconi have severally proved this to be true as regards some such vibrations marked off as electrical. "Wireless telegraphy" is now an established fact, and shows that the ether itself suffices as a medium of communication between widely separated points. The transmission of thought-waves through the ether is thus proved to be theoretically possible, and its actuality is asserted by such eminent scientists as Sir William Crookes and Professor Oliver Lodge, to say nothing of less important investigators.

Another interesting statement, made by Marconi, may be mentioned: that he believed that the electrical vibrations were of different *forms*. Herein he is quite at one with Ancient Science. Some observers, who study according to the old rules, have stated that the form of the X ray vibrations is a double spiral or helix. It will be interesting to see if any later scientific discovery verifies this observation.

As Modern Science continues its discoveries in the etheric region, it will more and more substantiate the assertions of Ancient Science, reached by methods so different from its own.

As the limits of our space forbid us to further multiply instances of concord between Ancient and Modern Science in the etheric region, we must turn to the question already formulated: Why did Ancient Science begin with consciousness, and how can study be carried on along its lines? Thus is it answered:

The universe consists of the vibrations of a universal life, and of the forms into which they throw the matter in which they play. Life is motion. Consciousness is motion. Forms vibrate under its impulse according to the rarity or density of the matter of which they are composed. The life vibrating within a form enters into relations with, affects, any other portions of life within forms which are capable of responding to it, *i.e.*, of reproducing its vibrations in whole or in part. At a certain stage of this exchange the separated lives become conscious of each other.

The Self in man is part of the kosmic Self, and is capable of vibrating in every way in which the kosmic Self vibrates. This Self in man is the "I" which is conscious of its own existence, which feels and thinks. As it exchanges vibrations with other Selves around it, it distinguishes all in which it is not conscious of its own existence, in which it does not feel and think, as the Not-Self. (The separation of forms leads it to the false conclusion that the Selves are also separate.) This Self can only know the other Selves as it is able to respond to them, and its "evolution" is merely the bringing out of the capacities it contains. Hence it can know everything by turning outwards the powers within it, and all true knowledge is attainable by

Self-unfoldment only. We know a thing when we become it, *i.e.*, when we vibrate as it vibrates. The bodies with which the Self is clothed enable it to come into touch with all bodies composed of similar materials, which vibrate at the same rates.

In the present solar system there are seven fundamental types of matter, elements or atoms, primitive bases of all combinations. Each of these types gives rise to innumerable combinations, which in their totality form a "world," or "plane," or "region of existence." The Self clothes itself in a body or sheath of each kind of matter, and thus comes into touch with all these worlds, each body receiving and responding to the vibrations of its world. Consciousness is the relation between the Self and the Not-Self, and the expansion of this relation is evolution. As the physical world is known by means of the physical body, through which the Self receives it, so each world of lessening density is perceived by the Self through a body of similar matter. Further, these bodies are separable from each other, and the Self can temporarily discard the grosser to facilitate its observations of the subtler.

These fundamental principles of Ancient Science were established by the experiences of highly-developed men, and are always verifiable anew by those who develope the capacities inherent alike in all. But this development is, it is fair to say, not practicable for everyone within the limits of the present life, any more than great scientific attainments can be said to be within reach of the majority. If a man is to become a great mathematician, a great astronomer, a great physicist, he must begin life with a marked aptitude for the branch of science in which he is to excel. To this marked aptitude he must add careful and prolonged study, aided in the earlier stages by competent instructors; he must give his life to his work, if he is to achieve eminence, and must make other pursuits subordinate to the one aim of his life. All this is equally necessary for the man who would win success in the pursuit of the highest Science, and first-hand knowledge cannot be enjoyed by any who do not fulfil these conditions of all successful pursuit of truth in any kingdom of nature.

It will now be clear why religion could not be divorced from

Science among those who thus regarded life. The first thing necessarily demanded from the student was that he should cease from evil ways and dominate his passions, so that the Self might utilise its lower vehicles for the gaining of knowledge, undisturbed by riotous vibrations which blurred all vision. Then the student was taught to refine the physical body and render it ever increasingly sensitive to vibrations, while preserving it in health. He was trained to control his senses and to concentrate his mind, until, having purified and thoroughly mastered his vehicles, he could use them only for the purposes of the Self. Then he could come into touch with every part of nature, and for such a one "Nature has no secrets in all her kingdoms."

Along such road travelled Ancient Science, and for those who would still follow that Science there is no other road.

Those who are not yet prepared to tread this ancient path, may yet do much to profit by the suggestions and hints gathered from Ancient Science, if they will avoid falling into extremes in Religion on the one side and in Modern Science on the other.

There are two great enemies that ever stand opposed to human progress, one wearing the mask of Science, the other the mask of Religion. One is the Incredulity which denies facts because they are new; the other is the Credulity which accepts superstitions because they are old. Each grasps a poniard with which it strikes at Truth, the Angel which guides Humanity along the upward path. Which is the more dangerous foe it is hard to decide, for the rigid refusal to even consider the evidences on which a new and startling truth reposes, shuts a man out from progress as much as does the folly which swallows open-mouthed the emptiest tale. Superstition often renders a man more ridiculous than does scepticism, but their effects on progress are much the same. Hard iron cannot be shaped any more than fluid mud. We need willingness to study, impartiality, clear vision and right judgment, and then we shall find that now, as of old, right knowledge is attainable, for we have within us That whose nature is knowledge, and who can never rest until He can say "I know."

ANNIE BESANT.

NEW ENGLAND DAWN AND KELTIC TWILIGHT

(NOTES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY THOREAU AND THE POEMS OF W. B. YEATS)

I.

"THERE is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the composition thereof." Thus wrote Thomas Fuller long ago. He adds:—"It is the light of knowledge that maketh glorious the skirts of beauty, and reveals to us the majesty of darkness."

There is an echo in the old writer's words; it is found in our minds to-day. For in this century—so rich in manifold intellectual gifts, in concrete works of art—are not its creations touched, nay, interpenetrated, with the beauty that has the quality of strangeness for its dominant tone? We find this quality everywhere: in the poetry of the age, in the music of Wagner, in the paintings of Rossetti and of Burne-Jones. And as theosophic thought deepens to-day, it "makes glorious" indeed this "majesty of darkness," this strangeness of beauty. For does not the divine wisdom reveal to us the truth that "darkness" after all is but unfathomed light?

One of the most interesting phases in the thought-history of this century has been its revolution from gross materialism to what has been called "transcendental idealism." Such a revolution is apparent in the philosophy and poetry of the men here in question. And now that the tide of theosophic thought, of theosophic influence, seems slowly drawing to the flood, it is at least of interest, if not of profit, to place their work side by side, and to trace—in the ethics of the New England reformer in the early years of the century, and in the visionary ideal of a minor poet at its close—the deepening and widening of the channels of spiritual thought and aspiration.

Both Henry Thoreau and W. B. Yeats—to use an expression

of Coleridge—"have hungered for Eternity"; both have sought inspiration by living near to nature's heart; if in the work of the one there is more of the weird twilight which haunts the deep places of the imagination, in the work of the other is the dawn of a more ethereal spiritual vision; while the "excellent beauty" of both is touched with

> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.

It is not intended here to give details of the life and characters of these men; possibly they are familiar to all, or to most.

Concerning Henry David Thoreau, a word may be said about his system of natural philosophy, and some hints given of his noble ethical creed.

As a naturalist, Henry Thoreau would find a kindred spirit in Richard Jefferies—the poet and natural philosopher—rather than in Gilbert White or Isaac Walton, these both naturalists, pure and simple.

Thoreau was born before his time, just too early for the great change in men's views of nature and of man—a change largely due to the influence of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace. He seems, in some sort, a mystical forerunner of the modern school of functional biologists.

Knowing, as he did, the habitat and ways of every living creature, looking at nature with the eye of a scientist and loving her with the heart of a poet, Thoreau may indeed be said to have seen *through* and beyond nature, rather than have merely observed her with the accuracy of a scientific student.

To him the world was but a symbol of the unseen heaven of "man's ideal kingdom." To him the earth was a witness of some wonderful, beautiful Truth. He writes of his rambles in meadow and wood: "It is as if I met in these solitary places some grand, serene, and infinitely encouraging, though unseen Companion, and walked with Him." Mr. Channing, who now and again shared with him those walks, tells us: "Often, as we walked farther and farther into the woods, Thoreau seemed to suffer a certain transformation, and his face shone with a light I had never seen in the village."

He looked at nature, and the very falling of the light or the deepening of shadow had a mystic meaning for him. Listen to this: "I saw the sunlight falling on a distant white pine wood, whose grey, moss-covered stems were visible amid the green of the underwood. . . . It was like looking into dreamland. It is one of the avenues of my future. . . . For years have I looked at the pine-wood's edge against the winter horizon. There was my wood heritage—those silent needles straining against the light. . . . The poet loves the pine tree as his own shadow in the air. The pine tree is as immortal as I am, and will go to as high a heaven, there to tower above me still."

How he lights into beauty what to ordinary perception seems merely dull and drear. "The glory of November is in its silvery, sparkling lights. We walk over bare pastures and see this abundant sheeny light reflected from the russet and bleached earth. . . . This dazzling light is exceedingly warming to the spirit and the imagination."

There is intuition in this notice of the wind: "I seem to discern the very form of the wind when, blowing over the hills, it falls in broad flakes upon the surface of the pond; this subtle element obeying the law of the least subtle." And this on silence: "Silence is the communion of a conscious soul with itself. If the soul attend for a moment to its own infinity, then there is silence."

The light of setting suns had a wonderful significance for him, apart from æsthetic emotion. He writes: "Tell me precisely the value and significance of these transient gleams which come sometimes at the end of the day? . . . Is not this a language to be heard and understood? . . . In that serene Elysian light deeds I have dreamed of but not realised might have been performed. I dreamed I walked like a liberated spirit . . . the withered meadow grass was as soft and glorious as paradise."

In an age when not one man in a thousand had a real sympathy with nature, Thoreau attained what to an ordinary observer appeared to be a miraculous acquaintance with her most cherished secrets. It was his purpose to interpenetrate his

system of nature-philosophy with the "highest intuition of the mind"; to show the sublime simplicity, the inexorable precision, of nature's laws.

We read with gratitude the account of Henry Thoreau's wholesome and virile manhood. The key-note of his ethical philosophy may be said to be self-respect. He was an unwearying preacher of self-control.

"How watchful," he says, "we must be to keep the crystal well clear, that it be not made turbid and muddy by contact with the world." He was austerely faithful to his inner sense of right, and made the highest demands upon his own conscience. John Burroughs has said that in Thoreau's character was "a constitutional No," that he was sometimes "an exasperating moral teacher." None the less, his individuality was full of a quickening, stimulating power to many.

Emerson said of his poet friend, as he stood by his grave side: "The country knows not how great a son she has lost. Henry Thoreau's soul was made for the noblest society. . . . Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

Thoreau, indeed, came largely under the influence of Emerson, and of what was then called the "Transcendental School of Thought." That movement, originating (roughly speaking) through the philosophy of Kant—revived in England by S. T. Coleridge, Thomas Carlyle and others—in America became a fresh outburst of social philosophy. Ideas which filter slowly through English soil and abide there for a generation, seem to flash like comets over the electric atmosphere of America; and New England furnished a suitable soil for the transcendental plant. The transcendentalism of New England was a renaissance of religion, morals and sociology. Its apostles, of whom Henry Thoreau was one of the most enthusiastic, most consistent, aimed at a return from conventionality to nature, from artificiality and complexity of custom to simplicity of life and conduct.

"Simplicity," he cries, "is what we want. The nation, with all its so-called 'internal improvements' (which for the most part are *ex*ternal and superficial) is like an unruly and

overgrown establishment—overcrowded with furniture, weakened with luxury, heedless of expenditure—like millions of small households in the land. The one cure for nations and households alike is a rigid economy, both physical and mental; a more than Spartan-like simplicity of life and a Christian elevation of purpose."

He adds: "A man is rich in proportion to the things he *can do without*." At the close of his life Thoreau could say with truth: "My greatest skill has been to want but little." It was one of his strongest convictions that what is commonly called "profit" is often far from being profitable in the true sense of the word. He writes: "I would fain give the wealth of my life to men. I have no private good, unless it be my own peculiar ability to serve the public. *This* is my sole 'individual property.'"

In an age when many men, to use his own expression, "lead lives of quiet desperation," Thoreau was filled with an absolute confidence in the justice and benevolence of his destiny. A practical illustration of this may here be given from a circumstance in Thoreau's earlier years. He and his favourite brother John had fallen in love with the same lady. Henry gave up his claim in favour of his brother. Years later, we come across a note in Thoreau's diary, that throws light, not alone on this episode, but also upon the character of our philosopher. It is as follows: "I had a dream last night, which had reference to an act in my life in which I had been most disinterested and true to my highest instincts, but where I have completely failed in realising my hopes; and now after so many years, in the stillness of sleep, complete justice was rendered to me." To Theosophists the record of such a dream is of deep interest, and of spiritual suggestiveness.

Thoreau lived in an age of artificial complexity, when the ideal was unduly divorced from the practical and society stood in false antagonism to nature; no wonder that he avowed himself "a devout pantheist"; that he strove to live and to teach, "the Oneness, Relationship, Simplicity of Life"; that he insisted on the value of life above all things. He writes: "The theme is comparatively nothing, the life is everything; the depth and

intensity of the life shown in the theme is the interest thereof."

Of the brotherhood, the comradeship that should exist between all human beings, Thoreau has many heart-searching things to say. "I associate the idea of comradeship," he writes, "with the person most foreign to me. . . . It may be we have met sometime, we know not when, and now can never forget it. . . . Sometime or other we paid each other this wonderful compliment—we looked largely, humanely, divinely, upon one another, and now are fated to be acquaintances for ever."

Henry Thoreau's reticent, almost shrinking, affection for his fellow-men, comes out in his passionate appeal, made against the threatened fate of the Slavery Abolitionist, Captain John Brown, in October, 1859.

To Henry Thoreau, the shy idealist, belongs the lasting honour of having made the first public plea on behalf of the brave Abolitionist, and this at the time when a torrent of abuse and ridicule was being poured from the American press upon the so-called "crazy enthusiast."

Thoreau's defence (though spoken in vain so far as the noble John Brown was concerned) was a trumpet challenge to all lovers of humanity; it roused all defenders of the weak and suffering; and it convinced friends and opponents alike of the large sympathies, the humane aspirations of him whom men had sneered at as "the recluse." One of Thoreau's latest recorded speeches seems to sum up his mingled love of nature and his affection for men: "For joy I could embrace the earth! I shall be glad to be buried in it. . . There are among men those who will know that I loved them, though I told them not."

"Long ago," he writes in the book which was the quintessence of his genius, *Walden*, "I lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove. I am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken to concerning their tracks, and to what calls they would answer. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and have even seen the dove taking flight behind a cloud, and they all seemed as eager to recover them as if they themselves had lost them."

In such wise does our poet-naturalist embody for us the mystic vision of his life's ideal: an ideal of life based on no doctrine save the eternal good counsel of old: "Help nature and work on with her, and nature will regard thee as one of her creators."*

His life was a response to the divine exhortation: "Hast thou attuned thy heart and mind to the great mind and heart of all mankind? For as the sacred river's roaring voice whereby all nature-sounds are echoed back, so must the heart of him 'who in the stream would enter,' thrill in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes."†

II.

The "excellent beauty" to be found in the *Poems and Essays* of Mr. W. B. Yeats is full of the "strangeness" inherent in beauty of that kind—perhaps it is inherent in the Keltic genius generally.

I may judge wrongly, but it would seem as if the twilight charm of these Essays, these Poems, can alone be fully interpreted in the light of the Theosophia of old. The Poems especially are permeated, consciously or unconsciously, with a theosophic spirit. We find in them the love of nature, not only for her own sake, with a minute and affectionate observance of her remoter charms; but we also find a gracious belief in, and love for, her elemental spirits—the faerie-folk—who, in the beautiful Irish legends, were of the "Race of Dann" (Tuath De Danaan), the powers of light and life and warmth, for ever battling against the powers of night and death and cold—a contest that finds its parallel in Indian story too.

We find here, too, a weird belief in things beyond nature; one might call it a weird supernaturalism, save for the fact that there is *no* supernatural element in the whole of life. Anyway, Mr. Yeats' poems abound with faeries, good and bad, with the spirits and demons that throng the twilight and come and go 'twixt the gloamin' and the mirk, with power over beast and

* *The Voice of the Silence.* Fragment i. Trans. H.P.B.

† *Ibid.* Fragment iii.

man, and they

> Ride with you upon the wind,
> Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
> And dance upon the mountains like a flame.*

And if you will, they shall wile your soul from your body as they sing:

> The wind blows out of the gates of day,
> The wind blows over the lonely heart,
> And the lonely heart is withered away.

They sing:

> Of a land where even the old are fair
> And even the wise are merry of tongue;
> But I heard a reed of Coolaney say:
> "When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung
> The lonely of heart must wither away."†

In these poems is the glamour of

> Marble halls, full of the dreams of old,
> In dove-grey faery lands,
> From battle banners, gold on purple gold,
> Queens wrought with glimmering hands.

Here also is the Keltic wildness in sorrow, the "keening" of the heart, that penetrating mournfulness of the soul, that oftentimes, in a simple Irish or Scotch melody, just goes straight down to the fountains of our being. Like the "lonely tune" of Aleel, the minstrel, it speaks to us of

> Memories of old village faces;
> Cabins gone now, old well-sides, old dear places,
> And men who loved the cause that never dies.

In that last line, our poet touches a deeper chord, the love of his country and fatherland. So he sings, and casts his

> Heart into his rhymes,
> That you, in the dim coming times,
> May know how my heart went with them
> After the red-rose-bordered hem.‡

And so, for the sake of the "red rose of old Eire," he reminds

* See *Poems*, "The Land of Heart's Desire."
† *Ibid.*
‡ *Poems*, "To Ireland in the Coming Times."

us, in many a stirring and pathetic line, that he

> Would accounted be
> True brother of that company,
> Who sang, to sweeten Ireland's wrong,
> Ballad and story, rune and song.

And with this passionate love of "old Eire" is mingled a wider hope for the future welfare of his fatherland. And of her he says truly:

> How many loved your moments of glad grace,
> And loved your beauty with love false or true?
> But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
> And loved the changing sorrows of your face.*

In the Keltic genius there is often a fiery, intense amorousness, and nearly always an infinite longing in their story of human passions. Here we have it toned and deepened into a chord of sadness, of unutterable yearning, and yet of divine hope.

This tone sighs out in one of Mr. Yeats' latest and most typical poems, "The Countess Kathleen." In this weird drama we have wrung out to us, drop by drop, as it were, the agony of the famine-stricken peasants of old-time Ireland. They have bartered away their souls for the cursed gold of the demon merchants. Then she, the Countess Kathleen, the "saint with the sapphire eyes," the "great white rose of the world," literally goes down to hell, and sacrifices her own immortal spirit to redeem the souls of her poor folk, and, as her minstrel, Aleel, sings of her:

> She whose mournful words
> Made you a living spirit, has passed away,
> And left you but a ball of passionate dust.

But the powers of Light conquer the powers of Darkness, and so, borne by the Angel to "the floor of peace," immortal Love redeems all, for the

> Light of Lights
> Looks always on the motive, not the deed.

Here indeed rings out the note of divine Wisdom. "Wherever there are outlets into celestial space, wherever there is danger, and awe and wonder, there is beauty." In the

* *Poems*, "When you are old."

gracious "space" of this beautiful human love we find, as Plato tells us, "the old awe stealing over us," and there is revealed to us the eternal "wonder" and beauty that lie in the depths of Divine Love.

And indeed, the dream of all earthly passion, of fame, of earthly glory or mere human knowledge, fades away, before the vision of the divine Wisdom and Love. And so—in a poem that reminds us of some Hindu legend—our poet signifies this, when he makes the poet king, "Fergus of the Red-Branch" exclaim, upon his receiving the vision from the Druid seer:

> I see my life go dripping like a stream
> From change to change; I have been many things:
> A green drop in the surge, a gleam of light
> Upon a sword, a fir-tree on a hill,
> An old slave grinding at a heavy quern,
> A king sitting upon a chair of gold,
> And all these things were wonderful and great.

And yet in the light of a deeper, wider vision he adds:

> But now I have grown nothing, being all,
> And the whole world weighs down upon my heart.

In these days, when perhaps the "world is too much with us," when the love of pleasure and the greed of gain are sapping the fibres of our land, it is a relief to turn again to the works of such men as Henry Thoreau and W. B. Yeats, and find in their wholesome philosophy, their "unbought grace of life," their unwearying search after the ideal truth and beauty, a grateful tonic for the mind and the heart. Our whole being responds to the "Faery-call":

> It charmed away the merchant from his guile,
> And turned the farmer's memory from his cattle,
> And hushed in sleep the roaring ranks of battle,
> For all who heard it dreamed a little while.
>
> Ah, Exiles, wandering over many seas,
> Spinning at all times Eire's good to-morrow!
> Ah, world-wide Nation, always growing Sorrow!
> I also bear a bell branch full of ease.

MARGARET S. DUNCAN.

SOME MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT DEATH

(CONCLUDED FROM vol. xxvi., p. 523)

IN discussing the various popular and religious misconceptions with regard to death, I have naturally to a considerable extent indicated the attitude held towards it by students of Theosophy. From our point of view we cannot but look upon it as a matter of much less importance to the soul of man than it is commonly supposed to be. To the average European, physical life seems to present itself as a straight line beginning abruptly at birth, and cut off again with equal abruptness at death. Even if for the moment we consider one incarnation only, to us the physical existence appears rather as a very small segment of a very large circle, birth and death being nothing more than the points at which the circumference of that circle crosses a certain straight line which marks the boundary between the physical and astral planes.

Our knowledge of the pre-natal part of the journey of the soul in the course of its descent into incarnation is perhaps hardly sufficient as yet to enable us to construct accurately to scale a diagram symbolising even its average movement. But if such an attempt were made it is evident that that journey would have to be indicated by a closed curve starting from the Ego and returning to it after its passage through the lower worlds. The Ego in its causal vehicle would be represented by a point or a star in the higher division of the mental plane, and the curve indicating the course of the partially-detached personality would pass down first into the lower division of that plane, then across the line which marked the upper limit of the astral plane, and, after traversing all the subdivisions of that world, would dip for a very small portion of its length below the line separating the astral from the physical, ascending again afterwards through the various planes and subplanes to the point from which it

started. We could not accurately represent this course by a true circle (that is, if equal portions of the circumference were taken, as they should be, to indicate equal periods of time), because the descent into incarnation seems usually to be so much more rapid than the ascent which follows it; but at least the line would be always a curve—it would contain no angles, for that which it symbolises is an orderly progression with no abrupt changes of direction.

However, suppose for the moment that we draw it as a circle, what proportion of the circumference of that circle must be allowed to dip below the line which divides the physical plane from the astral? A little calculation will show that the portion representing the physical life must not be more than one-thirtieth of the whole, and may in many cases be considerably less than that; and it is only when we realise this fact clearly that we are beginning to understand a little of the true proportion which the physical bears to the non-physical even at so material an epoch of the world's history as this.

There is no reason whatever to regard the special points in that circumference where it happens to enter and leave the physical plane as more important than any others. On the contrary, the only point of real importance is one which is situated between those two—the point of greatest distance from the Ego, after passing which the course of the curve is upwards instead of downwards. This should typify the time in a man's life when the affairs of this world cease to engross him, when he definitely turns his thought to higher things; and it is evident that that is a much more important point in his life-cycle than either physical birth or death, for it marks the limit of the outgoing energy of the Ego—the change, as it were, from his outbreathing to his inbreathing.

Clearly if the curve were regular that change would take place at the middle of the physical life. The man would come to it gradually, almost imperceptibly, as part of the circular movement, just as a planet arrives at its aphelion, but the position of the point which indicates it ought to be equidistant from the points of birth and death. It is significant that this agrees exactly with an arrangement made by the wisdom of the

ancients in the East. By that old rule a man was to spend the first twenty-one years of his life in education, and the next twenty-one in doing his duty as householder and head of the family; but then, having attained middle life, he gave up altogether his worldly cares, resigned his house and property into the hands of his son, and retired with his wife into a little hut near by, where he devoted the next twenty-one years to rest and spiritual converse and meditation. After that came the fourth stage of perfect isolation and contemplation in the jungle if he wished it; but the middle of life was the real turning-point. It may be remembered also that in ancient Peru forty-five was the age at which a man was released from all worldly obligations and left free to devote himself entirely to whatever line of study most attracted him.

Here in Europe our life has become so unnatural that even in old age many men eagerly carry on the turmoil and the competition of worldly business, and so their physical life is ill-proportioned, and its machinery all out of gear. The work of purification and detachment which should have begun in middle life is left until death overtakes them, and has therefore to be done upon the astral plane instead of the physical. Thus unnecessary delay is caused, and through his ignorance of the true meaning of life the man's progress is slower than it should be.

Great as is the harm that often results from ignorance of these facts during life, it is perhaps even more serious after death. Hence the enormous advantage gained by one who has even only an intellectual appreciation of occult teaching on this subject. He realises the true proportion between the physical fragment of life and the rest of it, and so he does not waste all his time here in working only for one-thirtieth of his cycle of personality and utterly neglecting the other twenty-nine, but regards his life as a whole, and lives it intelligently. When he reaches the astral plane he is in no way alarmed or disconcerted, for he understands his surroundings and knows how to make the best use of the conditions in which he finds himself. This knowledge gives him courage and confidence instead of bewilderment and fear; it endows him with capacity and resourcefulness in a world where otherwise he would be helpless as a rudderless vessel.

Experience has shown that even in the case of a man who has only once heard the truth stated (say in a lecture) and, regarding it simply as one hypothesis among many, has not been sufficiently impressed to induce him to follow up the study—even in such a case a considerable advantage has been attained. Such an one, though he has neglected the opportunity of gaining fuller information which offered itself to him, yet remembers that he once heard a certain doctrine taught, and because he finds that the speaker was accurate as to questions of fact, he bestirs himself to recall what directions as to conduct accompanied the teaching which he is now in a position to verify. He has thus at least one point of connection with the known, and so he avoids the discomfort felt by those who find themselves far away from all their familiar landmarks, adrift on a shoreless sea out of which who knows what unspeakable and formless horror may at any moment arise?

Nor is this sense of security and confidence the only advantage gained by the possession of definite knowledge. The man who is sure of his own ground is able to extend a helping hand to others also, and can readily make himself a centre of peace and happiness for hundreds of those who have recently crossed the boundary and entered the unseen world. In the very act of doing all this he of course generates a vast amount of additional good karma for himself, and his own evolution is thus greatly quickened.

Even when we have fully realised how small a part of each of our life-cycles is spent upon this physical plane, we are not yet in a position fairly to estimate its true proportion to the whole, unless we also understand and bear thoroughly in mind the far greater reality of the life in those higher worlds. This is a point which it is impossible to emphasise too strongly, for the vast majority of people are as yet so entirely under the dominion of their physical senses that to them the unreal seems the only reality, while on the other hand the nearer anything approaches to true reality the more absolutely unreal and incomprehensible it appears to them.

The astral plane has been called the world of illusion, for reasons which are sufficiently comprehensible; yet it is at least

one step higher than the physical, and therefore one stage nearer to reality. There may be much in that world which is illusory, but at least the further descent into this denser veil of gross physical matter makes the delusion greater, and not less. Far indeed is the astral sight from the clear all-embracing vision of the soul of man on its own plane, but at least it is keener and more reliable than any physical sense. And as is the astral to the physical, so is the mental to the astral, except that the proportion is raised to a higher power; so that not only is the time spent upon these planes far longer than the physical life, but every moment of it may if properly used be enormously more fruitful than the same amount of time here could possibly be.

So emphatically and so thoroughly is this the case that the physical life would really seem an almost unimportant and negligeable quantity, but for the fact that at our present stage of evolution there is much experience that we can attain only through the slower vibrations of this coarser and heavier matter, and so the earth-life is necessary for us. In most of us the consciousness is not yet sufficiently developed to function untrammelled through the higher vehicles, so that there are certain directions in which it can be reached only through the physical senses, though when it has been so reached and fully awakened down here it can continue to work along those lines in other and higher worlds.

Thus, unreal though it be, this physical life is in some sense a seedtime, for in it we may set in motion forces whose harvest will be reaped under the far more favourable and fruitful conditions of higher spheres. But this truth in no way modifies the great fact above stated of the superior *reality* of those higher spheres, and it must not be allowed to dim our appreciation of the eternal verity that death is for us in very truth the gateway of a grander life—that all we know now of glory and of beauty is simply as nothing to the glory and the beauty of the worlds into which it leads us. And this because as we pass through that gate of death, one at least (and that the heaviest and the darkest) of many veils falls for us from before the face of Him who is Himself Glory and Beauty, the all-pervading Lord of life and death alike.

If we can but grasp this truth of the greater reality of the higher worlds we shall have rid ourselves for ever of that fatal sense of vagueness and dimness which for so many people surrounds all that is not physical. There has been no greater enemy to a true appreciation of the meaning and the use of life, no more powerful weapon in the hands of the evil-minded, than the helpless vagueness about all higher life which has so long characterised the thought of the majority of the men of these western races. For the occult student there should be here no difficulty whatever, yet it would be rash to assert that among the ranks of our members there is none in whom this realisation is still lacking.

I have so recently endeavoured to describe the surroundings in which a man finds himself after passing through the portals of death, and the entities whom he is likely to encounter there, that I need do no more than refer to them now. Those who require further details will find them in the much-enlarged edition of *The Astral Plane* which has just been published.

It will suffice here to say that the conditions into which the man passes are precisely those that he has made for himself. The thoughts and desires which he has encouraged within himself during earth-life take form as definite living entities hovering around him and reacting upon him until the energy which he poured into them is exhausted. When such thoughts and desires have been powerful and persistently evil, the companions so created may indeed be terrible; but happily such cases form a very small minority among the dwellers in the astral world. The worst that the ordinary man of the world usually provides for himself after death is a useless and unutterably wearisome existence, void of all rational interests—the natural sequence of a life wasted in self-indulgence, triviality and gossip here on earth.

On the other hand, the man who is intelligent and helpful, who understands the conditions of this non-physical existence and takes the trouble to adapt himself to them and make the most of them, finds opening before him a splendid vista of opportunities both for acquiring fresh knowledge and for doing useful work.

He discovers that life away from this dense body has a vividness and brilliancy to which all earthly enjoyment is as moonlight unto sunlight, and that through his clear knowledge and calm confidence the power of the endless life shines out upon all those around him. As has been said above, he may become a centre of peace and joy unspeakable to hundreds of his fellow-men, and may do more good in a few years of that astral existence than ever he could have done in the longest physical life.

What then, it is sometimes asked, has Theosophy to tell us with regard to preparation for death? As we have said before, the only really effective preparation for death is a well-spent life, and for the rest the less we worry ourselves about its approach the better. Assuredly it is well for us thoroughly to familiarise ourselves with all the teaching which has been given in our books on the subject, not only in order that we may know clearly so far as may be what is about to happen to us, but also that we may be prepared to deal confidently with any unforeseen emergency that may arise either in our own experience or in that of those whom we wish to help. It is of great importance that we should accustom ourselves to feel death to be a perfectly natural and normal event, and learn to look forward to it, not only without the slightest apprehension but with joy, as the end for the time of the weariness of physical existence and the entrance into a higher life, where the opportunities of doing useful and helpful work are in many ways much greater than on this plane.

It is clear that the more thorough and accurate is our knowledge of the astral life and its conditions, the more useful we shall be as guides, as friends and comforters to those who pass through the portals of death without having had our advantages in the way of preparation for the change. It is a valuable exercise for us to consider the different cases requiring help that we should be likely to encounter in that other world, and think how we should best deal with them; for even now during our hours of sleep we may seek out those among the dead who need our assistance, and so practise in the intervals of our physical life what may well be our principal occupation when we have done with this particular body.

It has frequently been explained that after death the matter of the astral body is usually entirely rearranged, and that in consequence of this rearrangement the man finds his energies very much limited; indeed, he is practically confined strictly to one sub-plane of the astral world. This restriction is not in any way a necessary evil, but is the work of that manifestation of the man's lower nature which has sometimes been called the desire-elemental (see *The Astral Plane*, third edition, p. 40), and is produced by it entirely without any reference to, or indeed any knowledge of, the evolution of the man as a whole.

The ordinary man, knowing nothing whatever about all this, accepts these arrangements of the desire-elemental as a part of the new and strange conditions which he finds surrounding him, and supposes himself to be seeing the whole of the *post-mortem* world, when in reality he has only an extremely partial view of one of its sub-planes. But there is no reason whatever why the student of occultism, who understands the situation, should tamely submit himself to the sway of this elemental after death, any more than he did during life. He will of course decline to permit the case-hardening which would confine him to a single sub-plane, and will insist upon keeping open his communications with the higher astral levels as well. Thus he will be in practically the same position as he was when he passed into the astral world in sleep during earth-life, and therefore will be able to move about much more freely and make himself much more useful than if he allowed himself to be the slave of the lower desires. So once again we see the exceeding advantage of accurate knowledge with regard to these after-death conditions.

If we thus accustom ourselves to regard our own death simply as the opening into a wider and fuller life, it is obvious that the death of a friend will also assume to us a very different complexion. We shall no longer feel it as a separation to the same extent or in the same way, for, first of all, we know that separation is impossible between the souls of men, and it is the soul of our friend that we love, not the mere outer vehicle—the man himself and not his garment. Then we shall also perceive that even when we descend to a much lower plane of thought, there has still been no separation. Our friend is with us still, even as

far as mere physical space is concerned—here on earth, not far away in some vague heaven beyond the stars, but close to us, able still to feel and respond to our affection ; able even, in many cases, to hear what we say and to see what we think. When once we realize the endless life, the misconceptions fall away, and we begin to see everything in its true proportion ; death is to us no longer the dread king of terrors, but the bright angel of evolution, for we know that

'Tis but as when one layeth his worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth "These will I wear to-day!"
So putteth by the spirit lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit a residence afresh.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

A TRUE STORY

SHE was only an ordinary, every-day young woman, and this was her first baby. It lay pink and squirming in the nurse's lap in the further corner of the room, and the young creature who had experienced the joys of motherhood for scarcely two days was resting in the quietly guarded room, too happy even to think, just floating in a sea of delight. How long she lay thus she could not have told, when the idea of looking out of the window impelled her to rise and hastily loosen the blinds, throw open the sash and stand there drinking in the delicious June air —scent-laden with rose and lily-bloom. She never had felt herself so much a part of the very air as now ; all limitations which had formerly been sensed seemed to have vanished, and as her wondering gaze reached further out into the depths of space, she felt as if she were laving in a great ocean of colour. She was an artist, and her whole being had ever revelled in the changing glories of natural beauty, but never had such hues been seen by eyes of flesh as now shone before her enraptured sight.

Soon she felt herself to be under a great spreading tree, and as she withdrew her eyes from the more distant scene, she noticed all about her the people whom she had always known,

and before she could think much more about it an old man came toward her and said: "Why, Lizzie, when did *you* come?" She knew that Dr. Gray had long since died, but she felt no surprise at seeing him, nor others who had passed away from earth-life.

Then he said, "Come," and they went out into the sunshine, and she saw little children and young people and many she had known in childhood and whom she had supposed dead; and yet here they were, living joyous and free in this realm of beauty, where the flowers were so much more perfect, the roses of colours never before imagined, and not to be described in language of earth; pansies, which looked up into her eyes like faces of living things that wished to speak of their kinship with her. How glad everything was! and as she shared the delicious fruits which they brought her, noticing their perfect forms, unusual size and wonderful colouring, she sighed: "Oh, how I wish George were here."

George was her husband, and her heart could have no lasting joy without sharing it with him; but she dared not go back to bring him lest she should be unable to return, and it was all so beautiful. Could Heaven itself be more so?

She saw the radiant colours, and as she looked it seemed as if they had voices and were making the music of the spheres she had so often tried to imagine. Somehow she could not separate the lights and the colours from the music and the sounds.

She afterward said that where she had been, they could see sounds and hear colours, but of course there were those who laughed at that. Just as she was revelling the most in this ideal world, and as she felt that her way lay straight before her into the glowing depths beyond, and all thoughts of her young husband and dear new baby were fast receding from her mind, there came a sudden sense of something like a great pall of blackness being thrown over her, shutting out all this loveliness. Then a voice, which seemed from another world, said: "Here, dearie, take this;" and her eyes opened and closed, and she realised that she was in her own room, that her husband was by her side and that baby was not far away.

A long sigh escaped from her lips, and she murmured:

"Oh! I did want to go there where the light looked the brightest, and where it seemed as if the great Voice of All led that divine harmony."

"You fainted," said the good physician who was standing beside her bed.

"No," said she slowly, but emphatically; "*I* have been away from here to a place far more real, more harmonious, more beautiful than this; I have seen with a vision that is only hampered by these eyes of flesh—and I know."

FLORENCE A. TAYLOR.

"A GRIN WITHOUT A CAT"

PHOTOGRAPHY plays many curious pranks, and perhaps one of the oddest is the process invented by Mr. Francis Galton, entitled "Analytical Portraiture," and intended, he says, "to define photographically the direction and degree in which any individual differs from the race to which he belongs." It seems that a transparency from a negative can be made which is exactly the reverse of the negative, so that if the two be superposed they neutralise each other, and leave only a uniform grey tint. Now if the same person be twice photographed so that the negatives are exactly alike, save that in one the sitter is smiling, in the other stern, and transparencies be made from the two negatives, then by superposing the transparency of the smiling negative on the stern negative, a negative of the sternness is obtained, all else being obliterated, and in the reverse case a negative of only the smiling is obtained. Some interesting and strange results might be obtained in this fashion, and Mr. Galton will doubtless turn his invention to very instructive discoveries.

ALLOWING the performance of an honourable action to be attended with labour, the labour is soon over; but the honour is immortal. Whereas, should even pleasure wait on the commission of what is dishonourable, the pleasure is soon gone; but the dishonour is eternal.

JOHN STEWART.

DEAD OR LIVING?*

I stood and gazed upon the marble Christ;
The sculptor's thought and skill embodied lay
In purest marble 'neath the vaulted roof
Of Diocletian's Bath, illumined by
The softened colours of the sky of eve
That sloped in mellow rays, and lighted up
The old grey stones of wall, and arch, and beam.
Recumbent, strong, majestic and alone,
Sweetness and peace upon the quiet brow,
And "It is finished" on the patient lips.
Close by my side stood one with weeping eyes,
Of him I asked, "Brother, why weepest thou?"
And he made answer sadly: "Seest thou not
The Christ is dead?" Another in that place
Fell fainting, borne away by wondering friends,
Who said: "He is so moved because the Christ
Has suffered and is dead"; and then a voice
From out the sculptured marble seemed to say:
"Weep not for Me nor faint, O faithless one,
For I can never die, nor cease to be.
Look now into thy heart and thou shalt find.
'Seek Me and ye shall find'; this is the Quest,
The Holy Grail—and every soul a Knight.
And having found Me, thou shalt know that I
None other am than thine own Self; even
The Higher Self, the ever pure, the One.
This is the ancient truth which thou must know.
This is the pearl of price which thou must seek.
Weep for thyself, for till thou findest Me
Within thyself, thou art as cold and stark
As was this stone before the sculptor's hand

* Suggested by Mr. Ezekiel's marble figure of the dead Christ, now in the Chapel raised on the site of the Charity Bazaar, Paris, destroyed by fire.

Had fashioned it. I am the Way, the Door;
By Me—thy Higher Self—thou shalt go in,
And thou shalt make the temple of thy heart
A spotless fane where I alone shall dwell,
And thou shalt guard its portals, so that none
Shall enter to disturb My holy place,
Where joy shall be, instead of sighs and woe.
This cannot be, till thou hast sought and found,
Till the dark place within the soul be light,
And gladdened with the radiant noonday sun.
Dry then thy tears and search. Seek Me and find!
I am the Vine, the wine of God pressed out,
Drink it and live! 'tis thou art dead, not I."

L. WILLIAMS.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES

THE new headquarters' building at Benares draws nigh to completion. Plastering has been done in some of the rooms, and steps are being taken to fit them all up by the end of this month, so that they may be ready for use when Mrs. Besant returns in September.

India

Dr. Richardson has returned very much better for his trip into Kashmir. Mr. Banbery and Mr. Scott were with him, and their visit was a very pleasant one.

The Boarding House of the Central Hindu College was opened on June 29th with six boys, whose ages varied from eight to eighteen. There is accommodation for thirty students, and only funds are needed to make the College and its dependencies the active agent for good that its promoters intend it to be.

AFTER the meeting of the Convention of the European Section the members are so scattered for a month or two that local activities have little to record, and the Theosophists can be thought of as dotted about singly, or in groups of two or three, all over Europe, mixing with their fellow-men and taking with them everywhere that broader view of life

Europe

and its objects, which should make them towers of strength wherever they may be.

Until August 13th, when he started on his way to India, we had with us the President-Founder, whose whole life is that of a wanderer, passing from city to city, country to country, and continent to continent, ever fostering and watching the growth of the Society. Increasing years seem but to increase his energy and devotion, and to strengthen his health. We shall look forward with pleasure to his next visit. Colonel Olcott presided over the fourth annual meeting of the South Western Federation held at Bournemouth in July, and lectured to several of our local Lodges, before taking a flying visit to Paris ere his departure from Europe.

Mrs. Besant, another wanderer, paid a visit to Harrogate on August 9th, presiding at the quarterly meeting of the Northern Federation, and giving four lectures. She went on thence to Middlesbrough, where she spoke to a large meeting, and lectured also at Leeds and Bradford.

Before the Blavatsky Lodge closed for its summer holidays, it devoted one evening to a consultation with its President, Mrs. Besant, on the work of the Lodge during the coming months. The importance of activity was heartily realised by the members present, and some useful ideas were thrown out, to take form during the winter months.

The elementary class for the study of Theosophy will take up its work again on Thursday, September 20th. The class is conducted by Mrs. Alan Leo, and meets each Thursday, at 4.30 p.m., at 28, Albemarle Street, W.

HONOUR is the principle that prompts a man to scorn every action in himself, or in others, that is base, mean, false, or cowardly; and which, if we follow its dictates, will keep us in the path of duty, and make our lives truly gentle and noble.

THE beast whom they load with books is not profoundly learned and wise; what knoweth his empty skull whether he carrieth firewood or bricks?—SÂDI.

THERE'S no such thing as chance; and what to us seems merest accident springs from the deepest source of destiny.—SCHILLER.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

WHENCE COMES MAN?

The Divine Pedigree of Man, or the Testimony of Evolution and Psychology to the Fatherhood of God. By Thomson Jay Hudson, LL.D. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 24, Bedford Street. Price 6*s*.)

MOST of our readers will already be familiar with Dr. Hudson's name in connection with his book, *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, and both the merits and demerits of that work reappear to a great extent in his latest volume. His books are particularly useful as gifts to the somewhat orthodox student, for they carry such a one further than his regular teachers will take him; but to the instructed Theosophist they are disappointing, because clinging too timidly to recognised science, and stopping short of the point to which his premises should lead him.

In *The Divine Pedigree of Man* Dr. Hudson seeks to prove that consciousness has a divine source, and, as he says, he frames his argument upon purely scientific lines. He desires to show that "the facts of evolution are susceptible of no other than a theistic interpretation . . . that the facts of organic and mental evolution point clearly and unmistakably to a divine origin of mind and life on this earth" (p. ix.).

The book is divided into two Parts, whereof the first deals with "Evolution and Psychology," and the second with "Psychology and Christian Theism." In the Introduction he lays down that life and mind have their origin in a "divine mind, an omnipresent mind-energy," and that the first mind-energy "on this earth was an emanation . . . from the Divine Intelligence" (p. 37). As this starting point he takes the moneron, and alleges that not only do "the potentialities of manhood reside in the moneron [as science asserts], but that the essential attributes of omniscience there exist in embryo" (p. 38). "The trend of the argument will be, not to

show that God is infinitely human, but to prove that man is potentially divine "—a sound theosophical conclusion.

Chapter I. is devoted to an effective analysis of Mr. Spencer's Agnosticism, and accuses him in so many words of begging the question at issue; he finally shows "that the emotion of religious worship possesses a profound psychological and scientific significance," and deduces from its universal existence a "proof that the object of worship is a living reality" (p. 59). The next chapter, on Psychology, affirms that man's mind is dual, or that man "has two minds" (p. 64), one the objective, the waking consciousness, the other the subjective, manifested when the brain is asleep or its action inhibited. The objective mind he calls intellect; its faculties belong to the physical world, and he says "it was evolved in response to physical necessities" (p. 69), and—led too far by his wish to accompany science—he says that "the objective mind, being the function of the brain, and inherent in that organ, necessarily perishes with the body" (p. 70). The subjective mind works apart from the brain, and is instinctive, not reasoning; this is regarded as immortal and divine. Dr. Hudson identifies instinct and intuition—a very debatable matter —(p. 88), and makes man's subjective mind an evolution from the animal. It is a fact in conflict with his theory that an entranced person will sometimes reason with extreme acuteness, and facts do not support his assertion that "it is also certain that the objective mind of man possesses no power akin to telepathy" (p. 91).

The somewhat strange proposition that the universality of altruism is "the ultimate goal of human progress" (p. 176) leads one to think that Dr. Hudson is sometimes rather loose in his use of terms, as a universal altruism is obviously impossible. Still there is much in the book that is interesting and useful, enough to make us wish that some of its weaknesses could be eliminated.

A. B.

A Study of Origins

Fragments of a Faith Forgotten. By G. R. S. Mead, B.A. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society.)

[FIRST NOTICE]

Next month will be published the work of many years of patient study and investigation, in which Mr. Mead gives to the Theosophical Society, and through it to the world, the result of the research of a

student and an enthusiast among the Origins of Christianity. No book has hitherto been published which sheds so clear a light on one of the obscurest of problems, the problem most vital of all problems to the western world. The clearness is due not only to the accuracy of the scholarship, and to the intellectual acumen of the author, but yet more to the insight into the heart of the question which comes from his theosophical knowledge, the inner intuition which detects the true from the false, and the total absence of bias and prejudice. He is so obviously seeking to discover truth, not to establish a theory. Every student will feel grateful to him for this most valuable gift, and will wonder, as he turns over the fascinating pages, at the wealth of hidden jewels here uncovered after long neglect. Truly is the Church walking over gold-mines, unwotting of the treasures which lie hidden under her feet.

In the Introduction, the author sets forth the object which he has put before himself. After saying that

> Never in the western world has the general mind been more ripe for the birth of understanding in things religious than it is to-day; never have conditions been more favourable for the wide holding of a wise view of the real nature of the Christ and the task He is working to achieve in the evolution of His world-faith,

Mr. Mead proceeds:

> Our present task will be to attempt, however imperfectly, to point to certain considerations which may tend to restore the grand figure of the Great Teacher to its natural environment in history and tradition, and disclose the intimate points of contact which the true ideal of the Christian religion has with the one world-faith of the most advanced souls of our common humanity—in brief to restore the teaching of the Christ to its true spirit of universality" (pp. 5, 6).

Here is a fine passage, illustrative of the spirit of the book:

> Supposing it possible that a man could love and revere all the great Teachers known to history as deeply and earnestly as each exclusive religionist reveres and loves his own particular Master; supposing that he could really believe in the truth of each of the great religions in as full measure, though without exclusiveness, as the orthodox of each great faith believes in the truth of his own revelation; supposing finally he could sense the Wisdom of Deity in active operation in all these manifestations—what a glorious Religion would then be his! How vast and strong his Faith when supported by the evidences of all the world-bibles, and the exhortations of all the world-teachers! Persuaded of the fact of re-birth, he would feel himself a true citizen of the world and heir presumptive to all

the treasures of the sacred books. Little would he care for the gibes of "eclectic" or "syncretist" flung at him by the analysers of externals and seekers after differences, for he would be bathing in the life-stream of Religion, and would gladly leave them to survey its bed and channels, and scrutinise the mud of its bottom and the soil of its banks; least of all would he notice the cry of "heretic" hurled after him by some paddlers in a pool on the shore. Not, however, that he would think little of analysis or less of orthodoxy, but his analysis would be from within as well as from without, and he would find his orthodoxy in the life of the stream and not in the shape of the banks (pp. 8, 9).

As the student prosecutes his researches, says Mr. Mead, he finds himself in a new world, characterised by great freedom of thought, mighty effort to live the religious life, immense activity and strenuous endeavour—a world unknown to the modern Christian, the world of the first two centuries A.D. (pp. 12, 13). It was preceded by a general unrest and the seeking after a new ideal, much resembling the general intellectual condition of to-day (p. 24), and it was these which called for "the coming of so great a soul to help mankind" (p. 26). Whence came the strivers after the light, known to the early Church as the Gnostics, "those who used the Gnosis as the means to set their feet upon the way to God" (p. 32)?

This question Mr. Mead answers by tracing the "three main streams (which) mingle their waters together in the tumbling torrent that swirls through the land in these critical centuries," those from Greece, Egypt and Jewry (p. 35). A most able sketch of the religious evolution in Greece, including the Mysteries, the Pythagorean Schools and the Orphic communities, leads on to a brief study of the Wisdom of Egypt, with its Hermetic Schools and mystic sects. Most fascinating are the accounts of the Therapeuts, with quaint touches such as: "The table moreover contains nothing that has blood in it, for the food is bread with salt for seasoning, to which hyssop is added as an extra relish for the gourmands" (pp. 77, 78). Innocent and frugal gourmands of the simple settlement! The study next succeeding, of the inner Schools of Jewry, takes us on to Alexandria, of which a most interesting description is given, and then we come to "General and Gnostic Christianity" and "The Evolution of Catholic Christianity."

We are next given a sketch of the Ebionites and Essenes, and are then led to see "The Tendencies of Gnosticism"—a most illuminative and suggestive summary—and "The Literature and Sources of Gnosticism;" this leads us to the next main division of

the work: "The Gnosis according to its Foes." As we turn over these pages, we see with wonder how from school after school there comes forth the same Wisdom, that which is in veriest truth "the faith once delivered to the saints." Basilides, to take but one out of many teachers, uses the very phrases of oriental metaphysic, and in Valentinus, and in some general "Outlines of Æonology" we hear the clearest echoes of the world-process as taught in the East. In a future article we hope to present some of these identities.

Simon Magus, Menander, Saturninus, the "Ophites," and an anonymous system attacked by Irenæus, are used to give "some general notion of the cycle of ideas in which these Gnostics moved" (p. 356), and from this we go on to study an "outline of the teachings of the more prominent leaders of Gnostic thought" after Valentinus —Marcus, Ptolemæus, Heracleon and Bardesanes, the beautiful "Hymn of the Robe of Glory" of the latter being given, usually called the "Hymn of the Soul."

The Gnosis is next traced in the Uncanonical Acts, and we have some most exquisite hymns, stories and invocations, including some fragments of Gnostic ritual, and some most suggestive hints of great symbols, such as the Cross. And then we come to "The Gnosis according to its Friends," the study of the Askew, Bruce and Akhmîn Codices, the precious Coptic relics of the past. These are summarised in a fashion that shows how penetrated our author has become with his subject, and here "plain men" may gain a clear idea of the Gnosis of the Saints and Sages of philosophic Christianity.

Thus we come to the ending of this splendid contribution to a rational understanding of Christianity, closed with an eloquent and touching "Afterword," which concludes as follows:

> What, then, think ye of Christ? Must He not be a Master of Religion, wise beyond our highest ideals of wisdom? Does He condemn His worshippers because their ways are diverse; does He condemn those who worship His Brethren, who also have taught the Way? As to the rest, what need of any too great precision? Who knows with the intellect enough to decide on all these high subjects for his fellows? Let each follow the Light as he sees it—there is enough for all; so that at last he may see "all things turned into light—sweet joyous light." These, then, are all my words, except to add with an ancient Coptic scribe: "O Lord, have mercy on the soul of the sinner who wrote this!"

And on that of the reviewer. ANNIE BESANT.

[Is it necessary to add that there is a bibliography—a very big one?]

VARIOUS

THE spreading of theosophical ideas is seen in the publication of such works as *The Sin of Atlantis*, by Roy Horniman (London: John Macqueen, Hastings House, Norfolk Street; price 6*s*.). The book is a novel, and is written pleasantly in an easy and flowing style; the characters are students of the hidden forces of nature, and their relations to each other are the results of their previous experiences in Atlantis. The story is too slight for its title, but is readable, and takes occult ideas for granted in a useful fashion.

Thy Brother Leonidas (Chicago: Universal Truth Publishing Company, 87-89, Washington Street) is such a well-intentioned book, that one can only hope that the wish expressed in its preface may be fulfilled, that some of the thoughts contained in it may bear fair fruit.

There comes to us from Paris a drama in five acts, by Paul Gourmand, *Osval et Rosamonde* (Bibliothèque artistique et littéraire, 31, rue Bonaparte), which has as motive the search for the Elixir of Life by a magician, decidedly of the black order, and the loves of the two who give a name to the tragedy. Its prose is poetical and graceful, and the author probably did not intend his work to be more than a trifle.

The Pantheism of Modern Science, by F. E. Titus, Barrister (Chicago: Theosophical Book Concern, 26, Van Buren St. Price 10*c*.), is a useful booklet of fifty-six pages, and its contents cannot better be described than by the descriptive heading: "A summary of recent investigations into Life, Force, and Substance, and the opinions based by scientists thereon, leading up to the conclusion that there is in nature a universal Mind, controlling and permeating nature's manifestations." Mr. Titus, who will be known to our readers as one of the most energetic and successful workers in the American Section, has done a useful work in placing these scientific results in so convenient a form.

Physiognomy Ancient and Modern, by R. Dimsdale Stocker (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.), is a carefully written treatise on the reading of character by the observation and comprehension of physical organisation. Great pains have been expended on the work, and all interested in the subject will find it instructive. The subject is illustrated by some photographs and descriptions of well-known people.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist, July, 1900. In this number Colonel Olcott completes his tour in Japan. He tells us that his sense of what he, as a European and thus outside all the various sects, could have done for Buddhism was so strong that he seriously thought of dropping the Theosophical Society to give himself to the work, but was prevented by the higher Powers. Whatever should *we* have done? His account of his travels makes really very pleasant reading, and the summary of the service he thus rendered to religion contained in the address of Mr. Lokusawa at the 1890 Convention with which he ends his history gives the recital a dignity sufficient, we should say, to over-balance, even in the Colonel's own mind, the recollection of the troubles, internal as well as external, which seem to have fallen to his lot. But when a man in 107 days visits thirty-three towns, mostly at great distances apart, delivers seventy-six addresses to audiences estimated at something under 200,000 in all, we can hardly wonder if flesh and blood begin to rebel. The other articles comprise an address by Mrs. Kate Buffington Davis on the "Wisdom of the Sages"; the first of what promises to be a valuable series on Alchemy and the Alchemists by Samuel Stuart; C. Kofel on Cycles; "Heathen Cult and Law in Russia"; the "Wheel of the Good Law," by W. G. John; the "Real Yoga," by Jehangir Sorabji; concluding with J. Perraju's "Madhavacharya," forming a number of more than average value and interest.

Prasnottara, for July, gives encouraging accounts of the progress of the new headquarters' building, and (of course) discouraging accounts of the funds. It appeals for funds to finish the building in August. The articles are continuations of the "Daily Practice of the Hindus," "Shrî Kṛishṇa," and Mrs. Besant's lectures on the Emotions.

Âryа Bala Bodhinî. Those who remember Colonel Olcott's account of the meeting to bid farewell to the American missionary, Dr. Barrows, and the Colonel's own *much* better than Christian speech on the occasion, will be interested to learn that Dr. Barrows, after his return, said in a lecture: "The Hindus have no morality, no ethics, no philosophy, no religion; and if they have got anything, they have borrowed it from the Christian missionaries." And then Christians wonder that their missionaries are not received with favour! We are sorry for Dr. Barrows; he knew well what he *had* to say to satisfy

his employers and patrons in America, and said it; but it must have been hard to get it out, knowing as well as we do what he was telling to please them.

In the *Theosophic Gleaner*, D. D. Writer concludes his paper "The World a Mirror of Eternity"; R. M. Mobedji gives some interesting extracts from the Buddha's teaching, and the remainder of the number is filled with well-chosen reprints.

Also received: the *Siddhanta Deepika;* the *Dawn*, which this month has the first of what promises to be a useful series of papers on Hindu Religious Institutions, by B. Mullick; the Madras *Astrological Magazine;* and the *Indian Review*, a valuable monthly.

The Vâhan, for August, contains an answer by G. R. S. M., illustrating the parable of the Prodigal Son by the Hymn of the Robe of Glory, ascribed to Bardasanes the Gnostic; also others as to how to gain Wisdom, whether a murderer is necessarily an undeveloped soul, and whether we can be said to think on the physical plane. Probably the most permanently valuable part of the number are the answers by B. K. and J. C. C., in explanation of the frequent statement in the Indian books that the Self is "larger than the largest, smaller than the smallest."

Revue Théosophique Française for July has translations from Mrs. Besant and C. W. Leadbeater, and original articles by Paul Gillard on Unity and Individualisation and by D. A. Courmes on the recent Theosophic and International Congress at Paris; whilst Dr. Pascal contributes a thoughtful and reasonable article on Vegetarianism, holding up the principle for all who are capable of it, whilst at the same time recognising that there are others whose fifth-race bodies (as Mr. Sinnett puts it) are either altogether incapable of it, or can only be brought to thrive upon it by slow degrees. The maxim in which he sums up his view is: "Let each one submit to the necessities imposed on him by his body; but let him not confound *necessity* with mere *desire*."

Theosophia in the July number contains, besides the usual translations from H. P. B. and *Esoteric Buddhism*, a stenographic report of Col. Olcott's lecture on the origin, growth, and work of the Theosophical Society, given at Haarlem. J. van Manen continues the *Tao Te King*, and adds a short account of Col. Olcott's early days. Karma, by P. Pieters, and a paper by J. L. M. Lauwerik on the well-known symbols of the circle and cross, complete the original contents. The "Words from the East" which *Theosophia* furnishes

for daily use for the month are often striking. Here is one: "Eat and drink with thy friend—but don't do business with him!"

In the August number of *Sophia*, Señor Soria y Mata gives a short French paper on the Pythagorean theory of evolution. A long and interesting account of the Paris Theosophical Congress tells us of the enthusiastic welcome given to Mrs. Besant, "entering by a path strewed with roses." Mrs. Besant and Messrs. Sinnett and Leadbeater furnish the remainder of the number.

Der Vâhan for August gives a full account of the London Convention and reports Mrs. Besant's closing address. The abstract of *The Theosophical Review* and *The Vâhan* questions is supplemented by a portion of C. W. Leadbeater's "The Christian Cross" and a very sympathetic appreciation of the Society and its work in Rome contributed by a Roman correspondent to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna.

Teosofia for June, after translations from Dr. Pascal and Mrs. Besant, introduces selections from *The Vâhan* answers. In the July number we have a paper by Olga Calvari, entitled "The Earth and Humanity in their relations to the Solar System," which promises when completed to form a very valuable summary of the theosophical doctrine for our Italian friends who do not read English.

Teosofisk Tidskrift for April-May has a long article, "Spiritism and Theosophy," and translations from *The Vâhan*, Mrs. Besant's "Some Difficulties of the Inner Life," and an extract from the *Ancient Wisdom*, recently translated into Swedish. A set of original questions and answers under the title of "Leaves from the Group-studies of the Bäfrast Lodge," and some poetry complete the issue.

The Theosophic Messenger for July is mainly occupied with the Convention. We are promised that the Reference work which this magazine has made a main feature will blossom before long into a full Index, or Theosophical Digest—an undertaking which should be of considerable value to the student.

Philadelphia for June contains articles by Leopold de Lugones, on "The Objects of our Philosophy"; by Carlos M. Collet on the word Revelation; "Alchemy," by Pedro Duvar; and "Phantasms of the Living," by M. Lecomte. There are also translations from Dr. Marques' "Scientific Corroborations of Theosophy," and Mrs. Besant's Paris conference on the "Theosophic Ideal."

Reincarnation is evidently the present "Eastern question," to judge by the May number of *Theosophy in Australia*. It is treated, not only in a formal article, but in important answers to questions

under the well-known initials of W. J. and A. M. In the June issue, there is an interesting paper, headed "Is Theosophy for Children?" and W. J. John contributes an important study of "Man's Everlasting Spiritual Body." It is very curious in reading "The Outlook," which in this magazine takes the place of our own "Watch-Tower," to note how completely it justifies the remark often made, that the mental and social centre of our Australian colonies is New York, and not London; reference is always made to American thought—the English periodicals seem almost unknown.

Our lively little contemporary, the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, is, on the contrary, quite English, and *very* English. In the June number, S. Davidson concludes his paper on "Modern Religious Problems," and Marion Judson discourses on the "Making of Faculty." We are glad that the editor, Mrs. Draffin, gives us a story, and only sorry that "for want of space" she is cutting Miss Agnes Davidson's tale short. We confess to being an omnivorous story reader; strange as it may seem, we would at any time rather read a story than *two* sermons! But we can only speak for ourselves. In the July number, the *pièces de résistance* are W. J. John's "The Power of Mind over Matter," and "Prayer," by Catherine Christie, both worthy of a wider public.

Also received: *Arena* for August contains a noticeable paper on the American Psychic Atmosphere by our friend C. Johnston; *Ideal Review*, August, with an address on Psychiatry and Psychical Force, delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science by the retiring President, Alexander Wilder; *Mind*, for August, in which Rev. R. Heber Newton speaks at length on the continuance of life beyond the grave—his view somewhat spoiled by the usual American assumption that the life beyond must be in all respects similar to the life on this side, which makes the future life so thoroughly distasteful to a thinker, if so charming to a preacher and his admiring flock; *Modern Astrology*, No. 2, vol. viii., contains an interesting lecture by Mrs. Leo upon the Religious Aspects of Astrology—a side of the subject most attractive to Theosophists; *The Lamp*, June and July; *L'Écho de l'Au-delà et d'Ici-bas; Notes and Queries; Star of the Magi; Suggestive Therapeutics; Review of Reviews; Eltka.* Pamphlets: *Congress of Humanity* at Paris; *Emerson viewed with an Oriental Eye*, by Pandit F. K. Lalana; and No. 10 of the *Guide*, a small monthly pamphlet issued at Bombay in defence of Mohammedanism.

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The Theosophical Publishing Society has received from Madras a number of plaster miniature busts of Colonel H. S. Olcott, President-Founder of the T.S.

These are the production of the same Indian sculptor who has executed the large statue of Madame Blavatsky, which was unveiled at Adyar last year.

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