

109

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PARO DHARMAH



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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

VOL. XXX

JULY 15, 1902

No. 179

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

How rapidly is the idea of reincarnation making its way, so that it appears here, there, and everywhere, as a hypothesis, a possibility; and with it, of course, goes there cognition of the law of karma. Here is a paragraph from *Science Siftings* :

Changes
in
Thought

IS SANTOS-DUMONT RE-INCARNATED ?

Is Santos-Dumont a re-incarnation? A French journal gives a portion of a letter from a Brazilian to the King of Portugal, bearing the date 1709. His name was Santos, and, strange coincidence, he was likewise an aeronaut. His ideas seem almost contemporaneous, although he lived two centuries ago. He says: "I have invented a machine by means of which one can voyage in the air more rapidly than on land or sea. It will travel more than two hundred leagues in a day and be invaluable to send dispatches to armies in the most distant countries. Thanks to the aerial navigation we may discover the North Pole and such remote regions." The inhabitants of Portugal were not then ripe for such advanced ideas. They considered poor Santos a friend of witches, and he was banished from the country into Spain, where he died in the Seville hospital.

From the other side of the Atlantic comes the voice of Madame Calvé, the singer, writing in the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

I sometimes think that the rôle of *Carmen* is a sort of karma, too—a punishment for some of my inordinate cravings and my vanity in another existence. I laugh; I dance; I sing; I am cruel, heartless, and a coquette, as *Carmen*. I understand the character so well. And yet *Carmen* is a creature wholly foreign to me. She is never I. She is my enemy, and yet she is my triumph. Is there not a grim humour in this incongruity? . . . Who am I that I should be exalted, petted, praised, while humanity all around me is crying piteously for aid, for light, for life? So I still believe, according to the laws of karma, that I am carrying out a self-selected destiny. Some time, in some place, I must have longed inordinately for the stage, for applause, for the poor little baubles of Madame Calvé. And now that I am Calvé and hold the toy for which that other self cried out, I hope to return in another æon or two, and find myself on some terrestrial planet where there is no singing, no opera house.

The lovers of the WISDOM may well rejoice as they see the ideas they are labouring to spread appear in such diverse quarters.

* * *

THE American Presbyterian Church seems to be extraordinarily out of touch with modern thought, and its ministers appear to be thinking along lines that might have been deemed impossible. Can no one transplant thither some healthy saplings of the Higher Criticism, or, perhaps better, of the Lower? Not long ago we had a committee recommending such a revision of the doctrinal standards as might allow American Presbyterians to believe that children dying in infancy were not doomed to everlasting torture. And now we have the following :

Wanted, some
Critics

A professor in the Princetown Presbyterian Seminary has recently made an astounding statement. He does not know, and never has known, a professor in any Presbyterian seminary who does not believe that the story of Adam and Eve in Genesis in all its details is literal history. In certain presbyteries in America opposition has lately been made to the approval of candidates for the ministry on the ground that they regarded the Eden story as legendary, and the Conservatives are entrenching themselves behind the General Assembly of 1899, which unanimously resolved that "to hold that the Holy Scriptures are in any respect historically inaccurate is to oppose the teaching of the Confession, chapter 1., section 4."

On this the *Christian World* comments :

Some ten years ago the late Dr. Bruce declared that the American Presbyterian Church was in "deep, dogmatic slumber." With here and there some signs of stirring, it seems to be so still.

The trend of western thought is so strongly critical and intellectual, that it is astounding to find such a condition of things in an educated community. There is most valuable mystic truth conveyed by the story of Adam and Eve, but in its purely historical aspect it can scarcely be accepted by any thoughtful reader.

* * *

But error dies hard. The terrible doctrine of everlasting torture has so firm a grip on the Wesleyan Methodist community that Prof. Joseph Agar Beet, D.D., one of the ablest theologians among the Wesleyans, has been refused re-election to the Chair of Systematic Theology in Richmond College, held by him since 1885, because he expressed in a guarded way some doubt as to the everlasting torment of sinners. He by no means expresses any terrible heretical opinion that sinners also are God's children and will be saved, but merely doubts if they will suffer for ever. He wrote as follows, this being a modified re-statement of his views, made to meet the criticism to which he had been subjected :

The Love of
Hell

To many godly and thoughtful men the doom of endless suffering, involving endless permanence of evil, has seemed irreconcilable with the love and even the justice of God. And some of them have for this reason, vindicating, as they think, the character of God, dismissed the theory before us as inconceivable and impossible. This objection demands respectful consideration. For throughout the Bible God claims, even in His punishment of sin, the approval of men. And the homage paid by our moral sense to the character and teaching of Christ is an all-important witness to His supreme authority. In all ages the profound mystery of the existence of evil has perplexed the mind of man. But this difficulty is somewhat lessened by our observations that frequently suffering and even temptation to sin have been a means of moral discipline, and thus of benefit to those who suffer and are tempted. The theory before us involves the immensely greater difficulty of the endlessness of suffering. It implies that God will inflict on the wicked a punishment which will perpetuate evil in the form of suffering and in some sense of sin, and maintain an existence which has become an un-mixed and unspeakable curse for endless ages after His purpose of mercy has been fully accomplished,

Even this has proved to be too strongly heretical, and Dr. Beet has lost his chair. It is evident that we need some Theosophists in the Wesleyan community, who will teach the inevitableness of suffering treading on the heels of evil, "as the wheels of the cart follow the ox," but also its remedial and purificatory character.

* * *

THE earth truly gives up her dead, and by them teaches the living something of her past. Within the last few years a cave has been discovered in the district of Périgord, France, which contains a number of drawings on its rocky walls, a kind of pre-historic art gallery, open to the public of some 200,000 years ago. M. Emile Rivière has devoted the last three years to the study of these ancient pictures, and has issued copies of many of them. They transplant us into the life active in France two thousand centuries ago, and show us a dwelling of that time—resembling a charcoal burner's hut in the same part of France at the present day—with numbers of the then living animals, drawn with much force and spirit. A lamp of red sandstone has survived through the ages, and shows that the people of that far-off day loved to have their household utensils beautiful, for the lamp is decorated with the carven likeness of a goat, with long horns curling backwards. The drawings in the cave are by no means of equal merit; some are remarkably life-like, a figure of a running goat, for instance, being full of energy; others are evidently the work of inferior artists. Strange in modern eyes would be the surroundings of those old artists, who lived and loved and drew and died far back in the shadowy past, leaving their handiwork to be found and criticised in to them far-off ages. The human consciousness, ever evolving, knows past and present as but stages in its life, and it may be that the same artist mind, which guided its then hand to draw these ancient animals, has in these days guided the hand of Rosa Bonheur, with the greater skill and power gained during its long unfolding.

* * *

Two hundred thousand years are but as yesterday when compared with the ten million years from which another visitor has come

A Visitor with
Past from Old
Russia

forth to greet^o us. This common ancestor of the reptiles and the mammals is of a really respectable antiquity, and, if he had had time to have evolved into a man with a memory, he would have been good-naturedly amused with Archbishop Usher's 4,004 B.C. He is called a Parieasaurus, and one of his relatives left some tracks on the New England rocks, but was not obliging enough to leave his bones. Perhaps he could not; he may have been eaten by a contemporary. Fragments of other relatives have been discovered in South Africa, but this is the first one of the family to introduce himself complete to the pigmy modern reptiles as their ancestor. He is ten feet long and two and a half feet high; of legs he has the orthodox four, the front legs longer than the hind ones, so that he looks as though he were trying to climb into a giraffe. His jaw is hinged like that of a snake, and he has that creature's flattened head. His teeth are strong, broad and flat, evidently accustomed to business, and he has very large and heavy claws. He was buried in the sandstone banks of the Northern Dwina, in the steppes of the Ural mountains, and was dug up by Professor W. P. Amalitzky of Warsaw, rewarding two years of hard work.

* * *

QUITE modern is a tomb in the Roman forum, lately discovered by Commendatore Boni, dating only as far behind Romulus as Romulus is behind Augustus. (But surely Quite Modern Romulus is not allowed now-a-days?) The tomb contains some incinerated human bones in a two-handled clay jar, an Olla, a small vase of black clay, and a cup with a perforated handle. The Olla is modelled in the form of a hut, thought to represent the human dwellings of the period.

* * *

A VALUED correspondent sends us the following :

A corner of the veil that hides from the physicist evidences of the existence of the living forces that surge into the atoms of the chemical elements has been lifted, and "the manifestation of sub-atomic chemical change" in certain phenomena of radio-activity is recognised as the result of an elaborate research on "The Radio-

Lifting the
Veil

activity of Thorium Compounds," and on "The Cause and Nature of Radio-activity."* The radio-active and emanating constituent of thorium compounds (ThX) is found to be, at least to a great extent, separable by chemical means; but, the thorium compounds continue to reproduce the ThX. The authors state that "the source of the energy required to maintain the radio-activity of thorium over indefinite periods is . . . to be found in a chemical change producing new types of matter." Meanwhile ThX is subject to undergo a secondary change, one product of which is a gas belonging to the argon group, which in the radio-active state constitutes the emanation. The thoria from which ThX has been separated is still radio-active, but the rays partake of the character of the Röntgen rays in being non-deviable and travelling in straight lines; whereas the radio-active gaseous emanation is capable of being diffused or deviated. The spectroscope revealed to us many secrets, both astral and mundane, but in this magnificent research one instrument, in a particular direction far more delicate—the electrometer—has revealed something of the slow operations of nature in her womb, which must have remained undiscovered by coarser means. It is the property of radio-active substances to render a gas capable of discharging electricity, and this effect is so exactly measurable as to exceed, by a quantity of the order of 10^{-12} (or $\frac{1}{10^{12}}$), that detected by the balance, and therefore altogether beyond its range. Thoria, mixed with many thousand times its weight of zirconia, can be accurately detected and measured, by means of its emanation, by an electrometer.

* * *

THE discovery of the existence of radio-active bodies is suggesting all kinds of interesting physical explanations for phenomena supposed by most to be either fraudulent or "super-natural." May not human—and other—bodies give off emanations which may affect sensitive surfaces? May they not thus imprint themselves on objects in quite unexpected ways? May not astral bodies thus photograph themselves in a tied-up parcel

* *T. Chem. Soc.*, April, 1902, and *Proceedings*, May 15th, 1902. Authors, Prof. Rutherford and F. Soddy.

of sensitive plates, producing positives instead of negatives? May not certain pictures, believed to be miraculous, be thus explained? If so, might not the tradition of S. Veronica's handkerchief, for instance, have a basis of fact, rapid impressions being made by the utilisation of astral energies to quicken radio-activity, while the physical, left to itself, would require a longer time to produce a similar impression?

* * *

THERE has been much speculation about the ether of late years, ether, the immaterial matter that eludes observation and yet demands recognition by the necessity of its existence. Sir John Herschel regarded ether as "an adamantine solid," dense beyond earthly densities. Then Lord Kelvin upset this theory by proving that only if the density of the ether were infinitely small could radiant energy be transmitted through space. Mr. Fraser has now written a paper, published in the *Proceedings* of the Edinburgh Royal Society, in which he describes the atom as "a veritable ethereal bubble," the bubble having as film a layer of ether particles in rapid rotation. It is known that the resistance of a solid can be obtained from non-solid matter by setting it in extremely rapid movement; and may not this fact reconcile the two opposing theories?

Vortex or Particle
or Both?

* * *

THE researches of Professor Jagadish Chandra Bose, M.A., D.Sc., of Calcutta, are arousing much interest in the western scientific world. He has published his lecture given last year at the Royal Institution on "The Response of Inorganic Matter to Stimulus," and is now lecturing on his later discoveries of the response of plants to similar stimuli. He has demonstrated the important facts that the response to a stimulus of metals, plants, and animal muscle, as shown by the curves traced on a revolving drum, is identical in each, the curves yielded by one not being distinguishable from those given by another. A pinch on a piece of cabbage and a pinch on a man's hand give identical curves of response; if the one response be that of life, so is the other. Life

is present in both or in neither ; matter is not " living " in animal and plant, while it is " dead " in mineral. Thus is another ridiculed statement of the *Secret Doctrine* becoming justified by the advance of science.

* * *

DIAMOND manufacture is again to the fore, and seems to be with-
in measurable distance as a " commercial success." Mr. E. G.

Atcheson, a pupil of Edison, is working near
Artificial Crucibles Niagara Falls—utilising the astounding amount
v. Natural

of electricity obtained from " the harnessing
of Niagara "—at the manufacture of splendid crimson gems, hard
as diamonds and of the colour and sparkle of rubies. At a
temperature of 6500°F. he produces these crystals, melting
together, in the process, the bricks of his furnace. With the
crystals he has also made pure graphite, and hopes to obtain the
octohedral crystalline form of carbon—diamond. The means of
applying the requisite pressure remains to be discovered.

* * *

MANY of our readers, old friends of Dr. Arthur Richardson, of
Bristol—now the much-loved and respected Principal of the
Central Hindu College, Benares—will be glad

From India to hear that he has been elected a Fellow of
the Allahabad University, and has been ap-

pointed one of its Examiners. Dr. Richardson is rapidly build-
ing up a name for a deep experimental knowledge of chemistry,
and for a rare power of imparting knowledge to others, and of
inspiring his pupils with enthusiasm in its pursuit. Speaking of
the College, we may add that a modest way of helping it is by
subscribing to the College Magazine, which can be ordered
through the T.P.S. at 2s. a year, post free. Just now a series of
tales by Mrs. Besant is appearing, under the title of " The Ways
of the Râjaputras," drawn from the old Annals of Râjputâna,
tales of warrior daring and chivalry, showing something of the
way in which fought the old warrior stock of India.

THE MYSTERIES AND THE "BOOK OF THE DEAD"

IN dealing with a subject like that of the *Book of the Dead*, it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusions without first stating certain considerations connected with the study of theology, as dealt with by the great thinkers of the past, that is to say ; not as it was believed in among the people, but as it was conceived among the wise.

Let us premise then that theology of old, among the wise, was a science, and, as such, recognised no prejudices, and one might also say, no dogmas ; a dogma being defined, for the purpose of this paper, as "an authoritative statement, resting on faith alone for proof." The great thinkers of antiquity were philosophers, not dogmatists, as witness Hermes Trismegistus, Plato, Proclus, Aristotle, and others, who built up the fabric of their theology by adding argument to argument, and reason to reason, requiring no man to believe what could not bear the most critical examination.

Moreover, to comprehend the philosophic and symbolic theology of the ancient world, it is necessary to recognise one primary difference between natural and theological research. It is evident that the natural scientist deals with effects and the theologian with causes ; the natural scientist with the finite, the theologian with the infinite ; and, therefore, the outcome of their studies must be of necessity in the case of the natural scientist of a positive nature, and of the theological scientist of a negative nature. For example, if a natural scientist be asked the question : "What is a mathematical figure ?"—if it be in his line he will be able to speak for hours, with great precision of fact, upon the constitution and utility of mathematical figures. But ask a theologian what God is, no answer that he may make can be complete, or anything like complete ; and that for the very

simple reason that it cannot be possible for finite symbols, such as words, to define that which is infinite. Whereas if instead of asking what God is, you asked what God is *not*, the answer would be somewhat simplified, for you may mention any concrete or definable thing within the entire range of your experience, and, with the certainty of concrete fact, you may say God is not that thing mentioned, thus establishing what may be called a negative fact. Even in natural science the more that is known, the more do we see the limitations of knowledge; and so, reasoning from the lesser to the greater, it becomes evident that all we can really know about the Final Cause is of a negative nature. Wherefore, also, anything pretending to be positive knowledge of the infinite must be of a contradictory description.

It is so finally in natural science; how much more then even on the border-land of infinity. To give an astronomical example: most educated people are under the impression that they know something about the path of the moon through space; yet it is not possible to settle the question with real exactness, for according to the points of view of the observers so will their ideas on the subject be diverse or contradictory. From the point of view of our planet the moon's path is an ellipse; from the point of view of the sun the moon's path is a thirteen-sided polygon with rounded angles. But there are yet other points of view, and from every point of view a new and different path; for not only are the movements of the moon controlled by its orbit round the earth, and by the earth's orbit round the sun, but the sun itself is moving, and who among men can state the position and distance or relation to our sun of the centre of all things? for that centre is not necessarily the star that controls our sun.

The search for some satisfactory explanation of the great Cause of all existence has been the one pursuit that the learned of all ages have never given up. From the earliest days of man on earth, so far as archæological science can trace him, this has been his great quest, and out of it has arisen every religion that has ever been upon this planet. The learned men of the ancient world appear to have soon arrived at the conclusion that the Absolute was in its essence utterly incognisable; they, therefore, sought to build a fabric of symbol, in order that the aspiring soul

might have a ladder up which his reason could climb, until his spirit, entering into the great Peace, could realise what his reason was incapable of grasping.

From these symbolic systems of ancient learning have come down to us what we call myths. A myth is not necessarily an historical untruth, or indeed an untruth of any kind; it is merely a record of possibly physical circumstance for a spiritual end, as opposed to the relation of what is commonly called profane history. Now there are almost invariably to be found curious links and connections between the myths of all nations and times; and the student of what may be called the undercurrent of philosophy, which runs through all the civilisations of the nations of antiquity, seems gradually to be coming to the conclusion that the fundamental ideas which lie hidden beneath all religions and all myths are, to all intents and purposes, the same. This philosophic system has been called the ancient "Wisdom-religion." To expound this Wisdom-religion and bring it down to the level of the intelligence of the ordinary man, the symbol was invented. A symbol may be simple or complex, and from these old religious symbols I have very little doubt that we in our day get all that makes social law and adorns the crudities of life.

It may have struck some as curious concerning the various writers of the books of the Old and New Testaments, how that everything, from the cosmic elements down to the Roman games, including animals, food, human customs, and costumes, is utilised for the illustration of things divine; but, probably, few have thought of the possibility of, say, the Roman games having been originally planned and constituted for this very purpose, that is, to be a divine symbol, and the same with customs and even with costumes.

It is a tradition of Freemasons that all the comforts and amenities of civilisation arose out of their craft, the outcome and result of the Masonic art. Personally, I have no doubt whatever that in Freemasonry we in Europe possess the direct descendant of the Mysteries of Egypt, Chaldæa, Palestine, Greece, and Rome, changed if you will, deformed out of all recognition, except to the intuition of the most persevering student, yet to that student still carrying the birth-mark of its origin.

What, then, were these ancient Mysteries at the time of their strength? There can be but little doubt that they were the presentation and explanation of the symbols of the Wisdom-religion. They were Mysteries, because comprehensible only to minds of considerable development. They were secret, that they might not miss their object through their not being comprehended, for thus would their symbols be profaned. Here, then, we shall find a clue whereby we may attempt to seek the origin and meaning of the *Book of Epiphany*, more commonly known as the *Book of the Dead*.

This book contains in reality more than one work. But as the earliest portion consists of a number of chapters having the Egyptian name of "Chapters of *Per em Hru*," translators have taken these words as the title of the whole book. These words are now commonly translated "Chapters of Coming-forth by Day." Earlier translators have used the word "manifestation" as an equivalent for the Egyptian word "*Per*," which in reality has the double sense of "coming" or "going out" of any place or thing, and also of "appearing" or "manifesting out" of the void, as we would say of a ghost or spirit, in the same sense as a man who opens a door and comes out may be said to manifest his presence to those who are outside that door. The Egyptian word "*em*" certainly has the meaning of "by," but also "in," "into," "with," "from," etc.; and after a careful study of the use of the expression in the actual text of the chapters so named, I have come to the conclusion that the whole sentence "*Per em Hru*" is the Egyptian equivalent, nay, even possibly the true origin of the Greek idea expressed by the word ἐπιφάνεια, epiphany, "coming to light," or to give the Egyptian conception of the symbol, "coming forth into day."

In my opinion, this expression refers primarily to the manifestation of the light of the Mysteries to the Initiate who had been pronounced fit to receive them, and this identical idea of "coming to light," as concerning the Initiate in relation to the Mysteries, is still to be found among Freemasons. For these reasons I prefer the title of *Book of Epiphany*.

But there is another use of the expression *Per em Hru* which seems to have confused our Egyptologists; it referred to the

power which the blessed Dead were believed to possess, of manifesting their presence in the Elysian Field, or to whom and in whatsoever place they desired. Professor Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian Department at the British Museum, says :

" We first touch solid ground in the history of the *Book of the Dead* in the period of the early dynasties, and if we accept one tradition which was current in Egypt as early as B.C. 2,500, we are right in believing that certain parts of it are, in their present form, as old as the time of the first dynasty. The lxivth chapter, which is admitted on all hands to be exceedingly old, exists in two versions ; the rubric to one of these declares that the chapter is as old as the time of Hesepti, the fifth King of the Ist Dynasty, about B.C. 4,266, and says that it was found beneath the Henu boat by the foreman of the builders ; and the rubric to the other states that it was ' found ' at Hermopolis, inscribed upon a block of ironstone, by Herndādāf (the son of Khufu or Cheops, the second King of the IVth Dynasty,) about B.C. 3,733, when he was inspecting the temples throughout the country. These opinions find expression upon the coffins of the XIth and XIIth Dynasties, and in papyri of the best period, that is to say, from about B.C. 1,600 to B.C. 1,000 ; and though one makes out the chapter to be some six hundred years older than the other, both agree in assigning to it a date which is coeval with the Early Empire."

That is to say, that the Egyptians themselves ascribed a date to one special chapter, as early as 4,250 B.C. Certain chapters are also attributed to the reign of Menkau Rā, the Mycerinos of the Greeks, the fourth King of the IVth Dynasty, and on the coffin-lid of this king, which is now in the British Museum, we have, I believe, the earliest extant actual text taken from the *Book of the Dead*, B.C. 3,630 ; for even in the few lines thereon there is evidence of identity. The dead King is symbolically called by the name of Osiris, and so is said to be conceived of Nut, the great mother of the divine powers, called the "Mystery of Heaven," and Osiris is spoken of as "of the Seed of Earth."

The next text, found in the pyramid of Unas, dates B.C. 3,330, and from that date to B.C. 3,160 there are four other texts extant ; but it cannot be supposed that any or all of these six

texts contain anything like the whole book as known even at that period. This first known recension is called the recension of On or Annu, the Heliopolis of the Greeks, the "City of the Sun," which has such great symbolic importance in almost every chapter of this ancient book.

Now it has been considered a remarkable thing that all these texts are connected with royal burials; and though at the end of the VIth Dynasty many tombs have been found decorated with both scenes and texts, none but royal tombs at that time contain any portions of the *Book of the Dead*. This is remarkable, for it must certainly have been a simpler and cheaper thing to rule a number of parallel lines and write texts between them, than to design and paint scenes and decorations, which needed the employment of a much higher form of talent; but I hope to throw some light on all these questions during the process of working out the problems of the origin, contents, and the process of editing.

After the VIth Dynasty there is a gap in the history of the *Book of the Dead* of about 500 years, and then it crops up again, but now it has left the walls of the tomb, and is written on the actual wood of the coffin.

From the XIIth Dynasty to the XVIIIth there is yet another gap, and then we find the book written on papyrus and placed in the tombs of the priests and priestesses, mostly of Amon-Rā. Because this form of it has been found principally at Thebes, it is called the Theban recension.

It is this recension specially which is the subject of the rest of this paper, and which will I hope be the subject of other papers in the near future, for there is one great difference that I believe has not yet been noticed between this latter and the Heliopolitan recension, a difference which makes the Theban recension of immeasurably greater value for our present research. A very carefully edited text of the Theban *Book of the Dead*, taken from a selection of the best papyri, has recently been published by Dr. Budge, thus bringing a complete hieroglyphic text within the reach of all students.

We must now attempt to grapple with the problem of the origin of this, perhaps, the most ancient book on earth; and in

making this attempt we must note that because of its immense antiquity, all external evidence is unsatisfactory, unless we can find confirmation within the book itself. The first thing then to be done is to subject the actual text to a very searching, critical examination; only when this is completed can we allow the threads of legend and tradition to be gathered up and used as evidence. And naturally in a paper such as this I cannot go through the entire evidence, but can only point out the general drift of it.

The first curious thing, then, that strikes the critical examiner is that apparently the Egyptian in his contemplation could get so far detached from his bodily individuality that he became a little uncertain whether to address himself as "I," "thou," or "he"; and the question arises: What is the real significance of this strange muddle of personal pronouns? If we examine the chapter headings, we find almost invariably the legend, "Osiris shall recite," or "'Such a name' shall recite"; showing that the chapters were intended to be recited by one person for his own special benefit.

But on closer examination we decide that these headings, and also the rubrics, are the work of an editor and not part of the original scheme, for we find in certain chapters plain evidence of more than one speaker; as, for example, in the xcixth chapter, where, under the usual heading, "So and So shall recite," there suddenly breaks into the chapter a whole chorus of voices; for the parts of a ship, mast, sail, rigging, rudder, deck, hull, crew and all, suddenly start into active life, and begin asking questions, each of which the original reciter answers, with an assurance which shows that he quite expected it. Again, the scene of the weighing of the heart is evidently dramatic; so also cxxvth chapter, the Chapter of the Negative Confession.

After noting all this we return again to the muddle of personal pronouns before mentioned, and ask ourselves: Can the *Book of the Dead* be of the nature of extracts from some sort of dramatic work, edited in such a manner as to be capable of assisting the religious meditations of a single individual? We then naturally ask further whether there was in very early periods

anything which may be said to have been of a dramatic nature, anything, that is, out of which the drama may have taken its rise.

We recall the Masonic tradition, that all the amenities of civilised life arose from the Masonic art; we recall the idea that Masonry itself is the offspring of the ancient Mysteries; we recall that much of what is known of those Mysteries shows them to have been originally of the nature of dramatic representations of the great historic myths.

It is now an easy step to the question: Does the origin of the *Book of the Dead* lie buried in those very ancient dramatic symbols, handed down from mouth to ear, as Masonic tradition asserts they should be, from long before they were done into writing, and so preserved to our day?

It is to be noticed that the idea of these chapters having been handed down orally before they were written, has been arrived at by other Egyptologists as the logical conclusion arising out of quite another train of thought from that which I have just developed; indeed, internal evidence seems to justify the conclusion that they were not put into writing until it became absolutely necessary to do so, in order to preserve them from further corruption, there having arisen variations of opinion even in those very early times as to the true reading of certain parts, as witness the commentaries on the original text of the xviiith chapter, which commentaries have got so much incorporated into the text that restoration is by no means easy.

Starting, then, from the basis of dramatic Mysteries, let us turn to the book itself and see if this idea will in any way fit into it, whether, that is to say, the theory is a workable one. Premising, then, that we all know that the numbering of the chapters is merely a modern convenience for students, we will analyse the first two sections, known respectively as "The Scene of the Weighing of the Heart," and as chapter i.

Unfortunately the first of these Sections is very incomplete, and we must turn to other chapters for some indication of the action which took place previous to the actual Weighing of the Heart; among others the cxxvth chapter gives us such an indication.

In the introduction to this chapter we read, beginning about a third of the way down, line 12 :

" I have been in Dadu.

" I reduced myself to silence.

" The God who strengthens the feet has given me strength.

" I have been in the House of Anubis.

" I have seen him who rules in the temple.

" I have entered into the House of Osiris.

" I took off the head-dress of him that was there.

" I entered in at the Gate of Paths. I saw the mysteries which were there.

~ Though I was shrouded I found a passage.

" I was taken up to the southern door-post of the Hall of Truth.

" I put on the garment which was there, because of my nakedness.

" I was anointed by women in the circle of the Initiates.

" And it was demanded : ' Tell me the proving ? '

" And I said : Let me be weighed by Him who is in the midst of us."

To analyse this and reduce it to some modern conception of symbolic action we must realise that every place in Egypt was a symbol of some basic notion connected with the progress of the soul from ignorance to knowledge, and therefore also of the entrance and advance of the Initiate in the Masonic art.

Dadu is no exception to this rule, and while to the mind of most Egyptologists it is simply an Egyptian city, or rather two cities, it is ideographically represented by means of two Dads or pillars of stability, and pictorially any person or God spoken of as being in Dadu is represented as standing between these two pillars. This 'same symbol was carried over into Hebrew symbolism, and in the days of Solomon these two Dads, or pillars of stability, were known to the Jews as Yākīn and Boaz, and stood in the porch or entrance of King Solomon's Temple; I shall, therefore, give them their symbolic sense, and instead of "in Dadu," I shall use the term "between the Pillars."

Here, then, "between the Pillars," at the threshold of entrance to the Holy Place, it is most necessary for the Initiate

to reduce himself to silence. Further, symbolically he cannot pass beyond the Pillars until he has learned from a moral standpoint to control his footsteps. He must be able to walk upright and straight; therefore here must the "God who strengthens the feet, give him power." After this he may enter the antechamber ruled over by Anubis, the guide and guard, and so pass on until he comes into the presence of the Great Balance, where the Heart is weighed by the Master of the Lodge, the Grand Architect of the Universe, "Him" who being everywhere is "in the midst of us."

There can be but little doubt that in the scheme of Egyptian Initiation all this was dramatically represented, the Initiate himself being the principal character in the drama, though in a sense it may be said that he alone of all the actors was not acting.

But to continue our analysis: we have brought our Initiate to the point at which the section opens, which is called the "Scene of the Weighing of the Heart." I have already spoken of the idea that all the amenities of life were developed from these dramatic Mysteries; but as this next scene of the drama opens with such an amenity, I will preface it by saying that the further one dives into antiquity by the light of this idea, the more one finds that there is hardly anything in the whole social fabric which has not originated in these Mysteries; even the restless changes in the fashion of a lady's hat probably began in the symbolic head-dresses of these old wisdom dramas. Court ceremonial and presentations, knighthood, military etiquette, the rites, customs and superstitions of marriage, baptism and burial, the sprinkling of rice, of water, or of earth, had all, I believe, the same origin, down to the most trivial and amusing details.

The tradition now dealt with is that of trial by jury, a jury of twelve. Thus it was that the Egyptian of old expected to be tried in the Judgment Hall of God. In the papyrus of Ani, the names of the jury are given as Harmachis, Temu, Shu, Tefnut, Seb, Nut, Isis, Nephthys, Horus, Hathor, Hu, and Sa.

The Section under notice does not contain anything like what I should imagine to be the whole of even one act of the drama, but merely five short extracts, such as the editor might think would be useful for the assistance of one individual in his

private meditation. These are simple and almost explain themselves; I will append them, giving the name of each character.

The Initiate stands before the Balances and addresses his own heart:

The Initiate: "My Heart, which is my mother, my Ego of my incarnation, arise not against me in judgment! Let there be no hostility unto me from the judges! Be not a traitor to me before the keeper of the scales! For thou art my Ka within my body, the former and preserver of my parts. Thou comest forth to the beautiful place to which we are going! Let not my name be made to stink by the princes of the wheel, who place mankind according to their stations. Speak not lies concerning me before God, but speak good things. Thou hearest (me)!"

The Counsel for the Defence: "Listen ye to these words. In very truth the heart of Osiris has been weighed. His Bai has arisen as a witness concerning him at his judgment on the great Scales. It has not been found that he has done any evil; he has not taken the bread from the house rows of the poor; he has not diminished weights and measures; he has not gone back from his word to those who were below him, while he was upon earth."

The Verdict of the Jury: "Our judgment in this matter is: That which has proceeded from thy mouth is exact truth concerning this Osiris. He has done no evil; he has not been made to stink before us; it is not allowed to the destroyer to have rule in him. Let nourishment be provided for him, and a manifestation before Osiris Himself, and an abiding habitation in the field of offerings; even as is done to those who follow Horus."

The scene changes from the Hall of Truth to the Inner Shrine.

Horus, son of Isis, speaks: "I have come unto Thee, O Onnophris, to bring unto thee this Osiris. His heart is just coming forth from the Scales. He has not done evil before any God or Goddess. Thoth has inscribed in writing what the circle of the Gods spoke concerning him, with perfect exactness: that there should be accorded to him meat and drink, and a manifestation before Osiris, and that he should be as one of those who follow Horus for ever."

The Initiate: "Behold! I am before Thee, O Lord of

Amentet. There is no evil in my body ; I have not knowingly told a lie, no, not at any time. Grant that I may be as the favoured ones who are in thy train ! ”

Here it will be noticed that there are two Osirises spoken of ; they are first the God, the great archetype of perfected humanity, and second the man, for whom in a sense the God is substituted, and who is therefore called by the name of the God.

To return to our drama ; we have seen the Initiate led into the presence of the Grand Master, and heard him address himself to that Master. In Chapter I. we find the continuation of this new scene, which has now been shifted from the Hall of the Balances to the Inner Shrine. I will append the chapter, beginning with the last lines of the previous section, and indicating each change of speaker.

Counsel for the Defence : “ Thoth does homage unto Thee, O Bull of Amentet, King of Eternity ! ”

Osiris the God : “ Behold Me ! I am the Great God within the Shrine ! ”

Counsel for the Defence : “ I have done battle on account of Thee ! I am one of those Gods of the Supernal Court, making true of voice Osiris to His opposers on the Day of the weighing of words. I am of Thy kindred, Osiris. I am among those Gods who are the offspring of the Heavenly Abyss, who work vengeance on the opposers of Osiris, imprisoning the fiends of matter on account of Him. I am of thy kindred, Horus ! I have done battle on account of Thee, I have endured on account of Thy name. I am Thoth, making true of voice Osiris to His opposers, on the Day of the weighing of words in the great Temple of the ancient One who dwelleth in the city of the Sun. I am the dweller between the Pillars, the son of Him that dwelleth between the Pillars, my conception was between the Pillars, I was brought forth between the Pillars. I am with the mourners who mourn Osiris in the upper and the lower world, making true of voice Osiris to His opposers.”

Osiris : “ Thoth won these things of Rā, to make true of voice Osiris to his opposers, and what was won Thoth did for me.”

First God of the Great Circle : “ I am with Horus on the Day

of the Bandaging of the material form of Osiris, to open the caverns of purification of the motionless Heart, and to expound the mysteries in the Paths."

Second God : "I am with Horus to protect the left side of Osiris, when he is in the Place of Forgetfulness; I enter in and I manifest as the Dweller of the Day, to wipe out the fiends of matter which are in the Place of Forgetfulness."

Third God : "I am with Horus on the Day of the festivals of Osiris, to make offerings on the sixth day of the Festival of Separation in the City of the Sun."

Fourth God : "I am the Priest between the Pillars, even Rā who dwells in the House of Osiris, who lifteth up the Earth."

Fifth God : "I am He who sees the mysteries of that path."

Sixth God : "I am He who reads the Book of the Soul from between the Pillars."

Seventh God : "I am the guiding Priest in the doing of his duties."

Eighth God : "I am the great Master of ceremonial, on the day when the Seker boat is set in motion on its sledge."

Ninth God : "I am He who grasps the plough handle, on the day of the Ploughing of the Earth in Nekhen Suten."

The Initiate : "O ye who cause souls made perfect to enter into the House of Osiris, cause ye my perfect soul to enter in with you to the House of Osiris! May it hear as ye hear, may it see as ye see, may it rise up as ye rise up, and sit down as ye sit down!

"O ye who give meat and drink to souls made perfect in the House of Osiris, give ye meat and drink at the two seasons to my soul which is with you!

"O ye openers of the path and guiders of the tracks of souls made perfect in the House of Osiris, open ye unto my soul the path, and guide ye the tracks of my soul which is with you! May it enter in in strength, and may it come forth in peace in the House of Osiris! Let there be none to repel it, let no one turn it away, let it enter in favour, let it manifest at will! Let it be true of voice! Perform ye its commands in the House of Osiris! Let it journey and let it speak with you! Let it be glorious with you, for there has been no defect found in it, and the Balance has been taken down after its use."

Here we have a drama which it is possible required, including the Initiate, twenty-two actors, some of whom, I might point out, were not priests but priestesses. There were the twelve members of the jury, consisting of seven Gods and five Goddesses, and there were the representatives of the great circle of the Gods, nine in number, amongst whom we must, I think, place the judge and the counsel for the defence, Osiris himself, and Thoth. These nine are divided into a three and a six by the distinction "I am with Horus." Finally there is the Initiate, making the twenty-second.

This dramatic origin of the *Book of the Dead*, once realised, becomes a wonderful key; it opens up, rendering from nonsense into sense, a very large proportion of the whole book. For as soon as we are prepared to look for it, we find that over and over again there suddenly breaks upon the ear a voice from out of the void, which, when recognised as such, changes the incomprehensible into the plain and simple.

But one other key there is, already mentioned, without which it is useless to approach the *Book of the Dead* with the idea of discerning any of those gems of wisdom for which old Egypt was so famous. Why our scientific Egyptologists do not recognise it and utilise it, passes my comprehension; for the knowledge of its existence is no recent discovery: it is simply that ancient nations such as the Egyptians, Chaldees, and Jews, had a system of symbolic geography, a system to which our Christian theologians and commentators appear by common consent to shut their eyes. Nevertheless, I believe they are still hoping to elucidate one day the Apocalypse of St. John, and to find the exact geographical position of the four rivers of Eden.

The Jewish and Egyptian priestly caste endeavoured to map out their lands in accordance with their symbols of spiritual things, so far as the physical features would permit. This symbolism of mountain, city, plain, desert and river, extended from the various parts and furniture of the Lodge, to use Masonic phraseology, up to the spiritual anatomy, as it were, of both macrocosm and microcosm.

Thus in the Jewish Scriptures it is not difficult to distinguish, in the prophetic battles of the nations that were to rage round

about Jerusalem, the same symbolism as we have more directly expressed in a little old book called *The Siege of Mansoul*, the author of which was the John Bunyan of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, a man who could well grasp the excellence of geographical symbolism.

I cannot, of course, here enter at length into the geographical symbols of Egypt, it would take too long; but as I have given Jerusalem as an example, I may say further that Jerusalem as a symbol corresponds to the Egyptian On, or Heliopolis, and so astronomically to the centre of the world and of the universe, and in the microcosm to the spiritual Heart of Man.* But there is one difference between the Hebrew and Egyptian city; for whereas the actual Jerusalem corresponds among the Hebrew prophets to that Jerusalem that now is, and is in bondage with her children, Heliopolis corresponded among the Egyptian priesthood to that city which was to come, the Heavenly City, the New Heart, that should be given to redeemed mankind.

As with the names of Egyptian places, so also with the names of the Gods. I have recently been reading *The Egyptian Pantheon*, by Champollion Figéac, an old work and out of date for modern Egyptology, seeing that it was published in 1823; nevertheless I was most agreeably struck by the fact that the very founders of the science of Egyptology had arrived at the conclusion, now apparently lost again by our modern scholars, that what are commonly called the Gods of Egypt were not the Gods of Egypt, but only the symbols of the attributes of the Gods of Egypt. Moreover it is not difficult for the student of divine symbolism to perceive that even the Gods themselves, unsymbolised, are yet but the symbols of the attributes of the One, who is beyond all symbols and all conceptions of the mind of man.

M. W. BLACKDEN.

* There is an old map of the world in the British Museum which demonstrates both these. See also *Mappa Mundi*, "Ebsdorf," 1284; and that in Hereford Cathedral made by Richard of Haldingham, one of the Prebends, 1290-1310.

THE ABIDING PRESENCE

O GOD, Who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of Whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom: defend us Thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in Thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries; through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord.— THE COLLECT FOR PEACE.

OFTEN have many of us listened to these venerable words with the ears that hear not, passively acquiescent in the formula taken from the old Roman Missal; conscious, perhaps, of the singular felicity of phrases sacred by the use of ages; but never for one moment dreaming that every sentence had a definite and vital meaning. It is no small part of the vivid interest with which some comprehension of the Esoteric Philosophy endows life, to try to throw its radiance on to such clusters of jewels as this collect, and see them sparkle in the light of knowledge.

We believe that the unknown author had wisdom, and that he embodied it in this majestic invocation to the abiding Presence within, which manifests to the man of flesh through his own immortal Ego. The Ego is the source of life to the personality, as the Christos is to the Ego; so, in the mouth of the average man, this sublime prayer applies first to his Ego, and later, when consciousness has withdrawn into that vehicle, to the mystic Christ developing within it. The latter is rudimentary during the personal stage of evolution, and rather the focus through which the eternal life-stream pours into the evolving Ego than a conscious centre.

The conception of the ray of life streaming from plane to plane, and drawing round itself vehicles of the matter of each, is most illuminating. Each vehicle evolves from below upwards, or from without inwards, in response to the stimuli from the worlds outside. Through the experiences of many personalities the Ego evolves; through the united experiences of all the

Egos the supernal vehicle, the Christos, is at last attained, common to all yet specialised for each.

When the impersonal attitude is really taken and held in the face of all experiences, then, we think, the seat of consciousness has risen into the spiritual body, the "United spirit of life which is the only true Self." At this stage abstract thought and the will to help the world take the place in consciousness of personal perceptions and desires. Beyond, imagination fails, but we learn that, at a further stage, the Mystic Christ, the veritable inner Presence, becomes active. The eternal spark is lit, and life, awakened in the highest vehicle of the Ray, sets free there the supreme energy which is the cause of all manifestation; it is the great tone whose harmonics make up all the forces of nature. When this resounds in the individual Ray, those same harmonics are aroused in the several lower vehicles, which then become harmonised with the song of life without, and thus the Presence subdues all things unto Himself, in the microcosm as in the macrocosm.

This is the "Holy Power which can raise the tabernacle of illusion high above great Brahm and Indra," as the Eastern mysticism phrases it. The great tone sounding within wakes in the Ego the tremendous chord of the true, the good, and the beautiful; and these, severally tuning the lower vehicles, produce true thought, good will, and perfect deeds. Such seems to be the evolution of consciousness on the Path of Perfection: first to unify the personality with the Ego, when the reality of the Eternal Now is known, and the sole object of life is seen to be to understand the great creation and to help it on. Then to unify the Ego with the Christos, and so with the Supreme Perfection, and thus to harmonise the entity with the one force which confers that absolute compassion which understands and pardons all, and gives the power to make the Great Renunciation.

It will presently be seen that the phrases of the Collect for Peace describe the effect upon the personality of the accomplishment of these developments, setting them before the worshippers in symbolic terms. These terms express the working of the abiding Presence in their personalities; to Him is this invocation raised.

O GOD.—Of all the terms by which saints, sages, and poets have striven to realise the Presence sensed within, the word "God" is perhaps the most universal. With this transcendental idea, the ideal object of life, whether conceived of as the true, the good, or the beautiful, is ever associated. It is difficult perhaps for some, so strong is the effect of early teaching, to dissociate the word from the notion of the tribal deity of the Hebrew legend, jealous and revengeful, roaring amidst the cloudy peaks of Sinai, and to link it with the idea of the still small voice speaking in the silence of the "inner fortress." But this turning from the external and extra-cosmic to the inner and essential, is the turning from the letter that killeth to the spirit that giveth life.

The whole history of mysticism is the history of the individual realisation of this experience. But it is evident that this change of point of view, particularly when but imperfectly made, is very likely to involve a negation or repudiation of external ritual, sacerdotalism, and all the paraphernalia of formal religion. Hence mysticism has naturally been combatted by all the forces of the Churches, and crushed out of sight by the power of the secular arm. But the wind bloweth where it listeth, for all that, and when the time is ripe, neither thrones, dominions, principalities, nor powers, can drown the Voice of the Silence, or quench the light which illuminates the spaceless soul. To this stand as witnesses poets, saints, prophets, and philosophers, down the long procession of the ages.

To the mystic who is harmonised, who has completely transferred his standpoint from the temporal to the eternal stage, who comprehends the great process of evolution and lives to further it, all the ceremonial of religions and all priestly offices are plainly part of the world order, and therefore necessary. Such a man will be the last to try to interfere with the methods of the great Will. Hence he renders to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and plays the great game with the pieces he finds on the board. They may be to his knowledge illusory, trivial, or erroneous, but they are there, to be made the best of and used for all they are worth. To him any forms of religion are better than none, for all religions are seen to be essentially one, and suited to their environments. His consciousness is tuned to the

harmony which lies behind all these voices ; he hears the great tone of truth beneath the shrieking discord of opposing errors. Hence he can reverence the idea that represents the One to any fellow creature, and respect the images which help him to realise the ideal in his dim mind.

THE AUTHOR OF PEACE.—This phrase seems to apply to the activity of the Presence in the vehicle of thought, to the harmonising of it to the vibration of essential truth. Such a mind will be able to receive and accommodate itself to any fact of experience. It will be able to distinguish truth by its harmony with its own vibration, and to reject error by its discord ; or rather it will be able to see the element of truth which underlies every error and illusion. This ability to face all facts, and to recognise all that happens in the world as the work of the Eternal Beneficence, to see that all things work together for good, can only be attained when the system on which evolution works is grasped. It is a system of sacrificing the lower to the higher, the survival of the fittest in the struggle for life. This rule applies alike to biological evolution, to personalities, nations, and races. It is impossible to contemplate patiently all the strife, sorrow, and suffering in the world, unless the law of higher evolution by reincarnation and through karma is realised. Then it is seen that every experience is necessary, however painful, and that the causes of pleasure and pain are identical.

The sufferings of animals, which many think so much more of than those of men, stimulate their growing intelligence ; the pain inflicted on them by men is accompanied by the influence of the vibrations of the human Ego upon them. Their physical bodies are well sacrificed to the service of man, when that sacrifice ensures the implantation of the spark of individuality in their centre of consciousness. The lower good must be let go for the sake of the higher by every living thing, since it is by the breaking of the form that the life expands ; so favourable variations are accumulated and better vehicles permit a further growth. In man the lower good is consciously abandoned ; either it has been experienced and no longer attracts, or a higher object is seen to be more attractive ; but at the animal stage consciousness

is not sufficiently evolved, and the sacrifice is involuntary and enforced from without.

So those who cannot review the facts of experience impartially, can lay this flattering unction to their souls, and at any rate cease to hate those who inflict pain. Pain is necessary, and its operation advantageous, but those who inflict it are in a very responsible position, since if they inflict more or less than the necessary degree they will have to personally suffer the excess on either side. Cruelty, the causing of unnecessary suffering, must inevitably react as personal pain. Therefore such persons whose karma places them in the position of causing pain, can be safely left to the future. If in an excess of virtuous indignation we permit ourselves to hate them, we bind ourselves to them, and their soiled garment will fall upon our own shoulders. Is it not written: "It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe to them by whom they come"?

When the Author of Peace enters the mind an eternal patience will develop, an æonic tolerance of sin, error, and discord, for these are obviously ignorance; and a discrimination which sees in the light of knowledge, and recognises the true, the good, and the beautiful, beneath the manifold illusions of the world, will confer that peace which passeth understanding.

THE LOVER OF CONCORD.—When the vehicle of impulse becomes harmonised with the abiding Presence, His aspect of love or goodness will be manifested in it. The Lover of Concord by His potent vibration will gradually shake out the lower forms of matter until the vehicle becomes atomic, and the power of perfect sympathy, of vibrating harmonically with all the vibrations of the plane, will be thus attained. Then the love of all that lives will pour out in harmonic response to that power of the Ego, which is called the will to help the world. This impersonal love must obviously be conditioned by the comprehension which brings peace to the vehicle of thought. The harmonic vibration of the Presence produces eternal peace in the mental, and universal love in the astral, vehicles of consciousness. This higher love will always strive to promote the highest good of others, that is to say the evolution of their Ego, rather than the gratification of desires, the indulgence of emotions, or even the

within the Ego, is only to be attained by the sacrifice of the personality, and its instincts, emotions, and biassed perceptions. "Renouncing by Manas all desires born of the imagination," accepting the world and all in it, and making the best of what is, the consciousness withdraws to the impersonal plane, and thence uses the personality as its instrument to help things on. This phrase requires discrimination, however, since it might be taken to mean that a conventional servant of God, in the ceremonial or sacerdotal sense, is perfectly free to do whatever he desires. Some such heresy was at one time current, we believe; it must have made the worst of both worlds.

But the real service cannot begin till the personal point of view is forsaken; then the Ego becomes free, the complete subordination of the personal man and his illusory interests enables that freedom to become perfect. The lower vehicles then are tuned to the eternal chord of the ideal, and the Ego is at last perfectly harmonised with the "Voice," the fundamental vibratory force of the Presence itself; the Divine restrains the lower self, and the Eternal restrains the Divine. Then the mind will become one with the Great Mind, the will one with the Great Will, and the centre of consciousness one with the Supreme Self. Such is the attainment of perfection, if we understand the esoteric teaching aright.

But till this consummation is reached, the freedom only exists while the impersonal standpoint is held. When consciousness slips back to the personal level, it becomes the sport of impulses from without, or arising in the matter of the lower vehicles, and thus is chained to the wheels of necessity. It is bond and not free. Again this sentence can be reversed, "Whose freedom is perfect service;" the freedom of the Ego is the result of the perfect service of the personality.

DEFEND US THY HUMBLE SERVANTS IN ALL ASSAULTS OF OUR ENEMIES; THAT WE, SURELY TRUSTING IN THY DEFENCE, MAY NOT FEAR THE POWER OF ANY ADVERSARIES; THROUGH THE MIGHT OF JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.—These sentences apply to the personal man. By the tuning of the lower vehicles to the note of the Ego, they are rendered proof against all enemies, since they themselves have become sympathetic, and hostile to

none. The inner accords with all vibrations from without. Knowledge of the truth is a sharp sword to cut away the jungles of illusion ; universal love is a strong shield, for when it exists no hate or fear of anything or anybody can be present, and these are the enemies that really assault us. But the Presence must be humbly served ; personal pride in virtue or knowledge, in good deeds or ascetic excesses, bar Him out by binding the consciousness to the personal standpoint. "Be humble if thou wouldst attain to wisdom ; be humbler still when wisdom thou hast mastered ;" "a sense of pride would mar the work" indeed.

It is hard to shake away our darling sins, and harder still to rise above our favourite virtues. But in the light of knowledge both are seen to be the same illusion ; certain matter in our vehicle vibrates harmonically or discordantly with a vibration from without, and pleasure or pain presents itself in consciousness. Virtues and vices are but habits, contingent on the repetition of such vibratory experiences.

When the partial point of view is abandoned, virtues and vices are seen to be but relative to climate and stage of evolution, to race or sex. Virtue in one is vice in another, virtue carried to excess becomes vice, vice tempered and restrained becomes virtue. The enemies, that is to say the vibrations of the outer worlds, which are present in consciousness as experience, will always be with us ; it is for us to convert them into friends by changing the structure of the vehicles through which we become conscious of them. Then we shall cease to fear the power of these adversaries ; they will pass before us as interesting and instructive occurrences, nothing more.

But for the personal man to "trust" in the defence of the Ego, and of the Presence within, involves the existence of the belief that He is there. If we are in no way conscious of the Voice, it is because we have never stopped to listen for it. We have always been full cry on the hunt after pleasure or profit, in this world or the next : we

See all things from pole to pole,
And glance and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die,

But to harmonise with the Ego within we must resolve to have done with childish things, and set ourselves to know the truth, do the good, and be perfect. So the ideal chord of the true, the good and the beautiful will resound within us. That in this way the Presence may be felt, we are assured by all the wise men in the world, but we must make the venture of faith for ourselves; "faith begins with an experiment and ends with an experience," said one who knows. But the man who is ready to "come to himself," and thus able to make the venture, places himself under the ægis of the "Warrior who is incapable of defeat." Then the inner light will begin to shine, the inner voice to speak; he will see the working of the Eternal Beneficence beneath the universal struggle, and hear the harmony which resolves from all the discords of the world. To such a man the abiding Presence will speak, as it did to the mystic S. John, with a great voice as of a trumpet, and now, as then, he will hear it say: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

A. H. WARD.

THE following story is quaint:—An American lady teacher was recounting recently to rows of stolid Philipinos "the immortal story of George Washington and the cherry-tree." Behind the stolid-looking boys sat three Visayan mothers. "Who cut down the tree?" read the teacher, and the Visayan assistant translated into the Malay dialect: "I cannot tell a lie, father. I did it with my little hatchet." Brighter rays of intelligence shone from the faces of the Malay boys, and at last one of them shouted out, "Chunkoi! the booby! He couldn't tell a lie;" and the others chorussed the contempt. One of the mothers, leaning over to show that she had not missed the point of the story, said: "Pobre madre! Poor mother, to bring into the world such a booby son!" It will take many incarnations, apparently, before the Philipino will agree that "there is no religion higher than Truth."

CARDINAL NICHOLAS OF CUSA*

(CONCLUDED FROM P. 315)

IF we now examine some of the views which have been developed during the past century in the natural sciences, in the light of the considerations which have just occupied us, we shall find that they appear for the first time in their true colours. For the scientist tells us that we hear, see and touch the objects of the physical world through our senses. The eye, for instance, transmits to us a phenomenon of light, a colour. Thus we say that a body emits red light, when with the help of the eye we experience the sensation "red." But the eye can give us this same sensation in other cases also. If the eyeball is struck or pressed upon, or if an electric current is passed through the head, the eye has a sensation of light.

It is thus evident that even in the cases in which we have the sensation of a body emitting red light, something may really be happening in that body which has no sort of resemblance to the colour we sense. Or, more generally, we may say that, whatever may be actually happening "outside of us" in space, so long as what happens is capable of making an impression on the eye, we shall experience the sensation of light; and thus what we experience *arises in us*, because we possess organs constituted in a particular manner. What happens outside in space, remains outside of us; we know only the effects which the external ongoings call up in us. The celebrated physicist, Helmholtz, for instance, has put this very clearly:

"Our sensations are simply effects which are produced in our organs by external causes, and the manner in which such an effect will show itself depends naturally enough altogether

* Freely rendered on the lines of one of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's addresses to the Berlin Theosophical Society. See review in February number, also articles "Meister Eckhart" and "Friends of God" in the March and April numbers.

upon the kind of apparatus upon which the action takes place. In so far as the quality of our sensation gives us information as to the peculiar nature of the external action which produces the sensation, so far can the sensation be regarded as a sign or symbol of this external action, but not as an image or reproduction of it. For we expect in a picture some kind of resemblance to the object it represents; thus in a statue, resemblance of form; in a drawing, resemblance in the perspective projection of the field of view; in a painting, resemblance of colour in addition. A symbol, however, is not required to have any sort of resemblance with that which it symbolises. The necessary connection between the object and the symbol is limited to this: that the same object coming into action under the same conditions shall call up the same symbol, and that therefore different symbols shall always correspond to different objects."

Let us follow out this line of thought step by step. It is assumed that something happens, outside of me, in space; this produces an effect upon my sense organs; and my nervous system conducts the impression thus made to my brain. There another happening is brought about. I experience the sensation "red." Now follows the assertion: therefore the sensation "red" is not outside, not external to me; it is *in* me. All our sensations are merely *symbols* or *signs* of external occurrences of whose real nature and quality we know nothing whatever. We live and move in our sensations and know nothing of their origin. In the spirit of this line of thought, it would thus be possible to assert that if we had no eyes, colour would not exist; for then there would be nothing to translate into the sensation "red," this to us wholly unknown external happening.

For many people this line of thought possesses a curious attraction; but nevertheless it depends wholly upon a complete misconception of the facts under consideration. In truth, since man is but one object or thing among other things, it naturally follows that if he is to have any experience of them at all, they must make an impression upon him somehow or other. Something that happens outside the man must cause something to happen within him, if in his visual field the sensation "red" is to make its appearance. The whole question turns upon this:

What is without, what within? What is external to the man and what within him? Outside of him something happens in space and time. True; but it is equally unquestionable that what happens within him is exactly analogous and equally an occurrence in space and time. For in the eye there occurs a process in time and space, which propagates itself to the brain when I perceive the colour "red"; this process, which goes on "inside" me, I cannot perceive directly, as it is, no more than I can directly perceive the wave motions "outside" which the physicist conceives of as answering to the colour "red." But really it is only in this sense that I can speak of an "inside" and an "outside" at all. Only on the plane of *sense-perception* can the opposition between "outside" and "inside" hold good.

The recognition of this leads me to assume the existence "outside" of a process in space and time, although I do not *directly* perceive it at all. And it further leads me to postulate a similar process *in* myself, although I cannot directly perceive that either. But, as a matter of fact, I habitually postulate analogous occurrences in space and time in ordinary life, which I do not directly perceive; as, for instance, when I hear piano-playing next door, and assume that a human being in space and time is seated at the piano and playing upon it. And in reality my conception, when I speak of processes happening outside of, and within me, is just the same. I assume that these processes have qualities analogous to those of the processes which do fall within the province of my senses, only that, because of certain reasons, they escape my direct perception. If I were to attempt to deny to these processes *all* the qualities which my senses show me in the domains of space and time, I should in reality and in truth be trying to think something not unlike the famous knife without a handle, whose blade was wanting. Therefore, I can only say that space and time processes take place "outside" me; these bring about space and time processes "within" me; and both are necessary if I am to have the sensation "red." And, in so far as this "red" is not in space and time, I shall seek for it equally in vain, whether I seek "without" or "within" myself. Those scientists and philosophers who cannot find it "outside," ought not to want to find it "inside" either. For it is

not to be found "inside," in exactly the same sense in which it is not to be found "outside." To declare that the total content of that which the sense-world presents to us is but an inner world of sensation or feeling, and then to endeavour to tack on something "external" or "outside" to it, is a wholly impossible conception.

Hence, we must not speak of "red," "sweet," etc., as being *symbols*, or *signs*, which as such are only aroused *within* us, and to which "outside" of us something totally different corresponds. For that which is really set going *within* us, as the effect of some external happening, is something altogether other than what appears in the field of our sensations. If we want to call that which is *within* us a *symbol*, then we can only say: these symbols make their appearance within our organism, in order to mediate to us the perceptions which, as such, in their immediacy, are neither within nor outside of us, but belong, on the contrary, to that common world, of which my "external" world and my "internal" world are only parts. In order to grasp and understand this common world, I must, it is true, raise myself to that higher plane of knowledge, for which an "inner" and an "outer" no longer exist.

Nicholas of Cusa expresses some very telling thoughts bearing upon just this very point. The clear and distinct way in which he holds apart the lower and the higher knowledge enables him, on the one side, to arrive at a full and complete recognition of the fact that man as a sense-being can only have *in himself* processes which, as effects, must necessarily be altogether unlike the corresponding external processes; while, on the other side, it guards him against confusing the inner processes with the facts which make their appearance in the field of our perceptions, and which, in their immediacy, are neither outside nor inside, but altogether transcend this opposition of "in" and "out."

But, unfortunately, Nicholas was hampered in the thorough carrying through of these ideas by his priestly garments; and we must needs admit that in the domain of the higher knowledge, or "ignorance," as he calls it, he unfolds practically nothing but the content of the theological teaching which the Schoolmen, under whose influence he grew up, also give us. He seems unable to

cast off these fetters of his mind's early training ; and thus, instead of presenting us with his own conceptions as to soul, immortality, salvation, God, creation, the Trinity, etc., as he could have developed them in the light of his deeper insight, he simply gives us an exceedingly able exposition of traditional Christian theological dogma, on scholastic lines.

We must recognise, however, while freely admitting all this, that Cardinal Nicholas stood upon the verge of a terribly dangerous precipice in the life of the human soul. He was a *scientific* man. Now the first thing that Science does is to estrange us from the innocent harmony in which we live with the world so long as we abandon ourselves to a purely naïve and unquestioning attitude towards life. While we remain in this naïve and simple state of mind, we dimly feel our connection with the whole of things, with all life and being. We are beings like the rest around us, forming like them links in the great chain of Nature's workings.

But when we awaken to knowledge, scientific knowledge, we separate ourselves off from this whole, and we create within us a mental world with which we stand alone and isolated over against nature. We have become enriched, truly ; but our riches are a burden to us, which we bear with pain and weariness, finding it hard to carry ; for it weighs primarily upon ourselves alone. And then we find ourselves compelled to find our way back again to nature, by our own strength. We have to recognise that we ourselves must now fit in our wealth of knowledge into its proper place in the long linked chain of Nature's workings, just as previously Nature herself had fitted our poverty into its own proper place.

All evil demons lie in wait for man at this point. His strength can but too easily fail him. And in such a case, instead of himself accomplishing this fitting in and finding of his place in the world-order, he will seek refuge in some revelation coming from without, which rescues him again from his loneliness, which leads back once more the knowledge which he finds so burdensome, into the very womb of being, into the Godhead.

Like Nicholas of Cusa, he will believe that he is finding, is working out, his own road ; while in reality he is but following

the path which his own mental evolution has traced for him. Now there are in the main three roads which a man can choose between, when once he has reached the point at which Nicholas of Cusa had arrived. The first is *positive faith*, forcing itself upon us from without; the second is *despair*, the man standing alone with his burden and feeling the whole universe tottering with himself; the third road is the development of the deepest, most inward powers of the man himself. *Confidence* in the world must be one of our guides upon this third path, and *courage* to follow that confidence whithersoever it may lead us must be the other.

Agrippa von Nettesheim and Theophrastus Paracelsus, both like Nicholas of Cusa followed the road of Science, and indeed went further along it than he did. But with them we shall be concerned in a subsequent article, and for the moment it only remains to add a few words in relation to Dr. Steiner's view of the mystic path as it emerges from his treatment of Cardinal Nicholas. In what precedes I have endeavoured to follow briefly, but as closely as possible, Dr. Steiner's own exposition; in what follows I shall venture to make an attempt to elucidate what appears to me to be the essence of his thought so far as we have gone.

For Dr. Steiner, the keynote to the universe seems to consist in the clear separation of the worlds of consciousness and of "matter," or whatever name we give to the sequence of processes in time and space which take place equally within and outside of our own organisms.

On what to many, perhaps to most, is the all-important question of the relation or connection between these two worlds, Dr. Steiner so far does not seem to me to have expressed any clear or definite view in this series of lectures. What he repeatedly insists upon is that the two are radically distinct, and that—so far as I understand him—the *realisation* of this distinctness, coupled with the equally clear and distinct recognition of the *reality in itself* of the world of consciousness, forms the essential element in that inner awakening which raises man on to a higher plane of knowledge, in which his "separateness," his existence as a "thing amongst other things," disappears, and he knows that the one spirit, the one whole of consciousness, is him-

self. This would seem to come to much the same thing as that "knowledge of Brahman," of which the Vedânta teaches, whereby the man knows and realises the "One without a second," and wherein all separateness, all plurality, all "otherness"—and with them all pain and all fear—totally disappear.

How far this brief statement does justice to Dr. Steiner, I am not prepared to say. When we reach the close of these lectures, it may be that a fuller understanding of his thought will be possible, or if not, then that in some future work he will make the problem clearer. Meanwhile I must apologise for making such an imperfect attempt to focus what appears to me to be the view he holds, at this premature stage. But it seemed needful to do so in this connection in the hope of throwing some light upon his closing essays.

B. KEIGHTLEY.

CAN you not live so as to feel the great throbbing heart around you, so as to express that feeling in even the smallest detail? Let there be nothing cynical in your view of life. Sense the pathos and the pity of it, trusting that some day, to your now darkened eyes, the mystery and the pain will be untangled. Feel, feel, with everything that cries, with everything that suffers, and in the most broken fragment of a life find some beauty. Let your own quivering heart-strings teach you the anguish in other hearts and live to ease it. Pain is our best teacher. Do not dread nor flee her, therefore; she comes in mercy. Go forth to meet her, trembling, perhaps, but reverently, patiently, unflinchingly; only so can the lesson be learned; and from the dark hours spent with her, a light shall arise, showing the way to stumbling feet, giving the power to comfort and console. And in the peace of *that*, your heart shall understand and be satisfied.—*From an unpublished paper.*

THE CANONICAL DATE OF JESUS

THOSE who are familiar with the history of the innumerable controversies which have raged round the question of Christian origins, are aware that some of the disputants, appalled by the mass of mythic and mystic elements in the Gospel narratives, and dismayed at the contradictions in the apparently most simple data furnished by the evangelists, have not only not hesitated to reject the whole account as devoid of the slightest historical value, but have even gone so far as to deny that Jesus of Nazareth ever existed.

Most of these writers had presumably devoted much labour and thought to the subject before they reached a so startling conclusion ; but I am inclined to think that their minds were of such a type that, even had they found less contradiction in the purely objective data of the Gospel documents, they would probably have still held the same opinion. Not only was their historic sense so distressed by the vast subjective element with which it was confronted, that it could find relief only in the most strenuous efforts to reduce the historic validity of the residue to zero, but it found itself strongly confirmed in this determination by the fact that it could discover no scrap of unassailable external evidence, either in presumed contemporary literature, or even in the literature of the next two generations, whereby not merely the soberest incidents recounted by the Gospel writers, but even the very existence of Jesus, could be substantiated.

Though this extreme view, that Jesus of Nazareth never existed, has perhaps to-day fewer adherents than it had some twenty years ago, the numbers of those who hold that the ideal picture of Jesus painted by the Gospel writers bears but a remote resemblance to its historical original, not only as to the doings, but also to a lesser extent as to the sayings, have increased so

enormously that they can no longer be classed merely as a school, but must rather be considered as expressing a vast volume of educated opinion strongly influencing the thought of the times.

True, there is still a wide divergence of opinion on innumerable other points which are continually issuing into greater and greater prominence as the evolution of criticism proceeds. There is, however, no longer any necessity for the unfortunate student to make up his mind between what appeared to be the devil of undisguised antagonism on the one side and the deep sea of inerrant orthodox traditionalism on the other.

The problem is far more complex, far more subtle, and far greater numbers are interested in it. Whereas in the old days a mere handful, comparatively, had the hardihood to venture between the seeming devil and the deep, to-day not only every theological student, but every intelligent enquirer, is forced to seek his information in the most recent books of reference available—books in which he finds that not only are innumerable questions raised on all sides concerning matters which were previously regarded as settled for all time, but also that opposing views are frankly stated and freely discussed.

The devil and the deep have almost faded away, and none but minds strongly prejudiced by anachronistic methods of training can discern the ancient crudity of their lineaments with any great distinctness. Concessions have been made on all sides; there is a studied moderation of language and a courtesy in treating the views of opponents which remove controversy from the cockpit of theological invective into the serener air of impersonal debate.

But how fares it with the layman who is not sufficiently skilled in scholarly fence to appreciate the niceties of the sword-play of those who are presumably on either side seeking indirectly to win his applause? He is naturally exceedingly confused amid all the detail, and for the most part presumably applauds the view which best suits his preconceptions. But this much he gleans on all sides—a general impression that the ancient tyranny of an inerrant traditionalism is on its death-bed; he is assured that many of its bonds have been already struck from his limbs, and he lives in hope that before long he will be

entirely free to try to realise what the worshipping of God in spirit and in truth may mean.

If he take up two such recent works as the *Dictionary of the Bible* and the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, he finds that, although in Old Testament subjects tradition has to all intents and purposes been almost entirely abandoned by all scholars, in the treatment of New Covenant documents his two sets of authorities still display a marked difference. The tendency of the contributors to the former work is still on fundamental points, as might very well be expected, conservative and largely apologetic of tradition (though by no means so aggressively so as has been the case in the past), while that of the essayists of the latter is emphatically advanced, that is to say, departs widely from tradition, and in most cases breaks with it so entirely that even a reader who has not the slightest theological timidity is surprised at their courage.

The non-specialist is thus for the first time enabled to hear both sides distinctly on all points, and so to gain an intimate acquaintance with the arguments for and against traditionalism. And though he may not be able positively to decide on any special view as to details, or even as to the main fundamental points, he cannot fail to be vastly instructed and greatly relieved. For whatever may be the exact truth of the matter, this much he learns from the general tone of all the writers, that he is no longer thought to be in danger of losing his immortal soul if he find it impossible to believe in the inerrancy of tradition.

It results, then, that the ordinary reader is left without any certain guide in these matters; the old style of Bible repository which told you exactly what to believe, and whose end was edification, is entirely foreign to the spirit of our latest books of reference. But though the reader is left without a guide (if external authority selected to suit a pre-conceived view can ever be a truly spiritual guide), he is inevitably thrown back on himself and made to think, and *that* is the beginning of a new era in general Christian instruction.

Such, then, is the general state of affairs brought about by the pronouncements of the occupants of the principal teaching chairs in Protestant Christendom; and it is very evident that

among their manifold pronouncements a man can find learned authority for almost any view he may choose to hold. He may, for instance, so select his authorities that he can arrive at the general conclusion that there is not a single document in the New Testament collection which is genuine in the old sense of the word; he may even go further and refuse to be tied down to any particular "source" as genuine, seeing that there is such a diversity of opinion as to what are the precise sources. But if, while taking this critical attitude with regard to the canonical contents of Christian tradition, he would adopt a positive view on a point entirely negatived by that tradition, to retain his consistency he is bound to try to discover some strong ground for so doing.

Now, if we search the two great works to which we have referred for any authority in support of the hypothesis of the 100 years B.C. date of Jesus, we shall find none. Indeed we cannot find even a reference to the subject. Moreover, in the very few encyclopædias of earlier date which make reference to the Talmud Jeschu stories, we shall find that no Christian scholar has even dreamed of entertaining the possibility of such a hypothesis. In the older books of reference this universal abiding by tradition was to be expected, but in the most recent works, where tradition is so often set at naught and the most out-of-the-way material sifted for the smallest scrap of usable evidence, it seems at first sight somewhat strange, not only that there is no one courageous enough to suggest the possibility of there being some small grain of probability at the bottom of some of the Jewish legends, but that there is no notice whatever taken of them by any writer. It would appear that they are regarded either as being of a so utterly apocryphal nature as to deserve no mention, or as falling outside the scope of the undertaking.

But before we abandon our two dictionaries and search elsewhere, let us see what conclusions our most recent authorities come to concerning the traditional chronological data supplied by the evangelists.

As is well-known, or ought to be known, it is to Dionysius Exiguus, who flourished in the sixth century, that we owe the custom of dating events from the supposed year of the birth of

Jesus. Dionysius based himself on an artificial period which he borrowed from Victorius of Aquitaine, who flourished about a century before himself, and who is said to have been its inventor. It is hardly necessary to add that there is no scholar of repute now-a-days who accepts the A.D. of Dionysius as coincident with the first year of the life of Jesus.

Turner, of Oxford, in his article on the "Chronology of the New Testament," in Hasting's *Dictionary of the Bible*, sums up his conclusions somewhat positively as follows :

"The Nativity in B.C. 7-6.

"The age of our Lord at the Baptism, 30 years more or less.

"The Baptism in A.D. 26 (26-27).

"The duration of the ministry between two or three years.

"The Crucifixion in A.D. 29."

In the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, von Soden of Berlin, under "Chronology," reaches the somewhat less positive results :

"Birth of Jesus—*circa* 4 B.C. ?

"Beginning of public work—*circa* 28/ 29 A.D.

"Death of Jesus—30 A.D."

Von Soden assigns one year only to the ministry.

The variations, however, are so inconsiderable that these scholars may be said to be fairly agreed on the method of treating the traditional data. They both abandon the statement in the third Gospel that Jesus was born at the time of the general census under Cyrenius (Publ. Sulpicius Quirinius), which is well attested by Josephus as having taken place 6-7 A.D. Von Soden, like so many other scholars, is of opinion that "the account in Lk. rests on a series of mistakes." Usener of Bonn, in his article on the "Nativity" (*Enc. Bib.*), in discussing these "chronological difficulties which learned subtlety has struggled with for centuries," also definitely abandons the Quirinius date. Turner, however, while stating that "St. Luke is in error in the name of Quirinius," thinks that there is "no inherent improbability in the hypothesis of a census in Judæa somewhere within the years B.C. 8-5." He seems in this census question faintly to endorse Ramsay, who—in his study, *Was Christ born at Bethlehem?* (London; 1898)—put forward a thorough-going apology for this statement of the third evangelist, which has been welcomed with

great delight by traditionalists. He revived the hypothesis that the missing name in a mutilated inscription which records that someone was twice governor of Syria, was that of Quirinius, and that there was another census during his first term of office. Unfortunately even so this would not help us, for, as Turner points out, the period B.C. 10 to Herod's death, B.C. 4 (which is our limit for the reconciliation of the Herod date of the first evangelist with the Quirinius date of the third), is exhausted by the known tenures of other governors. Moreover, Ramsay's thesis has been well answered by J. Thomas in his exhaustive reply.*

But all this is practically a side issue as compared with the strength of the main tradition, for the question of the nativity concerns the problem of the historicity of the single traditions only of the first and third Gospel writers. Either or both may be in error, and even the John the Baptist element may be a later development, and yet the fundamental chronological element of the main tradition would be entirely unaffected.

All four evangelists make the drama of the trial and death of Jesus take place under the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate (26-36 A.D.). This is the main chronological factor in the whole of the puzzling details; and no matter how far we may succeed in any attempt at reducing it to its simplest terms, it remains the *crux* of the whole problem.

But before considering the statements of the Gospel writers, it will be as well to deal with the other references to Pilate in the New Covenant documents. These are *Acts*, iii. 13, and iv. 27, and I. *Timothy*, vi. 13.

The references in *Acts* are found in a speech put into the mouth of Peter and in a prayer (in the same style as the speeches) which is said to have been uttered with a common impulse by the friends of the apostles.

Now, in the judgment of many scholars, one of the most certain results of criticism with regard to the *Acts*, is that the speeches are the most artificial element in the book. As Schmiedel says (art. "Acts of the Apostles," *Enc. Bib.*): "It is without doubt that the author constructed them in each case according

* *Records of the Nativity* (London; 1900).

to his own conception of the situation." Even Headlam, the writer of the conservative article in Hastings' *Dictionary*, admits that the speeches are "clearly in a sense" the author's "own compositions," though he adds "there is no reason for thinking *à priori* that the speeches [? substance of the speeches] cannot be historical."

It is then exceedingly probable that the references to Pilate derive immediately from the writer of the *Acts* himself. And as the writer of the *Acts* is, on the ground of similarity of language, identified by most scholars with the writer of the third Gospel, the authority for his references to Pilate in all likelihood go back to his "sources." There are few who would be bold enough to argue for the preservation of an earlier tradition in the *Acts* than in the sources of the writer of the third Gospel.

The references in the *Acts*, therefore, will not be held by the ordinary critical, much less by the sceptical mind, to be an independent confirmation of the Gospel tradition with regard to Pilate.

As to the reference in I. *Timothy*, its value as an unimpeachable early witness is at once discounted by the general character of the Pastoral Epistles (I. and II. *Timothy* and *Titus*).

McClymont of Aberdeen, the conservative writer of the article "The New Testament," in Hastings' *Dictionary*, frankly states that these so-called Pastoral Letters "are distinguished from all others by their want of historical agreement with any period in St. Paul's life as recorded in the Bk. of Acts, and also by their strongly-marked individuality alike in style and substance"—circumstances which "have given rise to serious doubt of their genuineness." This, however, he thinks may be "largely obviated" by supposing them to have been written in the last year of the apostle's life. But though this supposition may overcome the *Acts* difficulty, it does not in the slightest way affect the main argument of difference of style and substance.

Deissmann of Heidelberg, in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* (art. "Epistolary Literature"), while he has no doubts as to the genuineness of ten of the Pauline Letters, with regard to the Pastoral Epistles can only allow at best that they "may perhaps contain fragments from genuine letters of Paul."

Very different is the view, in the same work, of van Manen of Leyden, the distinguished Dutch specialist, to whom the summary of the "Later Criticism" in the article "Paul" has been entrusted. Van Manen emphatically repudiates the genuineness not only of the Pastoral but of the whole of the rest of the Letters traditionally ascribed to Paul. Though the rest of the Letters do not immediately concern us in this study, it may be of interest very briefly to set down the general result of this later criticism; for it is not the opinion of an isolated scholar, but the outcome of the studies of a school. I do this the more readily because it conflicts with my own previously expressed view that the ten Letters of the Marcionite collection were largely authentic. Van Manen writes:

"With respect to the canonical Pauline epistles, the later criticism here under consideration has learned to recognise that they are none of them by Paul; neither fourteen, nor thirteen, nor nine or ten, nor seven or eight, nor yet even the four so long 'universally' regarded as unassailable."

This criticism "is unable any longer in all simplicity to hold by the canonical Acts and epistles, or even to the epistles solely, or yet to a selection of them. The conclusion it has to reckon with is this: (a) That we possess no epistles of Paul; that the writings which bear his name are pseudepigrapha containing seemingly historical data from the life and labours of the apostle, which nevertheless must not be accepted as correct without closer examination, and are probably, at least for the most part, borrowed from 'Acts of Paul' which also underlie our canonical book of Acts. (b) Still less does the Acts of the Apostles give us, however incompletely, an absolutely historical narrative of Paul's career; what it gives is a variety of narratives concerning him, differing in their dates and also in respect of the influences under which they were written. Historical criticism must, as far as lies in its power, learn to estimate the value of what has come down to us through both channels, Acts and epistles, to compare them, to arrange them and bring them into consistent and orderly connection."

That it will ever be able, on van Manen's lines, to bring these contradictory data into "consistent and orderly connec-

tion," we have but little hope; for once the comparative genuineness of the main Pauline Letters is given up, there is no possible criterion left. However, the courageous attempt uncompromisingly to face the difficulties is the earnest of the dawn of a new age in Christian thought, and we ourselves ask for nothing better than that the facts should be faced.

It results then from this view (again to quote van Manen) that "the Paulinism of the lost Acts of Paul, and of our best authority for that way of thinking, our canonical epistles of Paul, is not the 'theology,' the 'system' of the historical Paul, although it ultimately came to be, and in most quarters still is, identified with it. It is the later development of a school, or, if the expression is preferred, of a circle, of progressive believers who named themselves after Paul and placed themselves as it were under his ægis."

Where this circle must be looked for geographically cannot be said with any certainty. This much, however, is evident, that "it was an environment where no obstruction was in the first instance encountered from the Jews or, perhaps still worse, from the 'disciples' too closely resembling them; where men as friends of gnosis, of speculation and of mysticism, probably under the influence of Greek and, more especially, Alexandrian philosophy, had learned to cease to regard themselves as bound by tradition, and felt themselves free to extend their flight in every direction. To avail ourselves of a somewhat later expression: it was among the heretics. The epistles first came to be placed on the list among the Gnostics. The oldest witnesses to their existence, as Meyer and other critics with a somewhat wonderful unanimity have been declaring for more than half a century, are Basilides, Valentinus, Heracleon. Marcion is the first in whom, as we learn from Tertullian, traces are to be found of an authoritative group of epistles of Paul. Tertullian still calls him the 'apostle of heretics' and (addressing Marcion) '*your* apostle.'"

This view is strongly confirmatory of our own contention with regard to the important part played by the Gnostics in the development of general Christian doctrine, and we are pleased to notice the phrase "to avail ourselves of a somewhat *later* expression: it was among the heretics."

But to return to our reference to Pilate in I. *Timothy*. We see that there is no reason why we should assign an early date to this Letter and every reason why we should hesitate to do so. Marcion (about 140 A.D.) says nothing about it; it was not in his Pauline canon. That is of course negative evidence, but of positive we have none. It may very well have existed, indeed most probably did exist, in Marcion's day, for his collection had to satisfy a doctrinal and not a historic test. Van Manen does not attempt to suggest dates for any of the individual Epistles, though he seems to date his "circle" about 120; he, moreover, assigns 130-150 to the *Acts*, a date which agrees with our own conclusions (see *The Gospels and the Gospel*). For if, as we conclude, the third Gospel was written about 125-130, and if the same hand, as many hold, also wrote the *Acts*, 130-150 may very well represent the *termini* of the date of that document's autograph. It is, however, to be remembered that Justin Martyr (c. 150) knows nothing of the *Acts* even when referring to Simon Magus, a reference which he could not have omitted had he known of it, and one which all subsequent heresiologists triumphantly set in the forefront of their "refutations" of that famous heretic; and that there is no clear quotation from the *Acts* known till 177 A.D.

In any case the reference in I. *Timothy* cannot very well be held to be a less assailable witness to the antiquity of the Pilate tradition, we will not say than the writer of the third Gospel, but than the author of his main "source."

The strongest current of the tradition is traced in the fact that the Pilate date is given confidently by all four evangelists. It matters little whether we place the date of the autograph of the fourth Gospel later than those of the synoptic writers, and assume that the writer of the former had the letter of the latter before him, or prefer to think that he had independent access to the same main sources. In either case his authority, as far as Pilate is concerned, will not presumably be held to rest on firmer ground than that of the author of the "common document" of the synoptic tradition. (See again my recent study, *The Gospels and the Gospel*, for the latest developments of criticism concerning the synoptic problem.)

The widely held view of the priority of *Mark*, or of "original *Mark*," labours under so many disadvantages that with many others I prefer the simpler hypothesis of a written source (distinct from our present *Mark* or its autograph) underlying the matter common to all three synoptics, the simplest form of which, however, is still preserved in canonical *Mark*. It is almost as certain as anything can be in all this uncertainty that Pilate was distinctly named in the form of this document which all three evangelists used, and which the fourth Gospel writer also knew either directly or by intermediary of the writings of his contemporaries, for I do not hold that they were necessarily his predecessors. But what is most striking is the abrupt and unsupported way in which the name of Pilate was apparently introduced in the common document. It is true that the writer, or maybe an early editor, of the first Gospel seems to have felt compelled slightly to lessen this abruptness by adding "the governor" after the name Pilate, and that the writer of the fourth speaks first of the "government house." But the *Mark* and *Luke* documents make it appear that the common source they used was either setting forth some statement that was well-known to all, or that it had already made fuller reference to Pilate, perhaps in its opening sentences. And this later hypothesis I find would be the opinion of von Manen, who, in his article on "Old Christian Literature," writes :

"The gospels, on close comparison, point us back to an 'oldest' written gospel which unfortunately does not exist for us except in so far as we can recover traces of it preserved in later recensions. Perhaps it began somewhat as follows: In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judæa there came down to Capernaum Jesus"

It is to be remarked, however, that Marcion's gospel apparently did not contain this introduction, but began abruptly "He came down to Capernaum." Whether or no Marcion had direct access to the common document used by our synoptists it is impossible to say; but I am somewhat inclined to think that that document originally derived from a "Gnostic" environment, and if we had any information concerning the "traditions

of Matthias," the penultimate link between Basilido-Valentinian circles and the origins, we should probably be put on the track of the parentage of our common synoptic source.

It is from considerations of this nature that I have not insisted upon the otherwise apparently equally strong confirmation of the date of Jesus in the fact that all four evangelists emphatically assert that He was a contemporary of John the Baptist, whose existence is historically vouched for by Josephus (*Antiq.*, xviii. v. 2); it might be said that John was not mentioned in this "oldest" written Gospel, and that the omission by the earlier writers of a factor which has been made so much of by all the later Gospel writers argues that it was not known in his day. My main interest has been to select the strongest link in the chain of tradition, namely the Pilate date.

We have thus traced our Pilate tradition to the common document used by the synoptic evangelists. Beyond that we cannot go with any certainty; the rest is pure speculation, in the absence of objective data of any kind. We cannot date the autograph of the common document; we do not know whether it passed through any recensions before it reached the hands of the canonical evangelists; we do not know whether it was originally written in Greek or Hebrew or Aramaic; we do not know whether the synoptists worked on the copy of an original, or on a translation, or made their own translations; we do not know what other contemporary documents were in existence, though it is quite certain, according to the statement of the writer of the third Gospel, that there were "many" others.

Now it is to be noticed that the writer of the common document, as seen in the simplest form preserved by *Mark*, puts all the blame of Jesus' condemnation on the chief priests and says very little about Pilate. This is remarkable, for we know the bitter hatred of the Jews for the Romans, and, what is still more to the point, we know from Josephus that the memory of Pilate especially was most bitterly detested by the Jews.

On the other hand, in those days of political suspicion owing to the many revolutionary cabals among the Jews, it was exceedingly dangerous for a Jewish writer, or for those generally

identified with the Jews, as the Christians still were, to speak against the Imperial rulers or their officers, and it was the custom of the writers of the very numerous politico-religious pamphlets of the time, of which we have many specimens in the form of pseudepigraphic and apocalyptic literature, to disguise the real objects of their detestation by throwing their matter into prophetic form, where the present or immediate past was written of as yet to come, and where the names of the actual writers were altered or hidden under symbol and metaphor.

The direct mention of the name of Pilate in the common document, then, seems to point to another order of literature; and it may be hazarded that perhaps it may even have been partially encouraged by the imperial favour so recently bestowed on Josephus' *History of the Jewish War*. But whatever validity there may be in such a speculation, the practical exculpation of Pilate seems to point to a time when Christianity was seeking to dissociate itself from Jewry in the eyes of the Roman world. Can we in any way fix a probable date for this state of affairs? It is very difficult to do so, but *termini* may be suggested. We glean from an analysis of history that up to at least the end of the first century the Christians were indiscriminately classed with the Jews by the authorities. The Jews were the objects of frequent repression and persecution at the hands of the Roman magistracy; but not on religious grounds. They were regarded as political revolutionaries. The antagonism between Jewish Christians and Jews is said by some learned Talmudists to have developed acutely only in Trajan's reign (A.D. 98-117),* but the entire separation probably did not take place till Hadrian's (A.D. 117-138). In this they base themselves on Talmudic data. But how many years elapsed before the antagonism reached this acute stage? We cannot say; but we may with very great confidence fix the very latest limit for our common document in the first years of the second century. For our earliest limit, however, we have nothing to help us, except the consideration that the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70

* See Joël (M.), *Blicke in die Religions-geschichte zu Anfang des zweiten christlichen Jahrhunderts* (Breslau; 1880), i. 14-41, and ii. 87 ff.; see also Graetz (H. H.), *Geschichte des Jüden* (Leipzig; 1865, 2nd. ed.), iv. 90 ff.

was a crushing blow to the hopes of those who looked for a material fulfilment of Messianic prophecy, and the very thing to strengthen the position of those who took a more spiritual view of Messianism, as was the case in the inner communities, and who were more content to bow to the inevitable and therefore to reconcile themselves with the rulers.

But even if we were to assume the higher limit of our common document as about 75 A.D.—, at this comparatively early date, whatever may have been the rights of the dispute as to who was the more to blame for it, the death of Jesus under Pilate was a bald fact that could presumably have been most readily verified; if it were untrue, it is most difficult to believe that it could have got a footing for a moment even among the most credulous. The bitter opponents of the Christians among the Jews would have at once retorted: Why there was no such trial under Pilate at all!

On the other hand, the name of Pilate may have been inserted in some intermediate redaction of the common document before it reached the hands of the evangelists; with the lapse of time, and the destruction of records, and the development of Christianity outside Palestine among the Dispersion, the difficulty of verification would thus be greatly increased. It might be even that the document originally simply stated that Jesus was brought before the "Governor," and the name of Pilate was subsequently added in a desire for greater precision, in the "haggadic" fashion of the time.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter, the Pilate date has every appearance of being as strong an historical element as any other in the whole tradition. It bears on its face the appearance of a most candid statement, and the introduction of the name, had there been no warrant for it, argues such a lack of what we to-day consider historical morality, that it is without parallel except in the pseudepigraphic and apocalyptic literature of the period.

G. R. S. MEAD.

SOME NOTES ON "ULYSSES"

(As dramatised and performed at Her Majesty's Theatre)

To the student of the Inner Life it cannot but be apparent that at this period of the world's history there are many changes taking place, and for him it is a conviction, if not an absolute knowledge, that these are being deliberately brought about by intelligent agencies who safeguard the interests of humanity. One of the means made use of in such operations may surely be the modern drama, and it would seem reasonable to suppose that in the case of a large body of persons to whom other presentments do not appeal, certain teachings—often embodied in what is called "myth," revived and coupled with the attractive accessories of the stage—might awaken an instinct towards the deeper side of life. It may, therefore, be of interest to those students among us who have not been present at a performance of "Ulysses," if some description of the striking features in the drama be attempted. It is true that the representation (as stated by the author himself) does not follow strictly the lines of the myth as narrated by Homer.

It may be as well to begin with a brief synopsis of main events, ere noting the salient points in detail.

In the opening scene of the first act, the Gods and companion Goddesses of the Greek Pantheon appear on Mount Olympus, sit in council and discuss the fate of Ulysses, the hero, the King of Ithaca, who has been cast away on an island in the Adriatic with several companions. Here he remains for a long period under the enchantment of a beautiful nymph, Calypso, and forgetful of his wife Penelope, and of his young son, who in the far-off palace watch and pray for his return.

During his absence the faithful Penelope is harassed by an importunate crowd of suitors, who urge on her daily to choose a

husband from among them, and try to convince her of the death of Ulysses. The enchanted King meanwhile is visited by the Goddess Pallas Athene in a dream and reminded of his former life, but is warned that if he decide to leave Calypso and return to Ithaca he will be subject to many trials and perils. Ulysses fears and hesitates, but finally, despite the grief and wiles of Calypso, calls his sailor comrades together and sets out for home. As prophesied, the dangers befall him, each one more terrible than the preceding ; but he passes through them as befits a brave King, and reaches his ancestral halls, where he is not at first recognised. Through divine intervention and the aid of his son and of an old retainer to whom he reveals himself, he assumes control of his homestead and dominions, banishes the suitors, and thus ends the long vigil of his Queen, Penelope.

Such then is the exoteric form of the tale, of which the symbolic touches are so prominently brought out by Mr. Stephen Phillips. In the opening scene of the first act a curious little incident takes place. A human element—somewhat attractive because it is human—springs to life in the august assemblage, and a dispute arises between Athene and Neptune, in which Zeus, the presiding deity, intervenes :

. Peace,
Children, and from your shrill reviling cease !
Endowed is he with violence by that law
Which gives thee wisdom, and thy father awe.

Each divine agent is endowed with his characteristic attributes, and plays his own part in the scheme of things.

Athene and Aphrodite plead for the hero, and petition Zeus. But what says the God, the visible supreme ? He speaks of Another :

It is that Power which rules us as with rods,
Lord above Lords, and God behind the Gods—
Fate.

We are reminded of the Unmanifested Logos, the Nameless, of whom the *Secret Doctrine* speaks.

Again Zeus, speaking of Ulysses, insists on the self-initiated effort :

If he can dare.

Dare. But that is one of the obligations of the old neophytes :
To know, to will, to dare, and to be silent.

In the Island of Ogygia, where Ulysses lives under a spell, surely we have the regions of the astral with their gorgeous hues, and alluring forms, and subtle currents of life, vivifying the senses, and steeping the unwary wanderer in their intoxicating charm. As the knight Tannhäuser is detained in the Venus Berg, so is Ulysses in the haunt of Calypso (the equivalent of the Apsaras in the Hindu stories) ; it is thus described :

. . . . This isle
Set in the glassy ocean's azure swoon,
With sward of parsley and of violet,
And poplars shivering in a silvery dream,
And smell of cedar sawn and sandal wood.

In the midst of all this, the home

Seemeth like a faint, far place.

Verily for us also, some Calypso in our time plies "the golden shuttle and the violet wool," and "the couch of o'er blown roses" is hard to leave for the desert, wherethrough winds the path to the soul's true home.

But the denizens of this dreamy land are visited by the God Hermes, who bears to Calypso the command of Zeus respecting Ulysses.

Yet if he shall desire at last his hearth—

"If he shall desire"—the higher impulse must awaken in the King himself, and Calypso must needs bow to the command of a power greater than her own. Therefore through her the message comes, but with it comes an intensification of all the lower delights :

. . . . This odorous, amorous isle of violets,
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
With brooding music over noontide moss,
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee.

The hero masters the fascination of the promised immortality which the deeper Self realises shall wither, though it be of age-long endurance, even as in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* the Svarga-dwellers, having exhausted their joys, are said to return.

Who are these companions of Ulysses that he gathers round him in setting forth and faring homewards? It seems that they must typify the slumbering powers of the soul, once partly awakened, and then again lulled into sleep by some temporary plunge into sense gratification. At the call of the Inner Man who embodies them they rise and rally round him. They travel with him far, but not all the way.

At the gates of Hell the Pilgrim stands, and dismisses them. He must enter alone. For a moment the strong spirit quails, but then presses forward, and we see him descending, ever deeper and deeper, into a scene of indescribable gloom, weird and wonderful, through which flit the shades. Agamemnon, King of Troy, is there, Phædra, Eurydice, Phyllis. At times, Hermes is seen and heard behind the King, symbol of that faint gleam which ever remains, and makes the aspirant strong to endure. The woe of Tantalus is beheld as a passing picture, then the woe of Prometheus, as the hero continues his dread passage—lessons these, given to souls outside the mortal tenement, given in the form of pictures; for we are here in the astral regions, and much of the scenery curiously reminds us of what our occult investigators have depicted in words.

And so Ulysses gradually conquers the several regions of hell, and fights his way to the light once more, to be cast up from the sea on his own island at last. Here Athene, disguised in order to test him, it is said, appears. But why the disguise of the monarch himself? I think we may here catch another significant note, and remember that when the disciples, or even Those higher, move among ordinary men, they do not return from their vision of the House Beautiful with the wings and crowns we are wont to assign them. They come in the disguise of mortals, whose profoundly human lives are most loveable, because in that profound humanity we come very close, who shall say how close, to the Divine. To us there is this duality. What if our perception were also quickened a moment, and we beheld the oneness of these aspects? There is something of a wise subtlety, an expediency which belongs to true occultism, in it as well; for it is best that an unpopular teaching, a container of deep verities, should grow in silence and seclusion for a while; so that those

who are against it and are seeking for some distinctive outer form to attack and destroy may pass by this quietly garbed presentment of things divine. Nor shall that outer garb veil the splendour from those whose time has come to perceive it.

Therefore Ulysses coming as a beggar endures gibe and insult unheeded. He is taking possession of his own. Yet in the very taunts to which he is subjected, we get a faint though unconscious recognition by those who scoff of something which is worth taunting, and therefore excites fierce hatred. But that only takes place when the hour of final triumph is at hand. Then the Gods intervene, and the veil is torn away, so that even the enemies, dying and put to rout, acknowledge the Conqueror. In Penelope—in one aspect a beautiful picture of wifely devotion, reminding one of Hindu ideals—we can trace the Sophia of the Gnostic story, the prey of her enemies, until her deliverer, the Christos, the Mystery, comes to redeem. And in the web that is woven and unwoven during the absence of the husband, we recognise Mâyâ or destiny, the web woven by the Norns, the fabric sung of by the Earth Spirit in *Faust* :

Thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou see'st Him by.

From yet another point of view the weaving day by day and the unweaving by night may be taken to signify the alternate Manvantara and Pralaya of evolution.

In a more restricted sense again, the allegory may depict the Ego, free of the physical body during sleep and divesting Itself of its garment of illusion spun during the day, but, on return to the lower world, beginning to weave it again.

For there are innumerable ways of reading such symbols, and that fact, which is so often alluded to by Madame Blavatsky, should always appeal profoundly to us.

EVELINE LAUDER.

FAME—that shadow that great Souls cast, and little Souls pursue as substance.—ZANGWILL.

HAPPINESS

SHAKESPEARE says that there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may." Now it would be interesting to know something of that Power, and of that which will result from the action of that Power. It would seem that there are two sorts of happiness, the personal or illusory happiness, and the ideal or real happiness.

The distinction between these two is only a differentiation upon the surface. The personal happiness is merely a manifestation of the ideal happiness—the accuracy of representation depending on the individual state of development.

If the happiness be personal it is imperfect and crude, but is the highest attainable at that time for that individual; the great thing to bear in mind is that it is not a different kind of happiness, only a different phase of the divine state of consciousness to which we are all tending. Personal happiness is the expression of ideal happiness in the highest terms in which the person can express himself.

Happiness is, or should be, all that the individual can be conscious of concerning spirituality; some see further than others, some are as it were children in the human family. If we bear this always in mind, that each person's idea of happiness is what he or she sees of Truth—and is at the best only relative, in that it bears relation only to himself and this Power, this spiritual force—we shall be able to exercise much more toleration to each other. This in itself will bring some measure of happiness, as we shall then see good in all. We shall then be able to see the manifestation of the Power spiritual in others, and any other view of that Power is always desirable, for it gives us wider knowledge. It manifests itself in infinite ways, and each additional way in which we can see it manifested brings us one point nearer to the infinite. Happiness is hope, or an instinctive

longing for higher things, and studying the objective of other people's ideas of happiness gives us another outlook; thus we have a wider view of life.

We all want to know what this Power is, and by studying the way it works—not studying by results; there is only one result, and that is itself—we can eventually get to work in like manner, thus becoming one with it. This Divinity, with its “differences of administration and the same spirit,” is what we all are groping after. It works more potently in each of us when we each recognise that it is working in others; following this thought a little further, we see that toleration or charity being the “greatest of these” is not merely a poetic conception, a piece of flowery rhetoric to play upon the emotions of the audience, but a statement of actual fact, not dependent for its truth upon the fact that it was said by a disciple of Jesus Christ, but upon its own actuality. The recognition that each is seeking after truth, each in his own way, will do much to help us. Each should think earnestly for himself, tell that which he sees to his friend, who, in turn, can tell him his idea of it as modified by that which appeals to him in the other's view. So each man's thought helps his neighbour and his neighbour's his. Thus we go round in a circle, but then we become conscious of a point outside the circle—what is it? It would seem to be Power, the latent spirituality in each of us prompting us to higher things. Thus by recognising the Power working in others to be the same as in ourselves, we are nearer to the real conception—only a little perhaps, but still one step nearer to the infinite. If we look at it diagrammatically we might symbolise ourselves by a circle, and this spiritual Power as a point outside the circle; but to get to the one Reality, or to have an expression for the Absolute, we must have only one circle. Now if we draw not one circle but a cycle of circles, we can still have the one point outside each but the centre of all—thus we get our complete circle. We can take the first circle to be our individual selves, and the cycle of circles to be humanity, all actuated by the spiritual force of this one point; or, going on wider lines, we can take the first circle to be this universe and the cycle of circles to be other universes; but there is the same point, the same spiritual Power, with its

force always acting upward and outward. Or again, take the first circle as our conception of the infinite—it would seem that there is a state of consciousness in which the whole cycle would be our conception of the infinite.

Now if there be another and wider state of consciousness—and if there be one there is no reason to suppose that there are not an infinite number—how are we to attain it? It is all very well to know much about heaven theoretically, but, till we are reasonably sure of getting there—or, shall I put it, that our stay there will be a fairly long one—is it not as well to devote more attention to the path and less to the goal? The path can be an actual fact, but the goal must be a theory to most of us. Each sees the goal, or his idea of actual happiness, in his own way, and his fellows' reasoning thereon will not help him much; but the path is common to all—the path is altruism. By living and doing for others we benefit ourselves, as then the outward self motives are non-existent. Altruistic action is of the highest importance, as then all of the action that can be expressed by a personality is expressed by some one else's; thus we can view the actuality of our action unhampered by a possessed personality; we can view it from a higher plane of consciousness. Thus we are nearer the Real by a stage, and thus nearer to our idea of happiness. In this way virtue brings its own reward. The reward is the greater longing for altruism, the wider consciousness, or another view of the divine. With a clearer view of the divine comes a greater longing to help others on the way. Thus cause and effect work their way through time, till time is no more. The measure of our happiness is the degree of clearness with which we recognise that Holy Spirit working in ourselves; by seeing its working in ourselves, we can see its working in others. Each helps each, and God will help us all. Carry this thought of altruism as far as we can. We see that altruism, or self-sacrifice, is the one fundamental law by which this universe came into existence; and, as we are parts of it, we must work by its laws. The self-sacrifice I allude to is the sacrifice of the limit for manifestation—the Absolute manifesting in space; thus we came into being. As we came into being in accordance with a certain law, we can only attain the

universal consciousness by following that same law. We do not want a theoretical exposition of the law, but a practical manifestation of the law; this we can each give the other by "letting our light shine before men." A theoretical exposition of the law is good for those who doubt the law; but, having proved the law, the abstruse is in danger of becoming the absurd. It is, I know, more pleasant to know much about thought forms in the lower devachanic world, than to recognise that the same Spirit is acting through the man who says Theosophy is the invention of the devil as is acting through us. It is merely a question of degree. After all, is it the degree of force that is acting through him that is so important, or is it not rather the degree of force that is acting through ourselves? The intensity of the degree in us should be measured by the amount of good we see in him.

This brings us all back to "The greatest of these is charity." Happiness is the degree of clearness with which we can see the divine Life: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God;" and this will show itself in the amount of sympathy we can give our fellows. If we can prove to our own satisfaction that happiness is altruism, or the giving of love for love's own sake, little remains for us to do here but practise altruistic sympathy; that little will occupy many lives, but the end is sure. Until we have obtained the mastery over ourselves, until we are able to give absolute sympathy, we can only strike our chord of harmony here to be resolved in heaven. Until perfect love is the actual expression of ourselves time exists for us, but the more we can identify ourselves with love so much the more, for us, does time possess the potentiality of not-being. Having obtained that victory over our self, our chord will resolve before it is struck, as then we are conscious with the Absolute, and time for us is no more. Let those who doubt prove by study the existence of the Spirit, and then listen to its voice. The dominant note of its voice is love, as the dominant note of Christ's life here was love. Wherever we see love let us stop and look well at it, for there we shall find the Christ, who will soon teach us the way to happiness.

EDGAR LOAM,

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

THE subject of the unfolding of consciousness in the beings whose field of evolution is a solar system is one of considerable difficulty ; none of us may at present hope to do more than master a small portion of its complexity, but it may be possible to study it in such fashion as may fill up some of the gaps in our thinking, and as may yield us a fairly clear outline to guide our future study.

We cannot, however, trace this outline in any way satisfactory to the intelligence, without considering first our solar system as a whole, and endeavouring to grasp some idea, however vague that idea may be, of "the beginnings" in such a system.

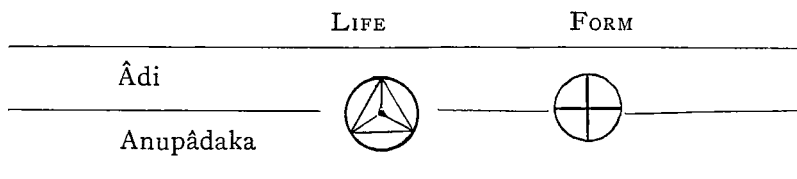
ORIGIN

We have learned that the matter in a solar system exists in seven great modifications, or planes ; on three of these, the physical, astral, and mental—often spoken of as "the three worlds"—is proceeding the normal evolution of humanity. On the next two, the buddhic and the âtmic, goes on the specific evolution of the Initiate, after the first of the Great Initiations. Thus these five planes form the field of the evolution of Consciousness until the human merges in the Divine. The two planes beyond represent the sphere of divine activity encircling and enveloping all, out of which pour forth all the divine energies which vivify and sustain the whole system. They are at present entirely beyond our knowledge, and the few hints that have been given regarding them probably convey as much information as our limited capacity is able to grasp. We are taught that they are the planes of divine Consciousness, wherein the Logos, or the divine Trinity of Logoi, is manifested, and wherefrom He shines forth as the Creator, the Preserver, the Dissolver, evolving a universe, maintaining it during its life-period, withdrawing it into Himself at its ending. We have been given the names of these two planes :

the lower is the Anupâdaka, that wherein “no vehicle has yet been formed ;” the higher is the Âdi, “the first,” the foundation of a universe, its support and the fount of its life. We have thus the seven planes of a universe, a solar system, which, as we see by this brief description, may be regarded as making up three groups : I. The field of elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal and normal human evolution ; II. The field of supernormal human evolution, that of the Initiate ; III. The field of Logoic manifestation. We may tabulate these facts thus :

- | | | |
|---------------|---|--|
| vii. Âdi | } | III. The field of Logoic manifestation. |
| vi. Anupâdaka | | |
| v. Âtmic | } | II. The field of supernormal human evolution. |
| iv. Buddhic | | |
| iii. Mental | } | I. The field of elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal, and normal human evolution. |
| ii. Astral | | |
| i. Physical | | |

The two highest planes may be conceived of as existing before the solar system is formed, and we may imagine the highest, the Âdi, as consisting of so much of the matter of space—symbolised by points—as the Logos has marked out to form the material basis of the system He is about to produce. Similarly we may imagine the Anupâdaka—symbolised by lines—as consisting of this same matter, modified by His individual life, coloured, to use a significant metaphor, by His all-ensouling Consciousness. We are told that the supreme facts of this preparatory work may be further imaged forth in symbols ; of these we are given two sets, one of which images the triple manifestation of the Logoic Consciousness, the other the triple Logoic Activity in matter—the life and form aspects of the three Logoi. We may place them side by side, as simultaneous happenings :



We have here, under Life, the primæval Point in the centre of the Circle, the Logos as One within the self-imposed encircling

sphere of subtlest matter, in which He has enclosed Himself for the purpose of manifestation, of shining forth from the Darkness. The Point, going forth in three directions to the circumference of the Circle and returning on Itself, manifests a different aspect at each place of contact with the Circle—the three fundamental expressions of consciousness: Power (or Will), Wisdom, and Activity—the divine Triad or Trinity. The joining of these three places of contact gives the basic Triangle of contact with Matter, which, with the three Triangles thus made with the lines traced by the Point, yields the divine Tetractys, the three divine Energies in contact with Matter, ready to create. These, in their totality, are the Oversoul* of the kosmos that is to be. Under Form we study the same primal Activity as seen from the side of Matter. The Point, the First or undivided Logos, vibrating between centre and circumference, makes the line dividing Substance in twain, Spirit and Matter, and thus generates the Second Logos; it is said of this in mystic phrase: "Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee;"† this relation of Father and Son within the unity of the Divine Existence, of the First and Second Logoi, existing only during the Day of Manifestation, the life-period of a universe. It is this begetting of the Son, this appearance of the Second Logos, the Wisdom, which is marked in the world of Form by the differentiation, the drawing apart, of Spirit and Matter, the two poles between which is spun the web of a universe; the separation, as it were, of the neutral inactive Electricity into the active forms of positive and negative, thus making the unmanifest manifest. This separation within the First Logos is vividly imaged for us in the preparation for cell-multiplication that we may study on the physical plane, wherein we see the processes that lead up to the appearance of a dividing wall, whereby the one cell becomes two. For all that happens down here is but the reflexion in gross matter of the happenings on higher planes, and we may often find a crutch for our halting imagination in our studies of physical development. "As below, so above."

Then the Point vibrates at right angles to the former vibration, and thus is formed the Cross, still within the Circle, the

* Emerson.

† Psalms ii. 7.

Cross which thus "proceedeth from the Father and the Son," the Third Logos, the Creative Mind, the divine Activity now ready to manifest as Creator. He comes forth from the Circle on the highest planes, as the Active Cross, or Svastika, the first of the Logoi to manifest outside the highest planes, though the third product of the divine Unfolding.

But before considering His creative Activity, we must consider the origination of the Monads, or Units of Consciousness, for whose evolution in matter the field of a universe is to be prepared. The myriads of such Units who are to be developed in that coming universe are generated within the divine Life, before the field for their evolution is formed. Of this forthcoming it is written: "THAT willed: I shall multiply and be born;"* and the many arise in the One. This multiplication within the One by the action of Will marks the place of origin—the First Logos, the undivided Lord, the Eternal Father. These are the sparks of the Supreme Fire, the "divine Fragments,"† named generally "Monads." A Monad is a fragment of the divine Life, separated off as an individual entity by rarest film of matter, matter so rare that, while it gives a separate form to each, it offers no obstacle to the free inter-communication of a life thus incased with the surrounding similar lives. The life of the Monads is thus of the First Logos, and is therefore of triple aspect, consciousness existing as Will, Wisdom and Activity; this life takes form on the plane of divine Manifestation, the sixth, Sons of the Father even as is the Second Logos, but younger Sons, with none of their Divine Powers capable of acting in matter denser than that of their own planes; while He, with ages of evolution behind Him, stands ready to exercise His divine Powers, "the First-born among many brethren."‡ Fitly they dwell on the Anupádaka plane, the roots of their life in the Âdi, as yet without vehicles in which they can express themselves, awaiting the day of "manifestation of the Sons of God."§ There they remain while the Third Logos begins the external work of manifestation, the shaping of the objective universe. He is going to put forth His life into matter, to fashion it into the materials

* *Chhândogyanishat*. VI. ii. 3.

† *Light on the Path*.

‡ *Romans*. viii. 29.

§ *Ibid*. 19.

fitted for the building of the vehicles which the Monads need for their evolution. But He will not be merged in His work, for, vast as that work seems to us, to Him it is but a little thing: "Having pervaded this whole universe with a portion of Myself, I remain."* That marvellous Individuality is not lost, and only a portion thereof suffices for the life of a kosmos. The Logos, the Oversoul, remains, the God of His universe.

THE FIRST LIFE WAVE.

THE PREPARATION OF THE FIELD

The Third Logos, the Universal Mind, begins His Creative Activity by working on the matter drawn in from the infinite space on every side for the building of our solar system. This matter had already been modified in some way unknown to us, symbolised by the point and the line, by its inclusion in the Circle drawn by the Logos as delimiting His universe.

Outside the limits of a universe this matter is in a very peculiar state; the three qualities of matter, inertia, motion and rhythm,† are balanced against each other, and are in a state of equilibrium. They might be thought of as existing as a closed circle, quiescent. In fact, in some ancient books, matter in this state is described as inertia. The beginning of Creative Activity is the breaking of that closed circle, throwing the qualities out of stable into unstable equilibrium. Life is motion, and the life of the Solar Logos—His Breath, as it is poetically called—touching this quiescent matter, threw the qualities into a condition of unstable equilibrium, and therefore of continual motion in relation to each other. During the life-period of a universe matter is ever in a condition of incessant internal motion.

The Third Logos divides the matter into atoms, and this formation of the atom has three stages. First, the fixing of the limit within which the ensouling life—His own Life in the atom—shall vibrate; this limiting and fixing of the wave-length of the vibration is technically called "The Divine Measure;"‡ this gives to the atoms of a plane their distinctive peculiarity.

* *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, x. 42.

† Sattva, Rajas and Tamas.

‡ Tanmâtra, the measure of That—"That" being God.

Secondly this Divine Measure marks out in matter the lines which determine the shape of the atom, the fundamental "Axes of Growth;"* the nearest analogy to these are the axes of crystals. Thirdly, by the measure of the vibration and the angular relation of the axes of growth with each other, the size and form of the surface, which we may call the wall of the atom, is determined. Thus in every atom we have the measure of its ensouling life, its axes of growth, and its enclosing surface or wall.

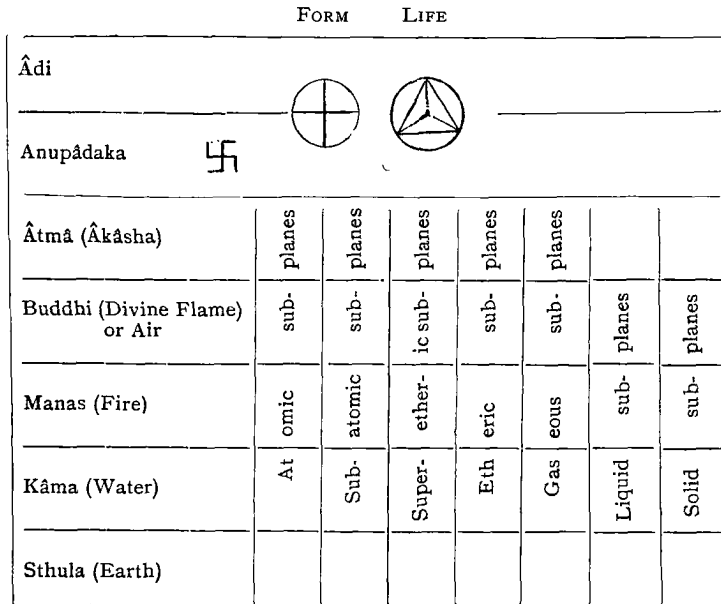
Of such atoms the Third Logos creates five different kinds, the five different "measures" implying five different vibrations, and each kind forms the basic material of a plane; each plane, however various the objects in it, has its own fundamental type of atom, into which any of its objects may ultimately be reduced.

Now these ultimate atoms of a plane are not the "atoms" of the modern chemist; the ultimate atoms are aggregated into successive typical groups, forming "states of matter," and the chemical atom is the fourth of such states, or constitutes the gaseous state of matter on the physical plane. Below this come the liquid and the solid states of matter, or, as they are often called, the liquid and solid sub-planes; and above it are three etheric states of matter, or sub-planes, and the atomic. The atoms are aggregated into groups, which act as units, and these groups are called molecules; the atoms in a molecule are held together by magnetic attraction, and the molecules on each sub-plane are arranged geometrically in relation to each other on axes identical with the axes of growth of the atom of the corresponding plane. By these successive aggregations of atoms into molecules, and of simpler into more complex molecules, the sub-planes of each plane are formed under the directive Activity of the Third Logos, until the field of evolution—consisting of five planes, each showing seven sub-planes—is completed. But it must not be supposed that these seven sub-planes—taking the physical plane as an illustration—are at all identical with those which are now existing. They bear something of the same relation to the present sub-planes as that which the chemist calls proto-hydrogen bears to the chemical elements said to be built up out of it. The present conditions were not brought about by the work of the

* Collectively, a Tattva.

Third Logos only, in whom Activity predominates; the more strongly attractive or cohesive energies of the Second Logos, who is Wisdom and therefore Love, were needed for the further integrations.

It is important to remember that the planes are interpenetrating, and that corresponding sub-planes are directly related to each other, and are not really separated from each other by intervening layers of denser matter. Thus we must not think of the atomic sub-planes as being separated from each other by six sub-planes of gradually increasing density, but as being in immediate connection with each other. We may figure this in a diagram as follows :



It must be understood that this is a diagram, not a picture ; *i.e.*, it represents relations, not material facts—the relations existing between the planes by virtue of their intermingling, and not forty-nine separate bricks placed in seven rows, one on the top of another.

Now this relation is a most important one, for it implies that life can pass from plane to plane by the short road of the communicating atomic sub-planes, and need not necessarily circle

round through the six molecular sub-planes before it can reach the next atomic sub-plane to continue its descent. As a matter of fact we shall find presently that life-streams from the Monad do follow this atomic road in their descent to the physical plane. If we consider a physical atom, looking at it as a whole, we see a vortex of life, the life of the Third Logos, whirling with inconceivable rapidity. By the attraction between these whirling vortices, molecules are built up, and the plane with its sub-planes formed. But at the limiting surface of this whirling vortex are the spirillæ, whirling currents, each at right angles to the one within it and the one without it. These whirling currents are made by the life of the Monad, not by the life of the Third Logos, and are not present at the early stage we are considering; they develop one after another into full activity in the course of evolution, normally one in each Round; their rudiments are indeed completed in the Fourth Round by the action of the Second Logos but the life-stream of the Monad as yet circulates in only four of them, the other three being but faintly indicated. The atoms of the higher planes are formed on the same general plan, as regards the Logosic central vortex and its enclosing currents, but all details are at present lacking to us. Many of the practices of Yoga are directed to bring about the more rapid evolution of the atom by quickening this spirillæ-vivifying work of the Monad upon it. As these currents of the Monadic life are added to the Logosic vortex, the note of life grows richer and richer in its quality. We may compare the central vortex to the fundamental note, the whirling encircling currents to the overtones; the addition of each overtone means an added richness to the note. New forces, new beauties, are thus ever added to the seven-fold chord of life.

The different responses which the matter of the planes will give under the impulse of Consciousness depend on the work of the Third Logos, on the "measure" by which He limits the atom. The atom of each plane has its own measure, and this limits its power of response, its vibratory action, and gives it its specific character. As the eye is so constituted that it is able to respond to vibrations of ether within a certain range, so is each type of atom, by its constitution, able to respond to vibrations within a certain range. One plane is called the plane made of "mind-

stuff," because the "measure" of its atoms makes their dominant response that which answers to a certain range of the vibrations of the Knowledge* aspect of the Logos, as modified by the Creative Activity. Another is called the plane of "desire-stuff," because the "measure" of its atoms makes their dominant response that which answers to a certain range of the vibrations of the Will† aspect of the Logos. Each type of atom has thus its own peculiar power of response, determined by its own measure of vibration. In each atom lies involved numberless possibilities of response to the three aspects of Consciousness, and these possibilities within the atom will be brought out of the atom as powers in the course of evolution. But the capacity in the matter to respond, and the nature of the response, these are determined by the gift of the Third Logos to matter of the capacity to vibrate as He vibrates; He, out of the infinite capacity of His own multitude of vibratory powers, gives a certain portion to the matter of a particular system in a particular cycle of evolution. This capacity is stamped on matter by the Third Logos, and is ever maintained in matter by His life infolded in the atom. Thus is formed the fivefold field of evolution in which Consciousness is to develop.

* Chit.

† Ichchhá.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHENEVER the arts and labours of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do honourably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man.

In all other paths by which that happiness is pursued, there is disappointment or destruction; for ambition and for passion there is no rest—no fruition; the fairest pleasures of youth perish in a darkness greater than their past light, and the loftiest and purest love too often does but inflame the cloud of life with endless fire of pain.

But, ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry worthily followed gives peace.

JOHN RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies*, p. 184.

THREE MYSTIC TOILS

THE following mystic stories are taken out of the late Lord Lytton's lengthy epic poem, *King Arthur*. This poem is in twelve Books, and contains one thousand five hundred and twenty-nine stanzas. It is comparatively little known ; yet, as a work of imagination and thought, it stands high among Lord Lytton's writings, and is said to have been his favourite work, and the one by which he thought he would be longest remembered.* In a prefatory note to the Knebworth edition, we are told that the first edition of *King Arthur* was published anonymously in 1848, and that the authorship was acknowledged in a second edition, issued the following year. In his preface to the edition of 1870 he seems to have had some doubt as to how the Poem would be received by the critics of his day, and concludes with these words: "Whatever worth I have put into this work of mine, comprising, in condensed form, so many of the influences which a life divided between literature and action, the study of books and the commerce of mankind, brings to bear upon the two elements of song, Imagination and Thought, that degree of worth must ultimately be found in it ; and its merits and its faults be gauged by different standards of criticism from those which experiences teaches me to anticipate now. I shall be, indeed, beyond the reach of pleasure or of pain in a judgment thus tardily pronounced. But he who appeals to Time must not be impatient of the test that he invites."

Those who have made any study of Lord Lytton's works, cannot fail to see that he had some knowledge of the spiritual side of life, and it is with the idea of trying to follow his thought into the heart of things, that these stories have been gathered together. They will be found striking and interesting to those

* See *Notes from a Diary*. ii. 164. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff.

who are fond of the marvellous, and who will look into them seeking to find their inner meaning.

In reading Lord Lytton's *King Arthur*, we have to ignore all that we have learnt of the legendary King in the French romances, and in Tennyson's poems, and think of him simply as a ruler in South Wales, whose aim is the upholding of Cymrian nationality. The stories that follow relate the "triple toil" given to the King in his probation.

THE SEARCH FOR THE MAGIC SWORD

In Book I., the King confides to Merlin the Sage a vision which had been shown to him by a Phantom. The Sage interprets it, and instructs him that the Fates have decreed that he is no longer to lead a life of pleasure and peace; that he must leave his kingdom for the space of a year, and go forth alone to face a life of toil and peril, and win three gifts which shall defend his throne. These are the "Sword"—"the falchion welded from a single gem;" the "Silver Shield"—"in which the sleep of infant Thor was cradled;" and the "Child-guide" with locks of gold.

The King obeys the call; he leaves his crown and kingdom, says farewell to his trusted knights, and goes forth alone to his labours, his only guide and companion being a snow-white Dove. The story of his wanderings and dangers occupies very many stanzas, but it is not until he has been tempted aside from his high mission, and known a great sorrow, that he in earnest seeks his first great prize. What befalls him in this trial is told in Books V. and VII. His faithful knight and friend, Lancelot, has at this time been permitted to follow him, having watched his wanderings in a crystal ring. He is able to save him from great peril by help of the Dove, but he cannot comfort him in his sorrow—sorrow has to bring its own cure. They are by the side of a lake, and one night, at the time of full moon, Lancelot, who possesses higher vision, sees a mist-like sail approaching over the waves. He calls to the King to arise, for the time had come when his mission called him to the search for the magic Sword. The fairy boat was gliding nearer, guided by a phantom hand, but the King could not see it and remained listless. Then it is that the Dove places on his lips the leaf of a herb found only

growing on graves. When he tastes it his eyes are opened; he sees the fairy boat moored by the side of the lake, and a shadowy Lady standing there, while beneath the waters a forest of green was spread, amidst which gleamed the pillared temples of dead religions. The pale King was quickly by the phantom Lady's side, and the boat sailed away before Lancelot could reach it. He watched it noiselessly steal over the waves, the Dove sitting on the mast, until at length the vision faded away.

We come to Book VII. and find that the shadowy vessel has silently and swiftly come to an island haven on the lake. The Lady signs to the King to follow her, and they had scarcely touched the land when the "meteor isle" sank beneath the water into a new land full of strange life, where the place was flooded with moonlight, and the atmosphere melodious with the chant of the waves. There was, however, an ever-moving shadow over all things coming from a vast Tree, whose root was immovable, and whose branches spread everywhere into one great forest. Through the foliage were seen fruits and flowers, as clusters of gems more beautiful than any found on earth.

Then first the Sovereign Lady of the Deep
Spoke;—and the waves and whispering leaves were still,
"Ever I rise before the eyes that weep,
When, born from sorrow, Wisdom wakes the will;
But few behold the shadow thro' the dark,
And few will dare the venture of the bark."

She then asked the King which of the treasures her deeps enfolded would he wish to carry back to earth with him? He, answering, told her of his mission:

Here springs the forest from the single stem;
I seek the falchion welded from the gem.

The Phantom bade him pause and look at the tree. She said that even one fruit on a branch was worth far more than the Sword; that he might take of these fruits freely as he wished, for they were unguarded, but the falchion was surrounded by perils, and its worth slight, "ambitious if its Lord;" it was weak to invade, and potent only for defence. The King answered only to refuse all treasures offered, and the Sibyl led him on, as in a dream, silently, through glade after glade under the mighty Tree,

until they came to a dismal rock full of dark caves. Into one of these hollows the Lady and the King went, following the light of a moon-beam. Then Arthur felt the Dove which lay on his breast stirring quickly, and he soothed it as they went slowly on, the ray of moonlight being ever before them. At last they came to a dark place of horror, and the Lady paused. "Lo," she said :

Yonder the Genii thou invadest reign.
 Alone thy feet the threshold floors must tread—
 No aid from Powers not human canst thou win;
 Trust to thy soul, and dare the Shapes within.

As she spoke she vanished, and the man was left alone to face his trial. But the beam from the unseen moon was still gleaming before him and he followed it,

And feeling God, he felt not solitude.

Nothing disturbed him, and going on through a dim gallery, he came suddenly into a great light which dyed blood-red the waves as they rolled along. Following that tide he entered a mighty Hall of Coral, on the right side of which were three veiled arches. On the floor was a pedestal of ruby :

On which, with marble lips, that life-like smiled,
 Stood the fair Statue of a crown'd Child.
 It smiled, and yet its crown was wreathed of thorns,
 And round its limbs coiled foul the viper's brood.

Near to the Child, on a sharp rock, sat a huge Vulture watching, while below the Vulture, embedded in the rock, the diamond hilt of the Sword was seen gleaming. The whole place was lighted up with a crimson glory by the glow coming from the ruby pedestal. There were also in that Hall three blood-red thrones, on which sat three giant forms, representing the Past, the Present and the Future. The first form seemed as one dead, but the second was full of triumphant life,

Crowned as for sway and harnessed as for strife ;

the third appeared as in a dreaming sleep. The second form spoke, and hailed the King to their abode as the seeker of renown ; he placed before him three choices—choices of the "three-fold Future."

Then the concealing veils fell from the three arches, giving to view ghostly shapes of life. Firstly the King saw himself enjoying youth and pleasure as when his one desire was

. A summer day,
'Mid blooms and sweets to dream himself away.

He turned from that choice, saying :

I have wept since then;

and he looked to the second arch, where he saw himself surrounded by pomp, receiving homage and praise. But he is not content with this, and asks to see the people, and then sights of misery come up, and he turns from pomp and praise with indignant tears. He looks to the third arch and lo! he sees himself a corpse, and by his side a lonely bard watching. But the kingly crown rests upon his head and his right hand grasps the diamond sword, while his brow is

Calm in the halo glory gives the brave.

Then the Genius asked him to make his choice between Death, Pleasure, and Pomp. The King answering gave the question,

Is that death in vain ?

Whereupon the Genius drooped, and the dreaming form arose—dreaming still. And as he rose—the genius of the things to be—the hollow caves were shaken, the throne of the dead giant rocked, and “ deep howled to deep.” Yet

. unshaken smiled,
From the calm ruby base the thorn-crowned Child.

The vision of the Future occupies a great number of stanzas, and at the end the giant Dreamer asks the King: “ Dost thou choose Death ? ” His answer is “ Aye,” and striding forward he grasped the hilt of the charmèd Sword, but it remained firm in the rock, it stirred not to his hand—the word had not been spoken.

The giant Dreamer resumed his throne, and the great Three sat in silence, when suddenly the Dove flew forth, and circling round, settled on the thorn-wreath which crowned the statue. Then the Vulture rose shrieking, and the Asps darted upward; but they paused when the Image stirred with strange life and spoke:—

“Mortal,” the Image murmured, “I am He,
 Whose voice alone the enchanted sword unsheathes;
 Mightier than yonder Shapes—eternally
 Throned upon light, tho’ crowned with thorny wreaths;
 Changeless amid the Halls of Time; my name
 In heaven is Youth, and on the earth is Fame.”

Then the Image asks a sacrifice; it said that every altar needs a sacrifice, and that his “asks every bloom in which thy heart delighted.”

“Wilt thou the falchion with the thorns it brings?”
 “Yea—for the thorn-wreath hath not dimmed thy smile.”
 “Lo, thy first offering to the vulture’s wings,
 And the asp’s fangs!”—the cold lips answered, while
 Nearer and nearer the devourers came,
 Where the dove resting hid the thorns of Fame.

Then the King’s soul went out as the compassionate protector of the poor bird, who had been his faithful guide and companion, who trusted in him, and had shared his wanderings, and springing forward he seized it from a cruel death.

The Image spoke, and asked how it was that one whose ambitions were so lofty could care what happened to the “poor, worthless favourite of a day.” Would he, it said, resign the possession of the sword, and forego the freedom of his country? Would he not make one slight offering to the altar of Fame?

But the righteous King would not accept any prize bought at such a cost; he replaced the Dove on his breast and replied with majesty:

“For Fame and Cymri, what is mine I give,
 Life;—and prefer brave death to ease and power;
 But not for Fame or Cymri would I live
 Soiled by the stain of one dishonoured hour;
 And man’s great cause was ne’er triumphant made
 By man’s worst meanness—Trust, for gain, betrayed.

“Let then the rock the sword for ever sheathe,
 All blades are charméd in the patriot’s grasp!”
 He spoke, and lo! the Statue’s thorny wreath
 Bloomed into roses—and each baffled asp
 Fell down and died of its own poison sting;
 Back to the crag dull-sailed the death-bird’s wing.

Then from the Statue's smile flowed forth ineffable joy, and through the crimson light came "the azure of the distant skies."

"Go," said the Image, "thou hast won the Sword;
He who thus values Honour more than Fame
Makes Fame itself his servant, not his lord;
And the man's heart achieves the hero's claim."

The monarch wondered, and, hearing, laid his hand on the sword-hilt, and at his touch the diamond blade leapt forth, shedding light around. The marble Image bowed its head, and the three Kings rose up, while distant voices were heard hymning:

"Hail, Fame Conqueror in the Halls of Time."

The flaming vaults below were riven, and the spaces on high

Opened and flashed upon the mortal's eye
The morning land of Immortality.

Bowed down before the intolerable light
Sank on his knees the King; and humbly veiled
The home of seraphs from the human sight;
Then the freed Soul forsook him, as it hailed
Thro' Flesh, its prison-house, the spirit choir;
And fled, as flies the music from the lyre.

When the King awoke, as from a dream, he found himself by the water's side, his right hand resting on the Sword—while the Dove "poised her pinions in the sun."

E. WILKINSON.

THERE is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure—forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving—"Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are."

At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find that we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good (and who but fools couldn't?), then do it: push at it together: you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over.—JOHN RUSKIN. *Sesame and Lilies*, P. 201,

NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

A REPLY

IN the March REVIEW Mr. N. E. Knox desires me to correct him if he has in any way misinterpreted my meaning in a sentence quoted from a preceding article by me, but in truth I regard Mr. Knox's treatment as a most important complement to the topic, rounding out inadequacies and making more correct my partial statement. In almost every point, except his endorsement of H. P. B.'s defence of "blinds," *i.e.*, methods to mislead sincere seekers after truth, I echo the expressions of Mr. Knox.

Of particular value in questions of casuistry is Mr. Knox's statement that deceit is morally such only when others *have a right to know the truth*. This, I take it, is a vital distinction, and it not only justifies the saving of a son's life in the case supposed, but bears on many a problem in history and in social life, giving a rule which is just and fair and preservative of all rights.

There are two special cases where the fact that only they who have a right to know the truth have a claim to hear it is of peculiar moment. The first is religious persecution. Every human being has the inherent right to his personal views as to God and doctrine, and with this no other human being and no government has the right to interfere. Coercion through fear of punishment is without justification and is an outrage on personal prerogative: having no ground for existence and being wholly without claim to inquire into beliefs, such attempt is void of moral demand for reply of any kind, and if for reply of any kind, then for reply of truthful kind. No such demand existing, the interrogated party is free from obligation to disclose his real views or to subject himself to an unwarranted peril. He is quite at liberty to withhold his convictions or to put forward their opposites, since the questioner is demanding something to which he has no right and is supporting an illegal question with an illegal

threat. It would be monstrous that a person or a government, in pursuit of an aim to which it has no right, should be allowed the advantage of the general moral maxim to tell the truth, when it is itself violating morality and subverting the liberty of conscience. No Inquisition threatening penalty has therefore claim to anything but lies.

The other case is of secrets. When a man receives a confidence under promise of secrecy, he is, so far as other parties are concerned, in the position of one who knows nothing of the matter. That attitude of ignorance he is bound in honour to maintain. It is not merely that in case of questioning he must inevitably tell a falsehood (either to the questioner in denying knowledge or to the confider in revealing the confidence) and had better therefore tell a falsehood which does no injury and which preserves both honour and another's rights; it is that *quoad* the questioner he knows nothing which he is at liberty to state, virtually, therefore, nothing at all. Really he is uttering a truth.

I do not see that the excepted case of persons who have not any right to the knowledge which they seek impairs the correctness of my general statement that no principle and no policy is higher than truth. Rather does it affirm it. For the inherent right of individuals to religious liberty and to the preservation of confidences is itself a truth, and both principle and policy are concerned to protect this truth, like every other. Hence I regard Mr. Knox's definition of falsehood as accurate in itself, as adding a complementary thought to my incomplete one, and as bringing out a fact which has enormous importance in the conservation of human rights and in the misunderstood matters of martyrdom and social casuistry.

ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

[The discussion of which the above brief article forms a part is so important that I venture to add a few considerations to it. Much as I respect my valued colleague, Mr. Fullerton, and loyal to truth as I know him to be under difficult circumstances, I cannot but think that his statements are liable seriously to mislead.

Most of us would entirely dissent from his definition of "blinds," although their use, even as "methods to mislead sincere seekers after truth," would be entirely justified by paragraphs 3 and 4 of his article. For the "blind" conceals a truth that the person seeking it has no right to know, and shields confidence given under promise of secrecy.

But most of us do not regard "blinds" as methods of deception. "Blinds" are methods of conveying truths by symbols and allegories, intelligible to the instructed but unintelligible to the casual reader. The intuition and intelligence of the earnest and serious student are developed by their study, and when the development of intuition and intelligence has reached a point at which the student is capable of grasping the truth, the truth is seen. The use of the "blind" prevents the careless and often scoffing reader from getting a distorted idea of a truth he is incapable of grasping, and thus protects him from a dangerous perversion and the truth from ignorant ridicule.

Paragraph 3 seems to me to aim a fatal blow at truth. The question is not: "Has the persecutor a right to know the truth?" but: "Which do I most value, truth or life and liberty?" On the answer to this question seem to turn nobility of individual character, and the forward progress of the race. Those who have the courage to suffer for an unpopular idea enlarge the bounds of knowledge and liberty for others. We can teach Theosophy without danger to-day, because men in the past "knew how to die." To live professing a falsehood was more intolerable to these than death. But this is so obvious, that I think that Mr. Fullerton must have expressed his idea only partially, so that I have not rightly caught his meaning.

One feels, touching the case given in the fourth paragraph, that a person who allows himself to be pushed into the choice between betraying a secret and telling a lie must be sorely lacking in intelligence or in dignity. He makes his first blunder by giving any indication that he is in possession of a secret; if this betrayal is done by another, he can then always rebuke an impertinent questioner without giving any clue to the secret entrusted to him. I have heard it said that we should guard a secret by silence, but never by a lie.

Believing, as I do, in the law of karma, I cannot believe that a temporary trouble due to truthfulness is as serious a matter as the poisoning of the stream of human trust and confidence by telling a lie. The persecutor may kill my body, but why should I add to this evil of his causing the worse evil of increasing treachery and deceit within human society? Shall I not do more to neutralise the results of his evil on society by answering it with fearlessness and honesty, than if I answer it with cowardice and double-dealing? It seems to me that it is by the light of the law of karma that we must guide our steps. Nor can we overlook the all-important fact, that only those who are true can recognise truth. If we, by falsehood, set up in our subtle bodies the discordant vibrations of untruthfulness, and then come into contact with a truth, this truth will produce further dissonance in us, as a true note makes discord with one that is flat. This dissonance will cause us to regard the true as false, and will thus wholly mislead us. We need to tune our nature most delicately into perfect truthfulness, since thus only can we distinguish the true from the false in all that surrounds us. Hence we cannot afford to introduce false notes into our nature, for we thereby lose our sensitiveness to truth. And on this I know that Mr. Fullerton is most fully in accord, and if I put it into words here, it is only because he has himself omitted it.

ANNIE BESANT.]

THE WAY OF THE HERB-GATHERER

ON the green curved bank of a little tidal river opening to the sea, stands a small village and a tiny old church. A road runs between them and the broken ruins of a grey abbey. On the smooth mossy turf, alight with daisies and celandine, turf which once formed part of the abbey grounds, stands the vicarage, which the Rev. Anthony Standish, "Father Standish," as he is more commonly called, to the scandal of local Protestants, has greatly enlarged. For he, the vicar of the small hamlet, is a man of means, and a man whose personal expenditure might easily be covered

by £50 per annum. When he became vicar of Brent he built large additions to the vicarage, and also a very beautiful oratory; thither pious souls may retire from the press and turmoil of the world, and give themselves to quiet study, to prayer and meditation. In this peaceful spot lives Father Standish, at once parish priest, and head of a house whence intercession goes up by day and by night, for the small chapel is never left unwatched. Around the house lie quiet meadows watered by the sluggish stream, full of golden marsh-marigolds, water forget-me-nots, and beca bunga, and vocal with the song of larks; further off lies the forest, stretches of heather, oak groves in which the bracken grows thickly, and chanting squirrel-haunted pines. A cloister leads to the chapel; it forms three sides of a quadrangle of fine turf, planted with sweet-briar bushes. Therein stands a great Cornish cross of grey granite; and within the cloister, near the chapel door, is a wooden crucifix, a triumph of Ober-Ammergau's piety and art. Father Standish, an Anglican Catholic priest, too devout and too mystical to be rigid and narrow-minded, yet upholds the letter as well as the spirit of his Faith, the authority of the Church, the God-given power of the priest, the desirability of Church discipline—these doctrines are enforced by him; therefore his attitude towards David Alison becomes the more inexplicable to his admirers and followers.

For David Alison alone is not bound by the laws which bind the dwellers and passing sojourners in the quiet house. If he absent himself for weeks from the chapel, Father Standish admonishes not; if he enter there at any hour of the day or night he is free to do so. Hours, rules, forms and ceremonies do not bind him; nor can it be seen that his faith and that of Father Standish are in outer observances the same; during ten years he has lived at the house by the river; during eight he has written those mystical prose poems which have made his name known to all the English-speaking world; very few people have seen the man himself, though thousands have felt the baffling power of his written words. A baffling power, because they tell of nature, and of nature alone; of man as man, of God as God, they breathe no words, but those who have read them know by some strange inward warning that they have learned of both.

Put the clock back ten years—to the morning of the day when Father Standish sat in his clean bare room, a mere anchorite's cell, and received a long and confidential letter from the Bishop of Bingley concerning his only son.

David Alison was the only child of the Bishop of Bingley and of that good and gentle lady, Grace, his wife. The average young Englishman is not very devout, though he often has a decent and healthy respect for religion in the abstract; the Bishop of Bingley was not a man to encourage in his son more than the ordinary religious observances of the public-school boy; he inculcated an admirable moral standard for all times and seasons, and a respectable average piety to be chiefly practised on the seventh day. In short he expected him to develop into an ordinary type of vigorous and honourable English gentleman, and he saw no reason why he should not follow in his father's footsteps, and enter the Church. The Bishop was not disconcerted nor distressed when his son differed from him on this point; he consulted him, at the age of seventeen, as to the bent of his desires. David Alison blushed, stammered, and finally said nervously, he didn't think he was a religious enough fellow to be a parson—he—he—shouldn't like—he didn't know—he should "feel such a beastly humbug."

Whereat the good Bishop laughed, and asked him what he would like to be instead. Then the boy hesitated and seemed to be undecided; forces he did not understand were at work within him; he did not know what he was, nor what he wished to do. Finally he said he thought he should like the Bar as well as anything; the Bishop assented, and gave him a very excellent discourse, in which the rôles of prelate, parent, and ex-headmaster were admirably blended. When the young man left school he was sent to college, and there the tragedy of his life took place. A scandal arose, and David Alison was accused of peculiarly dishonourable and disgraceful offences of which he was totally innocent; innocent as he was, the evidence against him was damning; no one believed his protestations of distress and bewilderment, or his indignant denials. The matter was hushed up as far as possible, nevertheless it was widely known; Alison and three other young men abruptly left college, practically

"A man is what he feels himself to be," said David, "I feel guilty. If I had known myself theoretically to be guilty for the last year, I might form a new theory. But you've made me feel it practically; and habits stick. I'm afraid I'm permanently ashamed of myself."

When he saw the pain in his father's eyes, his own intimate acquaintance with pain made him wince; he held out his hand:

"I'm sorry I said that," he muttered.

The Bishop took his hand and held it between his:

"I was wrong in any case," he said. "If I had loved you a great deal less, or a great deal more, I suppose I should have treated you differently."

"You were quite right," said David indifferently, "I used to feel it to be unjust. But now that I feel guilty, you see, I don't feel that any longer."

The Bishop gently patted his son's shoulder; he said no more at the time. When a week had passed, and he found that Alison's mental condition was not a passing mood, he said, with a sigh:

"You're unnerved, David; you want a lighter hand than mine, I'm afraid. I think you and Standish might get on together. He's unpractical and emotional; but he's very sympathetic and gets hold of people strangely. That sort of thing is not quite healthy, I sometimes fear. However, Standish means well; not a doubt of it. He has a house at Brent."

"What is it? A penitentiary?"

"David!"

"I beg your pardon, father. That was the result of a fixed idea. What is the place?"

"It's a religious house," said the Bishop reprovingly.

"A religious house," said Alison; then he began to laugh. "That's funny!" he said, gasping. "Did you know how funny it was? No, you didn't! But to leap from criminality to sainthood! Oh, don't let me laugh. Stop me."

"Will you go to Brent?"

"I'll go anywhere you please."

So, on the following day, Father Standish received the Bishop's letter; and four days later David Alison arrived at Brent.

Father Standish was very kind to him ; by his tender tact and quiet sympathy he gained a fuller outpouring of the bruised half-dumb soul than the Bishop could gain. If it lay in the power of any to solve another man's life-problem, he might have done it. At last he applied the balm that comforted his own devout mind :

“ Torture yourself no longer,” he said. “ Sink in your own nothingness. God is all, David ; God is Love.”

Now if there come an hour when we, toiling pilgrims of the earth, stand together on the mountain-top to view our Promised Land, it is my faith we shall see that the truth that helped one climber helped also his brethren. Men argue chiefly, less respecting truths, than the meaning of words, and each soul has its own vocabulary ; thus when it came to pass that David Alison “ sank in his own nothingness,” he was at peace, even as Standish said ; but he never knew he had taken that counsel under another form ; the words puzzled him, and his soul rose in revolt against them.

His own nothingness ! when he was the only fact of which he felt sure. God was all ! when everything he knew, most of all the pain of his tortured heart and mind, was more real to him and more near than that far-off power which they named God. He was the only reality he knew ; he was real to himself, real as the surgeon's knife to the quivering nerves. For he had not yet learned, as Standish had imperfectly perceived, that neither the forms nor the forces that play therein are the man himself.

“ God is love,” he repeated, “ God is all. Isn't there anything in the world but love, Father Anthony ? ”

He looked up at the other with a sad smile.

“ Assuredly there is.”

“ God is all,” repeated David. “ Then He is also that which—is not Love. Forgive me, Father Standish, you are very good to me ; I'm grateful for your patience. But if you had gone through my past year, you would be more conscious of fear than love. I feel a criminal, and I'm horribly afraid. I'm so much afraid I daren't say I've been unjustly used ; I ' kiss the rod ' from sheer fright. I am sick with fright when people look at me, because for a year the world was all eyes—condemnatory eyes. You go to the

chapel to worship and adore ; I go because I'm frightened and superstitious. I'm going there now."

And he went. The other sighed and shook his head :

"I don't know what to do for him," he said. But Father Standish's "case" was about to be taken out of his hands.

It was a May morning ; there was a soft blustering westerly wind. David Alison walked through the cloister to the chapel, and went in softly. It was a still dark place, with windows of stained glass ; save for the glass and the oak stalls it was all white marble, gleaming ghost-like in the dim light. A great crucifix hung over the altar, before which burned a little star of never extinguished light. The place was chilly, and full of the smell of incense and altar flowers. Two watchers knelt there in prayer. David Alison knelt down, too, shivering with nervous depression ; he knelt and bowed his head on his arms, which he rested on the back of a *prie-dieu* ; he sobbed noiselessly from sheer physical weariness and mental strain, while he inwardly raged at his own weakness ; as he said, "he was permanently ashamed of himself," and as close to the verge of madness as a man might be.

The side door of the chapel burst noisily open, and in rushed a gust of wind bearing the smell of freshly-cut grass, cowslips and bluebells. One of the watchers rose softly and closed the door. David looked up, roused by the rush of air ; some one had entered when the door flew open, and was standing within a few paces of him ; he saw a young man clad in a kind of forest dress of faded green ; in his hand was a bough of blossoming hawthorn, on his back was slung a basket of herbs ; he was evidently a herb-gatherer from the forest, and about him clung the smell of the air, of the forest-ways, full of wet moss and freshly-springing grass and leaves. David bowed his head once more ; it felt rested and lightened, as though a light electric current were playing through his aching brain, taking away the pain and strain. He was growing sleepy, he thought ; he was almost afraid to stir for fear of dispelling the sense of rest. At last he got up. The herb-gatherer had gone. The next day the same thing happened, and the next, and the next. On the fourth day, as he left the chapel, one of the church watchers went out too, and David spoke to him in the cloister.

“Who is the tall man who comes to the chapel every day?” he asked. “He comes in when the door opens.”

“The door blows open because the wind has been so strong, Mr. Alison, and the lock is bad.”

“But there is a man who comes in.”

“No, Mr. Alison. No one comes in.”

David Alison went to his room with the fear of madness before his eyes. There was a book on the table by the window; the wind had blown it open; he took it up and read mechanically:

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.
Think you 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

He threw down the book and leaned from the window; the flitting shadows of the racing clouds flecked the shining meadows, across them he saw the herb-gatherer walking. He ran downstairs; he would find out whether he were mad or no. He could not catch the herb-gatherer, follow as he would; the delicate perfume of the herbs in his basket floated back to him on the riotous wind, the man he could not reach. He chased him down a forest road, under oaks flushed with bronze-pink, where pigeons cooed, and jays chattered; he climbed a gate and walked down a turf path running between perfumed pine trees, whose buds were cracking softly in the hot spring sun; he saw the herb-gatherer striding barefoot before him; the turf was spangled with little flowers and set about with uncurling bracken. He forded a tiny stream, climbed a small hill, and lo! a space of grass, walled about with pines, and in the midst twelve great oak trees, dead and barkless, bleached to tarnished silver, standing alone wrapped in a great peace, among the growth and fierce life of spring. He could not see the herb-gatherer and he ceased to hunt for him. The calm and mystery of the place rested upon him like a charm. One of the oaks had fallen; he lay all his length in a hollow of the trunk, and shut his eyes. It was warm

and sheltered from the wind ; he could feel the sunshine and the flitting shade of the driving clouds sweep over him. The smell of the warm earth was like a blessing from some unseen Power whose soul was stillness, utter stillness, beyond love and hate. He forgot to wonder whether he was mad or bad ; he ceased to think of himself at all ; the still Power seemed to stoop out of infinitude and wrap him round ; he "sank into his own nothingness," unawares.

Late in the afternoon he returned to Brent, with a dawning hope and sanity in his eyes. He ceased to go to the chapel now, and Father Standish forebore to ask him questions, for he perceived that something he did not understand was at work in the soul of his guest. David Alison rose up early, and came in late ; sometimes he did not come in at all, but spent the night, like the day, in the woods alone. Once he said :

"Father Anthony, do you want me to go away?"

When the other smiled and shook his head, David smiled too, and held out his hand.

In a little while another strange thing befell him ; after it befell he found he could wander by night as well as by day, only at night he left his body lying still and restful in the little room that was as simple and bare as a monk's cell.

All that he saw of the world of day, or of the world of night, was fair, so that the man's soul was steeped in beauty. Sometimes he saw silent, dew-drenched, star-lit English meadows ; sometimes grey headlands, with a black foamless sea crawling and heaving below ; sometimes strange winding water-ways, stretches of sand, blanched in the moonlight, and eerie with strange wailing songs and elfish voices ; sometimes great ruined cities lying in strong sunlight, and barren mountain sides with great caverns therein and twisting spiral stairways winding upwards, whereunto he could not tell ; but never, anywhere, a human face nor a human voice, nor human eyes looking into his ; he never saw the gatherer of herbs, save only that he was waiting below his window always when he set forth on his wanderings, and half sprang, half floated out into the moon-shimmer ; when he had once set forth he was alone with the speechful, speechless things he loved. In the morning he knew it was a dream, and

at night he knew it was truth ; and then the seat on the bleached oak and the turf walk through the pine forest became the dream-world until the hour of dawn came, and he awoke. He was not concerned with the psychological meaning of all this ; he was not interested in the study of his own consciousness in the world of day and the world of night ; he was steeped in the great joy and marvel of beauty, perceiving Nature's God alike in the world of waking and in the world of dreaming. Whether that which he saw was real or mere illusion he neither knew nor cared ; he rejoiced only in the fact that it was all unspeakably good to see. By degrees it began to be more than seeing ; it became knowing as well, knowledge of a great and never to be interpreted secret ; through the sight of his eyes his soul began to perceive, stretching forth to learn, if it were possible, that which lay at the heart of beauty.

One day he stood in the silent circle of the dead oaks and watched the dry branches gleam against the sky. He had been there since dawn, lying motionless on the turf, watching all the changes of the day. The sun set, the shadows swooned into the dark, the owls began to hoot among the dusky trees. The man's soul, dumb so long, spoke at last, and its speech was prayer ; he said :

“ Power, that hast made the world so beautiful, I thank Thee. Thou hast made pain and sickness, fear and loss, the bewildered mind, and death, and sin, and folly ; Thou hast made love that fails us, and thought that betrays and maddens ; in a word— Thou hast made man. But because Thou hast made beauty too, because Thou hast made the sky at dawn and the moonlight on the sea, the mist and the grey rocks, the dew on the grass, the music in the bird's throat, and the ripple of the wind on fields of flowering grass ; because Thou hast made the smell of the wet earth, and of the wild thyme at hot noon, I worship Thee. Though of all, save eyes to see these, Thou shouldst strip me, for these I shall praise Thee, in these will I adore Thee, Who could image this beauty and bring it to the birth. If my eyes be darkened from the sight of these things I love, in the memory of them I shall worship Thee, till memory follows sight.”

Having silently spoken thus he walked home through the

dark woods; he entered the chapel for the first time since he followed the herb-gatherer to the oak circle. He stood there in the dim light, before the great crucifix, and while he stood thus Father Standish came into the place, for it was his custom to spend the first watch of the night there. What he saw in that hour he never told to any man. He stood earnestly watching the motionless figure; at last he stepped noiselessly into the cloister and waited there. Presently David Alison came out. Father Standish drew back into the shadow, and let him pass, then he looked after him till he was out of sight. He returned to the chapel, and stayed there during the first watch of the summer night. Before he went to his room he opened David Alison's door, stepped softly in and stood looking down at his sleeping figure.

"I knew he was taken out of my hands," he said under his breath, "but I never *saw* it till to-night."

He stooped lower and looked more intently at the sleeper :

"There is some tremendous Power working on and through him," he muttered. "Perhaps without the year of torture that broke up the whole of his outer life, it could not have been. Perhaps he was born for this purpose, whatever it be, and for no other."

Now while Father Standish stood and mused in the waking world, in the world of sleep other things were befalling David Alison. He roved the hills of dream alone.

There was a steep hill-slope with rock steps therein, and down them he swung lightly, his feet bounding from stone to stone with a motion unknown in that other world whence he came; he did not know how he climbed the further slope that rose on the other side, but he stood on the top and saw a ravine below full of stormy water, and a thread-like bridge with wide spaces between the planks that formed it, spanning the gulf. Since his year of torment his nerves were broken; in the waking world he turned sick and giddy on a height, but in the good world of sleep he sped over the bridge and stood on the hill top beyond. The herb-gatherer stood there, and now for the first time he turned his face to the dreamer, and met him eye to eye; David Alison became aware of a great clash of sound; at first it

was a great chaotic clamour, then from the clamour came forth harmony; and he sought to find whence it came. It rang from the sleeping woods, from the silent mountain peaks, from the river rushing below, from the night wind sweeping by, from the tide-boom in unseen ocean caves, from the purple star-strewn void of space, through which strange lights drove and flickered; in the great sound, moreover, he heard the murmur of cities, the clang of swords, the cry of the afflicted, the sob of the sinner who repents, the laughter of children, and the low chant from the chapel at Brent. All these things and many more had their place therein; behind and beyond these was another sound that echoed from the very heart and core of them all; sometimes it seemed to him the great song rang to him from without, sometimes as though it were being chanted in his own heart; while he listened he heard a voice whispering certain words; he knew it was the herb-gatherer's voice though he had never before heard his speech, and even now he heard it not with his ears, but as though it spoke within his own breast.

"This chant of the Powers lives in thy heart for ever," it said. "Thou shalt hereafter have power to make others hear it too."

Then with the swift change of dream he found himself lying on the narrow bed in the room at Brent, with the bare knowledge in his mind that he had seen and heard certain things which he could not perfectly recall; also that a choice had been placed before him, and he had chosen. The room was full of the scent of rosemary and forest herbs. He rose at dawn and walked into the dew-spangled quadrangle. Beneath the grey granite cross, whereon the birds were twittering, stood Father Standish; he came forward to meet his guest, and in his manner there was an indefinable change; his eyes questioned him. Then he turned and began to pace to and fro beside him.

"David," he said suddenly, "I hope you will not leave this place. You and I are going by different roads, but I think they lead the same way."

"You are treading the way of the saint, Father Anthony," said Alison, "And I—"

"The way of the sinner?" said the other, with raised eye-

brows. "That may be one way, David; but I think it is not yours."

"Shall you understand me if I say I have ceased to care whether I am a sinner or not?"

Father Standish thought for a moment. "In the sense you mean it," he answered, "I shall say I am very glad. Yours is a way I do not understand; if it were the way of the sinner I should understand it. But do you understand it yourself?"

"No. I call it the way of the herb-gatherer; but I do not understand, nor care to understand. I go the way I must."

"Do you mean you are forced from without?" said the other, rather startled, with a vision of Satan as an angel of light before his inner eye.

"No. There is no without. I feel none."

They parted company at the gate. David went to the woods, and Father Standish to his cell-like room. There he wrote to the Bishop.

"He must stay here," he wrote. "You must not press him to return to the world of work. Something is happening which I frankly own I do not understand. We must wait God's good time to see what comes of it."

When, a year later, David Alison began to write those "poems in prose" that made his name famous, the Bishop, Father Standish, and the public thought they knew what had come of it; the Bishop believed the throes of genius had been working in his son; Father Standish, as a High Church mystic who believed in the "ministry of angels," took a slightly different view; nevertheless, he too believed that "what had come of it" was some of the most marvellous literature possessed by the modern world. Now, it is possible the Bishop, the priestly mystic, and the public were all mistaken, and that David Alison's "prose poems" were merely the temporal "things which are seen."

MICHAEL WOOD.

We much regret to state that our usual contributor of the Magazine Notices failed, on account of health, to send them, and we have been obliged to go to press without them.—EDS.

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