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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A VERY interesting account of Dongtse, a monastery and town in Tibet, the head of which welcomed Sarat Chandra Dás in 1882, and enabled him to visit Lhasa, has appeared in the *Times*. The personage in question, the Sinchen Lâma, was arrested after Sarat Chandra Dás departed, and was flogged and drowned, as a punishment for his kindly hospitality. The *Times'* correspondent, visiting Dongtse, was taken to see the house of the murdered Lâma—who had been incarnated four times as the Sinchen Lâma—and writes as follows :

There is one strange thing in the Lâma's house which defies explanation. The central upper room is decorated with minutely-drawn scenes from the life of each one of the four reincarnations of the Sinchen Lâma. Beside these pictured chronicles is set the seated form of the special incarnation whose life they record. The last of the series is, of course, that of Chandra Dás's patron. He sits conventionally, Buddha-wise, with a simpering baby face and a green nimbus round his head. Beside him are the events of his childhood and manhood. One after another the artist set down the miracles he wrought and the good deeds by which he acquired the merit, the reward of which, as a Bodhisat, he was bound to renounce for the good of mankind. As he drew to the close of his work, he painted in also small written descriptions explaining the pictures. Then the Lâma said: "Paint me also a house

of such and such a sort," and he described it very clearly and in great detail. "And under it paint me a river with a dead body floating in it." And the painter did so. But when he was asked what inscription he was to put on the house and on the river the Sinchen Lâma said: "Put no inscription." But he would not explain nor say at all why the two pictures were to be drawn. Only, after his disgrace, the Abbot and Lâmas of Dongtse recognised with awe the very house in which he was imprisoned, and the very spot in which he was done to death. And there the pictures are to this day, and it was the Sinchen Lâma's only surviving servant who told me this story.

Very strange, doubtless, to the correspondent of the *Times*, but not strange to those who know that among the Tibetan Lâmas a few are to be found to whom the future is open as the past, and who can see calmly and without emotion the as yet unrolled scenes of a life taken solely for human service, for the helping of man. It is interesting to notice, in another *Times*' letter, that the Tashe, or Teschu, Lâma is regarded as friendly to the English, while the Dalai Lâma is considered to be hostile. The former is not unwilling to promote amicable relations with the English, and it may be that the outcome of the Tibetan invasion will tend to restore to the Teschu Lâma the authority of which he has been partially deprived. As a religious chief, though not politically, the Teschu Lâma stands far above the Dalai Lâma.

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PROFESSOR WENDT, of the Jena University, delivered an interesting lecture, on "The Idea and Reality of Revelation," to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.  
 Revelation Very suggestive and true is the following :

The view to be approved from the Christian standpoint was that Christ was not to be isolated as the bearer of revelation ; that they must look upon the total working of God in the whole natural world and its regular development, the whole spiritual and moral life of man, the whole evolution of history, civilisation, and religion, as the great and universal revelation of God. According to the Christian belief everything in the world was not only entirely worked by God, but conditioned by His love, which had the kingdom of God for its goal. Discussing the psychological process by which men acquired, otherwise than by taking them on the ground of authority, new religious ideas, the lecturer said that religious conviction was obtained, not through reason alone, but by acts of intuition. Even when religious knowledge was first acquired by way of training and tradition, such intuition was necessary in order that the truth and value of what was learned might

become clear. This intuitive religious perception was not without analogies. Poets and artists in their creative periods received in an inward flash the pictures to which they then sought to give a form capable of perception by the senses; and the greatest strides of science had probably been made in a similar way.

This touch with the worlds invisible as a natural happening is being more and more recognised by the thoughtful among us, and it is seen that man by his very nature "belongs to more worlds than one." This vague belief is rendered precise by theosophical teachings and is verified experimentally by theosophical investigations. And this is the more satisfactory, in that it merely confirms in the twentieth century that to which all centuries have borne witness by their yogis and their saints.

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THE Bishop of London is showing a lamentable want of knowledge and of true Christian feeling with regard to Theosophy.

The Bishop presided at the annual meeting  
of the London Diocesan Church Reading Union,  
and, in praising the work of the Union, said :

An Unwise  
Shepherd

It was helping to counteract many current errors. One heresy that was dangerous when combined with Christianity was Theosophy. He found many girls and women on the Continent and in the West-end of London led away by a specious idea that Theosophy could be combined with a whole-hearted acceptance of the Christian faith. Why should they be taught to believe in the necessity of reincarnation? One specious argument used was that reincarnation explained the social inequalities of life by supposed sins committed in a previous existence. While the difficulty involved in those inequalities should not be underrated, the proposed explanation had no basis of any kind at all. He remembered a Sunday afternoon debate in Victoria Park, when he gave double time to a poor man who had no legs and whom the working-men thought to be a Mahatma. That man quoted two passages from Scripture which were still being used for the same purpose. One was that describing John the Baptist as Elijah; and, answering a fool according to his folly, another speaker had asked how Elijah could appear on the Mount of Transfiguration after being reincarnated into John the Baptist. The other passage was that in which our Lord was asked whether a man's blindness was due to his own sin or to that of his parents; but Christ, in saying that neither was the case, did not sanction for a moment the idea of reincarnation. Though here we should never fully understand the difficulty of human suffering, we could reply that, just like a general who shared with his men all the hardships of a campaign, God in Christ had borne the worst suffering that man was asked to bear. It was sad to see girls caught away

by new religions for want of instruction and of deep religious life; and the Church Reading Union, by its careful teaching, could do something to prevent this from happening.

The whole tone of this is lamentable. The sneer as to the legless man being regarded as a Mahâtmâ is surely a little unworthy of a Christian prelate. Would it not be more helpful if the Bishop told us what Christ *did* mean by the remark about the blind man, as he rejects the obvious meaning of the words? And the "fool" who believed the words of Jesus that S. John the Baptist was Elijah is not answered by the reference to the Transfiguration, since even the appearance of persons who are still in the flesh in the luminous astral body is by no means unknown. The analogy of the general who bears the hardships of a campaign with his soldiers is not very complete, since the brief years of the appearance of the Christ on earth are infinitesimal in suffering compared with the æons of humanity's anguish in the long campaign of life. If the Bishop cannot explain human suffering, he must not be surprised if girls and women, aye, and many men, and even his own clergymen, turn to THE WISDOM which can explain, and which renders life intelligible. And would not the Bishop guard his flock more securely if he turned his efforts against the scepticism which grows out of the spectacle of human agony that he cannot explain, instead of against the teachings of Theosophy, which have restored to faith in God and in the Christ many a one who had been bereft of it by the unintelligent presentation of Christianity by many Christians. Ill do the pastors of the Church feed their flocks when they set themselves against the teachings of THE WISDOM which Jesus is restoring to His Church. They may do as they will, but the priests will not in the long run silence the prophets, nor can the living message be suppressed by the inheritors of a dead tradition. As I have said to the Pandits of Hinduism so say I to the Prelates of Christianity: "Take the lead, if you will, in this great revival of true religion; your karma has given you the right to lead. But if not, then shall the raising of the Temple be wrought without you, and the stone that the builders rejected shall become the head of the corner." How often has this proved true in the past. Shall that sad history be again re-written in our days?

TRACES of ancient tradition appear from time to time amid the degenerate descendants of old stock. Mr. S. Percy Smith, voyaging in Eastern Polynesia, came across a Paumotu woman, who allowed him to copy some very ancient chants she possessed. Mr. Garbutt, living in Tahiti, has made a translation, assisted by some Paumotu people also resident there. The chants were to be sung at the birth of a chief, and traced the new-born through many transmigrations. The following song is given in the *Otago Times* :

Welcome is the expedition of Tane,  
 Gratifying is the coming of Hina,  
 From the original source,  
 From the great origin of all,  
 Springing from a small cause, a little cause,  
 A narrow source, a secret source,  
 A true origin, a real source,  
 A supporting origin, a holding-up origin,  
 A sustaining origin to lean upon.  
 Tear apart that veil (rend not that spider's web),  
 And let pass the project of Rua-Kana ;  
 Appears the rainbow, filling the sky and dispersing the rain.  
 Long live the King, long live his companions !

The King Rongo !

A laborious thought, a laborious thought,  
 A profitable thought, a beneficial plan,  
 An expanding thought, an extending idea,  
 An idea worthy of admiration.  
 A ray-making, dazzling thought,  
 An assembling thought, a collective thought,  
 A shape-giving, form-making thought.  
 I appeal to you, Koropanga,  
 To give drink to Manahoa,  
 And let Tangaroa be firm, be powerful !  
 Let the King and his companions live  
 And be happy and powerful !  
 The rainbow fills the sky, the rain disperses !  
 Long live the King, long live his companions !

The King Rongo !

The appearance of the rainbow recalls Hindu and Hebrew traditions, and the drink reminds one of the draught churned up out of the ocean, and swallowed by Shiva, who alone could take it without injury.

LITTLE Franz von Vecsey is puzzling all scientific London by the extraordinary maturity he shows in his musical genius. He practises little, but the skill of finger is a com-

paratively small thing. It is the depth of comprehension and of feeling which render this boy of eleven so strange a prodigy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks:—

Explain it how we may, it is the fact that musical genius is the earliest to manifest itself, and in no other sphere of human activity can a child of eleven be an acknowledged master. And, of course, the obvious and true conclusion is that, of the two factors which determine all of us—heredity and environment—heredity is everything in such matters. This is not to assert anything so absurd as that genius is merely a matter of parental transmission. But it is of its essence that genius is *congenital*—that *poeta nascitur, non fit*. And the saying is far truer of a child such as this than it is of a poet. Asked to explain the causation of genius—since they maintain that causation is universal—men of science can only return a *non possumus*. So far is genius from being “a transcendent capacity for taking trouble, first of all,” as Carlyle has it, that it is rather, as in Franz von Vecsey’s case, the capacity for doing without trouble that which other people cannot do with any amount of trouble.

It is not quite the fact that such precocity of genius is found only in music. The marvellous girl of ten, who was received with honour in the French Academy two years ago for her dramatic writings, is a still stranger case. But what does “heredity” mean in the above paragraph? Not “parental transmission,” apparently. That the genius is born, not made, is profoundl true. And if “heredity” here means that the soul brings with it the results of past experiences, inherits the results of its own past labours, then truly is it the explanation of genius. The truth of evolution by reincarnation is pressing more and more on the modern mind.

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THE *Daily Express* has got hold of the story of the Egyptian mummy cover, so long familiar in London theosophical circles.

The mummy cover is now only No. 22,542 in the catalogue of the British Museum, and is in the First Egyptian Room. It was bought in Egypt by an Englishman, and passed on from him to another, who presented it to his sister on his arrival in England. The first owner had his arm blown off, the second lost a large part of

An Elemental  
Guardian

his fortune, and shortly after died ; a third member of their party died in poverty within a year, and a fourth was shot. The sister of the second owner suffered heavy financial and other troubles, and a photographer who photographed the cover died. At Mme. Blavatsky's urgent advice, the cover was sent off to the British Museum. The carter died, and a man who helped to carry it in suffered a serious accident. Such was the tale of troubles which followed the removal of the mummy-cover from Egypt to England, and the photograph taken, instead of showing the calm face on the lid, showed that of an angry woman. It is known that Egyptian magicians sometimes created elementals charged with the duty of guarding the tombs wherein lay their embalmed bodies. It would seem that some such creature was endeavouring to protect his trust, and thus spread destruction round it.

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A SIGN of the time is a paper read before the Synthetic Society by Professor J. Ellis McTaggart, of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which he gave his reasons for regarding pre-  
 Reincarnation  
 again                   existence as the most probable doctrine of  
 immortality ; he started by laying stress on the non-necessity for *post-mortem* survival in the case of a being whose ante-natal life was unnecessary, and then proceeded to a calm and logical reasoning along many lines, which all led up to the conclusion of the growth of the soul by re-birth. It is to be hoped that this valuable paper will be reprinted in a form which will place it within reach of a wider public than that for which it was written.

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PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES has a readable article in *The Monthly Review* for May under the title, "A Gardener's View of Science," in which he presses home the view of ancient  
 And even Astrology science which has been so often put forward in our theosophical literature—that it has not been left to the humanity of the last hundred years to make all the valuable discoveries and inventions, but that the ancients knew many things relating to the harmonies and correlations of natural phenomena which to-day science is only just beginning to re-discover. Referring to the Zodiac as including within it "a smaller, but to us all-important, cycle of nature-changes

inexorably determined on the earth by its annual journey round the sun," Professor Geddes concludes :

Since occupational activities obviously follow the course of nature, the ancient correlation of astronomy with climate and vegetation, and through these with animal life, with human occupation, is thus for us as fundamental as for primitive science. That many a modern graduate in science has never given an hour's thought or study to this simple subject is no doubt true ; but this need not prevent our seeing that the re-investigation of this co-relation, of this seasonal astronomy, seasonal biology, seasonal agriculture is as legitimate a specialism as any other. . . . [Above] rolls the zodiac, with its seasonal signs. Around us grows the vegetable world in obedient response to these mighty influences, and within all we lead our human lives—of old obviously thus conditioned, nowadays less obviously ; still, far more than we commonly realise. . . . Here then is the central point of an almost organised re-interpretation of custom and folklore, of anthropology, archæology, nay, even of mythology and of literature, which is in simultaneous progress in many schools of apparently specialist thought. . .

Science is no mere labyrinth of specialisms . . . philosophy no mere discussion of abstractions and generalities apart from nature and human life ; religion no mere tradition of this Church or of that. Once more all these are becoming seen and felt as one. . . . All is unity, order, simplicity, yet all a moving equilibrium, no mechanical orrery merely, but an unending drama—the perpetual re-manifestation of the protean modes and moods of universal energy. . . . With this correlation of astronomic, organic and human evolution we have practically recovered the standpoint of the 148th Psalm, *Benedicite omnia opera* ; the sun, the moon, the world of life and labour, of duties and emotions, all becoming unified, as of old, within a single education, a single initiation in which cosmic unity and human ideal unite. We have too long lost the ancient tradition of science, and so have tended to undervalue this. Proud of our modern physics, our modern microscopy and the rest, we tend to think there was practically no ancient science at all.

Speaking of the traditions of Pythagoras, Orpheus, Hermes, Râma and Kṛiṣṇa, he writes :

We see that these great religions, these great philosophies, were agreed in the essentially common conception of the universal order—astronomic, organic and human. Their differences are but secondary ; and thus we have reached the paradox that the simplest pre-historic worshipper at old Karnak or on Ben Ledi had a comprehensive and a unified idea of the general scheme of things. But that is to grant them a more comprehensive grasp of science than our modern specialists with all their discoveries—discoveries which are assuredly often, and doubtless oftener than we know, re-discoveries.



## REINCARNATION IN THE KABBALAH\*

Q.—CAN the soul, strictly speaking, be said to be created ?

A.—No, the soul is an emanation of the living Root-powers (*Urkräfte*) or Sephiroth, and thus though their intermediation, in final analysis, an emanation of the Absolute.

Q.—When did the soul come into existence ?

A.—As an emanation of the Absolute the soul has existed from all eternity in the Absolute, has had therein an “ideal pre-existence” (*i.e.*, an ideal being in *idea* prior to its earthly existence). On the other hand, the soul can also show a “real pre-existence” (*i.e.*, an independent pre-terrestrial existence), since according to the teaching of the Kabbalists, all souls have been “created” together at a particular moment in time. The soul is thus in one aspect eternal, and in another has had a beginning, and that prior to any corporeal existence.

Q.—Where was the soul before its earthly embodiment ?

A.—Finally at any rate in the world of Jezirah, and further, as the Kabbalists teach in accordance with Talmudic views about pre-existence, in a space of the Heaven-sphere, “Araboth,” called “Gûph.”

Q.—According to this teaching have all souls now entered upon earthly corporeal existence ?

A.—No, a number of souls still await corporeal embodiment.

Q.—What has become of the souls which have already descended ?

A.—A part of them are in their first earthly existence, the larger part of them are engaged in metempsychosis through various earthly existences one after another, a part also have already entered upon a higher form of existence.

\* Translated from Dr. Erich Bischoff's *Die Kabbalah : Einführung in die jüdische Mystik und Geheimwissenschaft* (Leipzig; 1903), pp. 66-80. See review in the April number.

Q.—And whither have these last gone?

A.—Various doctrines have been taught on this point. The final goal of those souls which have attained complete perfection is, according to the most consistent view, eventual mergence into the Absolute, the “Ocean of the God-head.”

Q.—How is the nature of the souls, in their pre-corporeal being (real pre-existence) imagined?

A.—As “male-female,” *i.e.*, as being as yet sexually undistinguished. (In Plato, as also in the Talmud and the Midrash, the body of the first man is also thus conceived of.)

Q.—In what condition or state are the souls during their pre-corporeal existence?

A.—In a conscious state. They have knowledge of ideas, in such wise that, as in Plato, all earthly knowing is only a recalling, a reminiscence of this pre-existential knowledge.

Q.—For what purpose do the souls come into corporeal, earthly being?

A.—In order to attain perfection.

Q.—Therefore not as a punishment, as in the Platonic and other forms of the doctrine of pre-existence?

A.—No. At least that is neither the Jewish view at all, nor originally the Kabbalistic view either. On the contrary, the souls are rather sent into embodiment sinless, in order that they may prove themselves here in the struggle with sensuality and materiality and thereby attain perfection, which must thus be achieved by them through their own efforts.

Q.—But is it not also taught that the souls have sinned in their pre-existent condition and have therefore come to be embodied?

A.—Yes and no. The view is to be found, principally in Luria's school, that originally all souls were united in that of the pre-existent “first man,” *i.e.*, in the Idea of Humanity, and hence had sinned with his first “sin,” and therefore that they have come into this world not strictly speaking for punishment, but rather for purification, after having been previously endued with the ideal form of “body” in the world Beriah.

Q.—What are we to think about that pre-existential sin?

A.—The Indian, Greek, and Heretico-Christian doctrines of

pre-existence, which assume a fall of the souls into sin, brought about by an undue desire for the things of matter, for which reason the embodiment of those souls ensued—these doctrines may have had some influence upon this view that all souls sinned in the “First Adam.” It is, however, the Pauline doctrine of inborn sin (“Adam, in whom all have sinned”) which, without having been known to Rabbi Luria as Christian, seems to have had the greatest effect.

*Q.*—But is this really sin at all?

*A.*—In no case can it have been an individual, guilty sin of the souls, since when these are supposed to have sinned “in Adam,” they were as yet not self-dependent existences, and as yet could neither choose freely nor act freely. We cannot thus be concerned here with a guilty deed, but at most only with the expression of a metaphysical diminution of being, which the soul in its descent into the world of matter must necessarily experience in the first place. As, however, this is a necessary process, it can neither be sin nor the punishment of sin, the more so as Kabbalism, like the whole of Judaism, teaches that there can only be punishments where there has been real, actual sin.

*Q.*—But then are not human souls stained with sin?

*A.*—Certainly. But this sin is first of all a happening of our material earthly existence, and in reality is not only a doing, but an omission, namely, a complete or partial omission of effort upwards, towards spiritual and moral perfection. Thus sin is here, as in almost every monistic system, fundamentally something negative, a privation, but in view of the objective capacity of the soul for what is higher and better, it is a sinful omission, a negative state of the will. According to the smaller or greater moral strength of their will, all men are more or less sinful.

*Q.*—But how can the souls, despite this sinfulness, attain to perfection?

*A.*—By remaining in earthly existence until they have overcome their material defects and have emerged finally as victors from the struggle against imperfection.

*Q.*—How does this happen?

*A.*—Through metempsychosis.

• But not, as in other doctrines of pre-existence, punishment for a fatality.

Q.—Whence does the idea of metempsychosis originate?

A. From Indian Brâhmanism, from which it passed to the Egyptians and the Greeks. This idea was specially developed in Platonism and Neo-Platonism, and from the latter it appears to have passed into the Kabbalah.

Q.—In what respect does the Kabbalistic doctrine of metempsychosis differ from the usual Greek doctrine?

A.—In contradistinction to the latter,\* the Kabbalistic doctrine assumes the necessity for repeated metempsychoses, for it is of opinion that a single human life is insufficient for the attainment of the necessary moral perfection, as is held also in the Indian doctrine of metempsychosis, especially in Buddhism.

Q.—But how does the Kabbalistic doctrine of metempsychosis differ from the Buddhist?

A.—According to the Kabbalah the entire soul passes over into the new form of existence, while according to Buddhism (which denies the substantiality of the soul) the “personality” is dissolved at death, *i.e.*, the aggregate of certain characteristics, which hitherto belonged to the soul, and only the root individuality of the soul, the “will to live,” passes over into the new existence, where it each time draws to itself anew appropriate characteristics and qualities.

Q.—Into what bodies does the soul pass after death?

A.—Into such bodies as correspond with the level of perfection which the soul has reached up to its death hour, *i.e.*, into more highly, or less highly, organised human bodies, or into the bodies of animals (mammals, birds, amphibia, insects, etc.†), and into plants and leaves; yes, even into stones, earth, dust, water or even utensils. Many Kabbalists, however, stop short at metempsychosis into human bodies, or at the utmost into those of the higher animals.

Q.—Do they also pass into bodies of the opposite sex?

A.—This too is held to be possible, although it is more often assumed that as a rule souls which have hitherto been embodied

\* Surely Dr. Bischoff is in error here? The enumerated births of Pythagoras as handed on in the Later Platonic School are sufficiently indicative of their ideas on the subject.—G. R. S. M.

† According to the opinion of many, only when in three successive human bodies the soul has grown no better.

in male bodies will continue to pass into male bodies, and similarly for women. (Similarly it is assumed that sometimes Jewish souls can wander into non-Jewish bodies, and non-Jewish souls come into Jewish bodies.)

*Q.*—Do the wandering souls pass exclusively into embryonic bodies, or do they pass also into the bodies of grown-up living people?

*A.*—In general the first alternative is held; but the second is also supposed to be possible, and the teaching of the “Ibbur” has reference to this.

*Q.*—Do the souls pass at once upon the death of their present body into others?

*A.*—The prevailing opinion seems to be that the souls rather wander about upon earth in a disembodied condition for a longer or shorter time, till they find a body which either does or will in the future exactly answer to their condition and state at the time.

*Q.*—Can a soul divide itself simultaneously into different bodies?

*A.*—Yes. At least, the view occurs that a soul (especially that of a wise and good man) may, for the welfare of humanity, divide itself into a number of “sparks,” which then become the souls of distinguished men. According to another view, these “spark”-souls are not fragments or pieces, but dynamic radiations from the perfected souls of great men.\*

*Q.*—Can there be two or more souls at once in one and the same body?

*A.*—In addition to the soul properly belonging to the body, another soul, or even many other souls, can be added as a sort of companion souls, or subsidiary souls, and they may unite themselves for a longer or shorter time, and more or less intimately, with the chief or central soul. This is what is called “Ibbur” or “soul conception.”

*Q.*—When and for what purpose does this “Ibbur” occur?

*A.*—(1) When a soul, despite honest will and effort, or from ignorance, is unable to perfect itself adequately, then one or more other souls of men who have become more perfect, that are wandering about (after the death of their bodies), associate them-

\* In like manner as the Sephiroth are not pieces or fragments, but energy-activities of the one unchanged Absolute.

selves with that soul in order to help it. It is then, as we too often say, as if "quite a new spirit had come into the person." When once he has been sufficiently strengthened morally, this auxiliary soul (or souls) can leave him again without his having therefore to die.

(2) Similarly it is possible, especially according to the view of the followers of R. Luria, for one or more souls of those who have died unshriven, of criminals, wandering around in the world (after the death of their bodies), to associate themselves with the soul of a man whose nature corresponds to their own. In part this occurs for their own punishment, in part for that of the man whom they possess after the manner of demons, and with whom they mostly remain until they are drawn out of him by exorcisms.

Q.—What accordingly then is the difference between "Gilgul" and "Ibbur"?

A.—By "Gilgul" the souls destined to metempsychosis come into a body which is just in process of formation and remain *steadfast* in that body till it dies, being called to accomplish again better therein a life task hitherto inadequately performed. By "Ibbur" the transmigrating souls come into a body which already possesses a chief soul, and unite themselves with this chief soul only for a time for the purpose of giving moral help or for the punishment of sin.

Q.—Most men therefore would seem to have very old chief or auxiliary souls?

A.—Yes. Moreover this would follow at once from the Kabbalistic view that the number of created (emanated) human souls is finite and not so very large (according to some 60,000). A descent from the Gûph of souls which have not previously been embodied only occurs in order to replace those souls which have been finally removed from the earth through the attainment of the highest perfection.

Q.—How do the Kabbalists prove the doctrine of metempsychosis?

A.—Apart from some rather forced interpretations of a number of Biblical passages, they prove it principally by the following arguments [put together by Manasse ben Israel, 1604-1657].

It is inconsistent with the idea of a moral and spiritual world-order based upon divine Goodness, Justice and Mercy, that punishments should be inflicted, when no guilt has been incurred.

Now, however, we see daily :

(1) That good and just people continually suffer, while the bad only too often enjoy untroubled happiness, although in justice these things ought to be reversed.

(2) That from their birth on, children are often afflicted with the most terrible diseases, yes, even come into the world as unhappy abortions, in apparent contradiction to the perfect benevolence of the Creator, from whom in itself nothing but good can come.

(3) That children die quite young, before they can have sinned on earth, thus snatched away by merciless death, utterly in apparent contradiction to divine mercy. Similarly all kinds of suffering and ill-fortune befall young children without any recognisable guilt on their side.

The doctrine of pre-existence and metempsychosis alone solves these difficulties, which can otherwise merely be evaded by excuses, in a way that is logically and ethically satisfactory, *viz.* :

(1) The righteous who now suffer are paying the penalty, for sins committed in a former life on earth, by which, if they conduct themselves aright in this life, they will find themselves the better off in a future, in their next life on earth—and the bad who now live in comfort and happiness were good in their former earth life, for which they are now enjoying their reward, but at the same time through their present sins they are preparing for themselves a future, a next life on earth, which will be all the worse.

(2) The children that are born malformed, weakly, etc., are those whose souls have sinned deeply in their former earth life, for which cause after the death of their then body they have come as punishment into such ill-formed bodies, just as their own souls have become ill-formed.

(3) In like manner, the souls of children who die young, or of those who in their tender years are afflicted with disease, accident

etc., are mainly the souls of such as have sinned so greatly in their former earth life that as punishment they are not left long in their new embodiment, but are almost at once transferred again to another. For not only is death (disembodiment) but also birth (re-embodiment) a thing painful and difficult for the soul.

*Q.*—What becomes at last of those souls which attain perfection through many transmigrations ?

*A.*—Finally all souls are held to attain to this perfection. Then after having victoriously withstood the battle of life, they return back to their origin.

*Q.*—And whither do they return back ?

*A.*—As to this full clearness is not to be found. Some Kabbalists believe in a personal continuance of the purified souls in the worlds of Jezirah, Beriah or the Sephiroth, and some of them in part in such wise that the individual soul-parts return to different levels of these worlds. Another school teaches a final merging of the souls, as indeed also an absorption of all emanations into the Infinite, the Absolute, the Divine Ocean. Whether, then, a fresh process of emanation ensues, such as is taught in the Stoic and other doctrines, is not discussed more closely, since from the ethical standpoint we are only concerned with the present era of emanation.

ERICH BISCHOFF.

(TRANSLATED BY B. K.)

#### INVOCATION

**HEART** of the Sun, soul of the ripened grain,  
Life of the orchard and the Spring-flushed oak,  
Soul of the rain, and of the waving grass,  
O Heart of Beauty, hear us.

Soul of the waiting tide, when snow-stilled earth  
Shows beauty in her patient silences  
Of leafless twig, and helpless frost-rimed buds,  
O Soul of Beauty, hear us.

Soul of the moonlight on the trembling sea,  
Life of all waters and of twilights dim,  
Soul of the storm and of the thunder's crash,  
O Life of Beauty, hear us.

Soul of the bursting buds; soul of fierce life  
Whose swift heart-throbbings fire the vernal earth,  
Soul of the chanting wind that wakes the pines  
To sing thy secrets for the gods to hear,  
O Heart of Beauty, hear us.

Soul of all perfume! of the rain-wet earth,  
Of hot wild thyme, and tender cowslip bloom,  
Soul of the song of birds and mirth of babes,  
O Life of Beauty, hear us.

Thou art the magic of the lovers' quest  
And thou the mother-beauty of the world;  
Thou art the singing of the morning stars,  
The shouts and laughter of the sons of God,  
O Lord of Beauty, hear us.

Soul of the fire that nerves the craftsman's hand:  
Soul of the might that bids the prophet cry,  
Soul of the artists' and the poets' dream,  
O Heart of Beauty, hear us.

Soul of the song, soul of the holy dance  
That shadows forth thy meaning and thy power,  
Heart of the silence whence we yearn to thee,  
O Lord of Beauty, hear us.

MICHAEL WOOD.



## GUNAS, CASTE AND TEMPERAMENT

### V.

(CONTINUED FROM p. 329)

THIS spiritual law, whose glyph is upon our heads and whose impress is in the order of our thought, is the central pivot round which all human circumstance turns. It is the same at all times and for all men, changeless in itself yet directing all the ceaseless flux of things. We may oppose it and break ourselves against it, but it o'er-wills us in the end, till finally—through tribulation, if we so elect—we accept its elixir of deathless spiritual life. But the Sibyl's price rises with each new refusal, and she sees that we never fail so wholly as when we think we most succeed. Nor may nations or peoples violate this central law of being, for it dissolves and moulds anew whatever would thwart its sway, and is the unguessed but essential cause of all biographies and histories, private, public and national alike.

The vertical and the horizontal divisions of our diagram having been sufficiently dealt with, we now have to consider the principle under which our several Types appear to be related to the ascending scale of planes, bodies, "elements," faculties, gunas, castes and temperaments. Each vertical group represents a distinct inner\* and outer constitution, yet all are concerned with the same ascent and all move to a common spiritual consummation. Something of the degree of this ascent, so far as this is evidenced in ordinary life, appears to be indicated by what the phrenologist calls the Quality of the physical organism. It is not by any means pretended that this permits of any individual being localised, as it were, as at such and such a given point of ascent

\* "Mental bodies shew seven great fundamental types, each of which includes forms at every stage of development, and all evolve and grow under the same laws. To understand and apply these laws is to change the slow evolution by nature to the rapid growth by the self-determined intelligence."—*Thought Power*, p. 26.

of his appropriate Ray. When his inner nature is harmonised and co-ordinated in a certain degree which is hardly usual in ordinary life, this may be possible to a vision which perceives how it really is with the inner man. But our varying moods and tenses convincingly proclaim that we rather spread and sprawl over the field and are seldom long localised at any level in particular. Something of a really settled attitude, however, may be thought to be at least possible to us, and the consideration of Quality certainly appears to have reference to possibilities of this general order, and in this sense to apply to degrees of ascent. What a man actually does with his opportunities or possibilities is always, finally, his own concern: opportunity of some sort (usually much better than we suspect) is with us and in us, and this is broadly indicated by the Quality of the organism by means of which we express ourselves in mundane life.

In the last diagram of the Temperaments differently sized figures are employed to denote different degrees of activity of the Mental, Motive and Vital, and it was pointed out that these differences are observed to be more or less steep and marked in different cases. Group IV. is an exception in this respect, though no exception, as will be seen, to what is indicated by Quality. Now, the view which is frequently held with regard to these compound physical types is, that general human experience, through heredity, tends to correct the steeper differences and to bring the three factors nearer and nearer to equipoise. Asymmetrical developments bring about what might be pictured as a filling up of gaps: that is, deficiencies are filled in so as to effect, not a deprivation of what is already possessed, but a more rounded completeness of the whole.\* Speaking of this tendency to effect a balance of the temperamental activities, Jacques hopes that "the time may come in the great future, so pregnant with wonderful possibilities, when this harmonious development of person and character will be the prevailing one, and all lack of perfect balance in either body or mind will be accounted abnormal"—a phrenological anticipation of the next great Race. Towards this so desirable harmony we may consider ourselves to be gradually moving, and if we take the lower end of our table to represent the states of

\* Shewing the earlier "vices" in their relative aspect, as *minus* quantities.

steep temperamental differences, we may picture the more balanced conditions at the higher. The latter is represented by the vertical strokes immediately below the group-numbering, the first stroke always standing for Mental, the second for Motive and the third for Vital. In Group II. for example—the Motive Vital—the Motive stroke is longest, the Vital is less long, and the Mental is least: the essential features of the type are still preserved, though its Gunas are brought to approximate balance. As the different types have their elements levelled in this way it is seen that the marked differences between the types themselves are also effaced and that a certain uniformity prevails. In our present stage of development the barrier that stands between man and man and which leaves them at sixes and sevens of mutual misunderstanding is due to their Temperaments not being balanced, whence it arises that neither actually extends into the area of the other's thought and feeling and neither *can* fully comprehend or appreciate the other. Each has his own "set" of mind and thinks along his own mental rails to his own mental terminus, while each fancies that the other mind is atwist and that its rails run the wrong way. It needs that the Temperaments should be fairly balanced and harmonised in order that other minds may be rightly understood.\* A square can neither comprehend the circle within which it is cast nor the triangle whose points fall beyond its bounding lines.

The ideal conditions pictured by Jacques, wherein the three Temperaments are all brought to their highest measure of power and are then harmoniously expressed through a high type of physical body, is not with us to-day. All we may hope to do is to establish a provisional harmonising of our variously-proportioned elements, and to discipline such physical instruments as we possess to this more perfect expression of the life. The alternations from one attitude to its contrary, the drift from one mood to another under the varying sway of blind temperamental impulses and reactions, must be replaced by a self-initiated and discriminative co-ordination of the elements of consciousness.

\* " We must become as the white light in which all colours are present, which distorts none because it rejects none, and has in itself the power to answer to each. We may measure our approach to the whiteness by our power of response to the most diverse characters."—*Thought Power*, p. 24.

This is our necessary preliminary to anything worthy of being called spiritual. "All this world, deluded by the natures made by the three qualities, knoweth not Me above these, imperishable."\*

The Caste system is here regarded as leading to the attainment of this higher spiritual state by an orderly building-up of the character under the dominant influence of the harmonising rhythmic (sáttvic) Guṇa, and Reverence was inculcated throughout its ranks. Whatever the blending of the Temperaments under the vertical groups shewn in our diagram, each life had finally to be centred in its causal body (whatever its type and that of the other vehicles) and all outer conduct was governed and dictated from that high level which thus established the ruling principle of the man's being. As a result, there would be seven types within the Bráhmaṇa Caste which the above-mentioned condition represents, and seven corresponding "vertical" divisions also within the other Castes. In a society so ordered, one can understand the Hindu youth quietly deciding, upon some inner monition, whether to offer himself to one or to another spiritual teacher: he would endeavour to recognise, upon his own "Ray," his true spiritual leader or Guru, who would guide him along his natural line of ascent. All recognised this common law of orderly spiritual growth, though particulars of fulfilment varied with the type, and, finally, with the individual.

Among ourselves the same law still applies in spite of the confusion of our social order. The character has gradually to be remoulded under the dominant influence of the harmonising rhythmic Guṇa, which we identify with the Mental Temperament, and this whatever our physical type may be, and whatever the material or the "faculties" with which we have to deal. We have, as Jacques phrases it, to "cultivate" the Mental Temperament (for even phrenologists do not imagine that matters spiritual are to be understood by the dullard) by "systematic study, devotion to intellectual pursuits, habits of consecutive thinking," etc., etc., and, as an auxiliary physical aid, by suitable diet which shall not unnecessarily stimulate the other tendencies.† Now, if reference is made to the description of the Mental Tem-

\* *Bhagavad-Gītā*, VII. 13.

† *Op. cit.*, p. 83.

perament, it will be seen that it is directly associated with the brain and nervous system, tending to give mind the predominance over body, and that its activity is indicated by an impressible, high-toned and refined type of physical organism. It is precisely these various features (in their normal, healthy, balanced presentation only) which the phrenologist considers in his definition of a good Quality of organism; and it is largely according to this Quality that he assesses the activity or the intensity of the mental operations—size of brain being, of course, also considered. Good Quality of organism thus stands for a *mentalis*ing of the type, whatever that type may be, and no high order of intellectual performance or of moral achievement would in any case be expected if the Quality of the organism were decidedly poor or coarse. High Quality is the physical concomitant of the more ramified and deeply convoluted brain-structure to which Fiske referred, while it must also represent a well-organised mental body; and with it is usually found the ability to co-ordinate the mental faculties and thus to bend the entire mind harmoniously upon its work, with the result of a much higher level of attainment than would otherwise have been possible. Mere size of head or mere weight of brain, *alone*, is no index whatever to these possibilities. Psychologically this mental power stands for the synthesis of experience in the mental concepts and moral principles involved in the higher operations of the mind; and, correspondingly, it stands for the regulative rhythmic harmonising of the “qualities” of the type—or, in other words, for the harmonious co-operation of whatever moral quality and mental ability the individual may possess. Until this co-ordination is in some measure effected we can hardly be said to have shaped ourselves to the requirements of any given level of our scale: we merely drift through life deluded by the “qualities,” *i.e.*, borrowing false notions of right and wrong from the ever-shifting temperamental inclinations, and fighting for their maintenance—to use the stock phrase—“as a matter of principle.” It was with a view to the elimination of that *kind* of “principle” that the ancient teaching required Viveka—discrimination among these factors of consciousness; and Vairâgya—cessation of the habitual self-identification with

these so personal temperamental promptings. The rotation in which these "qualifications" were required accords precisely with the necessities of the case as seen from the temperamental point of view.

Quality thus connotes far more than would at first sight appear, for it seems to be an index of the immediate possibility which is with each of us according to his endowment in other particulars. And Quality, as Jacques' reference suggests, is an exceedingly plastic factor with which we can deal by many means, both auxiliary and direct. It is associated with the Mental aspect of our nature, and reference to our "head" diagram shews that this involves, not lower Manas but the moral and spiritual principles of our being. Mentalising the life thus means its spiritualising: not in lateral extension by way of psychic powers *within* the three guṇa-ridden planes, but by a wholly different and self-initiated co-ordination of normal faculties in the endeavour to permit of illumination from *beyond* them. In that light, all facts, physical, psychic and mental, are seen in their right proportions and are given their true values. With this self-determined co-ordination of the life from the spirituo-intellectual level, there goes a definite transmutation of all faculties to higher terms and powers. L. N. Fowler particularises something of this in phrenological parlance as follows: "Thus Causality, with the vital temperament predominant, takes on the phase of planning, of common sense, of reasoning on matters, of adapting ways and means to ends, etc. But with the mental predominant, the same sized Causality manifests itself in logic, metaphysics, investigation, the origination of ideas, in intellectual clearness and power, etc. And it requires the sharpest eye and clearest head in the examiner to discover the bearings and influences of these temperaments and organic conditions on the intellectual and moral manifestations. The mistakes of amateurs, of connoisseurs even, are more temperamental than phrenological. . . . A given amount of Ideality is much more ideal, of Language much more expressive, of the Affections more affectional, and Moral Tone more lofty, in combination with the mental temperament." A mind of higher power comes to be expressed in these various aspects, and all these are permeated with a higher moral tone, a loftier

spiritual quality. And this is the initial step towards a yet further transmutation—a transit, when its splendour may be borne, from the “quality”-conditioned worlds of birth and death to the light of the life eternal.

G. DYNE.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## THE CONSCIENCE OF THE ARTIST

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 360)

### III.

IF I were asked to prophesy concerning the future of the symbolist movement that is rising about us and to declare what might be the chief moral quality with which it was to be concerned, I should say, with little hesitation, that that quality would be artistic courage. Now that the arts are becoming sacred once more, “serious as the Ten Commandments” as a recently published and most important book has it, the artist will take upon himself the duties of his priesthood. From the inherent quality of his faith, these duties are not likely to be the duties connected with our present priesthood—the cultivation of the more cloistral virtues, self-abnegation, temperance, chastity, obedience, because the arts have their basis in passion and in that pride which, owing to its very intensity, is mingled into the body of pity; but he will take upon himself the high right, the divine privilege, of witnessing to his faith. Trusting in the importance of his vision above all things, he will lead the imaginative life above and beyond every other life that a man may lead. Those of us who truly love the arts, love them as greatly as, and indeed more greatly than, those others who love the visible pageant of the world, for we would so bind the substance of the imagination in the nets of our weaving, that it would become in very truth the visible substance of the world. Therefore we must take on the garment of prophet and preacher in no less degree than did

those who prepared the way for the coming of their Lord at any time. Let us become as jealous of honour as any soldier ; careful in our dealing as any man of business over his money ; alert and seductive as any priest seeking converts to his faith ; and because we know that the mirror-surfaces must become bright once more before they can reflect the holy candles of the altar, we will not be afraid to stir the ashes which have fallen upon the hearts of the multitude. Should we not be fierce and vehement in dealing with our own kingdom, however gentle and easy of approach we may be in the affairs of common life ? The arts have but few defenders, because for any one man who concerns himself with their destinies, there are a hundred who are concerned with the destinies of common life ; for many a man will be good or bad according to the tenets of his day, but only a few believe in the world of the imagination beyond the winds of right and wrong, and rejoice at the coming of their illumination or lament because it has departed from them.

Among those then who have come to believe in the gospel of their art, there is a smaller number still who follow whither the voices would call them. Not many are the painters and writers who have dared risk the loss of worldly success, of social standing, of their good relations with those around them. It is as though one were to cry for more light and yet, at the coming of the light he had cried for, were to hide his head under the bed-clothes like any frightened child.

I am aware that in this general indictment of others, I stand among the first. While speaking of these things, I have opened more than one cupboard, thereby exposing many a skeleton which the family instinct had hoped done with. I stand confessed in my own pages, for all the world as though I were some sheeted penitent, the rope round his waist, the candle in his hand. I have sinned. A fair half of the more precious thoughts that have come to me I have lost, because I have yielded in my weakness to the persuasion of an outer world. Not that my regret is for the yielding to pleasures, because I hold that pleasure—that is to say emotion in some aspect or another—is the basis of every work of art. But I would say that I have not possessed sufficient sternness in trampling upon the foolish calls and petty cares of all



sorts which have gathered about me. I have been fearful of giving offence; too soft, too yielding to claims which I knew in my heart were of no avail either to myself or to others. Perhaps the anger of foolish people, who, according to their lights, have been kind to one, is the most difficult to face of all the different kinds of music that have to be faced. Perhaps the well-intended allurements of those of little understanding with whom one may be acquainted are the most seductive and most fatal of all allurements.

Who has not noticed how, at a restaurant, should a plate fall to the ground, or in the street, if a sudden noise be heard, people will turn to look from idle curiosity, no matter how intently they may profess to be occupied? So may it be with all. The greater number of us pass our days for ever turning round, curious to look upon some vulgar thing or other. I have lost the best of my pictures in dull drawing-rooms. The poems I most ought to have written have been swallowed up in quite unnecessary correspondence, or in concerning myself with affairs that an enslaved conscience vainly tried to convince me were unselfish, and which a dozen other persons would have done far better and more completely than ever I could do. I believe that I could have written what I am now writing far more readily, had I not gone yesterday to a party, my presence at which was wholly unnecessary, but which I had accepted in a weak moment rather than that my refusal should provoke displeasure. I am not sure that this article may not be weakened, because I am due somewhere or other this afternoon, though I know well enough that it is a far greater sin, were the artist in me not to give his best to the progress of his work, than that the lesser man might be considered somewhat impolite by people who do not really care, were I to miss an appointment made without consideration. And I am quite certain that the most striking of the sentences which I had hoped to set down has escaped me, because a few moments since I could not resist pausing from my writing that I might listen to a piano-organ which had begun to play not far off, and that I might look out of the window and observe what manner of persons were passing in the street. Truly many pathways lead to the Castle of Foolishness.

## IV.

When I heard that a number of artists, not writers only, but musicians and sculptors and painters, had gone to fight as soldiers in South Africa, I was considerably puzzled. Some few of them, I allowed, might have set out for the purpose of their art, but I found it difficult to determine a reason as to why the greater number should be there at all. Every dreamer and artist, at least so I reasoned, knows or should know that "he has no more to do with the ordinary things of life than a monk has to do with domestic life." Therefore, unless those artists were living in ignorance, their departure became difficult of comprehension; for they could not have set out owing to motives of patriotism, seeing that patriotism is common to most men and is perhaps the most august of the motives that sway a multitude; and taking all in all, I could not help thinking how far better they might have been employed at home. Every musician among them must surely have known that we had no serious opera and that Covent Garden was grossly mismanaged, and that British composers were continually passed over. And thus I could not understand why such enthusiasm for war had not been devoted to visits to the theatre in order to hiss when the chorus sang out of tune, or to raise a disturbance when the scenery of the last act threatened to fall upon and kill the prima donna, or to write indignant letters to the papers protesting against the very high prices demanded for seats, or decrying the latest mediocre foreign composer who had prevented the British composers from obtaining the hearing they deserved. And yet, instead of leading such an attack, they gave themselves up to affairs with which they had no real concern, urging on the empires of the world that is for ever striving against the world of imagination. So, too, with the painters and sculptors. If one among them had taken it upon himself to urge a fanatical crusade against the acquisition at large prices of doubtful old masters, he might have gone far; or if another of them had taken a vow to destroy two-thirds of the public statues in London streets and squares, I am almost certain that he would have earned much gratitude from future generations, and he would have become revered beyond measure by the many capable sculptors of his own time in want of proper

employment. It is true that such a knight-errant would have been thrust into prison. But then would he not have earned a unique fame, and have proved himself, beyond all doubt, to be the possessor of the true warrior's heart? I think, too, that he need not have hesitated long, because everyone is agreed which are the few good public monuments among the many impossible ones with which London is burdened.

But my dream has not been realised; I still wait for the morning, which I foresee but dimly, when an astonished public will awake to find our more important squares and street corners strewn with *débris* and with blocks of badly carven stone. My faith is beginning to waver. The coming of the knight-errant is long delayed; and, meanwhile, our sculptors lie discouraged under the cruel cloud of bad work which overshadows them. Sometimes, lying awake amid the silent provinces of the night, I am tormented by a dark and secret thought, because I know well enough, at such moments of insight, that it behoves me to stir myself, that it is my bounden duty to take upon myself the salvation of the sculptors, to do my best by casting out from our streets such objects of tawdry insincerity as must mean so much vitiation of the public taste in coming generations. Yet, in spite of all, I have not stirred a hand. Each new memory of my walks abroad is become another arrow in my heart. A voice cries at my ear: "Out upon you, coward." The flowering of the artistic conscience is not yet with us.

A second and perhaps more subtle torment has come to me of late. Not long since, a friend of mine told me, half in jest, that I should dye my hair. Caught in the tide of current prejudice, if anything I was rather shocked at the time by this suggestion; but since then, all that is not British in me has arisen to drive away my weak rejection of a scheme that I now see to have been possessed of true artistic logic. Now, I have a fair skin and light eyes, and my hair is of a nondescript brown. If I were to put peroxide upon it, it would be bleached to a pale gold—honey pale or dust gold; and I know that whatever element of beauty may be concealed in my personal appearance, it would become, by means of such course of treatment, quite doubly apparent. Holding, as indeed all thinking persons must do, that charity begins

at home, I am convinced also that art begins at home, and that it should be an instinctive duty on the part of the artist to render his personality as beautiful as possible. But alas, I can only sigh and exclaim with Melisande : " Je n'ai pas de courage." And because I dare not face the criticism of the work-a-day world—the opinions of my acquaintances, of my relatives, of the people whom I pass in the street, of those who may know me by sight—the state of my hair is become a continual perjury against the need of artistic sincerity that is dawning within my heart, even as it is dawning upon the heart of our generation. After all, each one of us is but a bundle of contradictions, and I take comfort in the thought that were one to have the sense of duty fully developed, it would lead him into madness.

The dreamer cannot but dwell apart. For him every law that governs the daily life of a race of aliens is reversed, because he is for ever making the world over again in his head ; and for one who has so little to do with common life, there can be no place in the same heaven and hell and purgatory as have moulded the aspirations of the multitude. I think that, at the end, those of us who were dreamers and artists, will be but little concerned with Peter and the gate that moves only at his bidding ; but I think that the Archangel who presides over the arts will summon us to the entrance of that garden-close, wherein the groves are fragrant with the secret thoughts of the poets of all times, and that he will sigh as he looks into the hearts of the many that will come to him, because it can be well with few of us.

CECIL FRENCH.

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OUR present duty is to found the policy of the nineteenth century ; to re-ascend, through philosophy, to faith ; to define and organise association ; to proclaim Humanity ; to initiate a new epoch. Upon that initiation does the material realisation of the past epoch depend.—MAZZINI.

Two things are essential to the realisation of the progress we seek : the declaration of a principle and its incarnation in action.—MAZZINI.

## “WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER”

THE full significance of the great truth, plainly and simply uttered by the Master two thousand years ago, and possibly even then but a re-enunciation of a truth that has been ringing down the grooves of time with the rhythmic, slow but irresistible evolution of spirit since spirit began to unfold itself in man, is only now beginning to be realised within the sweep and compass of western civilisation.

Underlying, as every mystic essential always has so far underlain, a mass of superimposed superstition and falsehood, the vitality and potency of consciously concentrated spiritual thought have served for the pretext and justification of empty and meaningless ritual, have by their unrecognised, unappreciated power perpetuated and preserved the tremendous and otherwise utterly unintelligible fabric of ceremonial worship.

Wherever in the realm of what, for brevity and clearness, we may call Religion, we find a tenet or a practice persisting, not only holding its ground but even gaining strength and momentum; then, notwithstanding a hundred falsehoods and absurdities which it offers to the eye of reason, notwithstanding the easy vulnerability of its whole surface, it must certainly somewhere, in some vague as yet unperceived way, have struck a root into the bed-rock of eternal truth. The simple fact that a thing lives presupposes an element of life in it somewhere. And that which, even after its entire popular presentment is shown and understood to be falsely grounded, flourishes with the same or greater vigour than before, must have another, a truer and unsuspected ground which has neither been clearly understood nor shown to be false.

Elementary primitive savage popular superstitions, which had a genuine vitality as long as they corresponded with the sur-

rounding knowledge of the communities they influenced, died naturally as soon as knowledge attained a greater height, had a clearer outlook and no longer corresponded with the radical notions on which the beliefs or superstitions rested. So, too, it might well have been expected that rubric and ritual, the tawdry, often grotesque, accessories of public worship, the stupid reiteration of prescribed forms, the stereotyping of prayer and praise in orthodox and approved, though by this time absurdly, often indeed repellently, antiquated moulds, falling within the purview of reason's unscaled eye, would have shrunk and evaporated as marshy exhalations vanish before the radiance of the ascending sun.

But the plain fact is that organised collective worship under the auspices of one or other of the great priesthoods of the world is as popular and powerful to-day as ever. The Master's words, "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them," revealing a profound sanative inspiring truth, have countervailed all the accumulated ignorance and bigotry and narrowness and blindness of all the Churches and all the priests, have, in spite of the ceremonies of altars and candles and albs and stoles, the fetters and bonds of parasitic convention and man-made ceremonial, spoken persuasively to the bewildered struggling spirit of man.

But only sub-consciously for the most part, do the mass of religiously impelled humanity, seeing, if at all, then as through a glass very darkly indeed, respond to the great invitation. Sunday after Sunday in the crowded churches those who arrogate to themselves the divine commission of interpreting between God and man, offer empty cups to the thirsty, stones to the starving. The lifeless and obsolete dogma preached from the pulpit, the dull insistence upon myth and fable instead of eternal truth, even the beautiful ritual of the Church, beautiful, that is to say, in the literary sense, these surely are but sorry substitutes for the quickening, energising inflow of spiritual grace, love and peace, which should be literally the sensible accompaniments of the Master's presence amidst the faithful one or two gathered together in his name.

And yet who can doubt that those who gather to worship,

even though that worship is misdirected and attenuated to the merest simulacrum of what upon a truer understanding of its mystic essence it was meant to, and one day shall be, may, in proportion to the sincerity of their spiritual intention, be spiritually benefited? If it were not so, the institution of public worship, notwithstanding the grinning countenance it obtains from social convention, and the grave dignity thrown about it by the approval of States' constitutions, must surely under the sudden impact of a wildly exultant and ill-controlled spirit of rationalism have crumbled into utter ruin. But though the rational spirit has completely demolished many of the most venerated and for ages impregnable bulwarks of the creeds under whose banners are ranged the multitudes of Church-goers, the spirit of collective worship, uncritical, unreasoning, instinctive, doggedly retains its hold upon the deep springs of human emotion, continues inarticulately enough it is true, but quite unmistakably, to give its cheerful answer to the Master's summons.

Of any hundred thousand average Christians probably ninety per cent. would, if asked why they went to church, have no better answer ready than that they had always been taught that it was right to do so; the other ten per cent. would perhaps say that they were obeying the injunction of Christ; possibly some, but very few, would have a dim suspicion of the real spiritual truth. But even those who would be readiest to quote the Master's saying “ where two or three are gathered together in my name,” probably would not have any clear idea why the Master recommended the spiritually minded to gather together, why he was more likely to be found in the midst of such a gathering than at the side of the solitary worshipper.

For in truth the supreme value of co-operation in high spiritual thought is a notion which is only now being thoroughly grasped and extensively tested. And it is in the cumulative effects of disinterested spiritual thought, both aggregatively upon all sympathetically responsive centres and re-actively upon each co-operatively productive unit, that the full understanding of the Master's saying, and the apparent secret of its curiously warped manifestation throughout twenty centuries of formal public worship must be sought, and found.

Theosophy is quite familiar with the potency of thought. Disregarding its applications to the material side of man's being, we shall all upon reflection be disposed to agree that as an agent in the spiritual formation of the soul it is not only potent but prepotent, *the* great formative agency within our own control. By purposefully directed thought and by that alone, we have the means of establishing connections between our own isolated spirits and the one Eternal Spirit; connections which with spiritual growth, and strenuously sustained effort, we may hope to convert in time into a perfect harmony.

But if in every worldly undertaking we daily experience the need of co-operation, help, inspiration and guidance, how much more do we need the like assistance in the greatest of all emprises, the upward march of the soul? However lofty be the spirit of the individual, it can never have attained such a height as not to benefit by the consciously directed sustaining spiritual thoughts of others. In an assembly of spiritually minded beings, all for the time energetically concentrating their souls upon the attainment of the divine purposes so far made known to the imperfect but aspiring man-soul, there is created an atmosphere of spiritual thought from which each individual gains spiritual strength, illumination and peace; while it may be hoped that the irradiation of that purely launched influence may fall here and there upon darkened places with a breath of awakening love and life.

That is why in the act of collective worship by any body of believers there ought to be a certain efficacy independent altogether of the formularies, the credos, the mummeries through which it is always tending to break and exhibit itself in a truer light. That, too, is why it is good for every man who desires to grow in spirit to join occasionally in the assemblages of those who are professedly, at least for the time being, turning their faces from earth heavenwards. It matters not so much what form the emotion takes, as whether the emotion is there and is genuine. If the bent of only one or two out of the thronged congregation be towards the fruition of the spiritual powers, your thoughts and theirs, coming by different ways, may meet in a mutually encouraging spiritual atmosphere from which all may gain renewed energy for the struggle upwards, may approach if it



be but half a pace nearer to the eternal and infinite source of love, and power, and peace.

For the Master spoke a true word, and not in vain, when he bade us go with kindred spirits, one or two at first, but drawing in thousands as the light spreads, reverently, joyously, confidently commingling our spiritual energies, striving to rise step by step along the upward path towards the abiding truth and the perfect peace. Weak, puny, abortive, ridiculous as our single effort may seem, it becomes ever less and less so as it unites with the like efforts of others ; and upon the union is the blessing and the mighty confirmation of the Master's presence.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, that is in the name of perfect justice, perfect love, perfect power and perfect peace, there we may be confident that justice, love, power and peace from the unstinting, abounding, infinite sources will not be withheld from us.

No one who has taken in all the possibilities involved in this explanation of the true or esoteric meaning of collective worship will long hesitate to admit that it is extremely comforting, attractive and satisfying. But remembering always the motto of their Society, Theosophists at any rate require something more ; their first and paramount duty is to enquire not only whether a new theory or article of faith propounded to them be pleasant and acceptable, but whether it be true. Now while in several departments of so-called religion it is comparatively easy to be satisfied that certain dogmatically asserted matters are *not* true, especially when as alleged matters of fact or history they fall within the canons of ordinary proof ; in the higher department of real religion, since all the available evidence must *ex necessitate* be psychological, it often happens that, in spite of the concurrent and corroborative testimony of many witnesses, it is extremely difficult not only to satisfy, but even to get a hearing for that kind of evidence, at the hands of people temperamentally indisposed to accept anything which cannot be repeatedly verified sensually and by laboratory experiment. It is easy enough to demonstrate that by the union of two gases certain modifications in each and certain chemical changes result ; but it is not at all easy to demonstrate to materially constituted intellects what a spiritual

awakening is, how it is produced, and what results it brings about.

Yet if the ultimate test be experience, psychological research, which is now being very quietly, steadily but usefully pushed into these once obscure provinces, shows that under certain conditions and in certain temperaments these spiritual awakenings, divine incarnations, re-births, are much more vividly realised facts than the processes and results of a laboratory experiment; and indeed, viewed simply as sensible phenomena, are becoming amenable to something like the precise classifications required by the ordinary accepted sciences.

Thus, when the sceptic or the saner agnostic, on hearing some such explanation of the efficacy of combined worship as I have attempted to give, politely replies, that it is all very fine, very plausible, and that he for one would be glad enough to believe it were there any proof, he may be answered from our side thus: that the truth which we allege comes at least under the sanction of the very highest authority; that it is *à priori* not improbable, much less impossible; that it is supported by the closest analogy on the physical side; lastly, that its truth, like all other truth which is doubted or denied, can only be established for the individual by actual experiment.

Waiving the ground of authority, as at the best always open to suspicion and very obvious attack, it will surely be conceded that if there be in reality any spirit in man at all, any spiritual aspiration differentiating him not only in degree but in kind from the brute creation about him, the conscious, intelligent exercise of the spiritual faculty ought to, and not improbably would, favour its healthy development. Further, that as in all physical experience we daily prove the value of co-operation, a like co-operation ought to, and not improbably would, conduce in spiritual culture to the benefit of each and all of the co-operating spiritual faculties concerned.

But where we must go a little further afield for an illustrative analogy is in justifying what we hope and believe to be a central truth, namely, that by deliberate and conscious combined effort it is possible, not only possible but certain, that we shall be able to create an appropriate and fostering spiritual

climate or environment. Just as the exhausted physical frame seeks and obtains new health and vigour in a bracing pure atmosphere after the smoke and dust-laden air of great cities, so the spirit of man, enervated, fainting and depressed by too long dwelling in a material sensuous environment of ignoble and debasing thought, ought to, and not improbably would, find recuperative efficacy and renewed inspiration in a pure spiritual atmosphere. And it is the contention of many with whom I think enlightened Theosophists will agree, that such a spiritual climate can be deliberately created where two or three are gathered together in pure spiritual communion.

In the last resort, as I have said, the truth of this contention must be referred to the actuality of personal experience. Many who have tried are firmly persuaded that they have succeeded. The personal experience of each of these is a fact in psychology which deserves to be treated, provisionally at any rate, with the respect due to facts vouched for upon credible and disinterested testimony. And if we find among those who have adopted and proved this means, just that spiritual growth and efflorescence, which, upon the assumption that the hypothesis be true, we should expect to find, we may, I think, without doing violence to the motto of Theosophy, acknowledge and adopt as true a cardinal fact, the value and illimitable applications of which in the realms of higher religious evolution can hardly be over-estimated.

The creation and diffusion of an appropriate spiritual environment seems to be as necessary to the amplest spiritual development as the creation and diffusion of an appropriate environment is known to be indispensable to the amplest evolution of physical organisms. And if it be a fact that it is in the power of each of us, however humble, to contribute ever so little it may be, but still something, to the making and preserving of a spiritual atmosphere in which not only our own but the spirits of all aspiring men and women may grow and thrive, we shall read quite a new and splendidly practical meaning into the Master's words: “Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them.”

F. C. O. BEAMAN.

## WILL, DESIRE AND EMOTION

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 312)

### WHY SO MUCH STRUGGLE ?

AS we survey the long course of evolution, the slow process of the development of the Will, the question inevitably rises in the mind: "Why should there be all this struggle and difficulty? Why should there be so many mistakes and so many falls? Why this long bondage before freedom can be attained?" Before replying to this, a general position must be laid down. In answering any question, the limits of that question must be borne in mind, and the answer must not be judged to be inadequate, because it does not answer another question that is all the time present in the background. An answer to a question may be adequate, without being a final answer to all questions, and its adequacy is not rightly gauged if it be thrown aside as not answering a further question which may be propounded. Half the dissatisfaction of many students arises from a restless impatience that will not deal in any kind of order with the questions that come thronging to the mind, but demands that they should all be answered at once, and that the answer to one question should cover all the others. The adequacy of means must be judged in relation to the end which those means are designed to bring about. In all cases the answer must be judged by its relevancy to the question asked, and not by its not replying to some other allied question lying at the back of the mind. Thus, the relevancy of any means found to exist in a universe must be decided by an end found to be aimed at in that universe, and they must not be judged as though offered as an answer to the further question: "Why should there be any universe at all?" That question may indeed be asked and answered, but the proof of the adequacy of a means in a universe to an end, seen to be aimed at in that

universe, will not be that answer. And it is no evidence that the answer to the original question is inadequate, if the questioner replies, "Yet, but why should there be a universe?" In replying to the question: "Why should there be all these mistakes and falls in treading the path of evolution?" we must take the universe as existing, as a fact to start with, and must study it in order to discover the end, or, at least, one of the ends, towards which it is tending. Why it should tend thitherward is, as said, a further question, and one of profoundest interest; but it is by the discovered end that we must judge the means employed to reach it.

Even a cursory study of the part of the universe in which we find ourselves shows us that one at least of its ends—if not its end—is to produce living beings of high intelligence and strong will, capable of taking an active part in carrying on and guiding the activities of nature and of co-operating in the general scheme of evolution. Further study, carried on by the unfolding of the inner qualities and endorsed by ancient writings, shows us that this world is not alone, but forms one of a series, that it has been aided in the evolution of its humanity by men of elder growth, and is to yield men of its own growing for the aiding of younger worlds in ages yet unborn. Moreover, it shows also a vast hierarchy of superhuman beings, directing and guiding evolution, and as the centre of the universe the threefold Logos, Ruler and Lord of His system; and it tells that the fruitage of a system is not only a great hierarchy of mighty Intelligences, with ranks of ever-lessening splendour stretching below them, but also this supreme perfection of a LOGOS, as the crown of all. And it unveils vista after vista of increasing splendour, universes where each system is but as a world, and so on and on, in ever-widening range of illimitable glorious fulness of life unending. And then the question rises: "By what means shall be evolved these mighty Ones, who climb from the dust to the stars, and from those stars that are the dust of vaster systems to the stars that are to them as our mire to our sun?"

Thus studied, imagination fails to find a path by which these self-poised, self-determined Beings can reach that perfect equilibrium and steadfast inerrancy of wisdom that fits them to be

the "nature" of a system, save just that path of struggle and of experience along which we strive to-day. For could there be an extra-cosmic God, with nature other than that of the Self we see unfolding around us in harmonious certainty of linked sequence, with nature irregular and fitful, changing and arbitrary, incalculable, then it might be that out of that chaos might be flung up a being called "perfect," but truly most imperfect, since most limited, who, having no experience behind him, and therefore without reason and without judgment, might, as a machine, act "rightly" in, *i.e.*, in accordance with, any given scheme of things, and grind out, as does a machine, the sequence of movements arranged for it. But such a being would only fit his scheme, and outside it would be useless, incompetent. Nor would there here be life, which is the changing self-adaptation to changing conditions, without the loss, the disintegration of its centre. By the troublous path along which we are climbing, we are being prepared for all emergencies in the universes in the future with which we may have to do, and that is a result well worth the trials to which we are exposed.

Nor must we forget that we are here because we have willed to unfold our powers through the experiences of life on the lower planes; that our lot is self-chosen, not imposed; that we are in the world as the result of our own "will to live"; that if that will changed—though truly it is not so changeful—we should cease to live here and return to the Peace, without gathering the harvest for which we came. "None else compels."

#### THE POWER OF THE WILL

This power—which has ever been recognised in Occultism as the spiritual energy in man, one in kind with that which sends forth, supports and calls in the worlds—is now being groped after in the outer world, and is being almost unconsciously used by many as a means of bringing about results otherwise unattainable. The schools of Christian Science, Mental Science, Mind-Cure, etc., are all dependent for their results on the outflowing power of the Will. Diseases yield to that flow of energy, and not only nervous disorders, as some imagine. Nervous disorders yield the most readily, because the nervous system has been

shaped for the expression of spiritual powers on the physical plane. The results are the most rapid where the sympathetic system is first worked upon, for that is the more directly related to the aspect of Will, in the form of Desire, as the cerebro-spinal is more directly related to the aspects of Cognition and of pure Will. The dispersion of tumours, cancers, etc., and the destruction of their causes, the curing of lesions and bone-fractures, imply for the most part considerable knowledge on the part of the healer. I say "for the most part," because it is possible that the Will may be guided from the higher plane even where physical plane knowledge is lacking, in the case of an operator at an advanced stage of evolution. The method of cure, where knowledge is present, would be as follows: the operator would form a mental picture of the affected organ in a state of perfect health, creating that part in mental stuff by the imagination: he would then build into it astral matter, thus densifying the image, and would then use the force of magnetism to densify it further by etheric matter, building the denser materials of gases, liquids and solids into this mould, utilising the materials available in the body and supplying from outside any deficiencies. In all this the Will is the guiding energy, and such manipulation of matter is merely a question of knowledge, whether on this or on the higher planes. There is not the danger in cures wrought by this method, that accompanies those wrought by an easier, and therefore commoner, system, by the working on the sympathetic system alluded to above.

People are advised, in some of the methods now popularised, to concentrate their thoughts on the solar plexus, and to "live under its control." The sympathetic system governs the vital processes—the functioning of the heart, lungs, digestive apparatus—and the solar plexus forms its most important centre. Now the carrying on of these vital processes has passed under the control of the sympathetic system in the course of evolution, as the cerebro-spinal system has become more and more dominant. And the reviving of the control of this system by the will, by a process of concentration of thought, is a retrograde and not a forward step, even though it often brings about a certain degree of clairvoyance. This method is much followed in India in the

system called Hâtha Yoga, and the student learns to control the action of the heart, lungs, and digestive apparatus; he can thus inhibit the beating of the heart, can stop the lungs, can reverse peristaltic action, and so on. And when it is done, the question arises: What have you gained by your success? You have brought again under the control of the will a system which, in course of evolution, had been rendered automatic, to the great convenience of the owner of these lower functions, and have thus taken a step backward in evolution. To do this means failure in the long run, even though there may be, for the moment, a palpable result to show.

Moreover, the concentration of thought on a centre of the sympathetic system, and, most of all, on the solar plexus, means a serious physical danger, unless the learner be under the physical observation of his teacher, or be able to receive and bring through to the physical brain the instructions that may be given to him on a higher plane. Concentration on the solar plexus is apt to bring on disease of a peculiarly intractable kind. It issues in a profound melancholy, almost impossible to remove, in fits of terrible depression, and sometimes in a form of paralysis. Not along these lines should travel the serious student, intent on the knowledge of the Self. When that knowledge is obtained, the body becomes the instrument on which the Self can play, and all that is needed meanwhile is to purify and refine it, so that it may come into harmony with the higher bodies, and be prepared to vibrate rhythmically with them. The brain will thus be rendered more responsive, and by industrious thinking and the action of meditation—not on the brain, but on lofty ideas—it will be gradually improved. The brain becomes a better organ as it is exercised, and this is on the road of evolution. But to work directly on the sympathetic plexuses is on the road of retrogression. Many a one comes, asking for deliverance from the results of these practices, and one can only sadly answer: "To undo the mischief will take years." Results may be gained quickly by going backwards, but it is better to face the upward climbing, and then utilise the physical instrument from above, not from below.

There is another matter to be considered in healing diseases by Will—the danger of driving the disease into a higher vehicle,



in driving it out of the physical body. Disease is often the final working out of evil that existed previously on the higher planes, and it is then far better to let it thus work out than to forcibly check it and throw it back into the subtler vehicle. It is the last working out of an evil desire or an evil thought, and in such a case the use of physical means of cure is safer than the use of mental means, for the former cannot cast it back into the higher planes, whereas the latter may do so. Curative mesmerism does not run this danger, belonging as it does to the physical plane; that may be used by anyone whose life, thoughts and desires are pure. But the moment Will forces are poured down into the physical, there is a danger of reaction, and of the driving of the disease back into the subtler vehicles from which it came forth.

If mental curing is done by the purification of thought and desire, and the natural quiet working of the purified thoughts and desires on the physical body, no harm can result; to restore physical harmony by making harmonious the mental and astral vehicles is a true method of mental healing, but it is not as rapid as the Will-cure and is far harder. Purity of mind means health of body; and it is this idea—that where the mind is pure the body should be healthy—that has led many to adopt these mental methods of healing.

A person whose mind is perfectly pure and balanced will not generate fresh bodily disease, though he may have some unexhausted karma to work off, or he may take on himself some of the disharmonies caused by others. Purity and health truly go together. When, as is and has been the case, some saint is found to be suffering physically, then such a one is either working out the effect of bad thinking in the past, or is bearing in himself something of the world's disharmony, turning on to himself the forces of disharmony, harmonising them within his own vehicles and sending them forth again as currents of peace and goodwill. Many have been puzzled by seeing that the greatest and the purest suffer, both mentally and physically. They suffer for others, not for themselves, and they are truly White Magicians, transmuting by spiritual alchemy, in the crucible of their own suffering bodies, the base metals of human passions into the pure gold of love and peace.

## THE USE OF THE WILL

Apart from the question of the ways of working on the body by the Will, another question arises in the thoughtful mind: Is it well to use the Will in this fashion for our own helping? Is there not a certain degradation in using the highest power of the Divine within us in the service of our body, to bring about merely a good condition of physical health? Is it well that the Divine should thus turn stones into bread, and so fall under the very temptation resisted by the Christ? The story may be taken historically or mythically, it matters not; it contains a profound spiritual truth, and an instance of obedience to an occult law. Still remains true the answer of the tempted: "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This ethic seems to be on a higher plane than that which yokes the Divine to the service of the physical body. One of the dangers of the present is the worship of the body, the putting of the body on too high a pinnacle—a reaction from exaggerated asceticism. By using the Will to serve the body, we make the Will its slave, and the practice of continually removing little aches and pains by willing them to go saps the higher quality of endurance. A person thus acting is apt to be irritable under small physical discomforts which the Will cannot remove, and the higher power of the Will, which can control the body and support it in its work, even though it be suffering, is undermined. Hesitancy to use the power of the Will for relief of one's body need not arise from any doubt as to the soundness of the thought, the reality of the law, on which such action is based, but from a fear that men may fall under the temptation of using that which should lift them to realms spiritual as the minister of the physical, and may thus become slaves of the body, and be helpless when the body fails them in the hour of need.

It is an occult law, binding on every Initiate, that he may not use an occult power for his own helping; if he do, he loses the power to help others, and it is not worth while to forfeit the great for the small. That already referred-to story of the temptation of the Christ has a further-reaching significance than most understand. Had He used His occult power to turn stones into bread for the relief of His hunger, instead of waiting in

patient strength for the food brought by the Shining Ones, He would not later have been able to endure the mystic sacrifice of the Cross. The taunt then flung at Him contained an occult truth: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." He could not use, to spare Himself one pang, the powers that had opened the eyes of the blind and made the leper clean. Those who would save themselves must give up the divine mission of being Saviours of the world. They must choose between the one and the other as they evolve. If in their evolution they choose the lower and use the great powers they have won for the service of themselves and of the body, then must they give up the higher mission of using them for the redemption of the race. There is such an immense activity of mind at the present time that the need is all the greater for the employment of its powers to the highest ends.

#### WHITE AND BLACK MAGIC

Magic is the use of the Will to guide the powers of external nature, and is truly, as its name implies, the great science. The human Will, being the power of the Divine in man, can subjugate and control the inferior energies, and thus bring about the results desired. The difference between White and Black Magic lies in the motive which determines the Will; when that Will is set to benefit others, to help and bless all who come within its scope, then is the man a White Magician, and the results which he brings about by the exercise of his trained Will are beneficial and aid the course of human evolution. He is ever expanding by such exercise, becoming less and less separate from his kind, and is a centre of far-reaching help. But when the Will is exercised for the advantage of the lower self, when it is employed for personal ends and aims, then is the man a Black Magician, a danger to the race, and his results obstruct and delay human evolution. He is ever contracting by such exercise, becoming more and more separate from his kind, shutting himself within a shell which isolates him, and which grows ever thicker and denser with the exercise of his trained powers. The Will of the magician is ever strong, but the Will of the White Magician is

strong with the strength of life, flexible at need, rigid at need, ever assimilating to the great Will, the Law of the universe. The Will of the Black Magician has the strength of iron, pointing ever to the personal end, and it strikes against the great Will, and sooner or later must shiver itself into pieces against it. It is the peril of Black Magic against which the student of occultism is guarded by the law which forbids him to use his occult powers for himself; for though no man is a Black Magician who does not deliberately erect his personal Will against the great Law, it is well to recognise the essence of Black Magic, and to check the very beginnings of evil. Just as it was said above that the saint harmonising the forces of disharmony within himself is truly the White Magician, so is he the Black Magician who uses for his own gain all the forces he has acquired by knowledge, turns them to the service of his own separateness, and increases the disharmony of the world by his selfish graspings while seeking to preserve harmony in his own vehicles.

#### ENTERING INTO PEACE

When the Self has grown so indifferent to the vehicles in which he dwells that their vibrations can no longer affect him; when he can use them for any purpose; when his vision has become perfectly clear; when the vehicles offer no opposition, since the elemental life has left them, and only the life flowing from himself animates them; then the Peace enfolds him and the object of the long struggle is attained. Such a one, Self-centred, no longer confuses himself with his vehicles. They are instruments to work with, tools to manipulate at his will. He has then realised the peace of the Master, the one who is utterly master of his vehicles, and therefore master of life and death. Capable of receiving into them the tumult of the world and of reducing it to harmony; capable of feeling through them the sufferings of others, but not sufferings of his own; he stands apart from, beyond, all storms. Yet is he able ever to bend down into the storm to lift another above it, without losing his own foothold on the rock of the Divine, consciously recognised as himself. Such are truly Masters, and Their peace may now and then be felt, for a time at least, by those who are striving to tread the

same path, but who have not yet reached that same rock of the Self-conscious Divine.

That union of the separate Will with the one Will for the helping of the world is the goal which seems to be more worthy of reaching after than aught the world can offer. Not to be separate from men, but one with them; not to win peace and bliss alone, but to say with the Chinese Blessed One: "Never will I enter into final peace alone, but always and everywhere will I suffer and strive until all enter with me"—that is the crown of humanity. In proportion as we can realise that the suffering and the striving are the more efficacious as we suffer only in the sufferings of others and feel not suffering for ourselves, we shall rise into the Divine, shall tread the "razor path" that the Great Ones have trodden, and shall find that the Will, which has guided us along that path, and which has realised itself in the treading of that path, is strong enough still to suffer and to strive, until the suffering and the strife for all are over, and all together enter into Peace.

ANNIE BESANT.

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Now, when this union truly cometh to pass and becometh established, the inward man standeth henceforward immoveable in this union; and God suffereth the outward man to be moved hither and thither, from this to that, of such things as are necessary and right. So that the outward man saith in sincerity, "I have no will to be or not to be, to live or die, to know or not to know, to do or to leave undone and the like; but I am ready for all that is to be, or ought to be, and obedient thereunto, whether I have to do or to suffer." And thus the outward man hath no Wherefore or purpose, but only to do his part to further the Eternal Will. For it is perceived of a truth, that the inward man shall stand immoveable and that it is needful for the outward man to be moved.

And if the inward man have any Wherefore in the actions of the outward man, he saith only that such things must be and ought to be, as are ordained by the Eternal Will.—*Theologia Germanica*.

## A STUDY FROM BROWNING

“OLD Pictures in Florence.” Do not the words themselves bring before our minds a whole series of pictures, a series well-nigh unlimited in its diversity of subject, in its wealth and variety of colour and imagery? Pictures which are ours at any moment and under any circumstances, independently of time or place. Whether recalled as happy memories of days that passed all too quickly under Tuscan skies, or whether only limned for us in outlines less clear and definite by the magic power of fancy, we cannot fail to see them if we will but stand for a while with the poet at his villa gate and look :

In the valley beneath where, white and wide  
And washed by the morning water-gold,  
Florence lay out on the mountain side.

We thread our way through dark and narrow streets whose walls once echoed the fierce war-cries of Guelf and Ghibelline; we see the stately form of Dante walking, it may be, from his house by the little church of San Martino to discharge his public duties as one of the Signoria, while in his busy brain lies the germ of the *Divina Commedia*; or it may be Beatrice who passes, dressed as he describes her “in white robes, between two gentle ladies.” We may stand in the great square, and hear the murmur of the crowd as Savonarola walks calmly and serenely to his death, or we can linger on the Ponte Vecchio, and watch from its arched recesses the gentle flowing of the Arno, and the play of light and shadow on the cypress-crowned heights of Fiesole. We may wander through ancient palaces rich with treasures of bygone art, among the marbles and bronzes of the quaint old octagonal Baptistery, through the frescoed cells and cloisters of Santa Croce and San Marco, and the glories of the Duomo, and see Giotto’s wondrous Campanile rising like a flower to heaven, white and pure as the thought that fashioned it.

All this and more can we see ; all this, and far more, did the poet see, as he tells us,

By a gift God grants me now and then.

For to him was given, as in greater or lesser degree to all true poets, the power to sense that other life which enfolds so closely this our material existence ; to recognise those Presences which, unseen and unsuspected by the multitude, pervade our lives with their subtle influence, which are sometimes "happened on, and, as it were, surprised." The stir and turmoil of the city passes before him unheeded in his apprehension of this wider being. Instead of the glare and thronging of the market-place, the chatter of pleasure or profit, the coming and going of the "men alive," he sees where in quiet cloister, in shadowed porch, in the dim recesses of pillared aisle and darkest crypt, the ghosts of some old painters stand sadly, wistfully, before their fast-fading works, and his heart seems to go out to them in a passionate tide of love and sympathy.

Wherever a fresco peels and drops,  
 Wherever an outline weakens and wanes,  
 Till the latest life in the painting stops,  
 Stands one whom each fainter pulse-tick pains :  
 One, wishful each scrap should clutch the brick,  
 Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster,  
 A lion who dies of an ass's kick,  
 The wronged great soul of an ancient master.

It must needs be owing to Browning's almost unique power of identifying himself so completely with the spirit of the times he describes, of the characters he portrays, that his poems breathe for us as actual happenings, not as mere descriptions or imaginings. Writing as an actor in the scenes he depicts rather than a disinterested spectator or recorder, he carries us with him into those far-off years when, through dark and turbulent action, through confused and clouded thought, struggled, with faint and feeble rays, the dawning light of the Renaissance.

We all know the story "of Art's spring-birth so dim and dewy." We know how the early Italian painters, breaking away from the Byzantine School and its conventional types imposed by traditional and hieratic authority, resolved to follow the prompt-

ings of their genius and dared "to paint man, man, whatever the issue!"

We can trace its evolution on the walls of our National Gallery, and study there, though somewhat imperfectly, the growth of that resolve, the result of that daring, from the feeble and tentative efforts of a Margheritone, to the masterpieces of Michael Angelo. Between these two what a wealth of names "which carry a perfume in the mention"; what visions of saints and angels, of cherubim and seraphim and all the golden glories of heaven as conceived by the mediæval mind :

God in the midst, Madonna and her Babe,  
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood,  
Lilies and vestments and white faces.

Giotto with his saints "a-praising God"; Fra Angelico painting on his knees the Christ whose life he strove so lovingly to illustrate; Botticelli's wistful-eyed Virgins and lovely floating angels; Fra Lippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter"; "the wronged Lippino"; all those old masters whom the poet upbraids, half jestingly and half in earnest, for concealing their lost works from him who would so dearly prize them :

Why don't they bethink them of who has merited?  
Why not reveal, while their pictures dree  
Such doom, how a captive might be out-ferreted?  
Why is it they never remember me?

Space would not allow the completion of the quotation in which the poet addresses by name some of these old painters, and traces with such marvellous insight and conciseness of expression the leading characteristics or peculiarities of each. Nor is it necessary; for the sole *raison d'être* of so slight a study as the present one can only be to remind those who may chance to read it to renew their acquaintance with the poem in its entirety. And so renewing it, they can scarcely fail to be impressed by the thought that in his masterly summary, in some ten verses, of the growth and limitation, the strength and weakness of Greek art, Browning has in mind something far more widely-reaching and comprehensive than the evolution of any one particular school; that he would have us read in it the history of "the common soul."



The race of Man  
That receives life in parts to live as a whole,  
And grow here according to God's clear plan.

Does not the old Hermetic aphorism "As above, so below," hold good in this instance, as indeed in all? How can it be otherwise if in the world of thought as in the world of matter everything is but a reflection—broken and imperfect doubtless, but still a reflection—of the one eternal thought, of the one great cosmic Force? It has been said: "There is nothing in heaven or upon earth which does not exist also in man, and God who is in heaven exists also in man, and the two are one." This being so, it follows that one and the same law must of necessity hold good for all, that all evolution must work on the same line of unfolding, that all things therefore lend themselves to one and the same interpretation, could we but rightly decipher it. May we not then read into this story of yesterday as much as we can and will of the story of to-day and every day? Is it only in the annals of Art that we must look, in order to find the souls who, content for a time with the contemplation of a changeless ideal of perfection to which in the space of one short life they might never hope to attain, acquiesced perforce in their own weakness and learned "to submit is a mortal's duty."

So you saw yourself as you wished you were,  
As you might have been, as you cannot be;  
Earth here, rebuked by Olympus there:  
And grew content in your poor degree  
With your little power, by those statues' godhead,  
And your little scope, by their eyes' full sway,  
And your little grace, by their grace embodied,  
And your little date, by their forms that stay.

To such souls there comes at last a time when they realise that these types held up for their veneration, far off and unapproachable, separated by an unbridged gulf from the reach of struggling humanity, have failed to respond to their highest hopes and aspirations just because they *are* types and nothing more. They catch a glimpse behind the symbol of the thing signified, and learn that in themselves lie the germs of all infinite possibilities; that the divinity they despaired of reaching in the span

of one short life becomes a glorious assurance through the striving of lives innumerable :

Are they perfect of lineament, perfect of stature ?  
 In both, of such lower types are we  
 Precisely because of our wider nature ;  
 For time theirs—ours, for eternity.

So came the awakening to these early painters, weary of

. . . endless cloisters and eternal aisles  
 With the same series, Virgin, Babe and Saint,  
 With the same cold calm beautiful regard.

And although these same subjects still continued to inspire their works, it was from a different standpoint both of treatment and idea, as the spirit of the age strove through them to find expression. The vehicle was imperfect, the expression often faulty, yet in so far as they followed, half unconsciously, those inner promptings which urged them to activity,

Give these, I exhort you, the guerdon and glory  
 For daring so much before they well did it !

Can we fail to give it ? We who, it may be, would also dare ; we who perchance would also follow the intuition of our best and highest moments, and hold with Emerson that : “ When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may GOD fire our hearts with His Presence.” The awakening of these old Florentine painters and the awakening of the individual soul, are they not one and the same ? To the genius imprisoned within the narrow limits assigned to it by tradition and custom ; to the soul tied and bound by “ the cramping fetters of a creed out-worn ” it comes, swift and sudden as lightning flash, or slowly yet surely as dawn of day. And this Browning recognises when he sums up in two lines the very heart and gist of the whole poem, the true end and aim of all art, of all thought, of all life, of everything that strives and hopes and suffers :

To bring the invisible full into play !  
 Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters ?

What matters indeed ! in those rare moments when to the soul comes the faint consciousness of her oneness with the Infinite,

would we not gladly barter every iota of the visible, the apparent, for one glimpse of the real, the invisible? Is it not for this that saints have striven, that sinners have suffered? Is it not for this and this alone that the spirit wages its constant warfare with the things of this world? Obscured by ritual and dogma, hidden in myth and tradition, veiled under symbol and ceremonial, this realisation is ever the basement of every faith, the foundation of every creed, the inner teaching of every true saint and seer. Remote undoubtedly at this our present stage of evolution; to be realised only by patient and continuous effort through life after life; but none the less a certainty, vouched for by Those who have trodden before us the upward path, who have reached the goal. And when, in the words of one who was himself "not unworthy of that Vision," we ask: "How may this thing be for us?" from him, too, comes the answer, clear and unwavering: "Let all else go."

C. P. DICKSON.

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## REJUVENESCENCE IN NATURE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 367)

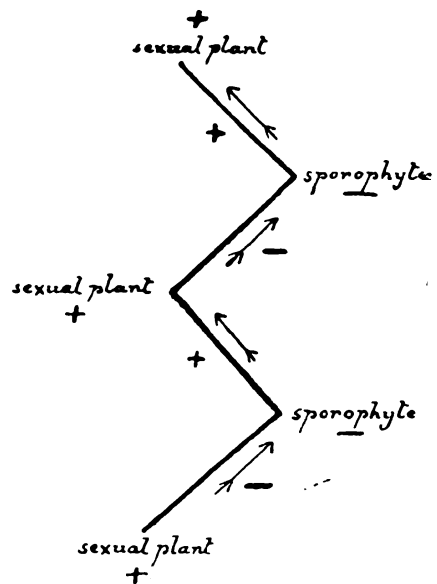
THE interesting phenomenon of the *alternation of generations* in plants and animals furnishes a striking example of the operation of the great natural principle we are discussing. In the life-cycle of the Moss there are two very distinct phases or stages: (1) the green thread-like "protonema" out of which buds the Moss-plant proper; these two must be regarded as constituting a single phase of growth, *viz.*, the active vegetative phase producing the sexual organs; as a result of fertilisation the entirely new sporophyte or fruiting plant, the neutral generation, arises, which is a comparatively passive, inert condition, the culminating result of all the preceding activities of the leafy, sexual Moss-plant; its function is to construct the spores, each one of which on germination will reproduce the vegetative condition of the protonema and Moss-plant once again. And so the wheel revolves (*Fig. 7*). The

same principle governs the life-history of the Fern, and indeed, of all other plants except the very lowest.

I need do no more than merely remind the reader of the events concerned in the metamorphoses of insects; in the cycle of larva, pupa and imago, we surely see a remarkable instance of the occurrence of alternative phases of life.

In the life-cycle of a Jelly-fish we also observe the two contrasted life-stages; the active, free-swimming Jelly-fish produces larvæ which also are free-swimming, but each of which eventually becomes quiescent and fixed to the ground, where it develops into a stationary *nurse-colony*, almost plant-like in form, entirely different from the original sexual Jelly-fish, as contrasted with which it may be termed the subjective neutral, resting stage; yet it is only relatively restful, for all the time it is engaged, like the chrysalis of the insect, in constructing from its own substance a new organism, and this latter at length, dividing up into distinct segments, produces a fresh progeny of free-swimming Jelly-fishes. Thus is the cycle completed.

Turning now to the inorganic world, we discover precisely the same principle at work in the process of the genesis of the chemical elements as described by Sir William Crookes and admirably set forth for us in the number of this REVIEW for July of last year, by Mr. Dyne. The point to be noticed here is that each series of seven elements situated on each dual (positive and negative) loop or figure of eight of the spiral in Dyne's Fig. 1, becomes constantly *rejuvenised* (for so the process may be regarded) in each succeeding series of seven on every descending loop. Thus, let us take Potassium as the first positive element of series 3. After the next succeeding downward revolution of the



Moss

FIG. 7

spiral of evolving life, during which a densification of matter takes place, and hence an increase in the atomic weight of the new substances produced, we obtain, as the first positive element of the new series, Rubidium, which is to be regarded as "the lineal descendant" (so Crookes terms it) or *rejuvenescence* of Potassium. Why? Because each succeeding septenary series of elements does not represent something arising *de novo* and for the first time—no brand-new elements are produced—but only the *same* elements under changed conditions of time, temperature and space. These latter factors induce the appearance of a new quality in Potassium which causes it to *reappear* as Rubidium, having a higher atomic weight, while Rubidium in its turn becomes reborn, or rejuvenised, *at a lower level* as Cæsium, and so on.

But enough examples have been given from the lower world of this great principle of Rejuvenescence. Let us consider Man. Like all animals and plants Man exhibits the working of the principle in his physical existence; he has his active objective period of growth and the subjective, comparatively restful period of gestation (found in the female sex) during which preparation is made for the birth into renewed active existence of another individual in whom the same dual cycle is repeated.

And again how true to Nature seems the method adopted in India and in ancient Peru of dividing each man's life into two stages: the active, working period up to forty or forty-five, and the retiring, contemplative period when the man reviews his past life and endeavours to assimilate his experiences preparatory to death.

We have hitherto considered the working of this principle in the lower visible and tangible *physical* world. But Man having become "individualised," as it is termed, his conscious life-experiences extending, by dint of his Divine nature, into other, wider and subtler worlds which we term the "higher planes" of Nature, his "soul" beginning to dominate matter rather than be dominated by it, it necessarily follows that, if this principle of Rejuvenescence possesses the quality of universality, what we should expect is this: that Man's life *as a whole* will be governed by it. His physical existence is but one of the minor cycles con-

tained within the far larger, grander cycle of his five-fold life. Each of these minor cycles displays the principle of Rejuvenescence at work governing each as a unit, as a world in itself; but the vaster, five-fold cycle of Man's life will also be governed by the same principle as a unit, in its entirety.

Before, however, proceeding to consider Man's development let us briefly refer to the genesis of the "planes" of Nature. As I understand the teaching, this takes place in a manner perfectly analogous to that of the chemical elements. Each of the seven types of matter or world-substance arising by aggregation, in ever denser and more concrete form, around the outward-streaming, spirally-progressing primordial energy of the Logos, is intimately related to, and continuous with, the types which precede and succeed it in the scale; yet each type possesses its distinctive quality, something which distinguishes it from all the other types, just as the colours of the spectrum of light insensibly blend one into the other, while each retaining its own perfectly distinct and unmistakable individuality. The same is true also of the seven subdivisions of each type; and, moreover, each of the sub-planes of any given plane has its definite representative and complement in one of the subdivisions of every plane above or below that one to which it belongs.

Here we may dwell for a moment on what I believe to be a fact of great importance and interest. If we take any given plane in the descending, *i.e.*, the normal order of its evolution or differentiation, it will presumably be true that the *atomic* or highest level of this plane will be more intimately related to the atomic level of the succeeding plane below than it will to any of the remaining six subdivisions of the *same* plane which have been differentiated from it. This will probably follow from the fact that, as we are informed, the atomic sub-planes of the seven great planes are antecedently formed, so that each of the planes at that very early period would consist only of this atomic matter, the remaining six sub-planes of each representing a later differentiation. The atomic sub-planes may hence be regarded as the *generalised types*, from each of which on every plane there obtains a seven-fold differentiation which pre-eminently distinguishes that plane from all others. But sooner or later must take place a recoil or

reaction from this differentiation and particularisation in order that the evolving energy may become focussed in the atomic subdivision of the following plane, there to repeat a differentiation or particularisation peculiar to that plane. Hence there occurs from plane to plane a never-failing *Rejuvenescence*, the "Logic" energy ever *returning on itself*. And this is precisely what we observed to take place in the inflorescence of the Stoncrop and other plants and in the ideal stem (according to the phyton-theory), where the formative force, after the production of each successive flower or segment, becomes, as it were, *set back*, and a new floral axis or segment arises *de novo*, at the base of the foregoing. Truly, the spiral runs through all!

It is also highly instructive to note in this connection that, in the evolution of the animal kingdom, the *primitive type* which originates the differentiation of *each* great group is more nearly related to the primitive type giving rise to the next great group above it in the scale than it is to any of the later differentiated members of the same group to which it belongs. So that, for instance, the primitive Fish is more closely allied to the primitive Amphibian than it is to any of the more highly evolved fishes themselves. The same may be said in regard to the relationship subsisting between Amphibians and Reptiles, and between these latter and Birds and Mammals. And in the vegetable kingdom the same law holds good; and how strikingly evident it is in the evolution of the chemical elements has already been shewn. Does it not seem, then, that in all these kingdoms there has been a *primary* establishment of *types* prior to the setting-in of the subsequent differentiation of each group or class? There must be something in the old Fish-, Tortoise- and Boar-Avatâras of Viṣṇu after all!

We may discern on the great genealogical tree of Nature that whereas infinite differentiation and complexity obtain amongst the *lateral* branchings at each succeeding level; yet there is one main, purposive trunk of evolving life rising, by means of perpetual Rejuvenescence, onward and upward towards the light.

To return once more to humanity, we may cite a further example of what would appear to be the serpentine coil of the

evolutionary impulse returning on itself in the fact that the fifth or Âryan Race is said to have sprung, not from the seventh or Mongolian (as one might, perhaps, *à priori* expect) but from the fifth or Semitic subdivision of the Atlantean Race ; here again a comparison with our cymose inflorescence will be instructive.

In the constitution of the microcosm, Man, we find the same subdivision into types of matter representing different grades of density or subdivision of its particles ; these are the vehicles or bodies in which his consciousness lives and functions. Now the Powers of Consciousness, in proportion as they are manifested through the different vehicles representing the varying types of matter, assume very distinctive aspects or qualities. Regarding these powers from their passive side,\* and working upwards in the scale, we find that on the physical plane they exhibit chiefly the characteristic of *stimulability* ; in the next type of matter, *i.e.*, on the astral plane, they are expressed as *sensibility*, or, if we regard their active side, as *instincts*. But we may view the matter in this way : that the same Power manifesting itself on the physical plane as Stimulability, on reawakening or becoming *rejuvenised* in the freer, more mobile matter of the astral world, there affords a more vivid and real manifestation of itself in the form of Sensibility ; powers which were expressed as *Movements* on the physical plane, are *repeated or reborn* in the astral as *Instincts*. Again, in the mental world these instincts are rejuvenised as *Cognitions* ; Sensibility reappears as *Ideation*. The Cognitions of the mental expand, in the utterly tenuous matter of the Buddhic world, as *Comprehension*, and as *Omniscience* in the Âtmic sphere.

I may here briefly refer to the view which regards the Higher Mânasic faculty of *Intuition* as a something *sui generis*, existing *per se*, and without any evolutionary history behind it. When some truth which it has taken weeks or even years for most men, by means of the slow and gradual process of Inductive Reasoning, to reach and adequately appreciate, flashes in an instant, quite independently of all such reasoning appliances, into the mind of the poet or the seer, we say he has "intuitively" sensed that truth. Yet, however frequent it may be in the *individual* de-

\* See the diagram by Mr. A. H. Ward, THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, April 1901.



velopment of the human mind for the intuitional to *precede* the reasoning powers as regards the time of their appearance, here, as is so often seen in the organic kingdoms of Nature, the processes of ontogeny are no sure guide to those of phylogeny, for in the history of the human race at large the intuition must surely evolve out of the ratiocinative faculty, as *synthesis* must always succeed *analysis*: "Intuition is but the conviction arising from those *inductions* or *deductions* of which the processes are so shadowy as to escape our consciousness, elude our reason, or defy our capacity of expression." It consists merely in a process of extremely rapid reasoning. The Power which expresses itself in one world as "ratiocination," on becoming rejuvenised into the next higher world, there expresses itself as "intuition"; it is merely a matter of the Ego having learnt to respond to and utilise matter in a state of more rapid vibration than was that to which he was erstwhile accustomed.

Each of the planes is a *world* in itself. As the man himself evolves and learns to focus his consciousness, in other words, to *really live*, successively in the subtler or more refined worlds, he in each successive world begins, as it were, his life *de novo*, in that he becomes rejuvenised; indeed, we have it on the first-hand authority of one of our seers, that his sensation on first *awakening* to full consciousness in each "higher" world is this: that he is now *for the first time* alive, that he has "never lived before"; like a child on the physical plane, he experiences an exuberance of life, an ideal sense of heretofore unequalled possibilities, all the novelty and joy of being freshly born into a world. These are ever the characteristics accompanying the phenomenon of Rejuvenescence wherever it may occur. This is indeed the stately, measured process of our evolution. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God"; "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Or: by throwing off the sophistication of the matured intellect we become spiritually reborn into the simplicity and loveliness of the child; is not such a state exemplified in the great Ones of the earth?

W. C. WORSDELL.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

## A VISIT FROM SOME ELEMENTALS

WHILE suffering severely from gastric and intestinal disorders, in the winter of 1902-3, I was induced to try the "Uric Acid" cure of Dr. Haig, of London. Under the direction of an American friend who understood its administration I began taking salicylates the morning of Sunday, January 17th, 1903. From that time, until the following Thursday, I ate nothing. It was of the greatest importance to keep my body as cold as possible. To that end, any clothing, save a thin cambric night-gown, was forbidden. A thin sheet was my only bed cover, until the night of Wednesday, when a light lounge-robe was allowed me. My bed was drawn out and placed between two large wide-open windows, and, with no fire in the room, during that bitterly cold winter weather, the poisonous uric acid was pretty well frozen out of my shuddering, shivering body. But my sufferings had their compensation. On awakening on Tuesday morning, and turning my face down on my pillows, instinctively seeking *some* place where I could experience a sensation of warmth, I found that I was looking quite through the pillows into another world. And a very wonderful world it was. And from this time on, until the following Friday, so completely absorbed was I in watching the transmutations and the scenes that passed before my eyes, that cold and pain were forgotten, and the marvels of another plane of existence almost entirely absorbed my attention. During all that time, though I was perfectly conscious on the physical plane, I was also clairvoyant, and, at times, clairaudient. But the world I was in was not, apparently, the kâma-lokic regions of the astral plane; at least, only once or twice did I see what I thought *might* be a *human* disembodied entity.

The first thing I saw was a great stream of liquid substance, rushing down, apparently, from over my left shoulder and on through the pillows. It was of a crystal whiteness and clearness,

and seemed to carry in it a great variety of figures, like circles, semi-circles, spirals, sections of cones, and so on ; but so rapid and strong were its swirl and rush, I could not keep any one of these swiftly passing figures in sight more than an instant. This crystal stream came only twice or three times that morning, and then it did not appear again, though I tried to get it back, it was so beautiful.

Then appeared, quite down through and beyond the pillows, a surface, as if of parts of a wall, which by degrees took form as the sides of a sort of room, and melted into what might be a floor below. This surface was made up of wheel-like figures or panels, sometimes of a deep, rich red, sometimes of a brownish-yellow, in which were interlaced geometrical forms, much like those of the "rose-windows" in cathedrals. These interlaced, wheel-like figures were generally on a surface perpendicular to me. But often they appeared low down, and the perpendicular slid into the horizontal ; and then the colour would change from the red to the loveliest crimson and deep, rich rose-colour, and while I watched them, a slight internal vibration would begin, a rose-gray mist would arise up out of them, and suddenly, all at once, the whole mass of figures and mist would be palpitating *with enormous rapidity*. The mist then would be transformed to a liquid substance in shades of rose-gray, rose-red and crimson, seeming to come up from *within* the spaces of the geometrical figures in the wheels, coming up and going out in all directions at once, in a curious vibratory way, and yet with a kind of lifting rush in it. It brought forcibly to mind the descriptions we have had of the atom, as a "vortex of energy" with its "force welling up from nowhere." Suddenly, after a few moments of this activity, all would be still ; the moving mass of liquid mist would disappear, and the wheel-like panels alone would remain. Then these would clear away from the horizontal surface, leaving the appearance of a sort of ground-floor, part earth and part broken blocks of stone, as of the interior floor of some old ruin ; the panels then would reappear, but now as the perpendicular *walls* of this, and would go through a series of transformations in never-ending succession. The most prominent and central panel—the one which always appeared first—was a lion's head, looking as if cut in stone relief ; it was brownish-yellow, changing soon to gray stone-colour. In

the panels around it—also apparently in stone relief—were heads of other animals, such as are often seen in buildings of the middle ages. At first, these were all quiet, Then, some of these animals' heads would move in their panels, turn around in them, look at each other, nod, or laugh, again look grieving or distressed, and actually seeming to cry or weep, at times. But they could not get out of their panels, hard as they seemed to try. Then, these animal heads changed slowly—sometimes feature by feature, sometimes all at once—into human heads and faces. The central lion's head always took, at first, one face—that of a dark, very handsome man—an Arab or a Hindu—with a piece of drapery about his head, with a close-cropped beard and large, dark, sad eyes. The other animal heads became men and women, and these all moved within their panels, some of them recognising each other by nods or smiles, sometimes turning completely upside down and half-floating out of the panel, but never completely leaving it. Then, the panels themselves would change, the divisions between them would look like beautifully carved picture-frames; the spaces would enlarge and the heads would grow into complete figures. Sometimes one figure alone would occupy an entire panel; sometimes a whole scene, including several figures, would occupy it, and when this was the case, the figures were always, apparently, acting quite naturally and appropriately in the scene, as if they were part of it. There were so many of them all there together, and all were so interesting, it was difficult to inspect them as carefully as I wished. At first, it seemed as if all climes and countries and periods were represented, in a kind of panoramic view of a heterogeneous character. But after some hours of watching, and especially on the second day, I began to understand that there was a method throughout it all. I noticed that order and connection were observed, certain groups of people and scenes always appearing together, and the changes from one set of people or scenes repeating themselves in a certain regular succession, as if rehearsing over and over again the same combinations and situations. For instance, in one large panel to the right of the middle foreground appeared a young warrior on horseback, with lance upraised, he and his steed in mediæval armour. He came often the second day, and a panel near him, though low

down and toward the left, had three numbers on it, which at last I made out to be "789." These numbers were apparently cut in a block of stone—the "89" quite distinct, the "7" partly worn out. Another scene was large, occupying the whole middle space in front. It was apparently a departure on a sea-voyage—the blue sea showed in the middle distance—a woman and a man were in the foreground, the woman wore a bonnet and veil, and was seated on a kind of long bench, apparently on the quay, the man standing near, while others were busy with the luggage that was going on to a great vessel of some sort. These all seemed rather modern people, in costume and appearance; I should say of about the early or middle part of the last century. Sometimes, when the pictures were small, they and the frames would all resolve into a kind of fine open-work, would lift up or off, as it were, and show another series of views behind that one; these again growing distinct, and repeating themselves in their turn.

When my attention would be interrupted by having to take my medicine, or reply to something said to me on the physical plane, and I would close my eyes to look again, the entire set of changes would often begin all over again—first the geometrical rosettes, then the liquid rosy mist, and so on. But sometimes, and on the second day quite often, it would start with the central panel of the lion's head, in a sort of yellowish stone relief—and *then* go on as before. When this was the case, the lion's head panel would appear as if mid-way up the wall, and below it and the line of panels of which it was a part, would be seen parts of a stone wall, this breaking up into corridors leading off, by means of one or two stone steps, to other rooms; and generally the foreground had a kind of half-ruined altar, in stone, with broken images and columns scattered about the ground, and as the lion's head changed into the handsome Oriental's head and face, other changes would take place in the lower part of the scene. Great carved stone benches would appear, as if placed against the walls beneath the panels—bits of old armour, or of marble, or stone images, would be lying on slabs of stone—and through the openings one caught glimpses of the other rooms with their long corridors. But I think the openings were generally *square—not* arched—though of this I cannot now be sure.

But the broken altar, or something resembling it, was always in evidence in front at this stage of the series. Later on, as the panels grew into pictures of scenes, the stone walls and the ruined foreground generally all disappeared, the panelled pictures themselves occupying the entire space.

These were my day-time experiences during Tuesday, Wednesday, and part of Thursday, and were all seen with my eyes closed, or when my face was buried in my pillows. There were also some fleeting things seen at odd moments when my eyes were shut, but these were the more important ones.

My evening and night experiences were quite different.

On the evening of Tuesday, as I lay in the twilight with my eyes *open*, curious figures came floating through the air toward me. They looked at first like skeleton lamp-shades, then like long pieces of fine twisted wire—very much, and some quite, like some of the atomic forms in the illustration to Mrs. Besant's article on "Occult Chemistry"—opening and closing, separating and coming together again, in all sizes, sometimes in great clusters, and swinging down towards me with a kind of skeleton head, like some winged black skeleton monster of the air; but often the *head* would be white. I afterwards learned from my American friend that these were frequently an accompaniment of large doses of the salicylates. They continued at intervals until Saturday, and are probably of small importance, save as showing what may easily be the basis of the tormenting demons that haunt the victims of drugs and alcohol.

But there were other visitors, quite charming in their way, and much more interesting in kind and character. Curious little gemlike creatures, like a brilliant emerald set in fine gold, with tiny wings of coloured gauze, came floating through a sort of golden mist, almost settling on my hands or hair, but changing and floating off when I *blew* them away! And later in the evening, when a dim, electric light was in the room, tiny figures of men were seen, running elfin trains of cars on aerial road-beds, which apparently were attached to the cord of the central light hanging from my ceiling. The trains of cars had quaint hooded locomotives, and were started off by bells pulled by conductors in scarlet and white uniforms. And there were lovely airships

manned by sailors in uniform, and tiny figures of women in nunlike clothing were busy with little flags and banners—all very active, playing at work as it were, in this miniature and transparent world of theirs. It was a charming thing to look at. Every tiny thing seemed so perfect of its kind, so beautiful in its way, and all the activities were so swiftly and so silently carried on—not an instant of doubt or hesitation anywhere.

Then came another set of guests—much more solid in appearance, but equally minute. They showed themselves in a series of booths, or alcoves, from one to two fingers wide, and about a finger and a half high. These consisted of perfect little scenes, such as garden parties, lunches or teas, antiquity shops, gorgeously furnished rooms in gilt, or tapestries, or with beautifully carved furniture; and in the booths were groups of tiny people, not transparent like the other airy folk, but perfectly solid like ourselves, only of miniature size and beautifully dressed; and they were doing all sorts of things—eating, drinking, chatting, bargaining, walking about, visiting—and these exquisite kaleidoscopic views must have lasted over an hour or so, on a level slightly above that of my bed, and near the head of it, just where I could see them easily while lying down, but with my eyes *open*.

The next evening—Wednesday—my gossamer visitors began again their charming work, but I had been watching all day the series of panels and transmuting forms that I first described, and was tired—and about ten o'clock I was feeling that I *must* try to go to sleep, when, suddenly, a marvellous thing happened. Troops of flower-like creatures, all in dazzling white, filled the spaces of my room. Immediately they began to drape it in a fine, transparent stuff of brilliant whiteness, much like spun glass. In less time than it takes to write these three or four lines, it was a scene of unimagined beauty. The spaces where furniture had been became overlaid with this lovely stuff, which took the semblance of tables, on which were placed crystalline vases, goblets, and exquisite drinking-cups of antique form, and between these seeming tables were moving groups of the flower-like forms, much like lilies—callas, fleurs-de-lis, etc.—within their long, curling, flower-like leaves, but all of a brilliant, satiny-white substance. The different groups had each some part of its petals distinguished

by a particular colour. One was a clear sea-green, another a rosy-violet, a third a brilliant yellow, and the largest and most important group had certain petals of a velvety texture, in gold-dusted scarlet—the most brilliant colour I ever saw. These groups were dancing in the loveliest way, each about its own central flower, and keeping its own special form and colour, one group springing up as another died down, but always keeping an exquisite balance of grace and harmony of proportion in the whole. The central flower in some of the groups—especially that with the gold-dusted scarlet for its colour—had a small, perfectly modelled human head, all of the white substance; and the other flowers belonging to its group rose or sank, according as *it* appeared active, with living energy, or as it half *disappeared* within its stem and leaves, as if wearied or dissolving. And then, presently, I noticed that two figures in white were seated quietly by my bed—one, by my head, with the face of a man—the other, half-way towards the foot, facing him and myself, a woman: both were full human size, and seemed to be directing the others, while still they were closely watching me. I had a feeling that these two could understand me, and as the entire performance looked as if arranged for my special pleasure and entertainment, I murmured repeatedly—“How kind you are—thank you so much”—and then these two slightly nodded to me, and several times they made sounds, as if trying to speak to me. The maid who was taking care of me, and who slept on a lounge in my bedroom (a large one) during my illness, heard me speaking these words, over and over again, but heard no rejoinders. When she came to give me my medicine, at about midnight, some of the lovely decorations were displaced, and I begged her to keep quiet and not disturb them. The two important figures by my bedside disappeared, but, as the maid seated herself on the chair at the head of the bed, which had been occupied by the man, a transparent strip of the white gauze-like substance seemed to be gathered up, and was fastened in a pretty rosette *to her nose*. It was so comical, I could not help laughing. But she said she saw none of it, and I sent her quickly back to her lounge, when at once all the figures returned as before, and the lovely flower-dance went on again. It must have lasted in all much over two hours,



I sitting half upright against my pillows all the time, intensely alert and interested. At last, however, I felt so weary, I said to myself: "I wish they would go"—but a curious hesitation, as if it would be discourteous to let them *see* I wished it, made me check the expression, or even any appearance of my feeling. But, by degrees, some of the groups themselves seemed to grow weary. The little heads would sink down, and the forms would go with them, all settling into a mass of soft, thick substance, still brilliant and white, but formless. At intervals, the half-formed heads would again appear, the breath coming once more through mouth and nostrils, the eye-lids half-sleepily lifting. It was as if the substance were being modelled *from within*—as though when the *idea* awoke in it, the answering form took life and shape, while, when the *idea slept*, the form again dissolved into the general mass. At last, as the maid came again to give me my medicine, all disappeared, and then I told her to put out the light, for it was nearing morning hours, and I was so tired, I longed to sleep. This she did, letting in the clear moonlight at my open windows. I looked at it an instant, and was turning back to settle down into bed, when 'lo! the white drapery, now much more solid-looking than before, had been again built up, as if from the covering of my bed, making an almost solid white wall sweeping upward in a concave curve in front of me, and fastened in knots high up, nearly to the ceiling. And behind this curving drapery was dimly outlined a colossal female figure, apparently sitting on the lower part of my bed, partly on the edge of it and facing me, the drawn-up white draperies bulging out in places to form the outline of her head, her flowing robe, and wide, falling sleeves, but concealing her face and figure. And at once I felt it was the woman who had been there before, during the flower-dance. Again I was obliged to give my entire attention to this object, tired as I was. From time to time she made the same little sounds as before, as though trying to speak, and with her right hand—or from the right *sleeve*, rather, for I saw no hand—she threw out, in front of me, fine, long, narrow ribbons, like watered silk, with pearly edges. They were about three-quarters of an inch wide, and of a clear, pale green colour, and flowed down in loops toward the mass of substance beside my bed, melting into it in little pools

and circles. This substance was glossy white, like that into which the flowers and heads in the dance-scene had disappeared, as if into a soft white clay ; and it now seemed to fill the entire space in my room (all the space that was within the range of my sight, I mean) between my bed and the window. At first, the substance seemed to be nearly on a level with the bed ; but, by slow degrees, as the narrow green ribbon-like streams were projected into it, it sank lower and lower, until it seemed to reach the level of the floor, and at the same time it changed by degrees from the brilliant white to gray, from gray to clay colour, its smooth surface growing lumpy and rough, like dirt, until it looked like ordinary ground. This process was very, very slow. As each stream of the liquid green ribbon reached the mass, little bubbling surfaces appeared in it, puffing up, like bulging cheeks and lips when the breath is held in them, and suggesting again the human faces. But each time the little bubbles would settle back more and more solidly into the mass, always looking more and more like common earth, or ground. And as this mass changed, the figure on my bed changed also. By slow degrees its brilliant white turned to clay colour, the outlines of the form behind it were lost, and it looked like a heap of common dirt. Then the centre of the heap arched up from over my feet (where it had apparently rested) like the entrance to a cave. The whole of it then grew rough, like the bark of a tree, the sides of the opening seeming like its roots, the arched centre over me like its gnarled trunk. This all turned again to earth ; but now the upper part of the heap had a head with two faces, one male and one female. The female face (which was toward the *back* of the male one) then gradually merged into the head of the male, and again the mass was changed—the head of it becoming successively that of a horse, a dog, a lion, and a buffalo. Then the face grew long, the mass became hairy, and the body of a boar was sitting over me, across my feet. Its hind legs, on which it sat, were toward the back of the bed, where one of the roots of the tree had been ; its body formed an arch over my feet, leaving the red and white figures in my lounge-robe perfectly visible underneath ; its forelegs were supporting its head and shoulders, on the *front* edge of the bed, and facing me, where the

figure of the woman had been—the whole animal seeming to be carefully disposed, so as to avoid the smallest interference with my comfort. The room itself had by this time assumed the appearance of a great cave, the light of which seemed to come from two phosphorescent bars that showed distinctly across a part of one side of it; these bars of light moved from time to time, and I felt they were adjusted and directed (as the green liquid ribbon had been) by the *something* that was on my bed, and was assuming all these metamorphoses. By this light, and standing near the wall surface on which it played, I now discerned the figure of a man, of medium height and in dark clothing. Looking more closely, I saw it was the same one who had been seated by the head of my bed during the flower-dance. He had regular features, no beard and an olive complexion, but his eyes seemed at first like phosphorescent lights, though afterwards they looked more natural. As the other one assumed the boar-like form, the man came toward me, nodding toward the animal. As I looked again at it, it lifted its long snout toward me in a most friendly way, as if to have me rub it. I looked at the man again, who nodded as if to say I should do it. So I lifted my hand and touched the creature's hairy snout, but though it looked solid enough, *my hand passed into thin air*. Then, as it continued to look beseechingly at me, as if asking for more, I made as if rubbing it five or six times. When I stopped, it poked its snout still nearer toward me, and showed two big, gummy tears oozing from its eyes. While looking again toward the man—who by this time had come close to me, and was standing by the head of my bed—I was conscious that the two then exchanged some sort of message, and then the man said to me with perfect distinctness, though in a kind of low whisper, “*kiss him.*” To this I replied by several very decided shakes of my head in the negative. Then the two conferred again together, this time in *whispers*, though I could not catch the words. But they had apparently decided that nothing more should be done, for the animal at once put on an expression of great dejection, and began slowly to draw itself together, as if to pull itself away, and turned itself more and more toward the phosphorescent bars of light on the wall, as if to escape that way, as by a window, which the two long bars of light somewhat re-

sembled. The stillness was intense—the man watching—I watching—and every sense centred upon what was going on, waiting for the moment when the slowly withdrawing form of the animal should completely disappear. But again the hour for my medicine had come. My maid suddenly turned on the electric light, and cave, man and animal were at once replaced by my ordinary surroundings. I gave a great sigh of relief—for the strain of the last few moments had been intense. It was then almost morning. I had been awake the whole night long—but, tired as I was, I still could not sleep; the experience I had just gone through was far too exciting to admit of it. For, during all that cave scene, from the first appearance of the colossal form on my bed until its final disappearance, I had a sense, not precisely of danger to be guarded against, but rather as of some sort of test, or trial, that was being put upon me, and which required the utmost alertness, steadiness and fearlessness on my part to meet. Could it be possible, I afterwards argued, that the influence of the salicylates I had taken, together with three days' fasting, had put me in touch with a part of the elemental world where magicians were operating who, seeking to charm me first with that lovely dance, might afterwards have wrought me harm, had they induced me to kiss that animal? But again, taken all together, in spite of my great fatigue, the result of all I had seen was felt, chiefly, in a great sense of *joy*, which I found it difficult to explain on the above theory. For, though I *had* felt a sense of danger during that last scene, still, there had not been the slightest feeling of *fear* mingled with it. On the contrary, a feeling of keen *alive-ness* never left me, tired as I was. It seemed as though some new consciousness of life and power was around me, guiding me to realms where new possibilities were opening up before me. And ever since that night, the world of matter seems to me *a living thing*. Were those flower-like forms, with their half-human heads, now waking and now sleeping—those metamorphoses from elemental (?) substance to rock, tree, animal and man—were they a lesson sent at once to tell me of the long path the Monad travels in its cycle from Eternity through Time and back to Eternity again, and to test my courage on the Path while learning the lesson sent? Which of these theories is the true one?

This was Wednesday night. On Thursday, towards noon, I was allowed to be partly dressed in warm clothing, to rest on the sofa in my library, to eat some food, and the salicylates were no longer given. The panels still would come in lovely colours when I closed my eyes, but without the living scenes in them, and in the twilight hour, a sketchy scene (not in any panel) by an Egyptian stream, was outlined. But that night my sleep was uninterrupted—and indeed I had need of rest.

While lying wide awake, on Friday morning—my maid having left the room—I was looking with loving eyes on a pastel portrait of my dear husband, hanging against the wall not far from the foot of my bed, which was still standing almost in the middle of my room. The picture has a shaded brownish-yellow background, and while gazing on it, the upper part of this background, between one side of the head and shoulders, began to change. From out the left side of the head now grew *another* head, first sideways, then turning downwards, toward the left shoulder. It floated forward a little, still head downward, then turned round completely, grew smaller, took an entire man's body, and was seen sitting on an armchair facing a round table—all in the small space between the left side of the portrait's head and the frame of the picture. Behind the round table was sitting a woman on a sofa. The man was talking to her. Presently he drew from his breast-pocket a cigar, lighted it, and commenced smoking it. Then he took the cigar gracefully between his fingers, removing it from his mouth, and blowing the little curling puffs of smoke towards the woman, smiling in a gentle, humorous way at her, as if he knew it would tease her. The smoke from the cigar was perfectly clearly to be seen curling over the picture. Then, a boy was standing near the man, and presently the man rose up, turning round, and standing on the other side of the woman, she seeming to rise up and move a little to the left to give him room. There was then another child—I think a girl, but am not sure—in front of the man, this child not quite so tall as the other one, who seemed a boy of about eight or ten years old. The woman, man and two children were now all facing me. And then the man lifted up in his arms a third child, quite young, and held it on his shoulder—the right shoulder,

the one next the woman—and then he placed his other hand on the head of one of the two children in front of him. And as he did this, *phosphorescent lights appeared in the eyes of all five of these figures*, though they were brightest in the eyes of the man and of the child he held in his arms. All the five figures stood there several instants, as if to secure my attention, the man smiling and nodding at me, and the baby in his arms also nodding in a gleeful way. Then all faded out, except the man's figure. This turned round again, and reappeared, lying down, the head toward the front of the picture, the face deathly white, the body shrouded in something dark, and moving away as if it was being carried off toward the background, and I knew the man had died, and was being carried away. Then the woman reappeared, sitting again on the sofa, now looking very sad. Another man, quite different from the other, and also looking very sad, was sitting near her, and directing her attention apparently to two of the children, who were standing in front of her, as if to comfort her. The woman wore a little round bonnet with a long veil over it and hanging down on the sides, and I afterwards remembered that the woman in the sea-voyage view, in those panel pictures, wore the same kind of a bonnet and veil. This then all faded out, and then the head again came out on the side from the left of the portrait's head, as before, and exactly the same thing was repeated, in every detail. And it was done, over and over again, for I should think at least six or eight times, in fact until my maid entered the room with my breakfast, and I stopped looking. During the day, I lay again on the sofa in my library, but when I returned to my bedroom in the evening, I looked at the picture, to see if these changes would again occur. Presently the heads of the man and the young child appeared, as when he (the man) was holding the child—*the phosphorescent lights came again into their eyes, and the man's head nodded and smiled at me as before*—but that was all. The picture has since been as it always was, and no matter how steadily I gaze at it, those changing forms make no sign of coming back.

During Friday, while lying in my library, I was recounting to a friend (Miss B——) the curious story told on Mr. Scott's portrait, and then I said, in reply to a question of hers, that I thought the man must have been meant to represent

Mr. Scott himself, in a previous life, and I spoke of the daughter, the sons and the wife, and said "I wonder who the woman was;" a fine little sharp voice from directly behind Miss B——, said, with perfect distinctness, "*She is here.*" Again I was speaking of it—I think to Mr. K——, Miss B—— standing near the table in the dining room, the door between which and the library was open—and again the same little sharp voice sounded near her, repeating the same words, "*She is here.*" As I was then, however, speaking of the daughter, rather than the wife, I am puzzled to know to which of the two the voice referred—presuming it to have meant to indicate that Miss B—— was one or the other of them.

On one of the evenings while I was still under the influence of salicylates, I noticed a woman of medium size, dressed in gray, with a white kerchief neatly folded around her shoulders, and a white cap, entering my room. She went to my washstand, and seemed to be looking for something, and I had a sense that she was some stray shell from Kâma-loka, whose habit was to nurse the sick, and who had been attracted to my room by my illness. She soon disappeared, however, and I did not see her again. Often during these days I also heard voices, as of people talking in my room, and sometimes I caught glimpses of shadowy forms that I felt were near; but I saw and heard nothing more definite than these, save the words and the figures I have described.

JULIA H. W. SCOTT.

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You may produce wildernesses of machinery and pile process upon process, but the mind of man remains untouched and unchanged. It is not the perfecting of the arts of life or any revolution in the trades of the butcher the baker, or the smith, that will make a new man in a new earth. The great changes in the world, the revolutions that really count, that shake the globe, and do indeed leave a new man in a new earth, come when the spirit is touched, not when this or that ingenious triumph is achieved over matter. One word that is capable of touching the heart and moving the conscience of mankind is more potent, more prevailing, than the discovery of any trick, however strange and subtle, for harnessing the lightning, or bringing bread from earth and stones.—*Spectator*.

## AS ABOVE, SO BELOW

## STRAY THOUGHTS ON THEOSOPHY

## IV.

Οὐρανὸς ἄνω, οὐρανὸς κάτω, ἄστρα ἄνω, ἄστρα κάτω, πᾶν ὃ ἄνω τοῦτο κάτω.

Heaven above, heaven below; stars above, stars below; all that is above, thus also below; understand this and be blessed.

KIRCHER, *Prodrom. Copt.*, pp. 193 and 275.

“As above, so below”—a “great word,” a sacramental phrase, a saying of wisdom, an aphorism, a mystic formula, a fundamental law—or a two-edged sword of word-fence that will probably do the wielder serious damage if he is not previously put through careful training in its handling?

Whether this famous “word” is of Hermetic origin or no, we will not stay formally to enquire. In essence it is probably as old as human thought itself. And, as probably, the *idea* lying underneath it has been turned topsy-turvy more frequently than any other of the immortal company.

“As above, so below” doubtless enshrines some vast idea of analogical law, some basis of true reason, which would sum up the manifold appearances of things into one single verity; but the understanding of the nature of this mystery of manifoldness from the one—all one and one in all—is not to be attained by careless thinking, or by some lucky guess, or by the pastime of artificial correspondencing.

Indeed, if the truth must out, in ninety-nine cases of a hundred, when one uses this phrase to clinch an argument, we find that we have begged the question from the start, ended where we began and asserted the opposite of our logion. Instead of illumining not only the subject we have in hand, but all subjects, by a grasp of the eternal verity concealed within our saying,



we have reversed it into the ephemeral and false proposition: "As below, so above." *Deus*, verily, *inversus est demon*; and there's the devil to pay. But fortunately there is some compensation even in this in an illogical age; for, as all the mystic world knows, *Demon* is nothing else but *deus inversus*.

Yes, even along our most modern lines of thought, even in propositions and principles that are with every day coming more and more into favour in the domain of practical philosophising, we find our ageless aphorism stood upon its head with scantiest ceremony.

In the newest theology, in the latest philosophy, we find a strong tendency to revive the ancient idea that man is the measure of the universe—whether we call this concept pragmatism or by any other name that sounds "as sweet." "As below," then, "so above." In fact we do not seem to be able to get away from this inversion. We like it thus turned upside down; and I am not altogether sure, that even for the keenest minded of us, it is not an excellent exercise thus to anthropomorphise\* the universe, and to fling the shadow of his best within on to the infinite screen of the appearance of the things without. For is not man kin really with all these—worlds, systems, elements, and spaces, infinitudes, and times and timelessness?

But this way of looking at the thing does not as a rule bother the beginner in mystic speculation. Fascinated with some little known fact of the below, marvelling at some striking incident that has come under his notice—striking, fascinating for him, of course—he usually puts a weight upon it that it cannot bear, exaggerates a particular into a universal, and with a desperate plunge of joy imagines that he has finally arrived at truth—taking his topsy-turvy "as below" for the eternal "as above." He does not yet realise that had he truly reached to that "above," he would know not only the solitary "below" that has come dazzlingly into his cosmos, but every other "below" of the same class.

But again from this height of "philosophising" let us come down to mystic commonplace. Of things physical we have certain definite knowledge, summed up in the accurate measure-

\* In the sense of *anthrōpos*, of course, and not of his carcase.

ment, and observations, and general mechanical art of modern science. Beyond this domain for mechanical science there is  $x$ ; for the "seeing" mystic there is not  $x$ , but an indefinite series of phases of subtler and subtler sensations. Now, as every intelligent reader knows, it is just the nature of these extra-normal impressions that is beginning to be critically investigated on the lines of the impersonal method so justly belauded by all scientific workers.

In this domain, of such intense interest to many students of Theosophy, how shall we say our "as above" applies? And here let us start at the beginning; that is to say, the first discrete degree beyond the physical—the psychic or so-called "astral." What constitutes this a discrete degree? Is it in reality a discrete degree? And by discrete I mean, is it discontinuous with the physical; that is to say, is there some fundamental change of kind between the two? "East is east, and West is west"; Astral is astral, and Physical is physical. But how? Sensationally only, or is it also rationally to be distinguished?

The first difficulty that confronts us is this. That, however keen a man's subtler senses may be, no matter how highly "clear-seeing" he may have become—I speak, of course, only of what has come under my own personal observation and from the general literature of the subject,\* he seems unable to convey his own immediate experience cleanly to a second person, unless, of course, that second person can "see" with the first. Try how he may, he is apparently compelled to fall back on physical terms in which to explain; nay, it is highly probable that all that has been written on the "astral" has produced no other impression on non-psychic readers than that it is a subtler phase of the physical. And this presumably because the very seer himself in explaining the impressions he registers to himself, that is, to his physical consciousness, has to translate them into the only forms *that* consciousness can supply, namely physical forms. Indeed, there seems to be a gulf fixed between psychic and physical, so that those impressions which would pass from thence to us, cannot. In other words, they cannot, in the very

\* Of vision and apocalyptic proper, of course, and not of the subjective seeing or recalling of *physical* scenes.

nature of things, come naked into this world; they must be clothed.

Now if this is true, if this is an unavoidable fact in nature, then the very nature of the astral is removed from the nature of the physical by an unbridgeable gulf: "East is east, and West is west." But *is* it really true? Is it only that so far no one is known who can bridge the gulf perfectly? Or supposing even that there be those who can so bridge it; is it that they are unable to make their knowledge known to others, simply because these others cannot bridge the gulf in *their* own personal consciousness, and therefore cannot follow the *continuum* of their more gifted brethren?

But even supposing there is a continuity from physical to astral, it would seem that we must, so to speak, go there, and that it cannot come here. In other words, the astral cannot be precisely registered in the physical, the image cannot exactly reproduce the prototype; for if it could, the one would be the other. What then is the nature of the difference of quality or of degree? How, again, we ask, does astral really differ from physical? Can we in this derive any satisfaction from speculations concerning the so-called "fourth dimension" of matter?

This is a subject of immense difficulty, and I do not propose to enter into anything but its outermost court; in fact, I am incapable of doing so. All that I desire to note for the present is that all analogies between "flatland" and our three-dimensional space, and between the latter and the presupposed fourth-dimensional state, are based upon the most flagrant *petitio principii*. It is a case of "As below, so above," *in excelsis*! "Flatland"—space of two dimensions, *plus* the further gratuitous assumption of two-dimensional beings who have their being and their moving therein—is inconceivable as *matter* of any kind. A superficies is—an idea; it is not a thing of the sensible world. We can conceive a superficies in our minds; it is a mental concept, it is not a sensible reality. We can't see it, nor taste it, nor hear it, nor smell it—nor touch it. Our two-dimensional beings are not only figments of the imagination, they are absolutely inconceivable as entities; they can't move, they can't be conscious of one another, for *in* the abstract concept called a surface, there can be no

position from the standpoint of itself and things like it, but only from the standpoint of another. Even the most primitive sense of touch, would be non-existent for our "flatlanders," for there would be nothing to touch. And so on, and so forth.

Therefore, to imagine how three-dimensional things would appear to the consciousness of a flatlander, and from this by analogy to try to construct four-dimensional things from a series of three-dimensional phenomena, is, apparently, a very vicious circle indeed. We can't get at it that way; we have to seek another way, a very different "other way," apparently, by means of which we may get out of three dimensions into—what? Into—two, either way or every way? Who knows?

Any way, the later Platonic School, curiously enough called the "astral" the "plane"; basing themselves on one of the so-called Chaldæan Oracles: "Do not soil the spirit nor turn the plane into the solid"; where the "spirit" corresponds apparently to what modern theosophical terminology calls the "etheric" and the "plane" to the "astral." As Psellus says, in commenting on this logion: "The Chaldæans clothed the soul in two vestures; the one they called the spirituous, which is woven for it (as it were) out of the sensible body; the other the radiant, subtle and impalpable, which they call the plane."\*

Higher than this were the "lines" and "points," all of which pertained presumably to the region of mind.

What, then, again we ask, is the "astral" proper as compared with the physical? How do things appear to themselves on the astral proper; for so far, in the very nature of things, whenever we talk "down here" of the astral we have to talk of it in terms of the physical? In what, to use a famous term of ancient philosophising, consists its "otherness"? Is "otherness" in this to be thought of and distinguished by a gulf in matter, a gap—which seems to be an absurdity, for "nature does not leap;" she also "abhors a vacuum," *und so weiter*, along this line of aphorism.

Here again we are confronted with the other side of the shield, with the unavoidable intuition that there is a *continuum* in matter; that if it were possible magically to propel a

\* See my *Orpheus*, p. 283 (London; 1896).

human entity into space, he would successively leave his various "vehicles"\* in the spheres of the atmosphere and elements, while, as in the case of John Brown, his soul would "go marching on" until it arrived at the last limit—whenever or wherever that may be, in a universe that ever at every point enters into itself.

However this may be, there is no doubt but that the idea of a cosmic "stuff" or "matter"—whatever such terms may mean—rolled up continuously into itself as in the diagram of the atom so familiar to students of Modern Theosophy—is exceedingly illuminative, if thought of as a *symbol* of force-systems. All things, then, would appear to be solidified down here by the "sky's being rolled up carpet-wise," to paraphrase the Upaniṣhat. The "above" has thus been "involved" into the "below"; and if we could only follow the process, perchance, we should then be able faintly to understand the truth underlying our aphorism. Then, and then only, in the most serious and literal meaning of it, and not in the sarcastic sense of the writer, or rather singer, of the *Shvetāshvataropaniṣhat*: "When, carpet-wise, the sky men shall roll up; then [only, not till then] shall end of sorrow be without men knowing God,"† for then, perchance, they would *be* God.

Now as a matter of fact this *continuum* of matter is the ground on which all scientific thinking is based; perpetual and continuous transformation but no sudden leaps—orderly evolution, no miraculous or uncaused spontaneous surprises. And if this be true it follows that *some day* the direct line of "descent" from astral to physical will be controlled *mechanically* by human invention, and the astral would be made visible to even the most hopelessly profane from a psychic standpoint; and not only so, but the errors of human observation, which vitiate all present psychic investigation, will be obviated, in as marvellous a fashion as the errors of physical observation are now eliminated by the wonderfully delicate instruments already devised by human ingenuity.

This seems immediately to follow from the major premise of

\* Or rather, to speculate more precisely, the molecules of some, the atoms of others, the electrons of others, and so on and so forth.

† *Shv. Up.*, vi. 20. See the *Upaniṣhads* (Mead and Chatterji's Trans.), ii. 97.

our present speculation ; but somehow or other I am by no means satisfied that this will be the case. Is our salvation to be dependent upon machines ? *Dii ex machinis* indeed !

But what has all this to do with "As above, so below" ? Why, this : If the sensible world rises by stages—(and descends by stages, too, for that matter)—from this gross state familiar to us by our normal senses, through ever finer and finer grades of matter, we finally reach—ay, there's the rub ; what do we reach ? Where do we start ? The truth of the matter is—be it whispered lowly—you can't *think it out* in terms of matter. But take the "ever so thin" idea for the moment as sufficiently indefinite for any mystic who is not a metaphysician, using the latter term in the old old way, where *physis* included all nature, that is *natura*, the field of becoming.

"As above, so below"—how many stages above ? Let us say seven, to be in the fashion. The "above" will then be very nebulous presumably, a sort of "spherical" "primitive streak," from the within without—but a "primitive streak" in its own mode and fashion, and differing presumably *toto cælo* from the primitive streak that first appears in physical embryology. There may be "correspondence," but that correspondence must be traced through numerous orders of "matter" ; the very next succeeding order to the physical already acting as force, or energy, to the matter which falls beneath our normal senses. Here we are again, at the very outset, face to face with the "astral"  $x$ —which, compared with the physical, should perhaps be regarded as a "system of forces," rather than as a mould of the same fashion and form as the physical. And if this view is, at any rate, one stage nearer the reality than the interpretation of the astral by purely physical imagery and symbolism—what *can* possibly be the nature of our spherical "primitive streak" stage ; when already at the first remove we beggar all our possibilities of description ?

For we certainly do not get much "farrarder" by simply flinging the picture of the physical, as it were, on to a series of mirrors which differ from one another only in the distance they are removed one from another. At any rate, it seems so to the reflecting mind of man ; though may be it seems quite as natural

to his subtler senses so to speak of their inner experience when he converses physically about them.

Let it be understood once for all that I have not the slightest pretension in any way to decide between these apparently eternal oppositions—the sense and the reason ; indeed, I have a private belief that it would be most unseemly and disastrous to attempt to separate the eternal spouses of this sacred marriage ; not only unseemly but sacrilegious to do so—perchance even the sin against the Holy Ghost. Hand in hand, nay, in the most intimate of all unions, must they ever go together, for ever giving birth to the true Man—who is their common source.

Still it is ever of advantage continuously to keep before our minds the question : What is a prototype ; what is a paradigm ; what a *logos*—a reason ; what an idea ? What, for instance, is the *autozōon*, the animal itself, as compared with all animals ; what the ever the “ same,” as compared with all the “ others ” ?

Here, to help us, the intuition of things that underlay the philosophising of the Western world at its birth in conscious reasoning, from the time of Pythagoras onwards—comes forward with its setting of the noumenal over against the sensible or phenomenal—the mind over against the soul. The characteristic of the pure mind is that it “ sees,” not another, but itself, and knows it ever “ sees ” itself. It is the “ plain of truth ”—where ever are the paradigms, and ideas, and reasons of all things—and when we say “ where ” we do not mean that it is a place or space, for it is the everlasting causation of these, and is not conditioned by them, but self-conditions itself.

It would be too long, it would be too difficult, for me to attempt to write on such a sublime theme in these stray thoughts. One thing alone I have desired to call attention to ; it is the careless translation of terms into consciousness, and the danger of falling too deeply into the habit of what Stallo calls the “ reification of ideas.” For when you have “ reified ” your ideas, be it gravity, or atomicity, or vibration, you have only got the shadow and not the substance ; the appearance, the phenomenon, and not the underlying truth, the noumenon.

It will be already seen that even in this short paper I have used the same words in totally different senses ; for when I speak

of the sacred marriage of mind and sense, I am using "mind" in a different sense from "the mind" of which I have just been speaking, which in this sense stands for the self, the *âtman* of Hindu philosophy.

But no matter how we use our words—and who that loves wisdom is so foolish as to quarrel about words?—it seems to be an inexpugnable position in right reason, that that "sight" which reveals to man the "reasons" of things is a higher and more divine possession than that "sight" which sees the sensible forms of things, no matter how exquisitely beautiful and grandiose such forms may be. And when I say "sees" the "reasons" of things, do I mean the intellectual grasping of some single explanation, some formula, some abstraction? By no means; I mean by "reason" *logos*—I mean that when we "see" the "reasons" of things, we see our "selves" in all things; for our true selves are the true ground of our being, the that in us which constitutes us "Sons of God"—*logoi* as He is *Logos*, kin to Him.

"As above, so below." What, then, is the "above" where there is no place, no direction, no dimension and no time? And *is* the "above" superior to the "below"? Ah, that is where the mind breaks down, unable to grasp it. Is Eternity greater than Time? Is the Same mightier than the Other? Of course it is, we say, as so many in so many schools have said before. But *is it really* so? Are we not still in the region of the opposites; neither of which can exist without the other, and each of which *is* co-equal with the other? We are still in the region of words;—words in this case, not reasons; though the same word does duty for both in Greek—*logos*; showing yet once again that in verity *demon est deus inversus*.

No words indeed can tell of Him, or of That if you so prefer, though the neuter gender is as little appropriate as the masculine. "Thou that art to be worshipped in silence alone!" As Thou art above, so art Thou below; as Thou art in Thyself, so art Thou in Man; as Thyself is in Thee, so is Thy Man in Thyself;—now and for ever.

G. R. S. MEAD.



## FROM MANY LANDS

### BRITISH SECTION

MUCH activity has marked the past month, and the thoughts of Theosophy have been spread far and wide. At Headquarters, Mrs. Annie Besant has given a series of six lectures to crowded audiences on "The Science of Peace," lectures expository of a remarkable book now in the press, written by an Indian author, Bhagavân Dâs, whose name is not unfamiliar to readers of the REVIEW, though less familiar than they would like it to be. Mrs. Besant's four lectures to the Blavatsky Lodge have been delivered at the Elysée Rooms, in order to accommodate the 300 members. The series at the Small Queen's Hall on "Theosophy and the New Psychology" have been much overcrowded, hundreds being turned away each night. Single lectures have been delivered at Hampstead, Battersea, Croydon, Kensington and Islington, and further afield, in Edinburgh and Oxford. The London Lodge had two discourses, and a full tale of work was thus completed. The vivid interest felt in theosophical topics has been shewn by the close attention paid by crowded audiences, and it is clear that the spread of theosophical ideas is going on swiftly in every direction.

The annual meeting of the Blavatsky Lodge was held on May 19th, and the Lodge enlarged its Executive to meet its own growth. Mrs. Besant was elected Hon. President; Mr. G. R. S. Mead, President; Captain the Hon. Otway Cuffe, Mrs. Hooper and Mr. Keightley, Vice-Presidents; Miss Eardley-Wilmot, Secretary; Miss Lloyd, Treasurer; Mrs. Sharpe, Miss Gaimes, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Faulding, Mrs. Betts and Major Lauder, Councillors; Mr. Theobald, Auditor. The Council, with the exception of the Hon. President, was elected for three years, one Vice-President and two Councillors to go out each year, and not to be re-eligible until twelve months had elapsed.

### DUTCH SECTION

The Eighth Dutch Annual Convention was held at Amsterdam on June 18th, and was opened at 10 a.m., Mrs. Annie Besant, on the

invitation of Mynheer Fricke, the General Secretary, speaking a few words of greeting to the assembled members. The Secretary reported the addition to the Section of three new Lodges and 184 new members; fifty-four members had passed away or fallen out during the year. Mynheer van Manen's visit to the Dutch Indies was mentioned. All the officers were re-elected except Mynheer van Manen, required for other work; Mynheer Cnoop Koopman was put in his place. The chairman of the Convention was Mynheer Waller, of Haarlem. A very largely attended *Conversazione* was held in the Concert-Gebouw in the evening, much enlivened by the singing of the Musical Union, presided over by Mevrouw N. van der Linden van Snelrewaard, and admirably trained by Mynheer Dapper.

A quite new feature, showing how Theosophy is permeating human life, was an Exhibition, illustrative of Arts and Crafts, as followed by Dutch and Belgian Theosophists. One of the most striking objects was a small statue, wrought by A. Jef Strijmans, entitled "Despair," a contorted human figure, every line of which expressed hopeless desperation. J. L. M. Lauweriks showed some beautiful specimens of art applied to furniture, and there were some exquisite examples of book-binding and book illustration, to say nothing of art needlework, and admirable pottery and brass work. The walls bore also many paintings, but theosophical Belgian art in this respect has its highest product in the Paris Salon just now, in M. Delville's splendid "Christ," painted for the Brussels Court of Justice. Theosophists should set the example of dignified beauty and chastely stately simplicity of life in the midst of the garish and vulgar show of modern opulent civilisation. For this, too, is of THE WISDOM.

The International Congress opened on Sunday, June 19th, in the Great Hall of the Concert-Gebouw. Mynheer Fricke, as General Secretary, welcomed the Congress to Amsterdam, and Mrs. Annie Besant then delivered the Presidential Address. Mynheer Johan van Manen, the Organising Secretary, read the Secretary's Report, and the departmental chairmen were appointed. Over 600 members were present at the Congress, of whom 150 were from outside Holland. The arrangements made for the convenience of members were perfect. In the evening a lecture on the New Psychology was delivered by Mrs. Besant in the *Vrije Gemeente*, a large church, kindly lent for the occasion.

On Monday and Tuesday the sections met in different halls, for the reading of papers. The Science Section had papers on *Psychical*

*Research*, by Herr Ludwig Deinhard, of Munich, Mr. A. R. Orage, of Leeds, and Herr L. L. Lindeman, of Cologne; on *The Fourth Dimension*, by Signor Emilio Scalfaro, of Bologna, Signor Arturo Reghini, of Florence, and Mrs. S. Corbett, of Manchester; on *Philology*, by Dr. Viriato Diaz-Perez, of Madrid; on *Criminology*, by Mynheer van West, of Haarlem; on *Physiology*, by Dr. Jules Grand, of Paris. The Comparative Religions Section had contributions from Bâbu Purnendu Nârâyana Sinha, Mr. C. Jinarâjadâsa, and Mynheer D. van Hinloopen Labberton. The Brotherhood Section was filled by Mme. E. Weise, M. le Commandant Courmes, both of Paris, and Mr. S. E. Alderman, of California. The Occultism Section was occupied by Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater. The Philosophy Section had secured papers from Dr. Rudolf Steiner, of Berlin, Bâbu Bhagavân Dâs, of Benares, Signor Decio Calvari, of Rome, M. Gaston Polak, of Brussels, and Mr. G. R. S. Mead, of London. The Section for Methods of Work had but one paper, by Mrs. Ivy Hooper, of London. The Art Section had contributions from M. Jean Deville, of Brussels, Mrs. Duncan, of Manchester, and Mme. Amélie André, of Paris.

Outside its labours the Congress held two social meetings, and a second public lecture was delivered by Dr. J. J. Hallo.

The great success of the Congress, on which the Dutch Section must be heartily congratulated, was chiefly due to the energetic labours of de Heer van Manen and Miss Kate Spink, and too much recognition cannot be given to the warmth of the greetings and the cordial brotherhood of the Dutch members.

#### INDIAN SECTION

Indian news brings many records of the keeping of White Lotus Day. At Lahore, H. P. B.'s most faithful friend, the Countess Wachtmeister, presided, and spoke of her great teacher with love and reverence. A pleasant feature in the Indian celebrations is the feeding of the poor, many thousands of whom receive food and clothing "in memory of H. P. B."

The Bombay Lodge carries on a series of Religious Examinations for students of the High Schools in Bombay who are preparing to matriculate. The first Examination was on Mrs. Annie Besant's *Story of the Great War*, and ten students were awarded prizes of various values, Sir Bhalchandra Kṛiṣṇa Bhatwadekar making the presentations. The next Examination—open to both boys and girls—is on Part III.

of the Elementary Text Book, Sanâtana Dharma Series, and twenty-one prizes are to be awarded. At the same time an Examination of Junior Students will be held on Mrs. Besant's *Shrî Râma Chandra, the Ideal King*, and in this also twenty-one prizes will be awarded. The energetic work of Mr. Manmohan Dàs Shroff, and of the Religious and Moral Education Propaganda Committee of which he is Hon. Secretary, is doing much good in Bombay.

A wonderful movement has been started in Benares by a few fanatical Hindus of the extreme orthodox party to outcaste all Hindu members of the Theosophical Society! The work to which they put their hands is a big one, and they will have, if they succeed, to outcaste the flower of Hinduism. It is curious that they should thus play into the hands of the assailants of their faith, but ignorance and bigotry blind the eyes and drive men mad. May it not prove true that "whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad."

#### ITALIAN SECTION

The Executive Committee is much occupied just now with the consideration of the best means of spreading theosophical ideas, and among other plans has established a Correspondence Bureau in Rome for the aiding of students and enquirers.

A religio-philosophical library is to be opened in Florence during the autumn, and in connection with this, courses of lectures will be delivered, dealing with the mystic tradition traceable in Italian literature, as in the writings of the period of the Renaissance. It is hoped thus to revive the Neo-platonic and Neo-pythagorean ideas, so fruitful in thought and in life.

A group has been formed of Italian Jews, students and admirers of the works of the Rabbi Benamozegh, a teacher of Theosophy before the foundation of the Society, and of reincarnation as taught in the Talmud. Rabbi Cerrigo Lates, the President of the group, was a pupil of Rabbi Benamozegh, and works zealously for Theosophy, which embodies the ideas already familiar to him.

#### RUSSIA

Theosophical propoganda in Russia is difficult, with Siberia looming in the background, but steady progress is being made in the land that gave H. P. B. her body, the land she so dearly loved. In the first group, the studies have been on the Ethics of the great Religions, Symbolism and the *Light on the Path*. In the second group,

Proofs of Theosophy, Karma, the *Bhagavad-Gitâ*, and *Dharma*, have been studied, and a discussion on Goethe was held. In the third group, Reincarnation as viewed by the Greek Church, the Seven Principles, and the Christ, have been lectured on. The fourth group has not been meeting. The fifth group devotes itself chiefly to translating and copying. The sixth group has been studying some of Mr. Leadbeater's lectures, and Mrs. Besant's, *Esoteric Christianity*, *Man and His Bodies*, and *Invisible Helpers*. The seventh group has followed similar lines. The eighth group is studying *Ancient Wisdom*. Four additional groups are forming. In circulation are the following, translated into Russian, and either typed or written: six of the Manuals, *Outline of Theosophy*, *Invisible Helpers*, *Light on the Path*, *Voice of the Silence*, *In the Outer Court*, *Esoteric Christianity* (lectures), *Esoteric Philosophy* (original), *Buddhist Catechism*, Dr. Pascal's *Reincarnation*, and *Le Son dans la Nature*, with several pamphlets. Nothing is as yet in print, though it is hoped soon to publish *Light on the Path*. Enquirers are reading these manuscripts all over the land, both in Europe and Asia.

Count Tolstoy has accepted the *Light on the Path* and *Karma* for his series of eastern philosophy, but the Censorship looks much askance at *Karma*. And, in truth, karma is a serious question for the Russian bureaucracy.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

### SPACE AND ITS DIMENSIONS

The Fourth Dimension. By C. Howard Hinton, M.A. (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.; London: 1904. Price 4s. 6d.)

IN this, his latest work, Mr. Hinton has given us the most complete and systematic account of his conception and method of realising a fourth dimension of space which he has yet published. It is an exceedingly interesting and very suggestive book, of quite moderate size, and the subject is treated in an unusually plain, straightforward manner, and nothing could be more direct and lucid than Mr. Hinton's statements and explanations.

The first chapter is very short, a bare half-dozen pages, and simply serves to introduce the reader to the subject; but that is done

in a way both attractive and suggestive. The leading idea is this. The consciousness of the developed man has for contents the same external objects (so-called) as that of the savage, but he has discovered a far greater *depth* in his existence, a world of values and interests which do not exist for the savage. Hence he regards all that appears to the savage as mere externality, as a mere appendage to what he regards as the real world. Now we apprehend these "higher" or "deeper" elements in the world of our experience, generally by means of our emotions and our thoughts, that is subjectively. At this point Hinton puts the question: Is there any way of apprehending this "higher" after the purely objective method of a natural science? And he proceeds to contend that there is such a method, and that it consists essentially in the effort to realise the conception of "higher" space, *i.e.*, space having more than three dimensions.

Chapter II. deals with analogy of a plane world, in relation to three dimensions—the indispensable foundation for the procedure by which he seeks to advance in turn from three dimensions to four; while Chapter III. treats of the significance of a four-dimensional existence, and points out some of the features in our actual three-dimensional experience which seem to suggest it.

Chapters IV. and V. contain a most interesting and readable account, in brief, of the history of the "higher space" conception, with some new and suggestive illustrations and workings out. This is followed by chapters dealing specially with the question of the evidences for a Fourth Dimension, and the use of Four Dimensions in thought, illustrated in relation particularly to the logical forms of the syllogism; and in the next chapter in its relation to the Kantian Theory of Experience. Chapters X. to XIX. describe in some detail Mr. Hinton's method of developing the conception of Four-dimensional Space, and some useful hints are given as to methods of self-training in this direction.

Altogether Mr. Hinton is to be heartily congratulated both on the book itself, and on his publishers, who have done not a little by diagrams and coloured plate to help the reader to grasp the ideas sought to be conveyed.

But having thus given an account of the book, it remains to say something upon its root-idea—the reality of a Fourth Dimension of space. Now I want to put aside altogether, for the time being, any question as to the utility of such a conception, or the advantages to be

derived by the individual from such self-training as Mr. Hinton suggests. How far the fourth dimensional conception may prove *useful* remains to be seen; hitherto it has not led to any very striking or definitely verifiable results, while as for the individual, I have myself not the least doubt of the value of such a discipline to anyone whose mind works easily along such lines. But what I want to ask is the question, what we really mean when we "assume" the existence of a fourth dimension, and whether, *philosophically speaking*, we have a sound and valid basis for such a theory?

And in the first place, it is most needful to *realise* that the word "space," as ordinarily used, has *at least two* entirely distinct and different meanings. Otherwise put, when we talk of "space" we mostly think vaguely of a sort of complex made up of two perfectly different "spaces," which we mistakenly imagine to be one and the same. These two are: first, *perceptual space*; second, *conceptual space*.

Perceptual space is a psychological construction built up out of at least two distinct factors, each of which yields a "perceptual space" of a somewhat different character; and the single perceptual, or 'real' space of experience, in which we suppose ourselves and all objective realities to be immersed, is the outcome of the fusion of these two different "perceptual spaces." They consist: in the inherent extension or spatiality of the perceptions of sight and "touch": the former being purely two-dimensional, the "extension" of the colour-field of vision; the latter (touch) being again triple, a three-fold fusion of feelings of pressure, muscular contraction and articular motion. These perceptual spaces become fused together by the needs of practical life, and finally result in that complex psychological structure known as "ordinary," "real" or perceptual space. Thus spatiality of this kind is a given attribute of the real world of experience, as empirical originally as its colour or its weight.

But this real space is very far indeed from being identical with the space of the geometers. Geometrical space—or conceptual space as it is properly called—is a purely *conceptual* construction founded upon space-perceptions and aiming at the simplest system of calculating the behaviour of bodies in real space. It is a purely *ideal* structure and at no point coincides with real, perceptual space and indeed in many respects it is even antithetical to it.

For instance "space" (conceptual or geometrical) is usually defined as one, empty, homogeneous, continuous, infinite, infinitely divisible, identical, and invariable. Now the real, or *perceptual* space

of experience, is many, filled, heterogeneous, continuous only for perception (if atomism be true), probably finite, not infinitely divisible (atoms again!), and variable—thus contrasting in every respect with conceptual space, which is thus readily seen to be simply an ideal construction, arrived at by abstraction of all these characteristics of the real, perceptual space of our experience.

Now, having once realised this, we are obviously entitled, if we choose, to modify or change in any way that suits us the characteristics of our “conceptual” or “geometrical” space, *providing that we find any substantial advantage in doing so*. And as a matter of fact Lobatchewsky, Bolyai, Gauss and others, have shown that space (in this sense) is a generic conception which may be variously conceived, and that at least three self-coherent and logically perfect systems of Geometry can be worked out, according as the “radius of curvature” of space is taken to be positive, zero (Euclidian, our ordinary geometry) or negative. But these systems of metageometry do not directly deal with the problem of *dimensions* in the sense in which we are concerned with them in Mr. Hinton’s work. Logically, however, I can see no valid objection to such an attempt as his to work out another form of “conceptual” space, and its usefulness and value can only be judged by the results to which it leads, just as the value of the “spherical” and “pseudo-spherical” space conceptions just alluded to is judged by the same canon.

But when, as Hinton does, we try to work, not with an abstract construction, but with real, perceptual analogies, the question seems to take a rather different form; and preliminary problems present themselves. In the first place, the three dimensions of our real, perceptual space constructions are *empirical*, “given in experience,” and depend on the original data of our space-senses, which again in their turn seem to depend on the *triple* analysis of motions by means of the *semicircular canals of the ear*, and the behaviour of the physical bodies to which they are adaptations. Now since this is so, it is at least possible that—let us say on the “astral” plane—there may be data in the sense-perceptions as related to that plane, which might give rise to another “dimension” in the perceptual space *of that plane*. But assuming this to be so, we should not be entitled to treat it, under our present limitations, as co-ordinately “real” with the present three dimensions of our physical experience. And it seems to me that this is perhaps what H. P. B. meant when—in *The Secret Doctrine*\*—she

\* Vol. i., p. 271.



denied point-blank the *real existence* of a Fourth Dimension of *space*. Indeed, read in the light of the foregoing, this passage seems to me to acquire a fuller and more definite meaning and to give the real clue to understanding how and why it is that some of our "seers" describe experiences on other planes which seem to confirm and establish the truth of such a conception as Hinton's in spite of H. P. B.'s statement. This has always been a puzzle to me, but I think we have now a clue to its solution. For once we *realise* that our "dimensions" of space are *empirically given* by our experience of matter and its qualities, it becomes easy to see that when—*e.g.*, on the astral—we are dealing with matter manifesting *additional qualities*, we may very easily come to build up a *perceptual space* having four or more dimensions—only it will be *our perceptions and not space itself* in which the "dimensions" will inhere.

Whether or no the further evolution of physical matter will lead to a similar result on this plane, is a question I cannot answer; but if so, I feel confident that the "new dimension" will *not* be such as Hinton's theory requires, *i.e.*, it will not be a dimension of the same order or kind as "length, breadth, and thickness"; although it may be possible that for *conceptual* purposes we shall then find a much greater usefulness and value in a scheme like Hinton's than seems likely at present, though, even now, the immediate future may just possibly utilise such a method in the domains of molecular physics, as Hinton himself suggests. Only we had better remember that such conceptual use does not make it *really* true that *space* has more than three dimensions, but only that we find in the geometry of a conceptual four-dimensional space, a useful means of formulating and solving some of the problems of physics.

B. K.

#### ASTROLOGY AND ETHICS

Rays of Truth. A Series of Essays and Articles chiefly relating to the Religious Aspect of Astrology. By Bessie Leo, reprinted from *Modern Astrology*. (London: The *Modern Astrology* Office; 1904. Price 3s. 6d.)

THESE papers have an astrological basis, but the usual point of view of those who have followed the footsteps of the Alexandrine Ptolemy finds no favour in the eyes of Mrs. Leo. She puts aside all idea of possibility that the physical planets, as such, can exert an influence on the destiny of man on this earth. She builds instead on the view

that matter is "alive," and that just as each atom of matter is in its degree a centre of divine consciousness, so each planet is a centre of consciousness in a high degree and represents the united consciousnesses of highly evolved "lives" that, on the "form" side, are connected with the physical planets we see. In fact, the astrology so postulated is based on the view of a guiding and directive power expressed through seven great planetary beings or systems of beings, who are physically represented in the heavens by the planets; and in the cosmic drama these are the agents of the lofty Being represented on the physical plane by the Sun, around whom this earth and "the Seven" in question revolve. In the far background are innumerable suns, definite centres of evolved life and divine consciousness, which combine in shedding on us their distinctive living influences expressed through twelve vast segments of space known as the twelve signs of the zodiac. The centre to us of this great drama is the earth, which is, as it were, the focus of the universal cosmic forces which are ever raining their particular influences upon it. If we regard the earth as the focus of our solar world, it is as the Ogdoad with regard to the planetary Seven; it may also be considered as at one pole of consciousness with the Sun at the other, for these in their states of evolution are relatively to one another as "matter" and "spirit." The goal of human evolution is for "matter" to be permeated by "spirit" and rendered at-one with it. "Matter" and "spirit," the earth and the Sun, are essentially opposite parts of a definite, evolving solar Unit of the divine consciousness; the Seven are the intermediate portions of the Unity, and each holds rule or charge over one of the seven stages, or planes, or states of consciousness therein, whether regarded in the universal or in the particular.

With such ideas as a basis, Mrs. Leo in a series of short essays builds up the view that astrology represents essentially "the Law" of human evolution in the process of manifestation. Our character and general destiny from birth are the product of the earlier earth-lives of our soul, and are recorded in the heavens by "the moving finger" at the moment of birth, declaring to all who can therein read it the place that the soul has attained in its evolution, with its many characteristics and tendencies. She also asserts that the purpose of the present life and the precise *dharma*, or duty, or next necessary step that should be taken by the soul if it would over-rule the destiny we have hitherto prepared for ourselves, are as surely indicated by the horoscope at birth as the needle of a compass points to the pole of the earth,

giving the shortest and most direct path along which to travel up the mountain of life to reach the summit. Astrology is thus regarded as offering a definite chart in life for those who are prepared to seek in it not how to satisfy the desires of the mere outer personality, but how to take the next step necessary towards the true goal of the soul's ever-becoming. The beliefs which have connected astrology merely with "luck" are brushed aside, also the "karma-dodging" view which some have applied to it. As we act in our present life, so do we shape the outlines of our next earth-life. Character and destiny are intermingled, and the former is the cause of the latter, and all that is added to the nature in one life is recorded in the scroll of the heavens and is evidenced at each succeeding birth. Foster and cultivate the highest part of our nature in its ethical and artistic and spiritual side, and under the guidance of the high beings attached to our own solar universe, the destiny will take care of itself and will be suitably meted out for the further development of the nature. With these views, Mrs. Leo specially advocates that those who have the care of the young should learn their horoscopes and ascertain therefrom the lines upon which the child should best be trained, so as to develop the good that it may grow and starve out the evil.

Astrology has again and again throughout many centuries been dragged down to its lowest uses, and there is always the risk that a little knowledge of the subject may prove a distinct danger. It is, therefore, rightly tabooed for the masses. But while it is not a subject for the many, it is likely to prove of stimulating value to those whose natures are on the upward trend and who at the same time are naturally inclined towards the occult presentment of star lore. In such cases this little book is likely to prove suggestive and helpful.

J. S. B.

#### NUMBERS

Magic Squares, Circles, etc. By I. O. M. A. (To be had, post free, 4s., from U. T. S., 3, Evelyn Terrace, Brighton.)

ANY of our readers who may be Pythagoreans born, and think (as the Deity creates) by number, weight and measure, will doubtless find profit in this collection. That the "brief explanation" promised seems to be confined to three or four headings, as unintelligible to the profane as the application of the squares themselves, will possibly add to the attraction of the little book for the elect—to whom the reviewer does *not* belong.

A. A. W.

## THE NEW SPRING-TIDE OF THE IDEAL

Primavera d'Idee nella Vita Moderna, da Amalda Cervesato. (Gius. Laterza & Figli, Bari.)

WE are happy to introduce to our readers a new work by the learned and brilliant Editor of *La Nuova Parola*, a monthly which is doing a great work in spreading theosophical principles in Italy. This object is probably attained more effectually for acting indirectly, its aim being to introduce the Italian public to the principles which lie at the base of our doctrines rather than merely to repeat the words in which we English express them. His Italian readers, belonging to the race which he calls "the freest and most self-possessed in the whole world," need a different style from our colder and stiffer North.

The work is, in form, an introduction to a series of letters on the subject from a large number of the best writers of the various countries of Europe (amongst these Mrs. Besant, Mr. Mead, and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley). It opens with a survey of the characteristics of the last century, in the field of *action* as the age of machinery; in the field of *thought* as that of anarchy. Next, under the title of "The Gospel of the Age," he gives us a review of the Comtist Positive Philosophy and the materialism which has culminated in the explanation of everything like genius or idealism as brain-disease, which we owe to Nordau and Lombroso. One perceives in reading this summary what a much more practical and pressing question the revival of Idealism is in a country like Italy, teeming with new life and thought, dominated down to its last fibre by the principles of the newest school of philosophy, than in the land of John Bull, who keeps his balance mainly because neither materialism nor idealism are much more than words to him; his valued "common sense" preventing him from falling into the depths, but equally from rising to the heights of an Ideal. In the next chapter our author gives his view of the New Harmony he hopes to help to bring about. "What do we mean by Idealism?" he says. "Is it the pompous philosophical doctrine which seems to go back to Parmenides, and which so occupied the English thought of the last century? No; we are at once more practical and more modest. The idealism whose dawn we perceive is but the reaction from the positivism and the individualism of the past. It is the return—in philosophy—to greater mystery and higher morality; in literature and art—to deeper feeling and nobler thought; in social economy—to more perfect justice and fuller fraternity; in law—to better protection

and greater humanity." For the apostles of the new doctrine we are to look to Ruskin, Wagner, Tolstoy, and Mazzini; and in these names we have occasion for the only criticism we are inclined to make. The world at all times *has* its ideal—high or low, as the world itself may stand at the time. As a matter of fact, and not of theory, the world is *not* moving in their direction; and the true task of a philosopher is not the hopeless one of staying the world's movements; rather it is to discover the goal towards which they are at the present directed, and to find out how the movement which we cannot stay, but may possibly influence, may be guided to an ideal somewhat above and beyond its present scope. To do any good we must entirely abandon the old religious position, that we know better how the world should progress than our fellows do; that is already quite out of date. What we have to do is to yield ourselves to the great tide which carries us on—most of us know not where, though the Powers who rule it know; our duty, to avoid being caught in the eddies and backwaters about the bank and so left to revolve in aimless and meaningless circles, whilst the Life passes us by.

We recommend the book very heartily to our readers; it will introduce them to a new circle of life and thought of which we are too ignorant; and they cannot have a better guide to the New Harmonies of Italian thought than Dr. Cervesato. Had we command of the insinuating and coaxing superlatives of his own graceful tongue we should say much more, but not more thoroughly mean what our rough English permits us.

A. A. W.

#### MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*Theosophist*, May. From the "Old Diary Leaves," which are this month mainly filled with matters interesting as part of the Colonel's Autobiography, but which have not much bearing on the history of the Society, we take his comments on a Dominican friar, met at Dr. Baraduc's house. "There is something about these well-educated ascetics of different religions, a something of unworldliness and high aspiration, which leaves a lasting impression upon the minds of those who come into contact with them. No wonder that princes show them homage, and the greatest merchants and capitalists place themselves at their feet to receive instruction. I have met many in my time—Hindus, Buddhists, Parsis, Mahomedans and Christians, all of whom made me think better of humanity; but towering above them

all, and excelling them in sweetness of expression and speech and the resplendency of spirituality, stand our Teachers and Masters." After Mr. Leadbeater's "How to build Character," we have a very thoughtful and valuable study by W. G. John on "Morality and Knowledge," in which he reminds us that "the morality of the nature of each one of us is the outcome in totality of all that has gone before, but in each life as it comes on the boards, that nature is brought out by this teacher or that, by this or that environment. Our moral ideals are determined by character, not by those who voice them for us. Do we require any sanctions for morality? It is part of the blue sky over our heads. Injunctions for love and kindness are written on every page of human intercourse—but of course there are questions of degree—yet in his way the African savage will read them and conform, just as will Herbert Spencer or Thomas à Kempis. Everywhere are beginnings." Important papers also are "Christian Doctrine and Reincarnation," by W. A. Mayers; "The Other Self," by S. Stuart; "Hinduism and Christianity," by Ellen S. Gaskell. In this last, doubts are expressed as to the possibility of a renaissance of the Hindu society *in its old shape*, as attempted by Mrs. Besant, which other thinkers share; but her suggestion that Mrs. Besant's movement fails by taking no account of the women of India is a misapprehension which should not have been possible, and shows that Mrs. Gaskell condemns without having taken the trouble to know what Mrs. Besant is actually doing—a very common fault. "The Noble Eightfold Path," reprinted from *Buddhism*, concludes a number of more than usual importance.

*Theosophy in India*, May. Here "Seeker" presses the much-needed lesson that "no amount of heroic self-sacrificers of the West can save India from her present lethargy; her own heart must beat systematically—a mere transfusion of other people's blood in her anæmic body can but revive her for a time." This is so; "other people's blood" is being lavishly poured in—the question is, as in the medical parallel, whether this will be of avail to set the heart once more beating with life. If it *does*, it will have been well spent; but time only can show. Jogendra Singh carries out the same line of thought in an impressive address. After this, Mr. Fullerton's interesting account of Theosophy in America, Mrs. Besant's lecture on "The Three Worlds," and even the Dreamer's "Problems of Metaphysics," seem almost to come under the head of "light reading."

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, May, is a good number, in which the continuation of M. Rangachariar's thoughtful and well-written paper on "Hindu Social Reform on National Lines" is again the most important part. The girls' school is being pushed forwards; the collections for it amount to Rs. 2551 in all.

*Theosophic Gleaner*, May. Narrain Rai Varma's name does not appear in this number—we trust the fate suggested for him in our last has not really overtaken him! The contents are interesting, but mainly reprints.

*The Dawn*, April and May; *The Sun of Truth*; *The Indian Review*, April and May; and *East and West* are also acknowledged with thanks.

*The Vâhan* for June has questions as to the meaning and origin of "Amen," and whether H. P. B.'s advice as to the means of protection on going into crowds "may be taken seriously," to which last E. A. B. wisely replies that the thing most needful to take seriously is H. P. B.'s closing remark: "But the best protection is a clear conscience and a firm desire to benefit Humanity."

*Lotus Journal*, June. In this number we have the continuation of H. Whyte's account of the Hindu Religion and of Miss Mallet's "Outlines of Theosophy." With other good reading we have the commencement of a story by Michael Wood. We have also from the same publishers the first number of the quarterly reprint, *The Golden Chain Circle*, price 1d., or the year, post free, 6d. Given with this number is the Golden Chain Hymn, with music by our well-known F.T.S., Mr. H. E. Nichol, Mus. Bac. We hope this will be the means of bringing many members to the Circle.

*Bulletin Théosophique*, June, is naturally enthusiastic over Mrs. Besant's visit to Paris. We only wish we had space to quote in full the graceful and polished French in which it is told. The Commemoration Service on White Lotus Day is also detailed; and a valuable note is given on the differing shades of meaning in the corresponding English and French words—a subject which might well be treated more fully in the *Revue*.

*Revue Théosophique*, May, has a very interesting paper by "Héra" on the life after Death. Our theosophical teaching as to this is well illustrated by a tale quoted from the Yoga Vâshiṣṭha, of a Brâhmana who, having once envied the rank and state of a King, after death "became a glorious monarch, master of a vast territory, commanding innumerable subjects, receiving embassies, directing wars and building

towns and fortresses. Nevertheless, all this immense empire was contained within the limits of the dead Brâhmaņa's astral body! "

*Theosophia*, May and June, commences its new volume with a new cover of rather solemn sage-green, and a Watch-Tower like our own. The leading contents of the two numbers are: "The Social Value of Theosophy," by S. van West; "The Great Pyramid," by H. v. Ginkel; "Practical Difficulties," by Ada Wallis; the opening chapters of "In the Wood—a story of a young Hermit," by E. Windust; a note on "Mary Worship," by Chr. J. Schuver; and contributions by Dr. Ch. M. v. Deventer on "Neo-Platonic Theosophy" and "Plato's Doctrine of Incarnation." The Editor, Dr. J. J. Hallo, finds much interesting matter for his Watch-Tower, and we think his readers will regard the innovation as a success.

*Der Vâhan*, May. Here Mme. Helene von Schewitsch continues her "Hints on Practical Theosophy." That on this she is well qualified to speak her opening words may testify. "The old religions taught that an Atheist is one who does not believe in God. The new Religion teaches that he who does not believe in *himself* is an Atheist. Confidence in ourselves is the one ideal by which Humanity can be elevated. From the history of Humanity we may learn that in the lives of great men and women nothing, from their earliest youth, has so helped them as self-confidence; and that in the very consciousness of having been born for great things they have indeed become great." And this self-confidence, we may add, is no presumption, but the consciousness that "we ourselves are verily the Supreme Brahm!" We are glad to see original questions and answers—a most important improvement.

*Theosophy in Australasia*, April, contains the report of the Tenth Annual Convention. The Section now numbers 404 on the roll. The Secretary speaks very encouragingly of the activities, especially of the sale of books—at Sydney alone to the amount of £137—the funds of the Section only not increasing, and showing a general deficiency of £16 at the year's end.

Also received *Sophia* (Spain), *Sophia* (Santiago de Chile), *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, *South African Theosophist*, *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, *Theosophic Messenger*, *Theosophie*, and *Theosofisch Maandblad*; and of other literature, *La Nuova Parola*; No. 3 of *Buddhism*; *Mind*; *Modern Astrology*; *Destiny*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Light*; *The Humanitarian*. *Mystères de Ceres et de Bacchus*, a small 1s. volume by H. Lizaray, published by Vigot Frères, Paris, contains nothing of value for our purposes.