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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THOSE who stand out as leaders in any organised body ought to act with some sense of responsibility, otherwise they injure their cause instead of serving it. Archdeacon Sinclair lately preached in S. Paul's Cathedral a sermon on Theosophy, attacking it with much bitterness. Archdeacon Sinclair is a dignitary of the Church, and S. Paul's Cathedral is the metropolitan church; the speaker and the place give us the right to expect a scholarly and well-weighted statement. Some of the opinions ascribed to Theosophists were strangely unfamiliar to students, and an inquisitive Theosophist wrote to the Archdeacon and gently enquired as to his authority. It was: *Earth's Earliest Ages, and their Connection with Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy*, by G. H. Pember, M.A., author of *The Great Prophecies*, etc.; publishers, Hodder and Stoughton! The object of this work, as stated in the preface, is to prove that the first chapter of Genesis, with those that follow it, is "plain history, and must, therefore, be accepted as a literal statement of facts"; the writer states that the "Days of the Son of Man," *i.e.*, the coming of Christ, are near, that Spiritualism is a "revival of the last and greatest cause of corruption in the days

of Noah," and that "two other waves of kindred thought, Theosophy and Buddhism, had followed it." Theosophy comes from "‘descending angels,’ who can be none than those Nephilim which the Bible mentions as having already appeared twice upon earth"; and "it would seem to have been by means of this very doctrine that Satan effaced the primal revelation from the minds of the intellectual among men." Such is the source from which Archdeacon Sinclair, by his own statement, drew his material for his sermon. Now in this book no references are made to accepted Theosophical works, on any point of doctrine; there are two references to *Isis Unveiled* and one to the *Occult World*, but these do not deal with doctrines. The teaching is taken from *The Perfect Way*, published in 1882. "One of the Theosophic writers," who calls Christianity Paulism, and quotes Swedenborg as seeing S. Paul in hell is—Dr. Kenealy, who published his book five years before the Society was founded, and was an independent thinker, a mystic, but most certainly one whose sayings cannot be fairly quoted as embodying modern Theosophical views. We put it to Archdeacon Sinclair: Is this a fair way to present Theosophical teachings, or does he hold to the view once widely current, that no faith need be kept with heretics?

* * *

THE Church Missionary Society seems to be angry with Theosophists in India. In its annual report, extracts from which are published in the *Guardian*, it becomes almost "You're a Pagan" hysterical over the success of the Central Hindu College, Benares, and complains of the English workers there who:

Give their whole services gratuitously, or for bare sustenance, to the work of this College; so that the marvellous sight is seen of English professors (of both sexes) in greater numbers than are to be found in any other college in India (except possibly in the presidency cities), zealously engaged in the instruction of Indian boys out of pure anti-Christian fervour. The sight is a saddening, nay, a sickening one; What is the teaching, and what the influence of the Central Hindu College? Perhaps one word might sum it up—pagan.

Good Dr. Hooper is a little over-excited. There is no "anti-Christian fervour" in the case, but only a genuine desire to help people of another race and creed to obtain good education with-

out forcing on them an alien religion. "Pagan" is not a bad word, though uttered with discourteous intent. Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates, Zoroaster, the Buddha, the Manu, Confucius, Lao-tze, were all Pagans. They are a grand company, the Pagans. It is a word with a splendid connotation. Dr. Hooper also states that the College authorities forbade a married professor to visit the missionary Principal of a neighbouring College. That is not true, and Mrs. Besant has so written to the *Guardian*. Every professor is free to visit whom he will—naturally—and the College staff has very friendly relations with the missionary staff. In fact, Mrs. Besant herself, to say nothing of College officials, has twice attended the annual prize-givings at one of the missionary institutions.

* * *

THE Rev. Dr. Cobb, rector of S. Ethelburga's, City, is a very outspoken gentleman. In his parish magazine he delivers himself as follows :

Practical Atheism The Church papers are crying out that Canon Henson should be deprived and that Mr. Lilly has no business even to think of being present at a lecture by Mrs. Besant. Both of these eminent men may be right, for all that Church papers know, but the proposition that clergy should be put to perpetual silence where they do not adore the *vultus instantis tyranni*, or shout with the *civium ardor prava jubentium*, is Italian, not English. There was a time in the history of the English Church when the clergy were scholars and thinkers, Now, when one of them strays into those old paths, our atheistical Church papers invoke authority. They do so because they live on a materialised religiosity, and that is nothing but practical atheism.

Bold words, but sadly true. They may be put beside the rebuke of the Bishop of Ripon, quoted in our August issue. There is hope for the Church while some of her leaders see so clearly what she needs.

* * *

THE *Manchester Evening News*, commenting on the British Association Sermon, preached this year by Professor Bonney, remarks that :

Perilously near He is getting very near to the contention of Mrs.
Theosophy Besant, to which we referred when she spoke recently
in Manchester, that the old ecclesiastical supports of
Christianity will fail us, sooner or later, and that we shall have to fall back

on the universal experience of mankind. . . . Are we not, perhaps, looking on, nay, taking part in, the inevitable change and development which even the oldest and most cherished creeds must sooner or later undergo?

Those will be the wisest helpers of Christianity who recognise the need of a new interpretation and a new method, and who work intelligently with the spirit of the time instead of being dragged unwillingly at the wheels of its chariot.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette prints a curious story from the *Rendiconti* of the Accademia dei Lincei. It runs as follows :

A Strange Story of mature age whose family name is still unknown, but who seems to have been called Guglielma, or Guillelma.

No one knows whence she came, and in the process of the Inquisition she is called a Bohemian, though contemporary records declare she was last from England. She had with her a son who was still a child, and supported herself in very modest fashion, at first by manual labour, and afterwards on the contributions of the friends she made for herself. She was gentle and pious in her life, and entirely free from any suggestion of religious imposture. Yet it soon began to be whispered in Milan that she was a new incarnation of Christ in female form, and that she possessed the *stigmata*, or Five Wounds, exhibited by St. Francis d'Assisi and other mystics. She seems to have asserted this herself, although she shrank from any idea of personal worship, repeatedly telling her would-be devotees that she was born, like them, "of a man and a woman," and was "only a poor creature and a contemptible worm of earth." Before long she found herself at the head of a sect by which she was adored, and when she died and was buried with much pomp in the Cistercian [? Carthusian] church of Chiaravalle, near Milan, miracles came to be wrought at her tomb.

* * *

Science Siftings gives a report of an interview with Dr. Stenson Hooker, of Gloucester Place, London, W., in which Dr. Hooker tells something of his knowledge of auras. He

Another Witness is able to see auras for himself, and has made many observations :

The doctor has a volume of tabulated cases. In this work he has described the colours of the auras—which he obtains from feeling the letters of all sorts and conditions of men, and it is certainly interesting to learn how lunatics, as a class, emanate one colour, men of genius another, evil-minded persons another, philanthropists their special hue, and so on; and the wonderful unanimity which pervades all the evidence seems to place the

matter quite out of the range of mere coincidence, while such care has been taken in these experiments that guessing the auras is out of the question.

It would appear from what Dr. Hooker tells us that thoughts have both form and colour, though these are invisible to most people, and, further, that they are of such a subtle nature that they inter-penetrate anything which is touched or handled. Hence, a written letter is filled with the thought-world of the writer, and this thought-world is mirrored on to the psychic plane of others, and perceived subjectively by those who are sufficiently receptive to its influence.

Reverting for a moment to the colour of auras, Dr. Hooker assured us that any temporary condition, physical or mental, would, for the time being, change the colour of the emanation. A person of erratic disposition will give out hues as changeable as those of the chameleon; he knows one friend whose aura is scarcely ever the same tint. On the other hand he has tried the aura of another person a dozen times or more at different intervals of time; this man is endeavouring to live a resolute, steady, and philanthropic life, and his aura is invariably the same, *viz.*, a beautiful pink, though, on one or two occasions when some little anxiety was present, sure enough it was indicated by a touch of grey in the pink.

Dr. Hooker, however, added a well-advised warning :

Dr. Hooker was emphatic in his opinion that a certain class of people, neurotics and others, had much better leave the studies of these psychic matters severely alone; only well-balanced minds and those of strong nerves should take them up, and not even then unless the motive was a worthy and sufficient one.

* * *

A VALUED French correspondent writes :

“The interesting experiments of M. Jean Becquerel have shown that the anæsthesia produced by chloroform stops the emission of the ‘N’ rays. An animal, at the moment of death, emitted a strong flow of ‘N’ rays from the spinal column and medulla oblongata, suddenly illuminating a fluorescent screen. Is it not the quitting of the dense body by the etheric which is accompanied by this sudden emission? M. Becquerel has also shown that metals which are transparent for the ‘N’ rays become opaque to them when chloroform or ether is exhibited to them. This recalls the experiments of Prof. Jagadish Chandra Bose on the response of metals to electric stimulus.”

The “N” rays appear to be caused by the vibrations of the etheric double, and we may look for interesting developments.

AN association—to which only members of the Church of England are admissible—is being formed to “revive the teaching and practice of the early centuries concerning Faith Healing divine healing.” So says the *Daily News*. And it goes on :

A number of meetings have recently been held, and, as a result, a number of clergymen of all schools of thought, including Evangelicals like the Rector of Brompton and the Vicar of Potter's Bar, and those more closely connected with the High Church Party, such as the Revs. Percy Dearmer and Conrad Noel, have become sympathetic helpers. The Rev. B. S. Lombard, of All Hallows, North St. Pancras, is acting for the time as Secretary of the movement.

Mr. Noel thus defines the objects of the association :

We have two principal objects: First, to study sympathetically and critically the movements of mental and spiritual healing, and to examine alleged cures; and, secondly, to develope and extend the knowledge of Scripture and Church tradition on the subject.

Asked if it were intended to revive any of the older customs of the Church, Mr. Noel replied :

We have issued a small paper containing the various prayers, etc., formerly used. We hope to have revived the old practice of unction or anointing.

The Christian Scientists may congratulate themselves on this movement, though it does not entirely accept their principles.

* * *

THE following significant passage occurs in an essay on Jacob Böhme, by the late Primate of the Danish Church, the Right Rev. Dr. Martensen; it shows a wise and liberal spirit, and contrasts very favourably with the position taken up by some English

Bishops :

After having finished this sketch, the nature of which is indeed more tentative than conclusive, . . . there seems to be a need for making a series of investigations into the relation of theosophy to theology and philosophy, to defend theosophy against its antagonists, whether theological or philosophical, and to enter into discussion with them. However, I do not intend to do this. I shall confine myself to a few short words. In regard to theology I will only remark in general that, according to my conviction, which has been considerably strengthened by these researches, the theology of the Church does not act wisely in assuming a hostile attitude

towards theosophy, or in excluding it entirely. It does not act wisely in doing so, because thereby it deprives itself of a very important leaven, a source of revival and rejuvenescence, which it so much needs; as it will easily run the risk of becoming stagnant in a sterile and dry scholasticism and a fruitless empty criticism.

Regarding the accusation that theosophy is non-scriptural, that is to say, opposed to the common exegesis, nobody insists that theosophy is infallible; but one thing must be evident to any theologian who has some deeper knowledge of theosophy: that it has put forward and drawn attention to a number of scriptural ideas, of which theology has taken no notice, or to which it has only paid very little attention, for the reason that it does not possess the categories necessary for understanding them. The history of the Church also proves that you can scarcely find any dogmatic work of consequence whose effects have extended beyond the narrow limits of the school, that has not contained a vitalising element either of mysticism or theosophy, or of both together.

Concerning philosophers and other reasoners who in the name of modern science attack, not only theosophy, but theology, nay, even Christianity itself, I will only mention one sentence taken from one of Böhme's writings: "No Spirit can see deeper than into its own mother, in which it has its origin and being; for it is not possible for any Spirit by its own natural powers to gaze into another principium unless it is born into it."

NIRVĀṆA

THERE is, O Bhikkhus, that Abode where there is truly no earth, no water, no fire, no air, no etheric world, no world of ideation, no world of the non-being, no world of what is neither cognition nor non-cognition; no this world nor that world, and both the sun and the moon. That I call, O Bhikkhus, neither coming nor going, nor yet standing, neither falling nor arising. Without foundation, unchanged and without support surely is that. That alone is the end of suffering.

There is, O Bhikkhus, That which is unborn, which has not become, is uncreate, and unevolved. Unless, O Bhikkhus, there were That which is unborn, which has not become, is uncreate and unevolved, there could not be cognised here the springing out of what is born, has become, is created and evolved. And surely because, O Bhikkhus, there is That which is unborn, has not become, is uncreate and unevolved, therefore is cognised the outspringing of what is born, has become, is created and evolved.

Udānam, viii. 1 and 3.

CORRESPONDENCE

H. P. B. AND "THE COMMA"

DEAR SIR,

In a footnote to your very interesting article "Concerning H. P. B.," you express your surprise at H. P. B.'s knowing so little of mathematics as to confuse the decimal point with a comma. But did she? In France the comma is (or was) more frequently used than the point in decimals, and I should think it quite likely that H. P. B. was taught to use the comma. I quote from a French arithmetic book before me: "Et d'abord, pour ne pas confondre les entiers avec les décimales, on a placé ces dernières à la droite des entiers, dont on les sépare par un point ou *plus ordinairement* par une *virgule*" (*Arithmétique Commerciale et Pratique*, par Edmond Degranges; 1867). The following chapter is entitled "De la Virgule," and the comma is used in all the examples. It is a rather confusing laxness, for though 1,006 is called on the page quoted "un entier, six millièmes," 2,070 on the preceding page is called "deux mille, soixante-dix"!

It is a small matter to write to you about, but I thought from your remark you *might* not know that the above was the case.

Yours faithfully,

A. G. ELPHICK.

With Dr. Johnson I can only reply: "Ignorance, Sir, sheer ignorance." I did *not* know the fact brought forward by Mr. Elphick. But even so, H. P. B. still remains for me, as far as her normal consciousness was concerned, an utter dunce in mathematics. She invariably and laboriously counted a whole MS. right through, and on her fingers, to get at its number of words, and would never be persuaded that any more rapid method of arriving at the result could have any virtue. Indeed in mathematics she was grotesquely archaic, and yet *The Secret Doctrine* deals, and deals most skilfully, with high mathematical problems! If H. P. B. did not mistake the point for a comma, and actually saw (psychically) a comma, then it is of interest to some of us, for it would indicate that H. P. B.'s informant had learned *his* mathematics in France—if, of course (and I again have to plead my ignorance), the comma is, or was, not used elsewhere on the continent to represent the decimal point.—G. R. S. M.

THE PERFECT SERMON, OR THE ASCLEPIUS

A SERMON OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES TO ASCLEPIUS*

I.

[I. M.†] [TRISMEGISTUS.] God, O Asclepius, hath brought thee unto us that thou mayest hear a godly sermon,‡ a sermon such as well may seem of all the previous ones we've [either] uttered, or with which we've been inspired by the divine, more godly than the piety of [ordinary] faith.

If thou with eye of intellect§ shalt *see* this word|| thou shalt in thy whole mind be filled quite full of all things good.

If that, indeed, the "many" be the "good," and not the "one," in which are "all." Indeed the difference between the

* The Greek original is lost, and only a Latin version remains to us. I use the critical text of Hildebrand (G. F.), *L. Apuleii Opera Omnia ex Fide Optimorum Codicum* (Leipzig; 1842), Pars II., pp. 279-334; but have very occasionally preferred the text in Patrizzi's *Nova de Universis Philosophia* (Venice; 1593), or of the Bipontine edition of Appuleius, *Lucii Apuleji Madanensis Platonici Philosophi Opera* (Biponti; 1788), pp. 285-325.

The titles in the MSS. vary. The heading preferred by H. is "Asclepius or a Dialogue of Thrice-greatest Hermes"; while in B. the title stands: "Thrice-greatest Hermes Concerning the Nature of the Gods; [A Sermon] addressed to Asclepius." Ménard, the French translator, prefers: "A Sermon of Initiation or Asclepius."

The treatise begins with a transparent gloss, the marginal note of some scribe, or student, which has improperly crept into the text. It runs: "This 'Asclepius' is my sun-god"; that is to say, apparently: "This sermon 'Asclepius' has illumined me"; from which it is probable that the title lying before the scribe was "Asclepius" simply. On the other hand the Church Father Lactantius, writing at the beginning of the fourth century, and quoting from the Greek original of our treatise, says twice (*Div. Instit.*, iv. 6 and vii. 18): "*Hermes in eo libro qui λόγος τέλειος inscribitur*"; that is "Hermes in the book entitled 'The Perfect Sermon,'" or "'The Sermon of Initiation'"; and once (*ibid.*, vi. 25) in Latin version from the Greek he says: "*in illo Sermone Perfecto*"; and this title I have accordingly preferred.

† Ménard has divided the treatise into fifteen parts which I have thus distinguished; the numbering of the chapters are those usually found.

‡ Or, a sermon about the gods.

§ *Intelligens*.

|| Reason or sermon.

two is found in their agreement,—“all” is of “one”* or “one” is “all.” So closely bound is each to other, that neither can be parted from its mate.

But this with diligent attention shalt thou learn from out the sermon that shall follow [this].

But do thou, O Asclepius, go forth a moment and call in the one who is to hear.†

And when he had come in, Asclepius proposed that Ammon too should be allowed to come. Thereon Thrice-greatest said :

[TRISMEGISTUS.] There is no cause why Ammon should be kept away from us. For we remember how we have ourselves set down in writing many things to his address,‡ as though unto a son most dear and most beloved, [both] from the “Physics” many things and from the “Ethics” very many.

It is, however, with *thy* name I will inscribe this treatise.§

But call, I prithee, no one else but Ammon, lest a most pious sermon on a so great theme be spoilt by the admission of the multitude.

For 't is the mark of an unpius mind to publish to the knowledge of the crowd a tractate brimming o'er with the full grandeur of divinity.

When Ammon too had come within the holy place, and when the sacred group of four was now complete with piety and with God's goodly presence—to them, sunk in fit silence reverently, their souls and minds pendent on Hermes' lips, thus Love|| divine began to speak.

II.

TRISMEGISTUS. The soul of every man, O [my] Asclepius, is deathless ; yet not all in like fashion, but some in one way or [one] time, some in another.

* But Chap. ii., referring again to this idea, has the reading “ ‘all’ is ‘one.’ ”

† This, as we shall see later on, is Tat. See Chap. xxxii. below.

‡ Lit., to his name.

§ I have therefore taken this, “The Asclepius,” as the second title.

|| *Cupido* ; without doubt *Erōs* in the lost original.

ASCLEPIUS. Is not, then, O Thrice-greatest one, each soul of one [and the same] quality ?

TRISMEGISTUS. How quickly hast thou fallen, O Asclepius, from reason's true sobriety !

Did not I say that "all" is "one," and "one" is "all,"* in as much as all things have been in the creator before they were created. Nor is He called unfitly "all," in that His members are the "all."

Therefore, in all this argument, see that thou keep in mind Him who is "one"—"all," or who Himself is maker of the "all."

All things descend from heaven to earth, to water and to air.

'Tis fire alone, in that it is borne upwards, that gives life ; that which [is carried] downwards [is] subservient to fire.

Further, whatever doth descend from the above, begetteth ; what floweth upwards, nourisheth.

'Tis earth alone, in that it resteth on itself, that is receiver of all things, and [also] the restorer of all genera that it receives.

This whole,† therefore, as thou rememberest,‡ in that it is of all,—in other words, all things, embraced by nature under "soul" and "world,"§ are in [perpetual] flux, so varied by the multiform equality of all their forms, that countless kinds of well-distinguished qualities may be discerned, yet with this bond of union, that all should seem as one, and from "one" "all."||

III.

That, then, from which the whole cosmos is formed, consisteth of four elements—fire, water, earth, and air ; cosmos [itself is] one, [its] soul [is] one, and God is one.

Now lend to me the whole of thee,—all that thou can'st in mind, all that thou skill'st in penetration.

* This, as we have already noted, is a variant of the reading in Chap. i., where we find "*omnia unius esse*" ("all" is of "one") and not "*omnia unum esse*" ("all" is "one").

† *Sci.*, the cosmos.

‡ Presumably from some previous sermon.

§ That is, cosmos.

|| The Latin of this paragraph is very obscure.

For that the reason* of divinity may not be known except by an intention of the senses like to it.†

'Tis‡ likest to the torrent's flood, down-dashing headlong from above with all-devouring tide; so that it comes about, that by the swiftness of its speed it is too quick for our attention, not only for the hearers, but also for the very teachers.§

[II. M.] Heaven, then, God sensible, is the director of all bodies; bodies' increasings and decreasings are ruled by sun and moon.

But He who is the ruler of the heaven, and of its soul as well, and of all things within the cosmos,—He is God, who is the maker of all things.

For from all those that have been said above,|| o'er which the same God rules, there floweth forth a flood of all things streaming through the cosmos, and the soul, of every class and kind, throughout the nature of [all] things.

The cosmos hath, moreover, been prepared by God as the receptacle of forms of every kind.¶

Forth-thinking nature by these kinds of things, He hath extended cosmos unto heaven by means of the four elements,—all to give pleasure to the eye of God.

IV.

And all dependent from above** are subdivided into species in the fashion†† which I am to tell.

* *Ratio*, that is *logos*.

† Lit., divine; that is, by a concentration like to the singleness of the godhead.

‡ That is, "this reason is."

§ "*Quo efficitur ut intentionem nostram . . . ceteri velocitate praetereat.*" Compare with this the description of the instruction of the Therapeuts in Philo's famous tractate *De Vita Contemplativa*, 901 P., 483 M.—Conybeare's text, p. 117 (Oxford; 1895): "For when in giving an interpretation, one continues to speak rapidly without pausing for breath, the mind of the hearers is left behind, unable to keep up the pace"—ὁ τῶν ἀκροωμένων νοῦς συνομαρτεῖν ἀδυντῶν ὑστερίζει.

|| This seems to refer to heaven, sun and moon.

¶ *Omniiformium specierum*.

** *Omnia autem desuper pendentia*. Compare with this the famous psalm of Valentinus "All things depending from Spirit I see"—πάντα κρεμάμενα πνεύματι βλέπω—Hippolytus, *Philos.*, vi. 37. For revised text see Hilgenfeld's (A.) *Ketzergeschichte*, p. 304 (Leipzig; 1884), and for a translation my *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, p. 307 (London; 1900). See also end of Chap. xix. below and "Definitions of Asclepius," i.

†† *Genera*.

The genera of all things company with their own species ; so that the genus is a class in its entirety, the species is part of a genus.

The genus of the gods will, therefore, make the species of the gods out of itself.

In like way, too, the genus of the dæmons, and of men, likewise of birds, and of all [animals] the cosmos doth contain within itself, brings into being species like itself.

There is besides a genus other than the animal,—a genus, or indeed a soul, in that it's not without sensation,—in consequence of which it both finds happiness in suitable conditions, and pines and spoils in adverse ones—I mean [the class] of all things on the earth which owe their life to the sound state of roots and shoots, of which the various kinds are scattered through the length and breadth of earth.

The heaven itself is full of God. The genera we have just mentioned, therefore, occupy up to the spaces of all things whose species are immortal.

For that a species is part of a genus,—as man, for instance, of mankind,—and that a part must follow its own class's quality.

From which it comes to pass that though all genera are deathless, all species are not so.

The genus of divinity is in itself and in its species* [also] deathless.

As for the genera of other things,—as to their genus, they [too] are everlasting ; [for] though [the genus] perish in its species, yet it persists through its fecundity in being born. And for this cause its species are beneath the sway of death ; so that man mortal is, mankind immortal.

V.

And yet the species of all genera are interblended with all genera ; some† which have previously been made, some which are made from these.

The latter, then, which are being made,—either by gods, or dæmons, or by men,—are species all most closely like to their own several genera.

* That is, the gods.

† *Sci.*, species.

For that it is impossible that bodies should be formed without the will of God ; or species be configured without the help of dæmons ; or animals be taught and trained without the help of men.

Whoever of the dæmons, then, transcending their own genus, are, by chance, united with a species,* by reason of the neighbourhood of any species of the godlike class,—these are considered like to gods.†

Whereas those species of the dæmons which continue in the quality of their own class,—these love men's rational nature [and occupy themselves with men], and are called dæmons proper.

Likewise, is it the case with men, or more so even. Diverse and multiform, the species of mankind. And coming in itself from the association spoken of above, it of necessity doth bring about a multitude of combinations of all other species and almost of all things.

Wherefore doth man draw nigh unto the gods, if he have joined himself unto the gods with godlike piety by reason of his mind, whereby he is joined to the gods ; and [nigh] unto the dæmons, in that he is joined unto them [as well] .

Whereas those men who are contented with the mediocrity of their own class, and the remaining species of mankind, will be like those unto the species of whose class they've joined themselves.‡

VI.

[III. M.] It is for reasons such as these, Asclepius, man is a mighty wonder,—an animal meet for our worship and for our respect.

For he doth pass into God's nature, as though himself were God. This genus [also] knows the genus of the dæmons, as though man knew he had a [common] origin with them. He thinketh little of the part of human nature in him, from confidence in the divineness of [his] other part.

* That is one of the immortal species, or a god.

† That is, they become gods.

‡ A suggestion of man's attraction to the various species of the animal nature.

How much more happy is the blend of human nature [than of all the rest] ! Joined to the gods by his cognate divinity, a man looks down upon the part of him by means of which he's common with the earth.

The rest of things to which he knows he's kin, by [reason of] the heavenly order [in him], he binds unto himself with bonds of love ; and thus he turns his gaze to heaven.

So, then, [man] hath his place in the more blessed station of the midst ; so that he loves [all] those below himself, and in his turn is loved by those above.

He tills the earth. He mingles with the elements by reason of the swiftness of his mind. He plunges into the sea's depths by means of its* profundity. He puts his values on all things.

Heaven does not seem too high for him ; for it is measured by the wisdom of his mind as though it were quite near.

No darkness of the air obstructs the penetration of his mind. No density of earth impedes his work. No depth of water blunts his sight.

[Though still] the same [yet] is he all, and everywhere is he the same.

Of all these genera, those [species] which are animal, have [many] roots, which stretch from the above below,† whereas those which are stationary‡—these from [one] living root send forth a wood of branching greenery up from below into the upper parts.

Moreover, some of them are nourished with a two-fold form of food, while others with a single form.

Twain are the forms of food—for soul and body, of which [all] animals consist. Their soul is nourished by the ever-restless

* *Sci.*, the mind's.

† Compare with this the symbolism of the " fire-tree " and the " rootage " of the æons, in the " Simonian " system of the Gnōsis, taken by Hippolytus from the document entitled *The Great Announcement* (Hipp., *Philos.*, vi. 9 and 18). Also the common figure of the Ashvattha tree of Indo-Aryan mythology ; for instance, in the *Kāthopanishad*, II. vi. 1 : " The old, old tree that sees no morrow's dawn, [stands] roots up, branches down " (see Mead and Chaitōpādhyāya's *Upanishads*, i. 74—London ; 1896). *Ashvatthaḥ* = *a-shvah-ṭha*, that is, " which stands not till to-morrow." The idea is that the world-tree (*samsāravrikṣha*) never lasts till to-morrow, for all things are perpetually changing.

‡ Lit., non-animal.

motion of the world ;* their bodies have their growth from foods [drawn] from the water and the earth of the inferior world.

Spirit,† with which they‡ all are filled, being interblended with the rest,§ doth make them live ; sense being added, and also reason in the case of man—which hath been given to man alone as a fifth part out of the ether.||

Of all the living things¶ [God] doth adorn, extend, exalt, the sense of man alone unto the understanding of the reason of divinity.**

But since I am impressed to speak concerning sense, I will a little further on set forth for you the sermon†† on this [point] ; for that it‡‡ is most holy, and [most] mighty, not less than in the reason of divinity itself.

VII.

But now I'll finish for you what I have begun. For I was speaking at the start of union with the gods, by which men only§§ consciously enjoy||| the gods' regard,—I mean whatever men have won such rapture that they have obtained a share of that divine sense of intelligence which is the most¶¶ divine of senses, found in God and in man's reason.

ASCLEPIUS. Are not the senses of all men, Thrice-greatest one, the same ?

TRISMEGISTUS. No, [my] Asclepius, all have not won true

* Or cosmos.

† Or breath (of life).

‡ That is, animal bodies.

§ Presumably the rest of the elements.

|| It thus appears that the composition of the "animal" is thought of as follows : (a) [earth + (b) water] (body) + (c) fire (soul) + (d) air (spirit-sense) + (e) ether (mind).

¶ Lit., animals.

** Lit., the divine reason, *ratio*, or *logos*.

†† *Ratio* ; evidently again *logos* in the original.

‡‡ *Ratio*, reason, or discourse, in the Latin ; but in the Greek it may have referred to "sense," that is, the higher sense.

§§ *Sci.*, of the animals.

||| *Per-fruuntur*.

¶¶ Lit., more.

reason ; but wildly rushing in pursuit of [reason's] counterfeit,* they never see the thing itself, and are deceived. And this breeds evil in their minds, and [thus] transforms the best of animals into the nature of a beast and manners of the brutes.

But as to sense and all things similar, I will set forth the whole discourse when [I explain] concerning spirit.

For man is the sole animal that is twofold. One part of him is simple: the [man] "essential,"† as say the Greeks, but which we call the "form of the divine similitude."

He also is fourfold: that which the Greeks call "hylic,"‡ [but] which we call "cosmic"; of which is made the corporal part, in which is vested what we just have said is the divine in man,—in which the godhead of the mind alone, together with its kin, that is the pure mind's senses, findeth home and rest, its self with its own self, as though shut in the body's walls.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* Lit., image.

† The Greek term *οὐσιώδης* is here retained.

‡ The Greek *ὕλικόν* being retained in the Latin.

LIFE is a comedy to those who *think*, a tragedy to those who *feel*.

HORACE WALPOLE.

CAN it be possible that genius, like the pearl in the oyster, is only a splendid disease?—HEINE.

No man becomes a saint in his sleep.—CARLYLE.

WISDOM is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

WORDSWORTH.

IN THE VALE OF HEALING

HE . . . shall behold a Being *marvellously* fair ; for whose sake . . . the previous labours have been undergone.

WHEN I told the story of Rufus Thorn, who felt the darkness of the hidden places, I said that in the Garner House of Dreams was the record of the night wherein he found counsel and peace by the Devon sea.

This is that record—the tale of the day and night which followed the hour when John Maxse left the broken and storm-wrecked but now fruitful vale of healing, and left behind him Rufus Thorn, lying upon the thyme-clothed summer earth, below a jagged rock wreathed with bryony and ivy tendrils, near a great cup-like rent in the ground, filled full with elder bushes, rooted in the sides of the hollow, so that in blossoming time the storm-rent cup foamed milk-white to the brim, like a goblet filled for a giant's drinking.

Rufus Thorn lay on his face, sick at heart, shivering with the return of long-dulled sensation. The numbness was gone, whereby he had been so wearily walled around ; the agony of the places of darkness was gone ; gone the sense of the inflowing of a greater life, which seemed to sweep aside the boundaries of separate experience. He returned to the limits of the " narrow individual soul," and it smarted with a horrible sense of purely personal humiliation, because he had unfolded to a stranger a tale which that stranger would probably consider to be the diseased ravings of a neurotic maniac. His face burned with shame, his eyes smarted. He remembered a trifling humiliation of his boyhood under which he writhed as he writhed now. He had been able to think of it without any shame or discomfort ; it was so far away, so unrelated to the " I " of the present ; but now he seemed to be closely linked to that foolish humiliation of the past ; and he was humbled alike for the sixteen-year-old boy, and

for the man who had, as he said bitterly to himself, "made a fool of himself, and unpacked his soul for the inspection of a chance wayfarer."

His mood, though it was painful, was a relief. It was normal, it was unlike the stress and strain of the past months. He let the waves of shame and anger at his own action sweep over him. Suddenly it struck him with a shock of surprise that their tumult had ceased. The poignant sense of humiliation and amazement at his own action was gone. The shadow of the dark places was not present with him; the numbed inability to feel had not returned; the wide ecstasy, the feeling of a new heaven and a new earth, did not wrap him round; a rare and exquisite mood, but once experienced, never forgotten, never to be analysed nor described, which stilled his soul into a very anguish of silent pause and knowledge, this returned not to him. His soul was quiet—not indifferent; not wrapped in pain or bliss, but content. He lay on his back, looked at the sky, and waited to see what would happen next. Nothing happened; save that a robin perched on a wild guelder-rose bush, and piped a thin sweet song; and a gull wheeled milk-white between him and the sky, and laughed, while his fellows reproved his mirth by a deep note condemnatory of sardonic laughter flung forth between sky and sea.

Rufus Thorn rose, and climbed a steep slope of turf, whence the torn rock-strewn ground fell chasm-wise towards the sea. The sea was silver-blue, darkened by violet and brown-orange shadows, and lighted by the shining white streaks of the currents; here and there the water was stained pink at the cliff-foot with red Devon earth. Golden Cap shimmered grey in the distance. Below, in the chasm, was a tangled wilderness of growth, green touched with warm purple, gentian blue, yellow, violet, crimson, and the faint pink of wild rose wreaths. There was a little stream tinkling shorewards to make a rush-grown marsh just above the golden and grey sands; it leaped down a great moss-grown boulder in a tiny torrent, shaded by hart's-tongue and lady fern.

Rufus Thorn could hear its rush; a note distinct from the sleepy hiss of the waves, and the whisper of the wind-waved

rushes. He watched the sun sink lower, and the shadows grow long. He listened to a thrush singing his sunset song on the top of a wild cherry tree. He watched the jackdaws and the gulls fly home. The sun set ; the stars came out, the sea and land grew dim, wrapped in a purple mist-like veil. The smells of the night, the sweetness of dry dew-touched earth and grass, blended with the salt perfume of the sea, rose to his nostrils. Still deep content—quiet—unreasoning—lay on him. He needed neither food nor drink ; sleep came not near him. He began to make his way shorewards ; when he reached the little torrent he sat beside it, with a great delight in it. He sat and watched it, and listened to its voice. It did not seem strange to hear words, faint, delicate, a mist-like breath of sound, welling up within the rush of the stream. It was the voice, he thought, of the soul of this vale of healing ; he sang it too, not with his lips but with his life. Nothing in the place sang these words ; but the place, and he also, became not the singers but the song :

Mother of anguish, Mother of storm,
 Mother of tears, and Mother of night,
 Mother of evil, Mother of wrong,
 Thy children hymn thee, Mother of Light.

Mother of bliss, and Mother of song,
 Mother of beauty, Mother of might,
 Mother of wisdom, Mother of love,
 Thy children hymn thee, Mother of Light.

Mother of laughter, Mother of mirth,
 Mother of age, and Mother of youth,
 Mother of death, and Mother of birth,
 Thy children praise thee, Mother of Truth.

When the song ceased he rose, and walked down the stream, and past the marsh. There, on the shore, he found a great bare rock, whereon he lay. The land wind brought to him the almond-sweet scent of new-mown hay. It was low tide, and far away he heard the sleepy beat and rush of the waves on the rocks.

The rock on which he lay was a great boulder flung down from the rending cliffs ; about its foot seaweed clung, and on its summit were silver and orange lichens of the land. He saw wee

thread-like clouds sweep between him and the blue-violet of the night sky. It was dark now; but the heart of the darkness was full of subtle dusky colour, and flashes of white fire. There was no moon. Far away on the land a clock struck; there was a little pause, then the slow, mechanical beat of a carillon began. It played a dirge-like hymn :

As—the—tree—falls—
 So—must—it—lie—
 As—the—man—lives—
 So—must—he—die—
 As—the—man—dies—
 So—must—he—be—
 All—through—the—days—
 Of—e—ter—ni—ty.

Rufus Thorn listened. When the last note died, his laugh was solemn and tender. Contentment was with him yet. He lay so still he could hear the rabbits nibbling and leaping on the thyme-grown turf which sloped to the shore, and ended in a baby cliff a few feet high.

He lay there hour by hour, not sleeping, but hardly waking; he did not think at all. He heard the splash of the returning waters at the rock foot. It was dark still; no bird stirred. There was the great hush and silence that precedes dawn; yet he had a sense of conscious life very near him—a life hidden in the dark, recalling a memory of past daybreaks. The sky grew grey-white; the morning star shone from its pallor; in the thicket of wind-bent sloes by the shore a thrush sent forth the song of dawn.

Rufus Thorn looked; the great sea, grey-green and amber, was pulsing at the base of his boulder, and breaking in milk-white foam over the lesser rocks which were strewn around. He drew himself to the edge and looked down at the waters. The sea itself lived; as he looked it seemed to him that a form, human yet unhuman, was half hidden, half revealed by the heaving, restless depths. Eyes—green-white and amber—looked into his; he traced a form, now greenish-blue, now amber-brown and white, swaying in the waves. He did not feel surprise; it was natural—natural that the life in him should see and greet the life of the sea. He spoke to the waters as he leaned from the land :

“Who are you that I see there in the depths?”

Not in his ears but in his heart answered a whispering voice with the sob of waters and the hiss of spray therein :

“I am a wave.”

“Are you the soul of the wave?”

“You must not part my body from my soul. They are one. I am a wave. I speak and live in the name and power of my mother.”

“Who is your mother—the sea?”

“So sometimes is she called. Sometimes they name her Star of the Sea; sometimes the Flower of the Waters, rising from the depths; and sometimes the Mother of all Tales. Her mystery may be known; it is revealed by becoming. The mystery of her Lord is hidden. It is not revealed; it doth not become. It—unchanged and unchangeable—eternally is.”

“Does not the Mother of all Tales know it?”

“Who shall say? Not we, who are her children. But I—a wave—think that she knows it not; seeing that she herself is inseparate therefrom. But she knows the mystery of her son; the mystery of the word in her heart; wherefore she, from whom is the opposer, is sinless from the beginning of Time, and the outspreading of Space; seeing that from the beginning she knows herself as one, not many; and knows her office, which is to reveal the hidden things of the Light, and the secrets of the Resurrection unto Life.”

“May you and I learn the secret of the Mother of all Tales?” said he.

“Upon the rock on which thou liest, brother of waves,” answered the voice of the waters, “there sat twain who were very learned in mysteries; they reasoned of this matter. One said the Mother of all Tales was not; and her children were not; there remained only the Unchanging Mystery which no tongue may utter. And the other denied all this with many words. Then they questioned concerning the mystery and secret of the Mother of all Tales (if indeed peradventure she were at all), and concerning the secret of her Lord. And one said her secret was Power; and the secret of her Lord was Peace; then they wrangled as to which of these secrets was the mightier. I, sweep-

ing milk-white to their feet, cried to them, saying : ' These secrets are not twain, but one. Neither are the Mother and her Lord, twain, but one. Peace made visible is uttermost Power ; and Power unseen and unseeable is uttermost Peace.' I think they heard me not. And now, which of these secrets is better to seek thou knowest not, nor I. But thou, and I also, have chosen to follow after the secret of the Mother of all Tales, who carries in her stainless heart the dark places which make possible the unveiling of her mystery. The power of thy inner choice lies on thy outward life, and sustains thee to the end ; but it also compels thee into the depths, and urges thee to the heights. Now in the secret of the Unseen, they say, is neither depth nor height, nor change ; nor is aught ever added thereto, or taken therefrom. There be few who seek this secret ; whether they ever find it, I know not, nor what is its nature ; for my path is other than theirs, and they return not to speak of it ; or, if they return, speech is denied them ; or, it may be, memory. Nevertheless—say they—the mystery of all mysteries enfolds within itself their path, and thine and mine ; the beginning and the ending of all things, and that which hath neither end nor beginning."

A yellow gleam of light struck the waters. Rufus Thorn stood up, and on a sudden he knew why he was content. Not by reason of the voice of the wave, but with a knowledge born of his own soul, and untranslatable even to himself. Now the " narrow road " slipped from him ; and now again it closed him round ; now it drew his life into limits more straitly bounded than human life may know ; therein was now bliss, and now pain, and now a strangeness of mystery and terror past the speech of man ; but withal he felt content. Content—not as we sometimes use the word, meaning submission or acquiescence, or the grateful possession of a moderate sufficiency of external things, but springing from realisation of the meaning of that cry which John Maxse did not understand :

" It is as if you suddenly had the sense of all nature, and exclaimed : Yes . . . it is true. . . You do not forgive anything, for there is nothing to forgive."

The sun rose and glowed on the face of the cliffs ; Rufus Thorn swam through the grey swinging waters, while gulls and

jackdaws clanged and clamoured with the rapture of new day. When the carillon chimed : " New every morning is the love," he was kneeling on the turf, building a little gipsy fire in the shelter of a rock. As he knelt he chanted under his breath, words that did not express the meaning that lay hidden in his heart, but strove to voice that which he knew—and knew not.

Thrushes, blackbirds, and larks were singing the secrets of the unseen with that perfection which flows forth when the singer does not know the meaning of the song he makes ; Rufus Thorn was driven to sing too, in his imperfect human fashion. The words he chanted were these :

Mother of sons of darkness and of light,
 In thy eternal stainlessness thou bear'st
 The anguish'd throbbings of the life of hell,
 The birth-throes of thy children.
 Mother of those who are nor man nor beast,
 Who worship thee by living ; for to thee,
 Thou one Revealer of thy hidden Lord,
 True worship is expression ;
 Crying in tender or in jangled tones
 The word undying rooted in thy Heart,
 In many notes and subtle cadences
 Of manifold creation.
 Supreme Creatress art thou ! and thro' thee
 Streams forth the fire of life in saint or sage :
 The fire of those who make and those who mar
 —Alike thy children, tho' they groan in hell,
 Or sing in choirs of harmony divine—
 For they in thee, and thou in these art one,
 Fair Tree of Beauty and of Mystery.
 O Body of the Lord ! Thou art unstain'd
 From the beginning to the end of Time ;
 Thy fiercest striving serves but to reveal
 The hidden Beauty of the Heart of Life.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE Bible without the spirit is a sundial by moonlight.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

EMOTION *VERSUS* REASON

(CONCLUDED FROM P. 74)

IT is no matter for wonder that automatic constructs (*i.e.*, objects) dominate the world. They are the product of the mind perceiving them, and once projected are inevitably viewed materialistically. The mind is self-limited by its own conceptions, of which the little world of the savage, or the universe of the scientist, are typical instances. Man is much like an irresponsible painter who forgets the picture he once laboriously constructed; like the author who forgets the book he wrote in an early age; like the musician whose symphony is reproduced for him in a phonograph and who does not remember constructing and composing it; quite lost and abstracted in the conscious contemplation of the whole as it appears, and quite unconscious of the personal evolution at the back of it. "Never. I am quite certain I never made the world. I, nor any other man, can never have made this world we are conscious of living in, and of which we are a part." The materialist will say something of this sort, and will probably think much more than he says about the very stern reality of things, as they seem to him. First we will make the reply that an eastern Sage would give to this conventional and materialistic outlook; he would say: "All things are nothing but mind."* "The mind is the origin of all that is." "All that we are, is the result of what *we* have thought and what *others* have thought; and there is nothing that is not in and of the mind."†

View-points alter values. This would enable us to take the liberating leap, and afterwards to reconstruct physically our world out of the apparitional materials with which it was apparently built up. Also, it is possible that those who are more advanced

* *Outlines of the Mahāyāna as taught by Buddha.* P. 19.

† *Dhammapāda.* P. 75, trans. by S. Beal.

will give us some light that will be of service on this abstruse problem of *subjectivity* if we make the initial efforts to free ourselves from the obsession of this grossly materialistic illusion.

Secondly, from the outlook on appearances it would quite naturally seem that on ceasing to appear you cease to be. The object or the bodily form with which the mind is customarily associated, disappears, and consequently that manifestation of mind is no more observable by other minds in a similar state. Now what has really happened seems to be rather this : that an *image*, an *appearance*, an *idea*, known as the object, skull or body, the mere *form* of which, the *project* as such, the *construct* as built up, ceases to manifest. It has passed into another state, or lack of it. In a word, the extension, projection, or objectification of thought outward, ceases to appear in manifestation. Is it credible that because the form and colour—the pure products of the mind—have ceased to appear, that the mind or Ego producing them has ceased to be? *It*, whatever *it* be, may have ceased to manifest in association with any particular form it has evolved. That project of itself—which is visible to others (curiously it seems) in and of the mind, which the mind itself creates—suddenly at the moment of transformation, is not; to the other dwellers in the world of form it is non-existent. But it hardly seems a sane conclusion to assume that its *essence* is dependent on form, or that it is a mere appendage of matter. This seems an inevitable conclusion unless we query the conception of essence altogether. Then Reality, Substance, or whatever the fundamental be called—together with the very idea of things-in-themselves, or of anything really at the back at all—go overboard and we are adrift on the illusions of fantasy. This is irrefutable; but the irresistible conviction that it is very much otherwise does not affect this *apparent* impossibility—nay, nothing is impossible, not even this. Again we ask : What has become of this essence, this mind? it can no longer be identified with this or that, it has ceased to manifest to other minds (so they tell us), or, shall we say, aspects of itself. It has become invisible. But there is no shadow of evidence that mind has done anything but cease to manifest to other so-called minds, and what this should be supposed to show it would be difficult to say. Of

course if phenomenal disappearance and absolute dissolution—whatever this last may mean—are taken to be synonymous conceptions, all is said.

Now, as far as we understand at present, all objects or constructs are both in and of the mind, and as the mind is not inside the head, but the head and any particular world inside the mind conceiving it, it is easily seen that the problem is very different, as here re-stated, to the ancient puzzle of the mind inside its own phenomenon—its own construct—the brain-box. Mind is just whatever it happens to be, and it can be attached at will to any or all of its constructs or projects—its ideals or concepts. Mind, as it appears, is usually assumed to manifest as a function of the brain, and has commonly been taken to be inseparable from its apparitional constructs. Even the admission of this irrational conception is no more than saying that it remains what it always has been, an invisible psychic creator, the producer of form and colour, the thing-in-itself. Once more, if there is nothing, all is said.

It seems, indeed, absurd to suppose that mere conceptual ideals, or the still more transitory apparitional things (*i.e.*, appearances or forms as such), should exist or persist apart from the mind or minds producing them. This unrefuted idealistic position has often been stated, and we need do no more than mention the Vedānta, the Sāṅkhya and Buddhistic systems in the East, and many western thinkers since the coming of Berkeley. We find all modern Philosophy and pure Science (as distinguished from emotional cosmism) permeated with the true spirit of Idealism. One has but to mention the *Grammar of Science*, by Prof. Karl Pearson, of scientific fame, not to mention other works, supported by what he calls “a sound idealism.” It is not his business to go any further; that is for adventurers like myself, who are not satisfied that the science of phenomena constitutes the whole of attainable wisdom. It would be difficult to be too serious in pointing to the necessity for clearly seeing the problem of life in—as it appears to me—its two fundamental aspects.

First, the natural, traditional, and common-sense view-point of man as he takes himself to be: Man, as he *sees* himself, clothed in his body of form and colour, from which he naturally

views all other things as non-self, *i.e.*, as the world of men and things external to himself. This outlook on life leads directly to the notion of viewing all things as they appear—constructed by the mind—from the surface outward, from within out. This conventional objectivism, in the course of time, is seen in many ways. Things are viewed as animate and as inanimate; as *all* animate, as *all* inanimate and purely mechanical; as gods and devils both singular and plural. *Things* are worshipped and they are disregarded; but ultimately they are seen to be appearances and *not* material realities, and then they are treated as manifestations of *something* that is, or at least can be, known; then, as something that is unknown; and lastly as something that is unknowable. This is the final stage of materialistic dualism. This Objectivism inevitably passes into Idealism. For it is seen that this unimaginable something—this inconceivable and quite “Unknowable Power”—can only be postulated as impersonal and absolute.

“The contemplation of a universe which is without conceivable beginning or end and without intelligible purpose yields no satisfaction,” says Herbert Spencer; also: “There is no pleasure in the consciousness of being an infinitesimal bubble on a globe, that is itself infinitesimal compared with the totality of things.” This is magnificent Objectivism, and one feels the intense vitality of the sage who flung himself outward vibrant into his universe of appearances, with the result at the last that he returns upon himself, and, becoming a complete individualist, passes from our sight as a royal type of the great Spirit who faces his fateful vision in the ghostly and magnificent aloofness of his unconquered and unconquerable destiny. Herbert Spencer seems to me a type of the Puruṣha of the Sāṅkhya philosopher, who, while recognising Prakṛiti, seeks to overcome her by discrimination and fails.

It will thus be seen in this *résumé* of what may be called the exoteric view-point—from the surface outward, from within out—that nothing further can be said to show the utter futility of gazing upon the sea and expecting to see the bottom. Still this Objectivism will absorb all the lesser, cruder view-points outward as the light of a sun eclipsing the stars in the vault of subject

tivity. It has nearly accomplished its work—and the evolution theory is now seen to be but an aspect of the infinite curve of things; that there is, as it were, a back to the canvas, even if it looks quite blank in comparison with the gorgeous forms and colours of the surface view; and that there is still another invisible profundity, on which, and in which, the whole of the outward presentation is ultimately dependent.

In a word, it is the esoteric view-point: from without in. "Mysticism," will be muttered by those who are under the dominion of the world or things as they appear. But those who stand at the parting of the ways will know it to be some idealistic aspect of the path *impersonal*, and as such perhaps worth study by those who, like the writer, are not as yet emancipated from the trammels of Avidyā. "To aim at supreme *wisdom* and give up *ignorance* is hard," says the Buddha. It is indeed exquisitely difficult, but the only course is to steer for that "Nirvāṇa" "by the middle way—as narrow as a razor's edge and yet as broad as the universe."*

There is yet another point that occurs to me in this connection, relating to the conventional outlook on things; and that is, that it appears to correspond with the Path of Action and Devotion—action that may tend, amongst other possible *nuances*, towards materialism, and the inevitably resulting fatalism that follows logically, if it be persisted in without a halt to its conclusion.

Devotion then may be purely sensuous and passionate in its adoration of personality and its perpetuation of form. It is indeed said that it may become a sublimed aspiration tending towards some pure ideal, merely compassionating all things immersed in or born—as it appears—of form and colour. But usually it seems that this fateful materialistic outlook works out as absolutely paralysing to those who do not dive below the surface, and who only see whirlwind above and the whirlpool underneath, who view themselves as bubbles in an infinite universe of evolutionary struggle. Grand and illimitable appears the "external universe" to those who surrender themselves to the fascination of impossible external infinities and

* *Vāhan*, G.R.S.M. January, 1904. P. 47.

other pseudo-abstractions. Whenever they become tired of following the trail of delusive correspondences, of apparitional relationings, they become completely hypnotised and victims of an unintellectual and emotional vertigo that precipitates their fall into the sea of credulity. Awestruck and over-poweringly impressed with all these unutterable infinities and eternities on which they imagine themselves to be gazing—they seem in their confused imagination to be swallowed up in these external magnitudes, these profound abysses, *that* unknowable absolute with its illimitable finite infinitesimals, until the strongest mind reels stunned, and easily surrenders its power of judgment and so, it finally believes, “because it is impossible.” Reason abdicates, judgment is suspended, and cosmic emotion reigns supreme.

Thus, by this most subtle and abstruse form of mental intoxication known as cosmic emotion, is produced the intellectual inertia that in all ages has culminated in a blind belief in gods and devils, in heavens and hells, in infinites and finites, and other *unintelligible* and *ungeometrical* abstractions. This popular form of increasing delusion is much insisted upon by many professors of knowledge, whom one might suppose to have some real insight into the intimate simplicity of the arcanum. But no; this cannot be thought, and if questioned, it will be found that they are quite sincere, being obsessed and immersed in the delusions they so emotionally proclaim.

I venture to say that whether it be Herbert Spencer picturing the knowable manifestations of the “Unknowable Power” he proclaims, or Professor Haeckel summing up in one—it is said—“irresistible *résumé*” the conclusions of modern thought, we shall find them, with their followers one and all, insisting on the complete adequacy of the phenomenal evolutionary view-point, *sans* idealism. It may be described as a belief in the external reality of apparitional constructs, which appear when viewed from the surface outward, from within out, and this as the “be all” and “end all” of man the microcosm, immersed it is said in the whirlpool of the macrocosm.

It is for this and other reasons that I venture to raise a protest against this phenomenal obsession, and to point to at least one scientific thinker, who has come under my notice, who

very plainly sees and re-states the real problem at issue, and this with profound scientific insight into an aspect of this extraordinary fallacy, that at this later moment still dominates the modern world. The *Grammar of Science*, by Professor Karl Pearson, has now been with us for a decade, and possibly some time in the next millennium it will have the attention it deserves. It has the supreme merit of clearly re-stating the fundamental position, stripped of materialistic pre-conceptions, long crystallised as scientific axioms.

It is founded on a "sound idealism" that is both liberating and suggestive, and which must eventually be seen—so it seems to me—to be a brilliant insight into the fog of "muddy speculation" that cumpers the pathway of scientific knowledge. It will perhaps not be too much to say that it will form a basis, or at least clear a way, on which there will unfold a new conception of the subjective ideal to be sought, and the method of seeking it. And this with the sole object of describing adequately "the routine of perception."

In this direction I am, however, in no sense competent to give any special opinion, other than the general conviction expressed above. My point here is to lay stress on what I conceive to be the irrational neglect of the fundamentals, overshot, as it were, in the overwhelming advance of scientific knowledge by means of inadequate description. It is for this reason that I here draw attention to the above work.

It does not seem to strike the majority of those who are emancipated from the thralldom of Authority (spelt with a capital A), theological or scientific, that—as this able thinker shows—anything in the nature of an "*explanation*" of things as they appear is simply impossible from the view-point of reason; and that it would be quite irrational to look for anything further than a sufficiently accurate "description" of our unfolding states of continuous becoming. Thus far the Professor. But we are free from the materialism of the fatalistic outlook due to cosmic emotion.

We have a "sound idealism" to hand, with which we "metaphysically-minded ones" may seek another pathway leading to liberation and perfection. Therefore our grateful thanks are due to this clear thinker.

Admitting the complete defeat and inevitable absorption of the traditional and conventional theologic and materialistic interpretations of the external universe, and without going into particular instances, I would dare to insist on the following broad generalisations: That it will be impossible *to rest* until we have assured ourselves that there is no "*via media*," by which the individual pioneers of humanity may not have already broken through the circle of necessity, and thus enabled man to take his stand in the unassailable realm of the transcendental self. This, if he will but be "a lamp unto himself and a refuge unto himself" in that Buddhistic way. Moreover—returning to the immediate danger—it seems highly probable that this advance of scientific glaciation, of "disciplined imagination," and idealistic aspiration, will, like the conceptual ice-period of the geological Tertiaries, be at first destructive of the ancient outlook—but ultimately beneficial in assisting the production of a higher being, just as the Paleolithic passed conceptually *viâ* the Glacial Period into the Neolithic. The coming individual "beyond man" will perhaps, like his Neolithic forbears, follow the retreat of the scientific glaciation into a new and purified sphere, embraced in the undisturbed calm of the immemorial vault of heaven, that stars the kingdom of the mind within; of which the mystic Paul has told us.

Indeed one might feel inclined to welcome the so-called irresistible advance of the scientific ice-period, which it seems will relentlessly grind such of us as cannot manage to "ride on the centre of the advancing glaciers" to conceptual indistinguishably imponderable electrons! This purification is a preliminary to the mental anarchy that will follow on the oversetting of the emotional and materialistic aspirations that the race—let us hope—has now largely outgrown. Still the forces of re-action—backed by the credulous and ignorant masses—will attempt to withstand the fateful and inevitable advance of icy and irresistible reason, to their ultimate at least phenomenal destruction.

One may safely predict that the rational Reign of Ice is at hand. As said, it is from one side not altogether to be regarded as an evil. Philosophically there is no evil in the matter, it is simply due to ignorance, which is only another name for limita-

tion. In any case regret is useless and retrospect is futile. The clear and icy logic born of the costly process of disillusionment is slowly, but very surely, piercing to the heart of emotional humanity. *There is no hope.* The inevitable fates foreshadow nothing but annihilation. So it is that the coming of age of Reason in the western world is threatening to upset some of the most passionately cherished ideals of emotional humanity—such as a personal immortality and a compassionate God! This is easily seen by anyone who dispassionately studies a popular work like the *Riddle of the Universe*, by Professor Haeckel, avowedly written to reach the great middle classes of the world. He will there meet a *résumé* of modern scientific conclusions—albeit materialistic—that will be far-reaching in their effects. As a *biologist* the work of the Professor, it is said, is doubtless great, but as a philosopher his doctrine appears to be a burlesque of Spinoza's without his insight. Figuratively put: The cold, clear icy barriers of relentless reason are slowly and successfully opposing and overwhelming the ancient emotional and futile aspirations of mankind. Already the summits and all the high-lying strata of thought are coated in ice, due to the fall of temperature occasioned by the approach of the rationalistic glaciation to the valleys and lower levels of humanity. Successful opposition *there is none*; and it seems impossible. Nothing short of a coincident subsidence of irrational aspirations and an approach to the tranquil levels of idealistic seas, that constitute the fundamental mean, can prevent overwhelming disaster, and result in a purified re-action to somewhat less icy conditions.

It means that at last our emotional aspirations, based on traditional and barbaric ideals, are at this moment confronted with the untrammelled and relentlessly iconoclastic acumen of critical reason. For the first time in the history of the world, the unfettered logic of the intellect has penetrated beneath the surface, and is reaching the people of the world. The extraordinary advance of knowledge has rendered this possible, by means of the great progress in the mechanical arts, so that the best thoughts of the greatest thinkers can now be obtained for the asking.

Returning to the simile, it is useless to oppose a glacier, still

more so a continental ice-period ; it appears as a necessity, born of the conditions which produced it, and as such, it cannot be resisted. It is fate, or idealistically, the collective karma or character of man. Nothing human may withstand this pitiless kârmic destiny of mankind that is collectively produced. As objectively seen it appears as ultimately useless opposing art to nature and, as Huxley said long ago, "nature wins." This cosmic karma is irresistible. "Nature" or "Tao" or "Prakṛiti," however personified, as has been well said, "is conquered by obedience," and from this view-point it would seem that for time-periods, "Asaṁkhyeyakalpas," as Ashvaghosha views it, man, by the ubiquitous evolution of his emotional faculties, is destined to follow the path of devotion and action. I am not here concerned with the pure, or the so-called impure, ideals of emotional devotion ; both, from the philosophic side, are seen to be relative approximations to more or less comprehensive conditions of intellectual existence, which, without attaching any precise meaning to the idealistic phrase, we may speak of as the Wisdom of Perfection.

To aim at this appears as an intellectual necessity. Indeed it is often said we must have ideals and dream of illimitable progress towards our purified conceptions. No doubt this is essential on the path of action and devotion, and in consequence will bring its inevitable fruit of self-delusion—that delectable nectar and ambrosia that is the comfort and stay of the mortal personal gods of humanity—that will in turn again produce re-action ; but that is another tale, which will not quench the hunger and desire of the multitudes who seek immortality for their ephemeral personalities. So the question of the purity or the impurity of the ideal is here seen to be a purely relative matter—a subjectivity, that will, we may assume, be ultimately transcended. Just as many of us have to-day sloughed off those "inferior passions" of "jealousy, anger and revenge," and have ceased in consequence to attribute them to a personal Deity or Īshvara, or even in any way to condition the cosmic energy, *assumed* to underlie phenomena, so by analogy we may fairly grant that man may at last be brought to see the futility of any further search amidst the phenomenal apparitions of subjectivity for anything in the nature

of That which is faintly adumbrated in the much-abused term, "the real Reality." So perhaps, ultimately, man may be led to see that it is not alone by Action and Devotion that he will attain to Liberation, but by means of the intellectual insight. Born on that path he will be able to perceive the complementary way that leads towards Cessation, Resignation, and Renunciation, pointing by means of self-control and meditation to that beatific and stateless transcendental calm—known as the "Samâdhi of Oneness" or Nirvâna.

Thus it seems that even the present wane of materialistic objectivism will culminate in unthinkable and impossible paradoxes and conceptual inanities, and these will constitute a *plenum* of apparitional delusions taking shape as phenomenal *objectivism*, *i.e.*, from the surface outward, from within out: and this will prelude the final dissolution of the phenomenal world—viewed as an external universe—itself producing both the "things which *are* and things which are not." Indeed it now requires no metaphysical Copernicus to see that the natural quality of our delusion is developed and constructed during the evolution of our mentality, and expressed, of necessity, in relations. We seem actually to perceive instructive emotions passing, by a subtle process of development, through the indifference point, into the self-conscious stage, and so unfolding without a break into the formation of concepts and ordered reasoning. We seem to see emotion becoming thought, and it is fair to assume that reason will be in turn transcended and Wisdom realised by all.

H. KNIGHT-EATON.

We should not preach so much to people; we should give them an interest in life, something to love, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, or put them on the way to happiness—then they would unquestionably become good.—F. BREMER.

THE PERMANENT ATOM

[IN preparing for the press the articles on "The Evolution of Consciousness" which appeared in this REVIEW some time ago, a fuller treatment of the Permanent Atom than was accorded to it in those articles became necessary. It appeared to me that many readers of those articles—who may not see the book—might be interested in these additional notes, and I therefore print them here, necessarily reprinting the few pages which have already appeared, and which open up the subject. The matter, as it here stands, forms Chapter IV. in the forthcoming book, which will be published during the present month under the title: *A Study in Consciousness; A Contribution to the Science of Consciousness.*—ANNIE BESANT.]

LET us consider the spiritual Triad, the tri-atomic Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, the Jîvâtmâ, the seed of Consciousness, within which the warmth of the stream of Logic life, which surrounds it, is causing faint thrillings of responsive life. These are internal thrillings, preparatory to external activities. After long preparation, a tiny thread, like a minute rootlet, appears, proceeding from the tri-atomic molecule ensheathing Consciousness, a golden-coloured thread of life sheathed in buddhic matter; countless such threads appear from the countless Jîvâtmâs, waving vaguely at first in the seven great streams of life, and then becoming anchored—if the expression may be permitted—by attachment to a single molecule or unit, on the fourth mental sub-plane. This anchoring—like the previous one to the three higher atoms, and like the later ones to the astral and physical atoms—is brought about by the action of the Shining Ones. Round this attached unit gather temporary aggregations of elemental essence of the Second Kingdom, scattering and regathering, over and over again, ever with the attached unit as centre. This stable centre, serving for an endless succession of changing complex forms, is gradually awakened by the vibrations of these forms into faint responses, these again thrilling feebly upwards to the seed of Consciousness, and producing therein vaguest internal movements. It cannot be said that each

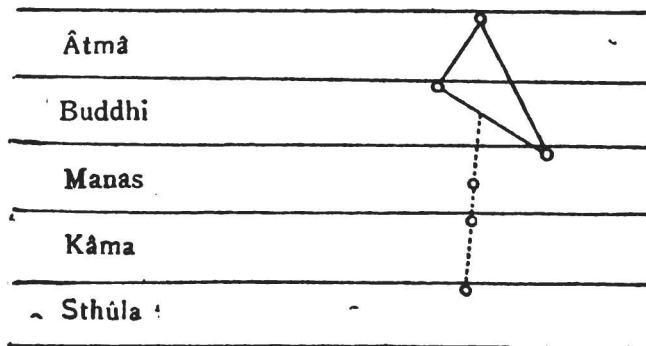
centre has always round it a form of its own; for one aggregation of elemental essence may have several, or very many, of these centres within it, or, again, may have only one, or none. Thus, with inconceivable slowness, these attached units become possessors of certain qualities, that is, acquire the power of vibrating in certain ways, which are connected with thinking and will hereafter make thoughts possible. The Shining Ones of the Second Elemental Kingdom work upon them, also directing upon them the vibrations to which they gradually begin to respond, and surrounding them with the elemental essence thrown off from their own bodies. Moreover, each of the seven typical groups is separated from the others by a delicate wall of Monadic Essence, (atomic matter ensouled by the life of the Second Logos), the beginning of the wall of the future Group-Soul.

This whole process is repeated, when the Third Elemental Kingdom has been formed. The tiny thread of buddhic ensheathed life, with its attached mental unit, now pushes outwards to the desire-plane, and attaches itself to a single astral atom, adding this to itself, as its stable centre on the desire-plane. Round this now gather temporary aggregations of elemental essence of the Third Kingdom, scattering and regathering as before. Similar results follow, as the countless succession of forms ensheath this stable centre, awaking it to similarly faint responses, which in their turn thrill feebly upwards to the seed of Consciousness, producing therein, once more, vaguest internal movements. Thus, again, these attached atoms become slowly possessed of certain qualities, that is, acquire the power of vibrating in certain ways, which are connected with sensation, and will hereafter make sensations possible. Here also the Shining Ones of the Third Elemental Kingdom co-operate in the work, using their more highly developed powers of vibration to produce sympathetically in these undeveloped atoms the power of response, and, as before, giving them of their own substance. The separating wall of each of the seven groups acquires a second layer, formed of the monadic essence of the desire-plane, thus approaching a stage nearer to the wall of the future Group-Soul.

Once more is the process repeated, when the great wave has

travelled onwards into the physical plane. The tiny thread of buddhic-ensheathed life, with its attached mental and desire units, pushes outwards once more, and annexes a physical atom, adding this to itself as its stable centre on the physical plane. Round this gather ethereal molecules, but the heavier physical matter is more coherent than the subtler matter of the higher planes, and a much longer term of life may be observed. Then—as are formed the ethereal types of the proto-metals, and later proto-metals, metals, non-metallic elements, and minerals—the Shining Ones of the Ethereal Physical Kingdom submerge these attached atoms in their sheaths of ether into the one of the seven ethereal types to which they respectively belong, and they begin their long physical evolution. Before we can follow this further we must consider Group-Souls, which on the atomic sub-plane receive their third enveloping layer. But it will be well to pause for awhile on the nature and the function of these permanent atoms, the tri-units, or triads, which are as a reflexion on the lower planes of the spiritual Triads on the higher, and each of which is attached to a spiritual Triad, its Jīvātmā. Each triad consists of a physical atom, an astral atom, and a mental unit, permanently attached by a thread of buddhic matter to a spiritual Triad. That thread has sometimes been called the Sūtrātmā, the Thread-Self, because the permanent particles are threaded on it as “beads on a string.”*

We may resort to a diagram, showing the relation.



* This term is used to denote various things, but always in the same sense, as the thread connecting separate particles. It is applied to the re-incarnating Ego, as the thread on which many separate lives are strung; to the Second Logos, as the Thread on which the beings in His universe are strung; and so on. It denotes a function, rather than a special entity or class of entities.

THE WEB OF LIFE

It has been said that the connection with the spiritual Triad is through buddhic matter, and this is indicated in the diagram by the dotted line which connects the atoms coming down from the line in the buddhic plane, and not from the mânasic atom. It is of buddhic matter that is spun the marvellous web of life which supports and vivifies all our bodies. If the bodies be looked at with buddhic vision, they all disappear, and in their places is seen a shimmering golden web of inconceivable fineness and delicate beauty, a tracery of all their parts, in a network with minute meshes. This is formed of buddhic matter, and within these meshes the coarser atoms are built together. Closer inspection shews that the whole network is formed of a single thread, which is a prolongation of the Sûtrâtmâ. During the antenatal life of the babe, this thread grows out from the permanent physical atom and branches out in every direction, this growth continuing until the physical body is full grown; during physical life the prâṇa, the life-breath, plays ever along it, following all its branches and meshes; at death it is withdrawn, leaving the particles of the body to scatter; it may be watched, slowly disentangling itself from the dense physical matter, the life-breath accompanying it, and drawing itself together in the heart round the permanent atom; as it withdraws, the deserted limbs grow cold—its absence makes the “death-chill”; the golden-violet flame of the life-breath is seen shining around it in the heart, and the flame, and the golden life-web, and the permanent atom rise along the secondary Sushumṇa-nâḍī* to the head, into the third ventricle of the brain; the eyes glaze, as the life-web draws itself away, and the whole of it is collected round the permanent atom in the third ventricle; then the whole rises slowly to the point of junction of the parietal and occipital sutures, and leaves the physical body—dead. It thus surrounds the permanent atom like a golden shell—recalling the closely woven cocoon of the silk-worm—to remain enshrouding it till the building of a new physical body again demands its un-

* There is no English name for this passage; it is a vessel, or canal, running from the heart to the third ventricle, and will be familiar under the above name to all students of yoga. The primary Sushumṇa is the spinal canal.

folding. The same procedure is followed with the astral and mental particles, so that when these bodies have disintegrated, the lower triad may be seen as a brilliantly scintillating nucleus within the causal body, an appearance which had been noted long ere closer observation revealed its significance.

THE CHOOSING OF THE PERMANENT ATOMS

Let us return to the original appropriation by the Monad of the permanent atoms of the three higher planes, and seek to understand something of their use, of the object of their appropriation ; the same principles apply to the permanent atoms of each plane.

In the first place, it will be remembered that the matter of each plane shows out seven main types, varying according to the dominance of one or other of the three great attributes of matter : inertia, mobility and rhythm. Hence the permanent atoms may be chosen out of any one of these types, but it appears that, by a single Monad, they are all chosen out of the same type. It appears, further, that while the actual attachment of the permanent atoms to the life-thread on the three higher planes is the work of the Creative Hierarchies, the choice which directs the appropriation is made by the Monad himself. He himself belongs to one or other of the seven groups of Life already spoken of ; at the head of each of these groups stands a Planetary Logos, who " colours " the whole, and the Monads are grouped by these colourings, each " being coloured by his ' Father-Star.' " * This is the first great determining characteristic of each of us, our fundamental " colour," or " key-note," or " temperament." The Monad may choose to use his new pilgrimage for the strengthening and increasing of this special characteristic ; if so, the Hierarchies will attach to his life-thread atoms belonging to the group in matter corresponding to his life-group. This choice would result in the secondary " colour," or " key-note," or " temperament," emphasising and strengthening the first, and, in the later evolution, the powers and the weaknesses of that doubled temperament would show themselves with great force. Or, the Monad may choose to use his new pilgrimage for the unfolding of

* See *The Pedigree of Man*, p. 24.

another aspect of his nature ; then the Hierarchies will attach to his life-thread atoms belonging to the material group corresponding to another life-group, that in which the aspect he wills to develop is predominant. This choice would result in the secondary "colour," or "key-note," or "temperament," modifying the first, with corresponding results in the later evolution. This latter choice is obviously by far the more frequent, and it tends to a greater complexity of character, especially in the final stages of human evolution, when the influence of the Monad makes itself felt more strongly.

As said above, it appears that all the permanent atoms are taken from the same material group, so that those of the lower triad correspond with those of the higher ; but on the lower planes the influence of these atoms in determining the type of materials used in the bodies of which they are the generating centres—the question to which we must now turn our attention—is very much limited and interfered with by other causes. On the higher planes the bodies are relatively permanent, when once found, and reproduce definitely the keynote of their permanent atoms, however enriched that note may be by overtones, ever increasing in subtlety of harmony. But on the lower planes, while the keynote of the permanent atoms will be the same, various other causes come in to determine the choice of materials for the bodies, as will be better seen presently.

THE USE OF THE PERMANENT ATOMS

To put this use into a phrase : The use of the permanent atoms is to preserve within themselves, as vibratory powers, the results of all the experiences through which they have passed. It will perhaps be best to take the physical atom as an illustration, since this is susceptible of easier explanation than those on higher planes.

A physical impact of any kind will cause vibrations corresponding to its own in the physical body it contacts ; these may be local or general, according to the nature and force of the impact. But whether local or general, they will reach the permanent physical atom, transmitted by the web of life in all cases, and in violent impacts by mere concussion also. This

vibration, forced on the atom from outside, becomes a vibratory power in the atom—a tendency therein to repeat the vibration. Through the whole life of the body, innumerable impacts strike it; not one but leaves its mark on the permanent atom; not one but leaves it with a new possibility of vibration. All the results of physical experiences remain stored up in this permanent atom, as powers of vibrating. At the end of a physical life, this permanent atom has thus stored up innumerable vibratory powers, that is, has learned to respond in countless ways to the external world, to reproduce in itself the vibrations imposed upon it by surrounding objects. The physical body disintegrates at death; its particles scatter, all carrying with them the result of the experiences through which they have passed—as indeed all particles of our bodies are ever doing day by day, in their ceaseless dyings out of one body and ceaseless birthings into another. But the physical permanent atom remains; it is the only atom that has passed through all the experiences of the ever-changing conglomerations we call our body, and it has acquired all the results of all those experiences. Wrapped in its golden cocoon, it sleeps through the long years during which the Jivâtma that owns it is living through other experiences in other worlds. By these it remains unaffected, being incapable of responding to them, and it sleeps through its long night in undisturbed repose.

When the time for reincarnation comes, and the presence of the permanent atom renders possible the fertilisation of the ovum from which the new body is to grow, its keynote sounds out, and is one of the forces which guide the ethereal builder, the elemental charged with the building of the physical body, to choose the materials suitable for his work, for he can use none that cannot be to some extent attuned to the permanent atom. But it is only *one* of the forces; the karma of past lives, mental, emotional, and in relation to others, demands materials capable of the most varied expressions; out of that karma, the Lords of Karma have chosen such as is congruous, *i.e.*, such as can be expressed through a body of a particular material group; this congruous mass of karma determines the material group, over-riding the permanent atom, and out of that group are chosen by the elemental such materials as can vibrate in harmony with the permanent atom,

or in discords not disruptive in their violence. Hence, as said, the permanent atom is only one of the forces in determining the third "colour," or "keynote," or "temperament," which characterises each of us. According to this temperament will be the time of the birth of the body; it *must* be born into the world at a time when the physical planetary influences are suitable to its third temperament, and it thus is born "under its" astrological "Star." Needless to say, it is not the Star that imposes the temperament, but the temperament that fixes the epoch of birth under that Star. But herein lies the explanation of the correspondences between Stars—Star-angels, that is to say—and characters, and the usefulness for educational purposes of a skilfully and carefully drawn horoscope as a guide to the personal temperament of a child.

That such complicated results, capable of impressing their peculiarities on surrounding matter, can exist in such minute space as an atom may indeed appear inconceivable—yet so it is. And it is worth notice that ordinary science countenances a similar idea, since the infinitesimal biophors in the germinal cell of Weissmann are supposed thus to carry on to the offspring the characteristics of his line of progenitors. While the one brings to the body its physical peculiarities from its ancestors, the other supplies those which have been acquired by the evolving man during his own evolution. H. P. Blavatsky has put this very clearly :

The German embryologist-philosopher—stepping over the heads of the Greek Hippocrates and Aristotle, right back into the teachings of the old Āryans—shows one infinitesimal cell, out of millions of others at work in the formation of an organism, alone and unaided, determining, by means of constant segmentation and multiplication, the correct image of the future man, or animal, in its physical, mental, and psychic characteristics. . . . Complete the physical plasm, mentioned above, the "germinal cell" of man with all its material potentialities, with the "spiritual plasm" so to say, or the fluid that contains the five lower principles of the six-principled Dhyāni—and you have the secret, if you are spiritual enough to understand it.*

A little study of physical heredity in the light of Weissmann's teachings will be sufficient to convince the student of the possibilities of such a body as the permanent atom. A man repro-

* *Secret Doctrine*, i. 243, 244.

duces the features of a long-past ancestor, shews out a physical peculiarity that characterised a forbear several centuries ago. We can trace the Stuart nose through a long series of portraits, and innumerable cases of such resemblances can be found. Why then should there be anything extraordinary in the idea that an atom should gather within itself not biophors, as in the germinal cell, but tendencies to repeat innumerable vibrations already practised? No spatial difficulty arises, any more than in the case of a string, from which numerous notes can be drawn by bowing it at different points, each note containing numerous overtones. We must not think of the minute space of an atom as crowded with innumerable vibrating bodies, but of a limited number of bodies, each capable of setting up innumerable vibrations.

Truly, however, even the spatial difficulty is illusory, for there are no limits to the minute any more than to the great. Modern science now sees in the atom a system of revolving worlds, each world in its own orbit, the whole resembling a solar system. The master of illusion, Space, like his brother master, Time, cannot here daunt us. There is no limit of the possibilities of sub-division in thought, and hence none in the thought-expression we call matter.

The normal number of spirillæ at work in the permanent atoms in this Round is four, as in the ordinary unattached atoms of matter in general at this stage of evolution. But let us take the permanent atom in the body of a very highly evolved man, a man far in advance of his fellows. In such a case we may find the permanent atom showing five spirillæ at work, and may seek to learn the bearing of this fact on the general materials of his body. In ante-natal life, the presence of this five-spirillæ-permanent-atom would have caused the building elemental to select among his materials any similar atoms that were available. For the most part, he would be reduced to the use of any he could find, which had been in temporary connection with any body the centre of which was a five-spirillæ-permanent-atom. Its presence would have tended to arouse in them a corresponding activity, especially—perhaps only—if they had formed part of the brain or nerves of the highly developed tenant of the body. The

fifth spirilla would have become more or less active in them, and although it would have dropped back into inactivity after leaving such a body, its temporary activity would have predisposed it to respond more readily in the future to the current of monadic life. Such atoms, then, would be secured by the elemental for his work, as far as possible. He would also, should opportunity serve, appropriate from the paternal or maternal bodies, if they were of a high order, any such atoms as he could secure, and build them into his charge. After birth, and throughout life, such a body would attract to itself any similar atoms which came within its magnetic field. Such a body, in the company of highly evolved persons, would profit to an exceptional degree by the propinquity, appropriating any five-spirillæ-atoms which were present in the shower of particles flung off from their bodies, and thus gaining physically, as well as mentally and morally, from their company.

The permanent astral atom bears exactly the same relation to the astral body as that borne by the physical permanent atom to the physical body. At the end of the life in *kāmaloka*—purgatory—the golden life-web withdraws from the astral body, leaving it to disintegrate, as its physical comrade had previously done, and enwraps the astral permanent atom for its long sleep. A similar relation is borne to the mental body by the permanent mental particle during physical, astral and mental life; during the early stages of human evolution little improvement is made in the mental permanent unit by the brief devachanic lives, not only on account of their brevity, but because the feeble thought-forms produced by the undeveloped intelligence affect very slightly the permanent unit. But when thought-power is more highly evolved, the devachanic life is a time of great improvement, and innumerable vibratory energies are stored up, and show their value when the time arrives for the building of a new mental body for the next cycle of reincarnation. At the close of the mental life in *Devachan*, the golden web withdraws from the mental body, leaving it also to disintegrate, while it enwraps the mental particle, and the lower triad of permanent atoms alone remains as the representative of the three lower bodies. These are stored up, as before said, as a radiant nucleus-like particle within the

causal body. They are thus all that remains to the Ego of his bodies in the lower worlds, when that cycle of experience is completed, as they were his means of communication with the lower planes during the life of those bodies.

When comes the period for re-birth, a thrill of life from the Ego arouses the mental unit ; the life-web begins to unfold again, and the vibrating unit acts as a magnet drawing towards itself materials with vibratory powers resembling, or accordant with, its own. The Shining Ones of the Second Elemental Kingdom bring such materials within its reach ; in the earlier stages of evolution they shape the matter into a loose cloud around the permanent unit, but as evolution goes on the Ego exercises over the shaping an ever-increasing influence. When the mental body is partially formed, the life-thrill awakens the astral atom, and the same procedure is followed. Finally the life-touch reaches the physical atom, and it acts in the way already described under "The Use of the Permanent Atom."

A questioner sometimes asks : How can these permanent atoms be stored up within the causal body, without losing their physical, astral and mental natures, since the causal body exists on a higher plane, where the physical, as physical, cannot be ? Such a querent is forgetting, for a moment, that all the planes are interpenetrating, and that it is no more difficult for the causal body to encircle the triad of the lower planes, than for it to encircle the hundreds of millions of atoms that form the mental, astral and physical bodies belonging to it during a period of earth-life. The triad forms a minute particle within the causal body ; each part of it belongs to its own plane, but, as the planes have meeting points everywhere, no difficulty arises in the necessary juxtaposition. We are all on all planes at all times.

MONADIC ACTION ON THE PERMANENT ATOMS

We may here enquire : Is there anything that can be properly termed Monadic Action—the action of the Monad on the Anupādaka plane—on the permanent atom ? Of direct action there is none, nor can there be until the germinal spiritual Triad has reached a high stage of evolution ; indirect action, that is action on the spiritual Triad, which in turn acts on the lower, there is

continually. But for all practical purposes we may consider it as the action of the spiritual Triad, which is the Monad veiled in matter denser than that of his native plane.

The spiritual Triad is drawing most of his energy, and all the directive capacity of that energy, from the Second Logos, bathed as he is in that stream of Life. What may be called his own special activity does not concern itself with all the shaping and building activity of the Second Life-Wave, but is directed to the evolution of the atom itself, in association with the Third Logos. This energy from the spiritual Triad confines itself to the atomic sub-planes, and, until the fourth Round, appears to spend itself chiefly on the permanent atoms. It is directed first to the shaping and then to the vivifying of the spirillæ which form the wall of the atom. The vortex, which is the atom, is the life of the Third Logos; but the wall of the spirillæ is gradually formed on the external surface of this vortex during the descent of the Second Logos, not vivified by him but faintly traced out over the surface of this revolving vortex of life. They remain—so far as the Second Logos is concerned—merely as these filmy unused channels, but presently, as the life of the Monad flows down, it plays into the first of these channels, vivifying that channel and turning it into a working part of the atom. This goes on through the successive Rounds, and by the time we reach the fourth Round we have four distinct streams of life from each Monad, circulating through four sets of spirillæ in his own permanent atoms. Now as the Monad works in the permanent atom and it is put forward as the nucleus of a body, he begins to work similarly in the atoms that are drawn round that permanent atom, and vivifies in turn their spirillæ; but that is temporary vivification, and not continuous as in the case of the permanent atom. He thus brings into activity these faint shadowy films, formed by the Second Life-Wave, and, when the life of the body is broken up, the atoms thus stimulated return to the great mass of atomic matter, improved and worked upon by the life which, during their connection with the permanent atom, has been vivifying them. The channels being thus developed, are more capable of easily receiving another such life-stream, as they enter another body and therein come into relation with a permanent atom belonging to some other

Monad. Thus this work continually goes on, on the physical and astral planes, and in the particle of mental matter on the mental plane, improving the materials with which the Monads are permanently or temporarily connected, and this evolution of atoms is constantly going on under the influence of the Monads. The permanent atoms evolve more rapidly, because of their continuity of connection with the Monad, while the others profit by their repeated temporary association with the permanent atoms.

During the first Round of the terrene Chain, the first set of spirillæ of the physical plane atoms becomes thus vivified by the life of the Monad flowing through the spiritual Triad. This is the set of spirillæ used by the prânic, or life-breath, currents affecting the dense part of the physical body. Similarly in the second Round the second set of spirillæ becomes active, and herein play the prânic currents connected with the etheric double. During these two Rounds nothing can be found, in connection with any form, that can be called sensations of pleasure and pain. During the third Round, the third set of spirillæ becomes vivified, and here first appears what is called sensibility; for, through these spirillæ, kâmic or desire energy can affect the physical body, the kâmic prâna can play in them, and thus bring the physical into direct communication with the astral. During the fourth Round, the fourth set of spirillæ becomes vivified, and the kâma-mânsic prâna plays in them, and makes them fit to be used for the building of a brain which is to act as the instrument for thought.

When a person passes out of the normal, and takes up the abnormal human evolution involved in preparing for and entering the Path which lies beyond normal evolution, he has then, in connection with his permanent atoms, a task of exceeding difficulty. He must vivify more sets of spirillæ than are vivified in the humanity of his time. Four sets are already at his service, as a fourth Round man. He begins to vivify a fifth, and thus to bring into manifestation the fifth Round atom while still working in a fourth Round body. It is to this that allusion is made in some early theosophical books, in which "Fifth Rounders" and "Sixth Rounders" are spoken of as appearing in our present humanity. Those thus designated have evolved the fifth and sixth set of spirillæ in their permanent atoms, thus obtaining a better instru-

ment for the use of their highly developed consciousness. The change is brought about by certain yoga practices in the use of which great caution is required, lest injury should be inflicted on the brain in which this work is being carried on, and further progress along that particular line stopped during the present incarnation.

ANNIE BESANT.

KANTELETAR*

(THE SONGS OF FINLAND)

"A FINNISH woman skilled in magic." Words such as these we meet with often enough in reading of the deeds of olden times, in Northland, or even in Russia. And not only the women of Finnish race were famous for "magic skill"; men there were also who "knew" the "words," and chief among such men were the bards who chanted incantations to the sad tunes of the "kantele," the Finnish lyre.

'Tis said, alas! of the "kantele" that it was not the hand of the wise Wäinämöinen, the Magician Ruler, that formed it, but that :

Sorrow joined its parts ;
Pain gave it form ;
Evil Destiny strung the strings.

And so, as the race grew up, it used to tell its tale of tears to the green woods "that knew how to be silent." Nor could anyone knowing aught of Nature in Finland dream of a more fitting setting for these mournful, magic songs—a setting not out of keeping even with the softer strains of the "Suomis Sång," Finland's national hymn.

And this Nature? In spring and summer, deep, deep forests of pine; in their heart, lakes of deep blue, veiled by the pale ethereal green of young birches; a jagged coast-line of sharp, grey rocks—soil hard enough to struggle with, surely, even in

* As regards most of the details see the paper by J. E. von Grotthuss, *Nordische Rundschau*, Sept., 1884.

the months of May and June, under the smiles of the midnight sun.

In autumn, the red soil glaring between dark pines, and a few violets perfuming the dreamy air so soon to be changed into the ice-cold clearness of winter.

And then winter—the depths of winter at sunset, and behold a white fairyland, outlines of birch trees, branches and crown glittering with purest snow all aglow in a pink glory against the pale sky, while all below has disappeared into the darkness, so that for miles and miles around, the enchanted, luminously rosy forest seems to be suspended in the air.

When Nature smiles on the bard of this land it is with unearthly smiles; his heart has to turn to that “Lys högt,” the Light from on High, whence alone come magic words and songs.

And so most of these “Songs of the Kantele” are known as incantations, “runes.” They are told in the so-called “runameter” verse. Some teach how a heart may be forced into unwilling love; some, how a hated life may be taken—with the power of “words.”

For the bard lived in constant communion with the spirit-world, with spirits, alas! of darkness as well as of light—and with those of darkness mostly, it must be feared, the farther north one goes. There, for eight months of the year, under cover of blackest night, the deadly cold moonlight showing in one lurid ray on the desolate mountain tops, lived the mysterious mages of Lapland. There they lived and there they revelled in all-night revels with gnomes and trolls over gold-mines and—death.

One of these old songs has an immediate interest for us in our studies. It is the Legend of the “Birth of Fire” as told in the Finnish runes.

In the highest Heavens, beyond the stars, the Spirit of the Air was once drawing forth his sword of fire when a spark flew upwards. It did not escape, for the Spirit of the Air caught it, and, concealing it in a box adorned with gold, entrusted it to the Queen of the Air. The Queen, thereupon, sat on the ether-waves rocking the Fire’s golden cradle suspended on a thread of silver. The “sound of gold” vibrated far and wide over the heavens, so that the clouds “moved” and “gave forth sound” in rhythm.

The Virgin Queen then put out her hand to take the spark. But it escaped her and, glowing like a red drop, sped downwards through seven heavens and through "the roof of stars and of clouds." It touched a house of earth and the house, with its inmates, a woman and her babe, was burnt. Then it flew over moor and plain and disappeared into the waves of the sea. At this the waves rose high, mighty trees along the coast were up-rooted and fish was cast up on to the land. The fire raged through the country, consuming everything on its way, until at last it stopped at the province Karebu. Here, "repentant," it hid itself under a great tree. Later on, under this same magic tree, the spark was found and thence brought into a house to kindle, for the first time, the hearth of man.

It was thus that the rune-tellers sang, sitting two together and opposite each other, holding hands. One began the tale and the other repeated, and he who repeated was, as a rule, the younger of the two, the pupil, so to say, of the chief bard.

The highest expression in rune-song was expected from the poet who called himself a child of Lapland, or from one "taught in this Lapland far North." For Lapland—Lapony—was the seat of the great magicians of the North, and only on the head that held the wisdom of *their* race was set the crown of achievement in runes.

These runes, say the songs, can turn stones into gold, they can calm the sea, stay the north wind and "warm the hearts of the gods." And, as the Aurora Borealis flushes with pink lights the sky and the white silence of night, it would seem that the gods *still* smile on Finland's songs.

A RUSSIAN.

WISDOM is a fox who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out. Wisdom is a hen whose cackling we must value and consider because it is attended with an egg; but then, lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth and pay you with nothing but a worm.—SWIFT.

LOVE'S CHAPLET

By the Author of "Light on the Path"

LOVE'S Chaplet is the crown of the immortal spirit when it has become entirely purified and deathless, and has cast off all those parts of itself which are vestures. The laying down of these vestures constitutes the change known as death, and while the spirit is liable to such changes it is uncrowned. But during the period in which the process of change is taking place the chaplet is being formed and prepared; for the spirit cannot enter among the company of the immortals uncrowned, nor pass into the deathless state until the flowers have grown and bloomed that are to form the crown. These flowers are each the developed shape of a perfected and completed friendship. The perfecting involves purification, and extreme suffering is often a part of the process. From that which men call love, and which is the seed from which the flower springs, thousands of seedlings spring in the course of the incarnations. From among these seedlings the force called fate selects some which are strong enough to rise triumphantly above the rest and to continue to grow after these others have long since succumbed and withered away. But they do not attain to the state of flowering until the spirit has become deathless; which means that it is no longer subject to space or time or embodiment in flesh, but is encased in its own spiritual sheath and shape which is to serve it for an eternity of energy and power. This is the wedding garment; for the two have become one. The two only become one when all is accomplished, when all is finished, that necessitates pilgrimage in the dusty, weary ways of earth. Flowers spring by the way and birds sing overhead, and flutter from tree to tree; rivulets burst forth from the rock and lakes appear in the dry land. These things make the pilgrimage endurable and very often are so

delightful that the joy in them blots out the pain of the incessant movement; but nothing alters the character of the movement—it is that of pilgrimage. There is no standing still, and even to pause is dangerous, for then it is possible to slip back unconsciously. The soul is seeking itself, seeking the permanent contact which constitutes real life; and if that were attainable during the incarnations then the progress of the race from the abyss in which it was born to the daylight of infinite consciousness would be arrested. Therefore it is that even the most advanced souls only encounter those other souls which are the counterpart of themselves for a brief space during an incarnation—for just long enough to awaken them to the fact that a great future depends upon continual effort and progress without pause.

As soon as the awakening comes the parting comes. Foreknowing this, fear falls upon great souls with the advent of great love, for the pain which is God's sword-thrust must follow. That which is God's sword can work nothing but good; and men's lives and souls cannot be tampered with by any less power than by the God of the æon who guides men to the Gateway. Therefore it is that men who are wise welcome sorrow as well as joy, knowing it to be a touch of the guider, pointing out the way. Each soul that has suffered and attained to the deathless state brings to the marriage feast its flowers for the crown and its own material for the wedding garment. Wherefore it is that the perfect friend of friends and the sublime love born of meeting with that friend, stand apart in every life. That friendship does not grow into a flower for the chaplet. The perfected and deathless being who is crowned and clothed in the wedding garment, becomes one of a far more glorious and stupendous circlet, drawn into shape by sublime sympathy as the stars in space are drawn into their places by attraction. Thus it is that eventually all the immortals arrive upon the scene where they are to enact the great drama which is the goal and object of the pilgrimage, and each one takes his appointed position. Love has drawn them hither, and nothing else can do it. It is the highest power with which the highest part of man has contact. That there are higher powers we know because love itself is ruled and directed, although to man in his normal state it appears as

though it were the ruler and director. Man has not the power to guide or order it, he is to it as the wire to the electric current, and if it enters into him he becomes imbued and overwhelmed by it. Those who have attained psychic sight know that there are beings who have the power to direct the current and to use the wire. It means a new birth to the man so used, and the end is thus partly accomplished, and partly also by the awakening of that other towards whom the current of his being sets.

The mystery of the action of love is to a certain extent explained by this fact. It is only occasionally called into being by the loveableness of the object; that is only one cause among many, and it is one that only exists where the object belongs to a higher sphere than the one who loves. By such a love as this the lover is drawn upward, and so guided on his path. In most cases the cause and the reason are quite independent of the character of the one loved, except that the lack of virtue and strength, or the positive evil in that character, may make human love absolutely essential for its progress and advantage; and then the powers which guide and lead mankind direct the current upon him, as a gardener would give sunshine to a sickly plant. Love is the electricity which not merely gives growth but gives life; and to the barren soil of a darkened heart it comes as the sun comes upon dry earth; seedlings appear at once. The spiritual life of man corresponds with his physical life while he is embodied, and moisture is needed by the seedling in his nature as well as by the seedling in the earth on which he stands. This moisture is a greater and more marvellous gift than the sun-ray or the current of love, because it arises from the complex nature of the being of man and his atmosphere, as it arises from the complex nature of the substance of the earth and its atmosphere. It is from the well-spring of man's own heart that the necessary moisture comes for his growth, and it is by pain, and grief, and loss, and deprivation, and jealousy, and disappointment, that the heart is made to yield the moisture and the being of man is softened and made plastic and capable of growth. The flower of friendship is a vital part of this growth and demands the moisture.

M. C.

WOODBØY

MOTHER of this unfathomable world
 I have loved
 Thee ever, and thee only.

SHELLEY'S *Alastor*.

I KNOW the heart of a secret wood whose ways are so closely set about with undergrowth that not many find it. It is a wood within a wood, a silence in the midst of silences. The way thither runs through long aisles of pine trees; tall, so tall that their breath stirs heaven while their feet grip the good earth. Ever between their pillars drift the long violet shadows, fit dwellers in the courts where twilight reigns. Thence passing under the mighty doors one gains the inner shrine.

There, in spring-season as I saw it first, the air was full of melody though never a bird sang. Around, the tall larch spears flickered as though a sun-ray caught their steel, and through their ranks gleamed the thorn—a drift of white mist-like sweet souls who wander prayerfully on slumbrous wings. To me the scene broke suddenly as one that has been followed in dreams, seen faintly in a moment's ecstasy, but never realised.

One heard the sun-shafts strike the denser leaves, and at the summons their doors lifted up their heads for the king of glory to come in. And I thought his blessing fell on the holy ground like sunlight through green leaves.

There were pools of silver light on the white sand among the darker background of the pines, such pools as the gods may bathe in, sun-fire in the shade. There were soft couches of star-moss and green-leaved whortleberry, the ling glowed as a rippling fire may glow as it runs across the heath. But never a bird song or the snap of a twig or swaying of a wind-bent bough to break the music of the silences.

And as I watched, the thorn-mist drifted out in white-winged

whorls, shaping among the larch stems to mighty forms of god-head. And from out them came a boy. A boy as brown and shapely as the young faun who leans from out the age-old box trees, with his hand to his lips; a boy as light and lithe-limbed as a young goat-footed Pan, the Pan who neither sought for Syrinx nor lost her, before the question of eternity wailed through the music of his pipes. For the boy's lips of berry red were smiling and his young limbs danced in the mystic glory of the shadowed sunlight, the veiled blessings that whispered round his head.

A young deer walked beside him, and the young rabbits ran fearlessly about his naked feet. In his hand he carried a larch bough with the red-tipped tassels wet with dew and the emerald tufts shining against the silver of the stem. His great eyes sought mine fearlessly, I felt they saw beyond my soul.

"Welcome to the woodlands, stranger," ran his greeting, and he waved his branch so that a shower of dew-diamonds fell to earth—a very royal prince, scattering his gems as he went. He drew nearer, and I saw that where he trod he set the imprint of his feet in greener grass on whiter sand. His feet moved like fire, bronze fire among the whortleberries. A great wonder took hold of me, for it seemed that between me and the boy moved a flickering flame of fire, sun-fire, that danced between us like a living screen. I made bold to ask his name.

"I bear many names," he said, and laughed. His laughter ran like the trickle of a merry brook released from winter's hands; it leapt from note to note like clear water with tuneful sound.

"May I know one by which to call you?"

He laughed again: "You may call me Woodboy if it please you." His naked feet shone among the wood violets and primroses, among the silver sand. He stooped and caressed the flowers lightly. The sun-fire of the sunlight seemed to follow him, even as the wonderful flame wavered before his face. "I am Woodboy to you, for have you not found me in these forests?"

"I know these woods well, yet have I never met with you before."

"And I have watched you often, and marked each step you

took. One day I saw you lift a little dove from the ground and set it again in its empty nest; one day you sat watching a squirrel so quietly that it drew near and fed of the beech-nuts in your hand; once you let loose a hare from the teeth of a steel trap; many times have you replanted the primroses rooted up by careless childish hands, and left to wither on the path; . . . each step you took drew you nearer the heart of the wood, nearer the temple where I serve."

His words recalled the thought I had brought with me, that the vast woods stretching miles on either hand were but the outer courts to this secret shrine, to this temple where no winds blow.

He lay on the sand, resting his back against the dappled deer, the rabbits sat among the whortleberries nibbling at the tender leaves. He laid his branch down and took up his pipes and began to play. I heard him spell-bound with a mighty spell. For his pipes played the first gleam of sunshine over a wintry earth, and as the music broke in rippling melody, articulate tiny silver notes like fountain drops of sound, I felt the throb in the earth's brown breast as she woke to greet the sun. He played the colours of the dancing sunshine, the ripple of the brook, the birth of spring flowers, the thought in the heart of the bird ere it finds voice in song; he played the sun and shade that steal between the tree-trunks playing hide and seek with each other in the springtime; he played the deers' leap and the merry scamper of the rabbits, and all the young awakening thoughts that lie sleeping through the winter in his secret shrine. And the pipes played only the melody in single notes, so true, so sweet, so perfect that the heart could never crave for harmonies. And the rippling tune ran on in the simple-hearted joy of springtime. It seemed to me that as he played I could hear the grass grow and the budding leaves open to the sound. And when he ceased it seemed that all the earth echoed his song, all the world rang true to the beauty of that music.

He laid his cheek to the bark of a tree. "I hear the souls of the leaves rushing upwards," he said, and bade me listen so I heard them too. And through the rough doorway I heard the fountain of life playing within the tree-trunk, flinging up invisibly the living water. He held a spotted egg to me and

bade me lay it to my ear. And listening, I heard within once more the song of life, and that song seemed to draw earth and heaven to each other by its sound. For the song seemed the thread of a mighty melody, whereof chords sounded from afar, making harmonies like an echo of a future chorus; so welded, so modulated that the melody was never lost but only built up by the greater chords. He bade me lean my ear to the earth and listen yet again. And I heard again the melody that told of birth, the painless birth of all created things. For the world seemed newborn, that spring morning.

And wrapped in this new hearing it seemed to me that I read all the secrets of the big book of Nature written in that sound; read, and partly understood.

Yet when I woke from my dreaming all I saw was the drift of thorn mist, the green of the budding larch trees, the scamper of the rabbits through the whortleberries. High up in a tree a bird's voice broke the silence. And his song was "Life."

It was midsummer when my feet again found the path to the secret wood. The sweet honeysuckle looped its trails beside my way, overhead the trees met in shadowed green, under foot the earth shone with a thousand flower jewels, the air danced in the sunlight.

Once again Woodboy met me, but his form was changed. The young frame had filled, the young eyes taken to themselves other, deeper looks. He danced no longer among the blossoms, yet his naked feet were bound about with flaming wings so that he sped more swiftly under the summer sunshine. And all around him shone the flame that shone around him first.

"Greeting, stranger," he cried across the rosy heather.

"Greeting, Woodboy," said I.

The deer no longer ran beside him, the rabbits were busy elsewhere, the face of things seemed changed. He waved a branch of wild roses in the air, their scent drifted through the fiery screen. He listened with leaned head, his hand curved to his ear. I heard nothing.

"O Woodboy," I said, "why is it that the deer no longer runs at your side, nor the rabbits play about your feet, that you listen instead of playing on your pipe?"

He threw back his head so that the bronze of his young throat shone in the surrounding firelight.

"The deer has found him a mate, the rabbits have gone to their burrows, and I I listen for a voice, that I may answer it upon my pipes"; and again he leaned his head and curved his hand.

And surely from the pine-clad distance sounded a long, sweet call. Just as when among the Alps the guide will blow a horn so that the mighty hills catch, caress, and echo the sound in a thousand subtle replicas of the one note, echo beyond echo, tone beyond tone, the soul of the sound in the breath of the reply, so sounded on my ears the magic call. One long, sweet note that shook itself in other notes, sun-motes of sound; each note so true, so sweet, so infinitely complete in itself that the ear held it without desiring more. Yet the next note made perfection more perfect, adding a fuller joy. And I saw the sound-born joy reflected in his face.

He took his pipes and played the answer.

The sound was thrown from each to each in a hundred gradations and variations of tone; a tiny scale, where one note of ours is split into seven tones, and each tone holds another seven, yet each tone sounds as full and rich and true as one most mighty chord. He leaped among the whortleberries, between the sun-smitten pine trunks, and so was gone. And his song and the echo sang "Love."

Autumn drew me once again to the heart of the wood and showed me Woodboy. He had reached manhood's prime, and his eyes were lit with greater fires than those of life and love. There was strength in him as he rived the earth asunder and drew forth her hidden treasure, strength as he bowed the pine trees and bade them answer and obey. To me it seemed that his heart and hands were full of riper fruits, that his fire-shod feet rushed ever faster down the widening circle of the year. And he seemed more woodland king than the boy who gave me welcome, more one who reigned than one who served.

The leaves were ruby and gold, the pale autumn sky shone through the rafters of the forest trees, the sun-fire leaped in the shade. And again he gave me greeting and bade me welcome,

waving a branch whereon the berries glowed scarlet in the sun.

“O Woodboy,” I said, “if indeed my eyes see Woodboy, once again am I led to your temple. Teach me, I pray you, the meaning of this change?”

And he, leaning in glory against the pine-bole, made reply :

“Doubter, look at me.”

And I lifted my eyes to his, and in them saw I not only the life of spring and the love of summer, but the promise of a greater gift to come.

“I gather now that I may sow,” he said. And once again drew out his magic pipes. And in the fullness of the melody I heard the song of life, the song of love and song of strength, a mighty chord of praise. And in his fuller manhood Woodboy told me that all these things are one, bound together with something which he knew not yet. Nor I, for to mine ears the harmony was complete.

“Men gather not to sow again but to reap the fruits of their labours,” I said, when his song was done.

“I reap to sow. That much know I, though knowing nothing more. In spring I reaped the birth of Life, in summer the birth of Love. I reap now the harvest of their wedded strength. Yet I know one comes after me who is greater than I.”

“Greater than the king of the year?”

Woodboy smiled, and the fire of his feet flickered among the browning fern. “Greater, even as silence is greater than sound.”

I saw the jewelled leaves fall at his feet, and in the rush of their wings methought I heard a whispered voice.

“O Woodboy,” I said, “my heart is filled with fear. Is Life but the path to Death as summer leads to winter? Are we bound to the wheel of the year for no greater purpose than this?”

And he: “What is Death?”

And I: “The grip of pale fingers at the throat, the touch of sodden earth on the heart’s fire, the fog that enwraps the brain, even as winter chill enwraps the world.”

Then Woodboy spoke: “Nay, who has seen Death, and spoken with him?”

I answered : " No one living."

Then said he : " Life's purpose know I, Love's purpose can I understand ; but for the rest, I know no more than you. I only wait." And the fire of his feet vanished amid the darkening pines.

Silence lay on the winter woods, each hoary pine stood wrapped in his winding sheet of snow. Across the spotless, blind white ways I went, a wall of whitened undergrowth on either hand ; above, the pallor of the winter sky, below my feet the whitened leaves lay under the snowdrift. A frost-bound silence clung to the frozen air, even as the frozen dewdrops hung on the withered fern.

The larch trees stood like spears around, with the cold light flickering down their naked stems. The temple was deserted save by silence ; silent, save for the footsteps of the fear that was in mine heart. And I stood while the silence wrapped me in its mist of dread, while my heart beat feebly and the chill of winter struck my brain.

And while I watched, wild-eyed with fear, the figure of a man crossed the shrine ; and I sprang to him in thankfulness for his presence, catching at his robe. And he drew me into its snowflake folds in the darkness and the silence.

Fear fell from me, awe held me by the hand and stilled the beating of my heart.

Within his mantle it seemed I stood in the womb of all things, in a heart of fire. And as the mighty sphere enfolded me, I saw as gods see, not as men.

And the song of life and love and strength rang through the deeps of the earth, and I beheld all the pain and woe and cruelty that had gone to its making transfused in that fire, so that which seemed evil harmonised with that which was good, and death became the doorway to a fuller life. And while I grasped the knowledge from the flaming fire, drawing the flames to me, laving myself in their force, the fiery sphere sundered, the snow-dark mantle parted, and I came forth.

And the eyes of the man held me. " Read my name," he said.

And all the lights of heaven blazed in his eyes, and I read " Life."

“ Look once again ! ”

And I read “ Love.”

“ Again ! ”

And the name was blazoned, “ Death.”

“ Yet once again ! ”

And the flames leaped to his face, so that the fires within shone through the snow-pure silence of his body. And written in stars across his forehead ran the one word, “ Wisdom.” For Life and Love and Death are subject unto Wisdom.

And I knew what Woodboy meant when he said he reaped to sow for a fuller harvest. For the works of man for himself are nothing worth, the harvest nothing save for the sowing again. For I had seen into the cause of things. How man's strength fed Wisdom's fire, man's love, and life, his hopes, his fears, his prayers, all of himself were but of use in so far as they fed the sacred flame. And that fire in turn is fed but to nourish other fires, so that the flame in the heart of man may rise responsive to the heart of all.

So Woodboy taught me in the name of life and death. And I saw in the eyes of the stately figure the eyes of the man and the eyes of the laughing boy. For Wisdom holds the small as well as the great things in his keeping, in his everlasting treasure house.

I bowed my head as the figure went from me, and the snow-flakes fell like angel's thoughts out of the evening sky. A great awe rested on the place, for he who passed through the shrine was Wisdom's self, and in his heart burned everlastingly the heart of all.

Yet I know if spring calls me once more among the larch trees, Woodboy will come to me as a boy again.

M. U. GREEN.

THE souls of the Sons of God are greater than their business ; and they are thrown out into life, not to do a certain work, but to be a certain thing : to have some sacred lineaments, to show some divine tint of the Parent Mind from which they came.—MARTINEAU.

THEOSOPHIC LIGHT ON BIBLE SHADOWS

IF we are convinced, as I believe many of us are convinced, that Christianity is the form of religion for the Western World to-day; if we believe, as I think many of us do believe, that the mould, the crucible, into which truth is poured and the divine fire burns, is to-day and for us Christianity—a religion the basis of which is sweetness and light, whatever its detractors say, and in spite of the degeneration into which it has fallen in modern times;—if we believe this,—it is surely not without interest to many of us, and to those even outside the rank of students, to make an endeavour to examine Christianity and Judaism in the light of Theosophy instead of by the mediæval lantern of prejudice on the one hand, or the equally imperfect flashlight of modern scepticism on the other; and to see whether by the help of this light, which shines, however dimly, on the path of every earnest seeker after truth, we cannot sense the real inner unity beneath and beyond the apparent manifest diversities.

The greatest endeavour of my life has ever been, and I trust will ever be, to seek for truth, by symbol, by thought, by action, and to search always for *unity*; to search for that which draws men together rather than for that which separates them; to break down walls of partition, never to build them up. I can only ask for the patient indulgence of my readers while I try to put before them tentatively some of the clues which run through the warp and woof of Judaism and Christianity, like gold and silver threads through cloth stuff. Or, to return to my original metaphor, I would endeavour to show them what seems to me to irradiate the shadows of Judaism and Christianity with true beams of theosophic light.

To begin with, Madame Blavatsky says in *Isis Unveiled*, that the Bible was ever an esoteric book. It was this remark of hers that set me thinking how infinite was that “spirit” which giveth

life, compared to the dead letter of the Mosaic Law, or even the cut and dried morality into which S. Paul occasionally lapses, after giving us glimpses of glorious mystic truths which were revealed to him.

In the course of my lecture, then, I shall try to solve some of those difficulties up to which a professor of divinity has many a time invited his class to march boldly, look in the face and pass on; this "masterly policy of inaction" is usually adopted by commentators, and so the difficulties are left to perplex and bewilder many a reader who is not fond of chewing the bitter cud of paradox along with the sweet grass of ethics and textual morality. "Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should issue thence?" True, but it is by *resolving discords* that harmony is attained, not by insisting upon them.

The Old Testament was originally written in Old Hebrew or Phœnician characters, such as are still preserved in the Samaritan Pentateuch. After the return of the Jews from the Babylonian Captivity they transliterated their Scriptures into the present square characters, which are Assyrian, and from this performance arose many mistakes. It was not until the sixth century A.D. that the vowel points were added to the text to perpetuate the pronunciation; this also increased the errors in the text. The oldest extant MS. of the Old Testament is not of earlier date than the ninth century A.D., and we know not how many errors may have crept into even that earliest MS.

It is a fact worthy of notice that difficulties of readings show a curious tendency towards simplification in proportion to the age of the document; and it has now become a canon of criticism that the more difficult reading is nearer the original.

With regard to the New Testament it is very probable that parts of the gospels were translated into Greek from an original Aramaic document; in this process the meaning of the original writer may have been frequently obscured and sometimes lost altogether; this partly accounts for the difficulty found in any attempt to harmonise the gospels.

Before, however, dealing with the texts in which I wish to show a possible theosophic interpretation, I would draw attention to a verse in the first chapter of Genesis, seldom remem-

bered by any readers, indicating the natural food for an *ideal* world—a counsel of perfection you will say. It is this: “God said, Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life (or a living soul), I have given every green herb for meat.” Even after the “Fall” or descent into matter we read the same injunction: “And thou shalt eat the herb of the field” (Genesis iii. 18). For special instances of regulations for diet which excluded animal food we need only turn to such well-known characters as Daniel and John the Baptist.

Now let us take the theosophic torch in our hand. The theory of androgynous bi-sexual man (male-female) is not without witness in the Christian Scriptures, for in Genesis i. 27, instead of the reading: “God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he *him*, male and female created he *them*,” which is manifestly absurd, for according to the Bible account woman was not yet created, we should read “male and female created he *him*.” (אִתּוֹ for אִתָּם.) This is certainly an instance of the alteration of, or rather addition of, a letter in order to make the text fit the copyist’s belief; perhaps he objected to or had never heard of the bi-sexual man; we might say it looks like a copyist of the dark ages putting Moses right.

In Genesis v. 1, 2, we have the same kind of alteration in order to obliterate the idea of the bi-sexual man; in this passage the LXX. supports my contention because it has escaped the emending hand of the copyist. Here is the passage: “This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he *him*; male and female created he *them*; and blessed them and called their (LXX. αὐτοῦ, his) name Adam.”

Although the so-called Athanasian Creed forbids us to say there be three Gods or three Lords, yet the plurality of gods of varying rank is distinctly taught in the Bible; their names are many, but I cannot undertake to identify them.

The redactors of the Scriptures seem to have been puzzled

by the variety of names of the different gods, therefore we find that they very often regarded them as names of one God and so made them synonymous in their redactions. Some of the names used in the Old Testament are these: Jehovah or Yahwè, Elohim, Adonai, El and combinations of El, *e.g.*, El-shaddai.

Yahwè I take to represent the supreme deity.

Elohim are the creators of the world and man. "The Elohim created the heavens and the earth." "The Elohim said, Let *us* make man in *our* image after *our* likeness, so the Elohim created *the man*." Perhaps they are that high order of celestial beings who surround the throne of God and do His behests, who are elsewhere called "the morning stars" that sang together at the Creation, and "the Sons of God" that shouted for joy.

Elohim, as is well known, is plural; the explanation we were always given was that it is a plural of majesty and rank; this explanation is clinched by reference to the formal documents put forth by our Sovereign, wherein he speaks of himself in the plural; surely this explanation of a difficulty is sufficiently absurd, and yet the up-to-date *Encyclopædia Biblica* favours this view.

When the redactor did his work of compilation of the different accounts of the Old Testament writings, he left traces of evidence that he amalgamated the names of deity and made them one. Thus, Yahwè and Elohim are frequently found together and are translated in the Authorised and Revised Versions by "The Lord God"; *e.g.*, in Genesis iii. 22, we read "Yahwè Elohim said" translated "The Lord God said, Behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil." I am inclined to think in this case, if both names stand, that it is the Elohim who address Yahwè, and I should render in this way: "The Elohim said, O Yahwè, behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil." This very desirable result is the outcome of the so-called "Fall" or sin. It used certainly to sound strange in my orthodox ears. It must, indeed, be a very uncomfortable dilemma for tradition to learn from the Holy Scriptures that according to its own interpretation man by sinning became as God.

The plurality of Gods is also taught in the Psalms. In the 138th Psalm, David, or whoever the author was, says: "I will praise Thee (Yahwè) with my whole heart; before the gods

(Elohim) will I sing praise unto Thee ; I will worship toward Thy holy Temple." In this passage Elohim is translated gods with a small g, by which I imagine the translators imply that the gods are so-called "heathen " gods ; but would that not be equivalent to charging David with idolatry and Yahwè with countenancing it? The LXX. here warily translate the word אֱלֹהִים by ἀγγέλων ; in other places, as, for instance, in the first chapter of Genesis, verse 1, they translate the same word by $\delta\ \theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$, God, in the singular. Perhaps this arises from the emendations of the Christian copyist. By this kind of—I hardly like to say double-dealing with, but certainly veiling of, the truth, probably not intentionally, the translators of the Scriptures have misled the readers of the English versions.

In the 82nd Psalm, which seems to be addressed, at any rate, to the whole of the Jewish nation, if it had not even a wider application in the writer's mind, we read : " I have said, ye are gods, and all of you are children of the most High."

If we turn to the New Testament we find S. Paul acknowledging this plurality of the gods ; in 1 Corinthians viii. he says : " For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many). But to us is one God, the Father, of Whom are all things, and we in Him." It is seen, therefore, that S. Paul teaches that there is one absolute source of all, the unapproachable God, but he acknowledges that there are other gods, and these I suppose may be equivalent to the Elohim, but in the Greek New Testament one word only ($\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$) is used throughout for God or gods of any kind, and so the distinction cannot be maintained as in the Hebrew Old Testament, in which we have several names for God and gods. But unfortunately in the Old Testament the force and meaning of these different names is considerably lost, because the redactors often made them synonymous. Let me give a few instances.

In Genesis xvi. 13 Hagar is made to identify the מְלַאךְ of Yahwè with the אֱלֹהִים of Yahwè, and both these with the God אֱלֹהִים .

In Genesis xvii. 1 God speaking of Himself is made to use the three names, Yahwè, Elohim, and El, as interchangeable.

Genesis xxi. 33 makes אֱלֹהִים and יהוה synonymous.

Genesis xxxi. 13. God אֱלֹהִים speaking to Jacob is made by the redactor to identify himself with the messenger of Elohim מַלְאָכֵי הָאֱלֹהִים.

Genesis xxxv. 7. Jacob identifies El with Elohim.

These are merely samples of what are constantly recurring throughout the Old Testament, especially in the earlier books. It very plainly shows the hand of the redactor, who had evidently lost the distinctive meaning of these different names; to restore these needs the help of one who possesses esoteric knowledge as well as a considerable acquaintance with Hebrew and the cognate languages.

Gesenius, the great Hebrew lexicographer, has fallen into the redactor's trap when he says that El is a general term for God, and therefore is used of Yahwè as well as of the gods of other nations. The term אֱלֹהִים is used more than any other in combination with other words; e.g. :

אֱלֹהֵי עֵלְיוֹן	The most High God.
אֱלֹהֵי שָׁמַיִם	Almighty God.
אֱלֹהֵי חַיִּים	Living God.
אֱלֹהֵי אֲחֵרִים and אֱלֹהֵי זָרִים	Strange God.
בְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים	Sons of God, i.e., Angels, etc.

From these I shall select one only for comment, and that is :

אֱלֹהֵי שָׁמַיִם Almighty God.

In Genesis xxviii. 3 Isaac used this title when he invoked the blessing of God on his son Jacob at the time he sent him away from home that he might escape the wrath of his brother Esau whom he had defrauded.

Even the *Encyclopædia Biblica* seems to despair of ever finding a satisfactory explanation of this title אֱלֹהֵי שָׁמַיִם, but I think the theosophic torch throws some light upon it, for I find that the latter half of the title שָׁמַיִם may be derived from the word שֶׁמֶת which means "a mother's breast," and therefore the title אֱלֹהֵי שָׁמַיִם might be rendered by a term well known to members of the Theosophical Society, namely "Father-Mother."

There, is, however, another possible explanation which may be considered even better than this.

לִמ is said to mean the god Mithra, the Sun, the Preserver-Saviour-Restorer.

(Sir W. Drummond, *Ædipus Judaicus*, p. 250.) לִמ = Sol, not Deus.

The writer in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* gives me the other clue to the second half of the title, viz., אֱלֹהִים. After dismissing the English rendering "Almighty," he goes on to say that אֱלֹהִים judged by its form could only be a derivative of the form אֱלֹהִים with the suffix. But this root, he says, means only "to lay waste, *destroy*," and it is surely inconceivable, he goes on, that אֱלֹהִים-לִמ designates God as the devastator or destroyer. But this combination of titles is one we know so well: God the Destroyer, God the Preserver.

MATHĒTĒS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A FRAGMENT

OUT of the silence—out of the deep watches of the night—came this voice to me; and I believe it the voice of my soul, or of some influence sent to help me; for in the silence the soul speaks more clearly than amid the roar and turmoil of everyday concerns. Immortality! queried my soul. Immortality! how shall it be brought to the understanding of the simple, the timid materialist, who fain would believe in it, but, confounded by the plausible arguments of "science," cannot bring himself so to do. Straight out of the darkness comes the answer to my soul.

Immortality! of what? Of the body; the coarse material frame which eats, drinks, loves and dies, pursuing its daily course of physical existence? Nay; the physical body dies, so they say, or rather, its material elements disintegrate, remain and are reconstructed elsewhere.

But the soul, the consciousness, with which thou knowest and discussest these and other matters, does it die, does it disintegrate? What is its nature? Is it not an intangible something by means of which thou dost order and direct thy physical proceedings? Call it spirit if thou wilt, and then define what thou

meanest by spirit. Call it matter, and then explain the difference between spirit and matter. Say where one ends and the other begins. Think of it as the scientist does; as the result of the action of matter, and explain when and why the action begins. Or think of it as something which inhabits thy body, directing and controlling it, without being of it. Even then, art thou sure that its nature is not of physical matter in some highly developed condition which is invisible to thy physical eyes?

Matter dies, says the scientist, and with it the soul, which gave it birth. What knowest thou, O man of matter, of its nature; whence it comes and whither it goes? Canst thou destroy it? Matter; coarse, refined, attenuated, etherealised, disappearing; is it gone because thou canst not see it? What carries it away with its changing condition? What is integral to it? Believe, if thou wilt, that soul is dependent upon matter. If thou canst destroy that matter thou mayest perchance be able to destroy the soul with it; but canst thou destroy anything? Where wilt thou place it when destroyed? Is not thy soul of the nature of that invisible matter with which thou canst only come into contact by thy impression of things? Will it not subsist, impregnated with thy individual impressions, so long as any particle of matter can exist, as the expression of that great indescribable power which brought it into being? Will it even then have ceased to be? can it be destroyed? Even if reduced to the ultimate spiritual atom (when thou canst find that), will it not still exist, though it may have lost its individual characteristics?

Ponder, O friend, in the silence; seek the company of thine own soul; meditate and ask of it this and other problems which distress thee; and if thou art in earnest, the answer will come to thee in no uncertain voice, though it may not be audible to thy physical ears.

A. K.

PHILOSOPHY does not look into pedigrees; she did not adopt Plato as noble but she made him such.—SENECA.

AN IMPRISONED SOUL

LONG, long had my soul slept. Now it awakened. What was the first mental consciousness of its awakening ?

Did love and light breathe soft radiance from some hidden fount of bliss ? Did joy sing through the new-born individuality, with vital chant of youth and life, with pæan of eternal hope ? No.

The first thing of which the newly-awakened spirit was conscious was the fact that it was chained and fast bound in misery and iron. It neither strove nor cried. It suffered passively, and passivity has no voice that can be heard by earthly ears.

The soul dwelt in hell. It knew there was heaven ; but it hardly so much as desired to leave the place of pain in which it now for the first time saw the light—if light it can be called. It was rather a greyness, where once all was black.

So the chained spirit looked at its fetters, more out of a dull curiosity than anything else. Heavy-laden it was with these iron companions of its solitude. Bitter was the aching, red was the rust, in the heart of the soul and in the fetters.

One day the spirit desired freedom. And the passive pain became the keen gnawing of active hunger.

“ Outside my cell, with its narrow barred window, there is light. Beyond the dim portals of my prison, surely stretch the green pastures and flower-filled woodlands of my dreams.

“ Somewhere, beyond this silence, there is surely song. My voice is fain of music. Why is my soul dumb ? ”

“ Dumb, ”—echoed the heavy emptiness of the dwelling of the imprisoned soul, and the shapes of despair and darkness laughed and thronged round it with hideous leering satyr-forms and leaped upon it, grinning fearfully.

The spirit shuddered, and began to strive against these foul

powers, under whose sway it had long lain in heavy lethargy. Now it was awake, and the battle began.

How may pen of mine tell what that sufferer endured? How shall men tell of the struggle, the mysterious conflict in the soul of man, between the God and the animal? Those only know who are still fighting, but have not yet prevailed.

The soul, so fain of music, had no voice. Those only who have felt the fiery stabs of this unappeased craving will know what this meant to the soul. Neither through voice nor hand could it sing the music that it heard and yearned to express.

It was under the dominion of art, but a slave, when it should have been a priest. It dreamt visions of utmost beauty, but how should the trembling hand, the uncertain aim, which no training could make obedient, transfer what it saw and felt to any medium whereby men should see and share with it the beauty which it saw and ached to translate for, and share with, others, with a pain that only weakness knows? The chains were on it, and it was powerless. How could it realise its birthright, its heritage, with this iron burden of past lives upon it?

In visions this spirit stood with the great poets of antique times. It bathed in the light of the beatific vision. It heard the choral rejoicing of many a strong seraph, as it laid its oblation of love, its sacrifice of song before some Divine Master, who smiled and approved His child's offering of praise.

But when the soul came back to the darkness of earth and the heaviness of fetters, it only remembered that it had heard heavenly voices in symphony of song. Not one strain could it reproduce; and I cannot tell you how weary it grew of earth life.

It sought earthly masters of art as companions. But they, being of earth, could not see that it was a great soul imprisoned. They only saw the weakness, the incoherence, they heard only the jarring discord in the song, if it ever strove to sing. They saw only the faults when the hand attempted to show what the heart conceived. And they would none of this spirit as their companion. So they turned themselves from him, and the soul went lonely on its way, with heavy, clanking fetters, and eyes dim and aching with unshed tears. In its breast it carried always a small cold child, whose name was—Despair.

Now was the time when it began to know fear of itself, for a voice hissed daily in its ear :

“ Why live ? Death is easy and swift. Life is difficult, and brain, heart and limbs are weary of this unequal strife with Titan hours—why not end it all ? ”

Yet it knew this was not the way, but it trembled with fear lest it might yield to the temptation.

One day the soul felt the utmost pain could inflict had been wreaked upon it. For it loved, and the beloved turned from the passion of the soul (who had power of loving such as few possess) not merely with indifference, but with mocking disdain.

Long had it served silently at the shrine of its idol, and even now it had asked nothing nearer, no bond closer than that which may exist between a ruler and a devoted server. But the ruler had cast the soul away from his service, and the soul's cup of bitterness brimmed over.

“ Surely now I will live no longer,” it said. “ What is life that I should desire it ? No man cares for my life. If I take that which no one desires and of which I am myself full weary, who shall reckon it, and what harm shall come of it ? ”

And the soul drew near to the deed that should sever it from the body.

But a voice cried and said : “ Do not this deed.” Thrice it spoke those words.

“ Why should I pause in going from one place of darkness and misery,” answered the soul, full of bitterness. “ Life is hard ; death may perchance be easier. I am so full of weariness of the troubles that I know, that I desire to fly to the unknown ; there I may find refuge for that which is sick unto death, with the burden of human life where there is no voice to help, no hand to soothe, no heart whereon I may know a moment's joy that should outweigh æons of pain. Speak not, for I am determined to tread the way of death. Perchance in the darkness and desolation of that black vale I may find oblivion, welcome anodyne to soul such as mine.”

And so it went forth to death. But in death there was no rest for that soul. For at the body's departure the spirit stood naked, shivering on a pinnacle of loneliness, looking far down into

the depths of a black abyss. Still the eternal hunger, the unappeased craving for it knew not what. So that in a short space it prayed: "Let me live on earth again, for this void is more hard to be endured than the other."

So the lords of that soul's fate prepared another dwelling, and therein it entered.

Now this time, the spirit remembered how in the last life it had destroyed its body, and that thereafter had followed no good, but rather greater misery. Again the world was empty and cheerless. Once again the ebb-tide of loneliness went down, leaving the soul there on its cold salt shore. Yet this turn of the wheel of birth and death, though it had brought no trace of what men call happiness, yet one gift it brought, by virtue of which the soul found strength to lift up its bowed head and bear the burden of human life and solitude.

For now it saw the star of hope. Faint and dim at first gleamed its light on the dark retreating tide; but ever stronger, brighter, it waxed and burned.

So that the day came when the soul took heart of grace, it began to realise the immutability of law. That where there is shadow, there will be, there has been, light. That it came forth from God, and to God it must return. It began to recognise itself as a divine fragment. Though it was in this re-birth bound still with heavy chains, from which there seemed no human possibility of escape, yet, it knew that every soul had power to loosen links of that chain, or to make new ones.

Courage woke in the man, so that he went forth into the fight with new life. Truly, his strength even now was weakness. Often still, despair threatened to renew its old sway, but its spells had lost much of their ancient sovereignty.

And when the end of that life came it found the man calm and strong.

And so he passed away out of the ken of the one who can write no more here of the pilgrimage of that imprisoned soul.

L. NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON.

EVERY man is a volume if you only know how to read him.—CHANNING.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

THE Irish poet, A. E., in the little volume he has gathered of *New Songs* by eight Irish poets, tells us that this poetry reveals "a new mood in Irish verse," and that his purpose in making the collection is to show "some of the new ways the wind of poetry listeth to blow in Ireland to-day."

A new mood ; new ways. The claim is a daring one ; but we have only to open the little anthology of *New Songs*, or A. E.'s own most recent volume of poetry, *The Divine Vision*, to feel that it is just. We are in a new and strange world, and it is part of the strangeness that our souls should there meet with high intimacies. We are in a little local corner of the West, where are caged "the thrones of the gods, and their halls and their chariots, purples and splendours." Voices are about us, sublime yet familiar ; presences, intangible yet poignant. Here is haunted ground ; songs hurry by in the wind, and fall one over the other in the brooks ; here is holy ground, the place where Mysteries walk, and "immortal mild proud shadows." All this we can feel—but to tell the exact means by which the heart in us is stirred—to discover the new ways of the wind—that is beyond our power—it

Cannot be said, nor holden in the thought,
'Tis such a new and gracious miracle.

We question in vain to find the secret of the lilt, the magic of the metre ; we are in an enchanted atmosphere, and there is glamour over every word. The new mood eludes analysis—enough that we may learn from A. E. of its *Divine Vision* :

This mood hath known all beauty, for it sees
O'erwhelmed majesties
In these pale forms, and kingly crowns of gold
On brows no longer bold,
And through the shadowy terrors of their hell

The love for which they fell
 Oh, pity, only seer, who looking through
 A heart melted like dew,
 Sees the long perished in the present, thus
 For ever dwell in us

The Divine Vision indeed,—coming to lofty souls in all ages and all climes, but shining here with a mistier radiance, dimming the glory to the outer eye that the inner eye may drink of it more fully. Fine as are Walt Whitman's lines on the Divine Vision, they read aggressively definite beside A. E.'s :

I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head without its nimbus of gold-coloured light,
 From my hand, from the brain of every man and woman it streams, effulgently flowing for ever.

Walt Whitman is superbly triumphant, but it is through innumerable aspirations and failures that the Celt wins to the goal.

Always in A. E.'s poems, and in the little band of poems he has gathered, there is to be found loving preoccupation with the twilight and with the stars and with the veils of night. There are enough reasons for this ; as already suggested, the grosser physical sensations of daylight are apt to blunt the finer susceptibilities. Thus A. E. writes in an interesting little love poem called "The Morning Star" :

Through the faint and tender airs of twilight star on star may gaze,
 But the eyes of light are blinded in the white flame of the days. . . .

Twilight, too, is the time of stillness—"the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still," writes Eva Gore-Booth in her own haunting poem "The Waves of Breffny" ; it is the time of Silence and of Quiet, and of Shadows, all of which words pass with a new loveliness through these volumes of verse. And there is a Voice of the Silence, which was lost to us when our ears were filled with the bustle of life ; the Holy Word is abroad, walking among the ancient trees, which William Blake heard calling the lapsed soul. There are voices on the winds and the waters, captured in a poem by Lionel Johnson, which now wander and cry for ever in the places of memory. Sometimes the voices, like the voices in Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Man who dreamed of Faeryland," torture with their tale of unattainable

beauty and impossible achievement. So Seumas O'Sullivan writes :

Twilight people, why will you still be calling,
Crying and calling to me out of the trees ?

He is old, he says, and their calling only sets the old dead dreams a-fluttering like forest leaves. "The Army of the Voice," jubilant and strong, assails Susan Mitchell in the low valley, and its tireless song is an agony to her tired spirit. So she seeks the silences—

To the great silences in dreams I go
Where my own mountains brood eternally,
World-old the heart I lean my heart unto. . . .

A. E.'s "Dana," who is the tender voice calling "Away," chooses evening for the weaving of her spells.

Folding with dim caress,
Aerial arms and twilight dropping hair,
The lonely wanderer by wood or shore. . . .

By some enchantment, the faery voices themselves seem to echo out of these poems, and the soul hears them "as a bird the fowler's pipe, and follows in 'the snare.'" The English poets say that faery voices and faery strains have reached them also ; but with greater pomp and effort of language they rarely succeed in convincing us. William Watson, for instance, writes of

Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne,
From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immaterial horn. . . .

This is pretty ; but instead of being rapt into faeryland, we find ourselves counting up the adjectives and examining the phrasing. The absence of rhetoric is in fact a remarkable feature in most of these Irish poems ; the most perfect songs are characterised by a simplicity at once austere and wild, like their own twilight over tumbling seas. Many of the poems in *New Songs* do deal directly with the winds and the waves and the earth, touched with the Celtic glow of omen or of ecstasy ; to other poems Irish names and Celtic symbols lend a very sweet remoteness.

The most notable symbolic poem in *New Songs* is Miss Mitchell's "Living Chalice," which is wrought more curiously

and coloured more elaborately than any other in the volume. The Cup has always been one of the chief symbols of Celtic lore and of Catholic mysticism, and here the symbol is invested with a new and striking significance. The poem in richness of imagery and concentrated fervour has kinship with the work of Christina Rossetti. But excess of every kind is notably absent—indeed in both these volumes there is memorable only one supremely fantastic image; “the peacock twilight,” says A. E., “rays aloft its plumes and blooms of shadowy fire.” We meet with a more subdued and very lovely twilight-metaphor in A. E.’s poem, “The Gates of Dreamland,” which tells how a sleeper lies dreaming by the lake at Carrowmore, and

Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled,
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the master of the world.

And surely the love-note struck in A. E.’s *Divine Vision* and in other Irish poems is new to our literature. The Celtic love for the Beloved passes imperceptibly into love for Love. It was A. E., we remember, who made the lover say to his beloved: “A vast desire wakes and grows into forgetfulness of thee.” And in *The Divine Vision* we read: “They give less than love who give all, giving what wanes,”—a marvellous saying, and a theme used by Fiona Macleod in one of her most unforgettable stories. Then separation from the beloved is no barrier to high intercourse.

I would not have you near, for eyes and lips might mar
The silence where we meet and star is lost in star.

As we read, the ponderable earth becomes the shadow of a shade; and closing the books, we step out from the strange realities of Celtic twilight into “the dim unreal land of day.”

D. N. D.

A BEAUTIFUL vision of the Master had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left it to perform his humble duty. When he returned he found the blessed vision still waiting for him and greeting him with the words: “Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled.”

FROM MANY LANDS

SCANDINAVIA

THE Scandinavian Section has during the last years grown considerably in inner strength as well as in number of members. Seven new centres have been formed, one of which, the "Karmel" Branch, is situated beyond the Polar Circle. Last autumn, Mrs. Helen Sjöstedt, of Gothenburg, visited the northern part of Sweden, lectured at several places and initiated the formation of branches wherever she found or aroused interest in Theosophy. In southern Sweden and in Copenhagen also new Branches have been formed, and the public in general show a steadily increasing interest in Theosophical ideas, which are also beginning to attract the attention of the younger clergy.

The Section is enjoying the presence of Mrs. Besant, who has already visited Copenhagen, Gothenburg and Christiania, and is now on her way to Stockholm and Lund. The lectures she gave in Copenhagen and Gothenburg were highly appreciated; one lecture especially, on the "New Psychology," delivered at the Students' Association in Copenhagen, was received with great enthusiasm, and has doubtless sown fertile seeds for future development in the minds of those who listened with deepest interest to the illuminating thoughts Mrs. Besant set forth with such great eloquence. In Gothenburg Mrs. Besant gave two public lectures. Both made a strong impression on the audience and were extensively reported in the press.

Among English theosophical publications that have been translated lately may be mentioned: *Esoteric Christianity* and *In the Outer Court*, into Danish; *An Outline of Theosophy*, into Swedish.

M. W.

CONSIDER how much more you suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.—MARCUS ANTONINUS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A LAND THAT WAS

The Lost Lemuria ; with two Maps showing the Distribution of Land Areas at Different Periods. By W. Scott-Elliot. (London : Theosophical Publishing Society ; 1904. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

It has always been a matter of surprise to us that whereas men of science have found little, if any, difficulty in accepting the hypothesis of a once existent land-area embracing portions of S. Africa, S. India, the Malay Archipelago, Australia, and New Zealand, they should, except in a few rare instances, oppose such a dogged resistance to any acceptance of the equally reasonable and illuminative theory of a lost Atlantic continent. But so it is, and whereas the declaration of a belief in the lost Lemuria is classed among serious and sober scientific speculation, the avowal of one's belief in a one-time Atlantic continent is still regarded by the writers of learned transactions as the simple reification of the dreams of ancient legend-weavers.

The interest of the Theosophical student in those two lost continents, however, is not confined to the purely objective evidence ; it goes beyond this into a region of constructive "speculation" (in the ancient contemplative sense of the word), and is continually kept alive by additional statements made by a small body of fellow students to whose inner consciousness Atlantis and Lemuria are still subjective facts which can be observed in detail. It is this which makes any new study of the subject of such interest to general students of Theosophy. For either there has been and still is in the Theosophical Society a conscious conspiracy of unprincipled story-tellers, or we have to face the fact that there is still existent "somewhere" in the earth memory, a detailed and inexhaustible record of what appears to be the life-history of those two long-lost continents, and that this is accessible to certain abnormal developments of consciousness—or, as a third choice, that the mind is a subjective picture-maker so marvellous and magical that it can make the most

accurately known objective history appear in comparison as the clumsiest and crudest attempts of embryonic elementalism.

For ourselves we have always been inclined to allow somewhat for a certain interblending of the two latter alternatives, the first, of course, being entirely eliminated to our certain knowledge, and only put forward as a plaything for the ignorance of that invincible prejudice which will believe anything rather than put an end to its envious existence.

The sketch under notice may be taken as a companion volume to our colleague's *Story of Atlantis*; two maps are appended, which, as in the case of the Atlantis study, have been obtained by clairvoyant means, but not directly from an observation of subjective world-pictures. On p. 13 Mr. Scott-Elliot writes:

"It was never professed that the maps of Atlantis were correct to a single degree of latitude or longitude, but, with the far greater difficulty of obtaining the information in the present case it must be stated that still less must these maps of Lemuria be taken as absolutely accurate. In the former case there was a globe, a good bas-relief in terra-cotta, and a well-preserved map on parchment, or skin of some sort, to copy from. In the present case there was only a broken terra-cotta model and a very badly preserved and crumpled map, so that the difficulty of carrying back the remembrance of all the details, and consequently of reproducing exact copies, has been far greater."

The first half of the book is devoted to the statement of "the evidence obtainable from geology and from the study of the relative distribution of living and extinct animals and plants, as well as from the observed processes of physical evolution in the lower kingdoms," confirmatory of "the facts stated in *The Secret Doctrine* and in other books with regard to these submerged lands." Mr. Scott-Elliot has not, however, by any means exhausted this side of the subject,—he probably had no intention of doing so,—and among other sources of information a search through our back numbers, especially the scattered notes in "On the Watch-Tower" would have supplied some additional *data*.

For the rest there is an interesting summary of the statements found in modern Theosophical literature about the great "third race" continent, and the *physical* origin of primitive man, who was born and passed through the first stages of his development upon it.

All this forms a most suggestive chapter in what is without

question the most colossal scheme of evolution which has ever been put forward by the human mind. Take the scheme as a whole and where can you find its equal? In the past there have been many systems of cosmogony and anthropogenesis, many daring attempts at "heaven-storming," but the scheme outlined in *The Secret Doctrine* dares more, and gives more, than any of them. If H. P. Blavatsky invented it she should be honoured with the highest honours throughout the length and breadth of the land; if it was given through her, she should be gladly forgiven her many imperfections for the great boon she was enabled to bestow on an age that had long ceased to believe in any knowledge outside the walls of a physical laboratory.

Some day, perhaps, some man of reputation outside the ranks of the Theosophical Society will recognise this fact, and dare to say so, and then the crowd will follow. Meantime we can work on in the calm assurance that all things come to him who waits.

The publishers should notice that the printer's imprint has been omitted.

G. R. S. M.

THE SYMBOL OF CHRISTENDOM

The Christian Creed; Its Origin and Signification. By C. W. Leadbeater. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1904. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

WE have to congratulate Mr. Leadbeater on this greatly improved edition of a very useful book. The page and the type are considerably enlarged, and the book is brought out uniform with his *Man Visible and Invisible*. By division into chapters and sub-headings, with an index, the volume is made more easily intelligible, and the additions are such as to make it almost a new work. The most important of these are the reproduction of the diagrams of human development given in the last-named work, with full references to them wherever the exposition requires it. Our readers will probably like to read the paraphrase now for the first time given of the Creed in its original shape, it is said, as taught by the Christ Himself.

"We believe in God the Father, from whom comes the system—yea, our world and all things therein, whether seen or unseen;

"And in God the Son, most holy, alone-born from His Father before all the æons, not made but emanated, being of the very substance of the Father, true God from the true God, true Light from

the true Light, by whom all forms were made ; who for us men came down from heaven and entered the dense sea, yet riseth thence again in ever greater glory to a kingdom without end ;

“ And in God the Holy Ghost, the Life-giver, emanating also from the Father, equal with Him and with the Son in glory ; who manifesteth through His Angels ;

“ We recognise one brotherhood of holy men as leading to the Greater Brotherhood above, one initiation for emancipation from the fetters of sin, and for escape from the wheel of birth and death into eternal life.”

In its new shape this work takes its place alongside Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity* as one suited to be given to those Christians who are prepared to receive so serious modifications in their fundamental principles as it involves, but perhaps better *not* to be read by ordinary Christians who are not, “ lest we cause the enemy to blaspheme.”

A. A. W.

HELLENISTIC THEOSOPHY IN ARAB DRESS

The Awakening of the Soul : A Philosophical Romance. Rendered from the Arabic with an Introduction by Dr. Paul Brönnle, F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., M.R.A.S., etc. (London: The Orient Press ; 1904. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

THE editors of “ The Wisdom of the East ” series are to be congratulated on their choice of the charming philosophical romance of Ibn Tufail for introduction to a wider circle of readers. Ibn Tufail, who flourished in the twelfth century, was one of that brilliant company of Arabian philosophers who made Spain the centre of intellectual culture in a Europe that had long forgotten the philosophical treasures that Greece had bequeathed to it. Of his life we know next to nothing, and of his literary labours scarce anything remains to us but the story of Hayy Ibn Yokdhan, the Self-taught Philosopher, the most interesting parts of which are now given to us in a new and excellent translation by Dr. Paul Brönnle, who has had to omit part of the text owing to considerations of space.

Dr. Brönnle's version is naturally a great improvement on the Latin version of the younger Pococke which was published at Oxford in 1671, praiseworthy though that was in what was practically still the infancy of Arabic study in the West ; moreover, the translator has prefaced his version with a sensible and very sympathetic intro-

duction which contains all that is necessary for the understanding of the text by the thoughtful reader.

The Romance of Ibn Tufail, it goes without saying, deserves the attention of all students of Theosophy, and cannot fail to delight the lovers of the mystic way. To those who read it for edification only, it will assuredly edify them; while even the sceptic will be charmed with it as a most pleasant piece of literature.

But, as is always the case with a scripture, there is another side of the subject which to some of us is as instructive as the didactic content and edificatory form of the treatise. To this side we will devote a few minutes' consideration. The treatise ends with the following high claim of knowledge and authority and with excuse for the revealing of the sacred mysteries:

“In its setting down we have made such choice of words as are not found in any other book now accustomed to be heard in common and vulgar speech. And it is part of that hidden knowledge which no man receives but he who has the knowledge of God; nor is any man ignorant of it, but those that have not the right knowledge of God. We have indeed followed a method quite contrary to that of our good Forebears, as to their keeping secret those matters and their sparingness of divulging them. But the reason that readily persuaded us to divulge this secret, and to break through this veil, was, these evil opinions which have risen up in this our time, the corrupt notions which are being devised by some pretenders to philosophy in this world, so that they are dispersed and diffused in various regions, and the mischief and evil arising therefrom has grown epidemical. So that we are solicitous on behalf of the weak—who have rejected what they received by tradition from the Prophets of blessed memory and make choice of that which is delivered them by foolish men. . . .

“Therefore, it seemed good to us to give them a glimpse of this secret of secrets, whereby we may lead them into the way of truth and divert them from the wrong path.

“Nevertheless, we have not committed the secrets that are comprehended in these leaves as to leave them without a thin veil which will be easily unveiled by those who are capable of understanding them, but shall be so thick and gross to those who are unworthy to go further on and pass beyond it, that it will be impossible for him to pierce through it.

“And now, I crave pardon of those of my brethren as shall read this treatise, that they would excuse me with regard to those things

which I have so readily declared and so fully described. For I would not have done this, unless I had been carried and elevated to such heights as transcend the reach of human sight, which cannot attain thereto. I endeavoured to render my discourse easy to be understood, by fitly placing and ordering its parts so that I might stir up in men a keen desire to enter into the right way. But I crave of the Lord pardon and forgiveness, and that He will please to bring us to the true and certain knowledge thereof."

Here we are face to face with very high claims indeed; first-hand knowledge and the possession of a secret gnosis imparted by spiritual initiation, with excuses for its half revelation in a disguised form to the multitude who are being led away by false doctrine.

But when we come to a sober consideration of the content of the treatise by the light of the comparative science of religion and the history of the evolution of religions, what do we find?

We find a story, in the same style as many in the *Thousand and One Nights*, of a baby cast alone on a pleasant island, who growing up into manhood gradually overcomes the difficulties of his physical environment and reasons himself into the practice of the contemplative life, in which he finds the success of ecstasy.

Throughout, the main results he arrives at are capped with verses from the Korân, but there is no doubt that Ibn Tufail—that is to say the followers of the tradition of the contemplative life in his circle—regarded the Korân as meant for the people, and most excellent for them, but not as containing the "secret of secrets" which the true philosophers alone could comprehend.

What then was this secret of secrets? It is naturally union with God. But what is disappointing is that after all this claim of first-hand investigation, and of choosing a new dress, and making choice of words not found in any other book, we have a scheme of religio-philosophy which might have been taken *verbatim* from the Hermetic literature or the Later Platonic philosophy. Indeed, we could parallel every single phrase and every single idea—physics, ethics and metaphysics—in Hellenistic religio-philosophy. So much so, that strong impression is created that there was a *direct literary* tradition of this in the hands of Ibn Tufail and his brethren.

In any case the perusal of Ibn Tufail's charming romance from a critical standpoint cannot but confirm the judgment that it is somewhat rash to talk of Arabian philosophy, when the whole content of the speculations of Arab philosophers is but the repetition of

the thoughts of Greek thinkers, to which they added nothing (save texts from the Korân to avoid persecution), and which they brought to no higher development.

But all of this will not diminish the pleasure of the general Theosophical reader in the Story of Hayy Ibn Yokdhan, the Self-taught Philosopher, for there is no monopoly of ideas, least of all in mystical philosophy; and though Ibn Tufail does but repeat the main themes of Hellenistic mystic theology, and that, too, in language that might be a literal translation from the Greek, his book may be also referred to the "Wisdom of the East," in that in the East also the same ideas are found in other garbs.

G. R. S. M.

VEGETARIAN COOKERY

Vegetarian Savouries. By Mary Pope. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 1s.)

THOSE who know Miss Pope's previous book, *Novel Dishes for Vegetarian Houses*, will be prepared to welcome another little volume from her pen; and still more, those who have been fortunate enough to taste the contents, as prepared by the writer's skilful fingers instead of as described by her pen, will be sure to plunge into its mysteries, endowed with the faith that moves mountains, let alone mustard seeds. We have here seventy-nine pages devoted to the manufacture of savoury dishes, from "Gravy for Stock"—which sounds very "meaty" but is only made of the harmless lentil—to "Plasmon Butterflies." A wise little preface precedes the recipes, and the would-be vegetarian is recommended not to eat too much—a particularly necessary recommendation before using recipes from a cook of Miss Pope's ability. To the ambitious but untrained cook we would venture to add an additional ingredient to all Miss Pope's recipes—brains.

A. B.

THE MONKS OF OLD ENGLAND

The Antiquary's Books. No. 1. English Monastic Life. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. (London: Methuen & Co.; 1904. Price 7s. 6d.)

THIS is the first volume of a series which promises to be of great value; a kind of Encyclopædia of all the information we so often

require, and find it so hard to obtain, about the history and social life of the earlier centuries in our own country. For the land itself we are to have treatises on such subjects as *Remains of the Prehistorical Age in England*, *Village Geography*, *Manors and Manorial Records*, and the like. For the dwellers in the land—how they, our own Catholic ancestors, lived and laboured—the first volume has for its subject the domestic life of the English monks. It is in itself a sign of the vast change which has passed over England in the last sixty years that the publishers, as a matter of course, have placed this subject in the hands of a Catholic writer, a Benedictine monk of the present century. Archdeacon Sinclair, indeed, keeps up the ancient Protestant method, and preaches against Theosophy in St. Paul's Cathedral with no more knowledge of his subject than a reading of a violent attack upon us by an author who would have considered it a mortal sin to have opened one of our books; but this in the year 1904 is an anachronism which is confined to the clergy. The educated laity have in this (as in many other ways) grown beyond their religious teachers. If Messrs. Methuen had needed a book on Theosophy they would have asked one of our writers to undertake it, and not an Anglican clergyman who knew, and wished to know, nothing about us. Similarly, they presume that the best person to give his readers an account of the Pre-Reformation Benedictines is a modern Benedictine who himself lives by the same rule as they did. Prejudice apart, the matter is so obvious as to seem a mere truism; but those who can remember the ferocity of prejudice which filled the minds of everyone sixty years ago, or who know to their cost the fragments which still survive amongst the benighted Protestants of such places as Liverpool or Dublin, will feel how irresistible the great movements of the world are to have been able so far to overcome it.

It is, of course, true that Dom Gasquet has already made his position as a writer upon such subjects; that his claim to be heard has been fully recognised in the literary world; nevertheless, that the publishers are able to convince themselves that his authorship is likely rather to increase than to diminish the sale of their book is a most encouraging sign of the times—a sign that the denunciations of Bishops and Archdeacons are going the same way as those of Giant Pope in the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The book is in itself one of much interest to students of human nature; giving the minute details of the arrangements by which the daily life of the monks was made a *possible*, and not too hard a life.

Those who have never known any hardship in their own life will doubtless be inclined to sneer at some of these details, but this is to misunderstand the case. The rule was not made for men of cast-iron frame and the self-forgetfulness of saints. The monk of the twelfth century was a Saxon country farmer's labourer, uneducated and of few or no ideas. Before he became a monk he had had to labour unremittingly for his feudal lord; all that could be done for him at that stage was to sanctify his toil by regular and frequent lifting of his heart to God. Incapable of study or of the elaborate mental labour of formal meditation, he was capable of *this*—the sum and substance of it all. His Abbot was his King, by divine right; and the trifling indulgences of holidays or extra dishes at the common table had all one object—that he should feel, as he never could in the outer world, an atmosphere of *love* about him. This it was which then made the charm of the religious life; not only (as in modern phalansteries) did the monk feel that he was labouring for the common good, but that his superiors loved him as a brother, for Christ's sake; that in death as in life, his family would care for him and love him to the end. Did he show capacity there was a career for him; the highest offices were open to the humblest peasant in whom his brethren recognised the power to rule. We of the twentieth century are educated and refined; we are capable of receiving—and giving—higher tokens of mutual love than the monks of old; but I have yet to hear of a modern Utopia that should answer *our* heart's needs as a Benedictine Abbey of old times did at once those of its meanest brethren and its most learned Fathers.

It is not to be expected, or to be wished, that Dom. Gasquet should in this work have traced out the gradual decline as centuries passed and the Abbeys grew rich. The position of Abbot became one sought for by men of merely secular ambition, or taken by force by the greedy landowners around the monastery. It was, perhaps, at the Reformation, time that these organisations should perish to make way for new forms to express the new life; but Henry VIII. and his rapacious nobles were not the men for reconstruction, and the last four hundred years in England have as yet found nothing to replace the monasteries but the workhouse and the gaol. In Italy we have seen the same thing in our own times; of the vast number of empty religious houses all over the land a few are schools, but the rest either barracks or prisons;—better they had been pulled down and their stones sold, as *we* did in England!

A. A. W.

AN INDIAN BARRISTER ON THE WORLD PROBLEM

The Problem of Existence: Its Mystery, Struggle, and Comfort in the Light of Aryan Wisdom. By Manmath C. Mallik, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. (London: T. Fisher Unwin; 1904. Price 10s. 6d.)

WE are always glad to welcome any thoughtful contribution to that exchange of views between East and West which is the necessary preliminary to a better mutual understanding, and we are especially glad to welcome it in books which indirectly add to the general theosophical literature of the day.

Mr. Mallik's book being generally, as he says, "the product of the ancient Aryan mind supported by the thoughts of Sages and Saints of later times, and adapted to current ideas of material existence," is naturally a work that will find the majority of its readers in the Theosophical Society or among that very considerable public which takes interest in general theosophical ideas.

Many books have already been written on the same lines, so that we are not led to look for anything very new; and in forming an opinion we have rather to consider the "how" than the "what."

In the first place, then, it is unnecessary to say that the publisher's name is sufficient guarantee of a decent and substantial material presentment of Mr. Mallik's industry and speculation. In these well-printed pages we have the familiar ground of Aryan (we prefer the more precise term Indo-Aryan) general religious thought and practice traversed in an intelligent fashion, and therewith a useful presentation of one of the most instructive lines of religious evolution which the world possesses, made accessible to a public which for the most part is marching along a very different line of development.

To those who are unfamiliar with Indian religio-philosophy and the moral polity of the Indo-Aryan communities, what Mr. Mallik writes should almost invariably prove of interest, but to students of Theosophy who are already familiar with the master-pieces of Indian literature, it must be confessed that our author is frequently trite in much that he has to say; the major part of the book is cast in a hortatory strain, didactic and edificatory—and *that* requires to be very

well done indeed to keep the reader from yawning in these days of libraries of such works in every civilised language.

It must not, however, be thought that Mr. Mallik is trite in his personal views; by no means, for after perusing chapters on law, education and national training, we come to a treatise on military life, in which we are told: "Every member of the community, female as well as male, should be provided with the opportunity of sound physical training and military discipline as well as of good education."

This recommendation of the return of the Amazonian age would be an astonishing sentence for even a Westerner to write; for a Hindu to pen it, it is astounding. But, indeed, Mr. Mallik throughout has put his finger on the weak spot in modern India—its want of virility, a state of affairs brought about by the decay of the Kshatriya spirit and the subordination of the whole Indo-Aryan nation to the tyranny of Brahmānical priestly ideas. Indeed we have seldom seen it put so strongly as by our author when he practically writes that over the gate of the "Aryan home" is placed the legend "Abandon manliness ye who enter here."

While congratulating Mr. Mallik on the fluency and general accuracy with which he writes English (we only wish we could write a foreign language as well ourselves) it is hardly necessary to add that, as with nearly every Indian writer in English, he has some difficulty with the definite article; moreover, the mature taste in language and quotation which shows a man's work worthy of consideration as "literature," cannot be said to have been reached. But what marks Mr. Mallik's book out from so much of the literature of a similar kind with which we are familiar, is that nowhere does he use Sanskrit technical terms. His book is, therefore, always readable, even when we feel that his adjectives have gone all wrong, as when he writes: "The mystery of existence lies within the shroud which veils from mortals the Unity and Universality of the omnipresent, omnipotent, omniparous, and omnivorous Essence or Ether, from which all spring."

"Omnipresent," "omnipotent," if you will, but "omniparous" and "omnivorous"—ye Gods! But how ever to explain *that* to one whose mother tongue is not English!

How then does Mr. Mallik succeed with his translation of the leading ideas of Indian theosophy from Sanskrit into English. We will let the reader judge for himself by citing a few examples.

In speaking of the three directions of the mind, or the three

temperaments (triguṇam), he calls them the ways of Virtue, Virility and Vacuity—our old friends Sattva, Rajas and Tamas of course.

Again we read: "To be awake is worldliness, dream is the result of egoism at work, sleep is conception at rest; and complete merger in consciousness is the supreme and blissful state"—all these referring to Jagrat, Svapna, Suṣhupti and Tûryā; but why "complete merger in consciousness"—it is not English, and means nothing.

Prāṇāyāma is rendered "coercion on the breath of life"—and we don't say "coercion *on*." Haṭha-yoga is given as "coercive asceticism"—a not unfitting synonym; while Rāja-yoga is called the "royal road to asceticism," or the "asceticism of knowledge"—also a not misleading equivalent.

As to Mr. Mallik's political views he is evidently an adherent of the National Congress, as when he writes: "That State will in future dominate mankind which extends to all its subjects without distinction of class or creed, sex or complexion, birth or breeding, the principles that the latest reforming religions—Buddhism, Christianity and Islam—have applied in the social sphere: political brotherhood, and equality before the law." Mr. Mallik is also manifestly a member of the Brâhmo Samāj, and perhaps this accounts for the following sentence, which otherwise considerably puzzled us: "The seed which the Evil One poured into the mind of the first parent continues to thrive after millions of years, to this day, and will live to the end of creation." Surely this is Semitic and not good Aryan—a somewhat foreign substance to find in an Indo-Aryan collection of sentiments, as on p. 69.

So also we find (and we have, of course, nothing but praise for the signs of such true catholicity) many quotations from the New Testament scriptures, and also much from Shakespeare; but why, again, such a comic entrance among the quotes as "According to sage advice: 'All is fair in war'"!

One last word with regard to Mr. Mallik's exposition of the tradition of the "Sanâtana Dharma" of his people, and the science of their ancient Rîṣhis. When we read in the Purāṇas that the characteristic mark of Âkâṣha is sound, we feel somewhat inclined to take it as a symbolical expression rather than as a sober piece of information. The following paragraph of Mr. Mallik's, however, places the values somewhat more correctly, when he says:

"The atmospheric ether has the capacity only of conveying sound; air issuing from it possesses the attributes of sound and touch;

fire coming after air gains those of sound, touch and form ; water succeeding fire gets those of fire with taste added ; and the earth receives all the five attributes of sound, touch, form, taste and smell."

On the whole Bâbu Manmath C. Mallik has given us a serious and thoughtful work which may do some service.

G. R. S. M.

SOME TALK ABOUT DEVILS

Devils. By J. Charles Wall. (London: Methuen & Co.; 1904. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

It is somewhat difficult to see what useful purpose can be served by the publication of these 150 pages, interspersed with fifty illustrations. When we call to mind the inexhaustible materials which the fear and folly of mankind on the one hand, and gruesome subjective experiences on the other, have left on record for the inspection and analysis of the industrious student, when we remember the lengthy bibliography of existent demonological works, and especially recall the recent popular and yet scholarly book of Mr. Mew, we can only regard Mr. Wall's slight volume as having no place of its own to fill.

When a man writes on a subject of this compass and difficulty he should at least have something to say, some reason for bursting into print, some point of view to develop, some fresh materials to treat. If he would write for the learned, he should be learned ; if for the many, he should be humorous, or edifying, or terrifying, or illuminative. Mr. Wall is, unfortunately, none of these things.

Still the majority of readers, who have been previously unacquainted with the subject, will doubtless find matters of interest and novelty in our author's casual selections, and some there may be who will without further thought regard his chapters as the most recent authority on the subject. Mr. Wall, indeed, for all we know, may have just hit the popular taste, for we admit that we are ourselves entirely unskilled in this art ; but for the student he has nothing to say worth listening to.

G. R. S. M.

WHENEVER you commend, add your reasons for doing so ; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.—STEELE.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, August. In this month's "Old Diary Leaves," Colonel Olcott is mainly occupied with his attempts to persuade the Pársis of Bombay to organise a search for the lost treasures of their religious books. But the Pársis for the most part know nothing but "business"; money for public buildings and statues in abundance—these are directly or indirectly profitable; but to hunt up old books! Are we unjust to them in suspecting, hidden away at the back of their minds, a faint idea that they have quite enough religious books already? J. D. Crawford concludes his "Criticism of the New Thought Movement" more favourably than we can quite follow. Disengaged from the crudities of its "Laws of Attraction," "Laws of Opulence," and the rest, and relieved from the load of superlatives, there does not seem much either new or true left. Mr. Sutcliffe's study of the Hindu Zodiac has much interest, even for the unscientific reader. Fio Hara concludes his "Secret Doctrine of Racial Development." Next we have Mr. Leadbeater's "Theosophy and Spiritualism," and C. R. Srinivasa Rangachary gives a thoughtful and outspoken paper on "Private Life and Public Weal." It is sad to read his indictment of temple public worship: "Now that the temples are the resorts of vice and villiany, except under special circumstances, worship at the temple is commanding less and less respect, and threatens to lose altogether every kind and degree of hold."

Theosophy in India, July and August. The interesting series "Theosophy in Creeds and Nations" seems to end with the conclusion of M. Bernard's "Theosophy in France"; but we hope some other writers may be found to continue it. The other articles are well up to the dignity of the organ of the largest Section of the Society. We may note in this connection that the French *Revue Théosophique* acknowledges heartily the editor's "*amende honorable*" to their nation noticed in a previous issue.

Central Hindu College Magazine, August, is also an admirable number, but not furnishing any matter for special remark.

Theosophic Gleaner, August, is a steadily improving magazine, which ought not to need the rather pathetic appeal of its editor for better support. Our sympathies are entirely with him when he says: "The editor has not drawn a single farthing since he has joined this journal; but what he wishes is that he should not be made to pay the printer's bills, over and above the sundry expenses, stationery, etc.,

which he often has to pay from his own purse." We fear that many of the editors of our magazines could say the same; but their self-denying work is a sacred one, and cannot fail of its full reward.

East and West, August. This is decidedly the best of our Anglo-Indian publications. All the articles are readable and, what is more, thoughtful. A thorough exposure of the Pasteur hydrophobia swindle, by Dr. J. H. Thornton, will have much interest for our readers. But the editor's history of his troubles in connection with the publication of newspapers in India is very disheartening. When we find in France that whatever the Government may do against Catholics, no Catholic voter will dare to vote against the Government candidate, we conclude that religion has there lost its hold on its nominal members; and when we find that the average Hindu will talk largely at National Congresses and the like, but does not think of giving a rupee to help the movement—not even to pay for the newspaper he has subscribed for and received—we cannot but feel a painful doubt of the reality of the whole movement.

Indian Review, August. The politics of this otherwise valuable Review are, like those of the lower-class Radical papers at home, simply to be, like the Irish-American of the story, "agin the Government." It is to be regretted, for there is no *future* in the mere negative attitude. Both parties mean to do their best for India, and the little-nesses of London party politics are out of place in Madras or Bombay. A very good criticism on Dr. Oman's book, *The Mystics, Ascetics and Saints of India*, brings out well the points where a little more understanding and sympathy would have improved the author's work, good as it is on the whole.

The Vâhan, September. In this number the space for "Enquirer" is not so limited as it has been lately, and we have some interesting answers as to the Theosophical attitude towards music, the prayer "Lead us not into Temptation," the relative dignity of the Teutonic Race, and the phenomena of "multiplex personality."

Lotus Journal, September. The leading contents are the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's "Man the Master of his Destiny" and the notes of a lecture given by her at the Kensington Town Hall during her present visit to England, entitled "The New Psychology." From Mr. Leadbeater we have an account of his visit to the Mormon capital, Great Salt Lake City, with an illustration. We are glad to find that the "Golden Chain Circle" is proving a success.

Revue Théosophique, August, has done well to print the "Golden

Verses" ascribed to Pythagoras *without* Fabre d'Olivet's Commentary ; believing, as the editor says, that "to meditate upon them for ourselves is better than reading some one else's paraphrase." Dr. E. Lerede concludes his "Evolution of Consciousness," and Mrs. Besant and G. R. S. Mead furnish the rest.

Theosophia, August. The recent Conventions furnish abundant matter for the Watch Tower. C. J. Schuver's "The Social Problem" is the most important paper ; H. J. van Ginkel continues his interesting study of the Great Pyramid, and Dr. van Deventer his extracts from Plato's *Timæus*.

Théosophie, September, comes out in double size, eight quarto pages well filled ; amongst other useful matter, translating Mr. Mead's "Concerning H. P. B."

Der Vâhan, September. This number contains the continuation of R. Schwela's "Meditations on the Eightfold Path" ; Dr. A. Drews' "The Religious Relationship" ; "Old Diary Leaves" continued ; extracts from the *Theosophist*, and a translation of Dr. Currie's "Esoteric meaning of the Lord's Prayer" from our own pages ; "Questions and Answers" ; and C. W. Leadbeater's "Hidden Side of Things," from the *Lotus Journal*.

We have to acknowledge a parcel of *Lucifer Gnosis*, from February to the present date, from which we find that Dr. Steiner, the energetic General Secretary of the German Section, has made time amidst his many occupations to keep up the publication of the magazine. We hope that it is meeting with the success which, both for contents and get up, it well deserves.

Of the other magazines we have *Sophia*, August, a very good number, and original with the one exception of Mrs. Besant's "Spiritual Night" ; *Teosofisk Tidskrift* ; *South African Theosophist*, with a series of papers on the "Origin of Freemasonry," tracing it, as in so many genealogical tables, beautifully from below and above, but with an awkward gap in the middle where the two ends should join ; *Theosophy in Australasia*, whose Outlook gives a valuable warning against "The Psychic Advertising Quack" ; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* ; *Teosofisch Maandblad*.

Also : *Modern Astrology* ; *Mind* ; *Light* ; *Humanitarian* ; *Logos Magazine* ; *Destiny* ; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal* ; *Round About* ; *La Nuova Parola*, September, which has had the courage to translate and insert the long and interesting article on H. P. Blavatsky which appeared in the *Paris Revue*.

We have also to notice the following :

Twenty Years of Psychical Research, by Edward T. Bennett, late Assist. Secretary to the Society for Psychical Research (R. Brimley Johnson, 1s.). This useful little book is a second volume to the work of the author previously noted, and is a very handy summary in short compass of what the Society has done ; most convenient for those who have not the seventeen volumes of its *Proceedings* and the ten volumes of its *Journal* within reach. It gives in the first place a historical synopsis of the main features of the first twenty years of its work, and then a brief but intelligible summary of what has, in the opinion of the members, been actually accomplished. Even as a mere index of the Society's publications it is indispensable to anyone who takes a serious interest in psychic matters.

Industrial India, by Glyn Barlow, M.A. (Madras: Natesan & Co., 3s.) An admirable little manual, according to the views of those who would like to see India do as Japan has done—boldly break with the unprofitable virtues of old times and shape herself consciously and with resolution for victory in the modern European "struggle for life." The Japanese view is that modern trade is a struggle for life ; that the one necessary virtue at the present time is to be strong, energetic, remorseless, and that without *this* an Eastern nation must make up its mind to go to ruin. For those who agree (and there is much to be said for as well as against this doctrine) there cannot be a better guide than Mr. Barlow. But *religious* India will stand, shuddering, aloof !

Bethink Yourselves ! (Tolstoy on the present War) Free Age Press, 3d. We have not hitherto spoken very favourably of the fragments of Tolstoy brought out by this firm ; we are glad to make amends by exhorting every one of our readers to buy and read this little book. The pictures drawn by the great writer of the miseries of the present war as felt by the Russian peasant, and (far worse) the utter needlessness and uselessness of the suffering—the horror and outrage to humanity of the system of government whereby a handful of irresponsible Counsellors in St. Petersburg are able to inflict all this at their caprice, for no reason but their mere fancy, or for their selfish gain—all these cannot be too clearly stated or too deeply meditated.

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