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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE choosing of a fitting habitation for the headquarters of the European Section in London is a matter which requires careful consideration and deliberate forethought. It was thought that the matter had been already settled, and that a house had been obtained in Old Burlington Street. At the last moment, however, the negotiations fell through, owing to the insertion in the lease of a number of vexatious restrictions to which we could not agree. The failure of these negotiations, so far from disquieting us, has produced the very opposite result. Our experience of our requirements, now that we have moved into a more central position, has convinced us that No. 27 would not have been quite suitable. Larger rooms in a better position have already been found, but it is too early to make any announcement, for the leasing of extensive premises cannot be accomplished in a day, and until all the negotiations are completed there is no certainty.

Our Future London Home

In any case in London we have entered a new phase of life of greater intensity, and look back on our old, cast-off garments as entirely outgrown, even as H. P. B. did before us. Maycot, Norwood, 17 Lansdowne Road, 19 Avenue Road, followed one on the other in quick succession as they became too cramping

to the vigorous life of the movement; what then will be the next body to contain it? In any case it will be a better body, but just how much better depends entirely on our present good choice and mutual co-operation; already the members have willingly responded and given material out of which to form the new body, but more will be required. We who are the pioneers are so because we have volunteered to make the conditions easier for those who come after us, so that they may do work of a finer kind; and the smoother we make their path the better work will they do. When we incarnated into our 19, Avenue Road body, the pioneers of that day worked manfully and gave liberally, and we are what we are to-day because of their self-sacrifice; our work is now less rough-hewn, more balanced and more wisely effected. The wheel has again turned, and we who are members of the Section to-day have again an opportunity to do a like work, so that the future may be still fairer and better. Those who can see this now for themselves with sufficient clearness to consciously co-operate are beginning to "see clear" in the true sense of the word; they can now quietly and deliberately sow seed in such good ground that it will bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

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A "Practical Mystic"

THAT there is a Providence in human affairs should not be merely a vague and pious belief, but a subject of intelligent interest for every serious Theosophical student. The vague idea that Deity controls human destinies is not sufficiently precise for those who are convinced of an ever-present and unbroken succession of angels and ministers of the Divine Œconomy. Such students desire to know more of the manner of it, to realise ever more and more the actuality of this providential care and direction in human history. For them "Law" is a Being, the expression of Will—of Will, the self-nature of Deity. Law is thus intelligent, and requires intelligent agents; He is the ordering and controlling Mind (the Man, the Logos), asserting Himself on the turbulent elements of Chaos, that Cosmos may be. This "Mind" has lesser "minds," His servants; but only those who submit to the Law can be His agents—and so "minds," and so really

"men." Such "men" are *conscious* agents of the Law, Servants of God. Others, says Hermes the Master, do not deserve the name "men," they have not the Mind.

Such "men," then, are they who more immediately look after human affairs, and who by a marvellous spiritual alchemy transmute the warring forces on earth into a harmonious force for the betterment of mankind. But the only forces which can be thus used must be forces playing through or liberated by honest motive and sincere desire. Then it matters not so much what was the direction of them down here; it is the nature of the force which makes it a lifting force for mankind, even when the direction of it down here by the ignorant liberator—the one who is not yet a "man"—may be anything but the best possible. Up to the point when a man becomes a fully conscious Servant of the Law there are of course many degrees of minor utility; but none but the Accepted Servant can immediately administer the œconomy. For to be fully conscious means the possession of the Mind, and short of that we can only *sense* the Law, we cannot *know* it.

Read by this light, history becomes illuminated and its pages glow with a living interest which no ordinary student of the world-chronicles can feel.

It is because of their sympathy with some such ideas as these that our readers will take an intelligent interest in the words of Lord Rosebery on the recent occasion of the Cromwell Tercentenary. Speaking of the secret of Cromwell's power, Lord Rosebery is reported in *The Times* of November 15th, to have said:

> I would ask, what is the secret of this extraordinary power? . . . . My answer is this—that he was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations. A man who combines inspiration apparently derived—in my judgment really derived—from close communion with the supernatural and the celestial, a man who has that inspiration and adds to it the energy of a mighty man of action, such a man as that lives in communion on a Sinai of his own, and when he pleases to come down to this world below seems armed with no less than the terrors and decrees of the Almighty himself.

After a graphic description of Cromwell as a man of action, the speaker continued:

Yet there is another side; for with all his vigorous characteristic personality there is something impersonal about Cromwell. Outside the battlefield he never seems a free agent, but rather the instrument of force s outside and about him. The crises of nations, like the crises of nature, have their thunderbolts, and Cromwell was one of these; he seems to be propelled, to be ejected into the world in the agony of a great catastrophe and to disappear with it. On the field of battle he is a great captain, ready, resourceful, and overwhelming, off the field he seems to be a creature of invisible influences, a strange mixture of a strong practical nature with a sort of unearthly fatalism, with a sort of spiritual mission, and this combination in my judgment seems to mark the strength of Cromwell. This mysterious symbolism seems to have struck the Eastern Jews so much that they sent a deputation to England to enquire if he was the Messiah indeed.

There was indubitably a providence watching over the doings of Cromwell, or rather a providence directing and moderating, as far as possible to the most harmonious end, the forces liberated by him. Cromwell was indubitably "used" as an agent. But let us not be so silly as to imagine, therefore, that "Theosophists believe that Cromwell was an 'Adept'." As Cromwell, he was anything but an adept in certain directions; the force of his soul, however, was so great, that we may readily believe that when he does reach adeptship, he will be strong indeed as a Servant of the Law.

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Telegraphy without Wires 200 Years Ago

THAT telegraphy without wires was known long before telegraphy with wires is not an unfamiliar fact to students of the lives of the alchemists of the Middle Ages and other allied mystics. In this connection the following quotation from Addison's *Spectator* (No. 241, Jan. 3rd, 1711), may be of interest to our readers:

Strada in one of his prolusions gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved in like manner.

He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of these needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impedi-

ment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of their invention; accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon the dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words, making a pause at the end of every word to avoid confusion.

The friend in the meantime saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at.

By this means they talked together across a whole continent and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities, mountains, seas or deserts.

* * *

1900 Years ago and Now

We have often called attention in these pages to the striking parallel between the state of affairs in things social and religious in the closing years of this century and the condition which existed in the Roman Empire at the time of the origins of the Christian Faith. The same idea has seized upon the imagination of a writer in that very Romanist periodical *The Dublin Review* (for July) in trying to prophesy an answer to the question, "Will the Gospel of Materialism be the Religion of the Future?" The answer that Mr. Henry C. Corrance gives to his question in such a magazine must of course be "No," and equally positively must it be asserted that the religion of the future must be Christianity, and that too the Christianity of the Roman Catholic Church. But before briefly considering this point it will perhaps be of interest to our readers to quote the author's statement of the striking parallel we have so often referred to:

There is certainly a curious parallel between the religious and social aspects of the present civilisation and those of the first stage of the decline of the Roman Empire. . . .

Throughout modern civilisation, especially in the large towns, there are the same great contrasts between want and luxury in an even more exaggerated form. . . .

And as regards religion, it might be maintained, the parallel is even closer.

As in the latter days of pagan Rome the old heathen religion was supported by the State almost entirely from motives of policy, long after the

mass of educated people had ceased to have any vital belief in it; so, it could be urged with some show of plausibility, the public and final recognition of religion is chiefly an external one, and Christianity has lost its hold on the inward allegiance of the majority in proportion to the different degrees of intelligence and culture to which the different countries it embraces have attained.

This parallel is further seen in the number of new cults which became fashionable and sprang into rank luxuriance in the soil of the decaying pagan society. Then the mystic religions of the East attracted many votaries by their appeal to the imagination and to the feverish thirst for some new sensation, no less than by the glamour of their antiquity. For the same reason different forms of "superstition" were rife, in striking contrast and apparent antagonism to the restless scepticism of the age; various forms of necromancy and fortune-telling became prevalent among those to whom their national gods had ceased to be anything but a myth. Buddhism and Islam have similarly invaded the modern world, and the former, especially in its late form of Theosophy, has seized hold upon some thoughtful minds among those who had already rejected the Protestant version of the Christian Revelation which from early training and habit they had conceived to be the true representation of it; while Spiritualism is rampant and claims a large number of adherents. Then there is Satanism or devil-worship, and the milder superstitions of Chiromancy, Astrology, Crystal-gazing, and the like.

Now, as we have so often said before, if this be true—and even the dullest must perceive the striking nature of the parallel—there can be no more valuable discipline for our minds and hearts than a sympathetic analysis of all the tendencies that were at work 1,900 years ago among us—for many who are now in the flesh were also then in the flesh.

The writer in *The Dublin Review* gives the result of the analysis of his Church in the following pronouncement:

> Christianity saved the pagan world from its downward course of degeneration and corruption, and elevated humanity to a higher plane. The same disintegrating forces are at work with renewed vigour in the civilisation of to-day; and if the world is to be again delivered from their bondage, it can only be by means of their old enemy, Christianity, which overcame them before.

Now, even if we were to grant this patristic tradition of the wholesale depravity of the Græco-Roman world—which we do not, for had men been so depraved, Christianity could never have existed; in fact, the very contrary is the historical truth—we have still to ask why do Roman Catholics think that *their* Chris-

tianity succeeded. The answer to this Mr. Corrance gives us in the following paragraphs, in which for some unknown reason he refers to the Christian religion as "she":

> She alone could give man the certain assurance of a future life.
>
> And all the history of the past goes to show that this assurance meets an eternal need of his being. There is no religion worthy of the name but has been built upon this universal instinct.
>
> And as Christianity has conquered through this in the past, so will she again in the future, for man's nature remains at the base the same from age to age. As was well said long ago—if any one will again found a world-wide and universal religion which appeals to men of all nations and classes, he must first be crucified and then rise again. If this instinct is not legitimately satisfied it will, like thwarted animal instincts, make for itself all sorts of strange outlets. And as, when the pagan gods and philosophies failed to satisfy them, the heathen of the decaying Roman Empire turned to the excitements of witchcraft, Eastern mysteries, and other forms of "superstition," so under the similar circumstances of the present age, when materialism has again lifted up its head, there have blossomed forth a variety of such strange "cults" among those who either resist or else are ignorant of the true Church. Of these it is apposite to remark that the only ones which have been formulated into quasi-religious systems and have made many converts are Spiritualism and Theosophy, being such as, in however perverted a way, treat the unseen powers of man's soul and the unseen life as concrete realities, as living facts, to be dealt with as such, like those of the visible world around us.

Presumably, then, we are to believe that the saving grace of Roman Catholic Christianity is the dogma of the resurrection of the body, which is claimed to have been exemplified alone in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. Now, if this is the Christianity which is thought by Mr. Corrance to be sufficient to satisfy the needs of the present time, he has not only misunderstood the religious needs of to-day, but grievously misread the history of the past. The Christianity—or whatever other name we choose to give the immemorial Wisdom—that will satisfy all needs, even of the most exacting intellect, is the Christianity that illumined all classes of men in the early centuries, irrespective of any consideration of later orthodoxy; the life and illumination that found expression in innumerable forms, that had intimate points of contact with all that was best in the religions of the time—a true universalism which was only crushed out by subsequent ecclesiastical dogmatism. It is this Wisdom-side of

Christianity which Theosophy is striving to restore to the starved minds and hearts of so many million Christians to-day—endeavouring to restore to them their birth-right, of which they have been deprived for so many centuries by that spirit of exclusiveness and self-interest which the paper of Mr. Corrance reflects. Theosophy is Christianity as much as it is Buddhism or Brâhmanism or Zoroastrianism, and the proof of its universalism is that Pârsî and Brâhman, Buddhist and Christian welcome the light it sheds on their several faiths. The "certain assurance of a future life" is the common basis of all these religions, for it is the common knowledge of every great teacher. The only cause for wonder is that so many who call themselves Christians should so ignorantly glory in the materialistic dogma of the resurrection of the identical physical body in which they happen for the moment to be incarnated. This was the dogma of the ignorant Zealots of those early days, but not of the learned Jews who devoted themselves to the inner life. Are we, then, to return to unthinking zealotism and millennarianism, the most densely materialistic view of 1900 years ago, at the end of the nineteenth century, as a cure for materialism? We think not. Satan cannot cast out Satan—said the Master.

THE PARABLE OF THE THREE OLD MEN

A Bishop who desired to make a pastoral tour took ship from the town of Archangel and sailed for the Solovetsky Islands.

In the same ship were crowds of poor pilgrims going to visit the holy shrines. The wind was favourable, the weather fair, and the ship sailed swiftly. Some of the pilgrims in the stern of the vessel were lying about, some were partaking of a frugal meal, others formed small groups and chatted among themselves in their homely manner.

The Bishop presently came on deck and began to pace the vessel from end to end. As he approached the stern and observed the groups of pilgrims one man in particular arrested his attention. This man was pointing across the sea and speaking to the others who were listening. The Bishop stopped in his walk and began to look across the sea in the direction pointed out by the peasant; but he saw nothing. He drew nearer to the group and listened. The peasant, seeing the Bishop approach, took off his cap and was silent; the rest of the pilgrims, when they perceived the Bishop, also took off their caps and made their obeisance.

"Do not mind me, brethren," said the Bishop, "I have also come to listen to what this good man is telling you."

One of the listeners, a small trader, braver than the rest, remarked:

"The fisherman was telling us about the three old men."

"What about them?" asked the Bishop, as he came up to the group, and seeing a trunk near sat down on it.

"Tell me thy story, I should like to hear it; what wast thou pointing out?"

"There is yonder a small island," said the fisherman, pointing over the sea to the right of the ship; "on that island the three old men live alone and have devoted themselves to the service of God."

"Where is the island?" inquired the Bishop.

"Will your Lordship please to look in the direction my hand points? There in the distance is a cloud, and towards the left, lower down, a low strip of land."

The Bishop looked and looked, the water glittered in the sun, but no island could he see.

"I see nothing," said he; "but wilt thou not tell me something about these old men?"

"God's people they are," answered the fisherman; "long had I heard about them, but never did I see them till the year before last."

And he began again to tell the story; how he had gone out in a boat to fish, and how the wind had risen and carried him along to that very island, and he had not known where he was, for it was night. In the morning he began to walk about, and had come upon a small hut made of clay, and near it one of the old men. After a time the two others had likewise come out. They offered him such food as they had; dried his clothes, and helped him to mend his boat.

"What are they like?" asked the Bishop.

"One is a very small old man, bent and bowed with extreme age, in a very shabby old garment. He must be over a hundred years old, his white beard has begun to get a greenish tinge; but he has a face that beams, and a radiant smile, and seems even like an angel. The second is taller, also old; he wears a coat that is not only shabby and old, but is moreover in rags; his beard is white and full, and streaked with yellow; he is a strong fellow; he lifted up my boat as easily as if it were a feather before I had time to help him. He also looks very bright and happy. The third old man is very tall; his beard grows down to his knees and is as white as snow. He looks very grave; his eyes are sunk under his heavy brows; he is almost naked, only girt with sackcloth round the loins."

"What did they say to each other?" asked the Bishop.

"They were mostly silent and spoke but little to each other; one would look up, and the others immediately understood. I asked the tall one how long they had lived there. He frowned, seemed angry and muttered something. But the little

old man seized him by the hand and smiled, and the tall one at once grew calm. The old one only said: 'Have mercy on us!' and smiled."

While the peasant related these things the ship was nearing the Solovetsky islands.

"Now the old men's island is distinctly visible," said a trader; "will your Lordship look out once more?"

The Bishop looked, and straining his eyes he saw afar off a black line dimly visible; it was the small island the peasant had spoken of. He looked and looked, and at last went off to the other end of the ship and asked the steersman:

"What is that small island in the distance?"

"It is a nameless place," answered the steersman vaguely; "there are many such in these parts."

"Is what they say true, that three old men live there?"

"So people say, your Grace, but I do not know if it be true or false. It often happens that people invent foolish stories."

"I wish to be landed on that island and see those men," said the Bishop decidedly; "how can it be managed?"

"The ship could not approach the island near enough for you to land; you might go in the boat, but you must ask the mate," replied the steersman.

The mate was summoned.

"I should like to visit those men," said the Bishop; "can you not row me on shore?" The mate began to dissuade him.

"We could certainly take you, but it would require much time; and may I assure your Lordship the place is little worth seeing; as to the three old men I have often heard from people who have seen them that they are quite stupid; they understand nothing, they scarcely ever speak, and seem more like fish than like human beings."

"Nevertheless, I wish to go to them," insisted the Bishop, "and will pay for the extra trouble."

There was nothing more to be said, so the sailors set sail in the direction of the island. A chair was brought for the Bishop and he sat and watched; the passengers flocked round him and watched with him. Those whose eyes were the sharpest first

perceive the rocks on the island; then they point out the mud hut, and at last one descries the three old men.

A telescope was brought and given the Bishop, "Truly," said he, as he looked through the glass, "on the shore, to the right of the big rock, there stand the three men. One of them is very tall, the second shorter, the third quite small; they are standing on the shore and hold each other by the hand."

The mate approached the Bishop.

"Here, your Lordship, the ship must stop. If you are resolved to land, we will lower the boat and row you ashore; the ship can lie at anchor till your return."

"Let us go, children," said the Bishop.

They cast anchor; the boat was lowered; the Bishop climbed down the ladder and seated himself in the boat; the sailors took the oars and rowed towards the island. As they neared the shore they saw more and more distinctly the three old men; the tall, naked one; the shorter man in his ragged coat; and the little shrivelled up man in his shabby garment; all three held each other by the hand. The boat ran ashore and the Bishop stepped out.

The three men saluted the Bishop with a deep obeisance; he in return gave them his blessing; they again bowed to him more deeply than the first time. Then he began to speak.

"I hear," said he, "that you men of God have retired to this solitary island to devote yourselves to His service—that you pray to God and to His Son Jesus Christ for the people. I, the unworthy servant of the Lord, have been called by His grace to feed His flock. Therefore, I had a great desire to see you His faithful servants, in order that I may, if need be, instruct you in His word."

The three men are silent, they smile and look at one another.

"Tell me, brethren, how you live and how you serve God," said the Bishop.

The middle-sized man gave a deep sigh and looked at the oldest; the tall man frowned and also looked at the oldest one.

The oldest man smiled and answered:

"We know not, servant of God, how to serve God. We serve ourselves, and seek our daily food."

"How then do you pray to God?" asked the Bishop.

Then the oldest man answered:

"We pray thus:

"Ye are Three,
We are three,
Have mercy upon us!"

No sooner had he said these words than all three raised their eyes towards heaven, and all three, as one man, repeated the words:

"Ye are Three,
We are three,
Have mercy upon us!"

The Bishop smiled and said:

"You have heard about the Holy Trinity, but your prayer is not quite right. I love you, men of God; I see you try to please Him, but you need to be shown the way to serve Him. You must give up this prayer of yours and listen to me; I will teach you to pray rightly, the words will not be my own words, but those of Holy Scripture, a prayer that God Himself taught us to pray."

Then the Bishop explained to the three old men how God had revealed Himself to men; explained the mystery of the Holy Trinity, One Person in Three—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and then he told them how the Divine Son came on earth to save all men, and how He left us a Divine prayer.

"Listen, and repeat after me," and the Bishop began the Lord's Prayer.

They tried to repeat the petitions after him, but they often made mistakes; they mixed up the words; one of them could not pronounce well because he had a hare-lip; the oldest could hardly pronounce the words at all for lack of teeth.

The Bishop repeated the prayer again and again, and they after him; at last he sat down on a rock, and the three old men stood close to him and repeated every word after him as best they could. A hundred times he had repeated the prayer; the day had passed, the night was coming on; the Bishop still patiently teaching, the old men earnestly learning. He could

not make up his mind to leave them until they had learnt the Lord's Prayer. At length they were able to repeat it after him correctly, and at last they could say it by heart without a mistake.

It was now dark, and the moon began to rise out of the sea. The Bishop rose to depart ; he bade the old men farewell, and they all three bowed down to the ground to him. He raised them, gave them the kiss of peace, exhorted them to pray as he had taught them to do, and getting into the boat, returned to the ship. On the way he heard the old men loudly repeating the Lord's Prayer; the sounds gradually grew fainter and fainter, until they were too far off to reach his ear. Only the three figures could still be seen glimmering in the moonlight.

The Bishop re-entered the ship ; they heaved up the anchor, hoisted the sails, and sped away. The Bishop went and stood at the helm ; he could not tear his eyes away from the now distant island. Gradually the forms of the old men vanished, and lastly the island itself disappeared from sight in the moonlit rippling waters.

The pilgrims lay down to sleep and all on deck was wrapped in silence.

But the Bishop could not sleep ; he sat alone near the helm, looked in the direction of the small island and thought about the old men. He remembered how glad they were when he had taught them the Lord's Prayer, and he thanked God for having led him to that unknown island to help those holy men and teach them to pray.

The Bishop sits and thinks ; his eyes are fixed on the sea in the direction of the long vanished island ; he cannot make it out . . . what vision passes before his eyes ? A small light seems to spring up, now right, now left, of the ship's wake. Something suddenly glistens in the silent moonlight . . . is it a sea-gull, or the white sail of a boat ? He looks more intently ; it must be a boat that is following the ship and gaining on it. And now the light is quite near, but what is it ? No boat, and still something skimming swiftly ; now it nearly catches up the ship. The Bishop cannot distinguish the form of the bright object ; it is no boat, no bird, no fish . . . rather like a man than anything else . . .

but so big . . . and then how could a man walk on the sea? The Bishop sprang up and hurried to the helmsman crying: "What is that? What is that, man?"

But now the Bishop himself sees what it is . . the three old men are moving swiftly on the sea towards the ship, their white beards shining in the bright moonlight; they approach the vessel as easily as if it were standing still.

The helmsman looked round, grew terrified and shrieked aloud: "O Lord! the old men are pursuing us, walking on the sea as if it were dry land; they are nearing the ship!" And he dropped the rudder in his fright. The pilgrims were roused out of their sleep by his cries; all the people on board flocked to the helm. They all see the strange sight; the three old men, speeding on the water, holding each other by the hand, while with their disengaged hands they wave and motion the ship to stop.

There was not time to stop the vessel before they quite reached it, and standing under the ship's side, lifted their heads and spoke all three: "We have forgotten, servant of the Lord, we have forgotten thy teaching! So long as we repeated the prayer we remembered it; but we rested one hour, we then missed a word here and there, and after a while we could make nothing of it. Now we remember nothing at all, so we have come to learn again."

The Bishop made the sign of the Cross, bent over to the men and said: "Your prayer, though simple, has found its way to God. Holy men, it is not for me to teach such as you. Pray for us sinners!"

And the Bishop bowed to the ground before the three men. They stopped, then turned back and went home, walking on the water; and until day-break the people saw a bright light in the direction in which they were slowly disappearing.

LEO TOLSTOÏ.

Translated from the Russian by PRINCESS MARIE MESTCHERSKY, and published with her permission.

THE "FRIEND OF GOD" AND THE "MASTER IN THE SCRIPTURES"

THE only source of information open to us until now relating to the life of the Friend of God of the Oberland* lies in his own writings, the originals of which were for the most part burnt by Rulman Merswin a few years before his death, after having copied those which he deemed profitable. He, however, omitted all mention of names of persons or towns, in order to preserve the secrecy with which his mysterious friend and teacher had surrounded himself.

Three collections of these writings are still extant in Strassburg.

1. The so-called "Grosse Memorial," compiled by Nicolaus von Laufen, Merswin's scribe. It contains a copy of all the treatises but one of the Friend of God of the Oberland, Merswin's *Book of the Nine Rocks*, together with some unimportant writings of Tauler and other mystics.

2. The "Kleine Memorial," also compiled by Nicolaus von Laufen, from a more important Codex called the "Lateinische Memorial," seemingly no longer extant. This collection consists of a *History of the Foundation of the Grüne-Wörth*, Merswin's *Book of the Four Years of Self-discipline* and *The Book of the Five Men.*

3. The "Brietbuch," a collection of letters from the Friend of God of the Oberland and the autograph of the *Book of the Five Men.*

A detailed list of the different treatises is given by Jundt.† The MSS. which deal directly with the life of the Friend of

* See the article "The 'Friend of God of the Oberland,'" in the June issue of this REVIEW (vol. xxiv., pp. 353 *seqq.*). The subject will be concluded by a paper entitled "The Friends of God."

† A. Jundt, *Les Amis de Dieu au XIVme. Siècle.* Paris; 1879.

God are: *The Book of the Two Youths*,* which gives the story of the first years of his life; *The Book of the Two Men*,† the account of the five years following his conversion, and *The Book of the Five Men*,‡ in which the life in the small community founded and directed by the Friend of God is described.

It is not possible to fix the exact date of his birth, but in all probability he was born about 1313. He was the son of a rich merchant and was brought up with a view to succeeding to his father's business. He travelled much with his father, learning in this way the different languages we find him later on in command of. Left early in possession of a large fortune by the death of both his father and mother, he decided to give up business and to set out in search of pleasure and adventure with a friend of noble birth.

He fell in love and for five years sued in vain. Accepted at last, the day of betrothal was fixed. On the eve of the ceremony, whilst kneeling in prayer before a crucifix as was his wont, and gazing in adoration upon his crucified Lord, the "wooden image leaned down to him, and a sweet, low Voice spake unto him therefrom: 'Arise, forsake the world, and follow me!'" These words so flooded his heart with sweetness that "woman and world" were alike forgotten. The following morning he announced to the assembled guests that he had been led to take another bride; that from henceforth he was consecrated to the Queen of Heaven.

A time of bitter trial ensued. Forsaken by his friends, laughed at and reviled by all, he was treated by some as mad, by others as a heretic. Fearing that by their ill-treatment his friends might burden themselves with sin, he decided to leave his house and take up his abode amongst the poor and outcast of the town. He thought to relinquish his fortune, but after a vision of glory in which, surrounded by a dazzling light, he was shown unspeakable wonders, he was told by a sweet inner Voice that he had been accepted as the beloved of the Lord, that henceforth all that he possessed was to be regarded as belonging to

* *Buch von den beiden 15 jährigen Knaben.*

† *Buch von den zwei Mannen.*

‡ *Buch von den fünf Mannen.*

Him, all worldly goods to be placed at His service, and used in the furtherance of His will, even as by a steward ; that all practices of severe penance were to be given up, and his body was to be cared for, and made a fit instrument for His work. He was also told that for the time being no further instruction would be given him—that he must search out the way to serve God himself.

For a time only he obeyed. He soon resumed his self-discipline, exercising himself with the utmost severity. Vision after vision was lived through. The Saints, the Apostles, the Virgin, Christ Himself appeared to him, but his soul still hungered, for he longed to behold once more "That" which hath no form nor likeness. At last his desire is granted. The vision ended, he again hears the Voice, which explains to him that he had seen God, but that his vision of Him might be compared to the sight of the sun which he would get were he lying at the very bottom of a deep turret and could see the light slanting only through a window at the top. The Voice rebukes him for his want of humility, for his restless striving to satisfy his longing to behold God Himself without recognising his own great unworthiness that such Good should be vouchsafed to him. He is told to practise obedience, patience and steadfastness, to give up all outward religious exercises until such a time as he shall be allowed to resume them ; that he will be exercised in the inner man, and that for a long time the Voice will be silent.

During four years he was tried by unbelief and evil desires, by temptations above all human understanding. At the end of this time he suddenly found himself freed from all these trials ; so overwhelming was his sense of joy, that he was seized by fear. Offering himself up to God in deep humility, he declared himself ready to accept suffering unto death, should such be the will of God. For the third time he is enwrapped in the vision of unutterable glory and it is shown to him that for the future he is to conform outwardly to the ordinances of the Church and to lead in the eyes of the world the life of an ordinary Christian. The cross he will have to bear will be to see his fellow-creatures straying like lost sheep amongst the wolves.

It is from this time that he begins his work of active propaganda. For the reasons above mentioned it is difficult to assign a fixed date for his meeting with the "Master learned in the Holy Scriptures" named in the *Historia* and generally identified with the Dominican friar Johann Tauler. The year accepted by most critics is 1350. In the *Historia* we read that Rulman Merswin's secret friend, the Friend of God of the Oberland, was thrice admonished in dreams to visit a certain town, there to hear a "Master in the Scriptures" preach. He obeyed, attending several sermons. He found the preacher good-hearted by nature and most learned in the Scriptures but walking still in darkness, without the light of grace. In order to come into nearer touch with him with a view to being able to influence him later, the Friend of God took him as his confessor, and having held intercourse with him for the space of three months begged him to preach a sermon for his edification on the quickest way for man to attain to the highest state within his reach during his life on earth.

The "Master" after some little demur consented, though he gave the Friend of God to understand that the subject was one far above his comprehension. Meeting after the sermon had been preached, the Friend of God astonished the "Master" by reading his discourse to him, written word for word from memory and showing such a knowledge of the Scriptures that for the first time he grasped that the man who had placed himself under his guidance was in possession of far greater powers than himself.

The Friend of God confessed, that, in truth, he had come to help rather than to be helped, and taking the sermon as his text, showed that though his knowledge was great as far as the Scriptures were concerned, it was clear that the path he pointed out as leading to perfection had not been personally trodden by him. He showed also that his teaching followed the letter, was not enlivened by the spirit, that in consequence it hindered rather than helped. His most secret failings were laid bare by the Friend of God; he was accused of being a Pharisee in that he had undertaken to lead others along a path unknown to him; told that only when he had given up all pride in his learning and influence and had humbled himself before God would

the light of grace be able to shine through him. As illustration, the Friend of God related parts of his own life, showed him that when after much struggle that state of consciousness known as ecstasy had been reached, more was learnt in an hour than all the most learned expounders of the Scriptures were able ever to teach one in all time. In answer to the question whether the Scriptures were not inspired by the Holy Spirit, he replied in the affirmative, but hinted that there were phenomena not to be explained by the Scriptures, or by those who kept to the letter. He related the conversion of a heathen living in a distant land —a just and God-fearing man—who in his blind search after truth prayed to that Being, by Whom all had been called into existence, saying: "Creator of all, I have been born in this my country and bred in its faith; one is the faith of the Jew, another that of the Christian. Lord above, Cause of all created beings, is there no higher faith than that which is mine? Show Thou me Thy will; in obedience will I bow down before it. Were there another faith, purer and higher than mine, and Thou shouldst leave me to die without its revelation, great, O Lord, would be Thy injustice unto Thy servant." This cry for light was answered in a way not to be grasped by the understanding. A letter was written to him by means of the Friend of God, which he was able to read in his own language, and which converted him to the Christian faith. In return the Friend of God received a letter from the heathen giving the history of his experiences, which to him read as German.

There is reason to think that much was discussed between the "Master" and the Friend of God not given in the *Historia*. We find the "Master," recognising his inferiority, submitting himself entirely to the guidance of the Friend of God. As a first exercise he is given a list of virtues which must be mastered before further teaching is possible. He is told to practise purity, both physical and mental, godliness, moderation, humility, selflessness, steadfastness, obedience, study of his own heart, chastity, love towards God and man, freedom of desire, patient acceptance of tribulation, meekness, truth and good faith towards his fellow-creatures, perfect trust in God. He is given five weeks for the study of these virtues in honour of the five wounds of Christ,

and told that during this time he is to be his own teacher. At the end of two months the "Master" declares that he has learnt the lesson set him, and begs for further instruction. The Friend of God refuses to admit that he can give instruction of his own will, says that he is powerless to do so unless it be the will of God to use him as His instrument. He tells the "Master" that henceforth he must forsake himself entirely, give up all feeling of pride in his own learning, neither preach nor study; he is to take up his cross and follow in the footsteps of Christ in all humility. He is forbidden to give spiritual advice to his penitents until he has learnt to tread the Path himself; he is to follow in all diligence the rule of his Order, and his spare time is to be spent in the contemplation of the life and sufferings of his Lord. The mystic meaning and virtue of this contemplation, as a means of awakening the inner consciousness, will be understood by those who have made a special study of the way in which sight of things deemed unseeable may be developed. It gives the keynote to the visions of all the Church mystics as well as of the training given in certain schools of occultism in Germany existing in the present day, though not in any way connected with the Church.

An assurance is given to the "Master" that, if he persevere, a time will come when God will make of him a new-born man, a preparation for the second birth. The difference made by the Friend of God of the Oberland between the two expressions is shown in *The Book of the Two Men*.* The new-born man is the one who has turned away from the world, but has not reached the state in which he is freed from outward exercises of piety, far less from those belonging to the inner life, nor has he been able to conquer his weaknesses and become altogether virtuous. Like a new-born child he is weak and liable to sickness, even death. A man who has received the second birth is one who has conquered all failings, is bound by no outer or inner practices, and possesses all virtues of enlightenment in Christ, bearing them in all meekness and humility, one who is altogether dead to himself and in whom Christ has been born and he in Christ. To such a one the second birth is a reality, for Christ dwelleth in

* *Nicolaus v. Basel, Leben, etc.*, p. 268.

him and draweth him at times above all that is known to us here in Time.

Step by step the "Master" follows out the instructions given. At the end of the third year a Voice speaks to him, bidding him be of good cheer, that peace is his. Consciousness of all created things is lost for a time; his return to physical consciousness is accompanied by a sense of a hitherto unknown feeling of power. The Friend of God explains to him that he has been touched by the Grace of God, his higher powers awakened for the first time, and that henceforth his learning will be profitable to him, that much which before had seemed obscure to him would become clear. He receives permission to preach and teach once more, though continuing under the guidance of the Friend of God of the Oberland until the time of his death about 1361.

MARGARET CARR.

LET us always remember that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves. There comes no adventure but wears to our soul the shape of our every-day thoughts; and deeds of heroism are but offered to those who, for many long years, have been heroes in obscurity and silence. And whether you climb up the mountain or go down the hill to the valley, whether you journey to the end of the world or merely walk round your house, none but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate. If Judas go forth to-night, it is towards Judas his steps will tend, nor will chance for betrayal be lacking; but let Socrates open his door, he shall find Socrates asleep on the threshold before him, and there will be occasion for wisdom. . . . No great inner event befalls those who summon it not; and yet is there germ of great inner event in the smallest occurrence of life. But events such as these are apportioned by justice, and to each man is given of the spoil in accord with his merits. We become that which we discover in the sorrows and joys that befall us; and the least expected caprices of fate soon mould themselves on our thoughts. It is in our past that destiny finds all her weapons, her vestments, her jewels.—*Wisdom and Destiny*, pp. 31-33, by MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

"LIKE AS THE HEART DESIRETH"

GREEN STREET, Bethnal Green, seen on a wet Saturday evening in November, is a place never to be forgotten. To Austen Lathom, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and only son of the senior partner in the great firm of distillers, Lathom, Granby and Co., it was at once the most wonderful and the most terrible place in the whole of London. Like some picture by a great master, it gripped and appealed to the artist in Lathom; the high lights and moving shadows, the gorgeous orange blaze round the naphtha flares of the barrows, the sheet of softer light thrown back by the flooded pavement, the steady rhythm of the falling rain, like a sustained *Motiv* beneath the strident music of the street cries—all these filled him with a strange, inexplicable joy. Yet while the artistic nature rejoiced, the ardent soul of the man, in love with a life beyond mere existence, yearned over the crowd of eager humanity jostling one another in the desperate competition for food and clothing, and saw in them no longer men and women sordid, debased or criminal, but a child lost, sick, deformed, needing only to be gathered to the heart of some Love mighty enough to love it because of its deformity.

"You come down here pretty often, don't you?" The speaker, a short man some twenty years older than Lathom, looked curiously at his companion.

"Every night, somewhere in this part," answered Lathom shortly.

"But—pardon me," the other went on, hesitating slightly, "surely it would be easier for you if you were to get out of the distillery? Forgive me, my dear fellow, if I hurt you in any way. Of course, in your father's lifetime you felt tied; we all understood that, but now—well! Your remaining in the business is likely to be misunderstood, has been so in fact!" He paused effectively.

"Yes?" Austen spoke absently; his tone irritated the other.

"Besides, it is a false position," he went on warmly, "it's blood money, my boy! Blood-money and no less, and I have been asked by our League to speak to you about it."

Austen smiled dreamily, then, pulling himself together with an effort, he turned to his companion.

"Look here, Merridew, I believe I do owe you and the League some sort of explanation; I have been wrong to put off giving it, but you know my dislike of 'talk'; now, however, I will tell you how I stand. Our firm is, as you know, a Company, Limited. At my father's death I found myself by far the most largely interested member of the Company, I am now the *only* interested member! I have bought up all the shares, *I* am now Lathom, Granby & Co.! Stop! please," repressing by a gesture the exclamation of his friend, "let me finish what I have to say. I know what you think. Why don't I close the Palaces that bear my name? Why not turn them into cocoa taverns? Because, Merridew, the people here don't want unlimited cocoa and they do want unlimited gin! They want it and they will have it. Close my houses to-morrow, and for every ten closed another ten would spring up! No, if they must have it *I* will give it them; I will not comfort my soul with the flattering unction that I am not responsible for my brother's death because I have not personally given him the poison. The God who rules has made me the son of a distiller. He has said to me, 'your past lives have fitted you to administer this deadly thing that, deadly as it is, is yet one of *my* agents. You merit the trust. You have deserved the pain. In all things you are your brother's keeper. . . '"

Austen broke off, conscious that Merridew was regarding him as if he were a lunatic.

"But, but!" stammered the elder man aghast, "my dear fellow! what an argument! Because they want poison you are not bound to give it to them! Why should *you* of all people?"

"Because I love them!" Austen's tone was dreamy again, and his eyes were fixed on the curving tongue of a naphtha flame with unseeing gaze: "Because with every drop of gin I mingle

the blood of my heart. Ah! Merridew, don't you see it? '*Like as the heart desireth, so doth the soul become!*' These people desire gin, only gin, day after day, night after night; and they go down—down! But even as they drink it I am there by their side, my thought of love intermingles with their thought of lust; my desire to lift them with their desire to sink lower. Ah! it *must* count; surely my love shall help them; surely at last it shall speak and be heard! Shall *I* be less patient than my God? Besides," he added, rousing again to his tone of decision, "I can do much on what are called practical lines. I enforce that much-abused rule that nothing shall be sold to children or to those already the worse for drink, and in many cases I have persuaded a man or woman to go home with me on the verge of some terrible scene."

Merridew shrugged. "The only bit of sense I have heard you talk," he said in the awkward tone of the worldly-holy man when he is confronted with the arguments of the wholly unworldly. "What you said about being born the son of a distiller is utter nonsense! One would think you were a Hindu; I have read that they have some absurd doctrine of following the trade of your forefathers! But for an enlightened Englishman of the nineteenth century, Lathom, I am surprised at you!"

"*Enlightened!* 'Better one's own Dharmaḥ, though destitute of merits,'" murmured Austen half to himself. "I beg your pardon, Merridew, but I think we won't prolong this discussion; I can hardly hope to get you to see things as I do. I certainly do hold with the Hindus that I had better take my surroundings and make the best of myself *in* them, since no one but myself has had a hand in shaping them! You see, my dear friend, if I have all through my past lives been shaping myself for a *round* hole, I can't blame God if I am not put in a *square* one in this life. And indeed, God does not *put* me anywhere, but grows *in* me in whatever circumstances I draw to myself, for that is His Will which cannot be frustrated. I have made myself a gin-distiller, He shall make me fulfil that destiny as He would have it fulfilled."

Merridew was silent, awed if unconvinced, and the two men turned into the swinging doors of the "Medina Gin Palace" without further conversation.

After a few words with the man who acted as proprietor, Austen and his friend seated themselves, and glasses of plain soda water were set before them.

Merridew lighted a cigar and tried to disguise his dislike to his surroundings by burying himself in a paper.

Austen though he smoked did not read, but sat dreamily watching the blue wreath that curled upwards from his pipe with eyes clouded by many thoughts.

Nearly an hour passed, and the hands of the big clock stood at a quarter past eleven, when a clamour at the door caused Austen to look across to the entrance.

The great swinging doors were shaken violently, pushed partially open, swung to again, and finally burst open to admit two persons, a man and a girl, or very young woman. The man was quite old, and so short as to be almost a dwarf; he carried in one hand a violin and bow, and with the other clung feebly to the dress of the girl, and seemed to be trying to hold her back from entering the saloon. A few violent words and a frantic gesture from the latter caused Austen to leave his seat and cross to where the two stood, and as he did so the trouble in his eyes grew to a mingling of pain and shame with involuntary admiration.

He had never seen a woman so beautiful—beautiful in spite of the only too evident fact that she had been drinking heavily.

Before Austen reached them she had wrenched herself free of the old man's grasp. "Let me alone, will you, father!" she said fiercely, standing before him like some beautiful stage queen, her magnificent figure outlined by the closely fitting dress of shabby brown velvet which she wore; the masses of her red-gold hair crowned by a large hat of brown beaver with drooping feathers, her eyes brilliant with the devil of drink. The old man laid his trembling hand upon her arm, but with a sudden access of fury she flung him off. Unable to recover his balance he fell heavily, striking his head against the iron foot of one of the tables. When they lifted him up, blood was flowing from a cut on his temple, and instantly the saloon rang with oaths and exclamations.

Sobered by the shock, the girl gave a low cry and knelt down by her unconscious father, kissing his hands and holding

them to her cheek with a gesture almost motherly in its tenderness. The abuse of the women who crowded round, she bore with a kind of fierce dignity. Only when, after arranging that Merridew should remain with the old man, Austen was about to leave in search of a cab, her mouth quivered as she looked round the ring of angry faces.

"Let me come with you!" she said faintly. Austen bowed assent, and heedless of the jeers of the crowd they passed out together into the darkness. The rain had stopped, or rather turned into that mixture of frost and fog known only to London in November; raw, dripping, opaque, it engulfed them as they stepped into its pall of silence.

"Put your arm in mine, unless you will go back," said Austen briefly, and for answer felt the girl's hand upon his sleeve. For twenty minutes or so they crept along, Austen feeling his way by the railings and guided by the muffled sounds that came to them through the steaming rawness. Shadowy slipshod forms passed them, oaths and ribald words struck them like blows, and Austen forgot his errand, forgot the beautiful figure by his side, in the yearning of his soul to wash this great people from their foulness.

At length as the fog grew denser, the glimmering lights less frequent, Austen stopped. "I think I have taken a wrong turning," he said apologetically; "we ought to have struck the Mile End Road long ago. I am sorry you have to walk so far."

The girl made no answer. Austen could dimly see her white face turned to him beautiful and tragic in its despair. For another half hour they dragged on till a belated hansom fronted them through the gloom, and the driver upon being hailed by Austen told them that they were "'arf wye to Bishopsgit," and that he would drive them West, but not East, as his stables were in Westminster.

"Where do you live?" Austen asked, turning to the girl, "I fear we cannot get back to the . . . to your father; my friend will see to him till the morning."

"We have no home," she answered stonily. "We were turned out of our rooms this morning for owing three weeks' rent. I have broken his heart and now I have killed him. Oh! father, father!"

Austen thought she was about to faint and half helped, half lifted her into the cab. "123, Victoria Street," he said to the cabman, "and a sovereign if you get there."

The girl leaned back with closed eyes; at length she spoke abruptly. "I . . . you must think me all that is bad. I *am* bad; for I have broken my old father's heart, lost my engagement at the Opera, ruined our lives by my love of drink"; she paused, then laughed brokenly. "What would you have?" she said. "My mother died from drink when I was not a year old! No," as Austen would have spoken, "don't excuse me, I am as bad as I can be, only I wanted you to know that I am not . . . that I have always been about with *him*, and he . . ." She broke down, unable to finish her sentence.

Turning to her, Austen lifted his hat, and the lamp burning feebly behind them, showed her his grave, strong face, his tender, serious eyes. "I am taking you to my rooms," he said gently; "my housekeeper will make you comfortable, and I shall sleep at my club."

Something in his manner seemed to soothe the girl, for she lay back again, and by her breathing Austen thought she was asleep.

It seemed to him that they were hours in reaching Victoria Street, but at length they were there, the housekeeper waked and employed in making hot coffee, and the girl installed in a low chair by the fire, her beauty, with its splendour softened into a lovelier radiance by her tears filling the room.

"The drink craving cannot have been long developed," thought Austen, watching her as she lay with closed eyes; and as if answering his thought she looked up and met his eyes. "I have only taken to it again lately," she said, "I gave it up once."

"And you will again!" Austen said eagerly.

"No," she answered. "No! I shall never give it up till it has killed me!"

There was nothing to answer to the hopeless conviction of her tone, and neither spoke again till she had finished her coffee, and Austen rose to go. Then she spoke suddenly, almost fiercely, "Tell me about yourself, who are you, and what were *you* doing in that hell to-night?" And standing looking down at

her, Austen told her. "And so I am fed and clothed by money that is the price of shame," he ended, "that I may remember every hour that my life is a sacrifice for those my brothers."

The girl sat up and leaned towards him, her eyes wide and beautiful with a new light. "But why *your* life?" she whispered.

And Austen answered again, "Because I love them."

"Love them! love drunkards! do you love even me?"

"You also!" The grave tones did not alter.

She gazed up at him. "All drunkards!" she repeated. Then with a laugh that was a sob, "yet you would not kiss me."

Austen bent down and kissed the broad white brow beneath the heavy hair, his face was very pale and he did not speak.

"Go! go!" she cried breathlessly, and covered her face to hide it from him, "go, and leave me to remember that the only man who has ever kissed me did so *because* I was a drunkard! Does *God* love like that?"

In the morning when Austen came to his rooms she was gone, and he never saw her again. But he heard of the deadly fight waged between a newly awakened soul and an awful animal craving, and knew that before rest came the victory had been won. And later it was given to him to know the tie which bound his life and hers, stretching from out the past and linking them for good or ill. And he knew that as his heart desired even so it had been given to him, and that he had saved a soul alive.

E. M. GREEN.

AFTERWORD

IN the above, as in the previous stories which have appeared in the pages of this REVIEW, the aim of the writer has been to familiarise the reader with the idea of the evolution of the soul through a succession of lives upon this earth. To the Theosophical reader such an idea is already familiar, the doctrines of reincarnation and karma are the basis of his thinking, the centre of his philosophy, the keystone of the fabric which he builds upon the mental plane. This is much; but not enough. Right thinking is the basis of right doing; but there is a link which is essential to the interdependence of the two. Right *feeling* is necessary, if that which is seen by the mind in its hours

of calm is to become the conviction that supports and illumines when the storm is raging. With most of us the emotions are as yet the most developed part of our nature; what we *feel* stays by us when what we *think* is blotted out by the mists of pain, or swept from our sight by the flood tide of passion and desire. In Theosophic parlance, the plane on which the great majority of us function most easily at our present stage of development is the astral—the strongest principle of our nature the kâmic or emotional. This being so, something more than an intellectual grasp of these two great *clues*—reincarnation and karma—is needed by the man who would apply them to life and its problems; something more vivid than acquiescence, more *vital* than mere belief. We need to get these ideas ingrained in our consciousness; and not in *our* consciousness as Theosophists only, but in the great world-consciousness that is so quickly tinged by even a small stream of steady, definite thought. We need to *know*, not only in our transcendental moments, but in our work-a-day commonplace hours, that man is the outcome of his past, the master of his present, the builder of his future. If we did *know* this we should hear the clear rational doctrine of cause and effect applied with no uncertain note to the vaster issues of the evolving life of the soul; we should boldly base our conception of existence and destiny upon that doctrine, instead of tentatively trying to graft the doctrine upon our preconceptions.

We need to know with every part of our consciousness that is as yet quickened into life, and to this end it has seemed good to the Editors of this REVIEW to permit the presentment of these two old yet new truths of reincarnation and karma in the setting of fiction, so that the kâmic "child" in each of us may have the coloured picture that he loves, which may perchance set up permanent thought-forms in the astral matter of the brain, thought-forms that will remain in the hour of tribulation and image on the blank sheet of doubt and despair part of the answer of God to man's eternal *Why?*

E. M. G.

THE DATE AND ORIGIN OF THE EARLIEST GREEK TRISMEGISTIC LITERATURE *

In our last paper on "Hermes the Thrice-greatest according to Manetho, High Priest of Egypt" we treated of the monuments of Hermes. The inscriptions on these monuments were translated by the priesthood of the second Hermes and written on papyrus, and the whole collection of such treatises was known by the general title *Books of Hermes*. These *Books*, or rather collection of books, were later on forty-two in number, as we learn from Clement of Alexandria; but the complete cycle of literature may probably have been divided into forty-nine sections, seven of which were kept secret from all but the very few. Clement, writing in the third quarter of the second century, describes one of the sacred processions of the Egyptians as follows:

"First comes the 'Singer' bearing some one of the symbols of music. This [priest], they tell us, has to make himself master of two of the *Books of Hermes*, one of which contains (1) Hymns [in honour] of the Gods,† and the other (2) Reflections‡ on the Kingly Life.

"After the 'Singer' comes the 'Time-watcher' bearing the symbols of the star-science, a dial after a hand and phœnix. He must have the division of the *Books of Hermes* which treats of the stars ever at the tip of his tongue—there being four of such

* See my previous articles on the Hermetic Treatises, the Trismegistic Literature, and Hermes the Thrice-greatest, running from Dec. 1898 onwards in this Review.

† I have numbered the books and used capitals for greater clearness.

‡ *ἐκλογισμόν*, I do not know what this term means in this connection. The usual translation of "Regulations" seems to me unsatisfactory. Some word such as "Praise" (? read *εὐλογισμόν*) seems to be required, as may be seen from the title of one of the fragments of *The Definitions of Asclepius to King Ammon* entitled *On Praise to the Supreme and Eulogy of the King*. See my papers on "The Trismegistic Literature," The Theosophical Review, vol. xxiv., p. 224.

books. The first of these deals with (3) the Ordering of the apparently Fixed Stars,* the next [two] (4 and 5) with the conjunctions and variations of Light of the Sun and Moon, and the last (6) with the Risings [of the Stars].

"Next comes the 'Scribe of the Mysteries,' with wings on his head, having in either hand a book and a ruler† in which is the ink and reed pen with which they write. He has to know what they call the sacred characters, and the books about (7) Cosmography, and (8) Geography, (9) the Constitution of the Sun and Moon, and (10) of the Five Planets, (11) the Survey of Egypt, and (12) the Chart of the Nile, (13) the List of the Appurtenances of the Temples and (14) of the Lands consecrated to them, (15) the Measures, and (16) Things used in the Sacred Rites.

"After the above mentioned comes the 'Overseer‡ of the Ceremonies,' bearing the cubit of justice and the libation cup [as his symbols]. He must know all the books relating to the training [of the conductors of the public cult], and those that they call the victim-sealing§ books. There are ten of these books which deal with the worship which they pay to the gods, and in which the Egyptian cult is contained; namely [those which treat] of (17) Sacrifice, (18) First-fruits, (19) Hymns, (20) Prayers, (21) Processions, (22) Feasts, and (23-26) the like.

"After all of these comes the 'Prophet' clasping to his breast the water-vase so that all can see it; and after him follow

* *τῶν ἀπλανῶν φαινομένων ἄστρων.*

† *κανόνα*, this must mean a hollow wooden case shaped like a ruler.

‡ *στολιστής*, called also *ἱερόστολος*. This priestly office is usually translated as the "keeper of the vestments," the "one who is over the wardrobe." But such a meaning is entirely foreign to the contents of the books which are assigned to him. He was evidently the organiser of the ceremonies, especially the processions.

§ *μοσχοσφραγιστικά*, that is to say, literally, books relating to the art of one who picks out and "seals calves" for sacrifice. The literal meaning originally referred to the selection of the sacred Apis bull-calf, into which the power of the god was supposed to have re-incarnated, in the relic of some primitive magiç rite which the conservatism of the Egyptians still retained in the public cult. Its meaning, however, was later on far more general, as we see by the nature of the books assigned to this division. Boulage, in his *Mystères d'Isis* (Paris; 1820, p. 21), asserts that "the seal of the priests which marked the victims was a man kneeing with his hands bound behind his back, and a sword pointed at his throat, for it was in this attitude that the neophyte received the first initiation, signifying that he agreed to perish by the sword if he revealed any of the secrets revealed to him." But no authority is given by Boulage for this statement.

those who carry the bread that is to be distributed.* The 'Prophet,' as chief of the temple, learns by heart the ten books which are called 'hieratic'; these contain the volumes (27-36) treating of the Laws, and the Gods, and the whole Discipline of the Priests. For you must know that the 'Prophet' among the Egyptians is also the superviser of the distribution of the [temple] revenues. Now the books which are absolutely indispensable† for Hermes‡ are forty-two in number. Six-and-thirty of them, which contain the whole wisdom-discipline§ of the Egyptians, are learned by heart by the [grades of priests] already mentioned. The remaining six are learned by the 'Shrine-bearers';‖ these are medical treatises dealing with (37) the Constitution of the Body, with (38) Diseases, (39) Instruments, (40) Drugs, (41) Eyes¶ and finally (42) with the Maladies of Women."**

This exceedingly interesting passage of Clement gives us the general catalogue of the Egyptian priestly library and the background of the Greek translations and adaptations in our Trismegistic writings.

The whole of these writings fall into this frame, and the oldest deposit or "*Pœmandrês*" group fits in excellently with the content of the hieratic books (the titles of which Clement has unfortunately omitted), or with those that were kept secret.

* οἱ τὴν ἔκπεμψιν τῶν ἄρτων βαστάζοντες. The "Prophet" belonged to the grade of high priests who had practical knowledge of the inner way. As the flood of the Nile came down and irrigated the fields and brought forth the grain for bread, and so gave food to Egypt, so did the living stream of the Gnosis from the infinite heights of space pour into the Hierophant, and he in his turn became Father Nile for the priests, his disciples, who in their turn distributed the bread of knowledge to the people. A pleasing symbolism, of which the bread and water of the earlier ascetic schools of Christendom, who rejected wine, was perhaps a reminiscence. Nor has even the General Church in its older forms forgotten to sprinkle the people from the water-vase and distribute among them the bread.

† This seems to bear out my supposition that there were others, the knowledge of which was optional, or rather reserved for the few.

‡ That is the priesthood

§ Lit., philosophy.

‖ παστοφόροι, those who carried the *pastos* as a symbol; this apparently symbolised the shrine or casket of the soul, in other words the human body. These Pastophors were the priests who were the physicians of the body; the higher grades being presumably physicians of the soul.

¶ This seems to be an error of the copyist.

** Clementis Alexandrini *Opera*, vi., iv. Ed. Dindorf, iii. 156, 157 (Oxford; 1869).

These hieratic books were evidently the more important and were in the charge of the "Prophet," that is to say of those high-priests of the temple who were the directors of the prophetic discipline, the very subject of our "*Pœmandrês*" treatises.*

We might next turn to the works of Plato and shew the influence of the "Books of Hermes" on the mind of the greatest intellect of Greece; but the task would be too long for our present sketch, and it is enough to point to the cosmogony of the *Timæus*, the work of Plato's old age, when he had grown tired of dialectic, and preferred exposition. A Pythagorean treatise, some one will say. Yes; Platonic, Pythagorean, Hermetic; in direct contact with the wisdom-tradition. The background of the cosmogony of the *Timæus* is the same as the background of the cosmogony of *The Shepherd*. But indeed there are numberless points of contact in Plato.

From the Trismegistic literature itself also it might be possible to sift out certain indications and analyse certain statements which seem to contain more detailed corroboration of the orderly tradition of the wisdom-cultus of the Egyptians from pre-historic times; these indications and statements are mostly to be found in the treatise called *The Virgin of the World*, but the text seems to be faulty in the most important passages for this purpose, and so far I have not been able to follow the details intelligently.†

We have now, I think, sufficient material to enable us to suggest a probable date for the earliest substratum of the Trismegistic literature, and to point to the circle from which it emanated.

The first thing that strikes us is that the earliest treatises, such as *The Shepherd*, *The Cup*, *The Key*, and *The Secret Sermon*, were originally not meant for general circulation. They carry on their faces all the marks of instructions intended for pupils of the sacred science, and one of them specifically treats of the "promise of silence." In later days no doubt they had a much wider circulation, as was the case with many similar treatises from, say, the beginning of the second century A.D., onwards.

* As to the hieroglyphic inscription at Edfu, which was thought by Jomasd to contain references to the titles of these forty-two books, see Parthey, *Über Isis und Osiris*, p. 255.

† See Pietschmann, *op. cit.*, pp. 33 *sqq.*

The enormous religious activity of the times forced such treatises into an ever wider and wider circulation. But in the beginning it was not so.

It is also evident from what has been said above that they were translations, or compositions based for the most part on Egyptian originals, and that they were intended for Greeks, or those who were trained in Greek culture.

Now we have already seen that just as the chronicles and sacred books of the Hebrews were translated into Greek in Ptolemaic times, so also the chronicles and religious tenets of the Egyptians were translated into Greek in the same period; and that just as the name of the "Seventy" was associated with the translation of the Old Covenant documents, so was the name of Manetho associated with the translation of the Egyptian records. This translation activity was in full swing prior to 250 B.C.

But in the general history of the world it usually happens that religious treatises are translated from one language into another privately, before any public work is attempted. The members of the secret schools and the initiates of the mysteries, which were the common institution of antiquity, would naturally be the first to have a knowledge of the inner doctrines of the cults of the foreign countries which they visited or in which they settled; and only later on would any more general information be circulated.

It might, therefore, be a not improbable presumption, that the translations of these "apocryphal" or secret documents were made even prior to the publicly circulated translations of Manetho, which dealt with chronology and history, and with the more general features of cult and ceremony.

If then we place them at a period contemporary with the public translation activity of Manetho and his colleagues we shall be well within the bounds of probability. There is nothing, as far as I can see, in these earliest translations to militate against this hypothesis.

We have already seen from the quotations from Manetho and from the account of Plutarch, which was in all probability taken from the Greek writings of Manetho, that the fundamental

teachings of the Egyptian mystery-tradition were identical with the main tenets of our treatises, and we shall further see from the Egyptian records themselves that these were the actual dogmas of the ancient tradition of the Seriadic Land. The testimony of Iamblichus still further makes this point clear.

The superficial objection that these oldest treatises are Christian in any ordinary sense, based on the fact that the Logos-doctrine is fundamental in them, has been already disposed of by the evidence we have brought forward to show the priority of that doctrine to Christianity. It is further evident that the *form* of this doctrine in our treatises is earlier than the orthodox Christian Logos-tenet; it is far closer to the Philonean type of the doctrine and is far removed from any identification of a living teacher with the Logos. It will be further shown in the sequel that this Logos-doctrine was the archaic dogma of ancient Khem.

The objection that our treatises are Neoplatonic has been fully combated, while at the same time it has been shown that their content was derived from the same source whence Pythagoras and Plato drew their inspiration. And if it should be objected that neither Pythagoras nor Plato, as far as we have any record, quote anything from the Egyptian monuments, the answer to this is sufficiently made by the reflection that they were taught under a strict promise of secrecy, and this side of their teaching they had to hand on under the same conditions, They could intellectually philosophize in their public lectures and dialogues, but they could not go further.

But, it may be further asked, are we so sure that the doctrines of these earliest Trismegistic treatises are *purely* Egyptian? There is, it may be said, a distinct flavour of Judaism in them. To this we answer: If the term Semitism is used, we fully agree. The striking parallel between the cosmogony with which Sanchuniathon prefaces his Phœnician mythology and history, and which he is said to have found in the *Cosmogony* of Thoth, with the cosmogonical vision in *The Shepherd*, discloses distinct parallels with the general Semitic tradition of the beginnings. But this can scarcely be claimed to be exclusively Jewish. Indeed the fashion of attributing every-

thing Semitic to the Jews is an entire reversal of the facts. The Jews were but a small and late branchlet of the great Semitic family, many of whose traditions they appropriated for their own purposes.

It should be remembered that for five hundred years (2000-1500 B.C.) Egypt was under the dominion of Semetic conquerors, the Hyksōs. Many of them intermarried with the Egyptians and left a permanent trace on the traditions of the country. Here we have a point of contact between two great traditions, two great religions, each of which centred in the cult of the Supreme Being as manifested physically in the glorious orb of day. Each had its priests and its mysteries; and in these mysteries there may well have been a common ground as well as points of difference. That the two religions while side by side not only modified the public cult but also brought about some modifications even in the mystery-cultus itself is a most natural hypothesis. It is not, therefore, surprising to find traces of this blending in translations from later Egyptian originals.*

That, however, we shall be able to trace the modifications which occurred, in detail, is not to be hoped in our present state of knowledge of Egyptology. The subject is not only in the nature of things very difficult—for we are dealing with the *secret* side of religion—but it is rendered all the more difficult because of our ignorance of the exact history of the times. The work is being slowly done, and every year brings fresh documents and inscriptions to light, but many years must elapse before even the documents we already possess can be thoroughly examined and compared.

We have, however, seen that within the Egyptian tradition itself we have to deal with a series of translations from the time of the Egyptian civilisation which existed before the Atlantic flood, onwards. But at present it would be useless to attempt to turn traditions into history. All we know is that tradition

* In this connection it is interesting to notice that Seth, the Hyksos name for the supreme deity, was subsequently, after the expulsion of the hated conquerors, degraded by the Egyptians into the title of the evil principle Set-Typhon. See Pleyte's *La Religion des Pré-Israélites; Recherches sur le Dieu Seth* (Leyden; 1865). Compare also the Devas of the Hindus and the Daevas of the Persians, the Daimones of the Greeks and the Demons of the Christians, for a similar change of meaning in sacred titles.

regarded the prediluvian civilisation of Egypt as the epoch of great glory, when that civilisation was watched over by Divine Kings or Demi-gods. It was a time at which the forefathers of the initiated hierophants existed, "Uranus" and "Cronus," and such old-world kings and gods, as our Greek translations tell us, but known to the Egyptians by other names. Then came the flood when the Atlantic Island went down, and destroyed that civilisation, the secret monuments alone preserving the recollection of it. The first Hermes had thus gone to his own, leaving his "Books" for the new civilisation which was to re-occupy the Seriadic Land when the waters had abated. Then we have the second Hermes, and later still Tat, and still later Asclepius. But if Hermes was the symbol of a personified succession of hierophant-initiates, so also were Tat and Asclepius the names of later schools. In this connection perhaps it is well to remember that, in the time of Clement of Alexandria, the class of priests called "Pastophori" were students of the art of healing. Now Asclepius was the Greek name of the god of healing *par excellence*.

It is also well to remember that according to universal tradition the greatest teachers are always regarded as the earliest, a tradition to which we moderns have little patience to listen, for we are the slaves of a very narrow view of evolution which invariably tries to trace everything from the unaided "primitive man" upwards. But the most ancient tradition of the world, which invariably looks back to a time when great teachers and kings ruled and instructed nations, has outlived so many phases of scepticism, that it may survive even the incredulity of the end of the nineteenth century.

It seems to me, then, that the second Hermes was the priesthood that ruled the second civilisation of Egypt after the "flood," whenever that civilisation flourished, perhaps some seven thousand years B.C.; that that civilisation after a period of vigour grew old and began to decay, and from about 4000 years B.C. sank gradually to lower and lower levels. After 4000 B.C. it produced few such priests or adepts as those who had reached the level of the high-priesthood of the second Hermes. The Tat and Asclepius periods are far later, and it is from documents of the

priesthood of these later schools, who had forgotten much, that our Greek translations were made. No longer was even the mystery-tradition a pure one, but one blended with Semitic elements, though not Jewish.

Nevertheless, even in these later degenerate days there were still schools for the study of the inner science of divine things, and it is to the initiates of one of these schools that we owe our Greek translations. But to what school; can we at all localise it? With our present knowledge I am afraid that this is impossible. Beyond the fact that it was Egyptian we can hardly go at present. There is, however, an indication in our treatises that should not be neglected. It is manifest that our school is the direct progenitor of the Basilidian and Valentinian Gnosis. The form of the Gnosis contained in our documents is evidently earlier, simpler, more sober, less boastful of itself. It has not yet been exaggerated by the enthusiastic fervour and fertile imagination of the later semi-propagandist schools. It was the boastful claims of proselytising Judaism and of propagandist Christianity which forced on this later phase of Gnosticism. The *earlier* Gnosis had no necessity to do so in its silent retreats. But these retreats were neither the monasteries of the Therapeuts, nor the communities of the Essenes, nor any of the well-known mystic schools of the time, though doubtless students of the Gnosis were drawn from many of these bodies. There were then, as there have always been, certain centres in which the Light of Life still flamed, and a glimmer of that Light is to be seen in the beautiful treatises, intended for pupils in the outer court of the Great Temple, which we have translated.

But besides the Egyptian and Semitic phase of the mystery-tradition which can be detected in our treatises, there is also another phase, a Greek ancient influence; for in Alexandria all three influences were felt. Whence this came is difficult to surmise, for we know so little of that ancient tradition which the Greeks called Orphic. But it played on the Greece of Homer and Hesiod, that later Greece of history which arose far longer after the "flood" than the second civilisation of Egypt in the Nile Land. The Sibyl tradition and the Orphic tradition I have endeavoured to show elsewhere had their *archaic* roots in the

traditions of the prehistoric Greece of long ago, when the great Âryan nation that worshipped the Goddess of Wisdom inhabited the smiling land of Hellas, and successfully opposed the encroachments of the proud kingdom of the Atlantic Continent, ten thousand years before our era. This was the Greece contemporary with the first Hermes, before the "flood" drove the Âryan conquerors back to the North. But the "Orphic" element in our treatises belongs to a far later period, when, some 600 years B.C., a great revival of inner things was attempted in Hellas and some part of the past was recalled to the memory of the later Greeks.

It has been no part of our task to attempt to trace the Hermes-idea along the pure line of Greek descent, for this would have led us too far from our immediate subject. There is, however, one element of that tradition which is of great interest, and to which we may draw the attention of students in passing. The beautiful idea of the Christ as the "Good Shepherd" is familiar to every Christian child. Why the Christ is the Shepherd of all men is shown us by the first of our marvellous treatises. In it we have the universal doctrine apart from any historical dogma, the eternal truth of an ever-recurring fact, and not the exaggeration of one instance of it.

The representation of Christ as the Good Shepherd was one of the earliest efforts of Christian art; but the prototype was far earlier than Christianity, in fact it was exceedingly archaic. Statues of Hermes Kriophoros, or Hermes with a ram or lamb standing beside him, or in his arms, or on his shoulder, were one of the most favourite subjects for the chisel in Greece. We have specimens dating to the archaic period of Greek art.* Hermes in these ancient statues has a pointed cap and not the winged headdress and sandals of later art. This type in all probability goes back to Chaldæan symbolic art, to the bearers of the twelve "signs of the zodiac," the "sacred animals." These were the twelve septs or classes of priests. Here we see that the Greek tradition itself was not pure Âryan even in its so-called archaic period. Chaldæa had given of her wisdom to post-diluvian Greece, even

* See Roscher's *Lexikon*, art. "Hermes." "Hermes in der Kunst"—"Periode des Archaïsmus."

as she had perchance been in relation with Greece before the flood. Here then we have another element in the Hermes-idea. In fact nowhere do we find a pure line of tradition; in every religion there are blendings and have been blendings. There was unconscious syncretism (and conscious also) long before the days of Alexandria, for unconscious syncretism is as old as race-blendings. For even as all men are kin, so are popular cults related; and even as the religion of nobler souls is of one paternity, so are the theosophies of all religions from one source.

One of the greatest secrets of the innermost initiated circles was the grand fact that all the great religions had their roots in one mother soil. And it was the spreading of the consciousness of this stupendous truth which subsequently—after the initial period of scepticism of the Alexandrian schools—gave rise to the many conscious attempts to synthesise the various phases of religion, and make "symphonies" of apparently contradictory philosophical tenets. Modern research, which is essentially critical and analytical and rarely synthetical, classifies all these attempts under the term "syncretism," a word which it invariably uses in a depreciatory sense, as characterising the blending of absolutely incompatible elements in the most uncritical fashion. But when the pendulum swings once more towards the side of synthesis, as it must do in the coming years—for we are but repeating to-day in greater detail what happened in the early centuries—then scholarship will once more recognise the unity of religion under the diversity of creeds and return to the old doctrine of the mysteries.

G. R. S. Mead

THE ETHICAL SIDE OF THEOSOPHY

From the very beginning we have always been told that the true importance of the Theosophical movement lay, not in the mere extension of our knowledge of the laws under which we live and of the universe around us, but in the working out this knowledge to a definite result whereby the world may be the better for it. This principle may, however, be taken in two different ways, according to the stage of development reached by its exponent. It may be used as a guide, a check upon us in our highest speculation and aspiration; ever keeping us in mind that all must be turned to the world's use and not merely to our own—that we are but the advanced part of the great wave, a mere useless drop of water if we separate ourselves from the mass behind. But it may be, and constantly is, used by the Philistine to his darling end—the staying of all progress beyond the material world, the keeping back of all aspirants beyond his own low level. Whenever any teacher offers to his disciples anything beyond the commonplace maxims of the popular morality; whenever a pupil manifests a tendency towards the higher planes of thought; there is always someone to cry out: "You are neglecting the claims of the Great Orphan—till you have provided every man, woman, and child with all they need, you have no right to waste yourself in useless speculations." And if we reply with the Master: "Man doth not live by bread alone," and our Philistine cannot deny it, he has still a resource left. He will say, as our friend Mr. Webb in the last number: "All you can be permitted to do is to supply just the little which the ordinary scientific man can take in—baby that he is; you must take care not to overload his precious little stomach—a very trifle makes him ill; and, until he is grown up, you must not think even of anything beyond—all in its time!"

But there are Theosophists who think differently; and I for

one decline these limitations. I do not feel afraid that the readers of this REVIEW will think me lacking in care for the poor and suffering around us, or wanting in sympathy with the real difficulties which our doctrines present to those whose minds are yet bound by the dogmas of their respective religions (often dearer to them than life itself), if I say that *all* this is of the earth —earthly. To gain the power to set all this right we must go higher ourselves, and tempt our pupils to follow us. It is from above, not from their own level, that we must reach the poor and ignorant on the physical plane. Nor is the case different with the rank and file of those who consider themselves scientific persons, and pride themselves on the superiority of their intelligence and the completeness with which they have emancipated themselves from everything which cannot be seen by their microscopes and weighed in their balances. The idea that these may be reached by a judicious selection from the Theosophic doctrines—giving them a little bit at a time, and waiting till they have digested that, and then a little more, and so on—is plausible to one who has himself attained what he holds in this very way, as some of us have; but I venture to say that it does not meet the circumstances of the case. We all know, if we would stop to think, that no more than any other class of mankind do scientists form their own opinions independently for themselves. There are fashions in science as well as in art; and as a man passes beyond middle life he will have seen generation after generation of so-called scientific principles come and go—each lucky guess superseded in a few years by another; like it proclaimed as at last the final discovery of science, and like it, after running its twenty or thirty years, quietly dying out, fading away as the next novelty comes to the front, without even so much vitality left as to raise a serious controversy with its successor. Before the average man of science will think of looking at our principles at all, there must come a change in the atmosphere in which he moves—*something* must bend his mind to take an interest in them, must present them to him as matters of consequence to the world, or he will pass them by as he does the researches of the S.P.R. or the records of spiritualistic phenomena. How have the principles of science themselves gained their place? To

some great investigator comes an inspiration—very likely he will call it a lucky guess (*we* know better) which he, modestly and tentatively, puts forward as a principle which may lead to great results. It is spoken of in newspapers—lectures are given upon it at scientific societies, congresses, and the like ; and presently to all the listeners and readers it is a dogma of the scientific Faith, to be enforced upon all heretics at the sword's point. *They* have not studied the matter—it is not a slow process of investigation of arguments which has convinced them ; yet it is not reasonable to blame them for their easy credence. What has happened to them is, simply, that a single man, living in an atmosphere of thought far beyond their level, had somehow enlarged their limited field of apprehension—has made thinkable by them a whole world of which they had previously no cognisance. Before his time it did not exist for them at all—now, it would be absurd for anyone to try to ignore it on the ground that he was not entirely satisfied with the proofs given by its defenders.

Our Theosophical doctrines have so far failed to find general acceptance for the want of this power from above. That they are more or less disturbing to the mind of the average scientist is really (in my own view) a matter of no consequence at all. Our true business is, it seems to me, to set forth, as completely as possible, the whole view of the world they furnish ; if with any kind of selection, rather the contrary one to the Philistine's. The men of genius—the *leaders* of thought—those who are able, with half-a-dozen words, to make the ordinary scientist "burn what he has adored and adore what he has burned," as they have done so many times before, will be drawn to us (if at all) by the broad general views, the glimpses of mysteries beyond all present knowledge which are the precise portion of our doctrine which our Philistine friend would have sedulously concealed lest men should laugh at him. *They* have no more interest than we ourselves in the mere "bread and butter sciences" ; they live habitually in that very higher world of thought which the Philistine would gladly ignore, and draw from it the power to move the world which no mere scientific argument would give them. They laugh at nothing and are thankful to any one who will bring them a fact which transcends the ordinary

mode of thought and seems to make an exception to the accepted laws of nature; they are not custodians of the old, but the introducers of the new, and in such facts, which the mere scientist rejects as impossible, they recognise the way to the new light they seek. What *they* take up as a possibility, the next generation will know as a truth.

There is something higher still which is being not unfrequently misused in the same way—the fundamental principle of the Brotherhood of Mankind. It is not a new discovery, to be trumpeted abroad as a glory to our own vast wits, or a new panacea for all the woes of mankind. It is not the badge of any sect or party, but one single word (and that the commonest and most frequently uttered) of the great Wisdom. No sage or moralist, of ancient or modern times, but has taught it; and if, as we have been assured, its re-assertion in the face of a civilisation which more and more energetically proclaims as the years go by "I am *not* my brother's keeper" is the most pressing need of the times, it is not by mere words, or what St. Paul (very rightly in this connection) calls "the foolishness of preaching" that this is to be done. Read the statement printed on the cover of each number of this REVIEW. The first object of the Theosophical Society is stated to be—"to *form a nucleus* of the universal brotherhood of mankind"; not to preach it, and least of all to make it the watchword of a movement intended to make a separation between those who hold the same view of the present and cherish the same hope for the future. To make ourselves into such a nucleus as is thus suggested involves, as the very first step, the recognition we find in every school of occult thought, and we need not go further than Bulwer's *Zanoni* to find distinctly formulated, that every Aspirant, however mistaken, however far behind, is our brother—to be helped and forwarded at all costs. To a Theosophist, as to all his predecessors on the Path, the world of men divides itself into two classes. On the one side the Philistine, fully satisfied with himself and his place in the world, desiring nothing beyond success and happiness in the physical life; the man whose belated development has not yet brought him within sight of the true goal of his life. With these, however highly educated, we have but indirectly to do; life after life

they must return, lesson after lesson must they learn from karma, their stern schoolmaster, before the sacred thirst is awakened in them which shall bring them into the second class, which we may name with Goethe the Great Fellowship of the Unsatisfied, or shortly, in our own phrase, the Aspirants. Amongst these, the veritable Brethren, there must, there *can* be no such thing as division, in the true sense of the word; all who have their faces set upwards and onwards towards the true Light are bound together by a tie which no difference of opinion, whether on matters of doctrine or of conduct, can for an instant loosen. Are they, as we think, wrong in faith—missing the most direct path, not recognising the helps offered to them by the Powers who watch their progress? We too watch them, with loving sympathy and sorrow for their delay. It may very possibly not be the time for us to interfere; it is but rarely that we know enough of our brother's soul to venture to try to teach him what, after all, he must learn for himself. Has he done what in our eyes is mischief, thinking it good? He will have to pay to the full the price of his fault; but this will not cloud the love with which the Masters watch his slow and interrupted advance, nor break their patience, knowing as they do the almost immeasurable time before him. Nor must it make us impatient with him, even if our own feelings have been hurt by his conduct; whatever sufferings he may have caused us or those whom we love in this passing life of the flesh, are of absolutely no consequence compared with the oneness of aim which unites us. As long as anything of this kind makes us feel separate from our fellow aspirant or causes a breach in our mutual love we ourselves are yet far back—knowing little of the Spirit which quickeneth, still in the bonds of the flesh which profiteth nothing.

This conception of degrees of relationship within the great Brotherhood is one which is unconsciously present in the mind of many who have no logical objection to make to the general statement. When you speak to the ordinary person of Universal Brotherhood he cannot deny the fact; but, in nine cases out of ten, he receives the statement with a kind of hesitation. If he dared to speak his real mind he might say something like this: "No, the expression is far too strong—to be a fellow-man is *not* the

same thing as to be a brother. A brother, in the true sense of the word, one who has the same endowments, the same recollections, the same hopes and desires as myself, one who can entirely sympathise with me, is a very rare thing; and many, perhaps most men, pass through life without having ever found one. I willingly grant that all are my relatives, more or less distant; that all have a claim upon me for what assistance I can render them, in the proportion of our mutual affinity; but the vast majority of mankind is far removed from me, and it is not a brother's part I have to perform to them." Now, a Theosophist has nothing to say against this way of thinking; men do not, in fact, stand on the same general level, as the common view assumes. The vulgar idea of Universal Brotherhood is a child of the vulgar Christian idea that we are all successively created out of nothing by an almighty and irresponsible God, and are all His helpless and indistinguishable slaves, our possible differences of nature invisible across the vast space which separates creature and Creator. To our view the entities now manifesting in the world as men and women are beings the difference of whose age is something almost inconceivable, and the corresponding difference of growth as great. The distinction of younger and elder brethren is not sufficient, for there are around us men and women of endlessly different families and races; creatures but recently evolved from the brute, and having as yet hardly more of the human than the shape; creatures degenerating back to the brute through ill-use of their opportunities, and nearly fallen to their level; creatures whose thoughts and ways are unaccountable to us, because they are of the almost unmixed blood of an elder race than ours—one which ruled the world millions of years ago, a Saturn remorselessly thrust aside by the newer gods. And from this depth there rises a hierarchy up to our own level. These, to a Theosophist, form his younger brothers; and to these the due virtue for him to exercise may be named Compassion. He may not be called to their immediate service—we are not all bound to be nursemaids for the babies; but with his brotherly love must mingle infinite patience with their weakness and sorrow for the hard, rough lessons they have to learn as, one tiny step after another, they slowly and painfully make their

way upwards. He must despise none—not the most degraded savage, the lowest drunken waif of the London streets; through these depths he has himself passed, and from the eyes of the very worst and foulest looks, as through prison bars, a soul in itself as pure and perfect, as veritably a spark of the Divine as his own.

How shall I name the virtue we owe to our equals—those I have called in a more special manner our brethren—those who aspire as we do and are not raised above us by any knowledge or power which would set them distinctly on a higher level than our own? We must, of course, help them if they need help or counsel; hold fast to them lest they drop from the ranks and be cut off by the enemy. Against childish petulance or serious malice we must set tireless patience and love overflowing all offence—are they not our own beloved brethren, spite of all, our life and growth bound up with theirs? But perhaps even more important than these virtues is the one which Goethe so impresses upon us—Reverence. It is this which is so wanting in the numerous attempts at doing good, costing so much and achieving so little, which have marked the last half century in England. It is this which is the one condition for our doing good to our equals. Each of us is a separate and independent being, with his own special character, talents and powers. Each has his own way upwards (for at our level we no longer drift helplessly with the stream of time) and must, for the most part, find it for himself. For us to interfere is an intrusion, a lack of due respect for our brother's soul. Even if we think we have found our own way, we may be sure by the very fact that it is not the way by which anyone else, even the soul we love most and believe to be likest to ourselves, is to find his Deliverance. It is not for us, but for the Masters above us to teach and guide our brethren; we may watch their course, and send loving and strengthening thoughts to their aid; we may modestly point out to them the stumbling-blocks which have brought us to grief, or gently suggest means which we have ourselves found helpful; but if our advice or our warnings are rejected we must possess our souls in peace; we have done our duty, and the soul we have tried to help has gone his own road—if he gets forward

thus, it is well for him and for us that we did not persuade him to turn aside into ours.

Our third branch of fraternal duty is to our elder brothers. We are not the crown of creation. The world was not planned and carried on for millions of years, only to produce men such as you and me; and our position on the scale of evolution may be fairly gauged by the manner in which we receive the Theosophic doctrine that we have our superiors, to whom we owe Loyalty. This, too, is a virtue not much in vogue in the present day. I use the word in preference to Devotion because it more exactly identifies the attitude of mind of which I speak. There is a so-called blind devotion, as that of a dog to his master, which is as far as possible from the loyalty we owe, not to the Masters only but to every pupil whose knowledge and love (both go together) exceed our own. But the difference lies in the intelligent appreciation which we have to bring to the plans and orders of the superior, not to the obedience we owe them. This is a point on which many may differ from me, and hence I must enlarge somewhat upon it. It may be said that we must use our own judgment—that we may and ought to criticise, to choose and discuss, to do only what commends itself to us as right, and so forth. I do not desire to dogmatise; there is a sense in which all this is perfectly true; but yet it seems to me that this way of speaking is founded on a mistake. I venture to think that it forgets what a Superior, in this sense, *is*. He is, distinctly, *not* one of ourselves put in a place of authority, one whose mode of action we may rightly criticise, as being ourselves qualified to take his place. He is our superior simply and solely because his knowledge, wisdom and love are admittedly greater than ours; and to suppose that He might give orders whose unwisdom could be evident to *our* eyes seems to me an absurdity. Speaking only for myself, and with full consciousness that I am laying a tempting "bone of contention" before not a few of my readers, I will venture to say that to my own mind anyone standing above me upon the Path is entitled to my loyalty to an extent absolutely unlimited; that if such an one were to come to me and say that he finds that his work would be facilitated by my labour, my property, or even by the contribution to his strength of my physical

life, I should not dream of hesitating for a moment to answer the demand. To all plea that I might be thus required to do wrong, I reply with the old legal maxim, "The King can do no wrong." All the extravagances of loyalty which seem to us now so touching and yet so foolish when poured forth upon a human monarch, in character and mind usually far beneath the loving souls who spend their lives like water for his worthless sake, are fully justified when our King is our true Superior. A Master who does not know better than I, nor love more deeply—whose word does not carry with it, as was said of Jove's, the full persuasion that to obey it is the noblest and highest thing in all the three worlds—from whom power does not go forth to enable His servant to accomplish His word, is no Master of mine!

Of the way in which this principle works downwards, and the claim it may give *us*, who are in our turn Superiors to those beneath us, we may speak some other time. I would rather end with the inspiring thought that such Superiors, so far above us, we have for our leaders in the Great Fight, and recall the song of the knights of King Arthur, the type and presentation of the true spiritual King:

> Blow trumpet! He will lift us from the dust.
> Blow trumpet! Live the strength and die the lust!
> Clang battle axe and clash brand! Let the King reign!

A. A. WELLS.

SHALL the mind be a public arena, or a hypæthral Temple consecrated to the service of the gods?—THOREAU.

OTHER men's sins are before our eyes, our own are behind our backs. —SENECA.

KNOW of a truth that only the time shadows have perished or are perishable, the Real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and for ever.—CARLYLE.

How seek the way which leadeth to our wishes? By renouncing our wishes. The crown of excellence is renunciation. . . .—HAFIZ.

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN THOUGHT

THE last year of the nineteenth century opens next month, and the present month has already seen the close of an important cycle. The Theosophical Society has just crossed the line to which its occult Teacher pointed as one of deep importance for its future; and, by the blessing of the Great Ones, those in whose charge she left it have been enabled to carry it forward into the new cycle with "the link unbroken." The century, reckoned from a mistaken historical date, has no significance, not being linked to the natural order, and it does not fit into the scheme of things. Yet it serves as a kind of mental landmark to many, and as the beginning of its last year and the end of a real cycle so nearly coincide we may not unfitly rest a moment at this juncture to glance backwards over the past, forwards into the future. We will survey the field of thought, not dwelling on minute details so much as estimating general changes and differences, and see if we cannot find something to encourage as well as something to instruct, as we weigh the changes which have come over the world of mind since the Society began its work wellnigh a quarter of a century ago, as we recognise the growth of the influence that has steadily permeated the world's thinking since 1875.

Great and beneficent have been the changes in the realm of religion, that region of thought which comprises the highest problems of human life, the spiritual evolution of mankind, the raising of humanity to divinity. Christianity has largely modified its attitude, both in respect to other religions and as regards those who are within its own pale. From the very beginning of its work the Theosophical Society taught the fundamental unity of all religions and insisted on the supreme value of the ancient doctrines of the East. In the earliest work of Mr. Sinnett, the present Vice-President of the Society, we

find a quotation from a communication from a Master, in which it is stated that it was part of the task of the Society to lead the West to drink at the "long-sealed ancient fountains [of the East], to draw the proof that man may shape his own future destiny." The eastern teachings were to be spread broadcast through the West, because these teachings alone could save it from the then-menacing triumph of materialism, by making the existence and evolution of the soul a matter of certainty based on knowledge, instead of a dogma resting on authority and accepted by faith.

During the last four-and-twenty years how changed has become the attitude of the churches around us. The dogmatism of pre-theosophical days has wellnigh disappeared in the educated classes, sharp edges of antagonism have been softened, a deeper hope and a wider charity are heard sounding from the pulpits, a greater willingness to acknowledge the value and the dignity of non-Christian religions is to be seen. We perceive in Christendom, and especially among the Anglo-Saxon nations, to whom the efforts of the Society have been chiefly directed, a desire to find in religion something loftier, larger, more generous than dogmatic sectarianism; there is a readiness to listen to, a willingness to consider alien truths; and there are clear signs of a tendency to revive mysticism, to search after a deeper inner life, after the entrance to the ancient narrow path which all must tread who would change faith into knowledge, hope into certainty. The great teachings of the primitive Christian Church are at last being restated in the ears of the modern world; the idea that a religion could be founded without resting on a Gnosis is being dispelled, and its lost heritage of true knowledge is being restored to the Church. The work of the Society in Christendom lies less in increasing its nominal membership, in tying theosophical labels to eternal and universal truths, than in the silent influence exerted by theosophical teachings over the leaders of the religious world. That which shall change the face of Christendom will come from within, not from without, the Christian Church. While the Society may do the sowing of the seed, not for it the reaping of the grain, the storing of the sheaves. Those to whom the Christians look as their natural

leaders, these are they through whom the ancient truths can best reach the Christian churches; from the lips of those who are accepted as Christian teachers must come the persuasive eloquence which shall allure and convince the Christian masses. The ancient truths must present themselves in familiar garments and not in foreign outlandish dress. It is for Theosophists to collect materials, to arrange them into shapes acceptable to the Christian student, to fill in the links of evidence that will bind the intellect, to unfold the mighty possibilities that lie within the faith of the Christian; when that work is partly done, Christian thinkers will themselves build in the materials placed at their disposition, will so present the truth that it shall allure and not alarm; when they become permeated with Theosophy, it matters not whether they use theosophical language or not; they will teach the ancient doctrines, revive the ancient lore, and then the truth of the Christ shall echo through His Church as it never yet has done, and men will see the beauty of the mystical Christianity so long lost to the world. The Wisdom Religion, clothed in the garb given to it by Jesus, shall become the inspiring hope of the western peoples, and by its spiritual teachings shall redeem their lives. That the Theosophical Society should begin so great a reformation is honour and privilege enough for its workers, and little boots it to whom may go the external glory of the revival of spirituality within the Church. "The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation," and it is the silent unseen labour that builds the worlds. Let Theosophists rejoice that they may lay the unseen foundations of the temple; let others carve their own statues to fill its niches, and blazon their own memorials on its storied panes.

As Christianity becomes mystical instead of dogmatic, spiritual instead of polemical, it will entirely change—as, in truth, it is already changing—its attitude towards the elder faiths of the world; as the deeper truths are seen, they are seen to be everywhere, they are seen to be one, flowing from a single source. Then, instead of sending out missionaries to convert men from one religion to another—more often to alienate them from all religion—Christianity will bid its teachers share with others the

aspects of the truth they have perceived, while others equally share with them the aspects they in their turn have seen. Then shall spiritual light irradiate every nation, and all men shall confess that Divine truth is one.

It is unnecessary to say how much the Theosophical Society has done in popularising Indian thought. The scholarly but hard and wooden translations of certain Orientalists gave but the bare skeleton of the noble works they devitalised, the dry bones bereft of the living spirit. Men who deny Yoga can never understand literature written by yogins; hence Sir Edwin Arnold stood alone in his sympathetic renderings of eastern religious ideals. Now we have a growing eastern literature in English, translated both by Indians and English, who are alike permeated by the eastern spirit and look at the world in the eastern way. And in addition to this we have the beginnings of an original literature, vibrant with eastern thoughts, while eastern ideals and eastern methods of training and developing the inner life are establishing themselves definitely in the western world. The initiative in this higher Orientalism is due wholly to the Theosophical Society, and it is this and not etymology which opens to the West the gateway of the Holy Places of the East.

Let us turn from the region of religion to that of science, and here we shall find the deeply-scored traces of theosophical influence. The researches of Sir William Crookes, himself a member of the Society, have shown evolution going on in the supposed inorganic world, and have pointed to one underlying substance of which all the "elements" are but differentiations. The discovery of living crystals by Dr. von Schron has gone a long way towards justifying the theosophical teaching that all forms are produced by life-units. The experiments of Marconi have thrown light on the nature of telepathy, and those of Professor Oliver Lodge have demonstrated it to be a fact. The use of the X-rays has made clairvoyance intelligible to the "man in the street," while Dr. Jebb has shown that life acts with intelligence in the building of crystalline forms. One fundamental principle after another with regard to the cosmos as understood by the Ancient Wisdom is being demonstrated, wholly or in part, by science, and even more marked, here as in religion, is

the change of attitude. The hard dogmatism respecting the invisible worlds is giving way to an eager curiosity and an inclination to experiment, and judgment is now suspended where twenty years ago it would have been condemnatory. Despite its reluctance, science is being carried on into the regions of the invisible and intangible, wherein her old apparatus fails her, wherein her method of questioning breaks down. When has a greater revolution taken place in thought than that which has occurred in science during the last quarter of a century? At the beginning of that period science started from that which the senses were able to cognise, and tentatively and suspiciously envisaged the invisible and intangible as a possible result of the visible and the tangible. Now modern thinkers are more and more inclined to regard the invisible and intangible as source rather than product, to endeavour to reach that subtle region which the senses cannot pierce, and to look at the forms which the senses cognise as mere expressions of the life that escapes them. The view which now seems so poor and narrow, that thought is merely the result of molecular vibration, was a view which, within the recollection of some of us, dominated the scientific world. To measure the distance which science has travelled under the impulse from the spiritual regions of which the Theosophical Society is the chief expression, it is sufficient to put the early writings of Professor Huxley side by side with his latest. In that distance travelled, we see the influence of the deeper thought, the power of the reproclamation of derided spiritual verities; science, however cautiously and doubtfully, is approaching the threshold, crossing which she will find herself in a region where the soul is recognised as the chief force and its powers are used for research. The signs around us show that that step across will become inevitable, and, once it is taken, science will become again the handmaid of religion, as matter is the handmaid of spirit, and religion and science will once more be seen as diverse but not antagonistic aspects of the One Truth.

Theosophical thought is influencing the world of action as surely as the world of ideals and the world of ideas. The movement to bring about a happier social state, a closer union among men, a practical recognition of the brotherhood of man, rooted

in the spiritual unity of the race—this movement is the stream which in the world of action represents the impulse of spiritual energy. Wild and bitter words uttered on both sides by the ignorance of contending parties must not blind us to the presence of a spirit higher than party-spirit, working steadily onwards—as a steamship ploughs her steady course through tossing billows—towards a loftier type of society. As we watch the ways of men we see a change, a saner balance, a lessening of bitterness towards opponents, an admission that it is not enough to struggle for material improvement, but that the higher nature of man must also have scope to realise its greater hopes. No longer is there only a striving for bread and clothes and shelter, for escape from the pains of physical poverty; there is a yearning after a higher life, a recognition that even if the outer conditions were wholly satisfactory, they are but the beginning of a higher evolution, possible only when the rougher lessons have been learned, that man's true greatness lies not in wealth nor his reward in luxury, that his fulfilment is not in a golden age for the body, but in the purification of the emotions, the expansion of the intellect, the evolution of the spiritual life. The brotherhood rooted in the spiritual nature, based on our unity in the spiritual world, is one that nothing can frustrate; it lives in the region whence all energies come down, it flows from the Divine Spirit which is one. That Spirit, mightily working, can alone bring all things into perfect harmony on the lower planes, and in proportion to its effective manifestation will be physical and intellectual well-being. In the condition of ancient Peru, sketched by Mr. Leadbeater, we see in practical working all that is longed for, battled for, by those who picture the socialistic "Utopia"; but it is brought about by the unselfish rule of the wisest and most loving, not by a careful balancing of selfishnesses and the unstable legislation of the crowd.

But Theosophy is not only for the enlightening of the worlds of feeling, thought and action in the wider sense, but is also the guide and teacher for the homely lives of common men. It is not only for the learned and the great, for those wide in intellectual grasp or mighty in emotional power, for the rulers and teachers of men. The Wisdom has a word for everyone and

not only for the few—since every child of man is son of God —and Those who stand where the ladder of evolution is lost in the Divine Light see with wider eyes than ours, as They gaze on the climbing crowds of men on every step of that long ladder. To them every man is dear, and They have help and teaching for the ignorant as well as for the learned. It is only the less ignorant who despise the ignorant; the wise have love and aid for all. Theosophy has for the learned work that may task their learning, but it has also simple words of counsel and of cheer for every toiling soul. The fact of brotherhood, the making it effective by reincarnation, the power that lies in karma—these broad and simple doctrines bring peace and hope that all may understand and share. The eternal Law, which deals justly with every soul, which gives to every man according to his sowing though he sow but a single grain, which, showing on one side the Face of absolute Justice, shows on the other the Face of absolute Compassion—for justice is only another name for love—that Law is so simple in its nature, though so difficult in its complex workings, that it serves as the basis of a moral training intelligible and suitable to all. Of ethical teaching Theosophy can have no more to give than has already been given by the World-Teachers, by Shrî Kriṣhṇa, by Zoroaster, by the Buddha and by the Christ. Who in the modern world may hope to add to what has fallen from those Divine lips? But Theosophy can, for the modern world, revivify and make real and intelligible the teaching, because it is a new expression from the same Source, another sounding out of the same Voice. It can teach the old methods for building character, and thus rationalise the evolution of the soul. It can give to the moral maxims the spirit that makes them living, it can show how to purify the life. Only by that purification can be caught a glimpse of that Purity which makes all earthly whiteness seem as black; and truly if the Beatific Vision and Union with God be the goal to which religion should lead the human spirit there is need of some more living spiritual teaching than is found in modern days in the religions of the world.

The teaching, then, is for everyone, and yet there is a truth

in those words of the Christ that only those given to Him "by the Father" can come to Him. For the Father in heaven is the Divine Monad in man, and only those in whom He is energising to the point of making them able to receive it will feel an impulse towards the Wisdom. The wish and the power to accept the teaching give the right to possess it, the feeling of attraction is the credentials for drawing nigh to it. If in the heart there is one thrill of feeling responding to the Great Instruction, one faint quiver of answer to its notes, then let the man come to the Teacher, for that is the impulse of the Father within him, and none thus impelled can be cast out. Thus taught the Christ, and "the common people heard Him gladly." Thus taught the Buddha, and crowds gathered round Him and hung on his golden tones. Thus taught Shrî Kṛishṇa, and cowherds and children thronged to the music of His flute. Let him that is athirst drink, and let all who thirst not go their ways, till their hour also shall come. Down through the ages have come the voices of the Teachers, and the Theosophical Society can but re-echo the music, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

By many ways, along many paths, men thread the jungles and the deserts of material life, by many roads they seek to find their home. There is but one home for all, the bosom of the Eternal, and "all men's roads are Mine," said the Beloved. The widest charity, the most generous tolerance, the willingness to accept all work and all workers, the absence of criticism, the absence of complaining, these are the marks of those who have touched the Feet of the Masters of Compassion. For in that region where They dwell, walls of separation are unknown, exclusion is undreamed of, all-inclusive love is the very atmosphere They breathe. There Wisdom has made aught but love impossible, for to be wise is to understand, to be wise is to see the One enshrined in and moving all. How then can the wise do aught but love the Life he adores in the Supreme and feels in himself? The ignorant may hate or despise; the wise can only love and help. And he is the true Theosophist, the follower of the Divine Wisdom, who accepts that central idea of unity and strives to make it living in heart and life. ANNIE BESANT.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THOSE WHO DESIRE DELIVERANCE

Or the Mumukṣhu-Prakaraṇa of the Yoga Vâsiṣhṭha

(concluded from p. 250)

CHAPTER VI.

The Antiquity and High Authority of the Science and the further Assurance of the Student Thereby

"On what occasion was this science delivered to thee, O Sage! by the Self-born?" asked Râma.

Vasiṣhṭha answered: "From That wherein Rest and Motion are as one, which is the Inextinguishable Light within all Jîvas, whose nature is best named 'Expanse of Consciousness'—from that Being arose Viṣhṇu in the beginning, as a wave on the surface of the ocean. Then from the Lotus-Heart of Viṣhṇu, pollened with thick-crowding stars, was born the Parameṣhṭhin, Knower of Scripture and of Scripture meaning, encircled by the Gods and ancient Ṛishis. And He sent forth all this creation from within His mind. In this country of Bhârata Varṣha,* in a corner of the continent of Jambudvîpa, he placed races of men beset with pains and losses, mental and physical. Then, beholding all their wretchedness, a great compassion rose within His mind, as in a parent's at the sight of children in distress! Pondering how they might find release, he called into existence Tapas, Dharma, Dâna, Satya,† and the holy places of pilgrimage and worship. But he saw again that these were not enough, and that Release, that highest happiness which is named Nirvâṇa, cannot come except from perfect knowledge. Then He evolved me from His mind, and I, appearing from somewhere, like small wavelet on the crest of ocean-billow, stood before Him, humble and obedient.

* *I.e.*, India. † Austerity, religious rites, gifts, order.

He bade me take seat on the northern petal of the Lotus whereon He was resting, and then said: 'My son! let thy mind forsake its Peace for a brief while, and gain experience of Ignorance, Avidyâ, and its consequence of restlessness.' With this behest in guise of curse I lost the memory of my pure stainless inner spirit-nature, and gave place in my mind instead to pain, and sorrow, and disturbance, and the knowledge of Saṁsâra. Then Brahmâ said to me: 'Ask me, my son! the remedy for thy pains, and I will tell thee, so that thou wilt be unhappy nevermore.' And I asked of Him and was taught, and then He bade me go as embodiment of His knowledge, and teach the Jîvas of this Bhârata Varṣha that required such teaching, and were fit to receive it by Vairâgya and Vichâra. And so I sit in my place while this creation lasts, doing the duty that was given to me.

"And as He sent me forth, so has He sent forth other Ṛiṣhis too, Sanatkumâra, Nârada, and many others. So, when the happy times of Kṛita-yuga passed away, the times when all were virtuous, and each knew and discharged his duties to all others, then these Ṛiṣhis made partition of the common earth into many lands and many countries, and appointed kings to rule in them, that ordinances might be well observed, and laws and limits fail not. And many sciences, of Smṛiti and of Yagña,* and of other things, for the achieving of Dharma and of Kâma, were given out by them.

"Then as the wheel of time rolled further onwards, and deeper degeneracy came, and men began ever to step beyond the bounds set for them, and gave way more and more to hunger and to lust, inclemencies of weather, sufferings from heat and cold, rivalry and wars and the subjection of man to man, and the artifice of wealth with its inseparable consequence of poverty came on them, and distinctions of property arose, and penal laws and punishment followed, and monarchs found it more and more impossible to rule their subjects without engaging in wars with other monarchs. And great despondency and weariness came on these kings, and they were like to fail in their great work of government. Then we, the Ṛiṣhis appointed for this purpose, first unfolded unto them these stores of knowledge, teaching them

* Laws and sacrifices.

to understand the nature and the end of all creation, and see their duties and discharge them with the clear eye and strong heart of true insight. And, for the science was first given unto kings, it has come down under the name of Râja-vidyâ, Râja-guhya. Thou too shalt learn it, and so fit thyself for thy great duties."

CHAPTER VII.

Who may Ask and Who may Answer

"Limited is the Vairâgya that is born of special cause. Râjasa is it. A touch of pain breeding dislike of that which gave the touch is lost in the next following touch of pleasure. But thine is the unlimited Vairâgya that is born without apparent outer cause, born of the inner sight that makes discrimination twixt the Fleeting and the Everlasting, and with it realises that the Fleeting, that which has an end, however long drawn out, cannot be separated from its Parting and its Pain. That is the Sâttvika Vairâgya.

"King Arishṭanemi, when old age came to him, went into the woods to make Tapasyâ*, placing the people in the charge of his strong son. Long he dwelt in Tapas in the solitudes of the Gandha-mâdana mountains. Indra, Lord of Heaven, bade his messengers: 'Go unto king Arishṭanemi. Honour him and seat him on my heavenly car and bring him hither, so he may enjoy the glories and the greatness of my realms.' They went with Indra's message to the king. He questioned them. 'Tell me first, ye messengers of Indra! what the joys and sorrows of your realms may be, and then shall I decide whether I ought to go with you or not.' And they answered him: 'The harvesting of pleasures there is in proportion to the seed sown here of acts of merit. Highest virtues lead to highest heaven; middling ones lead to the middle plane of it; the common ones to the lowest thereof only. And jealousy is there of the greater; and ambition too to pass beyond the equals; and satisfaction also at the sight of others lower. And at the end, when the store of Punya is exhausted, on the aroma of which the soul fed and maintained

* The same as Tapas or austerity.

itself in those high regions, then comes the fall, and the Gods die and re-descend into this world. Such are the merits, such the faults of Heaven.' The king heard and then cried: 'Go back to Indra! Much do I respect and thank him. Yet tell him from me that I crave not his joys. Take your car away. I am content with this dire Tapas, with the help of which I shall get rid of this impure, fleshly abode of mine.' The messengers went back and made report of this to Indra. He was pleased and bade them go again, and this time lead the king to where the Ṛishi Vâlmîki dwelt, and pray the Ṛishi from him to give unto the king that which he wanted—Final Knowledge.

"Thou too hast seen, O Prince! as thou didst well describe, that offices howsoever high, places and powers howsoever great, worlds howsoever glorious, lives howsoever far-reaching in space and long-lasting in time, are still as much short of the Infinite and the Supreme as the lowest, meanest, poorest, smallest and most ephemeral; that mere addition of the finite to the finite will not make the Infinite; that the Inner alone is the Inner and the Infinite, ever-present and ever-available if we would only turn our eyes to It; that the Outer is always only the Outer and always within the Inner; and that the Knowledge of the Inner and the Infinite alone can bring satisfaction.

"Knowledge is the only cure of ills. As the small ills of daily life are tided over with the help of petty knowledge, so can this giant, all-pervading Ill of Doubt, Despair and Weariness that lies concealed in the heart of all limited life, however high or low, be mastered only with the aid of the Great Knowledge of the Truth of Life and Death.

"Four are the warders standing at the gates within which dwells that knowledge: Shama (Peace of mind and Quietness), Vichâra (Reflection), Santoṣha (Contentment), and Sâdhu-saṁsarga (Association with the Good).

"He that is in the grasp of that great Ill of Doubt, he that possesses the Sâttvika Vairâgya, he that has the means to satisfy these four gate-keepers of his fitness, or three or two or even one alone of them completely—for service of the one if well-performed becomes the service of the others too—he can have those gates opened to him.

"And he that has already passed these gates and made acquaintance with the Resident within, he is the person fit to guide the other there.

"Worthy art thou to ask, and I will answer. The way is the Ancient Way of Reason and Intelligence. Walk it with me untiringly. None may transcend it. Reason is the guide of all life. It includes all seeing."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Greatness of True Knowledge and its Attainability

"Believe, O Prince! that such high knowledge is, and that untiring search by ever stronger thought will bring to it. Were it not so, how many great and good men would have succumbed to care and sought surcease of agony in suicide. Reflection shows the way to cure all pains. Let none think lightly then of such reflection. The men that served Vichâra faithfully received from it the gift of that true insight which enabled them to look on all the passing process of the world, its loves and hates, its laughter and its tears, its ecstasies and anguish, with an equal mind, cool, feverless, at peace with all. They have viewed that process as a vast drama wherein the one single actor, Self, becoming the countless players and the scenes as well, lands, seas and forests, endlessly rehearses, for his own pastime, all possible experiences of pain and pleasure. They that have not yet found the secret of this view shall suffer till they find it. But when they find it then shall this journey through Saṁsâra become as voluntary play to them.

"Holding fast this view, the Great Ones, who have gained the lucid mind and seen the Self, roam in the worlds. They grieve not, want not, ask not good or ill. Doing all their duties they do nothing. Pure are their actions, pure their dwelling-places, pure their ways. All violence of struggle, all wrong views, all prejudices, all partialities, cease when the Supreme Self is seen, and then the mind, free of desires, attains the silent, soft, and sweet sereneness of the cloudless midnight moon of autumn.

"But such high mood is not attained without beholding the

Âtma-Tattva, without understanding the oneness and the non-separateness of all things.

"Then let men strive with all their might, through all their life, to see that Âtman face to face.

"Riches avail not in that search, nor friends, nor kinsfolk. Motion of hands or feet avails not, nor torture of the body, nor travellings, nor holy places. Only by conquering the unrest of the mind, by one-pointed Vichâra, helped by Shama and Santoṣha and Satsaṅga, may cognition of the Self be gained, and then by Yoga gradually comes the mergence in it by attenuation of Upâdhis. The former may be gained sitting or standing, moving or resting still, by man or God, or Râkṣhasa or Dânava, whoever will make Vichâra manfully and single-heartedly for it. Indra sought and gained it. Indra's great rivals, Prahrâda* and his son Bali, both mighty monarchs of the Dânava race, did also gain it. So did Vibhîṣhaṇa and others of the Râkṣhasas. Doubtless that cognition may be gained by any that will really turn to look for it; for the Self is even everywhere and always, therefore Here and Now.

Thou too, if thou searchest with the help of those four helpful friends, shalt certainly achieve it, and be happy as the Jîvanmuktas†—Hari and Hara and the great Brahmarṣhis."

CHAPTER IX.

Shama and the other Means

"Shama‡ leads to that high knowledge, and is itself in turn by it perfected. Shama indeed is the Final Place wherein there is no error. They in whose hearts has bloomed the lotus flower of Shama, they have indeed two lotus-hearts, like Hari's self. The wealth of the three worlds wins not such joys as ever wait on him who owns the wealth of Shama. The moon in all his glory gladdens not the hearts of men as does the sight of him who has attained to perfect gentleness and is at peace with all his fellow-beings. The enemies of such forget their enmity at sight of him

* The same as Prahlâda.

† The Yoga-Vâsiṣhtha seems to use this word generally as including all the stages of Mukti in which an Upâdhi, however refined, is maintained.

‡ Tranquillity, absolute calmness.

and turn to friends. Even the outcasts, even the abandoned, even the thieves and murderers that may not trust another of their kind, place faith implicitly in such a one when he approaches them. Even as the beast of prey and bird of innocence, good and bad alike, have trust unquestioning in the mother, so even have all men, of crooked ways or straight, trust suspicionless in him. The very beasts cease from their mutual struggles in his presence. And men take greater joy to see him than they do to see whatever else is dearer to them even than their lives, and they approve with welcome whatsoever he does, with quiet, unelated, unaggressive mind.

"He that suffers not from violent elation or depression of the mind, he is the Shânta (Peaceful). He that looks with equal eye on all, and grasps not eagerly or flings away anything, he is the Shânta. He that touches all affairs with an intelligence refined and pure, and ever seeks the good of all and shrinks from causing pain, he is the Shânta. He that does with wakefulness the duties of his life externally, but ever slumbers dreamlessly within, he is the Shânta. He whose glance is ever a glance of tender affection, whatsoever it falls on, he is the Shânta. He whose mind maintains a calm unruffled, through feast and revel as through war and death; who yields not place in his mind for a moment to a mean wish even in dire misfortune, in world-cataclysms, whose mind is ever stainless as the Âkâsha is although it holds all worlds, he is the Shânta.

"The mind of such a one evolves and radiates around peace from within itself as the stars radiate light. In such a one the Supreme Essence manifests Itself of its own gladness.

"Santoṣha, deep contentment, is but the fuller and more positive form of Shama.

"Then, purified in mind with Quiet and Contentment, enter thou, O Prince! on the Enquiry into the nature of That which will explain all else, on the Vichâra to which thou hast thyself already in thy questionings given form, thus, 'Who am I, and whence; and what and whence is This?' Despise not such Vichâra. It is man's only refuge, his only instrument of work. All this multifarious life of men is based on nothing else than their Vichâra, and all its complex business is conducted by its

help alone, though it be righteous now and wrongful then. They seek the remedies for their pains by means of it alone, finding it if the Vichâra happens to be deep sufficiently, and failing otherwise. Let none pretend that he can do without Vichâra. No more can he do so than he can see with others' eyes, or run away from his own shadow. Even the uselessness or non-existence of Vichâra may not be decided except by means of that Vichâra. Better the rock-bound toad, better the crawling earthworm, better the blind cave-serpent, than the man without Vichâra. Only the Intelligence that has been sharpened and made subtle by Vichâra sees that Highest Being that is subtler than the subtlest.

"Strengthen and make perfect the Vichâra by association with the Good Ones. Where They are, emptiness is fullness, death is a feast, ill fortune is good fortune. Their presence is as the searing snow to the poison-plants of evil, as a strong wind to the fogs and mists of ignorance and perplexity. It is as the gentle, fostering sun and rain and air, of value to the seeds and the shoots of knowledge. It is enough that They exist on the earth; more is not wanted.

"Bear in mind, O Prince! that the greatest gain is the gain of contentment; that the truest way is the way of the Good Ones; that the Final Knowledge is the knowledge by Reflection, and that the highest happiness is the happiness of Peace."

End of the Mumukṣhu-Vyavahâra Prakaraṇa (The Section on the Conduct of the Mumukṣhu).

A Hindu Student

ANCIENT PERU

(CONTINUED FROM p. 274)

THE architecture of this ancient race differed in many ways from any other with which I am acquainted, and I am sure that its study would be of extreme interest to any clairvoyant who was possessed of technical knowledge of the subject. My own lack of such knowledge makes it difficult for me to describe its details accurately, though I may, perhaps, hope to convey something of the general impression which it gives at the first glance to a man of the present century.

It was colossal, yet unpretentious; bearing evidence in many cases of years of patient labour, but distinctly designed for use rather than for show. Many of the buildings were of vast extent, but most of them would seem to a modern eye somewhat out of proportion, the roofs being nearly always much too low for the size of the rooms. For example, it was no unusual thing to find in the house of a governor several apartments about the size of Westminster Hall, and yet none of them would measure more than twelve feet or so from floor to ceiling. Pillars were not unknown, but they seem to have been very sparingly used, and what with us would be a graceful colonnade was in old Peru more usually simply a wall with frequent apertures in it. Such pillars as there were, were massive and often monolithic.

The true arch with the keystone appears to have been unknown to them, though windows or doors with a semi-circular top were by no means uncommon. In the larger examples of these a heavy metal semi-circle was sometimes made and fixed upon the side-posts of the aperture, but they generally seem to have trusted entirely to the very powerful adhesive which they used in the place of mortar. The exact nature of this material we do not yet know, but it was certainly very effective. They cut

and fitted their enormous blocks of stone with the greatest accuracy, so that the joint was barely perceptible; then they plastered the outside of each junction with clay, and poured in their "mortar" in a hot and fluid condition. Minute as were the crevices between the stones, this fluid found and filled them, and when it cooled it set like flint, which, indeed, it closely resembled in appearance. The clay was then scraped off the outside, and the wall was complete; and if after the lapse of centuries a crack in the masonry ever made its appearance it was certainly not at any of the joints, for they were stronger even than the stone itself.

The majority of the houses of the peasantry were built of what I suppose we must call brick, since it was manufactured from clay; but the "bricks" were large cubes measuring perhaps a yard each way, and the clay was not baked, but mixed with some chemical preparation and left in the open air for some months to harden, so that in consistency and appearance they resembled blocks of cement rather than bricks, and a house built of them was scarcely inferior in any way to one of stone.

All houses, even the smallest, were built on the classical and oriental plan of the central courtyard, and all alike had walls of what would now be considered enormous thickness. The simplest and poorest cottage had only four rooms, one on each side of the tiny courtyard into which they all faced, and as these rooms had usually no external windows the appearance of such houses from outside was dull and bare. Very little attempt at exterior ornament was made in the poorer parts of the city or village; a kind of frieze of a very simple pattern was usually all that broke the monotony of the dead walls of the cottages.

The entrance was always at one corner of the square, and in earlier days the door seems to have been simply a huge slab of stone which ran up like a portcullis or a modern sash-window, in grooves and by means of counterweights. When the door was shut the counterweights could be rested on shelves and detached, so that the door remained a practically immovable mass which would have been distinctly discouraging to a burglar, had any such person existed in so well-ordered a state. In better-class houses this door-slab was elaborately carved, and at a later

period it was often replaced by a thick plate of metal. The method of working it, however, was but little varied, though a few instances were observed of heavy metal doors which turned on pivots.

The larger houses were originally built on exactly the same plan, though with a good deal more ornamentation, not only in the way of carving the stone into patterns, but also in diversifying its surface with broad bands of metal. In such a climate dwellings so massively built were almost everlasting, so that the majority of the houses in existence and occupation at the time of which I write were of this type. Some later ones, however, evidently built in the centuries when the population had become convinced of the stability of the government system and its power to make the laws respected, had a double set of rooms round their courtyards, as any modern house might have—one set facing into the yard (which in their case was a beautifully-laid-out garden) and the other facing outwards towards the surrounding scenery. This latter set had large windows (or rather openings, for, though several kinds of glass were made, it was not used in windows) which could be closed on the same principle as that of the doors.

Still it will be seen that the general style of the domestic architecture, in large and small houses alike, was somewhat severe and monotonous, though admirably adapted to the climate. The roofs were mostly heavy and nearly flat, and were almost invariably made either of stone or of sheets of metal. One of the most remarkable features of their house-building was the almost entire absence of wood, which they avoided because of its combustibility; and in consequence of this precaution conflagrations were unknown in ancient Peru.

The way in which houses were built was peculiar. No scaffolding was employed, but as the house was erected it was filled with earth, so that when the walls had risen to their full height there was a level surface of earth within them. Upon this the stones of the roof were laid, and then the hot cement was poured between them as usual. As soon as that had set the earth was dug out, and the roof left to support its own prodigious weight, which, thanks to the power of that wonderful cement, it

seems always to have done with perfect safety. Indeed, the whole structure, roof and walls alike, became, when finished, to all intents and purposes one solid block, as though it had been hollowed out of the living rock—a method, by the way, which was actually adopted in some places upon the mountain-side.

A first-floor had been added to a few of the houses in the capital city, but the idea had not achieved popular favour, and such daring innovations were extremely rare. Something resembling the effect of a series of stories one above the other was indeed obtained in a very curious way in some of the erections in which the priests or monks of the Sun were housed, but the arrangement was not one which could ever have been extensively adopted in a crowded city. An immense platform of earth, say a thousand feet square and about fifteen or eighteen feet in height, was first made, and then upon that, but fifty feet in from the edge on each side, another huge platform nine hundred feet square was constructed; upon that there was another having sides measuring eight hundred feet, and above that a fourth measuring seven hundred feet, and so they rose, steadily decreasing in size, until they reached a tenth stage only a hundred feet square, and then in the centre of that final platform they built a small shrine to the Sun.

The effect of the whole was something like a great, flat pyramid rising by broad shallow steps—a sort of Primrose Hill cut into terraces. And out of the upright front of each of these great platforms they hollowed out rooms—cells, as it were, in which the monks and their guests lived. Each cell had an outer and an inner room, the latter of course being lighted only from the former, which was quite open to the air on the side which faced outwards; indeed it consisted only of three sides and a roof. Both rooms were lined and floored with slabs of stone, cemented into solidity in the usual manner. The terraces in front were laid out in gardens and walks, and altogether the cells were very pleasant residences. In several cases a natural elevation was cut into terraces in this manner, but most of these pyramids were artificially erected. Frequently they ran tunnels into the heart of the lowest tier of such a pyramid, and con-

structed subterranean chambers there, which were used as storehouses for grain and other necessaries.

In addition to these remarkable flattened pyramids there were the ordinary temples of the Sun, some of them of great size and covering a very large amount of ground, though all of them had, to European eyes, the universal defect of being too low for their length. They were always surrounded by pleasant gardens, under the trees of which was done most of the teaching for which these temples were so justly famed.

If the exterior of these temples was sometimes less imposing than might have been desired, at any rate the interior more than atoned for any possible defects. The very large extent to which the precious metals were used in decoration was a feature of Peruvian life even thousands of years later, when a handful of Spaniards succeeded in dominating the comparatively degenerate race which had taken the place of that whose customs I am trying to describe. At the time of which I write the inhabitants were not acquainted with our art of gilding, but they were exceedingly clever in hammering out metal into large thin plates, and it was no uncommon thing for the greater temples to be literally lined with gold and silver. The plates covering the walls were often as much as a quarter of an inch in thickness, and yet were moulded over delicate reliefs in the stone as though they had been so much paper, so that from our modern point of view a temple was frequently the depository of untold wealth.

The race which built the temples seems to have regarded all this not as wealth in our sense at all, but merely as fit and proper decoration. It must be remembered that ornament of this nature was by no means confined to the temples; all houses of any consideration had their walls lined with some kind of metal, just as ours now are papered, and to have the bare stone showing in the interior was with them equivalent to a whitewashed wall with us—practically confined to outhouses or the dwellings of the peasantry. But only the palaces of the King and the chief governors were lined with pure gold like the temples; for ordinary folk all kinds of beautiful and serviceable alloys were made, and rich effects were produced at comparatively little cost.

In thinking of their architecture we must not forget the chain of fortresses which the King erected round the boundaries of his empire in order that the barbarous tribes beyond the frontier might be kept in check. Here again for accurate description and for criticism that shall be worth anything we need the services of an expert; but even the veriest civilian can see that in many cases the situation of these forts was admirably chosen, and that short of artillery they must have been practically impregnable. The height and thickness of their walls was in some cases enormous, and they had the peculiarity (as indeed had all high walls in the country) that they gradually tapered from a thickness of many feet at the base to a much more ordinary size at a height of twenty or thirty yards. Look-out chambers and secret passages were hollowed out in the heart of these wonderful walls, and the interior of the fort was so arranged and so fully provisioned that the garrison must have been able to stand a prolonged siege without discomfort. The observers were particularly struck by the ingenious arrangement of a series of gates one within the other, connected by narrow and tortuous passages, which would have placed any force attempting to storm the fortress completely at the mercy of the defenders.

But the most wonderful works of this strange people were without doubt their roads, bridges and aqueducts. The roads were carried for hundreds of miles across the country (some of them for more than a thousand miles) with a splendid disregard of natural difficulties that would extort admiration from the boldest modern engineers. Everything was done on a colossal scale, and though the amount of labour involved must in some cases have been almost incalculable, the results achieved were magnificent and permanent. The whole road was paved with flat slabs, much as are the sidewalks of our London streets, but at each side of it all the way along were planted trees for shade, and odoriferous shrubs which filled the air with their fragrance, so that the country was intersected with a network of splendid paved avenues, up and down which were daily passing the messengers of the King. These men were in effect postmen also, since it was part of their duty to carry letters free of charge for any who wished to send them.

It was when the road-constructors came to a ravine or a river that the patient genius and indomitable perseverance of the race were seen at their highest level. As we have said, they were ignorant of the principle of the true arch, and the nearest that they could approach to it in bridge-building was to cause each layer of stones to project slightly beyond that below it, until in this way two piers eventually met, and their wonderful cement hardened the whole fabric into the likeness of solid rock. They knew nothing of coffer-dams and caissons, so they often spent incredible labour in temporarily diverting the course of a river in order that they might bridge it; or in other cases they built out a breakwater into the stream until they reached the spot where the pier was to stand, and then, when it was thus completed, knocked away their breakwater. Because of these difficulties they preferred embankment work to bridging wherever it was possible; and they would often carry a road or an aqueduct across even a deep ravine with a considerable river in it rather by means of a huge embankment with many culverts in it than by an ordinary bridge.

Their system of irrigation was wonderfully perfect, and it was to a great extent carried on even by the later race, so that much of the country which has now relapsed into desert was green and fertile until the water-supply fell into the still more incompetent hands of the Spanish conquerors. It is probable that no engineering feats in the world have been greater than the making of the roads and aqueducts of ancient Peru. And all this was done not by the forced labour of slaves or captives, but as regularly paid work by the peasantry of the country, assisted to a very large extent by the army.

The King maintained a large number of soldiers, in order that he might always be ready to cope with the border tribes; but since their weapons were simple, and they needed comparatively little drill of any sort, they were available by far the greater part of the time for public service of other kinds. The entire charge of the repair of public works of all sorts was confided to their hands, and they also had to supply the constant stream of post-runners who were carrying reports and despatches (as well as private correspondence) all over the empire. The mainten-

ance of everything was supposed to be well within the power of the army; but when a new road had to be made or a new fort built additional help seems generally to have been hired.

Of course it happened sometimes that war broke out with the less civilized tribes on the borders, but in the time of which I am writing these very rarely gave any serious trouble. They were readily driven back, and penalties exacted from them, or sometimes if they seemed amenable to a higher civilization their land was annexed to the empire and they were brought under its regulations. Naturally there was some difficulty with such new citizens at first; they did not understand the customs and often did not see why they should comply with them, but after a short time most of them fell into the routine readily enough, and the incorrigible ones who would not were exiled into other countries not yet absorbed into the empire.

These Peruvians were fairly humane in their wars; as they were almost always victorious over the savage tribes this was comparatively easy for them. They had a saying that "you should never be cruel to your enemy, because to-morrow he will be your friend." In conquering the surrounding tribes they always endeavoured to do so with as little slaughter as possible, in order that the people might willingly come into the empire, and make good citizens with a fraternal feeling towards their conquerors.

Their principal weapons were the spear, the sword and the bow, and they also made a considerable use of the bolas, an implement which I have seen employed by the South American Indians of the present day. It consists of two stone or metal balls joined by a rope, and is so thrown as to entangle the legs of a man or a horse and bring him to the ground. When defending a fort they always rolled down great rocks on the assailants, and the building was specially arranged with a view to permitting this. The sword employed was a short one, almost more like a large knife, and it was used only when a man's lance was broken or when he was disarmed. They usually trusted to demoralizing their foes by well-sustained flights of arrows, and then charged them with spears before they could recover.

The weapons were very well made, for the people excelled in

metal-work. They used iron, but do not seem to have known how to make it into steel, and it was less valuable to them than copper, and various brasses and bronzes, because all these could be made exceedingly hard by alloying them with a form of their remarkable cement, whereas iron would not blend with it so perfectly. The result of this hardening process was very remarkable, as even pure copper when subjected to it seems to have been capable of taking at least as fine an edge as our best steel, and there is little doubt that some of their alloys were harder than any metal that we can produce at the present day.

Perhaps the most beautiful feature of their metal-work was its exceeding fineness and delicacy. Some of their engraving was very wonderful—almost too fine to be seen by the naked eye at all, at any rate by our modern eyes. Best of all, I think, was the marvellous gossamer-like filigree-work in which they so excelled; it is impossible to understand how it could have been done without a magnifying glass. Much of it was so indescribably delicate that it could not be cleaned at all in the ordinary way. It would have at once destroyed it to rub or dust it, no matter how carefully, so it had to be cleaned when necessary by means of a sort of blow-pipe.

Another manufacture which seems to have been rather a specialty was pottery. They contrived, by mixing some chemical with their clay, to turn it out of a lovely rich crimson colour, and then they inlaid it with gold and silver in a way which produced effects that I have never seen elsewhere. Here again the exceeding delicacy of the lines was a matter of great wonder to us. Other very fine colours were also obtained, and a further modification of that ever-useful flinty cement, when mixed with the prepared clay, gave it a transparency almost equal to that of our clearest glass. It had also the great advantage of being far less brittle than the glass of the present day; indeed, there was much about it which suggested an approach to the "malleable glass" of which we sometimes read as a mediæval fable. They undoubtedly possessed the art of making a certain kind of very thin porcelain which would bend without breaking, as will be seen when we come to deal with their literary achievements.

Since it was the custom of the nation to make so little use

of wood, metal-work and pottery had to a great extent to take its place, and they did so with far greater success than we in these days should think possible. There is no doubt that the ancient Peruvians, in their constant researches into chemistry, had discovered some processes which are still a secret to our manufacturers; but as time goes on they will be rediscovered by this fifth race also, and when once that happens, the pressing need and competition of the present day will force their adaptation to all kinds of objects never dreamt of in old Peru.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OCCULTISM AMONG THE SPANISH TROUBADOURS

Alack, I can sing of naught but the East.

THE art of the Spanish as of the Provençal Troubadour was the secret science of occultism concealed under various veils and in "darke borrowed speeches," and this science came to them through the Saracen influences, the cultured Arab and his shadow, the silent and studious Jew. The first great schools of learning in Provence and in Andalusia were founded by the Jews. All the great Spanish Arabs were Jews. The Arab "did all the talking," but the Jew took all the labour and toil—and it may be remembered that the Jews were the first victims of the Inquisition.

Thus Eastern occultism and Arabian science, then called "natural magic," with the synthetic philosophy at the back of it now called Theosophy, was known and taught by word of mouth in the schools of the Very Gay Company of the Troubadours in Toulouse and in Barcelona.

This is of course a question of evidence, but references and extracts have already been given sufficient to show anyone who cares to read up the subject that the Troubadours actually

possessed some Hermetic teachings and deliberately concealed other theosophical truths.*

They possessed the same broad tolerance; they held that no religion was entirely erroneous; they upheld the same austere ideals; we find among them men celebrated for the strictness of their morals and the purity of their lives; they had the same belief in teachers who know and who do not speculate. We find the same necessity for excluding the public by means of secrecy—"the impure and the ignorant shall not pass by; it shall be called the sacred way"; the same knowledge of conditions after death, of occult powers, of clairvoyance and healing; the same view of the then orthodox Christianity.

Now the Troubadour with his songs in Spain was an echo of the Arabian singer in the Castles of Yaman by the shores of the Red Sea, and the parallelisms between their works have been noticed as curious by many writers. The Arabian sang of chivalrous love half a century before the Mohammedan era. To him a knight was a hero who went forth in defence of chastity and to protect the weak, and all heroism was called chivalry. As early as the eighth century Spain was permeated with Oriental influences. Eulogius, an orthodox divine of that time, complains "that all the young men are learning Arabic and becoming more indifferent to distinctions of faith. They despise their old Latin literature and they read Arab romances and poems instead of Holy Scripture and the Fathers. The younger generation read the Moslem books with great ardour; they form great libraries of them and find them admirable; they are forgetting their own language and hardly one in a thousand of them can write a decent Latin letter."

This same perverse generation also translated an incredible number of Arabic works on magic and divination into Latin, numbers of which were caused to be done into French by Charles le Sage, so that the source of the Troubadours' occult learning is not far to seek.†

* See THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, vol. xxv., pp. 127 *sqq.*, "The Troubadours," by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley; also my article on "Spanish Legends" in vol. xxiv. pp. 335 *sqq.*

† In 1490 Torquemada burnt 6000 books of magic at Salamanca, the great seat of Cabbalistic learning and Arabic literature.

Such was the state of affairs in the fourteenth century, when the floral games were revived in Toulouse in the hopes of restoring some of the far-famed culture of old Provence. These games were presided over by the Very Gay Company of the Seven Troubadours of Toulouse. This so interested John of Arragon that he sent a solemn embassy to Charles VI. as if it was an affair of state, to ask if certain poets might be sent from Toulouse to Barcelona to found there an institution like their own and to teach the Gay Saber. So we find a Consistory of the "Gaya Sciencia" in Barcelona in 1390, at the head of which in the next century is no other than the great magician and necromancer Don Enrique de Villena, a nobleman of the first rank; and with him his illustrious kinsman Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana. Both these men were proud to call themselves Troubadours. Their names alone and their intellectual calibre are enough to show that the Troubadour was not the "idle singer of an empty day."

Villena gave up his youth to study in spite of opposition; "and so high and so subtile a wit had he, that he learned any science or art to which he addicted himself, in such wise, that it seemed as if it were done by force of nature." His favourite studies were philosophy, astrology, alchemy, and mathematics. He led a life of seclusion, collecting books and rare manuscripts. A contemporary writer says that two cart-loads of books relating to magic arts were sent to the King after Villena's death, and that the King gave them to a friar to overhaul. This friar was one of the Dominicans,* who were great linguists and great mystics, and if they occasionally knew too much they took very good care to prevent others from suffering in the same way.

So Friar Lope enjoyed himself thoroughly over the rare books, and it is to be remarked that he only burnt half of them, and that he afterwards wrote a book on divination himself, in which he says that one of the books burnt was called *Raziel*, wherein an angel teaches the art of divination to a son of Adam.

* Chaucer's Canon in the "Canterbury Tales" was a Dominican and an occultist.

"Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis,
But all his craft ye moun not wete of me,
And therefore keep it secret I you pray."
—*The Chanones Yemannes Prologue.*

A contemporary says that "he knew no more about the books he burnt than the King of Morocco, for many men make themselves learned by calling others ignorant, but it is worse when men make themselves holy by calling others necromancers."

Villena left several works of great interest. His chief undertaking was the history of the Gay Saber addressed to the Marquis de Santillana, entitled *Arte de Trovar ò Gaya Sciencia.* The manuscript of this is said to be in the British Museum. If it could be found it might have passages proving that it was written by an occultist to one he was instructing in the same science. Sarmento, the learned Benedictine, derives the word *gaya* from *qoia, qojosa, gaudeo,* etc., joy, to be joyful. It might therefore be translated the Science of Joy, or the Beatific Doctrine.

Another Troubadour, Ramon, wrote out the whole Art in a doctrinal form, calling it *El Doctrinal de Privados. The Doctrine of the Privileged,* or Elect, or, as some writers call it, the *Manual of the Favourite.*

But even without further acquaintance with the original MSS. of these Troubadours, can we seriously suppose that two men with the intellectual standing of Villena and Santillana devoted their lives to establishing a school of versifying and taught each other the art of making serenades? Is the writer merely referring to the "gentle art of love-making" when he says in his *Arte de Trovar:* "Great are the benefits which this science confers on civil society by banishing indolence and employing noble minds in laudable speculations (or earnest research); other nations have accordingly wished for and established among themselves schools of this science, by which it has been diffused over different parts of the world."

Villena's most popular work was the *Labours of Hercules,* which gives, first, the ordinary mythological tale; secondly, the allegory; and thirdly, the real story explained by the author.

The real story is that Libya, the dry and sandy desert where the Garden of the Hesperides is placed, is human nature. Villena divides the human race into twelve conditions, beginning with princes and ending with women, for reasons best known to himself. Atlas is the lord, the wise man, who knows how to cul-

tivate his poor desert and makes it into a garden of the sciences. The tree in the midst is philosophy, the dragon who guards it is the difficulty of study.

The three Hesperides are Intelligence, Memory and Eloquence. Atlas was a real king and a wise man in the olden times, and the author applies the whole allegory to the priests, saying that if they were more learned they also could obtain the fruit of the mystic tree.

Here the *Motif* of the allegory is deliberately exposed and illustrates Santillana's definition of poetry: "An invention of useful things which, being enveloped in a beautiful veil, are arranged, exposed and concealed according to a certain calculation, measurement and weight."

This Santillana was a man of great personal power, in fact his grace and fascination were such that men came from other lands simply to see him. After middle life he also retired from the court to live, like Villena, in seclusion, writing religious poetry. "He had a great store of books and gave himself especially to the study of moral philosophy and of things foreign and old. And he had always in his house, doctors and masters with whom he discoursed about them. Likewise he himself made other books in verse and prose profitable to provoke to virtue and to restrain from vice." This is the man who was instructed in the Provençal rules by Villena, and who boasts of becoming a Troubadour and of his familiarity with their science. Is it possible to believe that these men spent their lives in singing love-songs to a lady's lute, or that the ordinances of the Seven Lords Conservators of the Gay Saber was a sort of carnival of youth and folly?

Of course it is probable that many of the minstrels were mere lovers of fine phrases, who were indeed idle singers, but that the art was also a disguise cannot be denied.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

THE MAGIC BALL

LONG, long ago, when the world was very young, all the people of the earth were as little children. They played, and quarrelled, and ate, and slept, and rose again day after day, taking no heed of the time that had passed, nor of the morrow that was to come.

The Great One who watched over them, seeing that little progress was being made in Wisdom and Goodness—for these are the ends for which we have come into the world—said:

"I will give them the Magic Ball!"

Now this was the most wonderful gift yet given to these child-people; to look at, it was plain and unadorned, but very perfect; and as it was the first plaything of the kind that they had ever had, they prized it highly.

For, oh! it was a most wonderful Ball, far exceeding any wonder ever before known! If any desired to possess it, all that was required of him was that he should be pure in heart, in mind and in body, and that he should desire it with his whole soul—and lo, it was his, and remained his very own while he so desired it. If he desired a small Ball, behold, it was small; if a large one, then it was large; in fact, whatever each one wished it to be, it was as he desired it. Each thought he had a Ball of his own, but as a matter of fact it was the One Magic Ball of the Great One, whose power made the possessors one, and so each possessed the One Magic Ball.

But the Magic Ball had a still more wonderful attribute. He who played with it with his whole nature purified, was filled with a holy and ineffable joy. All the world was full of love; selfishness did not exist for him; he became one with all; he only lived to do good to others. It was not to the other possessors of this magic gift—*they* did not need it, being one with him through the power of the Ball—but to those who had

it not, that his whole heart went out in love and pity: love, because they were part of nature; pity, because they knew it not, and had not that peace and joy which passeth understanding.

Alas, many were they who failed to attain the wonderful gift. For though all desired it, the desire was often not strong enough to make them cleanse themselves perfectly. In one it was a selfish thought, in another an impure longing, in yet another an unholy desire, or a worldly craving, so small or so hidden, that he would say: "See, I am perfectly clean; I fast and say long prayers and give largely to the poor, and am perfectly respectable, and have played with the Ball!" But in his heart he had not known the holy and ineffable joy, because of his still being unclean.

Then one, being ingenious and observant, made other balls after the pattern of the Magic Ball, and so cunningly did he make them that even those who possessed the reality failed to know that they were spurious; and so he gave them to his fellows, and soon others began making balls, each praising his own make, and giving them freely to some, and selling them to others. But alas these balls were not really like the Magic Ball, and those who received them had not that joy and peace which the true Ball gave, nor were their possessors clean and pure.

It now became easy for people to obtain these spurious balls, because few or even no conditions were attached to their possession; indeed they were sold openly, and to catch the eye some were painted in gaudy colours, and others decorated or carved.

Then a king established a ball factory, and compelled his subjects to buy the balls made there, and so in other countries other kings did likewise, and those who would not buy the balls were imprisoned, or tortured, or burnt to death, or thrown to wild beasts. And few, very, very few, possessed the Magic Ball.

Then the Great One was grieved and said:

"Behold these poor people; they now know not the true from the false! I will, therefore, cause the spirit of the Magic Ball to enter into these balls made by men, so that if anyone

desire to have it he may, and so in time to come he may discern the true from the false. The evil qualities of the earthly ball will counteract the good of the Magic Ball in exact proportion to the amount of evil in it and in the possessor's heart, so that he must learn the truth by bitter experience."

And now men are beginning to see that if they would have this Magic Ball of the Great One, they must become pure as little children, unselfish and single-hearted, loving their neighbour even more than themselves; regarding not race, or creed, or sex, or caste, or colour; that they must encourage the study of all the balls made by man, and compare them in the light of the true Ball, and so investigate the laws of nature and the powers of man, whereby he may evolve, and so be fitted to receive the priceless gift of the Magic Ball.

T. D'Arcy Hamilton.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES

India

From the reports of the various lodges in the *Prashnottara* we glean that all over India a serious study of our literature goes steadily on, and that the important work of directing and helping the new members to obtain a grasp of the teachings is faithfully performed by classes for the study of the *Manuals*, *The Ancient Wisdom*, *Dreams*, and *The Evolution of the Soul*. Such subjects as *The Yoga Vâsishṭha*, *The Building of the Cosmos*, *The Secret Doctrine*, and of course the *Gîtâ*, are taken by the older members. The inspectors of the various districts seem to be very busy in their special work of encouraging and assisting scattered lodges.

The work of translating our books into the vernacular is continued, a Marathi translation of Mrs. Besant's lecture on "Eastern Castes and Western Classes" has now appeared. Plans are suggested for a wide propaganda through reproductions of Theosophical books in the various languages of India.

It is expected that the Adyar Convention this December will be a very large one. "Avatâras" will be the subject of Mrs. Besant's morning lectures.

News has been received which leads us to hope that unless her plans are subsequently altered, we may hope to have Mrs. Besant with us about the first week in May.

Europe

In England the Countess Wachtmeister's work this month has been carefully planned and carried out. A series of drawing-room meetings and classes in London gave good opportunities to new members and enquirers to hear of Theosophy and the work of its Founder. In the north the Northern Federation meeting at Harrogate, where the Countess presided, was, we hear, attended by a larger number of members than usual, and the Countess is now visiting the various lodges and lecturing, and by the example of her tireless devotion inspiring all with respect for her work. We expect to have Madame Wachtmeister in London during January.

In the Blavatsky Lodge, Mr. Mead on "Apollonius of Tyana, the Philosopher and Reformer of the First Century" (second lecture), Mr. Sinnett on "Karma: the Extent and Limitations of our Knowledge," and Mr. Leadbeater on "The Use and Development of the Astral Body," gave a trio of lectures of exceptional interest, especially as each of the lecturers was at his best on each occasion.

From Sweden we hear: "The work of the various lodges of the Scandinavian Section is now again in full swing; some changes within the Section have taken place after the Convention held in Gothenburg last May; the most important is the entering into office of the new General Secretary, Mr. E. Liljestrand, once President of the Gothenburg Lodge. The headquarters in Stockholm have moved to a more suitable and central locality, where the three lodges have resumed their joint meetings. At a public meeting in the Agricultural Hall, Dr. E. Zander lectured on 'The Law of Sacrifice,' taking as basis the chapter of that name in *The Ancient Wisdom*, by Mrs. Besant. Afterwards a gentleman from Finland, not a member of the Society, read a paper called, 'What do we understand by Religion?' The hall was well filled with an interested audience.

"The Gothenburg Lodge holds regular meetings three times a month. Two public lectures have been held at the Commercial Institute, where *Problems of Religion*, by Mrs. Besant, have been translated into Swedish by Mrs. Sjöstedt, who is now preparing to go to Lund, the old university town of Southern Sweden, where she will give two lectures, one on 'Reincarnation and Karma,' and one entitled 'The Constitution of Man and the possibilities of his evolution.'"

Florence, we hear from our Italian correspondent, has been visited by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, whose drawing-room lecture had the result of interesting enough people to make it probable that a lodge may be formed there in the near future. Mrs. Lloyd, at the request of some of the members in Florence, has gone to help the work there until she leaves for India. At present Mrs. Oakley speaks in French, and lectures and holds *Secret Doctrine* classes in that language until she feels more at home in Italian. "L'Aspetto storico della Teosofia," and "L'Aspetto religioso della Teosofia," were the titles of her two lectures before the Rome Lodge, on November 13th and 27th. Signor Calvari, its Secretary, spoke on "Purificazione," on November 20th.

Our French members are planning an International Theosophical Congress on the occasion of the Universal Exhibition in Paris in 1900.

A lodge is in process of formation at Antwerp, where M. Kohlen has been working lately.

New Zealand

Mrs. Draffin lectured in the Ponsonby Hall on Sunday, October 1st, on "The Purpose of Life." From now till Christmas she will give a series of Sunday afternoon lectures on Theosophy, in the suburbs of Auckland—in Ponsonby, Newton, Mount Eden, Newmarket and Onehunga.

In Wellington, Mrs. Richmond has lectured recently on "The Origin and Destiny of Man," and "The Builders of the Universe."

Activity has been resumed in Wanganui, and it is hoped that the branch will soon be quite in working order again. Mr. W. C. Smith read a paper on "Reincarnation" recently to the local Literary Society, which was well received and fully discussed. A group of students has been gathered together.

Preparations have begun for the next Convention, and all through the Section there is greater activity in prospect for the coming summer.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Testimony of the Earliest Records of Christianity

Papias and his Contemporaries: a Study of Religious Thought in the Second Century. By Edward H. Hall. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; 1899. Price 6*s*.)

We have long been waiting for some simple introduction to the study of Christian origins which we could heartily recommend to our readers. But in so complicated and obscure a subject simplicity must depend on genuine sympathy and absolute fair-mindedness; for on a ground so pre-empted by prejudice as the beginnings of the Faith of those who boast themselves Christians it is impossible to move with any safety unless the investigator is scrupulously and rigidly impartial and the partisan of no exclusive form of faith or mode of mind. Such a perfect equipment, however, it is vain to expect for many a long year to come from any but the very few, for this ideal impartiality can be the possession only of the man who has the deepest possible experience of human nature. For one who is an exclusive rationalist or an exclusive mystic such an equipment is absolutely unattainable, since the simplest elements of fitness for the task must consist of a thorough understanding of at least *both* rationalism and mysticism. And yet no subject is directly or indirectly productive of more writers. Every month sees a batch of new contributors and new contributions to its endless literature—a literature that should be of the most absorbing interest not only to every soul in the Western hemisphere but also to every thoughtful mind in the world. Yet the majority of such books is not worth the reading, and this because the writers, even when their scholarship is unimpeachable, lack the proper frame of mind which alone can permit any real light to be thrown on the subject.

Papias and his Contemporaries is somewhat of a relief to the majority of such books. It is eminently readable throughout and is written in a clear and pleasant style; it can be understanded of the ordinary man, while at the same time it assures the student that though Mr. Hall is not a specialist he has spared no pains to inform himself of

his subject; further it is marked by a praiseworthy effort at impartiality—by a genuine love for the teachings of the great Master, by an absence of apology for the mistakes of the early writers, and by a brave facing of difficulties without shirking. It is true that in our opinion Mr. Hall does not sufficiently appreciate the mystic side of the origins, but he does make full allowance for it, and rightly endorses Baur's view that there was a common background to the doctrines of Paul and the Gnostics, all records of which have disappeared, but in which is to be sought a most important element of earliest Christianity.

It may surprise some of Mr. Hall's readers, though it will surprise no theosophical student, to find that the testimony of the earliest records of Christianity which he interrogates does not include the synoptic gospels. He interrogates mostly the non-canonical primitive Christian literature, and the fragments and writings of the earliest Fathers, and within the canon the Letters of Paul and the fourth gospel. In this manner he strives, and in our opinion rightly strives, to replace the historical pyramid of the origins on its basis again. The Synoptics, in their present form, are not the "Scripture" or "Gospel" of the earliest writers on Christianity of which we have any fragments or records remaining. Until this fundamental position is realised there is no hope of sifting out the elements of the origins into their proper historic proportions; but that this position will be commonly accepted for many a long day to come is not to be expected so long as apologists defend the "traditional" view, forgetting that the origin of this "tradition" is no earlier than the end of the third century A.D.

But students of theosophy have no need to wait for the general endorsement of any view; as seekers after truth and strivers after self-development and an intenser consciousness, they have long accustomed themselves to hold views differing from the opinions and beliefs of the majority; they, therefore, will find nothing in Mr. Hall's book to repel *their* "orthodoxy." The wider view of Christian origins which allows for the originally legitimate existence of many phases of thought which subsequent "orthodoxy" rejected, is not only acceptable but absolutely necessary to the student of theosophy; for without this, that is to say, if we were to narrow down Christian origins to the "orthodox" view, it would be almost impossible to find any points of contact in its doctrines with those of other great religions of the world. On the contrary, allow the wider and freer

view of the origins, and we find innumerable points of contact and become convinced of the invariable law of the unity of all great religious doctrines in one grand source. The Fatherhood of God becomes a living fact and not an empty sarcasm; the Sonship of the Christ a realisable hope and not a miraculous event; and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit a natural happening common to all men in proportion as they can receive it.

At the beginning of this notice we said that we had long been waiting for some simple introduction to recommend to our readers, and though of course our ideal "Introduction" has yet to be written, Mr. Hall's interesting little volume may be warmly recommended to those who desire to know something of the actual state of primitive affairs in outer things Christian as far as any accessible record remains.

It is the bounden duty of even a superficial theosophical student to familiarise himself with the religion of the country in which he resides, and to do this intelligently he must have some idea of the earliest documents and history of that religion. If he resides in the Western world Mr. Hall's book will prove a useful and simple guide to direct his first steps in this direction. But such a book as this should not have its usefulness confined simply to readers resident in Christian lands. It should be the object of every really serious student of the comparative science of religion—and everyone worthy of the name of Theosophist must be that—to raise the at present inevitable controversies between followers of different faiths on to a higher level. This can never be done so long as the subject is confined to the ground of ignorant prejudice or uninstructed rationalistic argument. If the problem of Christian origins is but little understood in the West, much less is it understood in the East, where the controversy has been confined to the narrow ground of dogmatic missionaryism. I would therefore venture to urge especially on my Indian colleagues, who are such lovers of religion and who are brought into such constant contact with missionary enterprise, that they should do something to familiarise at least the members of our Society in India with the actual state of affairs regarding the origins of Christianity, and so rescue a sacred subject from the violence of vulgar controversy and force the disturbers of tolerance to face the actual facts. If this could be accomplished, instead of fomenting dissension and fostering bad feeling by bringing out every point of apparent difference, it would be the glory of our Society to point to

the innumerable points of agreement which a right comprehension of the original elements of Christianity discloses, and so carry out its task of steering the barks of all men's souls into the peaceful haven of intelligent tolerance.

G. R. S. M.

The Master and the Word

The Vedânta Doctrine of Shrî Shaṅkarâchârya—Minor Upaniṣhads, Vol. II. By A. Mahâdeva Shâstrin, B.A. (Madras: 1899. Pp. lxxv. and 169.)

Under the above somewhat confusing and misleading title the translator of Shrî Shaṅkarâchârya's commentary on the *Gîtâ* has lately issued an interesting volume. I say the title is rather confusing and misleading, because one is not quite certain whether the author wishes to call his series, to which the present volume belongs, "The Vedic Religion," as printed on the title-page immediately inside the cover, or, as printed on the cover and on the main title-page, "The Vedânta Doctrine of Shrî Shaṅkarâchârya."

In the next place, practically the whole of the present volume, though purporting to be the second volume of the "Minor Upaniṣhads," is made up of materials which are outside the Upaniṣhadic literature. Six pages of translation, and about the same number of pages of text of the *Dakṣhiṇâmûrti Upaniṣhad*, are all we find of what is known as Upaniṣhads. The remaining pieces are no doubt based on the Upaniṣhads, as all Indian philosophical writings more or less are; but we are hardly justified in calling them Upaniṣhads on that ground.

So much for "name and form." As to content, the treatises are all of high repute.

We have first of all the *Dakṣhiṇâmûrti Stotra*. This is a hymn to Shiva, as the Self of all, in the form of the Master (Guru), who is addressed as Dakṣhiṇâmûrti. This is one of the many mystic names of Shiva, and its full significance is said to be beyond the reach of the uninitiated understanding. It is "profanely" translated as the "Form facing the South," and as such is regarded as the benign aspect of Shiva as Teacher.*

This famous Stotra combines both the final wisdom and devotion of the Vedântist, and should be known by all who take delight in Vedântic studies. It is attributed to Shrî Shaṅkarâchârya.

* Compare the prayer in the *Shvetâshvatara-Up.*, iv. 21, where the Dakṣhiṇa the right-hand, or southward, face of Rudra, is sought.

The next treatise is the *Mânasollâsa*, or *The Upwelling of the Intellect*, of Sureshvarâchârya—a commentary on the hymn we have just referred to. It is one of the standard works on the Systematised Vedânta.

The third treatise is also by Sureshvarâchârya, and is called *Praṇava Vârtika*, or *An Exposition of the "Word."* It may be spoken of as a reincarnation of the *Mâṇḍûkya-Upaniṣhad*.

At the end comes the *Dakṣhinâmûrti Upaniṣhad*, which, like the *Stotra*, is devoted to the wisdom and worship of Shiva the Teacher.

In addition to these there is an interesting Preface, an equally interesting Introduction, and an Appendix containing the Sanskrit texts of the *Dakṣhiṇâmûrti Upaniṣhad* and *Stotra*.

The general get up of the volume is very good, considering that it is printed and published in India, and there are comparatively few misprints.

Again as regards the rendering of the treatises, it is, on the whole, creditable to the translator. We know how difficult it is even for Englishmen to put Sanskrit into flowing and elegant English, how much more difficult then must it not be for a Hindu? In dealing with such lofty subjects, he is almost sure to use words and phrases that shock the English ear; so we are not surprised to find in the present volume words and phrases which offend. To speak of "the Supreme Bliss *en masse*" (p. 147), simply brings into ridicule the sublime conception of the dignified original. The best thing we Hindus can do is to have our translations revised and corrected by those whose mother-tongue is English.

Another point with regard to translations like these under consideration; English versions of Sanskrit books are meant for people who do not know enough Sanskrit to read them in the original; among these, we regret to say, are many even among the "educated" in India. Now both such Indian and European readers are almost without exception equally ignorant of the Hindu mode of philosophical thinking. Their education has been built up solely on the European basis, so that it is absolutely necessary that Hindu philosophy should be presented to them from the same standpoint, if they are to understand it at all. Many a truth, taught by the philosophers of India, is not acceptable to the English-educated, because they cannot see it as truth under the oriental form. This being the case, the importance of presenting Hindu philosophy as far as possible in the terms of occidental science and philosophy, becomes

apparent. Yet all ordinary translations fail to do this. Take for instance the grand truth taught in the *Praṇava Vârtika*, translated in the volume before us. Who will understand the significance of the statement that "Om" is the essence of all, save those already trained in the Hindu way of thinking. Yet, if this thought were explained in Western language, as could be easily done in this case, the truth of the statement could not but appeal to the majority of thinking minds. English translations are meant to popularise the writings of the Indian sages; but this object can hardly be achieved if Sanskrit books appear in a form which may be compared to that of a Hindu wearing English clothes but unable to speak a word of English.

Another obstacle in the way of European and American readers is the multitude of words left untranslated. We are only too well aware of the enormous difficulty of translating such terms, when they are really technical and not general, nevertheless the path of the reader can be made easier by first *explaining* as far as possible all such terms as are not rendered into English.

In these respects the present volume is not much of an improvement on the generality of such works, though it must be said that Paṇḍit Shâstrin has made an effort in the right direction.

In his interesting and suggestive "Introduction" our Paṇḍit has endeavoured to show that Hindu philosophy taught the idea of "evolution" in a way which is not only not opposed to the teachings of modern science but is even an extension of the same, reaching up to the very summit of the evolutionary ladder, up which European science can be seen toiling. But his statements are so general that one untrained in Hindu thought can hardly see the logical connection between the grand outline of the process of evolution taught in the Vedânta and the many details that we find, say, in the *Mânasollâsa* of Sureshvara.

The writer has also tried to give the general reader an idea of the teachings of the different systems or schools of Hindu thought.

The task is a most difficult one, as Paṇḍit Shâstrin is fully aware. In our opinion it is not only a difficult but even an impossible task to try to give a summary idea of the Hindu Systems of Philosophy. In so endeavouring we only do injustice to those systems. From a sympathetic and synthetic study of these systems the conclusion is forced upon the student that they all teach but different aspects of one grand truth. But as yet we have never seen a *résumé* of these schools which illumines them in this light. All such

attempts have done more to widen differences than cement unity. Short statements of the fundamental teachings of the different schools of Hindu Philosophy—statements made necessarily in technical terms—can never be understood by the class of readers for whom translations like the present are meant.

What Paṇḍit Shâstrin has to say regarding the historical relationship of the schools is very interesting and suggestive. But to follow out that suggestion and show the process following which they came into existence and filled their places, requires more scholarship and knowledge than is at present publicly available. The task is Herculean, and not to be accomplished without superphysical assistance. Let us, however, hope that Paṇḍit Mahâdeva Shâstrin, whose learning is evidently wide and deep, will try to carry out his own suggestions and present the world with some connected and sequential account of the Philosophical Schools of India. No more fascinating field can there be for the working of a Sanskrit scholar.

These remarks have seemed necessary to a Hindu who has had very varied experience of the difficulty that Occidentals find in studying Oriental literature, and are made from a sincere desire to present the glorious truths of our common Aryan inheritance to his Western brethren.

J. C. C.

The Gods in Decay

Arcadia or the Gospel of the Witches of Italy. By Charles G. Leland. (London: D. Nutt; 1899. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a collection of charms, rites and invocations preserved, chiefly by means of oral tradition, among the Italian peasantry. It is of interest from the fact that it proves Italian witchcraft to be different in character from the ordinary "black magic" to be found among all nations. Mr. Leland shows that this rapidly vanishing tradition is a remnant of the former worship of the gods. Though presented in a degraded form, there are nevertheless indications of former dignity and beauty. The volume proves that the ancient religion has lingered side by side with Christianity. The Italian witches form a secret sect, which they call by the name of the "Old Religion." Indications are not wanting in these legends that the Christian Church was not only the persecuted, but also, on occasion, the persecutor. Mr. Leland holds that in these legends are handed down fragments

of the Roman Mysteries. The chapter that deals with the creation of Diana and her brother Lucifer is of peculiar interest. The book is worth reading, if it were but for the literary beauty of the chants and legends.

I. H.

Primary Psychology

An Outline Sketch: Psychology for Beginners. By Hiram M. Stanley. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company; 1899. Price 2*s*.)

This is, as it purports to be, a book for beginners. It is clearly written and simple in style, yet it must be confessed that some of the more familiar phrases grate upon the ear. The little volume is suitable for the young; the author does not dogmatise and apparently does not hold a brief for any special school of psychology. It may be that young students of Theosophy will find the book useful in helping them to understand some of the simpler processes by which external contacts affect consciousness through the physical senses.

I. H.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Among the incidents which Colonel Olcott reports in his "Old Diary Leaves" (October *Theosophist*) is one typical of the manner in which religious customs are turned to the material benefit of unscrupulous priests. The Colonel visited a bathing ghât and passed two poor Hindus and a priest, arguing in a very angry fashion about the amount which the priest demanded for throwing the ashes of a departed relative into the river. The troubles of a lecturer in the East are illustrated on one occasion on which the Colonel was compelled to bring his address to an abrupt and undignified close, owing to the too affectionate attentions of evil-smelling insects which approached him from all points. Mrs. Draffin follows the editor's historical sketch with a paper on various conceptions of deity, showing how the Theosophical view includes the most diverse ideas. C. A. Ward contributes a metaphysical discourse on Kant's *Critique*. C. G. Kaji writes an elaborate disquisition on animal and vegetable food from a Hindu standpoint.

The Prashnottara for October is made up almost entirely of activities, a large number of branches supplying reports of their past year's work. The "Catechism of Hinduism," which reappears after a

long absence, deals with the nature of a Brâhmaṇa, the duties of the two lower castes and marriage. It is brought to an end in this number, and to prevent misunderstanding the editor adds a note explaining that he does not endorse everything that has been said in it. Presumably there is a large field for dispute as to what is the orthodox Hindu belief on many religious points.

The Theosophic Gleaner opens with a paper on culture and creed by D. D. Writer, treating of the educational factor of both. "Studies in the *Gîtâ*" deal with the "art of life," or the duties of a man according to the "Shâstras." Various reprints fill the remainder of the issue.

The Ârya Bâla Bodhinî contains articles on caste, under the title of "The Ideal fulfilled," illustrated by a story of a Vaishya minister, and on Christian missionary work, written in a very moderate spirit. A Society for the Protection of the Lives of Animals makes an appeal in the page of our little boys' journal, and if its methods are appropriate to the good work it proposes to carry on, no one can do anything but wish it an unbounded success.

The Dawn reprints a short article by Miss Ward on a zoological subject from this REVIEW, and at the *end* of the journal supplies an introduction headed "Organic Life or Matter?" in which the subject is very well treated from a scientific standpoint. The other contributions are for the most part highly technical, but a story from the German is given, and the issue opens with a continued account of the work of the late Sir Romesh Chunder Mitter.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt from India of *The Light of Truth*, *The Journal of the Mahâ-Bodhi Society*, *The Sanmârga Bodhinî*, and from Ceylon of *Rays of Light*.

The Vâhan for November contains the account of the response to the Executive Committee's appeal, and publishes an imposing list of promises, which, however, will barely meet the requirements. Official notices occupy more than half the number, leaving room for only a few questions, to almost all of which the answers are lengthy. A question on after-death conditions receives replies from A. P. S. and X., while the familiar initials of G. R. S. M. head the longest answer which deals with problems of the life of Christ and his apostles. C. W. L. treats of dreams, after-death states of animals, and the visual eccentricities of one questioner, who is evidently unaware of the exceeding frequency of such spasmodic appearances of lights and masses of colour.

Besides the translations from the English, which form the major part of *La Revue Théosophique Française* for October, a paper is contributed by Dr. Pascal on faith, doubt and certitude. Faith is described in its simplest form as an impression on brain consciousness from the ego, which translates itself into a belief in the mysterious or unknown. Doubt arrives when the mind begins to dominate the psychic element. Following this is a short paper on the Purâṇas, their nature and value.

The "Outlook" in *Theosophy in Australasia* for October quotes Dr. Fairbairn on "Race and Religion in India" and an article in *The Fortnightly Review* on death. W. G. John contributes a paper on "God in History," dealing with the development of the idea of God and the different presentments of that idea characteristic of various races and types of mind. The immense importance from a merely historical point of view of man's speculations on the nature of God and gods is well shown. W. A. Mayers writes briefly on "Inspiration within the Theosophical Society," and points out forcibly what is an ever-present danger in such a movement—the tendency to accept and to appeal to higher authority in matters which should rest on judgment and common sense. Two illustrations add force to the warning and demonstrate its utility.

Theosophia, our Dutch organ, contains a valuable series of translations from English, French and Chinese, and besides these an article of some length on occultism by J. L. M. Lauweriks, and on Ebn Tophails' *Hai Ebn Yokdhan*. The latter gives a short notice of the author, and draws his information from an English translation, published 1708, of the Arabian work.

The *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, the journal of the Scandinavian Section, gives its readers two fairly lengthy selections from Mrs. Besant, including her pamphlet, *Occultism, Semi-occultism and Pseudo-occultism*. A number of original articles forms the main portion of the magazine.

With the exception of activities, the November issue of our Roman *Teosofia* is supplied from translations, mostly continued from the previous number. The only exception is a series of questions and answers translated from recent numbers of *The Vâhan* by Dr. Arbib, and abbreviated.

The last three numbers of *Sophia* are before us, containing translations from Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Keightley. Señor Soria's papers on "Pre-Christian Science" continue through all the numbers, the writer giving innumerable illustrations of his geometrical

theories. Ancient symbols of evolution form the subject of his latest chapter. Phrenology is a study which appears but seldom in our literature, but one writer in the October *Sophia* endeavours to connect it with Theosophy.

Der Vâhan for November opens with a sketch of the late Carl du Prel, who did so much to call attention to psychic phenomena and to aid in their study. THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW is noticed at much length, and also supplies material for translation, the English *Vâhan* naturally providing the body of the reading matter.

Philadelphia gives its readers excellent material for study; but as in the number before us this is entirely in translations, there is no need for special comment.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of *Light; The Literary Guide; Present Immortality*, one of the innumerable new "revelations"; *The Guide of Life*—a very quaint book with much strong language in it; *The Prophet*, exponent of yet another new religion, this one with a bible of its own, for here we have part of the "Second Book of Acts," entertaining if not useful; *Mind; The Sphinx*, an American astrological journal, very well got up; *L'Écho de l'Au-delà et d'Ici-bas*, the new Spiritist magazine; *Revista da Sociedade Psychica de São Paulo; Theosophischer Wegweiser; L'Ami des Bêtes; The Arena; The Metaphysical Magazine.*

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