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SATYÂN NÂSTI PARO DHARMAH

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

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

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

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THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXVI JUNE 15, 1900 No. 154

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

EVEN commercial undertakings contribute incidentally to establish the truth of the Wisdom-Religion, and in the excavations undertaken for the Nicaraguan Canal, many treasures of the past are being brought to light. Mr. Louis Chable was the "Secretary of the Congressional Committee on Commerce, and later its Costa Rican representative," and he has unearthed some of the interesting "finds" of recent years. Among these is an image of the Lord Buddha of a Chinese type, found in an Aztec burial ground of about a thousand years ago; the material of the image is Nicoyan clay, so it must have been made by a local artist, despite the Asian character of the model, and many questions are asked as to the connection between China and America. The old records teach us that China was peopled from Atlantis, and students will remember that China has kept a tradition of the "Ruler of the Golden Gate"—the Emperor of the mighty Toltec State—and of old turned her eyes westwards in seeking the home of her divine Kings. That she was also in touch across her eastern seas is undoubted, and there seems no

The Earth giving up her Dead

reason to suppose that she lost this touch in comparatively modern times. People speak of the "discovery of America" by Columbus, but he only discovered the way thitherwards from Europe; China knew her path eastwards across the sea, and the old intercourse between Asia and America seems likely to be substantiated in a way satisfactory to the modern mind.

* * *

MR. CHABLE is also unearthing many artistic treasures, which bear witness to ancient skill, admitted by the Americans to be beyond their own. Many of these objects are found in graves, buried with the corpses of the dead, in the islands of Lake Nicaragua, and on the slopes of the volcanoes of Ometepe, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. The *Pittsburg Despatch* says in its New York correspondence:

Ancient Art

As to the Asiatic-Americans' pottery, no living man can make its equal to-day. The fowls of the air, the beasts of the land and the fish of the sea, were limned on their bowls and jars and vases. The birds are full of motion, as though a Japanese artist had painted them with a stroke of his never-failing brush. It was evidently the Aztec artisan's chief aim to depict the animal world, and he found pleasure in decorating his pieces with all sorts of living creatures.

Among the articles dug up by Mr. Chable, and which New York scientists are gloating over, are cups and jugs, household utensils and dolls, jewelry, idols and musical instruments of quaint design.

Love of children must have been one of the traits of the Asiatic-American Indians, for Mr. Chable found numerous specimens of toys for children—articulated dolls, too, all of clay, clumsy some of them, as if they had been fashioned by youngsters. Arms, legs and head work in sockets, aye, with ball bearings, and are fastened to the trunk by pita fibre passed through holes in the two pieces. Ingenious, to say the least. Then there are toy imitations of men and women, the latter carrying the baby papoose fashion.

Musical instruments galore! Whistles in the shapes of birds, man's heads, frogs, all clay, all grotesque, all with the five holes of the ocarina. Here is a small duck made of black earth with beryl wings and gaping beak. Blow through the aperture in the folded wings and you will hear the five tones of the Chinese lute, F, G, A, B flat, B natural. Two jars of enamelled clay, stained red and brown, make up the twin whistling vases. Each is ten inches high, with long, straight neck and full, round body. A narrow duct connects the necks, and the bodies are also joined together. In the neck of one is a stopper pierced with five holes.

Pour water into the open neck, and as the first jar fills the air is expelled from the second through the perforated stopper. It comes out whistling softly—again the five tones of the Chinese lute. If you apply your fingers, you can play all sorts of melodies from " Pinafore " to " Gotterdammerung " But that isn't all. This striped clay tiger sings when you blow through its tail.

The Aztecs stained these jars curiously with red lead and black, weaving intricate patterns, beautiful as the veining of a woman's hand. Some of them came out of the fire a fascinating thing of colour, and their smooth enamelled beauty defied both time and the rotting earth.

Of jewelry Mr. Chable found amulets of jade and agate, necklaces and bracelets and anklets of orthoclase, amphibole, copper, silver, gold, rings and dangling charms, pigs in copper, birds in mother-of-pearl, lizards in tortoise-shell, earrings in malachite, hairpins fashioned like green jade bats. The many ornaments of gold discovered in the graves of caciques are in the shape of heads, of bats, of frogs, of lizards, of eagles, shapes human and animal, all well-fashioned or moulded, considering the rude instruments used by the primitive artisans. Two-headed eagles, such as the Austrian and Russian escutcheons show, are most frequent in gold ornaments and in textile work.

The appearance of the Chinese scale is another clear proof of the old eastward communication between China and its motherland Atlantis being preserved across the eastern seas.

* * *

WITH reference to the statement that the sixth sub-race of our present Fifth Race will develope on the American Continent, a correspondent sends us the following :

The Beginnings of the Sixth Sub-Race

" In view of the interest which attaches to the American continent as the anticipated theatre for the development of the sixth sub-race of the great Âryan family, it is worth noting that, according to a recent statistical article in the *New York Times* from the pen of Dr. E. E. Cornwall, by far the larger proportion of the present population of the United States of America is of Anglo-Saxon blood. It is sometimes asserted that the Americans are a mixed race, and that the talk about cousinship and common blood is mere cant : but when it is brought home to us that the Anglo-Saxon element accounts for no less than sixty per cent. of the population of the States, we realise how large a share in the making of the sixth sub-race must necessarily fall to the English-speaking

people. The next largest percentage is the Continental Teutonic —the German, Dutch and Scandinavian elements—which amount to twenty-three per cent., and the remaining seventeen per cent. is made up of eleven Keltic and six miscellaneous. These facts seem to emphasise the necessity for that closer union between the different groups of the Teutonic peoples which it may be regarded as one of the fundamental objects of the Theosophical Society to promote. The broader basis of brotherhood which Theosophy inculcates should lay the foundation for union among the German, English, and Scandinavian branches of the Teutonic family, not only on the American continent, but throughout the world. Such a union would make incalculably for peace and progress, and would provide a cradle for the new race round which only harmonious vibrations should prevail; and that would mean that there would then be given the environment in which alone it is possible for any really great spiritual evolution to take place, the environment into which alone another great World-Saviour can be born. Who will be a helper in the pioneer work of cutting down the hideous jungle of race-jealousy and suspicion? There is not one member of the Theosophical Society who cannot take a part in breaking up the 'forms of party strife' and 'ushering in the Christ that is to be.'"

* * *

Ether or Etherion?

A DISCOVERY by Mr. Brush is being commented on by the press of a new "gas" called etherion, "ten thousand times lighter than hydrogen, and capable of penetrating all known substances." For some reason not very obvious, this discovery appears to relieve some men's minds by getting rid of the ether, which is described in the "Research Notes" of the *St. James' Gazette* as a "particular kind of matter," "divested of all the ordinary attributes of matter." If etherion exists, "there is no occasion to trouble oneself any more about the ether." Maybe the "ether" will re-appear a little later, but much will be gained if it be recognised that the word "ether" is being used to cover various sub-states of matter, and that the so-called "imponderable"—imponderable by any apparatus yet invented—exists in different densities.

"Etherion" is probably one of these sub-states and not a "gas" at all, but modern science will not yet accept the eastern theory of tattvas, which alone marks off clearly the gases from the ethers. Meanwhile, in commenting on these subjects, even for popular consumption, it would surely be well to drop such phrases as the "ordinary attributes of matter." The attributes of matter are only relations, and those we call ordinary are merely the relations existing within the range of temperatures and pressures in which we happen to be living. To beings different from ourselves the "ordinary attributes of matter" are quite different. A significant phrase appears in this same article: "As De Fleury has lately said, man is bathed in an ocean of vibrations, and these vibrations are all we know of the world." De Fleury repeats a very, very ancient and quite true teaching, and when this fact is thoroughly realised, people will begin to understand why fruitful study must begin with the study of consciousness, and what is meant by "illusion."

* * *

IT is regrettable to see Lord Sandhurst advocating the establishment of "research laboratories" in India. The apparently harmless word "research" covers the series of cruel and misleading experiments with which the name of M. Pasteur is for ever connected, the deliberate infliction of suffering on myriads of sentient creatures in the hope that thereby means may be found to enable man to escape the results of dirt, unclean living and unclean food. If men would discipline themselves instead of torturing animals, the reign of disease would become limited.

"Research"

* * *

HOW thoroughly is it true that missionary activity is based on ignorance! The sermon delivered at Wesley's Chapel at the Methodist Missionary Anniversary is a notable instance of this fact, though the preacher was evidently moved by a sincere desire to do good. It scarcely seems possible that, with the knowledge now thrown broadcast as to the common elements in all religions, a preacher could say:

Whom they ignorantly criticise

There is no consent with regard to the unity of God, or the character of God, or the relation of man to God, or the place that man himself occupies in the great mysterious order of things. Consent of nations! Strife of nations; confusion and conflict on every side! It is impossible to gather from the historic manifestations of the world's religions any consistent common element that would suffice for a religion. It is impossible to gather from East or West, from classic or barbarous lands, an element common to them all which we might rescue, so to speak, from its accretions and regard as a pure and adequate version of man's primary relations to God.

Or, again, that among the Gods worshipped by the ancients there is "not a God among them all that one could reverence, that one could love," "to whom a child of man would cry 'my heart and my flesh crieth out for Thee.'" One could not reverence Him of whom it is written: "Beyond the universe, Brahman, the Supreme, the Great, hidden in all beings according to their bodies, the one Breath of the whole universe, the Lord, whom knowing (men) become immortal. I know that mighty Spirit, the shining Sun beyond the darkness. . . I know Him, the Unfading, the Ancient, the Soul of all, omnipresent by His nature"? Well, minds are differently constituted, and some may see nothing to reverence in this conception of God. If the preacher will visit India, he may learn further how the Indian heart can love God, love with an intense passion of devotion well-nigh unknown in the West in modern days. The sermon is packed with errors from end to end, errors arising from a profound ignorance of the people of whom he is speaking. And when he describes "the Brahman in his thrice-perfected pride [?], in his craft and subtlety, in his pitiless cruelty," and the Pariah, we see at once that he is drawing upon his imagination. It is true that the Pariah is often—by no means always—ignorant and morally feeble, but he is not nearly so degraded a human being as the outcast of the London slum, and the average Brâhmaṇa compares very favourably with the average man of the upper class in England. His "pitiless cruelty" is a curious touch. He does not hunt, nor shoot, nor fish, nor approve of vivisection, and few Brâhmaṇas will kill even the poisonous snake. His pride, deep-seated and intense, is probably his worst fault. But if faults are to be regarded as the results of a national religion, what of western drunkenness,

profligacy and brutalising poverty? Surely it is fairer to see in national evils the faults a religion has failed to overcome rather than the fruits it produces?

* * *

ALL readers of *The Secret Doctrine* have had their interest roused in the monster statues of Easter Island far out in the Pacific some 2,500 miles from the coast of South America. Besides these gigantic statues, weighing sometimes as much as forty tons, columns or tablets of stone and wood are found in various parts of the island covered with a hitherto undecipherable hieroglyphic script. The largest of these are some five and a half feet high, and seven inches wide, while the smallest are but five and a half inches long, and four inches wide. But the script on all is the same. If we are to believe the *New York Journal* of April 3rd, a French bishop, the Bishop of Axieri, has succeeded in deciphering some of these characters.

Easter Island

> A French bishop who has resided on the island for many years has at last put forth what may prove the key to the solution of the whole problem. He has prevailed upon the oldest inhabitant of Rapa-Nui, an aged medicine man, or sorcerer, to translate the words found on one of the so-called "talking sticks." It is true that the natives claim this is only the popular interpretation of the words, and that there is also a secret, esoteric significance attaching to each symbol, but the same idea was advanced in connection with the Egyptian hieroglyphics when scholars attempted to interpret them.

The Bishop of Axieri, we are told, has seven of the tablets above referred to, and it is from one of the wooden "talking sticks" that he has given the explanation of thirty-seven of the characters. Can we hope that this may prove the Rosetta Stone of the Easter Island inscriptions? Before we can do so, we must read what the Bishop himself has to say on the matter; but unfortunately the *New York Journal* gives no authority for its statements, as is the case with most of its assertions. Should, however, the key to the hieroglyphics be found to have been discovered, we should, nevertheless, have to regret the loss of many of the inscriptions, for

Unfortunately the missionaries to Easter Island have so worked upon the fears of the people in attempting to destroy their ancient idolatry that many of these tablets have been concealed or destroyed, but it is still possible that many may be recovered so as to gain a knowledge of the history of the people who formed the strangest monuments ever found.

This destruction of the records of the past is one of the crimes against civilisation committed in only too many lands by the emissaries of Christianity. They have everywhere insisted on establishing their creed upon ruins. In Mexico, the Jesuit missionaries destroyed every relic of the past on which they could lay their sacrilegious hands, and one of the most interesting periods of history is enshrouded by this destruction with an impenetrable veil, so far as ordinary research is concerned. Happily Christianity has now grown out of that barbaric stage, and her bishops decipher instead of obliterating.

* * *

A Protest for Immortality

IN the April number of *The London Quarterly Review* Dr. Forsyth ends a deservedly highly appreciative article on the late Dr. Martineau with a striking quotation from the writings of the great Unitarian thinker. 'Tis thus he "protests for immortality" against the "dissolution of personality in death."

I do not know that there is anything in nature (unless, indeed, it be the reputed blotting out of suns in the stellar heavens) which can be compared in wastefulness with the extinction of great minds; their gathered resources, their matured skill, their luminous insight, their unfailing tact, are not like instincts that can be handed down; they are absolutely personal and inalienable, grand conditions of future power unavailable for the race, and perfect for an ulterior growth of the individual. If that growth is not to be, the most brilliant genius bursts and vanishes as a firework in the night. A mind of balanced and finished faculties is a production at once of infinite delicacy and of most enduring constitution; lodged in a fast-perishing organism, it is like a perfect set of astronomical instruments, misplaced in an observatory shaken by earthquakes or caving in with decay. The lenses are true, the mirrors without a speck, the movements smooth, the micrometers exact; what shall the Master do but save the precious system refined with so much care, and build for it a new house that shall be founded upon a rock.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BRUNO

I DO not think it can be claimed that Bruno presented anything new to the world; in fact he himself often quotes great teachers of byegone days as having taught precisely the same philosophy. Among these teachers he regarded Nicholas of Cusa as his more immediate master, whilst of those more removed Pythagoras undoubtedly holds the place of honour.

It is perhaps the form and manner of presentment of his philosophy that mark Bruno out for special distinction, and also the fact that the difficulties he had to overcome, both in acquiring knowledge and disseminating it, were very great compared with those of the present day. In the religious world of Bruno's day his teachings were regarded as an innovation to be suppressed at all cost. It was, however, to the few rather than to the many that his message was given, and it does not seem certain that even these fully grasped its meaning.

Bruno has been classed among materialists and atheists by biassed members of the Christian Church, and even avowed materialists have claimed him as one of their number, but the reasons they give for this view are of the flimsiest description, which will not bear a moment's examination. They mostly consist in taking isolated passages from his writings, thus divorcing them entirely from the context and from his teaching as a whole. Pantheistic his writings may be, but they teach a spiritual pantheism from which no one can very well escape.

His position, however, will be made clearer by the extracts from his writings which follow.

When asked by the Venetian Inquisitors to state his beliefs, Bruno replied:

"I hold that there is an infinite universe which is the effect of an infinite Divine power, since I consider it unworthy of Divine goodness and power that being able to produce beyond

this world an infinite number of other worlds, it should produce only one finite world.

"So that I have declared that there are an infinite number of worlds similar to the earth, which, with Pythagoras, I understand to be a body like unto which is the moon, the other planets, and the stars which are infinite.

"That all these bodies are worlds without number constituting the infinite universality in infinite space, and this is called the infinite universe in which are innumerable worlds; so that there is a two-fold infinity, the greatness of the universe, and the multiplicity of worlds.

"Further, I place in this universe a universal Providence by the power of which everything lives, grows, moves and exists in its perfection; and I understand it in two ways; the one in the same manner as the soul is present in the body, namely, the whole of the soul in all the body and the whole in each and every part, this I call nature, shade and sign of divinity; the other in the ineffable way in which God in essence, presence and power is in all and above all, not as part, not as soul, but in a manner inexplicable.

"Then in Divinity I hold all attributes to be one and the same thing as do the theologians and the greatest philosophers. I comprehend three attributes, power, wisdom and love, through which things have, firstly, existence by means of the mind; secondly, ordered and definite existence by means of the intellect; and thirdly, concord and symmetry by means of love.

"This I understand to be in all and above all, as nothing is without participation in being, and being is not without the essence of being; and just as nothing is beautiful without the presence of beauty, so from the Divine presence nothing can be excluded.

"In this manner, and not in substantial verity, I understand distinction in divinity."

Of the First Cause Bruno taught that it is impossible to know it as it really is, by simply studying that which it causes to come into manifestation. This he tries to make clear by means of an illustration. Here it may be said that the illustrations given by

Bruno to make his ideas intelligible to his readers are always well-chosen and admirably worked out.

"He who sees the picture," writes our philosopher, "does not see Apelles, but simply the effect of his workmanship, which comes from the quality of the genius of Apelles, which is an effect of the powers and circumstances of that man, of whom as regards his absolute being nothing whatever is known. . . . Much less are we able to understand the first principle and cause of the universe, for we can only have cognisance of the universe little by little, and never in its grand totality; in a word, that likeness must be without proportional comparison."

"The Infinite," he says elsewhere, "is not distinguished by sensation . . . for it cannot be an object of sense; therefore he who demands to know the Infinite by way of sense, is like to one who would see with the eyes the substance and essence of things; and he who would deny for this reason a thing because it is not sensible or visible, would deny substance or being."

This brings up the question as to what it is that Bruno calls substance or matter. This he tries to make clear by means of an illustration taken from the arts.

"As in the arts the worker in wood has one material—wood—which runs through all his productions, so likewise the iron worker has iron, and the tailor cloth. All these artisans, each one in his appropriate material, make divers products, combinations and figures, of which no one is peculiar and natural to the material of which it is composed. So Nature also, which resembles the art-worker, needs for its operations material, because it is not possible to make a thing without that of which to make it.

"There is then a kind of subject matter, of which, with which and in which Nature effects its operations, and which is fashioned by it into such forms as are presented to the eye in such great variety.

"And just as wood can have no absolute form, but can take all forms by the work of the joiner, so the matter of which we speak, by itself and in its own nature has not any natural form, but is able to assume all forms by the work of the active agent—the principle of Nature.

"This matter of Nature is not so apparent as the matter of

the arts, because the matter of Nature has no absolute form, whereas the matter of the arts is a thing already formed by Nature, since the art-workers can only work upon the outside of the materials formed by Nature—such as wood, iron, stone, wool and similar things. But Nature works from the centre, so to say, of its subject or material, which is to all formless.

"Therefore many are the subject materials of the arts, but one the subject matter of Nature; since the former through being diversely formed by Nature are many and varied, but the latter, not having any form, is to all forms the same, seeing that all differences proceed from form. So that the things formed by nature are the materials used in the arts, and only one unformed substance is the material used by nature."

There follows an amusing dialogue respecting the kind of proof possible of the existence of super-physical things, which is not without its value at the present time.

"GERVASIO: Now I have understood well; but this subject matter of Nature appears to me not to be a body, nor possessed of qualities; that which is hidden now under one form and natural being, now under others, does not show itself corporeally, as wood or stone, which can always be seen. . . .

"But what shall I do when I wish to discuss this idea with some pertinacious person who will not believe that there is one matter under all the formations of Nature, as there is one under all the various forms of each art? For the latter which can be seen with the eyes no one can deny; but the former which is seen with the reason alone can be denied.

"TEOFILO: Send him away or do not answer him.

"GER.: But, if he should be importunate in demanding evidence, and should be some person of respect who could not be sent away any more than he could send me away, and who would take it as an insult if I did not reply to him?

"TEO.: What would you do if some blind demi-god, worthy of the greatest honour and respect, should be importunate and pertinacous in desiring to have knowledge, and should demand evidence of colours, and of the exterior forms of natural things, so that he should ask what is the form of the trees, of the mountains, of stars? Further, what is the form of a statue, and

of vestments, and so of other artificial things which to those who can see are so manifest?

"GER.: I should reply, that if he had eyes, he would not demand evidence, but would be able to see them for himself; but being blind it is impossible that others should show them to him.

"TEO.: In the same way I should say to your questioner, that if he had intellect, he would not demand other evidence, but would be able to understand for himself.

"GER.: A reply of that nature would make him ashamed, and others would consider it too cynical.

"TEO.: Then say to him with more circumspection: 'Illustrious Sir (or Your Highness), as some things can only be made manifest to touch, others to hearing, others to taste, others to sight, so this material of natural things can only be made evident to the intellect.'

"GER.: He perhaps understanding the point, not being either stupid or dull, would answer me: 'Thou art he who has not intellect; I am more than thy equal in this particular.'

"TEO.: Thou shouldst not any more believe him than if a blind man should tell thee thou art blind, and that he sees more than those who think they can see as thou dost."

It was probably because Bruno dwells at some length in his works on the nature of matter or substance, and shows that although it exists in the manifested universe under manifold forms, it can yet be traced back to one primordial substance, that he has been put down as a materialist. How far this was from the truth the following extract, taken from his *De la Causa, Principo et Uno*, makes very apparent.

"The Universal Mind is the most intrinsic, most real part of the Soul of the World. This it is which fills all things, illuminates the universe and directs nature to produce its species suitably; and thus it has regard to the production of natural things, as our intellect to the suitable production of rational things.

"This Universal Mind is called by the Platonists the 'world-maker.' This maker, they say, proceeds from the superior world, which is in a state of oneness, to this sensible world, which

is divided into many, where not only harmony but also discord reigns through the difference of the parts.

"This Intellect infusing and putting something of itself into matter, dwelling in it, perfectly still and quiescent, produces the whole of the manifested universe.

"It is called by the Magi the 'most prolific of seeds,' or even 'propagator,' because it is that which impregnates the matter of all forms, and according to their constitution and being shapes, figures and weaves it with such marvellous order that it cannot be attributed to chance or to any other principle that does not work according to law.

"Orpheus called it the 'eye of the world,' because it penetrates within and without all natural things, until all things, not only intrinsically but also extrinsically, are produced and maintained in their proper symmetry.

"By Empedocles it is called 'differentiator,' as being that which never fails to define the confused form in the womb of matter, and to sustain the generation of the one thing from the decay of another.

"Plotinus called it 'father and generator,' because it distributes the seeds in the fields of nature, and it is the nearest dispenser of the forms.

"By us (Bruno continues) it is called the internal artificer, because it always forms the matter and figure from within.

"From within the seed or root it sends out the stem; from within the stem it sends out the branches; from within them it unfolds the buds; from within these it forms and sends into being the leaves, flowers and fruits; and from within at certain times it recalls the sap from the leaves, fruits and branches, from the branches to the boughs, from the boughs to the stem, from the stem to the root.

"Similarly in the animals it displays its work; from the first germ and from the centre of the heart to the external members, and from these, at length, connecting with the heart the distant faculties. . . .

"Now, if we believe that without reason and intelligence there cannot be produced that lifeless kind of work which we know how to devise by certain methods and imitation on the

surface of the material—when, say, by chipping and carving upon a block of wood we cause the figure of a horse to appear—how much greater ought we to consider that intelligent artificer, who from the interior of the seminal material forms the bone, extends the cartilages, hollows out the arteries, perforates the pores, twists the sinews, ramifies the nerves, and with marvellous mystery arranges the whole! How much greater an artificer is this who is not attached to any one part of the material, but works continually in every part!"

In the same work Bruno by means of an illustration tries to give two of his listeners a clearer idea of the omnipresence of the Soul of the Universe. One of them had enquired whether it could be individual and yet infinite, and the other whether Bruno's idea was anything like that of a certain preacher of Grandazzo in Sicily. To illustrate the fact that God was present in all the world, he ordered a cross with the figure of God the Father thereon so large that it completely filled the church. But the only effect it produced on the minds of the ruder members of his congregation was to excite their wonder as to the quantity of food and clothing necessary for such a gigantic being. To these questions Bruno answered:

"I do not know how to reply to thy doubt, Gervasio, but well to that of Master Polinnio. However, I will speak in a simile in order to meet the demands of both, because I desire that you carry away with you some part of our reasoning and discourse.

"You must then know briefly that the Soul of the World and the Divinity are not all present in all and in every part in the same manner as some material thing would be present, for this is impossible, but in a manner that is not easy to explain to you otherwise than by means of a simile. It is necessary to inform you that if the Soul of the World and the Universal Form are said to be everywhere, it is not meant bodily and dimensionally, for such they are not and therefore cannot be in some *one* part; but they are wholly complete in every part spiritually, as for example (however crude) you could imagine a voice the whole of which is in the whole of the room and complete in every part of it, because in every part of the room is heard the whole voice, as

these words that I speak are heard fully by everyone and would be even if there were a thousand present, and if my voice could reach to all the world it would be heard as a whole everywhere.

"I say then to thee, Master Polinnio, that the Soul is not individual as the point but is in a manner like the voice; and I say to thee, Gervasio, that the Divinity is not everywhere as the God of Grandazzo was in all the chapel, for although that image might be in all the church, all of it was not in every part but it had its head in one part, its feet in another, its arms and trunk in others. But the Soul is complete in every part, as my voice is heard in all the parts of this room."

W. H. THOMAS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE PHILOSOPHER-REFORMER OF THE FIRST CENTURY*

APOLLONIUS THE PROPHET AND WONDER-WORKER

WE will now turn our attention for a brief space to that side of Apollonius' life which has made him the subject of invincible prejudice. Apollonius was not only a philosopher, in the sense of being a theoretical speculator or of being the follower of an ordered mode of life schooled in the discipline of resignation; he was also a philosopher in the original Pythagorean meaning of the term—a knower of Nature's secrets, who thus could speak as one having authority.

He knew the hidden things of Nature by sight and not by hearing; for him the path of philosophy was a life whereby the man himself became an instrument of knowing. Religion, for Apollonius, was not a faith only, it was a science. For him the shows of things were but ever-changing appearances; cults and rites, religions and faiths, were all one to him, provided the right spirit were behind them. The Tyanean knew no differences of

* See the previous articles on Apollonius of Tyana from February onwards.

race or creed; such narrow limitations were not for the philosopher.

Beyond all others would he have laughed to hear the word "miracle" applied to his doings. "Miracle," in its Christian theological sense, was an unknown term in antiquity, and is a vestige of superstition to-day. For though many believe that it is possible by means of the soul to effect a multitude of things beyond the possibilities of a science which is confined entirely to the investigation of physical forces, none but the unthinking believe that there can be any interference in the working of the laws which Deity has impressed upon Nature—the credo of Miraculists.

Most of the recorded wonder-doings of Apollonius are cases of prophecy or foreseeing; of seeing at a distance and seeing the past; of seeing or hearing in vision; of healing the sick or curing cases of obsession or possession.

Already as a youth, in the temple at Ægæ, Apollonius gave signs of the possession of the rudiments of this psychic insight; not only did he sense correctly the nature of the dark past of a rich but unworthy suppliant who desired the restoration of his eyesight, but he foretold, though unclearly, the evil end of one who made an attempt upon his innocence (i. 12).

On meeting with Damis, his future faithful henchman volunteered his services for the long journey to India on the ground that he knew the languages of several of the countries through which they had to pass. "But I understand them all, though I have learned none of them," answered Apollonius, in his usual enigmatical fashion, and added: "Marvel not that I know all the tongues of men, for I know even what they never say" (i. 19). And by this he meant simply that he could read men's thoughts, not that he could speak all languages. But Damis and Philostratus cannot understand so simple a fact of psychic science; they will have it that he knew not only the language of all men, but also of birds and beasts (i. 20).

In his conversation with the Babylonian monarch Vardan, Apollonius distinctly claims foreknowledge. He says that he is a physician of the soul and can free the king from the diseases of the mind, not only because he knows what ought to be done,

that is to say the proper discipline taught in the Pythagorean school, but also because he foreknows the nature of the king (i. 32). Indeed we are told that the subject of foreknowledge (προγνώσεως), of which science (σοφίᾳ) Apollonius was a deep student, was one of the principal topics discussed by our philosopher and his Indian hosts (iii. 42).

In fact, as Apollonius tells his philosophical and studious friend the Roman Consul Telesinus, for him wisdom is a kind of divinizing or making divine of the whole nature, a sort of perpetual state of inspiration (θειασμός) (iv. 40). And so we are told that Apollonius was apprised of all things of this nature by the energy of his angelic nature (δαιμονίως) (vii. 10). Now for the student of the Pythagorean and Platonic schools the "dæmon" of a man was what in modern Theosophy is called the higher ego, the human soul as distinguished from the animal soul. It is the better part of the man, and when his physical consciousness is at-oned with his dweller in heaven, he has while still on earth the powers of those incorporeal intermediate beings between gods and men called "dæmons"; a stage higher still, the living man becomes at-oned with his divine soul, he becomes a god on earth; and yet a stage higher he becomes at one with the Good and so becomes God.

Hence we find Apollonius indignantly rejecting the accusation of magic ignorantly brought against him, an art which achieved its results by means of compacts with those low entities with which the outermost realm of inner Nature swarms. Our philosopher repudiated equally the idea of his being a soothsayer or diviner. With such arts he would have nothing to do; if ever he uttered anything which savoured of foreknowledge, let them know it was not by divination in the vulgar sense, but owing to "that wisdom which God reveals to the wise" (iv. 44).

The most numerous wonder-doings ascribed to Apollonius are instances precisely of such foreknowledge or prophecy.* It must be confessed that the utterances recorded are often obscure and enigmatical, but this is the usual case with such prophecy; for future events are most frequently either seen in symbolic re-

* See i. 22 (*cf.* 40), 34; iv. 4, 6, 18 (*cf.* v. 19), 24, 43; v. 7, 11, 13, 30, 37; vi. 32 viii. 26.

presentations, the meaning of which is not clear until after the event, or heard in equally enigmatical sentences. At times, however, we have instances of very precise foreknowledge, such as the refusal of Apollonius to go on board a vessel which foundered on the voyage (v. 18).

The instances of seeing present events at a distance, however —such as the burning of a temple at Rome, which Apollonius saw while at Alexandria—are clear enough. Indeed, if people know nothing else of the Tyanean, they have at least heard how he saw at Ephesus the assassination of Domitian at Rome at the very moment of its occurrence.

It was midday, to quote from the graphic account of Philostratus, and Apollonius was in one of the small parks or groves in the suburbs, engaged in delivering an address on some absorbing topic of philosophy. "At first he sank his voice as though in some apprehension; he, however, continued his exposition, but haltingly, and with far less force than usual, as a man who had some other subject in his mind than that on which he is speaking; finally he ceased speaking altogether, as though he could not find his words. Then staring fixedly on the ground, he started forward three or four paces, crying out: 'Strike the tyrant; strike!' And this, not like a man who sees an image in a mirror, but as one with the actual scene before his eyes, as though he were himself taking part in it."

Turning to his astonished audience he told them what he had seen. But though they hoped it were true, they refused to believe it, and thought that Apollonius had taken leave of his senses. But the philosopher gently answered: You, on your part, are right to suspend your rejoicings till the news is brought you in the usual fashion; "as for me, I go to return thanks to the Gods for what I have myself seen" (viii. 26).

Little wonder, then, if we read, not only of a number of symbolic dreams, but of their proper interpretation, one of the most important branches of the esoteric discipline of the school. (See especially i. 23 and iv. 34.) Nor are we surprised to hear that Apollonius, relying entirely on his inner knowledge, was instrumental in obtaining the reprieve of an innocent man at Alexandria, who was on the point of being executed with a batch

of criminals (v. 24). Indeed, he seems to have known the secret past of many with whom he came in contact (vi. 3, 5).

The possession of such powers can put but little strain on the belief of a generation like our own, to which such facts of psychic science are becoming with every day more familiar. Nor should instances of curing disease by mesmeric processes astonish us, or even the so-called "casting out of evil spirits," if we give credence to the Gospel narrative and are familiar with the general history of the times in which such healing of possession and obsession was a commonplace. This, however, does not condemn us to any endorsement of the fantastic descriptions of such happenings in which Philostratus indulges. If it be credible that Apollonius was successful in dealing with obscure mental cases—cases of obsession and possession—with which our hospitals and asylums are filled to-day, and which are quite beyond the skill of official science owing to its ignorance of the real agencies at work, it is equally evident that Damis and Philostratus had little understanding of the matter, and have given rein to their imagination in their narratives. (See ii. 4; iv. 20, 25; v. 42; vi. 27, 43.) Perhaps, however, Philostratus in some instances is only repeating popular legend, the best case of which is the curing of the plague at Ephesus which Apollonius had foretold on so many occasions. Popular legend would have it that the cause of the plague was traced to an old beggar man, who was buried under a heap of stones by the infuriated populace. On Apollonius ordering the stones to be removed, it was found that what had been a beggar man was now a mad dog foaming at the mouth (iv. 10)!

On the contrary, the account of Apollonius' "restoring to life" a young girl of noble birth at Rome, is told with great moderation. Apollonius seems to have met the funeral procession by chance; whereupon he suddenly went up to the bier, and, after making some passes over the maiden, and saying some inaudible words, "waked her out of her seeming death." But, says Damis, "whether Apollonius noticed that the spark of the soul was still alive which her friends had failed to perceive—they say it was raining lightly and a slight vapour showed on her face—or whether he made the life in her warm again and so

restored her," neither himself nor any who were present could say (iv. 45).

Of a distinctly more phenomenal nature are the stories of Apollonius causing the writing to disappear from the tablets of one of his accusers before Tigellinus (iv. 44); of his drawing his leg out of the fetters to show Damis that he was not really a prisoner though chained in the dungeons of Domitian (vii. 38); and of his "disappearing" (ἠφανίσθη) from the tribunal (viii. 5).*

We are not, however, to suppose that Apollonius despised or neglected the study of physical phenomena in his devotion to the inner science of things. On the contrary, we have several instances of his rejection of mythology in favour of a physical explanation of natural phenomena. Such, for instance, are his explanations of the volcanic activity of Ætna (v. 14, 17), and of a tidal wave in Crete, the latter being accompanied with a correct indication of the more immediate result of the occurrence. In fact an island had been thrown up far out to sea by a submarine disturbance as was subsequently ascertained (iv. 34). The explanation of the tides at Cadiz may also be placed in the same category (v. 2).

His Mode of Life

We will now present the reader with some general indications of the mode of life of Apollonius, and the manner of his teaching, of which already something has been said under the heading "Early Years."

Apollonius was an enthusiastic follower of the Pythagorean discipline; nay, Philostratus would have us believe that he made more superhuman efforts to reach wisdom than even the great Samian (i. 2). The outer forms of this discipline as exemplified in Pythagoras are thus summed up by our author.

"Naught would he wear that came from a dead beast, nor touch a morsel of a thing that once had life, nor offer it in sacrifice; not for him to stain with blood the altars; but honey cakes and incense and the service of his song went upward from the man unto the Gods, for well he knew that they would take

* This expression is, however, perhaps only to be taken as rhetorical, for in viii. 8, the incident is referred to in the simple words "when he departed (ἀπῆλθε) from the tribunal."

such gifts far rather than the oxen in their hundreds with the knife. For he, in sooth, held converse with the Gods and learned from them how they were pleased with men and how displeased, and thence as well he drew his nature-lore. As for the rest, he said, they guessed at the divine, and held opinions on the Gods which proved each other false; but unto him Apollo's self did come, confessed, without disguise,* and there did come as well, though unconfessed, Athena and the Muses, and other Gods whose forms and names mankind did not yet know."

Hence his disciples regarded Pythagoras as an inspired teacher, and received his rules as laws. "In particular did they keep the rule of silence regarding the divine science. For they heard within them many divine and unspeakable things on which it would have been difficult for them to keep silence, had they not first learned that it was just this silence which spoke to them" (i. 1).

Such was the general declaration of the nature of the Pythagorean discipline by its disciples. But, says Apollonius in his address to the Gymnosophists, Pythagoras was not the inventor of it. It was the immemorial wisdom, and Pythagoras himself had learnt it from the Indians.† This wisdom, he continued, had spoken to him in his youth; she had said:

"For sense, young sir, I have no charms; my cup is filled with toils unto the brim. Would anyone embrace my way of life, he must resolve to banish from his board all food that once bore life, to lose the memory of wine, and thus no more to wisdom's cup befoul—the cup that doth consist of wine-untainted souls. Nor shall wool warm him, nor aught that's made from any beast. I give my servants shoes of bast and as they can to sleep. And if I find them overcome with love's delights, I've ready pits down into which that justice which doth follow hard on wisdom's foot doth drag and thrust them; indeed, so stern am I to those who chose my way, that e'en upon their tongues I bind a chain. Now hear from me what things thou'lt gain, if thou endure. An innate sense of fitness and of right, and ne'er

* That is to say not in a *form*, but in his own nature.

† See in this connection L. v. Schroeder, *Pythagoras und die Inder, eine Untersuchung über Herkunft und Abstammung der pythagoreischen Lehren* (Leipzig; 1884).

to feel that any's lot is better than thy own; tyrants to strike with fear instead of being a fearsome slave to tyranny; to have the Gods more greatly bless thy scanty gifts than those who pour before them blood of bulls. If thou art pure, I'll give thee how to know what things will be as well, and fill thy eyes so full of light, that thou may'st recognise the Gods, the heroes know, and prove and try the shadowy forms that feign the shapes of men" (vi. 11).

The whole life of Apollonius shows that he tried to carry out consistently this rule of life, and the repeated statements that he would never join in the blood-sacrifices of the popular cults (see especially i. 24, 31; iv. 11; v. 25), but openly condemned them, show not only that the Pythagorean school had ever set the example of the higher way of purer offerings, but that they were not only not condemned and persecuted as heretics on this account, but were rather regarded as being of peculiar sanctity, and as following a life superior to that of ordinary mortals. How different is this wide tolerance of the Greek to the bitter denunciations of the Jew against those who refused to take part in the Temple sacrifices. The idea of heresy and the persecution of those who by their superior sanctity and humanity made evident the grossness of the popular cult, are products of the Jewish spirit and not of the Greek.

The refraining from the flesh of animals, however, was not simply based upon ideas of purity, it found additional sanction in the positive love of the lower kingdoms and the horror of inflicting pain on any living creature. Thus Apollonius bluntly refused to take any part in the chase, when invited to do so by his royal host at Babylon. "Sire," he replied, "have you forgotten that even when you sacrifice I will not be present? Much less then would I do these beasts to death, and all the more when their spirit is broken and they are penned in contrary to their nature" (i. 38).*

But though Apollonius was an unflinching task-master unto himself, he did not wish to impose his mode of life on others, even on his personal friends and companions (provided of course

* This has reference to the preserved hunting parks, or "paradises," of the Babylonian monarchs.

they did not adopt it of their own free will). Thus he tells Damis that he has no wish to prohibit him from eating flesh and drinking wine, he simply demands the right of refraining himself and of defending his conduct if called on to do so (ii. 7). This is an additional indication that Damis was not a member of the inner circle of discipline, and the latter fact explains why so faithful a follower of the person of Apollonius was nevertheless so much in the dark.

Not only so, but Apollonius even dissuades the Râjâh Phraotes, his first host in India, who desired to adopt his strict rule, from doing so, on the ground that it would estrange him too much from his subjects (ii. 37).

Three times a day Apollonius prayed and meditated; at daybreak (vi. 10, 18; vii. 31), at mid-day (vii. 10) and at sundown (viii. 13). This seems to have been his invariable custom; no matter where he was he seems to have devoted at least a few moments to silent meditation at these times. The object of his worship is always said to have been the Sun, that is to say the Lord of our world and its sister worlds, whose glorious symbol is the orb of day.

We have already seen in the short sketch devoted to his "Early Years" how he divided the day and portioned out his time among his different classes of hearers and enquirers. His style of teaching and speaking was the opposite of that of a rhetorician or professional orator. There was no art in his sentences, no striving after effect, no affectation, no irony or apostrophising of his audience. But he spoke "as from a tripod," with such words as "I know," "Methinks," "Why do ye," "Ye should know." His sentences were short and compact, and his words carried conviction with them and fitted the facts. His task, he declared, was no longer to seek and to question as he had done in his youth, but to teach what he knew (i. 17). He did not use the dialectic of the Socratic school, but would have his hearers turn from all else and give ear to the inner voice of philosophy alone (iv. 2). He drew his illustrations from any chance occurrence or homely happening (iv. 3; vi. 3, 38), and pressed all into service for the improvement of his listeners.

When put on his trial, he would make no preparation for

his defence. He had lived his life as it came from day to day, prepared for death, and would continue to do so (viii. 30). Moreover it was now his deliberate choice to challenge death in the cause of philosophy. And so to his old friend's repeated solicitations to prepare his defence, he replied:

"Damis, you seem to lose your wits in face of death, though you have been so long with me and I have loved philosophy e'en from my youth;* I thought that you were both yourself prepared for death and knew full well my generalship in this. For just as warriors in the field have need not only of good courage but also of that generalship which tells them when to fight, so too must they who wisdom love make careful study of good times to die, that they may choose the best and not be done to death all unprepared. That I have chosen best and picked the moment which suits wisdom best to give death battle —if so it be that any one should wish to slay me—I've proved to other friends when you were by, nor ever ceased to teach you it alone" (vii. 31).

The above are some few indications of how our philosopher lived, in fear of nothing but disloyalty to his high ideal. We will now make mention of some of his more personal traits, and of some of the names of his followers.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CRIME and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it.—EMERSON.

CONSIDER that our anger and impatience often prove much more mischievous than the things about which we are angry or impatient.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

WHAT I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. . . . . It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it.

EMERSON.

* Reading φιλοσόφῳ for φιλοσοφῶν.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF TRUTH

I.

On a snow-girt peak of highest Himalay, far from the busy world, there stands a wondrous castle in which the Peris dwell. No human foot has ever approached this shrine, and only poets, those gifted ones loved of the Peris, have, with a superhuman vision, caught glimpses of their fair enchanted home, ofttimes reflected in the sun-lit mists of early morn. The story runs that only once in every thousand years a Peri may be tempted to descend to earth, moved by a desire to experience the joys and sorrows of ordinary mortals. And so it happened that Truth, the youngest and the fairest of these beauteous sisters, was seized with a longing to visit the unknown earth; for distant murmurs reached her ear, and the sound of many voices calling upon her name—for saints had died, and godly folk in numbers professed to worship her. . . .

"I can delay no longer, they must not call in vain," said Truth. "I will go down and give them their heart's desire."

Her sisters, who had made their pilgrimage thousands of years before, looked sad, but did not try to keep her back; for well the Peris know that experience is a treasure which each must seek himself. Therefore they bade their dear sister a fond farewell, and wished her all success in this her endeavour to found a kingdom of Truth and Peace on earth, telling her, that only from the place where she found rest, and where her words would be received in thankfulness, could she once more ascend to her enchanted home. . . . The eager maiden bade them an eternal farewell; the sisters echoed only, "Welcome back."

II.

In the Land of the Thousand Valleys a King was seated on his throne in his royal hall, his courtiers bowed low before him,

and one and all were singing the praises of Truth. Emblazoned on the shield the King held in his hand were these words seen: "Truth above all."

Suddenly in their midst appeared the pure white figure of the Peri, and struck with astonishment the King demanded: "Who art thou, stranger maiden?"

The heavenly visitor looked distressed, and answered: "My name is blazoned on thy shield, and yet thou dost not know me. . . . I am that Truth, whom thou say'st thou dost prize far above all possessions."

Then anger seized the King, and he retorted: "Say'st thou this thing to me, who never yet have failed to recognise the Truth however much it may be hidden, or under any guise. . . Say rather that thy name is Folly. Thou knowest not my greatness nor my power."

Then swiftly coming forward to the throne, Truth calmly looked into his face and said: "Thou art a fool, and dost not know me . . . twice fool, because in thy ignorance thou thinkest thou cannot err . . . and three times a fool, for thy pride will not permit thee to learn to know me." . .

A deathly silence reigned throughout the hall as these bold words were uttered, and then the furious King turned to his court and cried: "Ye followers and devotees of Truth, make answer for me to this accusation."

The courtiers humbly bowed, and with one voice proclaimed: "O King! the truth is evident, thy wisdom rightly named this maiden Folly."

The monarch gazed exultingly at Truth and cried: "Didst hear?" and Truth replied: "Yea, I heard them lie three times in one short breath; for in their hearts they know thou art a fool and say it not; they flatter thee as wise, but mean it not; and thirdly, they offer me reproach because I dare to speak out boldly that which in their hearts they think." With this Truth turned away, and neither courtiers nor King have ever met her face to face again.

III.

The Peri wandered on, seeking shelter in many places, but finding none to receive her; nowhere could she find rest. At last

she came into a great pagoda, the Temple of Sincerity, where lay enshrined the three golden Tables, on which the Sages and the Gods had written in curious signs and ciphers the words of Truth.

When our pilgrim told her name, the high priest, and the ten upper priests and all the servants of the Temple made great obeisance, and welcomed her with songs of praise accompanied by much beating of gongs and drums. And the assembly was great, for it was the time of the big yearly festival; so they came in crowds, curious to hear and see the stranger maiden. But when she began to speak to the expectant throng, her voice was drowned and lost immediately by the music and the song of praise which the priests commanded in her honour, and ere that came to an end they had placed her in a gorgeous palanquin and carried her away into an inner sanctuary where the multitude were not admitted.

So then our Truth related to the eleven hundred and eleven priests, who listened in silence, that which had happened to her in the castle of the King. And the high priest sighed, and said: "'Tis ever so! The rulers of our land do not welcome the voice of Truth; but we of the Holy Order are indeed thrice blessed that thou hast come to us in this our Temple of Sincerity, where with thankful hearts and humble faith we will listen to thy words."

The Peri asked: "Where do ye keep the golden Tables, O devotees of Truth?" Then the high priest and one hundred and ten of the other priests bore the maiden into the first sanctuary, where stood the first of the three Tables, covered with the mystic lore which Sages wrote of old.

The Peri gazed upon it, and with anger in her voice began: "Not thus were the words of the wise men of yore. They have been altered."

A perplexed wonder appeared on the faces of the younger priests, but the elders were silent and downcast: at last one of them answered: "As only those are present who are initiated into our mysteries the truth must be confessed. In ages that have lapsed the writing became so worn, so indistinct, that although some part remained the lost words had to be replaced to keep the

priests from giving different renderings and so confusing the uninitiate, who might thereby be led to doubt the Truth. And this was done by one who knew the wisdom of the second Table."

"And where," demanded Truth, "have ye this second Table?" Then the ten upper priests and the high priest bore the Peri into the Inner Sanctuary, but the one hundred lower priests could not enter there. Suspended by four silver cords the second golden Table hung in the midst of the Sanctuary. And the Peri commanded the priests to read its words, but as they chanted them forth she stopped them with the cry: "These are not the words the Spirits gave ye!"

Silence again; and then the high priest spoke: "As those who do believe in us are no longer near, we must avow that there is not one within our Order by whom these mystic signs are rightly understood, for the tongue the Spirits spake has been forgotten long ages agone, and so we do but read as did those who were priests before us, from whom we have our rendering. They read as also they were taught. In ancient days the priests could interpret these signs; it is from them we have these words. So are we told by all high priests, for they alone are privileged to read the writings on the third Holy Table, the sacred revelations from the immortal Gods, where neither mistake nor misinterpretation could occur: for all is Truth."

"Show me these sacred words," commanded the imperious Peri. The high priest led her by the hand until they reached the extreme end of the Sanctuary; then striking with his staff upon the wall of silver, it opened, and revealed another inner shrine, the Holy of Holies, all glittering with gold and costly gems, and into this they passed alone.

Again the Peri spoke: "Shew me where is this third and holiest Table, inscribed with the wondrous truths of your immortal deities?"

But in reply the old priest whispered in her ear: "Now, as alone we stand within the holiest Shrine of this great Temple of Sincerity, the truth be told in all its nakedness; and I must whisper thee the words, which whispered were to me by another high priest, my predecessor, when I received my staff of office. Listen! The third Holy Table existeth only in the faith of those

who ne'er have penetrated into this holiest of shrines! What matters it? Since the truth is known by one alone! And he, the high priest, sees that if the great Gods' words no longer vouched for what the Spirits said, and if the Spirits' holy words no more bore witness that we knew the Sages' thoughts, then error and confusion would result. For the priests who are uninitiate would no longer have faith in the initiate; so they, in turn, no more would lead the pious, and thus piety with faith would vanish. So, Peri, I have only done what others did before me."

"Three falsehoods hast thou uttered," said angry Truth. "First to thy priests; next to thyself, saying thou didst believe other than that which thou didst surely know; and thirdly to me, saying thou didst believe in that belief which seems mere disbelief. Yet, if thou canst do so, answer me in all sincerity and truth. If I brought thee here, into this Sanctuary, the Table of the Gods, what wouldst thou do?"

"Guard it safely in this holiest Shrine; but I would not utter any word to undeceive the pious, although they have put faith in falsity; for the great Gods whom we worship and adore esteem piety more than faith, and faith than truth."

Then cried the Peri: "But what if I go out unto the multitude assembled, and plainly do declare thy teachings to be false, and thy whole life a lie! Say, what will happen?"

"Thou wilt be branded as an unbeliever, and the faithful will condemn thee to the burning; but they shall be spared that trouble." And with these words the high priest struck the ground three times with his staff. A gaping chasm opened, and Truth sank down, disappearing in the darkness.

But no earthly tomb could ever detain the heaven-born Peri, so Truth went forth unharmed upon her pilgrimage. The priests of the Holy Temple boast that Truth has never left the Inner Sanctuary, and the faithful believe their words.

IV.

Next, wandering in a forest near a town, Truth came upon an ancient soothsayer, with wrinkled skin and long white hair and beard below his knees. Fourscore years he had dwelt among

the holy anchorites listening to their words of wisdom, and when they passed away he returned alone into the forest to be of use to those persons of the busy world who would seek from him healing and advice. His resting place was the hard ground; his only food the roots and berries which the forest yielded; his drink cool water from the spring. Although he helped the rich as well as poor, nothing he took of silver nor of gold.

In answer to his question what she sought, the maid replied: "I seek a home that dares to shelter Truth, where none will mock, as in the palace, and where she is not hidden from the eyes of men, as in the temple."

"I welcome thee," cried the ancient Sage; "since childhood's days thou art the friend whom I have longed to find. Speak freely unto me the words of Truth; they cannot hurt me be they hard as flint and sharp as thorns, for well I know that healing balm oft causes wounds to smart."

While he was speaking three suppliants came near to ask his aid—a sickly boy, an angry husband, the third a trembling woman. First the poor boy asked for an amulet to heal the sores by which he was afflicted; so the wise man inscribed some mystic signs upon a shell and bade the lad to wear it round his neck suspended after he had three times filled the shell with water to the brim and drank it.

Next the angry man, whose wife had fled, begged the Sage to tell him where to seek her. The old man answered: "Seek her not; she goes to sacrifice upon the shrine of Peace, where angry ones may not intrude."

The third, the woman, had been terrified by an unholy dream which she implored the wise father to explain to her; but he refused to tell her aught of it until the moon had changed.

Then gratefully they all three thanked the soothsayer and turned to leave, but Truth rushed out and cried: "Oh! stay, deluded ones, and hear the Truth! The mystic writing on the shell no power can have, O thou poor child! But in the shell is hidden a drop of serpent's blood, which, drunk in crystal water, heals thy sores. Do not believe, thou angry husband, that thy wife has gone unto the Shrine of Peace! She's with thine enemy, seeking to stay the strife which rages 'twixt him and thee." Then

turning to the woman she exclaimed: "Thy dream will not be interpreted, for well he knows by thy uncertain glance that o'er thy trembling mind thou wilt have lost control ere the moon changes!"

Frantic and wailing the sufferers rushed away, and the wrathful soothsayer raised his crutch and cursed the maiden as he shook it o'er her head: "Child of cruelty, I could strike thee dumb! Dost thou not know that plain and naked truth, though life to sages, dealeth death to fools? Thy words are fatal. The boy will die, because thou madest him fear the potion which would have cured him. The angry husband, maddened by thy words, will kill his wife. And the desperate woman, to escape the fate thou hast predicted, will cast herself into the swift river. So get thee gone, rash maid; in mercy's dwelling-place thy home can never be, but rather among them that no compassion know."

V.

Again outcast, and with no shelter, Truth wandered on, and coming to a lonely market place, she rested through the night until the dawn, seated by a well. And as she pondered upon whither next to wend her steps, suddenly before her she perceived a man of giant stature, who asked her whence she came. Truth told her tale, and when she ceased, he said: "I, too, am outlawed for that I spake the truth. I am the chieftain of a brotherhood; men call me 'The Enemy of Lies.' Come hither to this fountain when the stars are lit, and I will prove to thee that Truth can still command both friends and vassals."

That night he led her to a trysting-place where the tried warriors of the brotherhood were assembled in hundreds, and he, the tall chieftain, most cunningly did tell the maiden's tale; so artfully he wove the incidents, that though they heard the Peri's words, they could not grasp their meaning. When he had finished two men came forward, and placing Truth upon a shield they raised it to their shoulders, so that the whole throng could see the fair white figure in the torchlight glare; and then they shouted: "Speak, messenger of heaven, and as thou wilt command so will we do."

"Then hear me," Truth began. "I speak the truth; untruth was spokesman in the kingly hall; the words of the great Gods were all unknown within the Temple; the soothsayer spake falsely; but hear ye now the words of Truth!"

But ere she could continue, as was her intention, the chieftain cried unto the people, who answered back: "We hear! we hear! woe to the utterers of falsehood, death to all their number." And at a sign from the chief she was again lowered to the ground amid the crowd; she could not speak another word, for o'er her mouth a silken scarf was bound.

The chieftain shouted: "Follow, follow all, and we will first unto the palace of that king, to slay him and his armed courtiers, they who conquered us of yore; and afterwards unto the Temple, for we will seize the treasure which should be ours of right, as it was taken from our predecessors by treachery and falsehood."

But the throng cried: "To the Temple, to the Temple let it be," and howling rushed away, the chief borne onward powerless in their midst, and as they went they passed the soothsayer and burned him in his hut, loudly denouncing the utterers of falsehood, and crowds of people, wondering at the tumult, left their peaceful homes and followed with the rabble.

They stormed the Temple and slew the brethren in the outer court, for not one of them could tell the way into the Golden Sanctuary. A servitor within the Temple precincts had watched the crowd approach, and by a secret passage had fled to the palace and warned the King, so whilst the chieftain and his mob were hewing down the priests, the warriors of the King silently surrounded the Temple.

So when at last the chieftain of the Slaves of Truth saw that the King's force would outnumber his, he ordered his followers to seize what treasure they could find and leave the people who had joined them to their fate, ere they would turn on them. And so, stealthily, in twos and threes, they managed to escape, for there were many outlets and underground passages through which they passed unseen, first casting down their flaming torches among the piles of scented wood stored for the sacrifice. And then the flames burst forth; the betrayed people

rushed to the doors praying mercy of the soldiers of the King. But they no pity showed; they slew the men and drove the women and the children back to perish in the burning Temple court, and many thousands found a fiery tomb, cursing with their last breath the prophetess through whom they were lured there to die.

V.

Harder and harder Truth now found her pilgrimage, for where'er she came the tidings of the misfortunes which followed in her train seemed to be known, and as she journeyed from house to house, from land to land, men turned her from their doors, calling her "Traitress," and bidding her begone. At last she came to a great city in the distant hills which formed the boundaries of the land. As early in the morn she entered there, quite near the gate, and on the market square, Truth spied a humble shelter, a sort of booth, and near it, on a carpet, crawled a hunchback clad in grotesque garb of rags, adorned with beads of glass and parrots' gaudy feathers.

"The Peri asked: "Kind brother, wilt thou shelter give to a weary pilgrim; no rest I find, but only curses have been dealt to me because I spake the Truth."

The man arose, and drawing back the curtain of his door, replied: "Maiden, thou art welcome, if thou wilt share the lot of a poor juggler, who earns his bread by the fine art of lying."

"First hear my tale," the Peri cried. And even as she told the story of her wanderings, a crier in the market-place proclaimed that it had been foretold a malefactor, an outlawed maiden, would that day come into the city, and that the king would grant a reward of one hundred golden crowns to anyone who should discover her abiding place.

"Listen," she cried, "so soon they seek for me!"

The juggler beckoned: "Come, weary traveller, take the rest thou needest within my humble dwelling, and I will parley with thy pursuers; my craft were nothing worth if I cannot do thee a good turn, and blind them to the Truth."

And so the wanderer rested on the juggler's bed, the only spot in all her pilgrimage where rest had been vouchsafed to her.

At noon a great man came unto the juggler's dwelling, at-

tended by a captain and four warriors. The juggler greeted them with due respect and head upon the ground, exclaiming: "To the gracious orb which o'er my humble threshold casts such high and noble shadows, be exceeding praise and glory! This honour to my skill!"

"Enough, good fellow," spoke the Mayor, "we are not here to see thy tricks."

"Then listen to my music," cried the hunchback, jumping up.

But the captain silenced him, saying: "We seek an outcast, an audacious maid, who bringeth evil wheresoe'er she enters, and we are told she has this morn come into our city from the eastern road; and as thou dwellest so close to the gate, surely thou must have seen her."

The wily juggler made answer: "Why, sirs, it might have been, but all this morn my faculties were so absorbed, my wife hath kept me spell-bound with her wondrous tales; ye, who are the high and mighty ones, have doubtless heard the famous story-tellers of many lands; but I dare venture to affirm that ye have never listened yet to one who is the equal of my wife. Herself she doth compose the tales she tells, and in the telling they are turned to truth. So, when she relates of what befell the fair enchanted princess, it seems no more my wife who speaks but the princess herself. Yea, noble masters, with wits so keen and sharp, if ye will but deign to listen for a little space, to lend an ear to what she hath to tell, I wager the pair of mine that ye will take her tale for truth—so great a gift of plausibility the Gods endowed her with."

"'Tis more than they have done for thee, thou simpleton," answered the Mayor, "For no one would be tempted to believe one word of what thou sayest."

"Judge for thyself then," protested the juggler; and hastening into his hut he awoke the sleeping Truth, and bade her tell the story of her wanderings, and the wrongs which she had suffered, and with his cithern he, the while, kept company with tuneful melody.

So Truth narrated her experience in the palace of the king. "By the immortal Gods," thundered the captain, "this sounds

like truth, for kings and courtiers have ever seemed the like in other lands than ours!"

And then she told of how the priests had spoken and acted in the great Temple sanctuaries, and the Mayor acknowledged that: "In every land the servants of the Gods have faithless proved in other times than ours."

Then she recounted how the three sufferers fled from the hut of the soothsayer, her meeting with the Enemy of Lies, and the great gathering of the people, and the listeners applauded as she spoke, crying: "Bravely invented! bravely told!"

Then the bold maiden told the closing scene, of how the great Temple was destroyed, of the massacre of the lay brethren, and the burning of the people, and thus she finished: "All men refused me shelter until I came to this juggler, who gave me rest, and when ye came to seek me he deceived ye, calling me his wife with skill in weaving legends. Full well he knew that I would say, 'I am she ye seek'!"

The captain started, and the warriors stretched out their hands to seize her; but with a smile the juggler struck three loud and echoing chords upon his cithern as an epilogue.

And the Mayor seemed pleased with Truth, and praised the inventive ending of her tale. "Good woman, thy story hath pleased us, thou hast indeed made fiction seem like stern reality; thy husband wagered his pair of ears I could not judge 'twixt truth and falsehood. I now bestow them upon thee, for thou hast earned a poet's guerdon." And with these words the Mayor and his following departed.

Truth turned to the juggler and said: "My pilgrimage is ended; for only when I came where rest was granted me, and where my words were heard in thankfulness, might I return to heaven, which is my home. O juggler, in thy house I found that resting-place. Speak! what shall Truth give thee as a recompense?"

The hunchback bowed low before the maiden, and begged some token in remembrance of the hour when Truth had deigned to slumber in his hut.

The Peri plucked a peach from off a tree which grew before the hut. "Two kernels wilt thou find within this fruit—one

large, one small. When I return unto my home and fling away my staff, take these, and lay them both upon the bed whereon I slept when thou didst call me wife, and they will grow."

With these words Truth vanished from the earth. The juggler did as she directed, and coming to his hut the ensuing morn he found two sleeping babes nestling upon his wretched bed of straw. One was an ugly boy, who proved in time his foster-father's image; and the other was a girl, who daily grew more like to heavenly Truth. From these two babes spring the only races who are permitted by earthly mortals to speak what they in anger scorned to hear from heaven's fairest daughter. Fools are all descendants of the boy, but Poets trace their lineage from the maiden. Thus doth end the legend of the Pilgrimage of Truth.

(From a poem by ERIC BÔGH, translated from the Danish by AGNES WARBURG, and adapted by M. HAIG, by permission.)

PLATO'S CAVE

How many weary thinkers have exercised their ingenuity in attempting to discover the difference between what appears to be and what really *is*! They have longed for truth at any cost, but have often wellnigh despaired of finding it, merged as it has seemed to be in a mist of false appearances. So delusive are these and so illusive is the prize hoped for, that many have failed in the search, and have passed their lives in more or less contented ignorance.

The distinction between appearance and reality must inevitably be of absorbing interest to students of religion and philosophy, and many of the great teachers of humanity have done their best to throw light on the ever-recurring problem.

One world-famous thinker has devoted a great part of his attention to this question, and discussions are frequently found

in Plato's works on the distinction between what is and what merely seems to be. The subject is most exhaustively treated in that long and important dialogue, *The Republic*, where the abstract ideas of reality and non-reality are considered from a great many different points of view, as well as being fabled in the marvellous image of the underground cave, probably the best-known passage in the book.

As *The Republic* holds a central position in the dialogues of Plato not only in probable date, but also in literary importance and in the development of the main strain of his philosophy, it may be taken as a representative work, expressing the principal ideas set forth in these dialogues. The fable of the cave, which occurs in a curiously central position in the book itself, would then be a kind of keystone or culminating point of Plato's entire works, containing the essence of the truth foreshadowed therein in one concentrated symbolical figure.

The true realities of life, and the relations that these bear to the transient and the changing, are discussed in a series of carefully elaborated arguments running through the dialogues leading up to *The Republic*. Increasingly subtle distinctions are drawn between appearance and reality, truth and fiction, the transient and the permanent, and the characteristics of each are so distinctly stated that little doubt can be left of the chief differences between these qualities. These ideas are presented with much variety of method and clothed in all manner of forms, thus rendering it impossible to confuse the vital thought with the accidental shape in which it appears, or the symbol with the thing signified.

For instance, in *The Phædo* it is clearly stated that the soul is the only real part of man, the body being known to change continually and to be subject to disease and final dissolution. Though invisible, it contains that divine principle which cannot be modified by physical conditions, and is therefore likely to survive such an ephemeral creation as the body.

In *The Phædrus* and *The Symposium*, where abstract love and beauty are considered, the soul is described as ever longing to rise to that Plain of Truth where it alone has real existence and can obtain nourishment. It is distressed and hampered by the physical veil in which it must live while on earth, and can only

see the so-called virtues of humanity as through a glass darkly, these being nothing more than copies or reflections of the realities in the true home of the soul.

Many more instances might be quoted from different dialogues distinguishing between true reality and the unsatisfactory appearances that so often perplex and annoy us, but we must pass on to *The Republic*, which synthesises this line of thought and discusses the question in a comprehensive manner. The scheme of this work is as different as possible to what has gone before. Instead of a more or less simple dialogue on some ethical or religious problem, we find a totally new argument prevailing, and after the opening problem, "What is the nature of justice?" or, rather "What is righteousness?"—is clearly stated, a description of a perfect state is given. This it appears is the easiest method of discovering the answer; as "it is easier to read in large print than small," so there is more hope of discovering a definition of justice in the study of the whole constitution of a city, than would be possible in the study of the mind and heart of one man.

Much of such apparently extraneous matter occurs in the work, and incongruous subjects like the fate of a righteous man, the education of the young, the nature of the true philosopher, the miseries of the tyrant, the inadequacy of art, and the judgment of souls after death, are worked, one hardly knows how, into the search for justice. And yet through all comes the ever-recurring question of appearance and reality, twisting like a golden thread through all these different figures.

How are we to find the latter, and what will make up for its loss should we fail to do so? Will honours or distinctions or riches console the man who is corrupt within and who has no real existence, as his soul is dead? And will the just man patiently endure a shameful death rather than lose his integrity and deprive his soul of her true life? The same question appears underlying the description of an ideal education which is to be conducted with a view of developing the knowledge of the true, and the discrimination of what is real from what merely appears to have existence. Figure after figure is used, showing in every variety of form the distinction between the false and the

true opinion and knowledge, appearance and reality, until we come to the keynote of the book and of Plato's whole works—the image of the cave. In this wonderfully concentrated fable is described the whole question in pictorial form, and the vividness of the imagery leaves a distinct and sharply outlined impression on the mind.

A picture is drawn of an underground den, or cave, where live a number of men who can only see a series of shadows thrown on the wall by the firelight. All their impressions of the facts of their life are consequently derived from these shadows, which are cast by objects in the background. The inhabitants of the cave cannot see what is reflected, as their heads are fixed in one position and they are chained to their seats. Indeed, as one of the listeners in the dialogue observes, "It is a strange scene and strange prisoners." Of course the world above the cave, where the sun shines and things are seen as they really are, is absolutely unknown to them. All light is excluded, except that of the fire which casts the shadows to which they owe their life's drama. Their knowledge of the world is extremely limited, though they have not the least idea that such is the case. Consequently they are quite satisfied with the shadows they see, believing them to include all that life has to offer. These shadows get names given them, and in every respect are treated as realities, and any echoes that might resound from the talk of the passers-by would also be interpreted in some manner comprehensible to the limited knowledge of the dwellers in the cave.

Thus is the cave described, the great symbol of life in this physical world where men also only see shadows of the images of realities. These are lit by artificial light, which in the same way dimly burns in the heavy darkness of ignorance. These cave dwellers are absolutely content in their confined and chained condition and have no wish for any change; indeed they would greatly resent any such idea. Should they be released from their shackles and forced to rise and use their cramped limbs, they would move with pain and unwillingness. They do not wish to see the originals of the shadows that they have contemplated so long, and their eyes are so dazzled by the

firelight that they can scarcely distinguish the objects that they now behold for the first time. All is as a dream to them, and they long to return to what seemed so real and that they knew and loved so well. When told that they are considerably nearer to reality than they have ever been before, they indignantly refuse to believe such an apparently absurd idea.

However, notwithstanding their remonstrances the Guardians of their cave proceed to remove those that are freed still further from their original conditions. Being now partially accustomed to their present state of freedom, they faintly realise how very superior this is to the chained and limited existence that was formerly imposed on them. But it is still with difficulty that these gradually awakening men are dragged up the steep and rough ascent which leads to the world above, where the sun shines and the fresh winds blow. And so they at last behold the light of the sun and dwell in the fulness of joy for evermore.

Under these circumstances they are naturally not desirous of returning to the bonds and gloom of their former home. There is only one inducement that can make them do so, the desire of helping those that are still chained in the shadow and who know and care nothing for the life beyond. With this end in view those who have seen the light and enjoyed real existence return to the dark cave and attempt to persuade their former companions to come up above, if they can break away from this prison of shams and illusions.

Many of these rescued men thus resign the happiness that they might fairly enjoy in the land above, and pass their time in prolonged attempts to deliver their friends from the sad fate of a life-long imprisonment, indifferent to the anger and hatred with which they are often rewarded. For the dwellers in the cave usually prefer being left in peace and have little or no wish for a light which they scarcely believe to exist. Still success does occasionally crown these efforts, and the workers feel quite sufficiently rewarded when another may be added to the number of those who possess the realities rather than the appearances of life, and who are not chained to a world of illusions.

The meaning of this parable is elaborately explained in the discussion following, where the cave is said to represent the

physical world, in which men are tied and bound in their physical bodies. Here also only shadows of objects can be seen by artificial light, as the true light of the Chief Good can only be seen by those whose souls can mount into the higher regions of intellectual and spiritual life.

Those who have escaped into the light of the sun are the philosophers who see truth and know life as it really is, beyond the mist of appearances. And they return again and again into the dust and strife of life, though nothing there could give them any pleasure or profit. They simply wish to help their brothers and to lead them out of the illusions and shadows in which they live, to the land of light and truth.

Every day the same story is acted in one shape or another, and we see it taking concrete forms all round us. The great teachers that come from above do their utmost to guide the ignorant and erring crowds towards the path to the higher life, and their voices can be heard to-day as much as in times of old. We know from the history of the past that they have been misunderstood, reviled and persecuted, if not actually put to death, and that their experiences have often resembled those of the wise men described by Plato who insisted on returning to the cave. The forecast in this story of the probable fate of such men has come true over and over again, and those who willingly sacrifice their lives to help their fellow creatures have often found themselves to be, even if counted among

> Earth's chosen heroes; souls that stood alone,
> While the men they agonised for hurled the contumelious stone.

It is the history of all great religious movements, and not of these only, but of all the great intellectual outbursts of our humanity. Persecution has usually accompanied the first developments of any important change, whether of religious, scientific, or social faith. And those who first see the light and long to share their intensified life with others are received with fear and hatred, their discoveries are derided, and they themselves often driven out of society. Little better is the fate that awaits any disciples whom they may attract, though their mental and spiritual gain will probably be so great as to compensate them for all that they have had to undergo. For those who have

grasped the real in a world of passing shows, and seen a glimpse of the true life, have found out the truth of the teaching in Plato, that nothing else is of very much importance. When they can distinguish, however dimly and faintly, between the false and the true, they have learnt something of the great lesson that is taught through all these dialogues in so many different ways.

Constantly, in all sorts of changing shapes, does this teaching reappear, and by ethical, political and religious discussions, by descriptions of human life in all kinds of forms, from the most simple to the most complex, varying from the government of a state to considerations on death and immortality, in discourses on such abstract subjects as an ideal education, or the real nature of truth and beauty, in symbols, fables and metaphors, in one way and in another throughout Plato's entire works, is taught the everlasting difference that exists between Appearance and Reality.

CAROLINE CUST.

THE STORY OF LÎLÂ

SUMMARISED FROM THE UTPATTI-PRAKARAṆA OF THE YOGA VÂSIṢHṬHA*

(CONTINUED FROM p. 224)

CHAPTER VI.

HAND in hand they went, beholding all the wonders of those depths, profound and pure, more shoreless than the swelling ocean, more transparent than the good man's mind. Passing through the zones of clouds illumined by the ceaseless play of the lightning and the atmospheric currents flowing high above, they crossed beyond the orbit of the moon. Then Lîlâ saw new lights and felt all the immensity of space, empty despite its end-

* See the June and July numbers of this REVIEW (vol. xxiv., pp. 364 *sqq.* and 420 *sqq.*), and also the November and December numbers (vol. xxv., pp. 243 *sqq.* and 347 *sqq.*), and the March and May numbers (vol. xxvi., pp. 37 *sqq.* and 214 *sqq.*).

less millions of orbs. This was the giant pathway of the Gods and the Titans. Siddhas passed them on Vimânas,* rushing with a whistling sound so dense it could almost be grasped by the hands. Planets and comets sped by. Yoginîs and Ḍâkinîs,† creatures of strange and monstrous forms, Siddhas and Gandharvas‡ circled around. Here they beheld the city of the Rudras, there the abode of Brahmâ; in one part were flaming Suns creating constant day; in another reigned a darkness dense as the heart of the rock. Now they witnessed great battles between the Devas and the Daityas;§ and again the clash of a hundred comets hurtling together. At times they went through space glowing with quenchless heat; again through parts cool as mounts of snow.

Passing then through many scenes of marvel, seeing many worlds with many forms, they came finally to successive enwrapping shells of earth|| and water, fire and earth and air, each ten times as large as the preceding, and piercing through them passed beyond the limits of that Brahmâṇḍa.¶

Then they came to another world and lighted on the earth that was in the mind of Sarasvatî.**

CHAPTER VII.

There they saw, themselves invisible, the house of the Brâhmaṇa, its men careworn, women with weeping faces, ser-

* Heavenly cars.

† Ascetics and goblins.

‡ Superhuman beings and heavenly musicians.

§ Gods and Titans.

|| The text has "mountains."

¶ Egg of Brahmâ, *i.e.*, universe or system, but here used for "plane."

** [The lesson given to Lîlâ by Sarasvatî was of the most instructive character. It is a peculiarity of the Gnyân body that it can function on any plane, and a body of the matter of any plane can be evolved from the root of that matter in itself. It appears that a mânasic Mâyâvî Rûpa similar to the Manomaya Deha of the Devî was evolved for a flight through space. For in the Mâyâvî Rûpa, subtle as may be the matter of which it is composed, a sense of passing from one place to another, however rapidly, is experienced, while in the Gnyân body itself there is no such sense of motion. The "quenchless heat" experienced in passing near or through a forming incandescent world, and the cold radiated from a dead one, should be noted. The "enwrapping shells" are appearances caused by different dimensions of space. They had begun their flight amid the archetypal worlds of the upper mânasic levels, where the great creative activities are at work, and the wars of the Gods and Titans are waged, and they sped onwards through the lower mânasic regions to the astral, dropping finally to the physical plane.]

vants cheerless, painful to see, like flowers with withering petals —all for the recent loss of its head and master.

Then the wish arose in the mind of Lîlâ : " May these folks, so full of sorrow, see the Goddess and myself wearing the ordinary shape of women." And forthwith it was so, and the people of the house thought that they beheld before them Lakshmî and Gaurî; and headed by Jyeṣhṭha, the eldest son of the dead Brâhmaṇa, they bent before them and laid flowers at their feet. The two then questioned them why they were all so sad, and Jyeṣhṭha answered : " My parents, who were the head of this house, have just been taken away by death, and therefore are we sad, and not we only, but the whole village, so good they were to all. Even the creepers in the surrounding woods are restless in their sorrow and make gestures of pain with their leafy hands, and the rivulets of the neighbouring hills fling themselves from heights to the rocks below and shatter themselves into a hundred fragments, all for the bitterness of their great loss. Do ye something to relieve our sorrow. Visions of great ones should not go in vain."

Lîlâ touched the son on the head with the palm of her hand and a great peace came over him. The other members of that household, too, forgot their trouble in the joy of seeing these two heavenly forms, and cheerfulness came back once more to that desolate home.

The two then vanished from their view; and Sarasvatî asked the wondering Lîlâ: " What more wishest thou to see and know ? "

And Lîlâ asked : " Why could I not be seen by the people of that world wherein my husband dwells after the death of his Padma-body ? "

Sarasvatî answered : " Because thou wert not then as yet a Satya-Saṁkalpa,* which condition is attained only by practice and the perfect realisation of Advaita, non-separateness, non-attachment to one single body, the not-feeling of an unbreakable identity with the body of Lîlâ. Thou hast now become such a

* A state of consciousness in which things are seen as they are, in their true nature.

Satya-Saṁkalpa, and if thou goest now to that world of thy husband thou mayest be able to hold converse with him."

Lîlâ: "What great wonder is this! In the space enclosed by these house-walls lived my husband the Brâhmaṇa. In this same space are situate the domains of Padma, and he lived and died in this. And in this same space, too, is he again a greater king with wider sovereignty."

Sarasvatî: "Yes, O daughter! And yet at the same time are the three worlds distinct and separated by thousands of millions of Yojanas! Thus are there vast worlds all placed away within the hollows of each atom,* multifarious as the motes in sunbeams. Which husband wilt thou go to now?"

Lîlâ: "My memory comes back to me! Eight hundred births have I passed through, I see, since my descent from Brahmâ. I was the wife of a Vidyâdhara in the distant past. And step by step by growing grossness of desire I fell into vegetable and animal forms. I call to mind that I was once a creeper in a Muni's Âshrama. And by that holy influence I rose again. And once I was a king, and then I fell again because of sins. Aho! the marvels of these many births! I have slumbered sweetly as a bee on the soft petal of a lotus, and feasted to satiety on its pollen and its honey. As a bird I have struggled hard against and broken through the net of the horrible fowler, even as a weak man may break with difficulty through an evil addiction. From rock to rock have I leapt as a deer with beautiful eyes in the

* [Here we have an allusion to one of those occult truths that are what the French call *insaisissables* to the ordinary mind. The atomic sub-planes—I am obliged here to use the exact terminology of Theosophy—taken together make up one cosmic plane, that of Prakṛiti, and interpenetrate each other as do ethers, gases, liquids and solids here on our physical plane. A man able to rise to the state of consciousness (Satya-saṁkalpa) in which a kosmic body is used would not need to "move" in order to be conscious of any point in the prâkṛitic kosmic plane. Images of all the compounds into which they enter are thrown up in each atom, and he can study in the atom the existences of the plane to which the atoms belong. But if he goes out in a mânasic Mâyâvî Rûpa he may traverse the fields of space wherein are rolling worlds composed of the materials of the sub-planes of our planes, and so pass through thousands of millions of miles. Sarasvatî and Lîlâ have been thus travelling, but Lîlâ now discovers that she can, by the Satya-saṁkalpa vision, see the realms of Padma in the house of Vasiṣhṭha. An illusory sense of travelling may be felt in the Kâraṇa Sharîra even without moving; for the mind seizes perceptions with incredible rapidity when freed from the heavy vehicles it uses in the lower worlds; when it opens up new avenues of perceptions objects flash along them, to which the mind successively responds, and this gives a sense of motion. (Compare the illusory motion experienced by a person in a stationary train when a moving train passes.) Consciousness may change without change of locality, and we are where we perceive, space being as illusory as time.]

mind-stealing scenes of wooded hills, till I was shot down by the cruel arrow of the Kirâta. I have also floated on the ocean-billow as a huge turtle, and again as a giant fish. I have been a Pulindî* on the banks of the Charmaṇvati, singing and drinking the fresh juice of the cocoa-nut. I have known the deepest loves of youth on the golden and jewelled lands of Meru, and have also lain on costly couches shivering with sickness like a moonbeam on unsteady water."

Conversing thus the two passed out of the house of the Brâhmaṇa and Lîlâ recognised the things of that past life of hers and pointed them out to the Goddess one by one. Then they went back to the house, and Lîlâ, with her now enlightened eye, saw how the whole of the Padma-world was situate in a small part of that house-space, and said to the Devî: "Let us go back there." Then they returned to that other Brahmâṇḍa, going through the same long journey they had come, beholding again the wonders of space and feeling its endless expanse which, as Sarasvatî said, Gods higher than herself, Viṣhṇu and Hara and others, could not measure, if they rushed through it all their life long.

A HINDU STUDENT.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

IN truth, the sage too must suffer. He suffers; and suffering forms a constituent part of his wisdom. He will suffer, perhaps, more than most men, for that his nature is far more complete. And being nearer to all mankind, as the wise ever must be, his suffering will be but the greater, for the sorrows of others are his. He will suffer in his flesh, in his heart, in his spirit; for there are sides in all these that no wisdom on earth can dispute on with destiny. And so he accepts his suffering, but is not discouraged thereby; not for him are the chains that it fastens on those who cringe down before it, unaware that it is but a messenger sent by a mightier personage, whom a bend in the road hides from view.—*Wisdom and Destiny*, pp. 97, 98, by MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

* A hill-tribe.

THE NATURE OF THEOSOPHICAL PROOFS

THE man who avows himself a Theosophist, and who speaks to others of Theosophy, is constantly met with the question: "What proof is there that your ideas are true? May they not be mere fancies, beautiful but baseless? Why should a man accept them who is not willing to be deceived even by his longing o be convinced, and who would rather live in the darkness than follow a will-o'-the-wisp?" It may be worth while to see the nature of the proofs that may be submitted to indicate the way which leads to conviction.

People who ask for proofs often overlook the fact that the nature of the proof must vary with the nature of that which is to be proved, and that the more complex the subject the more complex will be the proof. A fact, a law, a far-reaching theory, the existence of a distant country, cannot all be proved in the same way. A simple isolated fact, such as the composition of water, may be proved to the satisfaction of an onlooker by simple and direct experiments, either of analysis or synthesis. If we assert that water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen, we can bring the two gases together and unite them, producing water. Most people who see such an experiment would be convinced by it, without asking for any proof that the apparently empty tube is filled with hydrogen and oxygen, and without considering that even this simple proof could not be given by a man unprovided with special apparatus—not only the apparatus in which the water is produced, but also other apparatus whereby hydrogen and oxygen are prepared and isolated, to say nothing of the long process of study by which apparatus and materials were invented, discovered and prepared. All these preceding and necessary stages, due to the labour of generations of experts, are accepted on authority by "the plain man," and he takes the last bit of

proof as the whole, and is therewith satisfied. Thus imperfect is the proof of even a very simple physical fact.

But when we come to the proving of a law of nature, say of the velocity of falling bodies, or even of such facts as the turning of the earth on its own axis, or the distance of a star from the earth, we find that a course of study is needed before the proof can be appreciated, and the spectator cannot understand the proof unless he has passed through this course. The "plain man" is here hopelessly at sea, although experiments may be performed before his eyes.

When we seek for proofs of a far-reaching theory, such as that of evolution, study looms ever larger, while experiment ever diminishes. Scattered facts must be observed, grouped, correlated, and induction replaces experiment. Experiment yields only the facts from which the theory is induced, and the proof lies in a chain of reasoning forcible only to the student. Direct proofs of evolution are unavailable; no man can produce them on a platform and set them before the eyes of his audience. The reason must be developed before the cogency of the proofs can be appreciated. More and more as we depart from the region of simple physical facts is the inner development of the student a factor in the appreciation of the proofs.

Lastly, in such cases as the existence of a distant country, the only proof available for the majority is human testimony, the evidence of those who have visited it. No direct proof can be offered to the non-traveller; those who have been there say that the country exists, and assert that if others travel by the same road they will arrive in the country in due course. It may be so, but there is no proof, either logical or experimental, for those who have not been there. They can accept the testimony of others, if they please: nothing else is available.

Now Theosophy is an exposition of life, including in one vast sweep all its actualities and possibilities, a synthesis of existence as manifested in space and time. It can only be grasped, even to a very limited extent, by prolonged and patient study, and its proofs are, necessarily, available for the student only. Some of its teachings, indeed, may be severally proved, such as the continuity of consciousness on this and on the other side of death.

For such a definite fact proof can be produced by the methods followed respectively by the occultist and the spiritualist, and we will return later to facts of this nature. But Theosophy as a whole cannot be proved by direct evidence, as if it were the assertion of a single fact. As the student grasps its teachings the conviction of their truth gradually establishes itself in his mind, and as they illumine the past and the present he finds himself working by their light rather than asking whether they are light. He knows that he sees by them where before he was in darkness, understands where before he was perplexed. In fact, Truth does not need to be proved, it only needs to be seen; for the intelligence is correlated to it as the eye to the light-waves. "This I know, that whereas I was blind now I see"—such is the witness of the theosophical student, and it is this which gives to him his steadfastness of conviction. He finds himself developing faculty, not merely acquiring knowledge; he is conscious of definite intellectual growth, not merely of an increased store of opinions. The expansion of consciousness that he experiences is not rendered to him more sure by argument nor less sure by challenge; it is an increased power in those primary assertions of consciousness which transcend all proofs—"I am, I feel, I know." In this expanding consciousness, this increasing life, this inner growth, lies his certitude, and not in any external phenomenon, in any chain of reasoning.

What we need then is not so much the proofs of Theosophy, as the proofs that there is something worth studying which goes by this name; we want to induce people to study, and to this end to present to them a case sufficiently strong and sufficiently promising to induce them to devote time and trouble to its investigation. Those of us who know something of what Theosophy brings of light to life and thought, owe nothing less than this to our fellows, who as yet know it not; more than this we cannot really do, for everyone must see in the light with his own eyes, if he would see at all.

We will take then:

I. Proofs of the existence of a primeval "Wisdom."
II. Proofs of isolated teachings.
III. The only full proof of spiritual Realities.

I. Proofs of the Existence of a Primeval "Wisdom"

These proofs are to be gathered by a careful study of the past, and may be grouped under the following heads:

1. Identity of (*a*) religious doctrines,
(*b*) ethics,
(*c*) histories,
(*d*) symbols,
in all the religions of the world.
2. Existence of divine Men.
3. Existence and universality of the "Mysteries."

1. On the fact of the identity of religious doctrines, ethics, histories and symbols in all the religions of the world there is no dispute among educated people. A century ago the fact might have been challenged, but the work done during the last hundred years by the students of oriental tongues, of archæology, of folk-lore, has placed it beyond dispute among the instructed.

(*a*) To take first the religions. This identity is not only found between the religions of highly civilised peoples, where a great literature has grown up, establishing it, as it were, by chapter and verse; but scientific travellers and observers have proved it to exist even in the religions of non-civilised races. The more the myths of such peoples are studied the more startlingly emerges the fact that their present beliefs are degraded descendants of noble and lofty ideas, the ideas found in their primitive beauty and sublimity in ancient literature preserved in other lands. However great may be the superficial difference between religions, however far they may appear to be removed from each other, however much this one may have lost or that one may have added, a common basis is still observable. Of the existence of this basis there is no doubt, the doubt arises only as to its nature. Is the common basis a primeval ignorance, all the sublime ideas appearing in later times as a product of the evolution of intelligence? or is the common basis a primeval knowledge, possessed by beings evolved far beyond primitive humanity and imparted to the latter by way of education, with a view to the quickening of evolution?

On the reply to this question depends the immediate future of religions—not of one religion, but of all. They must stand or

fall together, for their common origin can no longer be doubted. The claim of any one religion to be unique is hopelessly out of court, save among the ignorant, and for one to seek to destroy another is to commit suicide in a clumsy and roundabout way. The family type is clearly marked, and to blacken one member of the family is to disgrace all. One faith can never again hope to rise on the ruins of another, nor stand in the illusive light of isolation. For good or for evil, all are branches from one stem.

The decision as to the nature of the common basis must be decided by investigation into the ideas of which it consists; if these ideas are found to be crude, coarse and irrational, and if it can be shown that such ideas passed through stages of successive refinement, to emerge at last sublime, pure and reasonable, then it will be fair to infer that primitive ignorance is the basis of religious ideas. If, on the contrary, it be found that these ideas are sublime, pure and reasonable in the early days of a religion, that they are replaced by base imitations and are over-loaded with superstitions at a later stage, and are far in advance of any present productions of the people among whom they still exist, it will be fair to infer that they originate in primitive wisdom. That there is such a basis, that it is THE WISDOM, that religions may be graded according to the fidelity with which they have preserved this basis and the prominence they give to the ideas of which it is composed—such is the statement of the student of Theosophy. The proofs are to be sought in the Scriptures of the various religions, and in the modern works recording the discoveries made by antiquarians, archæologists, comparative mythologists, and folk-lorists.* The chief ideas, traces of which should be sought for, and which may be said to form this common basis, are:

The One Existence, or the existence of One Supreme Being.
The manifestation of God as a Trinity or Triad.
The existence of super- and sub-human beings.
The human spirit as issuing from the divine.
The evolution of the soul.

* As summaries of the evidences, *The Great Law*, by W. Williamson, may be taken for the more definite religions, and the *Making of Religion*, by Andrew Lang, for the beliefs of the uncivilised.

The law of sequence guiding evolution.
The perfectibility of man.
The existence of divine Teachers, who promulgated these ideas.

These ideas, plainly and fully stated or obscurely hinted, will be found by the student among all nations and at all periods. The more he studies, the more will the proofs accumulate, until he sees The Wisdom everywhere, a "light shining in a dark place." His eyes will be opened to see the mystic Tree, which has its roots in heaven and its branches in every land.

(*b*) The identity of the ethical teachings found in connection with religious ideas but strengthens the conviction reached by a study of those ideas themselves. Let any man study side by side the teachings of Jesus, the Buddha, Lao-tze, Kṛishṇa, with much that is found in the *Mahâbhârata* under different names, and he will find that on fundamental points of morality they are at one. The duties of truth, love, forgiveness, compassion, charity, humility, fortitude, patience, resignation, are all enforced by all world-Teachers. It is obvious that They are drawing from a common source, that They are handing on, not inventing. They are not expounding the new, but are proclaiming the old. Like Jesus, most of Them tell what "I have seen with my Father," rather than speak on Their own authority. Here, again, study brings full conviction of the identity of the ethic in the world-religions, and here, as in the case of the religious ideas, we are continually impressed with the fact that the highest is the oldest, or the repetition of the oldest. In the most ancient literature the high-water mark of ethic is found; however much our humanity has evolved as a whole, her latest sons cannot parallel in their writings the moral splendour of the precepts of the world-Teachers.

(*c*) The identity of many of the stories of the world-Teachers forms a favourite weapon of attack in the hands of the enemies of all religions. The divine Man is ever born of a virgin, the date of His birth is in mid-winter, danger surrounds His cradle, He is a healer of diseases and a teacher of the people, He dies—often by crucifixion—at the spring equinox, He overcomes death and ascends to heaven, His life is communicated to His followers

by sacraments. These identities would remain unsolved were it not that the outer lives of these great Ones are shaped by the soul-drama that They play with the world as stage, and are centres for the mystery-story; They out-line in Their physical lives the drama of the evolution of the human soul, and the details are filled in from that same drama as shown in the Mysteries, the ancient yet ever-new story of the evolving Son of God. The hero of that great Mythos is ever changing, but it changes not itself, and each new hero wears the familiar garb.

(*d*) The identity of the symbols that reveal yet hide basic truths in all religions gives yet another proof of the common origin whence they flow. From unburied city, the secrets of which have long been held hidden by the faithful earth; from monuments that were old when western civilisation was still far from its birth-hour; from fresco and tile, from vessel and graven image; from America and Africa, from Italy and Chaldæa, from India and China, pour forth the witnesses to the universality of the language of symbolism, the common tongue of the ancient and modern worlds. The cross in all its varied forms, each with its separate meaning; the triangle, single and double; the star of five, of six, of seven, of ten, points; the sun; the crescent moon; the serpent and the hooded snake; the twisted cord; the trident; the eye; the wings; the disk; the shell—time would fail to tell the many letters, the many combinations. Those who gave the world-religions for the teaching of humanity stamped these symbols on each, that all might know the unity of their origin, and recognise in each the same ancient deposit of truths.

Seeing, then, these identities, whereof more and more are revealed as study deepens, the student feels an evergrowing conviction of a common basis in knowledge, of the existence of THE WISDOM.

2. The existence of divine Men, or of a divine Man, is asserted in every religion, however much each religion may deny to its supposed rivals the possession of such glorious beings. "The Holy Ones" are the jewels in the crown of every world-faith, and shine out radiantly in history, the lustrous Messengers of the one White Lodge. The tradition of such beings is universal, whatever names may be given to Them—Initiate-Kings, Royal Priests,

Sons of Heaven, Ṛishis, Demi-Gods, Heroes, Sages, Magi, Hierophants, Divine Rulers; the names are endless, but they all signify the same lofty beings. Every nation of the past, every religion, sees itself founded by these glorious Ones, looks up to Them with reverence and with pride. Has this universal tradition no basis in fact?

The very existence of the world-Scriptures is one of the proofs that such Men lived and wrought. These books record Their teachings, and no later writers have penned records of such sayings as therein are found. They who spake the words that make the Bibles of the religions were men far other than those with whom They lived. Later ages have produced commentators, expounders, founders of philosophic and religious schools, but these ages are barren, so far as These are concerned, on whose sayings are written the commentaries and the expositions, and are founded the schools. Whose sayings stir the hearts of countless generations, sway the minds of unnumbered millions, inspire afresh succeeding ages, as full of living energy now as when they first dropped from the gracious lips, like those of Shrî Kṛishṇa, of the Lord Buddha, of the Christ? The sayings bear witness to the nature of their authors, and the divine Men are Their own credentials. Their lives are Their witnesses, Their words the pedestals on which They stand.

The ancient civilisations, with their gigantic monuments, the very ruins of which seem to defy Time himself, bear silent witness to the knowledge and the skill of their designers and builders. Those remains of Cyclopean structures were erected by no unguided savage tribes, were builded by no undirected barbarian skill. Who wrought the temples of Karnac, and reared the many stately fanes of Egypt? Who taught a mastery of metals that modern science has not yet re-discovered, secrets of art and manufacture lost to the modern world? Who founded the great empires of the elder worlds, that left even in their decadence such traces as those of the Mâyâs, the Etruscans, the Peruvians? Whose lives gave basis for Orpheus and for Hermes, for Zoroaster and for Manu?

3. And what shall we say of the Mysteries, whereto civilised antiquity bears witness with no uncertain voice? Can those

rites be treated with light scorn through which passed Solon and Pythagoras, Plato and Epicurus, Porphyry and Plotinus? Is the testimony of the leaders of the ancient world to the value, to the sacredness, of the initiations therein given to be lightly waved aside, and is the easy ignorance of modern scholarship to deride as superstition the knowledge of the super-sensuous worlds alleged to be given in the Mysteries by those who in them had had the veil lifted from their eyes? Those who would know if there be reasonable ground for believing in the existence of THE WISDOM would do well to study carefully what fragments as to the Mysteries are available in ancient writings. Let them read these, ponder over them, weigh the characters of the men who wrote of them, and who hinted at the nature of the knowledge disclosed in them.

Those who study along these lines will find themselves led inevitably to the conclusion that there was a WISDOM, and if it ever existed it cannot have perished, for the WISDOM was ever with its Guardians, the MASTERS OF WISDOM. Thus may be established the reasonable case which justifies further search, further efforts, for so far we have only shown that there is something to study. If it be objected that proofs of this nature cannot be found without labour, without perseverance, without effort, the answer is plain and clear: Those who will not thus work must be content to do without belief, or to believe on authority. Sure knowledge is not for those who would possess all while doing nothing, who would reap the harvest but not sow the seed.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

IN the School of Truth, in the presence of the Masters of Love, work unceasingly, my son, that thou mayest one day become a Master.

HAFIZ.

I DO not reckon him poor that has but a little, but he is so that covets more.—SENECA.

THEISM AND PANTHEISM

No. II.

IN my previous paper on this subject I spoke of the honest and outspoken attempts being made by the Unitarian clergy to grapple with the problem which is now pressing strongly on all religious minds capable of anything less infantine than the "simple Gospel" of the Evangelical, or the "Blood and Fire" of the Salvationist—the Reformation, not of man, but of the theologians' God. Their approximation to, and their difference from, our own doctrine of the Universe are neatly summed up in two sentences from the Rev. C. B. Upton:

"We thus come to regard the universe, with all its modes of matter, force, and consciousness, as the form in which the eternal GOD calls into existence, by a partial self-sundering, it would seem, of His own essential being, this universe of centres of energy and personal selves. . . . But in this self-sundering in which the Supreme Being eternally generates a cosmos in one aspect distinct from Himself, only rational souls, possessed of freedom of will, are gifted with that high degree of individuality which constitutes them truly 'other' than the Eternal, and so capable of standing in moral and spiritual relationship to Him."

If for the vague generality "capable of standing in moral and spiritual relationship to Him," Mr. Upton had substituted what was presumably in his mind, "capable of sinning against Him and deserving everlasting punishment for it," it seems hardly possible that he could have missed observing two things. *First*, that not one in a hundred of the people around him can be honestly described as "rational souls, possessed of freedom of will" in the sense in which he uses the words. *Second*, and still more important, that having admitted that the cosmos is generated by a self-sundering of the Supreme Being, and is only "in

one aspect distinct from Himself" (which is the Pantheistic and Theosophic doctrine pure and simple) there remains no *possibility* of any sundered fragment of His own essential being becoming "truly other than" Himself. Having gone so far Mr. Upton *must* logically go farther; having reconstructed his idea of the Supreme Being, he must also reconstruct his doctrine of the "moral and spiritual relationship" between Him and His children; sin, responsibility, punishment, atonement, are all incompatible with his new God, the Father, and more than Father—the true Self, the real inner life of the severed personalities in which we make our long pilgrimage. And when this second reconstruction is complete he will stand by our side.

But this honest admission of the need is by no means an ordinary case. The large majority of Christians will, for a long time to come, continue to repeat the ancient and out-worn creeds, shutting their eyes to the fact that the God whom in their deepest souls they love, and in whom they believe with an assured faith which does not come from their heads but from their hearts, is horribly, outrageously, misrepresented and caricatured in what they consider to be their "Divine revelation." They will learn better in time; already the horrors of the Revivalist preacher and the Catholic missioner are repudiated by the good taste and feeling of the mass of Christians; who yet have no *theological* defence against their claims. As time goes on, one and another will take courage to say: "Nothing written in books or taught by theologians shall make *me* believe in such a God as you preach!" But this is for the future; and I wish here to draw attention to an attempt now being made in several very different quarters, to defend and perpetuate the present religious chaos by drawing a distinction between what the Catholic calls the "*lex credendi*" and the "*lex orandi*";—as we might put it, between the Doctrine of the Head and the Doctrine of the Heart. Perhaps the last place in which you would expect to find anything of this sort is the Catholic Church, but if you remember that it has from its earliest years furnished a home for that system of mystic contemplation which, in itself, is not Catholic or even Christian, but universal, as being a part of the Wisdom, you may not so much wonder. A Catholic mystic, as

S. Teresa, stands in a very different position from that of an ordinary Christian—she may have no kind of *disbelief* of any of the various doctrines taught by her Church; but for all that their relative importance one to another in her mind is very different from the estimate of the religious world outside. To a secular, only wanting to "save his soul," the Sacrifice of the Cross, the Atonement by the Precious Blood, and the rest, form practically the whole of religion; but the contemplative lives in another region. All this is by him loved and dwelt upon, but only as being the nearest and simplest exemplification of the (in itself) unimaginable and inconceivable Love of God—it is but one "case" (as we should say) of the working of the Great Law; and there are many others (*to him*) even more important. And it is highly significant that there was a standing controversy amongst saints and theologians whether or no the *higher* degrees of contemplation and ecstasy were compatible with any fixing of the mind on the details of the Passion; the theologian hesitating to admit what the saint *knew*—that at such times *all* thought of the physical plane, even of Jesus crucified, was impossible.

In this manner it may be seen how a "*lex orandi*" may come to assert itself as an actual fact of nature, perceptible to those endowed with the necessary powers, against all the logical deductions of theologians from the words of "Scripture." It is, however, a difficult position to maintain for any length of time against the dead weight of the religious world's unreasoning belief. Alongside of the countless religious contemplatives whose visions have been accepted and endorsed by the Catholic Church, there has always been a still greater number who have seen spiritual truths which the authorities have condemned as unorthodox, and who have therefore been silenced as deluded by the Evil One. We need only give as an example of the reality of this trouble S. Teresa's account of her own sufferings for more than thirty years from confessors and doctors, who all assured her that her contemplations and ecstasies were delusions of the Devil, and who treated her accordingly, until at last she came into communication with men who could understand her, because they were Saints like herself. But for one woman who was strong enough in body and soul to endure such a life to the end, how

many weaker ones must there not have been, driven by the relentless persecution of commonplace orthodoxy to death or denial of what they *knew* they had seen—ruin of soul or body, or both ?

It would have been a vast relief to S. Teresa if she could, earlier in her life, have encountered confessors of the calibre of the Jesuit F. Tyrrell, to whose article I have already referred. It is an exceedingly interesting sign of the times that the Jesuits, who have always been distinguished from their rival theologians by their careful attention to the movements of thought in the outside world, and by that adaptation of their methods to the *immediate* needs of their time, in which the older Church has often been painfully deficient, should have found it advisable just now to discuss "The Relation of Theology to Devotion." And still more interesting to us Theosophists is the way F. Tyrrell sets about his task. He commences by laying down a general principle which some of our own people who write to the *Vâhan* requiring definitions of the exact relationship of the Three Logoi and the like would do well to ponder. "When we are dealing with the spiritual and supernatural world (he says), we are under a disadvantage ; for we can think and speak of it only in *analogous* terms borrowed from this world of our sensuous experience, and with no more exactitude than when we would express music in terms of colour, or colour in terms of music. . . Granting all that the most exacting metaphysician might claim, any non-analogous ideas we can form of the other world are necessarily of the thinnest and most uninstructive description, and it is only by liberal recourse to analogy that we can put any flesh on their bare ribs. Whatever shred of truth they convey to us may, or rather must, like all half evidence, get an entirely different complexion from the additional mass of truth that is hid from us." In carrying out the consequences of this state of things, F. Tyrrell is not afraid to use language which must seem startling to the scholastic theologian. I venture to think such an one would object very strongly to his statement that "the chief use of metaphysic or natural theology lies in the fact—not that it gives us any more comprehensible idea of God, but that it impresses upon us the necessary inadequacy of our human way

of regarding Him. Neither the metaphysical nor the vulgar idea is adequate, though taken together they correct one another; but, taken apart, it may be said that the vulgar is the less unreal of the two. To illustrate this from nearer and simpler cases: the peasant thinks of his soul as a filmy replica of self interfused with his body; as co-extended with it, part answering to part; but the philosopher will tell him that the soul is present 'wholly to the whole body, and wholly to each several part.' But (says F. Tyrrell) this latter statement has no real value, save so far as it insists that the peasant's view is only equivalent and not literal truth. It tells us . . . that the truth lies unassignably between two erroneous extremes; first, that the soul is, as the peasant conceives it, interfused co-extensively with the body; secondly, that it is concentrated in every point of the body. These two modes . . are in some way combined in a spiritual substance, not literally, but as far as the practical advantage of them is concerned."

Space does not permit me to give farther specimens of the way in which F. Tyrrell applies this principle, even to the doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation. We cannot but thoroughly sympathise with him as he shows how dry, how unsympathetic, how undevotional is the strict theological doctrine. No enemy could say anything half so effective as this candid friend, and those who take an interest in the subject would do well to read for themselves what he has to say. I leave him to reckon with his own superiors for his description of these scholastic statements as "one of two erroneous extremes"; but I must not allow one point to be passed quite over. He would take the credit for his Church that she permits her definitions to be thus treated as mere imperfect and one-sided presentations of a truth far too great for any words of man. Would that this *were* possible! The best interests of the world at this present moment would be greatly served by such a transformation. When F. Tyrrell says: "What is the purport of the Incarnation but to reveal to us the Father, so far as the Divine goodness can be expressed in terms of a human life? to bring home to our imagination and emotion those truths about God's fatherhood and love which are so unreal to us in their philosophic or theological

garb?" and again: "If the thirst of Calvary is over and gone, was not its chief end to assure us of the reality of the eternal thirst and passion of God which there found but a finite and halting utterance?" he is speaking a language which Dr. Martineau would echo—a language which, if it stood alone, would show that Catholic and Protestant alike saw the present needs of the world and were prepared to meet them. A Catholic theologian once said to me a bolder word still—"After all, a religion is only a system of morals!"

But whereas Dr. Martineau could live according to his principles, responsible to nothing but his own conscience, F. Tyrrell is a priest and a confessor, and knows well that in the confessional he cannot treat these theological conclusions with the airy lightness of his magazine article. It is all very well for him to write *there:* "If any theology of grace or predestination or the sacraments would make men pray less or watch less or struggle less, then we may be perfectly sure that such theology is wrong;" but if a penitent comes to him with a question, he *must* answer: "You must believe precisely according to the theological definition, under pain of eternal damnation; no matter what effect it has upon your spiritual life." And whether the Church is at all inclined to permit any fresh laxity may be judged from the recent dealing with the late Dr. Mivart. This is, in fact, my complaint of F. Tyrrell. What he says is true, and beautiful, and useful; but it does not (as a lawyer would say) "lie in his mouth," as a priest, to say it. It is distinctly *not* what his Church gives him to teach.

And (though I wish it could be otherwise, for the sake of the countless souls who still look to the Church for guidance) I am very far from desiring to condemn the Church for her unyielding attitude. Brought to the bar, it is *her* turn to say, like Luther, "Here stand I—I can do no otherwise—God help me!" For consider what a confession—what a complete giving up of the whole position of the Church—lies hid in the statement which forms for us the true kernel and *raison d'être* of F. Tyrrell's paper: "Theology is not always wise and temperate, and has itself often to be brought to the *lex orandi* test. It has to be reminded that, like science, its hypotheses, theories and explanations must square with

facts—the facts here being the Christian religion as lived by its consistent professors. If certain forms of prayer and devotion are undoubtedly Catholic, no theology that proves them unreal or ridiculous can be sound.* . . ." Now whatever this may be, it is certainly not Catholic. The essence of the position of the Church—the one claim which gives it attractiveness in the eyes of so many of this generation, wearied out by the endless varieties into which the Protestant *lex orandi* has run, is that it is the inspired judge of all devotions, as of all doctrines. That the popular devotion should change from time to time is natural; but that it should defend itself, even under the auspices of a great Society, as "undoubtedly Catholic" *against* the decision of the authorities of the Church, is (*pace* F. Tyrrell) "undoubtedly Protestant."

But is there any foundation in the nature of things for his fundamental assumption that faith and devotion *can* be thus set in contradiction to one another? To a Theosophist the idea is, of course, inconceivable. In our view devotion only arises from our certainty that there actually exist in nature Beings whose Power, Wisdom, and Love are vastly superior to our own, and for whom we therefore feel all the reverence and devotion of the younger towards those who are older and wiser than ourselves, quite independently of any particular word or act of theirs which may have come down to us. And in the farther fact that these Beings are *not* all entirely beyond our ken—that there are amongst them those who are only a little higher than ourselves as well as others whose vast intelligence is as far out of the reach of our conception as the Absolute itself—lies the relief from F. Tyrrell's difficulty. We learn to look upwards to the Highest by degrees. There are those moving amongst us in human flesh to whom our

* Not to break the continuity of my paper, I give the explanation of this in a note. To one who knows how things go, in these words F. Tyrrell lets the cat out of the bag. He is not, as I have above assumed, treating the general question at all; he is the Jesuit, defending certain Jesuit novelties in devotion against the condemnation of theologians, and is simply "abusing the plaintiff's attorney." A theology which disapproves what the Society allows must be put down at all costs, even of the denial of the teaching power which is the life and meaning of the Church. "A Jesuit first and a Catholic after," has always been the feeling which has marked the Society, and has made it even more unpopular in the Church than outside it. But it is convenient for me to treat his argument according to its professed intention, only noting the concealed point, for the benefit of my Catholic readers, in passing.

hearts go out as our Superiors; we cannot do as they do, but we *can* appreciate their superiority, and rejoice in them (as S. Paul does in Jesus) that there should even now be such "first fruits" of what our human race shall reach in the future. And when we find that they, in their turn, look up to Great Souls who are similarly beyond Them and form the object of Their devotion though not visible or tangible to our duller senses, it seems to us the most natural thing in the world that this series should go on and on through what, to us, is eternity. Indeed, as I have already said, the *actual* Christian devotion (as distinguished from the theoretical, which has now fallen far behind) is really the same. It is only possible to contrast Christian "faith" with Christian "devotion" because Christian souls have already grown beyond the petty distinctions which form the so-called "faith" to the conception of a God whose Love, Wisdom and Power are so transcendent that not even the disfiguring details of the out-worn faith can hide Him from their eyes. In times of ignorance those details did really help men to rise to the knowledge of the Love of God, but all that is past. Christians now believe in that Love *in spite of* their nominal faith. Their "devotion" is truly, as F. Tyrrell dimly sees, something beyond all theological conclusions; but to confuse this rising tide of the higher Love, which is destined to sweep all formal Christianity away before it as utterly inadequate to express a tithe of what *we* feel towards the God within us, with the dainty dilettante manufacture of new prayers to the Sacred Heart or new and ingenious word-play about S. Joseph, is a childishness of which only a "minister of religion" is capable.

It is in the slow, but resistless, growth of this higher knowledge and love amongst Christian people, and not in any modification by Pope or Convocation or Union of the authoritative doctrines of what is called Christianity that our hopes for the future lie. All these have done, and are still doing, their worst to keep it back, but still the tide rises. The Unitarian rejoices over it, the Jesuit mourns over it; but both witness to the careful observer that, one by one, the rocks which have so long stood in the way are being submerged, and a free tide-way will soon show for the current of the new Life. It is not by any sudden destruc-

tion but by what E. von Hartmann well describes as Spontaneous Dissolution that the hindrances of out-worn dogma will be removed; and of this spontaneous dissolution the paper of F. Tyrrell which I have been discussing is clearly one of the symptoms, indignant as he himself would be at the suggestion.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

CELI-CÊD AND THE CULT OF THE WREN

IT has been asserted by Iolo Morganwy that ancient Bardism was "not inimical to Christianity." The Bards, he asserts, were opposed to Rome, but not to the Christian Faith. I think this may very probably be true; at the same time, Iolo, in speaking of Christianity, apparently identifies it with Protestantism, which appears to me to be by no means the same thing.

Iolo Morganwy and the Rev. E. Davies believed Druidism to be the Biblical patriarchal religion, and Mr. Davies even goes so far as to assert that Hu, the Welsh Sun God, was the patriarch Noah.* It is not necessary to dwell upon such a theory as this, although it was lengthily discussed by a learned man who was also an antiquarian and a Welsh scholar. The originators of the Triads certainly took a more universal view of religion than this; and it is probable that the numerous transcribers of the Welsh MSS. did so likewise.

It is asserted that there was a split in the Bardic ranks; the Glamorgan Bards are said to have parted company from their brethren of Carmarthen. Possibly some of the Bards adopted Christian phraseology and symbolism, and others clung to the old symbols.

Those Bards who bowed to the laws of Beli, the King who restricted their powers, and forbade their exercise of priestly

* It is needless to say that Mr. Davies does not regard Noah as a generic name typifying a race, but as indicating an individual.

functions, are said to have been called in derision "Beli-Bards" by their brethren of Glamorgan.* The Bards of North Wales are said to have entirely lost the true tradition of Bardism. Beli held the Bards in high honour, but he would not permit them to instruct the people in religion. The rebellious Glamorgan Bards, always somewhat heretical, seem to have been swiftly regarded as "infidels" and "conjurors." There is a tradition that Pelagius, the originator of the great heresy combated by Augustine, was a Glamorgan man. In the thirteenth century, though the status of the Bards had been flourishing on account of their learning and their civilising influence, there was some persecution of the Glamorgan Bards, and many of those who were versed in Bardic lore are said to have perished by the sword.

At that time, and later, numerous MSS. were copied, some say they were then originated. It is quite possible that much accurately transmitted oral tradition was then written down for the first time; the Bards, whose *Gorsedds* were discouraged, if not actually forbidden,† doubtless feared that their learning would be utterly lost; it was no longer safe to depend upon the Bardic trained memory when the Bards were being murdered. Before 1600 many Bards are said to have repaired to the Raglan library and there copied MSS. Even if these MSS. are not copies, but originals, the fact not only does not invalidate the assertion of the antiquity of the matter they contain, but it also does not preclude the possibility that they formed part of the Bardic teaching of the men to whom they are attributed. At any rate it is quite possible that they emanated from their school; there is, I think, evidence that Taliessin was a generic name; it has been translated Radiant Front, and is said to be an initiatory name, given in the Mysteries and employed as a title of the Sun.

It is thus a vexed question whether the Triads are really very ancient or whether they are the product of the imagination

* It must always be remembered that these old chronicles are very unreliable as history.

† There are certain injunctions forbidding secret meetings which are suggestive of a hostile spirit towards the esoteric side of Bardism.

of mediæval Bards. It is said by Bonwick: "No one can deny that Wales, somehow or other, at a certain period, assuredly long after the establishment of Christianity in these islands, and suspected by many from philological investigations to have been about the twelfth century, received a great flood of mystical learning, conveyed in Welsh Triads of great beauty, but great obscurity. . . . Why this Eastern philosophy should find a special retreat in the Triads of mediæval Wales is by no means clear. It is, however, a singular fact that the introduction of this mysticism appeared almost simultaneously in the Sufeeism of Persian Mahometanism."*

It does not concern me specially whether these Triads were introduced into Wales in the sixth or the twelfth century; whether they were indigenous or journeyed thither from some other land; whether they owed their origin to very ancient oral tradition, or existed from the first in MS. form.

It seems to me that these are questions which are never likely to be settled; my interest is in the nature of the teaching, which is "not of an age, but for all time"; personally it is to me immaterial whether Taliessin wrote the Triads in the sixth century or whether some anonymous Bard wrote them in the thirteenth. The teachings are very similar to those which I find in other systems all over the world, and that, personally, is enough for me. Still, I do not deny that the independent development of such a system in ancient Wales, the Wales of the pre-historic and legendary period, would be a matter of very considerable interest to most persons who are interested in such matters. I do not, however, think that the origin of these Triads will ever be settled to the satisfaction of all controversialists.

Let us now see what the Celi-Cêd system was. In a subsequent article I hope to give some account of the Bardic Ascent of Man, but for the present I will confine myself to the consideration of the Celi-Cêd system of creation which is set forth by Owen Morgan (Morien), the pupil of the late Arch Druid Myfyr Morganwy.†

* *Irish Druids and Old Irish Religions*, pp. 72, 73, J. Bonwick, F.R.G.S. London; 1894.

† See *The Light of Britannia*, by Owen Morgan.

According to this Welsh system the universe was born from Celi-Cêd, a Dual Power. Cêd, sometimes called the Black Virgin, seems to symbolise a state of matter earlier than that symbolised by Ceridwen, the Welsh Isis, to whom reference is made by Llywarç Hên and Taliessin. The name Ceridwen or Cyridwen* is translated by Sharon Turner as "the producing woman," a phrase connoting a different symbolism from that indicated by the words "black virgin," applied to Cêd. It seems to me that the Bardic Celi-Cêd is intended to convey the same idea as that contained in the phrase "God the Mind . . . Male and Female both, as Life and Light subsisting," which occurs in Mr. Mead's translation of *The Shepherd of Men*.†

Morien speaks of Cêd as being a symbol of atomic matter, remarking "the Druids evidently believed in the eternity of matter in an atomic condition." I do not think this is a wholly correct statement; I do not believe that in framing the Cêd symbolism the originators of the system had in mind physical atomic matter, or even atomic matter at all, on however lofty a plane; I think that by Cêd they implied the eternity of a potentiality to us inconceivable, the latent power of producing that which ultimately manifests as atomic matter.

Celi is represented as concentrating energy in Cêd, and from Cêd the Sun is born.‡ The Sun is spoken of as the first begotten, nevertheless there was a Druidic Trinity which was represented as emanating from Celi-Cêd before the birth of the Sun; this is the triple Life that sustains the Sun; it was sometimes represented thus:  ; sometimes as the Name of God, thus:  ; and, as an Echo or Reflection, thus:  The circle or ellipse in the first symbol is said to represent the disk, or the orbit of the Sun; very many Sun symbols linger to-day among the Welsh, Scotch, and Irish peasantry; for example, the curious old game of "bobbing for apples" in a tub of water is said to symbolise the new Sun being drawn forth from Annwn (chaos) by Cêd.

Celi, as the Trinity, is three aspected; from Celi the three

* This name is spelt in divers manners by different authors.

† See THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, Dec., 1898, p. 325.

‡ I suppose, in a sense, one might say that Cêd becomes Ceridwen

Hus, or three Suns, come forth; Cêd is the consort, or form side of the triple Celi, and thus we get the symbol of the Tetraktys.

Morien points out that the Druidic Celi corresponds to Amen Ra, the Egyptian Hidden Sun; while Hu Ail is the Second Sun, or Trinity; the physical sun was merely the visible source of physical life; the hidden life of the Sun was sometimes symbolised as a wren.

Celi is invariably represented as hidden; the three Hus represent Him in manifestation. These three Hus are: Hu Cylch y Ceugant, or Hu of the Circle of Infinitude; Hu Cylch y Sidydd, or Hu of the Circle of the *Zodiac*; Hu yn Nghnawd, or Hu Incarnate. Hu yn Nghnawd was incarnate in the Arch Druid; he, standing in the midst of the Gorsedd circle, where the symbol  met in a point, implied by his action that the three emanations, which had their root in Celi-Cêd, focussed themselves in him. He stood facing the East, where the sun rises; the name of the physical sun was Huan, or Abode of Divinity.

The triplicity of the manifested God and the triplicity of the human spirit is also symbolised in the pseudo-historical account of the three primitive Bards, Plenydd, Alawn and Gwron, who were said to be successors of Tydain, the "Father of Poetic Genius."* These Bards are said to have instructed the Cimbri after they had "fallen into sin"; they taught them at the original Gorsedd (Supreme Seat); they are said to have symbolised the three divine attributes of the Logos: Life, Knowledge and Power; from these flowed three causes which produced beings: Divine Love, Wisdom and Power.†

In the symbol  the middle stroke is said by Morien to have applied to natural life. The separated lines represented a ray of the Divine Nature, which came into

* See the *Roll of Tradition and Chronology* from E. William's transcript of Llewelyn Sion's MS., which was copied from Meyryg Davydd's transcript of a MS. in the library of Raglan. This is the account of creation transmitted by oral tradition.

† There is a statement to be found on p. 413 of the *Light of Britannia*, to the effect that the "Father" of the Lord Jesus was "the Second Person of the Tri-une Elohim."

existence in Gwenydva, where was the passive principle in the spiritual nature of the Creator; thus even in the birth of souls the co-operation of Cêd was necessary; the Unmanifest Power was represented as essentially one, but containing a *latent* duality, "permanent possibilities."

"Natural life" was, as aforesaid, symbolised in the sign /|\ by the second stroke; it was also symbolised by the Mundane Egg, passive till receiving the three drops or rays from Celi-Cêd. The earliest creative energy of Celi-Cêd was directed to operate on atomic matter,* this power operated through the "Leader Lord," to whom the ivy (Welsh *iorwg*), was sacred.

Throughout the whole system the idea prevails that the Divine Force operates through intermediaries; before the creative power went forth through the "Leader Lord," Celi is said to have spoken the "Word" which Cêd re-echoed "from the waters." The "seven profound mysteries of Druidism" were the seven divisions of the reverberations of the Voice or Word; these mysteries emanated from Cêd. This statement appears to be an allusion to the Tattvas, or to the Seven Rays.

The "Word" spoken by Celi-Cêd, with its seven reverberations, is the Secret Word of the Primitive Bards. The following statement regarding this mystic "Word" is imputed to John Bradford Bettws, who is said to have been a disciple of the Chair of Glamorgan in 1730, and Arch Druid in 1760; he died in 1780. The words attributed to him are: "The Secret Word of the Primitive Bards . . . is not lawful to speak or utter audibly to any man in the world except a Bard who is under the vow of an oath. The letters (I O U) may be shown to any man in the world we like without uttering the vocalisation, which, under the protection of secresy, is due to them, though he be not under an oath; but should he utter them in speech audibly he violates his protection and he cannot be a Bard, nor will it be lawful to show him any more of the secret, either in this world that perishes, or in the other world that will not perish for ever and ever."

* Here it will be seen Morien's Bardic system is echoed by modern theosophic literature.

I suppose this, being interpreted, must mean that the secrets of that which we call "practical occultism," must not be imparted save to the pledged disciple; the theoretical part of the teaching may be given "under the protection of secresy." It is the practical dealing with the life force which is withheld.

The idea of a secret or hidden Life appears in all the Celi-Cêd symbols. The hidden life of the Sun, the First Begotten of the Dual Power, was symbolised as a wren; and the wren also symbolised, as I think, the Word in the heart of man, the hidden Life which flowed from Celi-Cêd through the threefold Sun God, Hu.*

The cult of the wren is of some interest, and since it seems to be linked with the Celi-Cêd system, I will now describe the ceremonies connected with it. It is no doubt a very old rite, but it exists, or existed very recently, among the Welsh and Irish peasantry. It probably existed in a degraded form, and the people who took part in it were, of course, wholly ignorant of the original meaning of the quaint and cruel custom.

Morien says the wren typified the hidden spirit of the Sun. Sun festivals are found in almost all European countries; and the wren has a sacred character in many parts of Europe.† In France it is called *Bœuf de Dieu*, or Divine Meat; this is a Eucharistic symbolism connected with the little bird. Not only is the wren identified with Christ in an old Welsh poem, a translation of which I shall shortly quote, but the idea of sacrifice in connection with it is carried out by the custom of killing, and oftentimes rending in pieces, the poor little victim of a quaint symbolism; though slain, the wren is held sacred, and the rending in pieces is a confirmation of the theory that it symbolises the Divine Life.

The tiny bird is used to typify the hidden life of the Sun, that is to say, the Logos; and especially that Second Aspect, which according to theosophical teachings is the Power which,

* This Hu is the *young* Sun God; he is born as the "Crowned Babe" from Cêd, after the death of the old Sun, Arawn.

† "Ye robyn and ye wrenne, are God Almyghtie's cocke and henne," says the old rhyme. There are many legends of the robin connected with the Passion. The Manx fishermen will take a dead wren to sea with them to prevent bad weather; this is interesting, because we find the wren used to symbolise Christ; and the Gospel tale of the storm on the Sea of Galilee at once comes to mind.

in the Kosmos, builds forms; the Power which in the human soul is, in Its second aspect, the buddhic principle, the Christ, the Unifier. The rending in pieces of the wren is very reminiscent of the rending of the body of Osiris in Egypt, and of Dionysus in Greece. Osiris was the Second Person of the Egyptian Trinity; in the Eucharistic Feast of the Christian Church the Body of Christ is mystically offered on every altar as an Eternal Sacrifice.

If the wren be used as, to use our phraseology, a symbol of the Life of the Logos in His universe, it is a natural sequel to the symbolism that the little bird should be rent in pieces to show that the life animates and binds together many separated forms. Participators in the Eucharistic ceremony share in the offered Life; in the rite of the wren the feathers symbolised the sun rays and also the divine spark in man, hence the anxiety of each person who took part in the wren rite to obtain a feather of the bird. Morien says that near St. Davids a wren used to be carried in a box at the winter solstice; the box rested on a bier, decorated with tricoloured ribbons. An old Welsh woman recited to our author verses which used to be sung on this occasion. They are quoted in the *Light of Britannia*,* and I give them here:

1. The Little Wren is the Hero,
   His renown is everywhere.
   To-night in all places
   An inquest upon him is held.

2. The Sly Wretch was last night very proud,
   In a holy, fine and upper chamber,
   In the society of the brethren eleven.
   He, however, was found out and captured.

3. The stone grave was burst open;
   The Sly Wretch was found out and captured.
   In a great winding sheet He was placed,
   And carried on a bier, colours white and black.

4. All coloured ribbons
   We place round the Wren,
   Thrice-twisted ribbons
   Above him for roof.

* P. 99.

5. The wrens* are now scarce,
They've winged away.
But again they'll come back
Over the tracks of old Mead.

Morien is led to believe, from the study of this song, that there was an attempt on the part of the Roman Church to connect the Druidic sacred wren with Judas, because in the ancient British Church the wren (Sun or Christ) was reverenced; and the Roman Church condemned the early British Christians as heretical. Certainly the little bird is here used as a symbol of Christ, the allusion to the "stone grave" proves it; it is also used as a Sun symbol, for it is carried at the winter solstice; as I have pointed out in a previous note, the wren also is used to indicate one in whose soul the "Christ principle" is being formed; the modern Welsh name for a wren (derw, dryw) connects it with the word Druid, and a Druid was an initiate. The wren is called a "little one," a phrase used in the Gospels; Hu, the young Sun God, is called the "least of the little ones";† the words are used in some lines, translated by Morien, and attributed to Rhys Bryddydd, who lived in Glamorgan, 1450-1490; the lines run as follows:

The least of the little ones is Hu Gadarn
As the world judges.
But he is to us the greatest Nav (Constructing Lord),‡
Thoroughly we believe He is our Hidden God.
A small ray is His car,
Light His course and active,
And great on land and sea,

* The wren in this verse seems to be used as a title for an initiate, a "little one." The bee is also so used in Wales. In the "Mead Song" of Taliessin he prays the Supreme to grant that Maelgwn of Mona may be inspired with mead, "the pure and shining liquor which the bees provide but do not enjoy." Morien says that Bards are called Clêr, and their going on circuit Clêra, *i.e.*, Beeing. Bees are also called Gwynyn, or Holy Energy. The word "mead" in the last line is evidently used to indicate a meadow, or enclosure. The "sacred enclosure," "quadrangular enclosure," or "cattle pen of the Bards," where presumably initiatory rites took place, is referred to in many Bardic writings.

† The reader is reminded of the phrase in the *Kathopanishad*, Sec. II., pt. iv., 12. "The Man, of the size of a thumb, resides in the midst, within the Self."

‡ "Constructing Lord"; if Hu Gadarn represents the unifying force in Nature, and the unifying force in the Soul, as seems to be indicated, the phrase is very well chosen as applied to the Builder of forms, and the Builder of the "house not made with hands."

The greatest that I manifestly can have,
Greater than the worlds.

The last line but one is obscurely expressed, but the general drift of the poem is clear.

I must not conclude this paper upon the Welsh Celi-Cêd and Sun-God symbolism without alluding in passing to the symbol of the Crowned Babe; it is not identical with the wren symbolism, but it is akin to it. The wren seems to typify the hidden point, the concealed Life, while the Crowned Babe appears to represent the manifested Triad. There are many versions of the poem; the Arms of Dunwich represent the Babe rising, crowned, out of a boat which floats upon the waters. The boat was a symbol of Cêd; it is traditionally stated, says Morien, that the Druids sprinkled dewdrops, held in a boat-shaped vessel, on the head of candidates; this was done at noon on the longest day, which was called Sul-Gwn, Holy Sun, or White Sun Day. The candidate stood with his back to the sun, the Druid faced it; besides the boat-shaped vessel he held a birch bough; the birch is still called Bedwen, or Holy Bed; Bed is a form of Bâd, which means a boat.* It will be remembered that a boat is connected with the Egyptian Sun symbolism. I take the following quotation from Mr. Budge's recent work on *Egyptian Ideas of the Future Life:* "May the soul of Ani come forth with thee into heaven, may he go forth in the Mātet boat. May he come into port in the Sektet boat."†

And again:

"O thou great Light who shinest in the heavens . . . . thou who art glorious in majesty in the Sektet boat, and most mighty in the Ātet boat."‡

It cannot be mere coincidence that this symbolism is found in Egypt, and that the Crowned Babe is represented in a boat, with rays about his head. Aneurin says:

The Crowned Babe on the first day
Sang a chant in Gwenydva.§

* *Light of Britannia*, pp. 380, 381.

† P. 33.

‡ P. 36.

§ Morien gives Gwenydva as Elysium; it is sometimes called Gwnfa, the White or Holy Place.

By Awen from the Highest
Calling worlds into existence;*
And the good A lived.

The "good A" is the luminous body of the sun,† which is the vehicle of the Awen. The Awen is the inspiration or reasoning faculty; it is derived by the Sun from the Highest, and imparted through the Sun to irrational lives. These lives, unless permeated by the Awen, would be intellectually inert.

This Bardic idea of the part played by the Sun, physical and spiritual, in the creation of beings, is very noteworthy. It is linked with many conceptions which are also found in other systems. In a subsequent article I hope to enlarge a little upon the question of the Bardic "Ascent of Man" and the Welsh conception of the two rivers of life.

IVY HOOPER.

IT is the privilege of human nature to love those that disoblige us.
MARCUS AURELIUS.

EVERYONE whether he is self-denying or self-indulgent is seeking after the Belovèd. Every place may be the shrine of love, whether it be synagogue or mosque.—HAFIZ.

. . . . So if the weather be not fair for sailing we sit down distraught and are ever peering forth to see how stands the wind. It is north, and what is that to us? When will the west wind blow? When it shall seem good to it, friend, or to Aeolus. For it was not thee but Aeolus whom God made steward of the winds.—EPICTETUS.

EVERY matter hath two handles—by the one it may be carried, by the other not. If thy people do thee wrong, take not this thing by the handle, he wrongs me; for that is the handle whereby it may not be carried; but take it rather by the handle, he is my brother nourished with me; and thou wilt take it by a handle whereby it may be carried.—EPICTETUS.

So to be is the sole inlet of so to know.—EMERSON.

* That is to say, the worlds were called into existence by means of Awen from the Highest.

† According to Morien, p. 383.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF MADAME DE KRÜDENER

On the 21st November, 1764, in darkest autumn of the north, was born in the old family of Vittinghof at Riga a daughter, Juliane Barbara, destined one day to be widely known as Juliane de Krüdener, the real arbiter of the future of Europe. Granddaughter of the famous Maréchal de Munich, who spent his old age in exile, Juliane was herself, with her sunny and loving nature, a rebel against many laws and outward forms. Yet the proud and fiery temper, at one time her only law, became tamed and purified by the inner voice of Love. Life trained her, and when she at last stood on the heights of destiny, ruler of souls and of emperors, her voice had only a message of humility and peace to give to her fellow-men.

The life and personality of Mme. de Krüdener have been the subjects of much controversy, as is often the case with mystics. We propose, in our review of her life, to seek an answer to the following query: Was her progress up to her conversion and her career as a teacher of souls an accident of "grace," or can a hidden plan be perceived, in accordance with which her beautiful nature was led to shine as a storm-light during the convulsions of the French Revolution, of the Napoleonic wars in France, and amid the peals of revolutionary thunder on her own country's life-sky?

Does she not write to the Minister de Bergheim: "I have heard the Voice which makes the suns pale, and which does not despise to fill a human heart."

Juliane came from a family which in the Middle Ages had furnished the Teutonic Order with two Provincial Grand Masters; but the mystic spirit seems to have died down in the family, for at the time of Juliane's birth religion was with her

folk *une quantité négligeable.* Born a Protestant, she by her own confession grew up without any creed at all.

Her cousin, M. d'Allonville, well says of her: "Son culte c'est l'élan d'une âme tendre vers la source de toute perfection; les actes en sont, la charité qui donne, la charité qui console, la charité qui ne cesse pas de prêcher ce qu'elle croit utile et vrai."

Such was, then, the broad basis of tolerance from which Juliane's heart had been free to start, the keynote which was to develope the harmony of her later life. Although her real beauty lay in the wondrous eyes and the grace of her manner, her person was so harmonious that she was compared to "music itself." As regards her education, she knew both French and German well and learned to play and to dance like a sprite; beyond this no trouble was taken about her until her early marriage at eighteen.

But the influence of the dreamy, severe beauty of woods and limitless space, called by Ruskin the grand educator of Joan of Arc, pervaded Juliane's early years. Like Joan in the weird forests of Domremy, Juliane was free to wander in the vast woods of the country-seats at Kosse and Marienburg, to muse on the shores of the Baltic, to sit under the black pines surrounding the little silvery lake near her home. There she made friends with the birds and the squirrels and watched the storm-clouds rising over the waves and the unearthly glow of the northern-lights over the snow-covered land. Livonia, her native country, possesses a peculiar soft beauty like a northern Switzerland. The Vittinghof family had a winter residence at Riga, the gayest and most refined capital of the three Baltic provinces; but sunny and pleasure-loving as was Juliane's nature she seems to have found most pleasure in her hours of solitude with nature.

In 1777 Juliane travelled with her parents as far as Paris; and Ford, the most exact of her biographers, speaks of this visit being extended to England in company with a French governess.

As an heiress giving promise of great beauty Juliane had a fair success in Paris; but the brilliancy and dissipation of the capital do not appear to have left any permanent impression upon the yet shy nature. She returned to the solitudes of Kosse,

where she passed five years, and then, still child-like in heart, in pastimes, and in knowledge of life, she became the child-wife of a nobleman.

Baron de Krüdener (1744-1802) was then thirty-eight, twenty years older than Juliane, and already twice a widower. By his first marriage he had a daughter, Sophie, who later became the friend and often "the reason" of her step-mother. The baron had studied at Leipsic with great success, and had entered upon his diplomatic career while still quite young. Calm, intelligent, and a politician of the best school, he was called by clever Catharine II. to his post in Courland to prepare the way for the re-union of that Duchy to the Crown of Russia, in which he completely succeeded.

He married Juliane in 1783, and began at once to complete her education; he was the first instructor of her eager intellect. Juliane had to an intense degree the thirst for some ideal to which to devote her latent powers of love and imagination. Quite naturally her husband and elder friend became the ideal for her girlish devotion, and this to an extent which much alarmed and astonished the quiet diplomatist.

Their outward life was on a grand scale—music, theatricals, in which the baron and baroness took the chief parts, great receptions, which culminated in a visit from the Comte du Nord (Paul I.), who stood god-father to Juliane's first-born, little Paul.

From this time up to their final separation in 1801 Juliane's existence was a continual round of fêtes, successes and luxury; but running parallel with her outward life was an ever-increasing uneasiness, doubt, and disenchantment of all the so-called prizes of life. Juliane was destined to pass through all the triumphs and trials of love and of family-life, of society, beauty, and fashion, of court-life, of art, and at last of unlawful liberty—to become, at length, while still young and charming, the white recluse, the "Velleda of the North." In her case the *Wanderjahre* were to precede the *Lehrjahre**—the restless inner search and change were to come before the long pilgrimage of the body; with a mind at rest and a soul glowing with love to all, the lessons of the inner way grew more and more distinct.

* The two parts of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*.

We shall then pass rapidly through the first two parts of Mme. de Krüdener's life—her life as woman of the world, as artist, and as philosopher, for as an author she was both.

Her first introduction to the beauty of art took place in Italy. A portrait of Juliane at this period shows her, though nearly twenty-one, to be as much a child in appearance as when she was sixteen. While at Venice she still dreamed while gazing on the rosy sunsets and looked upon beauty and happiness as natural privileges.

Fate carried the Krüdener household from Venice back to the mists of the Baltic. The baron was appointed ambassador to the Court at Copenhagen, at that time the most worldly and dangerous to a young woman beginning already to tire of her home. The baron was good and kind to her; but the difference of age and character and of aspirations was such that, added to the steady coolness of her husband, the incessant whirl of court-life and a developing malady, it proved too much for Juliane's spoilt nature and for her love. Under the pretext of change of air Juliane left home in 1789 only to return to it as a passing guest.

In June, 1789, we see Juliane de Krüdener, then aged twenty-five, throwing herself almost wildly into the glittering life at Paris; but snatching an hour here and there to visit the sage de St. Pierre, the friend of her grandfather Munich. Accompanied by her two children, Paul and Juliet, and her step-daughter Sophie, she often wandered in the woods with de St. Pierre, whose gentle teachings would sometimes cool the feverish excitement of Juliane's life.

According to Ford, Capefigue alleges that Juliane at that period had begun to study magic and "the occult sciences"; if this be so—and it is a fact quoted by an enemy in a disparaging sense—we must remember that she seems to have had the right impression of wherein lay the secret of the Great Art; for in a letter to de Bergheim in 1817, she says:—"L'amour, c'est la grande Magie. . . . De tous les temps ceux qui furent envoyés pour la grande mission d'amour . . . furent chargés de ne regarder qu'en Haut."

This letter, however, had not yet been written and she was

drawing nearer and nearer to the abyss in which she was to leave the pride and insouciance of her imagined virtue. It is worthy of remark that she took no interest in politics—the result, perhaps, of a too close acquaintance with high politics behind the scenes in her husband's house.

On leaving Paris Mme. de Krüdener visited several fashionable resorts in the south of France, where she was always the queen of beauty, and surrounded by a court of admirers. She settled for some time at Montpellier, where began the study of literature and art in real earnest. As yet religion was only a "poetical dream"; on the mountains she realised sometimes the Infinite as the only Reality; but down in the valley, in her pretty home, awaited all the temptations of Parisian worldliness, and the day came when, feeling the emptiness of her brilliant life, she sought forgetfulness in the love of a young French officer.

Baron de Krüdener, on learning the truth, recalled his wife from France, and Juliane was content to retire to her old home in Livonia. About this time occurred the death of her father, and this first great loss closes as with a black veil the first part of Juliane's life.

While living with her mother at Kosse, Juliane began for the first time to take an active interest in the humbler classes. She introduced vaccination in the villages round Kosse and erected some schools. She soon tired, however, of the monotony of provincial life and in 1796 we find her starting again for Germany and Switzerland, and paying a visit to the baron on her way. She made a last attempt at family life in 1800 and settled in Berlin with her husband; but court life was now unbearable to her and this, combined with a certain want of success, induced her to return in the following summer to Geneva, and later to Paris. The sudden death of her husband in June, 1802, sent her to a quiet retreat in Geneva, where she spent the summer in deep mourning.

Several novels of no peculiar value had come from Mme. de Krüdener's pen before the appearance of her *Valérie* in Paris. This book achieved an enormous success. Once again Juliane, now a successful authoress, was at the height of fortune. She had Châteaubriand's respectful friendship; Goethe expressed his regret that "such a talent should have passed over to France";

Madame de Stael sketched her fairy grace in a scene in her *Delphine*. Still young and charming, she was free to receive the admiration she evoked. Even her husband's memory could throw no shadow over the brilliant sky of her thirty-eighth year, for Juliane had come to the baron at once on learning of his money difficulties, and thus they had parted as friends.

Suddenly, in the full glow of her new success, Juliane forsook fame and society and returned to her mother in the solitudes of Kosse. Had she sensed amid the turmoil of her Parisian life the first faint tones of the Voice which was soon to change her life?

Twelve years later she wrote to Mlle. de Stourdza: "It is because I have been my own idol that I have learned to despise myself sufficiently to feel only indulgence for others. . . . Break your idols valiantly." And already, in 1802, she had published in the *Mercure de France* some "Thoughts of a Foreign Lady," among which the following ideas are found: "It might be said that most men of the world live on small ideas, just as the people live on small coins." "In early youth we expect everything from the outer world . . . . little by little we are driven back into our souls." And in a letter she says: "Nothing on earth can satisfy a heart made for the things of greatness (*biens immenses*)."

And so, still weary and athirst, she left the world—the world that had given her all it had to give.

The Russian historian Pípin tells us in what manner began the change which was to transform Juliane de Krüdener into a new being. When she arrived at Kosse she was still worldly—at least in appearance—though dissatisfied and aspiring to something yet unknown. Ford tells us that "the spiritual, poetical, mystical side of her character was at open war with the vain, self-absorbed, pleasure-loving side." But if she had such "very human weaknesses and temptations," she had also "a quite exceptional gift for triumphing over her own failings and living that higher life, which in her heart she craved after, even from her earliest childhood." The habits of luxury and elegance still remained, and young and seductive, she still excited adulation.

One day, while visiting the shop of a poor shoemaker, she

was struck by the peculiar expression of happiness on the man's face. "I am happy," he replied, in answer to her pressing questions. He was a Moravian Brother, and what he told Juliane of his sect so attracted her that she returned the next day to learn more from this humble worker. "I go to learn like a child," she wrote to a friend when describing these visits. Little did she imagine that here began the way which was in the end to lead her to humility and peace, and to make her a messenger to whole nations.

While on her way to Wiesbaden in 1807, Mme. de Krüdener found the Queen of Prussia nursing the sick in the hospitals of Koenigsberg, and at once took part in that work, thus becoming the friend of the saintly Louise. Her influence was precious even to such a noble mind as that of the royal sufferer, for the latter wrote afterwards to Juliane: "I owe you a confession. It is this, that you have made me better. Our meditations have been full of comforting results. . . . Promise me always to speak to me with the Voice of Truth." From the first she had begun to preach her happy tidings to all around, and had of course been met with astonishment and sneers. Yet even in these early days we see her carrying her secret of peace and of joyous resignation up to the heights of a throne—to Louise of Prussia, who shone like a protecting angel through the black misery of the German nation.

After a quiet and happy time with the Moravian community at Bethelsdorf, Juliane, feeling the need of a greater struggle with her lower, vain self, was directed by Pastor Baumeister to the famous theosophist Jung Stilling, in whose family at Carlsruhe she took up her abode in 1808.

At her teacher's house she began her higher study of the inner life. She soon came to accept her past as a lesson. In 1810 she writes to M. Weguelin: "I cannot regard suffering otherwise than as a gain." And in 1814 to Mlle. de Stourdza: "Have always the courage of devotion. Do not fear suffering; it is the seal of a high destiny. Be faithful to the call; have the courage to be happy: give yourself to God. . . . You possess one of those souls which it is impossible to watch without longing to see it arrive at its real destination. You are reading

Madame de Guyon; that admirable woman can teach you much. Become as a child. Add to your prayers the renunciation of self. . . . You must become simple and calm. Relinquish your will and heart to the great loving Power that created the world. . . . When we are resolved to live for that which is alone worthy of mankind, a new universe spreads out before our eyes, immense faculties, sublime duties, ever new joys, admirable results."

To Mlle. Cochelet she says: "What things I learn, what veils are lifted for me and for all who have *wrought themselves free!* Prayer teaches . . . to ask for all things; faith to *obtain* all things." On a later occasion she remarked to a priest: "Through how many deaths was I obliged to pass to reach life in . . . God." To the Marquis of Langalline she wrote: "This love (to God) ought to reduce to ashes everything impure, personal, selfish . . . . At present our Judge is still crucified in all His members. . . . They have to . . . walk in mysterious ways, even not recognised by many true Christians. They will be like the disciples of old. The pledge of their divine mission is precisely that disgust with which they inspire the learned." And to Madame Armand: "My heart is often cold, dry, barren, but now my will is unceasingly united to His and I follow Him past precipices at which nature shudders." To another friend she wrote: "I know that the Father's heart is quite close to me;" and to Baron Marquet: "I have visited Heaven, and earth hath fled under my steps." Pípin quotes the *Beiträge* of Brescius on Mme. de Krüdener's religious formulæ: "Her religion indeed consisted of seeking the union of all into one family under Christ, and she recognised as the only true Church the Christian Church of the first two centuries; after which it ceased to exist. She thought that John Huss tried to re-establish this Church. She believed in the destruction of Hell. In a letter to Marquet she says: 'Ask of God only the happiness of others, one's own being assured, a profound art of which we have lost the knowledge and—worth while to study. . . It is to the Author of Harmony that I would conduct all men.'"

The above extracts are quoted from letters and conversations covering a number of years, our object being above all to trace

the line along which Juliane's inner—we may say after these quotations her occult—development took place. Along this line of development she travelled until the moment of highest exaltation was attained, followed by persecution lasting to the end.

She herself never thought of using anything but love and persuasion against an opponent. Pípin quotes Eynard on the fact that Mme. de Krüdener sometimes prayed for the repentance of Satan. So did S. Augustine.

During her two sojourns in this part of Germany Juliane met Queen Hortense and Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, wife of Alexander I. Here also began her friendship with Mlle. de Stourdza, a Greek maid-of-honour to Elizabeth. She met also about this time with a less desirable acquaintance—Fontane, the priest-impostor who, with the help of Maria Kummrin, a woman of the people, touched Mme. de Krüdener in her still weakest spot, her vanity, in proclaiming that a great mission awaited her. Maria Kummrin appears to have had lower psychic gifts; for she predicted accurately the return of Sophie's husband from the war in Spain. This influence, however, was happily partly counteracted by that of the famous Oberlin and the young pastor Empeytag, whom she met in Geneva, whither she was spiritually impelled to go.

The death of her mother detained Juliane for some time in Riga, where she converted to her "faith of Love" her old friends the Moravians, and brought to the poor shoe-maker, who had in the first place given her peace and simplicity, the gift of a higher light. Shortly before this time we see her preaching her gospel in Koenigsberg, Breslau, and Dresden, and already attracting large audiences.

In October, 1812, Juliane organised at Strasburg religious meetings for Germans as well as Frenchmen. The following year she went to Geneva, where as already mentioned she met Empeytag, the young student of theology, who became later on the chief helper in her religious work. She succeeded in attracting to the mystic life, together with Mlle. de Stourdza, a number of Russian officials and nobles who formed a little circle around her.

A RUSSIAN.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES

THE report of the Buddhist educational movement in Ceylon, under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, states that the progress of the educational movement during the year has been, on the whole, a steady and encouraging one, especially in the western circuit. There are now 134 schools with an attendance of 15,490—10,598 boys and 4,892 girls. In 1892 there were only nine registered schools under the Theosophical Society; now there are ninety-two.

Ceylon

THE chief event of the month in our theosophical world is the arrival in London of Mrs. Annie Besant after her winter's work in India. Mrs. Besant was announced to reach Charing Cross on Thursday, May 10th, and a warm welcome awaited her from the members assembled to greet her. The unusual cold of our English May has, we are sorry to say, confined Mrs. Besant to the house with a bronchial attack, and compelled her, by the doctor's orders, to give up the projected visit to Harrogate. Mr. Leadbeater presided in her place at the Federation Meeting. Lectures by Mrs. Besant in the Small Queen's Hall were announced for three Sunday evenings, May 27th and June 10th and 17th.

Europe

In view of possible public lectures the Blavatsky Lodge has closed the series of Sunday evenings, which during the winter were free to all who applied for a ticket. Its usual Thursday meetings have been addressed by Mr. Mead on "The Earliest Inner Commentary on the Original Outer Gospel," and by Mr. Leadbeater on "Faith and Intuition." The President-Founder was to have spoken on May 10th, but other engagements prevented this, and Mrs. Hooper was kind enough to fill his place, at short notice, with a lecture on "British Saints."

White Lotus Day, May 8th, was made the occasion of a general gathering of the members of the Society, and a quantity of lovely flowers was sent and arranged around the portrait of H. P. B., in

affectionate recognition of the gratitude we owe to the co-Founder of the Society. Selections from the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* and *The Light of Asia* were read, and Mr. Mead reminded the newly-joined members of the easily overlooked fact that the advantages we at present enjoy are due to the self-sacrificing devotion of H. P. B. to the difficult task of starting the movement.

The Monday afternoon receptions of Countess Wachtmeister in the drawing-room of the Society in Albemarle Street have been very successful. Additional attraction has been given to these assemblies by the presence of some well-known personage in our world to speak and answer questions. These receptions will be continued during June.

Colonel Olcott arrived in Edinburgh on Tuesday, April 17th, and left for Bradford on Friday, 20th. The members and associates of the Edinburgh Lodge met on Tuesday evening to welcome him, and listen to an address on "The Progress of the Theosophical Society." This Colonel Olcott considers satisfactory, and is assured that the Society, as a living and progressive entity, is now an established fact. He quoted figures to prove that it never had had a "set-back" since its inauguration, but is stronger and more flourishing to-day than ever it was. Even at the time of most dissension—the unfortunate Judge secession—instead of being weakened, the Society grew stronger and became healthier. Now some of the friends of old times are showing a strong inclination to resume membership. On Wednesday, the 18th, Colonel Olcott, by particular request, addressed the Lodge on "The Masters of Wisdom." He traced their appearances at different epochs and affirmed their existence and activity to-day. He mentioned his first meeting in New York with one of them, as made familiar to readers of *Old Diary Leaves*, and told how the connection, then made, had continued till now. A connection exists between the Society and numbers of Masters, for it was not to a single individual that the guardianship of the movement was entrusted. In the early days, Madame Blavatsky and himself were the only living witnesses in the west to the truth of the existence of the Adepts. But, as was made manifest by the writings of other devoted workers for the Society, notably Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater (but also others), the existence of the Elder Brothers of the Race was now practically put beyond discussion. Apart from such students having the personal knowledge of our Teachers, it was a logical necessity in the scheme of evolution that

they should exist. The truth of this is made perfectly clear to those who will take the trouble to study theosophic literature. Madame Blavatsky devoted her life to, and ended it in, the service of the Masters of Wisdom. The President of the Lodge, Mr. Simpson, presided at both meetings, and an interesting discussion followed both addresses. Visitors called on Colonel Olcott both on Wednesday and Thursday. He was the guest of Mrs. Drummond during his stay in Edinburgh, and both meetings were held in her house. On Thursday, 19th, the President visited and addressed the Glasgow Centre. The following day he went on to Bradford, where a public lecture was given to a good-sized and attentive audience. Harrogate, his next station, was reached on the 21st, and he left for Manchester on the 23rd, after attending a reception and giving a public lecture, to the great satisfaction of his hearers. At Manchester, the President met and addressed the Lodge members only, and the North of England tour concluded with visits to and public and private work at Liverpool, Sheffield and Birmingham, after which Colonel Olcott spent a few days in London before crossing over to Belgium for a short tour in that country. He went to Copenhagen on May 7th, visited several places in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, presided at the Convention at Stockholm on May 19th, and reported himself at Amsterdam on June 3rd to preside at the Convention of the Dutch Section. His return passage to India is booked for August 8th.

Mr. Leadbeater made a fourteen days' tour in the Netherlands, beginning with April 12th. During his visit he held no less than twenty-two meetings, public and private, visiting Amsterdam, Haarlem, the Hague, Rotterdam, and Helder. This tour has done a great deal of good to the Section. Two of the leading daily papers gave long reports of the lectures. Many members of the Society came from the most distant parts of Holland to attend one or more of the lectures in the different Lodges, so that one of the results of the tour has been the consolidation of the Dutch movement. Three public lectures have been given in Nymegen, Hilversum, and Bussum, by Madame Meuleman, Mr. Fricke, and Mr. Van Manen, respectively. Madame Meuleman has also lectured before the Free Women's Society, at Amsterdam. The Fourth Annual Convention of the Dutch Section was held in Amsterdam on June 3rd. The "Golden Chain" has extended into Holland, and has been put under the care of Mme. Perk-Joosten. The Laws and Rules of

the Section have received "Royal Approbation," which gives a legal standing to the Section and so enables it to possess property, receive legacies, etc. We gladly record the opening of a bookshop by the "Theosofische Uitgeversmaatschappij" in Amsterdam. Till now our Publishing Society possessed no shop and has conducted all its business in the Headquarters. We have been fortunate enough to acquire a fine little shop situated only three houses from Headquarters, at Amsteldijk 79.

From Holland Mr. Leadbeater went to Brussels, where he remained from the 26th to the 30th April, addressing during this time six meetings. Colonel Olcott, P.T.S., arrived at Brussels on the following day and remained until the 5th, holding several most successful meetings. Our Brussels correspondent speaks gratefully of the help received by the Branch from the President-Founder and from his old co-worker.

We learn from Paris that the opening of the *Congrès Théosophique International* de 1900, is fixed for Sunday, June 24th, at 3 p.m., at the offices of the French Section, 52, Avenue Bosquet, and the public meeting will be held at the Hôtel des Sociétés Savantes. Colonel Olcott, Mrs. Besant and Mr. Chakravarti will be present and many leading members of the Theosophical Society. Our Paris correspondent writes that the Paris Lodges had a pleasant and useful visit in April from Mrs. Burke, who spent a week with them and devoted herself to helping the members. She was followed by the Countess Wachtmeister, who took part in opening the Sectional Headquarters at Avenue Bosquet, 52, and remained ten days; during this time the President-Founder visited Paris and gave a lecture. Lastly, Mr. Leadbeater made a week's visit, and held a number of crowded meetings. So Paris does not feel herself neglected.

Mrs. Scott, President of the "Isis" Lodge in Denver, U.S., has been spending the winter at Nice, and has been of great service to the local Theosophists in spreading interest in the theosophical teachings. Every Thursday afternoon her drawing-room has been open to all who wished to become acquainted with Theosophy, and her clear and able expositions of "Man and his Bodies," "The Mental Plane," "Karma," and "Reincarnation," aroused much interest. Mrs. Scott gave a special course of instruction for the more earnest students, and after attending these, several of her auditors begged to join the Theosophical Society.

THERE is nothing of particular interest to report from the New

Zealand Section this month (March). Classes and public meetings continue to be held regularly, and are fairly well attended. The following lectures were of interest: In Auckland Mrs. Draffin on "The Seen and the Unseen," and Mr. S. Stuart on "Alchemy and the Alchemists." In Christchurch Mr. J. Rhodes on "The Ethical Teachings of Zoroaster." In Dunedin Mr. A. W. Maurais on "A Lesson from an Indian Book." The annual meeting of the Dunedin Branch was held on February 7th, and the officers were re-elected: Mr. G. Richardson, President; Mr. A. W. Maurais (Ravensbourne, Dunedin), Secretary. In Auckland Mrs. Draffin has given two lectures in the Branch rooms on "The Teachings of Buddha"; and in Wellington Mrs. Richmond lectured on "The Importance of Physical Things." The group in Nelson have begun the study of *The Secret Doctrine* and the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ;* and with the "Lotus Circle" in addition, there is a fair amount of activity.

New Zealand

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

In Praise of Hellenism

Race and Religion: Hellenistic Theology, Its Place in Christian Thought. By Thomas Allin, D.D. (London: James Clarke and Co. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*)

As it is no part of the work of the Theosophical Society in Europe to found a new religion, but rather to interpret the Christianity already dominant in the Western world, we are gratified to find so frequently able and earnest, albeit unwitting, advocates of theosophic truths within the boundaries of the Churches. Perhaps it is in the Unitarian Church that the ground has been most thoroughly prepared for the full acceptation of Theosophy. The Unitarians (as most of our readers understand) do not degrade the Christ to the level of man—as is commonly imputed to them; but rather raise man potentially to His level, holding with Theosophy that Man has within himself the germ of the Divine. In the view of modern Unitarianism, there is no great gulf fixed between God and man, with the Christ placed on the

human side: instead, all men are "sons of God," who shall ultimately enjoy the estate of the Father, while the Christ is their Elder Brother. This is the corollary of the doctrine of the Divine Immanence, with which the late Theodore Parker imbued the Unitarian Church. And it is an encouraging fact that this theistic philosophy is not confined to the "extreme Left" of orthodox nonconformity. It is preached in certain Congregational and other Dissenting pulpits, being lately pleaded very ably from the historical standpoint by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, a Congregational minister of Dundee; while within the limits of the Church of England it is expounded with much learning and earnestness by the Ven. Archdeacon Wilson, whose Hulsean Lectures, 1898, were based upon this idea. (THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, vol. xxiii., pp. 291-295, and vol. xxiv., pp. 1-3.) The leaven is working, and the Divine Immanence is likely ere long to become the basic philosophy of the more liberal element throughout the orthodox Churches.

The little volume under notice, endorsed as it is by a cordial prefatory letter by Canon Wilberforce, and published at a price that brings it within the reach of all, should further the good work in no small degree. Many into whose hands it may fall will doubtless be surprised, as well as pleased, to learn that a liberal and philosophic interpretation of Christianity can claim precedence in age over the more narrow, hard, and harsh Augustinian theology; for in this respect liberalism appeals to the conservative sentiment. The title of the work (which is perhaps somewhat misleading), is explained by the fact that the author identifies the principal elements in the primitive theology of the Eastern Church with the qualities of mind of Hellenism. These ideas, passing through the school of Carthage, took on much of the harsh and dreadful colouring of Punic Semitism; and, degraded thus, were passed on to the Latins. The Romans not unnaturally ascribed to God the quality in which they themselves most excelled: they were by instinct rulers, and their God was first of all a Sovereign. Accordingly Latin Christianity became primarily a contrivance for government: it viewed religion as a machine to reward and punish men; it invented artificial sins, prescribed arbitrary punishments. And the gulf between the optimism of the Eastern Churches and the pessimism of Latin Christianity was not bridged at the Reformation; indeed Calvinism represented in some respects a further stride from the large hope of the Levant than any taken by Rome, and modern Evangelicism is almost equally far removed from

the sane philosophy of early Hellenistic Christianity. "On the whole," says the author, "no fact in theological history is clearer, and no fact more important and yet more generally neglected, than the broad distinction between the Hellenism, which was the common basis of the various Eastern schools of theology for at least three or four centuries, and the theology of North Africa (and Spain), which, grafted on the Roman stock, became the parent of Latin Christianity, and is to this day, in its spirit at least, an accepted legal tender in the whole West. When every fair allowance has been made, Latinism and Hellenism differ intellectually, differ ethically, differ spiritually. The starting point differs, the conclusion differs, the atmosphere differs, the idiom differs, and often when they use the same words they accentuate them differently."

Why and how the great religion of the Western Âryans should have divided into two divergent channels is explained by the author within the compass of 150 pages. For would-be Theosophists, almost persuaded to embrace the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom, but fearful that in so doing they will lose their hold upon Christian beliefs, this little work is invaluable. From it they may learn that "an earlier and a broader version of the Gospel exists than any which bears a Latin *imprimatur;* that it is possible to be Catholic and orthodox in the best sense, and, if any so please, Universalist, while rejecting the harsh and loveless theology which the 'stone-hard' Latin race forged—a yoke which, if our fathers were able to bear it—has for very many of us become an impossible burden."

E. E. M.

Old Wine and New Bottles

Hinduism: Ancient and Modern. By Rai Bahádur Lala Baij Nath, B.A.

Some of our readers may remember a notice in our columns of a book named *England and India*; if so, they will be the more ready to give attention to this little volume on Hinduism, as it comes from the pen of the same author. The writer is a keen observer and a careful student; he stands high in the confidence of the Government in the North-West Provinces of India, and at the same time possesses the trust of his own caste-men as a religious Hindu. He takes very liberal views on many disputed points, yet values and follows in essentials the ancient religion into which he has been born. Those who are interested in India's welfare, and in the burning questions

of the day in religious and social reform, will find much to attract them and much to instruct them in this little book.

The plan of the work is good and well-thought-out. Part I. deals with Hinduism in its social and personal relations. Part II. with its religion. Part III. with its philosophy. A fourth Part sketches the teachings of the Shruti and Smriti on the life after death, and a speech delivered at the Indian Social Conference, Lucknow, is added as an appendix.

Part I. takes up first the root question of caste, and shows by many authorities that in the elder days of India it was less rigid and far more rational than it is now in her degeneration. The writer argues that caste as it now exists is an obstacle in the way of progress, and that some reform is absolutely necessary—a position that few will be found to challenge. The Samskâras (sacraments) and Âshramas (stages of life) are next described, stress being laid on the celibacy imposed on the student in the past, and on the fact that he did not enter on household life until the student days were over. "Early marriages were never common in ancient India." Our author next speaks on the life of the Hindus in modern and ancient times, describing some of the religious ceremonies, and dealing with sacrifices, food, the position of women, etc., and comments on the lower estate into which India has sunk. He then sketches the "necessary reforms," distinguishing between past usages that cannot be revived, and those which, re-introduced, would re-invigorate the nation and lead to the happiest results.

The outline given in Part II. of the religious stages through which India has passed is necessarily imperfect, from its exceeding brevity, and is not well balanced, too much space (in so brief a record) being given to the later writers; but many will be glad to have an outline which they can fill in at leisure, and will welcome the short sketches of some of the heroes of the past. The same may be said of Part III. on philosophy; it is a useful summary for the "man in the street," who wishes not to feel wholly at a loss when he hears the Nyâya or the Vedânta spoken of. The latter system is more fully dealt with, and may serve as an introduction to more serious study, though we think our author gives way too much to western oriental scholarship in some of his suggestions.

Our readers will find a perusal of this book repay them, especially as regards its first Part, by far its most valuable portion. Rai Bahádur Lala Baij Nath is a man who has the power and the will to

be of service to his motherland, and with all our hearts we may wish him God-speed in all efforts wisely considered and unselfishly carried out.

ANNIE BESANT.

A NEW STUDY OF REINCARNATION

The Memory of Past Births. By Charles Johnston, B.C.S., Rtd. (New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Co.; 1899. Price 20 cts.)

THIS is a small volume which should have a large circulation. It is avowedly written for the general reader; and though it is mostly based upon the masterpieces of Indian theosophy, the technical terms are so managed that the most uninstructed reader will be able to follow the thought.

We are glad to see that Mr. Johnston is publishing such books in America; with his scholarship and literary ability, with his great sympathy for India and his good taste in selecting the best in her literature, he can do much to restore such subjects to their proper position of dignity and respect in the public mind, and rescue them from the exploitation of the many charlatans and adventurers who traffic therein so busily in that Western land of eager enquiry and lack of reverence.

Mr. Johnston lays stress on the fact that the doctrine of rebirth, as found in the Upaniṣhads, the Gîtâ and the Buddhist Suttas, is a Kshattriya teaching. The Buddha, Kṛiṣhṇa, and the teachers of reincarnation in the Upaniṣhads, all belonged to the warrior caste; they were not Brâhmans. Mr. Johnston says:

"By looking deeper into the Indian books we shall find that, so far from originating the teachings of rebirth, the Brâhmans, for the whole first period of their history, confessedly knew nothing about it; that it was already well known even then to another race in India, and that it was taught, on a definite historic occasion, by this older race to the Brâhmans.

"The older race who taught the Brâhmans was a red race, kin to the inhabitants of ancient Egypt and Chaldæa; and it is among the descendants of this red race that we find the clearest conception of rebirth, and of the whole teaching which makes up the subject of the Mysteries."

That the high mystery-teaching in the Upaniṣhads came from one of the warrior caste, and that Kṛiṣhṇa and Gautama were both Kshattriyas, is a sure fact of history, but that these great teachers

belonged to a red race is not yet proved, in our opinion, by Mr. Johnston, at least in the work he has so far published on the subject.

Mr. Johnston seems to ascribe the date of the Gîtâ to the traditional 3,000 odd years B.C., at any rate this will be the conclusion drawn by the ordinary reader; but surely it must be the earliest form of the Kṛishṇa teachings that is to be ascribed to such an early date, and not the present form of the Gîtâ, which should be about three thousand years later.

These points, however, will not be noticeable by the ordinary reader, and certainly do not detract from the pleasure of perusing so well-written and high-intentioned a book. We hope Mr. Johnston will write many such small volumes on similar subjects, but that in printing them he will insist on a more convenient form and a more artistic cover.

G. R. S. M.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

IN the April *Theosophist* we have the history of Colonel Olcott's triumphal progress in Japan, marred only by the bitter cold of a Japanese February. He speaks, not without just a touch of envy, of the contrast between his modest surroundings compared with the "striking pageantry of the scene at Rome in 1584, when the Japanese ambassadors to the Pope asked his religious help," but there seems really to have been nothing wanting in the enthusiasm of his welcome. This month's instalment concludes with the Colonel's skilful checkmate of an attempt to "run" him in the interest of a single one of the many sects of the Japanese Buddhists by a somewhat autocratical summons to the Chief Priests of all the sects to meet him in Council on the subject. It is satisfactory to learn that these "spirits from the vasty deep" actually *did* come when he called for them. Mr. Samuel Stuart commences an important and serious study of Etheric Waves; a short paper on "Eating and sleeping alone" is reprinted from the 1885 volume; and the remainder of the number contains articles by Alexander Smith on "Spiritual Dynamics"; "Mâyâ and the Nidânas," by Josephine M. Davies; "Vowels, their Sounds and Symbolism," by C. A. Ward; "One Road to Theosophy," by S. E. Palmer; while Miss Lilian Edger (whose name we are pleased to see once more in the magazine) continues a series of papers, entitled "Glimpses of Theosophical Christianity," commenced last year, but broken off for want of time. It is an interesting number, somewhat remarkable as having not one Indian name amongst its contributors.

Other Indian magazines are: the *Theosophic Gleaner* for April, containing (amongst other articles) a report of an address delivered by Mrs. Besant at Poona upon "Spirituality in Active Life"; and a paper by Mr. J. G. O. Tepper on "The Mutual Relations of Minerals, Plants and Animals." *The Ârya Bâla Bodhinî* has Mrs. Besant's speech at Benares on the Central Hindu College. An article from *The Saturday Review*, headed "The Ethics of Seclusion," is surely somewhat out of place here. *The Dawn* for January reprints from THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW B. Keightley's valuable review of Max Müller's *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*. We have also *The Light of the East; The Sanmârga Bodhinî;* the Madras *Astrological Magazine; Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society*, from which we should like to extract the whole of a Japanese essay on "The Breadth of Buddhism." Our author tells us that "the differences between the Jôdô and the Jer (Buddhist) sects are greater than between the Jôdô and the Protestant Christians, or the Tien Tai (a Chinese Buddhist sect) and the Roman Catholics. . . Theoretically, it is absolutely true that Christianity and Buddhism, each in its own way, sprang out of the unfathomable depths of the human heart, which is everywhere the same. Take away their prejudices, intellectual as well as historical, and we have the essence of religion." When will Christians learn to speak so wisely and kindly of other faiths? *The Indian Review* for April gives a careful notice of our REVIEW and of *The Theosophist* amongst its notes on Periodical Literature.

The May number of *The Vâhan* has several interesting questions. G. R. S. M. replies as to what precisely happened when everyone heard the Apostles speak, "each in his own tongue," and gives a decided opinion that the account of the Last Judgment in Matt. xxv. and the curse pronounced against "those on the left hand" were never uttered by the Christ. Other answers are as to the beliefs of the Australian savages, the formation of evil elementals, the cultivation of the power of concentration, the ten Pâramitâs, and a very practical enquiry as to how the strength of character gained by selfish lives is to be converted into strength to choose the good.

The May number of the *Bulletin Théosophique* has an account of the Inaugural Meeting at the new quarters of the French Section. The *Lotus Bleu* continues the translation of *The Secret Doctrine;* and, in addition to translations from Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, has a thoughtful paper by Dr. Pascal on "Ancient Sociology, or Castes and Classes." *Der Vâhan* for April has a paper by F. W. Krippner

on the "Fall of the Ancient Mysteries," the usual abstract of our March number, and questions from the English *Vâhan*. In the April number of *Theosophia*, J. van Manen continues his translation of the *Tao Te King* and concludes the article on "Confucius," of which I spoke last month. The "Theosophic Movements" are comprised in a jubilant account of Mr. Leadbeater's visit, everything else being crowded out. Anyone who reads it will certainly feel that our Dutch friends understand the art of getting all the work possible out of their visitors in the time at their disposal. But, like the historical cheesemonger, our friend "is not delicate," and if *he* do not complain, no one else will.

The April and May numbers of our Spanish *Sophia* form interesting reading, but have no original matter requiring notice. In the April number of *Teosofia* Sig. Decio Calvari concludes his paper on "The Old Man and the New"; and the May issue has a full and interesting account of the visit to Rome of Mrs. Annie Besant.

In the *Theosophic Messenger* for April the valuable series of class references in exposition of the *Ancient Wisdom* is continued. *Theosophy in Australia* for March has a notice by Dr. Marques of the Adyar Libraries. W. G. Johns gives a very practical study of the various standards of right and wrong which we instinctively use in dealing with the different societies and persons with whom we come into contact, and the number also contains a very "advanced" sermon on the "Coming Christ" by Dr. Zillman, of Sydney. We wish, however, that there had not been added what is called a Prayer at the close of Sermon. It is true that the preacher has attempted an impossible task, but his failure is very painful.

Of other magazines, etc., we have to acknowledge: *The Herald of the Golden Age*, *The Monthly Record and Animals' Guardian*, *Humanity*, *Modern Astrology*, *Mind*, *The Ideal Review*, *The Arena*, *Notes and Queries*, *Light*, *The Review of Reviews*, *Suggestive Therapeutics*, *L'Écho de l'Au-delà et d'Ici-bas*, *Christian Science Sentinel*, *Star of the Magi*, and also a reprint of A. Fullerton's lecture on *The Proofs of Theosophy*, an Account of the inauguration of the Hall of Literature, Science, and Hygiene at Bombay, and a set of Congratulatory Addresses to Moung Ohn Ghine at Rangoon on his being named a C.I.E.

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