THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Reports of Activities

THE question of the record of activities in the pages of our REVIEW has always been a matter of difficulty. With a Society spread all the world over, it is absolutely impossible to give from month to month a truly comprehensive account of what is really going on in Europe, America, India, and the Colonies. Least of all can our report be at all up to date, seeing the REVIEW is now published simultaneously in America and England, and this means that the copies must be shipped from London on the 1st of the month and that the last scrap of copy must be in the printer's hands upwards of three weeks before the date of publication. Moreover, the reports we receive are entirely haphazard, for we are naturally entirely dependent on the courtesy of our contributors. The consequence is that, where there is an energetic and constant correspondent, the report of that centre of activity assumes in print an importance out of all proportion to actuality, seeing that there are numerous other centres equally active but unreported. No one is to blame for this, least of all the kindly friend who sends in the report.

Again, there are many ways of reporting activity. There is

the way of the enthusiast who gives a graphic picture of things done as though they were of world-wide importance, and the modest account of the philosophic soul who realises that the efforts of his colleagues and himself, even though they be strenuous and of great earnestness, are nevertheless not in the cosmic category, and that it is a teaching of wisdom to hide our good deeds. For such secretaries, and they are, we are glad to say, numerous in the Society, silence is a counsel of perfection; they send few reports.

Now if our REVIEW were conducted on the lines of a news agency, the editors would long ago have perished of despair; whereas they regard the present dearth of reports, as compared with the enthusiastic records that some years ago filled their pages, with calm equanimity. They do not believe that there is less real activity, because the splashing on the surface is less; they see, on the contrary, in the growing balance of the reports, both in their own pages and in the pages of the sectional magazines, the evolution of that desirable sense of proportion and of the fitness of things which is the germ of wisdom and strength. Achievements which nowadays in the Society are worked out quietly and unostentatiously in numerous centres, had they been accomplished some years ago in but one single centre, would have filled our pages with enthusiastic descriptions and the consequent "strengthening" of the weaker members. To-day we require no "strengthening" of this kind; we are beginning to "put away childish things."

In future, therefore, we shall discontinue our monthly report, and shall try whether it is possible to give a quarterly summary of such theosophic doings or sayings as are of really general interest; if there be none, but only the normal record of continuance and endeavour, we shall not feel bound to write merely because the quarter day has come round. On the other hand, if anything of more than general interest transpires, we shall, as usual, report it in our earliest issue. The proper place for monthly reports is in the sectional organs of the Society, such as *The Vâhan*, *The Theosophic Messenger*, *The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, *Bulletin Théosophique*, *Theosophy in Australasia*, *The Prashnottara*, *Theosofisk Tidskrift*, *Teosofia*, *Theo-*

sofia, and *Sophia*, and branches would do well to have them on their library tables.

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The Object of our Review

THE main aim and object of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW is to disseminate true ideas, without fear and without favour; it matters not whether they be called theosophical or by some other name, least of all does it matter whether they are written or uttered by a member of the Theosophical Society. Nay, more, THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW exists to be the means of calling into question the views of even the most prominent members of the Society, if they seem to depart from truth. We do not mean to say that the pages of the REVIEW are open to embittered controversy or discourteous polemic, but we do mean that its object was, at its foundation, and now is, to provide a free and impartial arena for serious discussion of all the great problems of life. Never let it be thought that in the Theosophical Society a view is held to be true because so-and-so says it, or this or that person has written it; and this, even though it be in the greatest of scriptures which generations of mankind have revered as inerrant revelation, much less in the writings of those whose views have not yet been pronounced upon by the common sense of posterity.

At the same time we are not of the opinion of some of our correspondents, who would have every reference to the Society severely excluded from our pages, and who would turn the REVIEW into an entirely independent organ. It is true that the REVIEW is a private and unofficial publication, the organ of no section, least of all of any party in the Society, if indeed there be any parties. But the REVIEW was founded by one whose life was given to the Theosophical Society, as a most necessary instrument on the physical plane for the education in and spread of the immemorial and eternal teachings of the Wisdom of all climes, lands, and nations, and has been carried on by those who share in this conviction, and who know that but for this body thousands of souls would never have heard of the Light in our times. That the instrument has been a very imperfect one, none know better than those members of the

Society who have done most of the work, and whose work, not only without but also within, has shown them the glaring imperfections of their own natures. But the Wisdom has ever been manifested to save sinners and not saints; and "love of the brethren" must precede the love of God if our love of the Divine is to become a reality and not a selfish gratification. Therefore it is the most salutary discipline for us to work in the Society for the general good of the body, and not to remain in isolation —selfishly to purify ourselves alone.

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The Theosophical Society

BUT someone may say: I can still work in the world; I do not wish to be labelled with any name; I wish to be entirely independent; we can do far more good by not having any organisation. And indeed this does seem the easier and pleasanter path for some of us. But is it really the wiser way? No doubt some of us could have made our own little private circles, and have striven to do what good we could in the general world; but how much would have been effected? Again, what, though we belong to the Society, prevents us individually working in the general world? Who has ever said that we are not to do so? Nay, it is just this working in the general world that is laid down as the only safe way of a balanced development. We do not wish to make everyone a member of the Theosophical Society; we declare that we are not a sect, but only an association of students banded together for mutual help in this general task. One of our main objects is to purify our brotherhood from every taint of sectarianism, so that this general work may be the better done. But if those who are striving for such high ideals were not drawn more closely together, then indeed would the striving for unity be vain. The immediate tangible result of our common endeavour is our Society here on earth, a Society whose reputation must be most jealously guarded by each of its members, an instrument for good, and but for which most of us would never have heard of the sublime truths of the inner life. But let us not be blind to what we are attempting to achieve; we are not endeavouring to found an order of recluses, we are not the disciples of some new religion. The Theosophical Society must

live in the world, though the chief effort of its members is not to be of it; the Theosophical Society must preach the doctrine of the unity of religions, *not making that unity a new religion,* but preserving and purifying the religions that are, so that the members of different faiths may feel their common kinship.

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Non-Sectarian Propaganda

IF this be our ideal, and it follows directly from our second object, then we should not strive to make multitudes members of the Society from the erroneous conception that we are a propagandist sect, but realise that our object will be entirely defeated if we are swamped by members who cannot possibly grasp our ideal, and whose presence in our ranks will constitute not only a grave danger, but pull the whole Society down into the gulf of sectarian belief. It is no conceit to recognise the fact that the world as a whole is not yet ripe for such an ideal, and that if we would go surely we must go slowly in the beginnings. If but a tenth of the time given by our lodges to the study of doctrine were devoted to a grasp of the real objects of the Society and the wisest methods of carrying them out, we should speedily grow *together* in wisdom. But, alas! the view too frequently obtains that all must outwardly *do* something with the greatest possible speed. The intention is good, for the doing something is dictated by the longing to help others; but if we are to journey with others, it is childish first of all to weary ourselves out by running distractedly hither and thither, unknowing of our guides or the direction in which they propose to travel; the Jungle-folk must not copy the Bandarlog.

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The Passée Bequest

IN our July issue of 1898, it was announced that a property called Lamolie House, situated in St. George's, Grenada, B.W.I., had been bequeathed to the Trustees for the time being of the Theosophical Society in Europe, by the will of the late Mr. Edward Thomas Passée, a prominent inhabitant of the island, and a member of our Society. In March of the present year this property was disposed of for £600 to the Rector of St. George's, acting on behalf of the Trustees of the Anglican Church, who have pur-

chased it for a school-house and other parochial purposes. Of this sum £200 have been assigned by the Trustees to the European Section; £200 have been set aside as a publishing fund, to aid in the publication of such works as from time to time may be judged advisable; and the balance, less necessary legal expenses, is held in reserve. Out of the publishing fund it has been decided to undertake the publication of Colonel H. S. Olcott's second volume of *Old Diary Leaves*, a valuable historical sketch of the early years of the Society, recorded in the diaries of the President-Founder, and now on sale at 3, Langham Place, W.

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FROM India come the two following interesting paragraphs:

The Lifting of India

"The Anniversary Meeting of the Theosophical Society and the Convention of the Indian Section are to be held next month in Benares, on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. The President-Founder—in view of the immense size of India—decided two years ago that the Anniversary Meeting should be held alternately at Adyar and at Benares, and the Indian Section has built itself a home worthy of the great continent in which it works. The building has a large central hall, capable of seating five hundred people with ease, and at a pinch many more. This is surrounded by eight visitors' rooms and bath-rooms and two large offices. On the roof are being built small rooms, four or five in number, to be fitted up for the worship of men of different exoteric religions, for India contains representatives of all the great creeds. The kitchens are away from the main buildings, and delegates' quarters are also being prepared. The building is on freehold land, for which the Section is to pay at its leisure. Close by, the Theosophical Publishing Society has its office, and the same compound contains the little houses of the Assistant Secretary and the T.P.S. Manager. The postal work done is so large, that the Post Office has given permission for the establishment of a branch post office in a corner of the compound. The adjoining compound contains the bungalow built by Countess Wachtmeister, Mr. Keightley, and other friends, on behalf of Mrs. Besant, and the house of Mr. Chakravarti, whose great educational

experience is placed at the service of the Central Hindu College."

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"We cross the road that bounds these two compounds on the south, and find ourselves in the large grounds of the College, presented as a free gift by the Mahârâja of Benares. The first building we come to is the Boarding House, on one side of a huge quadrangle, which presently will have Boarding Houses all round it. A handsome stone gateway, beautifully carved, admits us to another great quadrangle, on one side of which rises the fine College itself, standing on a large stone platform, 160 feet in length, and 55 in breadth. At the back of this original building, of handsomely carved stone—included in the Mahârâja's gift—sixteen new rooms have been built for class-rooms. These are nearly completed, and will have been opened ere this reaches our readers. Beyond the College stretch the College grounds, including cricket and football fields.

One of the Means

"Such is the material aspect of the work for the lifting of India, definitely begun on the physical plane in January, 1899 by the purchase of the land on which the Sectional Quarters now stand. The Theosophical Society has been labouring to revive, spiritualise, and liberalise true Hinduism and Zoroastrianism on Indian soil, ever since H. P. Blavatsky and her faithful colleague, the President-Founder, landed at Bombay. Now has begun the work of rearing a generation of Hindus under the best influences that East and West can furnish, and for this the College stands. Much other work lies still unborn in the womb of the future, though in the world of Ideas it stands ready. May enough courage and devotion be found to bring it all to birth."

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In the issue of September 17th of *The Scotsman* there is an exceedingly important communication for those who are keenly interested in the religious well-being of India. If what is stated by the leader-writer in *The Scotsman* is true, the "Bharat Dharma Mahamandal" should receive the warm support of our Indian

The Religious Revival in India

colleagues, for its objects seem to be identical with those of the Hindu College which they have recently established at Benares. We should, however, like to hear something more about this "Mahamandal," for if the facts are as stated, it is a most extraordinary thing that it has not been mentioned in our Indian journals. Any information on the subject will be heartily welcomed from our Indian correspondents. The paragraph referred to runs as follows:

The latest, and undoubtedly the most interesting, attempt to galvanise Hinduism into life is the "Bharat Dharma Mahamandal," which, being interpreted, is the Great Religious Society of India. The Maharaja of Durbhanga . . . has been elected its president. In his inaugural address at Delhi the Maharaja spoke a sort of manifesto, innocent enough in his mouth, and significant for students of comparative religion but not free altogether from political risks, as viewed from both the British and the Mohammedan sides. The great Hindu community, he declared, "of which we are all proud," needs an organisation to represent its grievances to the head of the State, as well as to be a powerful engine for the revival of the Hindu religion. The Mahamandal is the nucleus of such, and its branches "have been formed in every part of the Empire" of India. Its aims are the amelioration of ancient religion as taught in the Vedas and Puranas, the reform of evil customs, and the spread of Sanskrit learning. Some thirty thousand pounds sterling have been subscribed, wherewith colleges and schools have been opened to teach Sanskrit up to the University standard, to study daily the Bhagavatgita and Sanatanadharma, and follow the strictest Brahmanical rules. At Simla, in Kashmir, in Peshawur, in Lahore, at the Mathura and Bendraban centres of the Cult of Krishna, at Udaipur, . . . at Musulman Haidarabad, in the Deccan, and at other places more than seven hundred "Sabhas" or nuclei have been formed and largely endowed in many cases. The new Durbhunga Maharaja's declared object is to extend this widespread organisation, for he is alarmed, "justly alarmed," as every orthodox Hindu is, "at the spread of unbelief" in Hinduism. English education must no longer be synonymous with "unorthodoxy."

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Owing to the enforced residence of the Hon. Otway Cuffe in Ireland, our well-known contributor, Dr. A. A. Wells, has, at the invitation of the Executive Committee, kindly accepted the responsible post of General Secretary of the European Section. Much as we regret the loss of Mr. Cuffe, we feel that no better choice could have been made to fill the vacancy.

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

EARLY in the morning of the hot July day there had been a sea-mist, and the fog lay on the horizon like a rolled banner, gleaming with ineffable tints of opalescent purple. The glassy sea was purest blue, save where the shimmering paths of the currents shone silver-white, or where the lap and fret of waves at the cliff-foot made the water pink with Devon earth. The weed on the rocks glowed orange-brown in the dazzling light, and the dark line of the low-flying shag gave the only sombre touch to the brilliant hues of land, sea, and sky. The turf, sweet with the breath of wild thyme, and studded with pale yellow rock rose, crept wellnigh to the water's edge. Here, a hundred years ago, the sea had claimed tribute of the earth, and a big landslip rent the bosom of the patient mother. Half a mile of cliff had fallen, and in the chasm thus made, now filled full with greenery and prodigal growth of fern, bramble, and berry, a long white house stood, sun-bathed and creeper-clad.

A little stream sprang seawards from the cliff, tinkling in a baby waterfall down grey rocks splashed with orange lichen, and forming in a small crystal pool ere it ran on to lose itself in the greyish-white sand of the shore.

By this little pool sat three children: two flaxen-haired girls, and a small, dark-haired, grey-eyed boy. The girls lay on the ground; their chins resting on their clasped hands, their eyes round, blue, and awestruck. The boy knelt stiffly on the verge of the pool, his eyes looking straight out over the sea, his hands linked behind his head. He was a slim little child, with a small, pale face, delicate, irregular features, and long-lashed grey eyes.

"They came up," he was saying, "up the little path that comes from the shore. They left their boats on the beach. They broke down our doors, making a great noise. The doors fell down; I heard them fall; I could hear the others shrieking

as the men killed them. I was painting, you know; I painted coloured letters round a face which was in the middle. I drew the face myself; it was a white face with gold all round it. The men broke into my room, and killed an old man who was there with me. I stood with my back against the wall. I put out my hands, so— I had no sword, and— and— then they killed me. . ."

The child broke off abruptly; he gasped, threw himself face downwards on the turf, sobbing either with grief or excitement. The audience drew a long breath. Never—never—never—in all the annals of the nursery had even the most gifted grown-up person told them such tales as did this, their small orphan cousin.

"What's the matter now?" said a man's voice. "Quarrelling? Dennis, why are you crying?"

Three people had, unheard, approached the little group; a man, a young girl, and a boy. The man and boy were sufficiently alike to be easily recognisable as father and son. The boy was seventeen or eighteen years old; handsome, vigorous, and graceful. He carried a gun; he had been shooting rabbits on the cliff, and two helpless little brown bodies dangled from his left hand. The man was past middle age, but time alone had not carved the straight severe lines about his mouth, nor made his eyes so cold. That was the work of temperament; the comely lad beside him would never have such lips and eyes, though the tinting and moulding of the two faces were very much the same.

The crying child scrambled to his feet, blushing and half laughing; his grief had not been very deeply rooted. The youngest girl, clinging to her father's hand, cried out eagerly in praise of the tale:

"Dennis tells us such lovely stories, daddy."

The boy with the gun threw the rabbits on the grass. "Kitty's quite right," he said. "They're ripping. I can't think how he gets hold of them."

"He says they're true. He says they happened to him," broke in the enthusiastic auditor. "And he tells us what he sees, too. O Dennis, *tell* them about the little men you saw in the mist this morning."

The dark eyebrows of the elder listener drew together.

"Look here, Dennis," he said shortly; "if you prefer to tell stories to the girls, rather than go rabbiting with the other boys"—there was a little touch of contempt in the voice—"of course there's no harm in that; but you must not say what is untrue."

"But it is true," said the child eagerly. "It is true, Uncle Hugh. That *did* happen to me; it did really. It was a grey house by the sea, and no trees near, only the moors, and they killed me in the room where I was painting.

"Take care, Dennis! When did this happen, may I ask?"

"I— I don't know, Uncle Hugh."

"Nor anyone else. Did you tell the girls it was true?"

"It *is* true," said Dennis, beginning to pant, and rock from heel to toe and back again. "It is quite true."

"It is, is it? And you see little men in the mist, eh?"

"I did this morning."

"And he sees pictures in the water," broke in one of the listening children.

"Do you see pictures in the water, Dennis?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"In that water, for example? Look and see."

The child knelt down and stared into the pool.

"I don't—" he began, after a pause. "Yes, I do! yes, I do! I see a little house and a cornfield, and a —O there! It's gone."

The man laid his finger-tips lightly on the child's shoulder. "Get up and listen to me," he said gravely. Dennis rose; the touch had not been at all rough; on the contrary it was very gentle, and the voice was quiet, but there was a sense of danger in the air; an ominous thrill; and the child's eyes, why, he knew not, grew slightly frightened.

"What you have just said is a lie," said his elder very distinctly, "and you know that just as well as I do. You are very young yet, and I don't want to be hard on you. If you confess that you told a lie, I won't say any more about it, unless you do it again. Come!"

"But— I can't. It *wasn't* a lie."

"Take care now. Tell me you said what wasn't true, and are sorry; and then run into tea and forget about it."

The child began to tremble. "But I can't—it wasn't—indeed—it—O dear! O dear!"

"I tell you I don't want to be hard upon you. I mean to be, and I hope I always am, perfectly just. I shall ask you three times whether your stories are true. If you say, no—well and good! If you persist in saying yes, you'll—take the consequences, that's all. I shall ask you this question every day till I make you speak the truth."

Things were now looking very serious. The little girls were struck with awe. The unhappy weaver of striking romance sobbed. The young girl and the lad exchanged glances, and strove to extenuate the crime of Dennis.

"O please, Mr. March," said the girl softly, "he's so very little, and he's imaginative, you know."

"He's dotty, poor little chap!" said the boy cheerily. "He means no harm, dad. He'll be all right when he goes to school. Let him off this once."

"He has the matter in his own hands. Now then, Dennis, are these tales of yours true?"

"Yes," faltered the quivering lips.

"Once more, are they true?"

"They are true! they are true! What shall I do? If you kill me, they're true."

"I'm not at all likely to kill you, but I mean to cure you of lying. It's obstinacy; for you must know you've told lies. Are these things true?"

"Y—ye— I mean— I think so," hedged poor Dennis, desperately.

"Go into the house," said the man, with a push. "You've brought it on yourself, and it serves you right."

Consolatory reflection! The child slunk into the house, crying bitterly. The girl attempted further intercession.

"It's no good, Kate," said the man, angrily; "I'm shocked at the child's obstinacy. He has told a gratuitous falsehood, and he must, as I said, take the consequences."

So Dennis took the consequences, and woke up at night shrieking with nightmare as their direct result. Daily the same question was put to him and received the same answer, which

produced the same pains and penalties, save that they grew a little more grievous daily, because of the increasing blackness of his sin. Dennis went about with a white face and silent tongue; his eyelids were red and swollen and there were purple rings under his eyes. At last on the fifth day, the child, breaking down, confessed himself to be a wilful and egregious perverter of truth.

"Why couldn't you have said that before," said Hugh March. "Now speak the truth in future, there's a good boy."

Dennis promised that he certainly would do so, and went away to cry over his first lie. He knew that lying was a grievous sin; and the preacher under whom the March family "sat" predicted a fiery and eternal doom for sinners. Dennis cried over his probable damnation; but the undying worm and quenchless flame of a vengeful God were far away, whereas Hugh March's birch was horribly near; so Dennis risked eternity for the sake of comparative well-being in time.

It must not be supposed that March was the typical "wicked uncle" of nursery tales; he was sincerely anxious to be kind to his dead brother's little boy. The "queerness" of Dennis was a source of concerned perplexity to his guardian. Perry, his own son, whom he idolised, was an athlete rather than a scholar, and March was glad of the fact; nevertheless he would have been satisfied with his fragile non-athletic nephew if he had shown signs of studiousness; but the child was not clever; he was backward, lazy and dreamy; his only talents were a gift for drawing and an eye for colour effects which were "mere accomplishments" in the eyes of his uncle. Dennis had no other gifts, unless his stories presaged a future novelist.

Dennis, on his side, was stunned and terrified by his uncle's treatment of his powers of vision. His Irish mother, like her son, possessed "the sight," and she had treated his visions as simple facts, which were by no means extraordinary; hence the child was not vain of his gift, nor did he dream of boasting of, or colouring, his visions. When his mother died, and he came to live with his uncle and cousins, he came simply and confidingly as to friends; unsuspicious of the possibility of harshness, inexperienced in aught save tenderness. To be suddenly denounced

as an obstinate liar, to be flogged because he saw things which his cousins did not see, not only terrified, but stupefied him. He relapsed into bewildered silence, and bent all his small powers of deception to conceal his power of vision.

Hitherto "the sight" had been spasmodic; but either from some influence of climate, or because of his nervous tension, it now became almost unintermittent; he "saw" very often, and the strain of concealment troubled him. The visions were in a measure consolatory, that which he saw did not frighten him, and he lived in a world of sound, colour, and light which was unshared by his companions. The child was very lonely, for he feared to talk much, lest he should betray himself; nevertheless he became gradually aware of the fact that he had one staunch and kindly friend. This was his cousin, Perry.

Perry was a good-humoured, genial and sympathetic soul, his very super-abundant vigour and strength gave him a chivalrous sense of pitiful protection towards the poor little frightened nervous child.

Once at a picnic on the Head, Dennis began to watch some little folk who were unseen by the others. Suddenly he became aware that Perry was watching him, with puzzled eyes and knitted brows. Dennis started, his vision vanished, and he lay quivering with fear lest Perry should ask him what he had been looking at with so much interest. But Perry did not ask; he smiled at his little cousin, and turned his eyes away.

After the picnic that night, a party sat on the verandah, and told ghost stories of a grisly nature. Dennis grew frightened, the "other world" was real to him; this grim aspect of it was terrible. He did not understand the things he saw, and the dread of seeing the horrors which were described in the tales fell upon him. The nervous system of a sensitive child is a delicate instrument, though it is sometimes the custom to treat it as though it were constructed of equal parts of whalebone, steel, and cast-iron. The stream of tales ran dry.

"What's become of all your fine stories, Dennis?" said one of the circle, mockingly; one who knew of the little tragedy enacted a month ago.

"I'm afraid I've spoilt the flow of Dennis's genius," said

March, and the laugh rippled round the circle at the expense of the young seer. Is this world so purely joyous, so untouched by sorrow, that we should forget our heavenly heritage if our brethren did not try now and then to give us a little pain, even though it be but a tongue stab, to make us less contented with our earthly bliss? It would seem that there be many who think so. Perry put forth an arm in the darkness and laid it round the child's neck.

"That's a beastly shame," he said to the first speaker.

They were only four homely schoolboy words; it was only the touch of a strong kindly young arm, but they drew forth a disproportionate flood of adoring gratitude from the child's sensitive heart. Therefore, when he went to bed that night, he ventured to ask a favour of Perry. In Dennis's room there was an unpleasant-looking green and yellow curtain, which had a reprehensible habit of swaying when there was not any wind. Ghost stories had made that curtain a thing of horror to Dennis; he feared that it would draw back very slowly one of these days, and he should see some hideous object gibbering behind it—a class of vision of which he had formerly never dreamed. He once asked whether the curtain might be taken away; but as he could assign no reason for his request, he was told "not to be silly," and the curtain, like the poor, remained with him always. Alas! for the dumb terrors, the helpless inarticulateness of the soul of a young misunderstood child!

To-night he took courage.

"Perry," he said, "won't you c—come and st—tay with me till I'm asleep?"

Since the five days' holy war which March had waged with Dennis, the child had stammered slightly; it was a pathetic little falter of the tongue, and Perry felt vaguely touched by it. He looked at him questioningly. At last he said:

"Why? well! never mind. Right you are!"

He entered the room whistling, and by some instinct drew the green and yellow curtain back. Dennis undressed and slipped into bed. Perry knelt down, put his arm over the child, and spoke kindly:

"You're not happy here, Den," he said; "what's the matter with you?"

Dennis bit his lip and closed his eyes; at last, by dint of coaxing, Perry arrived at the fact that Dennis was mourning over the sin of deceit.

"*That* wasn't much," said Perry immorally, but cheerfully.

He hesitated, then he said in a whisper:

"I say, Denny; which *was* the lie, eh?"

He felt the slender body beneath his arm start, quiver, and grow unnaturally still.

"Was it a lie that you saw these things, or that you didn't see them, which?"

"Th—that I saw th—them."

There was a pause. Then Perry said gently:

"Poor little chap; it's a shame. All right, old man. Go to sleep; I'll stay with you."

To himself he said: "Who's to blame for *that* lie, Den or the dad?"

The holidays were nearly over; Perry was about to return for his last term to Harrow, and Dennis was going for his first term to a preparatory school. Before his final departure, Perry was going to walk fifteen miles in order to stay for a couple of days with some friends. A week before this visit there was a farewell picnic at the Head. It was a lovely day, and the sea was blue and calm. Perry was on the cliff building the fire for the picnic tea; Dennis was on the rocks below. He was at the water's edge, standing quite still, when on a sudden he shrieked, and put his hands before his eyes. Then he turned and ran; he rushed up the cliff path sobbing out that there was a drowned man in the water below. Of course March, Perry, and three or four young men ran to the shore, only to see the water rippling peacefully in, and the brown weed swaying with the lazy tide.

March shouted to the child on the cliff:

"Come here."

Dennis obeyed him, shuddering still.

"There's no drowned man here," said March, sternly. "Why did you say there was?"

The child caught his breath with a jerk, and his face grew white as ashes. The thing he so dreaded had come; he had

betrayed himself. He glanced imploringly at his only hope—Perry; and his lip quivered.

"It was the weed he saw," said Perry. "He's always fanciful and nervous, you know."

"Nonsense," said March; "These are his old tricks. I thought I'd cured you of this, Dennis."

He left the shore, with an angry glance at the child.

Dennis began to cry, and Perry laid a hand on his shoulder. Dennis clutched his arm.

"O Perry," he wailed, "do g—go to him. Do speak to h—him. Do tell him I'm sorry. I'd n—never have said what I saw, if I hadn't thought everyb—body could see it t—too."

"I thought so," said Perry under his breath; "you do see these things; and you pretend you don't, for fear of a licking."

"Don't tell. Please don't tell; dear Perry, d—don't tell."

"All right, don't cry. I'll speak to the governor."

But Perry spoke in vain, March was an obstinate thick-headed man, and he was very angry indeed. The vials of his righteous wrath descended on the luckless seer, who was utterly broken and unnerved in consequence. Perry also was very angry, though not with the helpless little victim of March's dull wits. When, three days after the child's punishment, a drowned sailor was actually washed ashore at the Head, Perry boldly avowed his belief in the visions of Dennis. March was as angry with Perry as it was possible for him to be with his idolised only son. He made many acute and scathing remarks about ignorant superstition, and naughty, lying, hysterical children, whose imagination and hysteria must be crushed with the strong hand of authority.

Perry went away in a very bad temper; and Dennis remained behind in such a state of abject terror that he hardly dared to grasp his coffee cup when it was offered to him at the breakfast table, lest it should prove to be an elusive and unshared vision.

On the evening of the day of Perry's departure, Dennis stood at the door of his uncle's study trying to make up his mind to go in. Like many other men who never read anything save the daily paper, March had a "study." At last Dennis went in, March, who was writing a letter, looked up:

"Well, Dennis, what is it?

"H—have you heard from Perry, Uncle," stammered the child.

"Heard from Perry! The boy's daft. He only left this morning,"

"O," said Dennis nervously, "y—yes, so he did; I f—forgot."

And he crept out again like a frightened mouse.

The next morning a telegram arrived for Perry, which his father opened; it was from the friends with whom he was supposed to be staying, asking the reason of his non-arrival; Perry was going over to play in a cricket match, hence their agitation. March rode over to them at once. Perry had not arrived; inquiries on the road gained no tidings of him. Search was made for him throughout that day, through the night and through the next day, and still there was no news of Perry.

For the first time in his life March was shaken to the finest fibre of his soul. His son was the apple of his eye, the best beloved of all his children. He felt a tremor of the nerves which he would have called weakness and affectation in another. When on the third night the searchers returned with no tidings of the young man, March went to his room with a grey-hued face, and eyes that were glazed with agony and suspense. He sat at his table, and bowed his head upon it, He tried to pray—March was a somewhat conventionally religious man—but he could only groan.

In the room above, where was the green and yellow curtain, the child knelt by the side of his bed, shaking from head to foot, the drops of agony standing on his forehead. The soul, which was so much older than the little body, was wrestling in the throes of a complex passion of love and personal cowardly dread; the poor little ten-year-old body could scarcely support the strain.

In the afternoon, two hours after Perry left, Dennis knelt by the little pool and chanced to look therein. Before his eyes a picture grew. It was Perry, stunned and lifeless, lying in a hollow, the mouth of which was hidden by elder bushes with their luscious black berries. It was a narrow rocky crevasse formed

by the rending, slipping land. Everything about the picture was very clear; on the hill above the hollow was an old pine tree twisted into a strange shape; there was a bent bough on it on which a human form dangled—a dead man, hanged by the neck to the bent tree. This was the vision that had driven Dennis to his uncle's room; since then the picture appeared to him again and yet again. Sometimes the hanged man was not there, but the scene was always the same, point for point. Even now, as he knelt, it formed itself between him and the green and yellow curtain.

The child sobbed and twisted his fingers in his hair. In his ears rang the stern words: "If I hear a whisper of this again, Dennis, I shall write very strongly to Mr. Brownlow, and warn him of your untruthfulness."

Mr. Brownlow was Dennis's future schoolmaster, and poor Dennis pictured himself as being pilloried and held up for execration before a whole community of youthful devotees of truth. But then there was Perry. Perry had been kind to him; Perry had banished the terrors of the yellow and green curtain; had tried to screen him from wrath. If only someone else could see! His Highland nurse had told him "the sight" was God's gift. If only He would give that gift to someone else; to someone who would not be punished and scolded because of his possession. Dennis had prayed on this subject with a child's unreasoning and sometimes unreasonable faith, and now, once more, he extended his clasped hands and sobbed into the darkness:

"O do— do— do make someone else see instead of me."

But no one else saw, and the burden, responsibility and terror of a gift, whatsoever be its nature, lay heavily on the slender shoulders of Dennis. Therefore the end was inevitable. All strong powers lie upon the men who possess them like mighty compelling forces, unless the man be stronger than his gift. To Dennis, and to no other, was the vision; as he closed his streaming eyes it slowly formed itself once more. He staggered to his feet and made for the room below; the force was stronger than he, or else he was stronger than his weak nerves and trembling body. Though March should beat him within an inch of his fragile life, he must tell that which he saw. He did not hesitate now; he

opened the door and went straight in. March raised his head, started, and stood up.

"Dennis! Bless my soul, child, what are you doing at this hour? Not undressed! Are you ill?"

"Uncle Hugh," said Dennis, steadying himself by the table edge, "I—I know where Perry is. At least I think so."

"You know where Perry is! What do you mean?"

The child began to describe the place of his vision, and March listened with growing interest and excitement; when Dennis spoke of the pine and the dangling figure, he sprang up:

"It's the highwayman's pine," he almost shouted; "they say a man was hanged there a hundred years ago. But I'll take my oath you've never been there. How do you know the place?"

"I s—saw it," faltered Dennis, and having thus betrayed his evil-doing, he swung forward and fainted. When he recovered he was lying on a sofa, and March was putting water on his face.

"Lie still," he said kindly. "Don't be frightened. You must have been dreaming, you know. I—I think I'll go to this place you dreamed of. It's superstition of course, but—er—er."

March called a maid to tend the child; then he summoned the men who had been searching throughout the day, and led them on another quest. This time they found the missing lad. He was insensible, and his leg was broken. The next day the doctor spoke gravely of the state of his patient.

"I am very much afraid that his condition is serious," he said. "If he had been cared for at once, recovery would have been quite certain; but he has been lying there, half stunned, and without food, drink or care during four days and nights."

March did not speak; possessed by a sudden thought he sought his nephew:

"Dennis, child," he said, "when did you first see the place where we found Perry?"

"The day he left."

"Why didn't you tell me at once what you saw? Perry's very ill from lying there four days."

"I'm sorry," murmured Dennis, "I—I thought you'd—you'd—"

"You thought I should be angry?"

"Y—yes, I was afraid."

He did not know how innocently he avenged himself and paid off old scores. March was silent for a minute, then he said in a low voice:

"It's just. It's my own fault."

He stooped, took the child's face gently between his hands, kissed his forehead, and went out alone to wrestle with his pain and anxiety.

* * * *

As this tale began, so also it ends at the pool in the landslip. Perry lay beside the stream, apparently none the worse for his fall of the year before. Dennis, sitting cross-legged beside the little rock basin, watched the water. March was talking with his son; following the direction of Perry's smiling eyes, he saw Dennis. Dennis's pictures were less frequent now, and his "stories" were less marvellous. The press of outer interests which crowded in, were doing their work. March looked at the boy, he rose, stood beside him, and laid his hand on his head:

"Seeing pictures?" he said with a short half-mocking laugh. March's position was a very illogical one, and he was semi-conscious of the fact. The child looked up and nodded.

"What nonsense," said March, "it's all fancy. If there was anything to see why shouldn't I see it?"

"Come, father," said Perry, laughing, "why can't I tell 'Rule Britannia' from 'God save the Queen'?"

"Nonsense! I tell you it's rampant mediæval superstition that's got hold of you. As for Denny, he's a little donkey."

But he laughed, and pulled the boy's hair with a gentle hand, which seems to prove that one is not necessarily incapable of learning, even after one has "come to forty years."

MICHAEL WOOD.

[NOTE.—This story is founded on fact. That is to say, although it is mine as regards characters and incidents, the *motif*, namely, the clairvoyance of the child, is true. The drastic methods which were employed for the repression of the gifts of the luckless little seer are also facts, and that is the reason I wrote the story. I do not know whether the real tale "ended well." I fancy no cruelty is so hopelessly incurable as that which is rooted in ignorance, stupidity and self-righteousness.]

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

WHAT is the law of evolutionary development for the universe in which we live, for our globe itself, and for the animal and vegetable life thereon existent? It is this: that to primitive *generalisation* of type, *differentiation* succeeds; this is the law prevailing everywhere in the universe around us, from planetary systems to physical organic life.

So also do we find this same law governing the evolution of the types of mind in man from age to age. At first, far back among those we term "the ancients," it is the generalised type of mind—broad, comprehensive, all-round in its character—the mind of the philosophers of old filled with a *general* knowledge of both the spiritual and physical worlds. Later, as in the middle ages, begins the differentiation; and the direction it has taken in the most advanced of the present races is shewn by the fact that the knowledge of the physical world has become more and more detailed and exact, while that of the superphysical world has become less deep and over-ruling; until, in the present day, in the midst of this great western civilisation, the chasm of differentiation has widened to its utmost, and the phenomenon which meets our view is that of two distinct types of mind, two camps of thinkers: the Modern Scientists on the one hand, and on the other the Religionists and Philosophers.

This natural fact of evolution it is which to-day makes possible the writing of a paper entitled "Theosophy *and* Modern Science." In reality, there is no distinction between the two. In the far future, some way up the ascending arc of evolutionary time, the separated types of mind (just as will also take place in all vegetable and animal life, so utterly specialised and hopelessly separated though they to-day appear) will once more be reunited as in the past, but with this vast difference, which, indeed, all that long and wearisome differentiation and that lonely gather-

ing of experience but subserved, that, through this experience and suffering, faculties, deep and permanent in their nature, will have been reaped and garnered lastingly and built into the soul.

Therefore, you Philosophers, look not with contempt on the Scientist of to-day, engrossed with his materialistic work, paying no heed to your lofty teachings on the science of the soul. And you, men of Science, are in error, if you spurn the Philosopher from you as unworthy of serious attention. Rather are these two very different classes of thinkers to be regarded as passing through necessary stages, inevitable phases, of the evolutionary progress of the great human kingdom of mind. It is a result of the development of free-will in man; and no more is a human type to be blamed, to be despised, for choosing one special direction for his mental activity, than an animal type is to be despised for entering upon a special environment and there becoming specially organised to suit its surroundings. It is but for a time, and at the end of it somewhat greater and more advanced will he emerge therefrom, ready to set out on a new pilgrimage of mental growth.

Now it is the duty of those of us who really see something of the path ahead which is to be trodden by mankind, to assist towards the blending of these two types, towards that unification which will one day be the consummation of all present-day specialisations and distinctions; to introduce harmony where before was distracting discord, hope where there was despair, the likelihood of common interests where before there seemed selfish appropriation and exclusiveness.

Now Theosophists derive their knowledge of the subtler planes of the universe from two sources: (1) from facts and ideas directly given to them from certain sages who have covered the whole field of knowledge so far as regards this cycle of things; and (2) from their own first-hand investigations following on the development within themselves of the appropriate and necessary faculties for such investigation—faculties which are exceptional at the present time, and really belong to mankind normally at a much later stage of its evolution. On the other hand, Modern Scientists, being concerned with the physical world alone, derive their knowledge (under which term I include theories which have

been generally accepted as reasonable and probably true) by way of their ordinary faculties and senses *plus* the instruments which they have with those faculties constructed.

There are thus two parallel lines of research and teaching running side by side in this our modern world, both dealing with Nature, both with this scheme and handiwork of the Logos; but the one at a somewhat lower level than the other. Both sets of investigators and teachers are equally in earnest. Did Modern Scientists, like Theosophists, publish everywhere on their text-books and pamphlets a motto, I feel sure that that too would read: "There is no Religion (nor anything in the Universe) higher than Truth." The herald cry of both armies is the same: "It is truth, and truth alone, we seek at all hazards."

I now wish, very fragmentarily and incompletely, to put before you just a few of the results of the researches of Modern Scientists into the constitution of our physical universe, for two chief purposes: to indicate to you (1) the value and worth of those researches; and (2) the fact that the two parallel lines above mentioned are gradually converging more and more towards that unification, which I stated was the final goal to be reached by the mind of man.

Some of the leading principles and laws of the solar system had already been formulated as theories by Western Scientists, before members of our Society introduced the very same teachings, in their main principles, as definitely ascertained facts of mysticism, into this part of the world. Such, *e.g.*, were the nebular hypothesis of Kant and Laplace, the theory of evolution propounded by Spencer, Darwin and Haeckel, the genesis of the elements set forth by Crookes—magnificent generalisations, indicating an intuitive power and imagination in such men, which will stand them in good stead in future ages.

The value of the establishment of such generalisations on a firm basis can only be appreciated when we realise what it means to reside in a world or system of worlds, having an acquaintance with the general laws governing it and the life-forms which it bears; there results from such knowledge a sense of security, peace and happiness, which would be absent were we dwelling in a world which to us was the veriest chaos, whose past and future

were alike unknown. Great are then the services which such men of Science have rendered us. But when, from the far East, comes the message of Theosophy confirming these theories as substantially true, great indeed should be the rejoicing of those who dwell at times in both camps and are able to appreciate the labours of each.

Let us now consider briefly one great teaching of Modern Science, one of those leading ideas which is dominating ever more and more the civilised world of to-day—the idea of *Evolution*. First definitely formulated by Spencer, and later by Darwin and Wallace about 1859, in connection with the origin of species among animals and plants, and applied also to the origin and development of man himself, the idea was further elaborated and supported by Prof. Haeckel of Jena. The principles of what were termed "variation and natural selection" were strongly insisted upon by Darwin and Wallace as the two prime agents in the working of this law of evolution.

The general position of the evolutionist may be thus stated: All forms of life on this globe, whether animal, vegetable or human, have arisen from one primitive stock, and attained their present characteristics by sporadic and fortuitous variation from the original type; the varieties formed were played upon by natural selection in such a way that those forms which were least fitted for carrying on a successful and healthy existence were eliminated, and those varieties best suited and adapted to their environment survived to perpetuate a strong and healthy strain. The variation, according to Darwin and indeed all biologists, is caused by the influence of the environment upon the organism, the direct influence of the surrounding conditions of life acting eventually upon the protoplasm of the sexual cells and causing those changes of character to be transmitted to the offspring. But those varieties thus produced which were best adapted to meet and live through the surrounding conditions in which they were born would, naturally, crowd out and destroy, in time, those which were less well adapted thereto, and there would thus be a perpetual struggle for existence amongst animals and plants, as a result of which the fittest forms would survive. This is Darwin's scheme of "variation" under the

suzerainty of "natural selection" as constituting the working factors of the law of evolution.

But will this scheme explain and account for evolution? I think not. Lord Salisbury at Oxford was justified in ridiculing the idea that natural selection *per se* could bring about the evolution of higher forms of life. There is some reason, however, to think that Darwin believed in progressive heredity, as did Haeckel, for the latter says: "Darwin himself was convinced of the fundamental importance of progressive heredity quite as much as his great predecessor Lamarck," though one fails to find in his books in what way or why he imagined this progress to take place.

But other scientists have been decidedly in favour of there being some other cause than natural selection at work to account for the evolution of more and more highly organised forms. Professor Vines, occupying the chair of botany at Oxford, in the concluding paragraph of his *Physiology of Plants*, states this position. He says:

> There seems to be some ground for believing that the evolution of plants is the expression of something more than fortuitous variation. Naegeli [the great German botanist] suggests, and his suggestion is worthy of serious consideration, that there is an inherent tendency to a higher organisation, so that each succeeding generation represents an advance, though it may be a slight one, on its predecessors. . . . Evolution is no longer a matter of chance, but is the inevitable outcome of a fundamental property of living matter.

This is essentially the Theosophical position. The principle of natural selection is recognised as a necessary factor; it is one of the selfish aspects of the law of evolution prevailing along the downward arc. All that is further necessary for our biologists is to recognise that the "fundamental property of living matter" which produces evolution, is the inherent *life-energy* in every organism, influenced by the environment it is true, yet itself not passive to, though greatly assisted by, that environment, but reacting thereon, and with independent causality inducing variation in the direction of progress ever onward and upward. This vitalistic principle is just the one thing which Scientists as a whole will not recognise or admit; everything must be reduced to physical mechanism or they will not listen.

I will now briefly consider that department of evolution

dealing with the descent of man. The extreme scientific view is the monistic view of Haeckel, who derives man directly from the lemurs through the simiæ, platyrrhinæ, catarrhinæ, and anthropoid apes. "All modern researches," says he, "have confirmed the views of Lamarck, Darwin, and Huxley, and they allow of no doubt that the nearest vertebrate ancestors of mankind were a series of Tertiary primates." He puts this view forward with great positiveness, dead certain that he, at any rate, is on the right track.

But I believe Darwin's creed to have been that man and the apes are descended from a common ancestor, not necessarily itself an animal resembling our modern anthropoids any more than man himself resembles them at the present day; but, nevertheless, on all grounds, necessarily ape-like in appearance and structure. Darwin, however, with Haeckel and others, doubtless held that this descent and modification took place within Quaternary or at earliest late Tertiary times.

What does the Esoteric Philosophy teach us on this important subject? That Darwin's main position is correct. That man and the anthropoid are descended from a common ape-like ancestor without doubt. But that ancestor, though ape-like, was *man* himself, and the gorilla and chimpanzee are the modified descendants of that man of the third or early fourth race and some contemporary animal with which he crossed himself. So that anthropoid apes have, as a matter of fact, sprung from man and not man from the apes; and the epoch of that origin was not in Tertiary but in later Secondary or Mesozoic times.

As regards the mammalian kingdom as a whole, of course, the modern scientific view universally held is that that kingdom, in its entirety, preceded man by many ages, as may be easily gathered from a glance at Haeckel's ancestral tree of that group. Strange and fabulous, therefore, does it sound when Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* specifically lays down the dictum that that highest of organised animals, man, *preceded* the mammalia by many an age. That, indeed, he was already existent physically, and under the sway of a comparatively high civilisation, nearly 18,000,000 years ago, during the Mesozoic period,

when the reptiles had reached their highest cyclic development and mammals were practically non-existent, or only represented by small marsupials of a sauro-mammalian type.

And yet it is indisputable, as the facts of embryology clearly shew, that man has not descended directly from reptiles (that would be absurd), but has certainly passed through the mammalian stage. How explain the matter? Given that the Theosophical and Scientific positions are firm and sound, it can never be explained, if this present globe of ours and this present cycle have constituted the sole theatre of operations in the evolution of man and the animal world around him. But the Theosophical doctrine of rounds—seven rounds constituting an age of evolution—so scientific, so reasonable and logical a scheme, *will* explain and elucidate all. I have only space here to simply state that the most advanced of the lunar pitris or monads reached the *human* stage during that most ethereal and subjective condition of the manvantara, the first round, and on the first globe of that round; whilst the second class of monads only reached the human stage at the *close* of the first round, and so on with the remaining monads. That is, seven times swifter was the human monad than the others in his evolutionary progress. How this evolution was accomplished under such conditions of matter we know not; such is the teaching, and on every analogy it is reasonable. After attaining the human stage the first class monad became, on each succeeding globe, emmoulded directly in human forms without traversing the earlier, less developed kingdoms. Hence it would follow that the original animal forms through which he, on the first globe of the first round, passed in evolving from the vegetable to the human condition, must have become extinct through disuse, seeing that the second class of monads needed no such forms until an immensely more distant period. This will, therefore, account quite satisfactorily and scientifically for the utter and complete absence of the real "missing link," at this fourth round stage of evolution, between man and the lower animals. Nor need we regard the fact as mythical, or as belonging to the wonderland of an occultist's imagination, that man lived side by side with the pterodactyls and dinosauria in Mesozoic times, when as yet the mammalian kingdom had scarcely been evolved.

Place and time are then the mistaken factors in the Darwinian theory; these apart, I can find nothing in *The Secret Doctrine*, in spite of ambiguous phrases and several apparent paradoxes, in antagonism to the superb generalisation of our countryman.

W. C. WORSDELL.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ON THE WAY

AN UNCONSCIOUS THEOSOPHIST IN MODERN SWITZERLAND*

POUR les belles âmes le dévouement est de la poésie en action.—GODET.

FIFTEEN years ago, on the borders of the lake of Neuchâtel, a life passed into the Beyond from sunshine and earthly joys, the life of a child-poetess, a girl of twenty-one, Alice de Chambrier, who knew nothing of that life she left but the beauty of nature and of compassion, of duty and of work. She had chosen that path of compassion and of work by the high instinct of a soul already mature, although she was born in worldly surroundings, in a noble and cultured family, with every care given to her fast-developing talent, with every joy within her reach.

In her home she was playful, thoughtful, of the most charming equality of temper; at school, one of the best pupils; in the world, full of grace, kind in word and deed to everyone. Yet two things she hid away from all eyes: this world knew but little of her poet's dreams and labour; it knew nothing of her vigilant, self-denying, silent charity which—it is supposed—brought her death, for it was after some secret visit to her poor that she was whirled away by a disease, sudden and unsuspected.

From her earliest youth she dreamed of a pure, studious life, unwedded and alone, in the family manor, the picturesque Abbaye de Bevaix, for the restoration of which to its old-style beauty she plunged into deep historical researches and studies.

* *Au delà; Poésies*, by Alice de Chambrier. Paris: Fishbacher; 1886.

There she hoped to make a centre for all the unfortunate and the suffering of the neighbourhood to seek for solace and rest. To herself she reserved only hours for poetical work and for lonely musings on the Alps, whose lofty summits, touched by the first ray of morning, she adored. It must have been in one of these hours of silence on the heights that in her eagle-soul the lines arose :

> Inspire-moi des vers, dignes de toi, Patrie !
> Grandioses et purs comme tes pics déserts !
> Toi, toujours le front dans la lumière,
> Saluant avant tous le soleil au matin.
> Ah ! donne-nous des cœurs aussi grands que tes cimes !

And great was the heart, which at the age when its companions were but children, found that word for the vanquished: "They who know not how to conquer, can still know how to die!"

But her great patriotism and her ardent republican convictions* did not alienate her thought from the sympathy of a world-wide love and comprehension. In a reminiscence of some spot, endeared by sweet memories, she checks herself by that reproach: "Why go back to that past thing? What matters the country in which we live? . . . . Let us become independent of lands, if not of men, for Life is a long series of change."

Though feeling genius throbbing in all her veins, she was yet of the rarest modesty, and intended not to publish her work before full maturity of talent and experience, in spite of the gracious attention paid to her by Victor Hugo, by the great tragédienne Mlle. Agar, and the crowning by the Académie des Jeux floraux of her sweet poem "La Belle au Bois dormant," sparkling with the emerald glow of youth. But she was full of the fanatical devotion of a mediæval artist to the purity of his art. She writes :

> L'Art est un séducteur, s'il n'est un flambeau,
> Chacune de tes œuvres doit être une étincelle
> Qui va, scintillant d'une flamme éternelle,
> Former un nouvel astre immense et radieux !

* See her "Lamartine devant l'Émeute," the end of which rises to Corneillian heights.

In that white life human love did not cast its shadow, and the only "Song of Spring" which just touched on love in spring-tide, is, strangely enough, the description of a boy's courtship to a play mate running with him through the scented lanes in April.

Another note vibrated in Alice de Chambrier's song. At sixteen she writes her first verses: "Why Death?" and from that moment the thought of the Great Hour did not leave her, for on the eve of her twentieth birthday she asks her soul: "To-morrow twenty! twenty! The roses half-open to the light of Spring! Why then this awe of heart? If death must be, thy nature shall not waver; it will go to the tomb as radiant as ever."

Death was not the phantom that awoke that awe in the valiant young heart. From this early age she suffered the nostalgia of "the mysteries of that blue heaven." In her "Plaisir d'Enfant" she expresses it: "I love the Infinite." She thirsts for all the "harmonies of the universe," she feels in herself "the soul of all things." She craves to "melt into the gold of the Sun." "Oh!" says the child-poet, "the marvels man would learn if he could but understand what the mysterious Voices whisper, the Hymn sung by All-Nature, too pure for earthly mind, which only senses it. But the soul thrills; it recognises the mystic word, the harmony. It is a song, long-forgotten, which suddenly sounds again in the charmed heart. . . . . Oh, hear, hear the Night, the Silence that passeth, . . . the song of heaven, the mystic words of the Spheres! . . . Oh, holy hour of evening, how I love thy mystery, when that is sensed which verges on Divinity!"*

And the child-poetess, who was still at school, expresses her ardent longings—a mystery to herself—in a beautiful poem, "The Captive," where the bitter complaint of the Soul chained to an unresponding body is poured forth: "In vain would he rise into Space, be lost in that azure from which he is exile. He falls back, broken, his mournful eyes riveted on the Infinite. . . . vanquished by immensity, however far he would roam into the silent space—never will he see the limit of these pure heavens!"

* "On the Height."

Folding its weary wings, her yet tender thought descends to earth again, and to all who suffer on it. She suffers with them and for them; child herself, she asks the children to pray: "Do not forget them, little ones! To your voice God will listen, to voices that rise to the high spheres like azure swans on golden wings. . . O little travellers on our dark way, ye who know still the language of Heaven!"

Of hate and war she thinks also. In the "Lune rouge" a sad picture arises of a battlefield the night after the combat. The vanquished sleep the sleep of death; side by side with them their victors sleep the sleep of exhaustion. The flower of the land's youth lies there; and far away on another field an old man—a labourer—stands musing, looking at the darkened heaven and wondering why the moon looks so red and seems made of blood? The strong love and pity of the poet's heart comes out most pathetically in the strophes devoted to the unknown heroes, "Aux Ignorés," which are best quoted in her own language:

Les héros les plus grands, ce sont les moins connus.
Ce sont ceux qui dans l'ombre accomplissent leur tâche.
Ce sont ceux qui mériteraient un temple à leur mémoire,
Comme Athènes . . . . .
Pour les dieux inconnus élevait des autels.

This vast comprehension, these aspirations, guided her fair young mind, step by step, unconsciously, to the greater heights. As a school-girl she attempts a poem (not published), "Evolution," musing on the most distant past of all humanity. Then, quite logically, she advances to the question of metempsychosis ("Les Métempsychoses"), to what her biographer calls "vertiginous heights." It seems to her that these blue lakes, these glorious Alps, the strange ruined cities of the Helvetians, she has seen long ago, that earth has had her as a traveller already, and she cries out in a splendid uplifting of the soul to its Source:

Et venus de si haut faire un pèlerinage,
Tout enivrés encore de souvenirs—
Heureux si nous pourrons d'une telle origine,
Conserver jusqu'au bout le sceau pur, immortel.
Cette nature—les divines splendeurs dont elle se couronne—
Nous avons tout connu lorsque nous étions Dieu!

And from these "dreams" arose a poem, "Atlantis," read by Mme. Ernst, the renowned lecturer, at a public recital amid a storm of applause, without name of author. The child describes her interior vision of the:

City with the great towers,
With the high palaces of so strange a form,
The joyous folk of the Splendid City. . . .
One night the earth began to shake,
The terror spread, and at the Day's birth
All had vanished! There was only sea . . .

And (she ends):

Dans le vaste ciel
Fuyait un aigle noir, et son aile rapide
Effleurait les grands flots où dormait Atlantide.

Her inner life, too strong for her frail frame, tormented her herself. There was wonder at this inner work which was beyond the young brain. "Who are you?" she asks her Self. And at once her answer comes. She does not seek for it "in the dogmas, in the darkened systems invented by man himself, which dominate us down here, each in turn." "No," says the poet of "The Enigma," and of "The Inaccessible": "The mystery of Heaven torments me unceasingly. My heart seeks a secret that is hidden in Space. . . . . Like Prometheus chained to earth it is gnawed by the desire of knowledge . . .; and the Infinite Sphinx, crowned with stars, remains in Its unlifted veils." And, like as in a vision, she beholds the sphinxes of Thebes. "To question you we stop. . . . This highest riddle—is it not man, man knowing not his Self?"

At eighteen she wrote "The Comet" and "The Chains," symbols of the seeking soul again. "The soul of man is a star, made of light and of the breath of God. . . . It errs and falls far from its Creator; it errs, seeking to know the word of the great human problem; alone it flies to the uttermost end of the sciences, asking: 'Why?' asking it of heaven and earth. . . . But however far it flies, God sees it advance on the darkening way. And like the comet coming back to the flames of the sun, the Soul returns unto God."

"Man is only an atom of Mind in the vast ocean of Matter,

a Being strange, multiple, son of Shadow and of Light. Man is born to die, and yet feels himself immortal!"

But through the Sounds of Immortality still echoed the strange appeal, the Call of Death; the seer in the poet sensed his black wings beating nearer and nearer. A passing word shows the natural shudder of the young mind at the coming doom—the release for which the shining spirit inside so longed:

Si la Mort te comble d'effroi—
Calme-toi!
Dieu réveille!

And again the shudder comes:

Oui, la Mort qui s'avance, implacable et farouche,
La Mort—noire ennemie—grandit ce qu'elle touche. . . .

The coming darkness seemed to hasten the maturity of the mind. That high-bred, pure girl, that child of twenty, shielded by the glittering veil of her happy lot from all knowledge of evil, gives her last verses—for they were to be the last—her supreme pity to the fallen woman, to the criminal man. She sees in passing a white dove's feather falling into the mud of autumn rain, and it makes her think of all the "lost and fallen" of earth:

Elle me fit penser aux âmes
Qu'un sort mystérieux
Abandonne aux chemins infâmes. . . .
. . . Pour les sauver—personne!
La nuit les environne
Et l'orgueil les foule aux pieds.

"Oh, there is no being in life," she says, "no being so evil, so base, so cowardly, who in some blessed hour cannot find for himself a ray of justice, who cannot reflect a small spot of the heavens; . . . none! For the created being cannot attain perfection before the hour when the light of earth is dispelled as darkness by the rays of heaven." . . .

L'être créé ne touche à la perfection
Qu'à l'heure grande et sainte où les choses du monde
Devant celles du ciel éteignent leur rayon—
C'est alors qu'il peut ouvrir son âme
Aux torrents d'harmonie.

And, as if she felt more and more sure of the near liberation,

she pictures Socrates dying in the arms of Plato with these words:

> My Soul is on the threshold. . . .
> It will now discover its own nature,
> . . . and, humble and purified, in this Supreme Hour
> Between itself and nothingness it will find God.

A curious and beautiful poem of the East is mentally linked with the legend of the Greek philosopher, the legend of "The Three Steps of the Dwarf," which ends with the triumphant cry:

"I am Viṣhṇu—and I have conquered the world!"

The melancholy verses of "The White Feather" were the last Alice de Chambrier's hand wrote. In seemingly radiant health she was suddenly taken ill, but fought the illness bravely. She was obliged to take to bed, but still worked at proof-sheets of some poems of hers for an anthology of Swiss poets then in course of publication. In a few hours more she was released, after a short unconscious struggle of the young body.

It was only after her death that a booklet was found, where she kept the strictest account of her small gains as author, spent, with all else she could spare, on her poor; and it was in some den of misery that the germ of death had waited for her, for to the last she had gone on her secret errands of compassion. Wide as was her tolerance and her thought, she was a humble, devoted servant of the Master under whose name she was born, never parading her Christianity, which was all deeds—with a few and poetical words; but she could have written on her tomb's cross the words she made St. Paul utter in one of her most remarkable unpublished poems, "Night in the Desert":

"For prize of my efforts, my Master granted that I should be worthy to die for His Name."

And in His work of love she died.

But those who have served and died—although unconsciously—for the work so long done in silence, but now brought once more to the full light of this earth—for the work of the Masters—those will surely come back to it, in the ranks of the conscious workers of the Wisdom. And to the memory of such a one this is dedicated as to one of us in the bright future.

A RUSSIAN.

THE GENERAL SERMON OF HERMES THE THRICE-GREATEST*

To Asclepius

1. Hermes. All that is moved, Asclepius, is it not moved *in* something and *by* something?

Asclepius. Assuredly.

Her. And must not that in which it's moved be greater than the moved?

As. It must.

Her. Mover, again, has greater power than moved?

As. It has, of course.

Her. The nature, furthermore, of that in which it's moved must be quite other from the nature of the moved?

As. It must completely.

2. Her. Further, is not this universe† so great, that than it there exists no body greater?

As. Assuredly.

Her. And massive too, for it is crammed with multitudes of other mighty frames, nay rather all the other bodies that there are?

As. It is.

Her. The universe is, then, a body?

As. It is a body.

Her. And one in motion?

3. As. Assuredly.

Her. Of what size, then, must be the space in which it's moved; and of what kind [must] in its nature [be that space]? Must it not be far vaster [than the universe], in

* See the papers on this subject which appeared in this Review for 1899.

† κόσμος.

order that it may be able to find room for its continued course, so that the moved may not be cramped for want of room and lose its motion?

As. Something, Thrice-greatest one, it needs must be, immensely vast.

4. Her. And of what nature? Must it not be, Asclepius, of just the contrary? And is not contrary to body bodiless?

As. Agreed.

Her. Space, then, is bodiless. But bodiless must either be some godlike thing or God [Himself]. And by
5. "some godlike thing" I mean no more the generable but the ingenerable.* If, then, space be some godlike thing, it is substantial; but if it's God [Himself], it transcends substance. But it is to be thought of otherwise [than God], and in this way. God is first *thinkable*† for us, not for Himself, for that the thing that's thought doth fall beneath the thinker's sense. God then can not be "thinkable" unto Himself, in that He's thought of by Himself as being
6. nothing else than what He thinks. But He is "something else" for us, and so He's thought of by us. If space is to be thought, [it should] not, [then, be thought as] God, but space. If God is also to be thought, [He should] not [be conceived] as space, but energy that can produce [all space].

Further, all that is moved is moved not in the moved but in the stable. And that which moves [another] is doubtless stationary, for it's impossible that it should move *with* it.

As. How, then, do things down here, Thrice-greatest one, move *with* [the spheres] that are [already] moved? For thou did'st say‡ the errant spheres were moved by the inerrant one.

Her. This is not, O Asclepius, a moving *with*, but one *against;* they are not moved with one another, but one

* That is, beyond genesis, the universe of becoming, or the sensible universe.

† Or intelligible.

‡ Sci., in some previous sermon.

against the other. It is this contrariety which turneth the
7. resistance of their motion into rest. For that resistance is the rest of motion. Hence also, then, the errant spheres, being moved contrarily to the inerrant one, are moved by one another by mutual contrariety, [and also] by the stable one through contrariety itself. And this can otherwise not be. The Bears up there, which neither set nor rise, think'st thou they rest or move?

As. They move, Thrice-greatest one.

Her. And what their motion, my Asclepius?

As. Motion that turns for ever round the same.

Her. But revolution—motion round same—is fixed by rest. For "round-the-same" doth stop "beyond-same." "Beyond-same" then, being stopped, if it be steadied in "round-same"—the contrary stands firm, being rendered ever stable by its contrariety.

8. Of this I'll give thee here on earth an instance, which the eye can see. Regard the lives down here, a man, for instance, as he swims! The water moves, yet the resistance of his hands and feet give him stability, so that he is not borne along with it, nor sunk thereby.

As. Thou hast, Thrice-greatest one, adduced a most clear instance.

Her. All motion, then, is caused in station and by station. The motion, therefore, of the universe, and of all living things in matter, will not be caused by their exteriors, but by interiors [outward] to exterior—such [inner things] as soul, or spirit, or some such other thing incorporal. Body, indeed, moves not a thing with life; not even the whole body [of the universe a lesser thing,] e'en though it have no life.

9. As. What meanest thou by this, Thrice-greatest one? Is it not bodies, then, that move the stock and stone and all the other things inanimate?

Her. By no means, O Asclepius. The something-in-the-body, the that-which-moves the thing inanimate, this surely's not a body, for that it moves the two of them —both body of the lifter and the lifted? So that a thing

that's lifeless will not move a lifeless thing. That which doth move [another thing] is animate, in that it is the mover. Thou seest, then, how heavy laden is the soul, for it alone doth lift two bodies. That things, moreover, moved are moved *in* something as well as moved by something is clear.

10. As. Yea, O Thrice-greatest one, things moved must needs be moved in something void.

Her. Hush, my Asclepius! For naught of things that are is void. Alone the "is-not" 's void and stranger unto Being. The "is" could not be "is" were it not *full* of Being. Being can never change to void.

As. Are there not, then, Thrice-greatest one, things void—an empty jar, for instance, or a cup, an empty pit or vat, and other things like unto them?

Her. Alack, Asclepius, for thy far wandering from the truth! Think'st thou that things most full and most replete are void?

11. As. How meanest thou, Thrice-greatest one?

Her. Is not air body?

As. It is.

Her. And doth this body not pervade all things, and doth, pervading, fill them? And "body"; doth body not consist from blending of the "four"?* Full, then, of air are all thou callest void; and if of air, then of the "four." Further, of this the converse follows, that all thou callest full are void of air; for that they have their space filled out with other bodies, and, therefore, are not able to receive the air therein. These, then, which thou dost say are void, they should be hollow named, not void; for they not only are, but they are full of air and spirit.

12. As. Thy argument, Thrice-greatest one, is not to be gainsaid; air is a body. Further, it is this body which doth pervade all things, and doth, pervading, fill them. What are we, then, to call that space in which the all doth move?

Her. Non-corporal, Asclepius.

As. What, then, is the non-corporal?

* Sci. elements, or primary bodies.

HER. 'Tis Mind and Reason, whole out of whole, all self-embracing, free from all body, from all error free, unsensible to body and untouchable, Self stayed in Self, containing all, preserving those-that-are, whose rays, to use a likeness, are the Good and Truth, the Light beyond the light, and Soul beyond the soul.

AS. What, then, is God?

HER. Not any one of these is He; for He it is that
13. causeth them to *be*, both all and each and every thing of all that are. Nor hath He left a thing beside that is-not; but they are all from things-that-are and not from things-that-are-not. For that the things-that-are-not have naturally no power of being anything, but rather have the nature of the inability-to-be. And, conversely, the things-that-are have not the nature of some time not being.

14. AS. What say'st thou ever, then, God is?

HER. God, therefore, is not Mind, but cause that the Mind is; God is not Spirit, but cause that Spirit is; God is not Light, but cause that the Light is. Hence should one honour God with these two names [the Good and Father]—names which pertain to Him alone and no one else. For no one of the other so-called gods, no one of men, or dæmons, can be in any measure Good, but God alone; and *He* is Good alone and nothing else. The rest of things are separable all from the Good's nature; for [all the rest]
15. are soul and body, which have no space that can contain* the Good. For that as mighty is the greatness of the Good as is the Being of all things that are—both bodies and things bodiless, things sensible and intelligible things. Call not thou, therefore, aught else Good, for thou would'st impious be; nor anything at all at any time call God but Good alone, for so thou would'st again be impious.

16. Though, then, the Good is spoken of by all, it is not understood by all, what thing it is. Not only, then, is God not understood by all, but both unto the gods and some of men they out of ignorance do give the name of good,

* In the original there is a word-play—χωριστά (separable) and χωρῆσαι (contain)—which is impossible to reproduce in translation.

though they can never either be or become Good. For they are very different from God, while Good can never be distinguished from Him, for that God is the same as Good. The rest of the immortal ones are natheless honoured with the name of God, and spoken of as gods; but God is Good not out of courtesy but out of nature. For that God's nature and the Good is one; one is the kind of both, from which all other kinds [proceed]. The Good is He who gives all things and naught receives. God, then, doth give all things and receive naught. God, then, is Good, and Good is God.

17. The other name of God is Father, again because He is the that-which-maketh all. The part of father is to make. Wherefore child-making is a very great and a most pious thing in life for them who think aright, and to leave life on earth without a child a very great misfortune and impiety; and he who hath no child is punished by the dæmons after death. And this the punishment: that that man's soul who hath no child, shall be condemned unto a body with neither man's nor woman's nature, a thing accurst beneath the sun. Wherefore, Asclepius, let not your sympathies be with the man who hath no child, but rather pity his mishap, knowing what punishment abides for him.

Let all that has been said, then, be to thee, Asclepius, an introduction to the gnosis of the nature of all things.

Notes

The term "General" (καθολικός) in the title is presumably explained in the last paragraph, where we learn that the treatise is intended as "an introduction to the gnosis (προγνωσία) of the nature of all things." It is addressed to Asclepius, a name conjecturally standing for a class—the outermost circle of the inner school, the neophytes.

The text presents no difficulties until we come to § 5, where I am not certain that I have seized the exact meaning. Previous translators give one no help. Parthey's revision of the Latin translation is verbally accurate, but is of no assistance in elucidating the meaning of the Greek original.

The Bears (§ 7) are, of course, the constellations Ursa Major and Minor.

In § 11 "air" is said to consist of the "four," apparently because the physical elements, earth, air, fire and water, are severally combinations of the primal elements Earth, Air, Fire and Water. Thus our air consists of a proportion of all the four great elements, but has Air dominant in it; and so for the rest.

The doctrine of the duty to beget children in § 17 seems at first sight to be an interpolation by a Jewish editor, the Jews holding that "he who is without a wife is half a man." We must, however, remember that the Egyptian priests were married, and that the rule with them, as with the Pythagoreans, was that a man should first of all discharge his duty to society and live the "practical," "political" or "social" life, before retiring into the life of contemplation. He must first beget children, not only that the race might be continued, but also that bodies might be supplied by parents devoted to the ideal of the religious or philosophic life, so that advanced souls might find birth in favourable conditions, and so the order be continued.

And this is the ancient rule laid down by the Manu of the Aryan Hindus in the Mânava Dharma Shâstra. The duties of the householder station of life (Gṛihastha âshrama) must first be performed, before the parents can retire to the contemplative life (Vânaprastha âshrama). In special cases, however, exceptions could be made.

It may then be that Asclepius stands for those pupils who were still living the married life.

The scribe of the thirteenth century, Codex B. (Parisinus, 1220) has laconically written on the margin of this paragraph the single word "nonsense" (φλναρία); he was probably a monk.

G. R. S. MEAD.

MODERN THOUGHT IN THE LIGHT OF THE VEDÂNTA

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE "HINDU ASSOCIATION" IN LONDON, ON DECEMBER 3RD, 1898. PRESIDENT: R. C. DUTT, ESQ., C.I.E.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,

The great ideal of the West is individual freedom in all social relations, that of the East spiritual freedom from all external relations. Accordingly, the Western type of perfection is the man who has grown into a strong personality and is making good use of it, in order to acquire money, position and influence.

Not so the ideal type of the East,—the contemplative mind which loves to turn from the world of sense and its cheap pleasures to enjoy the beatitude of the inner life of the soul. It is the deeply religious soil of India that has matured such tender blossoms of piety as the cultured Rammohun Roy or the saintly Râmakṛishṇa Paramahaṁsa, whose life and work are now becoming known to us from the lucid account published by Prof. Max Müller.

The evolution of European thought has proceeded in a more material direction, has taken a practical turn. Europe does not pay so much attention to her saints and philosophers as to the practical geniuses which she has produced in abundance. Mechanical inventors and geographical discoverers like Edison and Nansen, physical scientists and popular reformers of the type of Prof. Koch and Gen. Booth, strong will-powers in political life such as Bismarck and Gladstone—these are the men one admires because their ideas are directly applicable to practical life, and conducive to the material welfare of society.

Western people love to build up and to assert a strong personality, whilst Indian thinkers rather endeavour to renounce

and to break up the personal self, looking upon it not as a help but a hindrance in the way of spiritual progress. All the ancient systems of India define sin as personal limitation. Man is born in sin, says the Vedânta, that is, as a separate being. He feels limited and in nature's bondage, and has forgotten that he is free and infinite. To recover full consciousness of our true nature is the tempting ideal religion holds up before us; the thorny path to which she points for its realisation is utter self-abandonment. To feel himself free and immortal, man is to reject all selfish desires, and to throw out an unbroken current of sympathy and pity towards humanity, nay, the whole creation.

Love is the law which permeates every great religion, but physical science has no room for ethics. Modern scientists do not refute the fact that all manifestations are necessarily finite, that individual life cannot be but relative; but they are agnostics as to the reverse side of the picture, they will have nothing to do with the absolute side of nature, the Unknowable, the Infinite, God, or whatever name has been applied to the Eternal First Cause. Physicists are, and ought to be, agnostics, because metaphysical facts, such as freedom, love and immortality, can never come under the cognisance of the senses and the intellect, but are only realised by mental negation: "Neti, neti," it is not this, it is not that; or by renunciation: Do not attach yourself to this form, do not attach yourself to that form. Therefore, agnosticism seems to me the best justified and the most dignified attitude in the domain of physical science, and her devotees cannot do better than draw a rational boundary-line between the Knowable and the Unknowable, and to exploit the Knowable to the fullest.

Different ideals must lead to different practices. Let us look for a moment at the practical outcome of these two ideas in East and West. There is a lack of organisation in India, I understand; there is but little political freedom, and not enough of national self-consciousness. The Hindus have, at all times, looked upon themselves too much as pilgrims and exiles on earth to feel great ambition for national independence and worldly aggrandisement. Their ultimate desire (I speak of the large class of religious-minded Indians) is rather to go through life

untouched by the fleeting pleasures of the noisy world, and, after fulfilling their various duties as householders and citizens, to dissolve all social ties, and to enjoy, in the solitude of the forest, the more lasting comfort of meditating on God. In compensation, the Hindu race has been granted beatific visions of the Heavenly Kingdom of which we poor worldlings can only catch a few occasional glimpses by the study of their divine scriptures and philosophies, more particularly the Vedânta.

How different is occidental life! Look at this tremendous material civilisation in the midst of which we live, gigantic in extension and specialisation, wonderful in organisation and working order. Science, in its rapid progress and eager search, has utilised, in the service of man, every department of nature as far as hitherto known, and is daily benefitting human knowledge and human welfare. This huge social fabric of modern civilisation is held together and worked by efficient laws, framed, not by the authority of a few, but by the common consent of all —laws which help to adjust the economic relations of vast masses of population, and which allow, even to the poor and helpless, a share in the blessings of our social legislation, such as free education, free hospitals, workhouses for the aged poor, employers' liability, and many more. A dense net of railway lines and telegraph wires brings the most distant places into close contact; a quick postal service and a cheap daily press bring nearer together and often unite the multifarious interests of whole districts and countries. This is the bright side of the picture.

But where is much light there is much shadow. England is proud of the personal liberty of her citizens, of the economic freedom they enjoy under her rule, and rightly so. But what does social freedom mean? It means that all members of society are equally free before the law, that is, equally limited in their mutual relations in life. Social freedom must, of necessity, be relative. Economic laws are not permanent, but swing to and fro on the self-adjusting sliding scale of concessions and restrictions of class-privileges. So there can never be absolute freedom where economic conditions exist, where society is organised, where classes are divided and interests separated, where person stands against person. Personal interests will

clash and strife and competition set in ; that is the ultimate fate of every organisation.

Why do we organise ? Because we wish to assert and protect the particular interests of a special society or nation, and because we do not want that particular body of men to succumb, but to survive in the struggle for superiority or, at least, equality. This process is going on all over nature, in the vegetable and animal economy as well as in the political economy of the human species. Nature is manifestation ; we have to face this fact. And all manifestation is necessarily finite and different in parts ; and wherever is partition and difference, there cannot be harmony and agreement. That is the invariable law of the natural world. Absolute freedom is not of this world, but is anticosmic and enjoyed in the same measure as attachment to the world of law and sense is renounced. Full freedom from the bondage of economic laws can only be enjoyed by those who have overcome greed and lust and anger, by the humble and unselfish. The truth that freedom and economics are antagonistic has been more clearly reasoned out, it seems to me, and more widely accepted, in India than in Europe ; and that is why many thoughtful people amongst us believe that Indian idealism and asceticism will prove a healthful purgative to our materialistic and utilitarian conceptions.

The better man learns to perceive Unity in variety, the Permanent in the transient, God in the world, the more does his consciousness expand, does his heart open, in love and sympathy to his fellowmen, the more freedom and peace does he enjoy in spirit, and the more calmly and efficiently is he able to perform the various duties which are assigned to him in life. God is love, and he who loveth best, worketh best. That is sound Vedânta doctrine.

A monistic faith, such as the Vedânta, appears to me the safest and simplest guide through life's trials and temptations. Every human heart yearns, at times, to be lifted up above the petty cares and the drudgery of the daily routine, and to enjoy holy calm and the peace which cannot be got by mere understanding. Is there any idea more conducive to such a happy state of the soul than the monistic ideal of the Vedânta, than the

bold cognition of "One Life without a second" running through the created world, of One Existence, all-conscious, ever free and blessed, than the noble faith in the saving and purifying power of self-sacrifice and disinterested love? The flash of intuition which reveals to man the Infinite through the myriads of its finite semblances, the inner illumination which manifests to the soul the divine essence underneath the human form, is the glorious promise of the Vedânta to her earnest followers: "Tat twam asi," thou art that Infinite, but thou hast forgotten thy God-hood, and hast hypnotised thyself into the narrow belief that thou art man. This nescience is not individual, says the Vedânta, but universal. Nescience is a cosmic illusion (Mâyâ) which enslaves all nature. We are born in Mâyâ, and shall be born in it again until we acquire true knowledge by means of renunciation, and by the light of the Vedânta.

Vedânta teachers have of late aroused much enthusiasm in England and America. The reason is, I believe, that modern science is unknowingly advancing on the same path, and searching after the same Unity which has been realised by the sages of Greece and India thousands of years ago. But while our modern physicists keep their eyes down to the earth, and look into the minutest details of Nature's shell, your ancient seers and prophets have lifted up their searching soul towards Heaven, and drawn divine inspiration from on high. And that has enabled them to see deeper into the hidden nature of things, and to find subtler laws and higher truths than we can ever hope to discover by comparison, classification and generalisation. Hindu wisdom has been quick in perceiving that every physical force and chemical particle which exists in the macrocosm of nature, must likewise be found in the microcosm of man. And so your Yogins (I do not mean the poor deluded jugglers who run after psychic powers, but the self-illumined Âptas who desire nothing but freedom of the soul and God-consciousness) I say, for this reason searchers after God, are gladly turning from the laborious study of the endless differentiations in nature, and prefer to concentrate their undivided attention upon the inward Self, in order to learn discrimination between their destructible, mortal portion and the immortal Witness who eternally dwells in the heart of the crea-

ture. After becoming conscious of that Divine light from which all nature borrows her reflected radiance, the devotee has only one object left in life—to give up, little by little, earthborn desires, and to live more and more in what is now a reality to him, in the One Universal Soul. It is called "Âtman" in Sanscrit, and is the same as Emerson's "Over-Soul."

The Over-soul is real and transcending all thought, teaches the Vedânta, whilst the individual soul is called apparent, and a necessity of thought. Everything finite is apparent, and the individual is finite, merely the sum-total of his previous thoughts and desires. The individual is continually changing, according to the thoughts he thinks and the life he lives. The individual is made up, not simple but a compound of little permanence. Therefore, individual limitation is looked upon by Vedântic philosophers as a sinful state of ignorance and bondage, whilst universal expansion by means of love and wisdom is considered perfect freedom and happiness.

I have said that the same truth which your Yogins and Vedântists have gained by internal perception, is gradually dawning on our physicists. Unity in variety! Darwin's great genius has directed the attention of the scientific world from the study of the numberless varieties of structure to the origin of species, to the unity of type from which all differentiation sprang. His profound researches have made the western mind fitter to seek after the "One without a second," and readier to receive the monistic teaching of the Vedânta. The more open-minded section of the Christian clergy seems likewise favourably disposed towards the Vedânta because it corroborates Gospel truth and supports Christian dogma. The religion of Christ is the religion of love, so is the Vedânta! Freedom is the goal of the Vedânta, and freedom is love. They who are free in spirit can never hate nor fear; they cannot be but fearless and compassionate, by the grace of their divine nature.

Physical science and the Christian Church have therefore reason to be friendly towards the Vedânta. No less reason have our social reformers who want to improve the condition of the working people, to settle the disputes between Capital and Labour in a fair and amicable spirit, and to strengthen the

principles of a free democracy. The Vedânta philosophy holding up the ideal of freedom is just the metaphysical basis needed in a country which, at least politically, is a free country.

For these reasons, I believe, the Vedânta is exercising a certain influence with us, and will probably do so much more in the time to come. On the other hand I feel sure that western civilisation can teach India as good an object-lesson as the Vedânta can teach the West. It has been said that the civilisation of the future will be a rational combination of eastern monism and western economics. Neither should be taken over wholesale from one country by the other, but a wise selection be made of what is suitable and promising of good results under existing conditions. Would you not think it a rash and dangerous experiment if an Indian reformer were to introduce indiscriminately into his native province the political institutions, educational methods, commercial usages, and social customs which he has learned to admire in England? That might possibly do more harm than good. I think it would be an equally grave error on the part of our Vedânta enthusiasts (and they are growing in number I understand) to ridicule the practice of Church attendance and the sacredness of Christian worship, in honour of the Vedânta religion. That would be acting in the name but not in the spirit of Vedânta, which is universal and sympathises with all religions. Moreover, to belittle Christianity in favour of the Vedânta would be an error in judgment. Vedânta is only for the cultured few, for those with a large bump of comparison and causality. The Vedânta can as little replace the Christian Church in Europe as it can replace the Indian and Mohammedan Churches in the East. All these outward forms of faith, Buddhism, and Christianity, and Islâm, are of great social weight and historical value, having come, in the fulness of time, to the various races, to help their national evolution, and to enable them to perform efficiently their civilising mission on earth. Religions are not the result of a mere historical accident, but the outcome of a providential necessity. To attack and to scoff at so pure and lofty a form of belief as Christianity, which has made the West what it is, simply because the universal and eternal truth embodied in the teachings of the Christ has degenerated into

sectarian dogma and conformed to the world (as truth always does and always will do in the history of man), such an attitude is irreverent and unbecoming, and shows a narrow and fanatic spirit, certainly not the spirit of the Vedânta.

The Vedânta, as I understand it, does not enter into competition with any external form of belief, but rather claims to be the esoteric aspect of every religion, whether high or low, superstitious or profound. And really if we had only sufficient insight to see deep enough into the tenets of the Christian faith, as it is reflected in the Gospel of St. John and the Epistles of St. Paul, we might discover therein, to our surprise, Vedânta pure and simple. I do not speak of modern Church doctrines, but of real Christianity as taught by Jesus Christ and expounded by the Mystics of the Middle Ages, the true Apostolic successors.

If you were to read the sermons of Master Eckart, a Dominican monk who lived in the fourteenth century in Germany, and of his greatest disciple, Tauler, the "Friend of God," or if you were to feel yourself carried away by the "Spiritual Torrents" as experienced and described by the saintly Madame Guyon, the sweetest of Christian Mystics in France, you might fancy you had before you passages translated from your own Upaniṣhads, from Shaṅkara, or the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, so identical are the thoughts and expressions. Tauler continually holds up as the Christian ideal "to lose all I-hood"; "to unbecome," as he calls it, and "to re-become God." Luther, the Protestant reformer, acknowledged his sermons to be the soundest theology, and the nearest approach to evangelical truth he had ever come across. Tauler's teacher had been Eckart, who likewise declared the impersonal God, the immanent Christ. Another of Eckart's disciples, after having received the good message and realised the Christ, is said to have suddenly exclaimed: "Master, rejoice with me, for I have become God." The Evangelical and Dissenting clergy of our days look on Luther as a sound Churchman, and Luther accepted the "divinity of man" as preached by Tauler and Eckart, and called these mystic doctrines sound and thoroughly Christian. Yet, I am afraid, these teachings of an impersonal God, and of the identity of Christ and the human soul, would be considered heterodox and pantheistic by the

modern Church. A Christian minister would not dare to tell his congregation that man is God, and that those who know it need not pray to a personal God; that God is not a person, and that worship of a extra-cosmic Deity is but a stage of spiritual infancy in the religious growth of man. Do you not think that the Christian clergy would fiercely attack that man, and denounce him as a Freethinker and Antichrist? And yet Tauler was no Antichrist; Luther himself stood up for his doctrine. Nor was Eckart a heretic; nay, he was even invited to Rome by the Pope himself, who conferred upon him the honorary degree of a Doctor of Theology. Alas! that free spirit of true mysticism has long been lost in the Christian Church. Therefore, I make bold to say that it would do more good if religious reformers endeavoured to restore the forgotten truth of esoteric Christianity to the consciousness of Christendom, instead of unsettling people's minds and upsetting their Christian faith with Indian doctrines of Buddhism and Theosophy,* the very language of which sounds strange and bewildering to English ears.

In conclusion, I may be allowed to quote a few extracts from the writings of the now almost forgotten Christian Mystics. They will illustrate far better than my poor words can that the spirit of Christ's teaching is identical with the Vedânta, however much the language may vary. Here is the prayer of Madame Guyon, uttered a day after her spiritual experience of the Divine Unity:

O Infinite Goodness, Thou wast so near, and I went running hither and thither in search of Thee and did not find Thee. My life was wretched, yet my happiness lay there within me. I was poor in the midst of riches, and I was dying of hunger close by a table spread and a continual feast. O Beauty, ancient and new, why have I known Thee so late? Alas! I sought Thee where Thou wast not, and did not seek Thee where Thou wast. It was for want of understanding these words of Thy Gospel where Thou sayest, "the Kingdom of God is not here nor there, the Kingdom of God is within you."

The following are Master Eckart's words:

He who seeth in one creature something different from another, and he

* The effort of Theosophy in the West is precisely "to restore the forgotten truth of esoteric Christianity to the consciousness of Christendom." None have laboured harder at this task than the members of the Theosophical Society, and but for the twenty-five years' work of that body, our esteemed contributor's paper would never have been written.—Ed.

who loveth God better in one creature than in another, that man is carnal, and far from truth, and still a child. But to whom God is alike in every creature, he is become a man.

What does the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* say?

He who seeth difference in the world goeth from death to death; but he who seeth Me everywhere and everything in Me, he is a perfect Yogin.

Here is another saying of our German Mystic:

God in Himself was not the Lord—in the Creature only hath He become the Lord. I ask to be rid of the Lord, that is, that the Lord by His grace would bring me into the Essence, which is above the Lord, and above distinction. I would enter into that Eternal Unity which was mine before all time, above all addition and diminution—into that immobility whereby all is moved.

This is Christian monism, no longer remembered by the Church with her crude teachings of a personal God, a plurality of souls, the resurrection of the body, and a local heaven and hell.

Let me read one more passage from Eckart's writings:

God and I are one in knowing. His knowing is my knowing. The eye whereby I see God is the same eye whereby He sees me. My eye and God's eye are One eye, One vision, One knowledge, and One love.

The same divine truth must have flashed across the mind of Râma Kṛishṇa Paramahaṁsa when he said:

Knowledge and love are ultimately one and the same. There is no difference between pure knowledge and pure love.

Master Eckart defines purity, just as the Vedântists do, as a turning away from the creature, and lifting up the heart towards "pure goodness," so that a man may find comfort in no creature, and that he may desire nothing but pure goodness, which is God. God is in the soul, and the soul flows over into God, and both are one.

Such is Mystic Christianity, or Christian Vedânta as Indian philosophers prefer to call it, and if these eternal verities were preached every Sunday from the pulpits of every Christian Church throughout the land, Vedânta would soon be a living fact in this country. The Church would receive fresh vigour, and experience a new life, and another spiritual wave of religious fervour would break out over Europe, even mightier and farther reaching

than the momentous reformation of Luther and Calvin. The monistic revival of the twentieth century will achieve no less, I believe, than the spiritualisation of scientific research, and the rationalisation of religious fervour. Then Science and Religion will cease their conflict, and will peacefully flourish, side by side, like two fruitful branches grown from the same tree of Divine Knowledge.

A great outpouring of spirit will pass over the earth, and the time will be ripe for the Church Universal, when the Christian and the Indian Churches may meet as friends on the common ground of the Vedânta. The day will likewise come when another Divine Institution, the Mohammedan Brotherhood, will be incorporated into the Monistic Church, for Islâm, too, has realised the "One without a second," thanks to the illumination of the "God-intoxicated" Sûfîs. Sâdi and Hâfiz have done for Mohammedanism what Eckart and Tauler did for Christianity, and the Vedânta for the religions of India. May the time soon draw nigh when we shall be ready to institute the Church Universal, where every worshipper, whether Buddhist or Christian, Moslem or Jew, is free to serve God in his own fashion of belief. Then a deeper meaning will ring out of the words of the old hymn:

All glory be to God on High
And on our earth be peace,
Henceforth goodwill of man to man
Begin and never cease.

ERNEST HORRWITZ.

IT is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—EMERSON.

THE CÉLE DÉ OR CULDEES

A Study on the Origins of the Early British Church

I.

The history of the pre-Augustine Church in the British Isles is very hard to trace, and it has been surrounded by much controversy. The stories of the men and women whose names are connected with the history of the early Church in Wales, Ireland and Scotland have a flavour, a romantic charm and a glamour which are essentially Celtic. I mean more especially the stories of Patrick, of Columba of Iona, of Saint Bride, the "milkmaid of the smooth white palms," and of Adamnán of Iona, he who saw that wondrous vision of the abode of "Heaven's family," of which he tells in words more poetic, more exquisite, more fraught with melodic charm, than those used by that other seer to whom we owe the Apocalypse of John.

I purpose in this, and in some future articles, to set before the reader, albeit dryly and baldly, without the quaint beauty and charm of language possessed by the old biographies and chronicles, a little of the evidence respecting the ancient British "heresies," colleges, and rule, and the lives of the men who fought the battle of the New Faith, not so much against the followers of the Old, as against the later schools of their own Christian body.

One of the most characteristic "heresies" of the British Church was that of the Culdees, or Céle Dé; indeed, I believe the history of the Céle Dé to be, in effect, the history of the early Church in Britain. I think the Céle Dé were in truth the very kernel and pivot of British esoteric Christianity. It is to the consideration of this heresy that I propose to devote this and one or two other articles. I hope also to write brief sketches of the lives of one or two of the early British saints.

It is exceedingly uncertain when, and by whom, Christianity was introduced into Britain. According to the Welsh *Triads*,* Bran the Blessed, father of Caractacus, introduced it from Rome; he was accompanied in his mission by Joseph of Arimathea, who established the new religion at Glastonbury. In another old Welsh MS., Cambro Britons are said to have received Christianity A.D. 55.† It is noteworthy that Wales, the abode of the Bards, the stronghold of the Druids, was the part of Britain selected in which to plant the new faith. In 155 churches and bishops were instituted.

"Cambrian history in general," says the Rev. R. W. Magnus, "states that in 155 Lucius in council at Winchester established Christianity as the national faith. The Arch Druids became Archbishops (London, York, Caerleon) and twenty-eight Druidical seats became bishopricks. This is believed to be the origin of Culdeeism."

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St. Chrysostom says the British Church handed down its doctrine from apostolic times.

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In A.D. 314 Eboricus attended the Council of Arles in Gaul; he is described as Episcopus de Civitate Ebor. Prov. Brit. Restitus of London and Adefius of Lincoln (Caerleon on Usk) attended the same Council.

In 380 Morien, a Bard, "the most learned of any in the world," denied the sacrifice of the body of Christ, a heresy in which he was opposed by Bishop Martin. The Bard, however, appears to have been the more successful controversialist, for in 425 Germanus came to Britain "to renew right belief." In 436 Dubricius was Archbishop of Caerleon upon Usk; he is said to

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The Four Masters speak of the Dominicans of Sligo as a Society of the Céle Dé. In the same Annals it is reported that, in the year 806, a Ceile Dé came across the sea with dry feet and without a vessel, to preach to the Irish, and a roll was given him from heaven, which was carried up when his preaching was done, and he departed southward.*

The term Céle Dé occurs in the *Book of Lismore* and in the *Annals of Ulster*. In an Irish MS. in the Bodleian Library the name Céle Dé is applied to one who is not a Christian, namely, to Dinnim (Dandamis of Plutarch), "chief of the Braghmans" (Brâhmans), who lived B.C. 326.

Tirechan says that S. Patrick ordered "a Céle Dé of his family" (Malach the Briton) to restore to life a boy who was dead. The power of raising the dead appears to have been claimed by the Céle Dé, at any rate by some of their number.†

The term Céle Dé was not peculiar to Ireland; it was used in Scotland also, where, in the thirteenth century, it was applied alike to hermits, celibates, married men, those bound to poverty and those permitted to accumulate riches. This seems to denote that there were various orders in the sect; a fact which, if true, links the Céle Dé practice both to the Essene and Druidic.

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Bramhall, writing in the seventeenth century (1635), calls them Colideans, Gallideans, or God's Cockes (!).

The Céle Dé, so far from being lax, had a definite rule, which differed in some respects from that of Rome. Certain of their number were celibates; the monks of the White House

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have had 2,000 pupils at Caerleon college, 2,400 at Bangor Illtyd, and 2,100 at Bangor Vawr, who were divided into seven classes.* The heresy of Pelagius arose in the last years of the fourth century; legend says that Pelagius was from Glamorgan, a stronghold of Bardism. Augustine arrived in Britain in 597 to combat the heresy. So the British Church was always heretical in the eyes of Rome.

Palladius, a Roman, was sent to the Christians in Ireland in 431. His mission failed; he had attempted to suppress the Pelagian heresy in Britain, and now the Irish Christians refused to receive him. Christianity was therefore established in Ireland before the mission of either Palladius or Patrick. By whom it was introduced is unknown. Asiatic missionaries are said to have visited Ireland in the second century.† There is a legend to the effect that St. Paul visited Ireland; but it cannot be proved any more than it is possible to establish the fact that Joseph of Arimathea visited Wales. Gildas of Nemthor says that the Gospel was preached in Ireland in A.D. 62-3. Gildas is said to have visited Ireland at the invitation of St. Bride; he is also said to have reconstructed the Welsh Bardic order. When Patrick visited Ireland in 432 there were four Irish bishops (hermits, without sees), named Kiaran, Declan, Ailbe, and Ibar.

In or about 560 Columba, the great Culdee, left Ireland with twelve companions to found a monastery at Iona in the Hebrides. Previously (about 488) the Culdee Bishop Ninian had built a church in Scotland, at Candida Casa. In 589 Columba went with twelve followers into Burgundy.

These British Christians of the sixth century were great travellers. Columba travelled much; it is, however, doubtful whether he was the first to introduce Christianity into Iona, for it is said that there were Culdees there before him. An unknown Gaelic writer, writing in 1771, says that Iona, where there was certainly a pre-Christian Druidic centre, was also a centre of Christianity before Columba; this writer thinks the original name of the island was derived from I'Eoin (Isle of John).‡ The Céle Dé

* See Watkin Giles, and *Encyclopædia Brit.*

† *Ancient History of the Church in Ireland.* Todd; 1845.

‡ Quoted by Fiona MacLeod in her article on Iona (*Fortnightly Review*, April, 1900).

asserted that they received their rule from the "beloved disciple" St. John, to whom the title Cele Dei is applied in the *Book of Fenagh* (sixteenth century).*

The origin of the name Culdee has been a vexed question; and so, also, has been the nature and importance of their heresy. Personally, I cannot believe the Céle Dé to have been merely Christian monks who had become unorthodox through laxity of rule. They fought too steadily and strenuously for their opinions for that to have been the case. Their opponents admit the purity of their lives, and the term Céle Dé is applied to those whose lives were solitary, so that it cannot be true to say, as has been asserted, that they were merely married priests, who married because they were less wholly devoted to the spiritual life than were their celibate brethren. As aforesaid, I believe the Céle Dé represent the nucleus of mystic Christianity of Britain.

Let us first consider the alleged derivations of the name Culdee.

Dr. Jamieson† gives the following derivations:

Culdei or Cultores Dei = Worshippers of God.

Culdee = Black Monk. (Culla, a cowl—Irish.)

Ceile De = Servant of God (Irish).

Keledei. Keile = a servant. Dia = God.

Keledei. Gille De (Latinised Gaelic).

Ceile De = Separated to God (Irish).

Gaelic = Ceile and ceal = cave, sequestered place. Welsh, cêd = shelter.

John Toland (Nazarenus) says that Keledei signifies espoused to God. He says that members of the Keledei were not necessarily monks; some were laymen, and were married men. W. Reeves accepts the interpretation Céle Dé = Servus Dei, rather than "spouse of God"; the former interpretation is sanctioned by Bede.‡

* I suggest that the term Céle Dé came to be the name applied to all members of the esoteric circle of Christians; at first it was probably applied only to the circle of twelve who were attached to the man who formed the centre and pivot of each Céle Dé community. When used as it was used prior to Christianity, I think it was applied to all devotees who were seeking Union with the Self.

† *An Historical Account of the Ancient Culdees of Iona*, J. Jamieson, D.D. (1811).

‡ I give the diversities of spelling in order that the reader may see the forms of the name, and the varieties of derivation and opinion.

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‡ *Miscellanea Scotica*, vol. ii., page 113.

(St. Ninian's) were so; but, as aforesaid, others of the order were married men, though they left their wives during the period of their religious ministrations in the Céle Dé communities.

The term Céle Dé sometimes appears to have been held in high honour; sometimes to have been scorned. This was in later times. George Con, a bigoted Catholic, nevertheless approved "the pure pattern of a Christian life wholly employed in the contemplation of heavenly things, seen among the Culdees."*

Alcuin (eighth century) commends the lives both of clergy and laity, thus showing that there were lay members of the order. The laity, according to some writers, did not make confession. It is said of Aidan, a Céle Dé, that he neither sought nor regarded the things of the world; he required of his associates, whether clergy or laity, that they should give themselves to study and meditation, by reading the scriptures and learning psalmody. The later Céle Dé had partial community of goods, but the wives and children of the married could claim a share of their goods if left widowed and orphaned. The Culdees or Céle Dé cannot have been regarded as a lax and inferior community in the Church, for a Culdee Presbyter could ordain bishops, and bishops were under their authority.

One striking feature of these Céle Dé communities was the number of their members; they were a circle of thirteen. The original monastery at Iona consisted of a dining hall, guest room, and thirteen small cells; the ruins of certain religious houses on the Sinaitic peninsula have the peculiarity that they consist of clusters of small separated cells. In Scotland there are some ancient round houses called Druid's houses;† these will hold but one person; they were probably used for the isolation of candidates for the mystery rites; small isolated cells to hold one person are said to be scattered all over the peninsula of Sinai.

The monks of Iona ate chiefly barley bread and milk, and occasionally eggs and fish. The Céle Dé as a body apparently varied their rule; some using greater and some lesser austerities. Their dress was a white tunic, a cloak of undyed wool, and sandals.

* See Jamieson.

† Hence the term Druinich = sequestered person

In the eighth century the term Céle Dé was applied to the order founded in Ireland by St. Maelruain. He was the bishop and abbot of Tamhlacht; his original rule must have been written in rhyme, for there is a MS. in the Leabhar Breac entitled *The Rule of the Célé-ndé from the poem which Maelruain composed.* It is a very curious fact that almost all the sacred literature and myths of the world seem to be written in rhyme, or at least in rhythm. This MS. belongs to the twelfth or thirteenth century, but it is a modernised version of a much older document.* In Appendix G of Mr. W. Reeves' book on *The Culdees* will be found an account of a poem of twelve stanzas which begins: "Of the Celi De as follows."† This poem forms the seventh division of a composition of 145 stanzas ascribed to St. Carthach of Lismore. If it be genuine it proves that the Céle Dé were a separate class prior to his death in 636.

A distinguished poet, monk, and wonder-worker, Aengus the Céle Dé, was a member of St. Maelruain's fraternity. The term was evidently applied to members of a distinct order, or to those who were leading a special life, or submitting to a rule or training of a peculiar nature; nevertheless, it does not appear that Céle Dé was a term applied only to distinguished persons such as Columba, Aidan, and Aengus, for in the Chronicles of Tamhlacht an obscure individual is mentioned as Comgan the Culdee.

The prose rule of Maelruain is elaborate and gives us an insight into certain of their outer customs. Thick milk and honey were ordained to be drunk at Christmas and the two Easters (Easter Day and the following Sunday). This is of interest because of the very ancient pre-Christian symbolism of milk and honey, which is found among the Welsh and the Irish. I shall refer to this later, when I strive to show how the old and the new faiths blended and were linked together.

It is plain from Maelruain's rules that there was a great latitude in custom when the prose rule was written. Of course it must be borne in mind that we have not the original; what we

* See *The Culdees of the British Isles*, W. Reeves. Dublin; 1864. See Appendix H for copy of this *Rule*.

† The original MS. is in Trinity College, Dublin. I cull one saying from the *Rule*: "The wise man's work is in his mouth. The ignorant man's work is in his hand."

have was written in the twelfth century, and Maelruain's Rule was written (probably) in the eighth; even then it is possible that the Rule had changed a little from that of the earlier Céle Dé communities. For instance, feasting and drinking beer on Christmas and Easter eves are forbidden, because of "going under the hand" on the morrow.* We also read that a diet of barley-bread, honey-comb, and skim-milk was common; there is a clause touching those who eat a little fish and occasional meat, and those who never eat flesh meat save at Easter, when they are bidden to eat a small portion "to prevent famine." It is said that some persons find the large meal seldom, and others the small meal often, to be better for the welfare of the soul, and people are advised to follow the custom which they find from experience to be beneficial.

This community used the sign of the cross thus +, but the "Armour of Devotion" was the *crossfigel, i.e.*, kneeling with the arms extended laterally. The rite of ablution had a religious aspect with them; prayers for the dead were used; purity of thought was insisted upon; reading aloud at dinner was a custom, in order that the mind should rest on the words and not on the food; they were questioned upon this reading ere they slept, that their minds might remain pure at night. To be angered with a servant meant, not punishment for the servant, but a hundred blows and bread and water for the angry person.†

The director was spoken of as "the soul-friend." "Difficult is the duty of the soul-friend; if he does not give the proper remedy its liability falls on him; if he does give it, it is often not observed."

Women were admitted into the Order of the Céle Dé, for special rules are ordained for the preservation of their health.

In England the Céle Dé monastery of Bardsey Island‡ was specially famous. It was founded in 516. It is said that King

* "Under the hand"=to confession. It is said that the early Céle Dé rejected confession. I suggest that some of these rules applied to the laity; but this is a mere speculation, and I do not think that it is well founded. I do not think that we have Maelruain's Rule as it originally stood. It would be strange if we had.

† This, it must be remembered, is merely a clause in Maelruain's Rule, not a universal law of the Céle Dé. I invite the sympathy of all housekeepers for the Céle Dé who suffered under this rule of St. Maelruain's.

‡ So called as a Bardic centre.

Arthur was killed in 542; if so, the Bardsey monastery was founded in his life-time, and is linked with the period of the Round Table and Grail Quest legends—the period, moreover, of Taliessin, the mystical poet and seer who "prophesied" at Arthur's Court.

In York the Céle Dé lingered during several centuries; in 936, at the period of their decline, Athelstone observed in St. Peter's, York, "men of holy life and honest conversation" called Coli Dei. They maintained the poor, and had few possessions.

In Scotland the Céle Dé owned the Abbeys of Kilwinning, Brechin, Melrose, Abernethy, St. Serb, Dunkeld, St. Andrews, Monymuske, Dunblane, and Dunfermline. Eata, one of the twelve disciples of the holy Aidan, a Céle Dé, was Abbot of Melrose in 664.

It has been questioned whether Iona was a Céle Dé monastery. It is known that Céle Dé were included in the Order in later days, because, according to the *Annals of Ulster*, a deputation from Iona waited on the Abbot of Derry, and amongst them appears the name of "Mac Forcellnaigh, head of the Ceile-ndé." This was in 1164, when Iona had conformed to the Roman usage, which was done in 760. The fact that Columba founded the Order with twelve disciples suffices to prove that Iona was a Céle Dé community; besides, in the list of Scottish religious houses in the Cotton MSS. at the British Museum, eight are marked Keldei or Keledei, including Abbatia in Insula (*i.e.*, Hy or Iona); two are marked Canonici Nigri, canons of S. Augustine, existing collaterally with Keledei. At Moray and Glascu they are marked Canonici Seculares. The Glascu monks in the twelfth century are said to have constituted a collegiate brotherhood. They lived as solitaries in detached cells within an enclosure; they were under a superior, and they were ascetic in their rule.

Brude, the last King of the Picts, bestowed Lochleven on the monks "dwelling there in conventual devotion." In 1037 Macbeth and his wife, Gruach, gave them lands. This Lochleven hermitage was founded by St. Serb; it has been said that this saint was the founder of the Céle Dé sect; but this is, I

think, incorrect; there is plenty of evidence to the contrary. Aengus, the Céle Dé, wrote a life of St. Serb; he says the saint's mother was the daughter of an Arabian king, and his father a king "in Chanaan, in Egypt." Serb was for twenty years a bishop in his own country; finally he travelled west, founded Lochleven, and died in 540.

I. HOOPER.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TAIYUMANAVAI—A POET-PHILOSOPHER OF SOUTHERN INDIA*

AMONGST the poets of Southern India one of the best known and most beloved is Taiyumanavai Pillay. However his poems may appeal to western minds, the songs of this "poet of the people" go straight to the hearts of the men and women of his own land, while his aphorisms have found an abiding place in the minds of thoughtful Hindus.

It is more than probable that if there comes, as there surely will, a spiritual "revival" to the people of India, that the poems and teachings of our Vedântin philosopher will play an important part.

Very little is known of the life of Taiyumanavai. The facts that have been recorded are few. From them we gather that about a hundred and fifty years ago, in the country of the Chela dynasty, lived one of its most revered Gurus, Kediliyappa Pillay, of the Vellala caste.

Kediliyappa was the trusted accountant and valued adviser of the Rajah of Trinchinopoly, Viziargartha Chokka Zinga Nackai.

In an hour of renunciation, Kediliyappa gave his only son to his elder brother, for his adopted heir, and prayed to the Gods

* Based on Notes of Lectures, given at Sale, Cheshire, in 1897, by Rev. M Cobhan.

the wisdom which he covets, the beauty he adores."

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Compared with the glowing aspirations and devoted life of this Indian mystic most of our Western "counsels of perfection" seem cold, vague, and indifferent.

As a poet Taiyumanavai was essentially religious, but there is also evidence in his poems of an acute sensibility and of a rare intelligence. Though they are full of doubts and questionings, though he now and again sinks into the darkness of despair, yet as we read on we find his poems brighten with hope; divine aspirations dispel the mists of doubt and despair, and his later writings are full of the Love that "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," till at last the lover lifts us sheer out of the cloudy queries, the misty agnosticism of this world, with its illusions of time and space, into that diviner air wherein, to the earnest seeker, can be shown the "clear dream and solemn vision" of the Life that is truly Divine.

In conclusion, I subjoin some of these poems of Taiyumanavai without comment. They will convey their own message of beauty and of truth.

God and the Soul

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The All-powerful, All-knowing, joyous through eternity!
What is that, unchanging ever, knowing neither night nor day?
That indeed my mind desireth,—that can give me joy alway.
Think on Him who great and silent, as the heaven He bendeth o'er,
Him, the soul of all we gaze on—let us worship and adore.

Many names, and many a birth-place, in its progress to the goal,
Many kinsmen, many bodies by its deeds do claim the soul.
Who can count the deeds it doeth, of its thoughts how vast the sum!
Many diverse reputations to the oft-born soul do come.
Hells there are, and heavens many; many gods, and good, they say;
Many faiths which widely differ, clashing each with each alway.
By the soul's wise intuition when the truth we surely gain;—
When from out the sky cloud covered we can feel the copious rain
Falling, filling all the heaven,—one great cloud that One we call
This our God of holy form, who cloud-like on His lovers all
Wondrous pleasure raineth, filling all the heaven of their soul;
Many names to Him ascribe we, as the Vedas oft extol.
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for another child. The prayer was answered, and the boy was named Taiyumanavai in honour of the God Taiyumanswari, to whom the child was dedicated. He was educated in Sanscrit and Tamil learning, and, having early shown signs of an unusually thoughtful and earnest disposition, was placed under the guidance and tuition of the famous Vedântin scholar, Monia Desiker. To him the boy became an apt pupil, an intelligent companion, and an affectionate and devoted disciple.

The Vedântin system of philosophy taught to Taiyumanavai permeated his mind, moulded his thoughts, and no doubt influenced the tenor of his life in all after years.

That Taiyumanavai's poems are steeped in Vedântin thought we have ample evidence in the quotations given below; while in his aphorisms, weighty with mystic meaning, full of point and intuitive wisdom, are also to be found reminiscences of Vedântin lore.

Throughout his youth, and in the years of early manhood, Taiyumanavai was a devoted worshipper at the shrine of Dakshiṇâmurti.

Far above and beyond his love of learning was his desire to lead a life given to religious exercises and to meditation on the Divine. That seemed to be his dharma. Therefore it was no small test of the purity of his ideal, when, on the death of his father, Taiyumanavai was constrained by the Rajah to succeed to the accountant's office. Although these new duties were somewhat distasteful to Taiyumanavai, and more than foreign to his nature, yet he discharged them punctually and faithfully. None the less he remained a devout worshipper at his accustomed shrine, an ardent student of Indian philosophy and a patient worker in the inner science of things. For some years the Rajah did not realise the greatness of the man in his employ. Gradually, however, the subtle influence of the poet-philosopher's character and teaching made itself felt, till suddenly the Rajah divined what this mysterious, wonderful power must be. He sent for Taiyumanavai, and said, with the reverence the Hindu is always ready to pay to spiritual nobility:

"Swami, because until now I have not known your glory, I, who ought to serve you, have kept you as my servant. Though in doing this I have been guilty of a great fault, yet I ask you

who have been so full of grace, kindly to forgive me. From henceforth, whatever you ask I will grant you, that you may not lack time for Divine meditation."

Henceforward circumstances favoured the development of the poet's inner life.

Not long after, the Rajah died. His widow, knowing the piety and goodness of Taiyumanavai, sent for him. Soon she begged him to rule her kingdom for her, and finally to become her husband.

Taiyumanavai was perplexed and distressed. He at first refused, and was about to set forth on a pilgrimage through Southern India, when, through the urgent desire of his elder brother, he turned back and eventually consented to marry the Rânee.

His married life was a happy though short one, for a year later his wife died, on the birth of their son, whom they named Kanaka Saba-pathi Pillay.

Very soon after his wife's death Taiyumanavai started on his before-time projected pilgrimage of devotion and of missionary labour. He visited the Shaivite Temples in Southern India, seeking to rouse men's minds from the torpor of indifference, and to bring them out of the darkness of superstition and ignorance into the light of knowledge and truth. Everywhere he sang his songs and recited his religious poems, chanting them with a fervour of intonation which invoked the aid of hidden powers. Taiyumanavai found a valuable assistant in his missionary labours in his cousin, Aruleia Pillay. Aruleia, after the poet's death, continued his ministry, and spread abroad both the poems of Taiyumanavai and also his evangel of love and truth.

The place and even the year of the poet's death are unknown. But his poems, with their grace of diction and their inspiring truths, live on.

There is one sentence in Taiyumanavai's writings that epitomises the ideal of his life and sums up the gist of his teaching. It is this: "God is the wealth which the poet seeks, the wisdom which he covets, the beauty he adores."

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Falling, filling all the heaven,—one great cloud that One we call
This our God of holy form, who cloud-like on His lovers all
Wondrous pleasure raineth, filling all the heaven of their soul;
Many names to Him ascribe we, as the Vedas oft extol.
Him in ways not one but many—wisdom's fount, of joy the store,
Dwelling in the solemn silence—let us worship and adore.
That is one and undivided; speech and brightness without peer;

THAT of whom the precious Vedas beat a drum that all may hear;
Fountain whence all knowledge floweth, pleasure's uncreated spring;
THAT, the one eternal beauty underlying everything!
Magic, deeper than the clamour of the sects that disagree,
Fulness, heavenly, aye enduring, unsustained abideth He
All-sustaining, and remaineth heaven of gentleness and bliss;
Void of all inherent evil the eternal One is this.
He it is, by senses never, never, never to be known;
Pure, immutable, the steady light which ever shineth on.
Without passion, without sickness, beatific light we call
THAT, within the mind which shineth; how—we do not know at all.
God! Supreme, quiescent He; also all the worlds He makes, o'er
Them and in them ever working;—let us worship and adore.

THE LIFE OF THE DISCIPLE

In Mâyâ lie all worlds; from end to end
The universe to ceaseless change doth tend;
Self-knowing, man doth Mâyâ's spell transcend

And more than self he knows; beneath the sun—
Not Mâyâ—heavenly grace hath all things done;
Grace, which in every spot of earth doth run.

Religion is my pleasure, my desire
To gain perfection's height; I would aspire
To this, and here abiding never tire.

Yet for a moment if I wish to be,
Eyes closed, in meditation wrapt with Thee,
Rejecting the false thought that what I *see*

Is God, then round me comes a hindering crowd—
Memories of by-gone sin which clamour loud;
I, hapless wretch! beneath the strife am bowed.

How can I love Thee? Perfect Joy that fills
All places, even the least, with silent thrills
Of bliss! I groan beneath these mournful ills.

Though I do speak of actions which are mine,
Yet these, Thou always doest, they are Thine
And what I call "myself," if I define,

Is not a being separate from Thee,
Nor different. This, the true philosophy,
After sore strife, at last I clearly see.

Hereafter striving that I may retain
This hard-won truth, will Mâyâ come again,
My foe in friendly guise, to give me pain,

And darken this pure knowledge? And, once more,
Shall sins repulsive enter my heart's door,
And I be cast upon the dreary shore

Of future births? Thus questioning, I crave
Thy help, the sword of loyalty, to brave
These foes. Thou in Thy mercy wilt me save

From all, from all. O Perfect Joy, that fills
All places, even the least, with silent thrills
Of bliss! Yea, Thou wilt end my mournful ills.

But what is God? "Mâyâ He is," some say,
"Where elements are lost"; some answer, "Nay,
'Tis that reality where pass away

The senses." "'Tis the terminus of all
Our faculties," say others. "God, we call
That into which all dispositions fall,"—

Thus others. "Form of incarnation, the
Incarnate form's indwelling energy;
Fruit of this strangely blended mystery.

'Tis we are God." "He hath a form"—thus say
Discordant voices. "Nay, when by the way
Of thought we seek Him, grace is He alway."

Others make answer: "When life, which is one
Though multiform, has perished, there alone
Is God; but unto Him, form there is none."

Yet others: "Nothingness, which is the last
As 'twas the first, is God." And so on. Past
Recounting others differ still. Downcast

My mind, and restless grown, amid this din
It quivers as quicksilver; shall I win
Escape from such condition, and begin

Calm bliss to taste? O Perfect Joy that fills
All places, even the least, with silent thrills
Of bliss! when wilt Thou end my mournful ills?

Let come what will—whether things come or not
My life to fill, whatever be my lot,
I am content, and unto this I wot

My mind bears witness. Now in harmony
At last I stand with true philosophy,
And, free from doubt, at length I clearly see

This body all unreal will pass away,
Yet joy there is supreme, that lasts for aye.
And now, by Thine own grace, 'tis mine to say

With melted heart: "That Joy is Home." O Thou
Great Silence, unknown Lord, to Whom I bow,
If 'tis Thy thought to save me, saying now

"Thou only art my help," still hear my cry,
That in this blest condition standing, I
May never fall again. O graciously

To me give aid! O Perfect Joy that fills
All places, even the least, with silent thrills
Of bliss! Remover of my varied ills!

Desire no limit knows, men ruling o'er
A conquered world, still seek another shore;
Men, rich as Alakashun, covet more,

And turn to alchemy, and loathe to greet
Approaching death; old men with weary feet
Still hope some elixir of life to meet.

* * * That I may never sigh
For these, nor fall into desire's deep sea,—
This losing, grasping that,—O give to me

A mind from such desire made ever free.
A holy state: O Perfect Joy, that fills
All places, even the least, with silent thrills
Of bliss, thus ending all my mournful ills!

MARGARET S. DUNCAN.

THE sun is wine and the moon is the cup. Pour the sun into the moon.

HÂFIZ.

THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

INTRODUCTION

THE value of knowledge is tested by its power to purify and ennoble the life, and all earnest students desire to apply the theoretical knowledge acquired in their study of Theosophy to the evolution of their own character and to the helping of their fellow-men. It is for such students that is written the series of papers of which this is the first, with the hope that a better understanding of their own intellectual nature may lead to a purposeful cultivation of what is good in it and an eradication of what is evil. The emotion which impels to righteous living is half wasted if the clear light of the intellect does not illuminate the path of conduct; for as the blind man strays from the way unknowing till he falls into the ditch, so does the ego, blinded by ignorance, turn aside from the road of right living till he falls into the pit of evil action. Truly is Avidyâ, the privation of knowledge, the first step out of unity into separateness, and only as it lessens does separateness diminish, until its disappearance restores the Eternal Peace.

THE SELF AS KNOWER

In studying the nature of man, we separate the Man from the vehicles which he uses, the living Self from the garments with which he is clothed. The Self is one, however varying may be the forms of his manifestation, when working through and by means of the different kinds of matter. It is, of course, true in the fullest sense of the words that there is but One Self; that as rays flame forth from the sun, the Selves that are the true Men are but rays of the Supreme Self, and that each Self may whisper: "I am He." But for our present purpose, taking

a single ray, we may assert also its own inherent unity, even though this be hidden by its forms. Consciousness is a unit, and the divisions we make in it are either made for purposes of study, or are illusions, due to the limitation of our perceptive power by the organs through which it works in the lower worlds. The fact that the activities of the Self proceed severally from his three aspects of willing, feeling, and knowing, must not blind us to the other fact that there is no division of substance; the whole Self wills, the whole Self feels, the whole Self knows. Nor are the functions wholly separated; when he wills he also feels and knows, when he feels he also wills and knows, when he knows he also feels and wills. One function is predominant, and sometimes to such an extent as to wholly veil the others; but even in the intensest concentration of knowing—the most separate of the three—there is always present a latent feeling and a latent will, discernible as present by careful analysis.

It is not easy to clarify the fundamental conception of the Self further than by his mere naming. The Self is that conscious, feeling, ever-existing One, that in each of us knows himself as existing. No man can ever think of himself as non-existent, or formulate himself to himself in consciousness as "I am not." As Bhagavân Dâs has put it: "The Self is the indispensable first basis of life. . . . In the words of Vâchaspati-Mishra, in his Commentary (the *Bhâmati*) on the *Sharîraka-Bhâshya* of Shaṅkarâchârya: 'No one doubts, "Am I?" or "Am I not?"'"* The Self-affirmation "I am" comes before everything else, stands above and beyond all argument. No proof can make it stronger; no disproof can weaken it. Both proof and disproof found themselves on "I am."

When we observe this "I am," we find that it expresses itself in three different ways: (*a*) the sending out of energy, WILL, in which action is inherent; (*b*) the internal response by pleasure or pain to impact from outside, FEELING, the root of emotion; (*c*) the internal reflection of a Not-Self, KNOWLEDGE, the root of thought. "I will," "I feel," "I know"—these are the three affirmations of the indivisible Self, of the "I am." All activities may be classified under one or other of these three heads; the

* *The Science of the Emotions* p. 20

Self manifests only in our worlds in these three ways; as all colours arise from the three primaries, so the numberless activities of the Self all arise from Will, Feeling and Knowledge.

The Self as Willer, the Self as Feeler, the Self as Knower—he is the One in Eternity and also the root of individuality in Time and Space. It is the Self in his third aspect, the Self as Knower, that we are to study.

The Not-Self as Known

The Self whose "nature is knowledge" finds mirrored within himself a vast number of forms, and learns by experience that he cannot will and feel and know in and through them. These forms, he discovers, are not amenable to his control as is the form of which he first becomes conscious, and which he (mistakenly) learns to identify with himself. He wills, and there is no responsive movement in them; he feels, and they show no sign; he knows, and they do not share the knowledge. He cannot say *in them*, "I will," "I feel," "I know"; and at length he recognises them as other selves, in mineral, vegetable, animal, human and super-human forms, and he generalises all these under one comprehensive term, the Not-Self, that in which he, as a separated Self, is not, in which he does not will and feel and know. He will thus answer for a long time the question:

"What is the Not-Self?"

"All in which I do not will and feel and know."

And although truly he will find, on a final analysis, that his vehicles also, save the finest film that makes him *a* Self, are parts of the Not-Self, are objects of knowledge, are the Known, not the Knower, for all practical purposes his answer is correct.

Knowing

In order that the Self may be the Knower and the Not-Self the Known, a definite relationship must be established between them. The Not-Self must affect the Self, and the Self must in return affect the Not-Self. There must be an interchange between the two. Knowing is a relation between the Self and the Not-Self, and the nature of that relation must be the next division of our subject, but it is well first to grasp clearly the fact that knowing is *a relation*. It implies duality, the consciousness

of a Self and the recognition of a Not-Self—and the presence of the two set over against each other is necessary for knowledge.

The Knower, the Known, the Knowing—these are the three in one which must be understood if thought-power is to be turned to its proper purpose, the helping of the world. According to western terminology, the Mind is the Subject which knows; the Object is that which is known; the relationship between them is knowing. We must understand the nature of the Knower, the nature of the Known, and the nature of the relation established between them, and how that relationship arises. These things understood, we shall indeed have made a step towards that Self-knowledge which is wisdom. Then indeed shall we be able to help the world around us, becoming its helpers and saviours; for that is the true end of wisdom, that, set on fire by love, it may lift the world out of misery into the knowledge wherein all pain ceases for evermore. Such is the object of our study, for truly is it said in the books of that nation which possesses the earliest and still the deepest and subtlest psychology, that the object of philosophy is to put an end to pain. For that the Knower thinks; for that knowledge is continually sought. To put an end to pain is the final reason for philosophy, and that is not true wisdom which does not conduce to the finding of PEACE.

CHAPTER I.

THE NATURE OF THOUGHT

The nature of thought may be studied from two standpoints: from the side of consciousness, which is knowledge, or from the side of the form by which knowledge is obtained, the susceptibility of which to modifications makes possible the attainment of knowledge.

There are two extremes in philosophy which we must avoid, because each ignores one side of manifested life. One regards everything as consciousness, ignoring the essentiality of form as conditioning consciousness, as making it possible. The other regards everything as form, ignoring the fact that form can only exist by virtue of the life ensouling it. The form and the life, the matter and the spirit, the vehicle and the consciousness, are

inseparable in manifestation, and are the indivisible aspects of THAT in which both inhere, THAT which is neither consciousness nor its vehicle, but the Root of both. A philosophy which tries to explain everything by the forms, ignoring the life, will find problems it is utterly unable to solve. A philosophy which tries to explain everything by the life, ignoring the forms, will find itself faced by dead walls which it cannot surmount. The final word on this is that consciousness and its vehicles, life and form, matter and spirit, are the temporary expressions of the two aspects of the one unconditioned Existence, which is not known save when manifested as the Root of spirit—(called by the HindusPratyag-âtman), the abstract Being, the abstract Logos—whence all individual selves, and the Root of matter (Mûlaprakṛiti) whence all forms. Whenever manifestation takes place this Root of spirit gives birth to a triple consciousness, and this Root of matter to a triple matter; beneath these is the One Reality, for ever incognisable by the conditioned consciousness. The flower sees not the root whence it grows, though all its life is drawn from it and without it it could not be.

The Self as Knower has as his characteristic function the mirroring within himself of the Not-Self. As a sensitive plate receives rays of light reflected from objects, and those rays cause modifications in the material on which they fall, so that images of the objects can be obtained, so is it with the Self in the aspect of knowledge towards everything external. His vehicle is a sphere wherein the Self receives from the Not-Self the reflected rays of the One Self, causing to appear within him images which are the reflections of that which is not himself. The Knower does not know the things themselves in the earlier stages of his consciousness. He knows only the images produced within himself by the action of the Not-Self on his responsive being, the photographs of the external world. Hence the mind, the vehicle of the Self as Knower, has been compared to a mirror, in which are seen the images of all objects placed before it. We do not know the things themselves, but only the effect produced by them in our consciousness; not the objects, but the images of the objects, are what we find in the mind. As the mirror seems to have the objects within it, but those apparent objects are only images,

illusions caused by the objects, not the objects themselves; so does the mind, in its knowledge of the outer universe, know only the illusive images and not the things in themselves.

"But," it may be said, "will that be so ever? shall we never know the things in themselves?" This brings us to the vital distinction between the consciousness and the matter in which the consciousness is working, and by this we may find an answer to that natural question of the human mind. When the consciousness by long evolution has developed the power to reproduce within itself all that exists outside it, then the envelope of matter in which it has been working falls away, and the consciousness that is knowledge identifies its Self with all the Selves amid which it has been evolving, and sees as the Not-Self only the matter connected alike with all Selves severally. That is the "Day be with us," the union which is the triumph of evolution, when consciousness knows itself and others, and knows others as itself. By identity of nature perfect knowledge is attained, and the Self realises that marvellous state where identity perishes not and memory is not lost, but where separation finds its ending, and knower, knowing and knowledge are one.

It is this wondrous nature of the Self, who is evolving in us through knowledge at the present time, that we have to study, in order to understand the nature of thought, and it is necessary to see clearly the illusory side in order that we may utilise the illusion to transcend it. So let us now study how Knowing—the relation between the Knower and the Known—is established, and this will lead us to see more clearly into the nature of thought.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

O HÂFIZ! why do you complain of the grief of separation? After separation there is union, and after darkness there is light.—HÂFIZ.

MAGIC LYRES OR PROBLEMS OF CONSCIOUSNESS

PROBLEMS of consciousness may often be put into a more manageable shape by being stated in terms of the laws of physical energy. "The order of mind is one with the order of nature", and, *vice versâ*, "the laws of the physical universe follow the logical processes of the human mind."* So nature is a great open copy of the oldest scriptures of the soul's science, a table of the laws of its progress.

For instance; there are only three conceivable states of consciousness, that is, three conditions or moods of the mind—inertia, activity, and balance.

So there are only three fundamental laws of motion.

The first, the law of uniformity, or that every body continues in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line, except in so far as it may be compelled by force to change that state—a good description of the genuinely lazy man, the creature of habit!

The second, the law that change of motion is proportional to the force applied—the law of all activity.

And the third, that to every action there is always an equal and contrary reaction. Nature rights herself like the pendulum with its alternating swings—this is the law of balance.

These laws hold good in what Herbert Spencer has called the "dynamics of consciousness."†

For the physical and the psychical events—that is, the motions of the external world and the moods within the mind—

* Karl Pearson, *Matter and Soul*. London; 1885.

† *Principles of Psychology*, vol. ii., p. 447. London; 1892.

are not two, but one; two ways of looking at one and the same thing.*

The whole science of the growth of the soul is based on the law of the conservation of consciousness, which is the parallel of the law of the indestructibility of energy.

> To nature nothing can be added, from nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energy is constant. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation . . . . the flux of power is eternally the same.†

Now the point which concerns us as to the science of the soul, or Yoga, is the law of reactions or of *reversible cycles*, as it is sometimes called—that all transmitted force when arrested by resisting mediums is responded to in proportion to the perfection of that station of resistance. If the medium or organ that arrests any propagated force is as highly specialised and complex as that from which the force started, then the whole volume of the force will find its full expression there, but if not it will only produce effects in proportion to the responsiveness of the medium. But the law is that all force sooner or later reverts to the full complexity of its original mode; and to effect this it must find an adequate medium or station of resistance.‡ That is, it must find a station akin to and the peer of that which initiated it.

A scientific conjuring trick, called the Magic Lyre, was invented many years ago by Wheatstone. If the sounding-boards of two instruments are connected by a rod of pine-wood and a tune is played on the one concealed from the audience, the second instrument will repeat the tune by itself without the agency of human hands, thus illustrating the transmuting of the

* *Cf.* "The psychology of immediate experience regards outer and inner experience, not as different parts of experience but as different ways of looking at one and the same experience. From this point of view the question of the relation between psychical and physical objects disappears entirely. They are not different objects at all but one and the same content of experience. All metaphysical hypotheses as to the relation between psychical and physical objects are, when viewed from this position, attempts to solve a problem which need never have existed." W. Wundt, *Outlines of Psychology*.

† Tyndall on Solar Heat.

‡ Compare also Proclus: "Every conversion is effected by a similitude of the converted natures to the object of their conversion . . . . by a certain communion and contact." *Elements of Theology*, Prop. xxxii. (Taylor).

force while in the rod and its reversion to its original mode as soon as it finds a worthy instrument.

Passing from physics to psychology, we find that each of our sense-organs reproduce forces *only after its kind*. Out of a multitude of vibrations they select and reproduce only a few, and these few are only a fraction of one set or mode of vibrations. Out of all the ethereal vibrations of light the eye only responds to those of which the velocity is above 400 and below 900 billion vibrations in a second. We have no means of feeling certain that the impression of light which the eye has given us is at all an adequate idea of the real thing. It is only *that impression* which the eye is made to produce. It can produce nothing else but light. If it is struck it will show lights. If the auditory nerve is stimulated by electricity, it produces sensations of musical sounds.*

Out of all "the mighty sum of things for ever speaking" the ear only knows of a narrow section of vibrations of the rates between 16,000 and 40,000 vibrations per second. And it is out of these disjointed messages that we compose our tale of woe, out of these scraps we make up a sketch, half-correct and quite incomplete, of our external world, and we call it *the* world.†

Yet, as James says, there is no reason to suppose that the order of vibrations in the outer world is anything like as interrupted as the order of our sensations. Nature, he says, must somewhere have realised innumerable intermediary rates which we have no nerves for perceiving.‡ We can only at present employ the slave of the lamp we possess, we cannot improve upon the verdicts of the sense-organs.

James suggests that the neophyte in idealistic philosophy should consider the probable sensations of splicing his optic nerves on to his ears and his auditory nerves on to his eyes!

* Th. Ziehen, *Introd. to Physiol.-Psychology*, p. 90. London; 1892.

† "The universe, then, consists entirely of mind-stuff. Some of this is woven into the complex form of human minds containing imperfect representations of the mind-stuff outside them, and of themselves also, as a mirror reflects its own mirror in another mirror, *ad infinitum*.

"Such an imperfect representation is called a material universe. It is a picture in a man's mind of the real universe of mind-stuff."

W. K. Clifford, "On the Nature of Things-in-themselves," in *Lectures and Essays*, p. 284, ed. by L. Stephen and F. Pollock. London; 1886.

‡ W. James, *Psychology*, p. 19. New York; 1892.

Having successfully performed this operation, he will then be privileged to see the thunder and hear the lightning.

Passing now from psychology to the still higher plane of the facts of consciousness, we find a great chasm is leapt. We find all the records of the senses translated into terms of consciousness by the magic of an inner lyre, by a sounding-board of whose mechanism the psychologist knows nothing.

What, then, is the origin of this music of consciousness? How is it that an inner organ reproduces consciousness within, as if from some great lyre without, which must have first propagated the inexplicable force which appears as the conscious mind? For the final result of all the incoming sense-messages is consciousness, which is not in the air and its sound, or in the ether and its light. In the brain itself there is neither air nor sound. There is the psychical event alone. "No physical energy under the general law of its conservation and correlation can pass this break." That is, the break between the nervous shock or psychical event and the physical commotion in the sense-organ.*

We know nothing, says Maudsley, of the occult molecular movements which are the physical conditions of our mental operations.

> We know little or nothing of the chemical changes which accompany them. We cannot detect the difference between the nerve of an exhausted brain and a fresh one. . . . Close to us, yet inaccessible to our senses, there lies a domain of nature, which the eye cannot perceive, and of which the mind cannot conceive.

We can only draw from the analogy of the dynamical law of reversible cycles (expressed in the symbol of the serpent with its tail in its mouth), and say that all the incoming forces, all the energies of the various vibrating organs, must have been transmitted to us from something as abstract and as complex as that which concludes the cycle, something as subtle as thought, as spiritual as self-consciousness.†

And that thus, as the ego bends over the lyre within the

* G. T. Ladd, *Elements of Physiological Psychology*, p. 628. New York; 1892.

† "For aught Science can say, matter may be something as spiritual as life, as mental as consciousness." Karl Pearson, *Sunday Society Lectures*, St. George's Hall. London; 1885.

soul, it hears the broken echoes, the fitful attempts at imitation, as of a youthful singer following in halting notes some voice whose owner he cannot see.

It is the imperfections of the instrument itself which make for us the limitations of the external world, just as the melody would be only half-repeated in Wheatstone's experiment if the piano were one in which some of the notes were dumb or out of order. We do not realise how much out of order we are; we forget the personal equation, with all its bias. If we say we have no sin—that is *no* personal equation—we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. And every personality is perishable in proportion to its imperfections. It will be the increasing perfection of the instrument, as its sensibility is ever further subtilised, which will itself dissolve this fragmentary world like a dream, seeing literally through it, seeing more of it and beyond it on all sides.

Expect and await perfection and it will come. Psychology says that "expectant attention reveals phantoms." We hear a man say that he has strung himself up to such a pitch that he could imagine anything. Yet the imagination creates nothing, it *anticipates*. It forecasts the cycle of reversion, in its return to the primal starting-point.

If you have once, only once, been strung to a height of tension by a great emotion, if you have been fired by some high aspiration vividly realised for one moment, you can attune the whole instrument to that pitch again, until the singer and the song have but one Life.

A. L. BEATRICE HARDCASTLE.

PHILANTHROPY is masculo-feminine; and the feminine part of it is called compassion, and the male part is named love to our neighbour. But every man is neighbour to every man, and not merely this man or that; for the good and the bad, the friend and the enemy, are alike men. It behoves, therefore, him who practises philanthropy to be an imitator of God, doing good to the righteous and unrighteous, as God Himself vouchsafes His sun and His heavens to all in the present world.—CLEMENTINE HOMILIES, xii. 26.

AN EXPERIENCE

A QUIET room, and the shadows of evening—a girl lying very still on her bed of pain, gazing into her future and her past. A past, pain-filled and inadequate; a future—what? If the operation on the morrow failed, should the useless struggle continue longer? No movement, and no word—merely a still expression on the face.

* * * *

Under the influence of the anæsthetic, the "mind" had been set free—free from the dull, pain-clogged body—free to wander and experience as it could.

It was floating now in space—in regions formless and illimitable, and glorying in its wonderful new sense of power and freedom—glorying, even as it strove to realise.

By sense, not sight, it presently became conscious of a new "Presence," and almost instantaneously found its thoughts working in communion with those of this new entity. No words were used or needed; it was by some process of mental telegraphy that the exchange of thought proceeded.

"You have come far to meet me; I must help you with full understanding now," was the first idea that the bewildered mind read in the thoughts of the new Presence.

"You do not understand . . . and you are one of those who must. That is why you have been allowed to come so far. . . . Only by communion with me, could you be made to understand—and I might not come any lower."

"What are you?" was the question telegraphed by the astonished mind; and instantly the answer was flashed back:

"I am your waiting soul—your Self, as far as you have gone . . . . I am here to help you forward, by giving you understanding; for without understanding you would not go back."

The mind telegraphed confusion; the Presence communed on:

"You had determined to destroy your life; it was to save your soul from that great backward leap that you have been sent here. . . . You long for rest. . . . By your mad act, you would but have postponed your attainment of it. . . . There is no progress by evasion. . . . All must be worked out."

"But the injustice—the inequality of difficulty"—was the bitter thought communicated in reply.

"There is no injustice; the inequality does but mark the different grades of progress. . . . Those souls now bravely suffering are the nearer to Rest. . . . Those now lightly happy have future lives of suffering to endure."

"But the difference in the power to suffer! . . . The unfair strength of men . . . the cruel weakness of a woman!"

"Each soul must live through both. . . . Which is the harder, none may say. . . . But both must be well lived, before that Rest be gained."

The mind trembled in the surge of new ideas; the Presence sent immediate help.

"You have done well so far. . . . Would you now go back? I am the representative of your past lives, . . . the sum of all their good. . . . I know that the end is near. This life with which you now are struggling may be the last required, . . . may perfect you, if bravely borne, enough for enduring Rest. . . . This, you, as temporal soul, might not comprehend. . . . I, the Soul eternal, am sent to teach you, . . . to show you by one flash of past and future knowledge, the glorious promise in your present pain."

The mind was wakening fast to the truth; but more light yet was needed.

"If your present life be lightened, then your victory must be less. . . . Only by the greatest victories can the greatest prize—the longed for Rest—be won. . . . You have won your lesser battles. . . . For you, the man's life was the easier, and you have lived that well. . . . Yet if now you shirk these higher tests, more lives must needs be lived, . . . more waiting here endured."

The mind was throbbing now with full and glorious compre-

hension; one anxious thought alone yet vibrated in discordance —a fear, lest this new, strength-giving knowledge should be stifled, when the body should once more regain its sway.

But even as the thought was registered, the stilling answer came.

"All you may not keep; no . . . else life would be too easy. But what you need will still be yours; . . . undemonstrable, uncommunicable, unshakable—a Conviction will henceforth be with you to sustain you . . . your boon for this one hour in the unseen."

A great peace now possessed the mind—a knowledge greater far than understanding. The Presence was fast vanishing, the thought-current flowed no more; but the mind felt neither need nor wish for further help or knowledge. All the essential it had learnt. . . . If only it might keep these mighty truths! . . . There came a rush of many currents—a ringing as of many bells—and then . . . a blank.

* * * *

A busy, restless city, and a quiet woman looking on it . . . peace on her face, peace in her heart . . . a recollection of a reckless hour far back, and the vast distance travelled. . . . The *cause*—had it been *that?*

No, no! . . . awe gave way to scorn! No need to find a mystic bridge to explain *that* journey. . . . Real life, with all pain's deepest lessons, had set the milestones all along *that* way . . . had led from struggle unto peace.

But later, question came again. Life? Yes—with all life's forces. But there had been choice always; . . . had *that* been swayed? Always it had gone one way; . . . *had* it been so, but for that strange, first impetus?

Awe . . . resentment . . . uncertainty . . . fought all their battle. Then in weariness the woman spoke:

"I do not know; but I will tell the story."

C. B.

[The above is a plain description of a personal experience and not a page from a psychic novel.—Ed.]

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

REINCARNATION is certainly a doctrine that explains better than any other known hypothesis innumerable life-puzzles, and most of all the phenomenon of genius. For instance, what other theory can in any way throw light on the following case, that has attracted world-wide attention and the details of which we take from *The Morning Leader* of October 1st?

A Case of Reincarnation

Pepito Rodriguez Ariola, the baby pianist, who is creating a great sensation in Paris, is the son of Spanish parents, and although only two and a half years old, can play Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, and a march of his own composition which has been dedicated to the King of Spain.

As the boy cannot read, it is claimed that he plays entirely by supernatural obsession. He has had no instruction whatever, and dislikes anyone to suggest different fingering than that which comes to him naturally. His tiny hand is incapable of compassing an octave, and occasionally leads him into making slight errors, yet his playing and full comprehension of the possibilities of the keyboard are simply marvellous.

This genius was discovered a year ago when, after hearing his mother play a sonata, Pepito climbed up on the stool and repeated the whole of the sonata with the proper bass. He can now repeat anything he has once heard, supplying excellent harmonies and variations of his own.

Pepito is said to strongly resemble Mozart when a youth. He made his début to the world last month, when Prof. Richet introduced him at the meeting of the International Psychological Congress in Paris.

Referring to this, the writer of "The Echoes of Science," in *The Globe* of October 19th, says: "His father, who died in 1896, had no aptitude for music, but his mother at five played the piano, and his grandmother at eleven the guitar," and he evidently thinks that heredity is the "open sesame" of the problem.

But heredity will not cover the facts, though it has to be taken into account in the make-up of the physical and, to some extent, of the psychic instrument; the doctrine of innate ideas is too vague to satisfy the present age of accurate observation and exact

research; the dogma of spontaneous creation is equally too vague, as it explains nothing and only substitutes for the unknown quantity x in the equation an equally unknown quantity y. To suggest that Pepito is a reincarnation of Mozart is too precise a detail for our present general knowledge; but to hold that Pepito is the reincarnation of the soul of a skilled musician is neither unscientific nor unreasonable, and, to quote Hume with regard to metempsychosis, "is the only hypothesis to which philosophy can hearken."

* * *

Drawing Apart the Veils of Matter

SCIENCE has entered on a path by which there is no return to the former dogmatic position of her votaries as to elements and atoms, but which will lead her back to the "superstitions" of the ancients with their hylē and elements. Intuition and investigation will ere long join hands on many a height that all searchers into nature's mysteries must scale on their journey to the summit of human gnosis. We cut the following from the "Echoes of Science" in *The Globe* of September 28th:

> It was an idea of the ancient Grecian philosophers that all matter is derived from a primordial stuff, and the notion has not died out. On the contrary, science is now tending to confirm it. The latest advance in this direction is that of J. J. Thomson, the well-known electrician and physicist, whose recent experiments appear to show that each "corpuscle" of this primordial substance (which represents a unit quantity of electricity) is 1-1000 of the mass of an atom of hydrogen. Consequently, on this view, each atom of hydrogen would consist of 1,000 of these "corpuscles," or electrical "ions," and apparently they are so loosely joined in a group or molecule that corpuscles can pass through it, much as Sage and others have imagined small corpuscles to pass through matter, and by striking on it here and there produce gravitation.

The veils of matter are being slowly drawn apart even for the physicist, but the ultimate physical atom still lies far within; as for the real ultimate atom or monad, the root of true individuality, gnosis alone will reveal it, for it transcends not only things physical but also things psychic.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Buddhist Mythology in Thibet and Mongolia

Mythologie des Buddhismus in Tibet und der Mongolei. Von Albert Grünwedel, Ph.D. (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus; 1900.)

In form this is a guide to the Lamaistic collection of Prince Uchtomsky, who accompanied the present Czar of Russia, while still only Czarevitch, on his long tour through India, Japan and Asia; in substance it is an exceedingly valuable and interesting collection of materials and notes bearing upon the development which the teachings of the Buddha have undergone in Tibet and Mongolia, and in particular, as its title indicates, upon the growth and assimilation of those factors which have produced in the so-called Northern Church of Buddhism a luxuriant and elaborate mythology, which stands in startling and surprising contrast to the materialistic simplicity of the Buddhism of Ceylon—the form of Buddhism which is so much the better known to Occidental Orientalists that it is usually regarded in the West as the only pure and genuine exponent of the teachings of the Lord Buddha.

It is quite impossible to give here a review, in the proper sense of the term, of this book, because, as the author points out, the labours of many workers are needed in this field before any clear and co-ordinated treatment of the subject can become possible. And though, here and there, the reader will find very suggestive remarks and observations, yet for the most part the author has strictly confined himself to the task he had undertaken, that of collecting and illustrating the material at his disposal. This he has done in a most competent and careful manner, wisely abstaining from much speculation or premature generalisation.

In his first chapters he outlines, so far as the available material permits, the little that is at present known regarding the development of the Buddhistic pantheon in India itself during the early centuries of the Christian era, mainly on the basis of the still existing monuments, sculptures and literary documents. This of course can

only be the barest outline, many features of which indeed must still be very problematical, for the history of the various gods and goddesses who are figured in Buddhist scriptures is closely interwoven with that of the manifold sects which sprang up within the Church, and of these as yet but little is known and their relations and history are still buried in obscurity. But, mere outline as the sketch is, I think it is almost the first on these lines that has been attempted, and therefore it has an exceptional value and interest for those who care to study the manifold phases in the development of religious feeling and thought as exemplified in Buddhism.

The second chapter brings together much information regarding the great saints and teachers of the Northern Church of Buddhism, first of those whose life-work lay in India, then of those who carried Buddhism into Thibet and formed the older Thibetan Buddhism, and finally of those who spread that teaching among the Mongols and those of the later Thibetan Church, subsequent to the great Yellow-cap reform of Tsong-ka-pa.

The third and longest chapter deals with the various beings who figure in the mythology of Northern Buddhism, and contains an enormous mass of information, enough to excite our liveliest curiosity and interest and to show how vast a field of enquiry remains to be investigated.

From the point of view of the general reader and the student, the first and second chapters are much the most interesting, and will, I am sure, be keenly appreciated by all who can read German. The amount of research and study which they represent is even more considerable than that accumulated in the third chapter, and though in a field so little worked as this many errors are inevitable, yet the author deserves the most lively gratitude for bringing together and rendering accessible so large a mass of information on the subject. Let us hope that his example will encourage and stimulate others to work in the same field, and that the century upon which we are entering will see, before its close, a coherent and reliable history of the strange vicissitudes and startling transformations through which have passed the sublime teachings which the Lord Buddha gave the world, and of the marvellous missionary organisation which he founded and created.

B. K.

An Agnostic Philosopher

Kant and Spencer. By Dr. Paul Carus. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.; 1900.)

This little volume of about 100 pages consists in the main of a series of articles by Dr. Carus, replying rather sharply to Herbert Spencer's criticism of Kant. No one at all well read in modern philosophy can for a moment attach any importance to what Mr. Spencer has said about Kant's philosophy, for the simple reason, which Dr. Carus points out as many another has done before him, that Mr. Spencer has never read or studied Kant, never grasped his standpoint, never even taken the trouble to understand what it was that made him so influential a factor in the philosophic thought of this century.

This being so, it seems perhaps hardly worth while to fan afresh the embers of a controversy into which some personal feeling seems to have entered, at least on Mr. Spencer's side. But this booklet may, however, serve one good purpose, *viz.*, to bring home to some would-be Spencerian philosophers in England how very, very little of real philosophy—in the proper sense of the term—is to be found in Mr. Spencer's bulky and numerous volumes.

B. K.

Kant and Swedenborg

Dreams of a Spirit-Seer, illustrated by Dreams of Metaphysics; by Immanuel Kant. Translated by E. F. Goerwitz and edited by Frank Sewall. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.; 1900.)

There has been plenty of controversy upon the question as to whether Kant's *opusculum* bearing the above title was seriously meant, or whether it should be regarded as one of those exceedingly elaborate and ponderously learned pieces of humour to which the academic mind, notably in Germany, seems somewhat prone.

The editor of the present volume, Mr. F. Sewall, has come to the conclusion, after what is evidently a very careful and thorough study of the somewhat extensive literature upon the subject, that Kant meant his work to be taken seriously, and that he really did believe in the possibility and the value of such extra-physical visions as those of Swedenborg, though, as he very wisely and correctly points out, neither these nor any other extra-physical visions can solve for us those fundamental problems of metaphysic with which he himself was principally concerned.

At any rate the booklet is exceedingly well done in its present English form, and amply supplied with all the *apparatus criticus* needful to the reader who is desirous of forming his own opinion.

But apart entirely from the question as to what Kant himself meant by the book, there remains the much more important subject of what he has said in it. And as to the cogency and value of this there can, I think, be no doubt. Especially at the present time, when the great revival of interest in things psychic and occult, and the very considerable response which has answered to that demand, have given birth to a very extensive literature, and, notably in America, have led many people to expect a solution from psychic investigation of problems really belonging to the domain of metaphysic, the publication of Kant's arguments on the subject is exceedingly timely. And it is heartily to be wished that all students of these matters would take advantage of it in order to clear up in their own minds the so often confused conceptions of metaphysical and super- or extra-physical.

B. K.

The Latest Demonology

The History of the Devil and the Idea of Evil from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Dr. Paul Carus. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.; 1900. Price 30*s*.)

This is a large octavo volume of some 500 pages, profusely illustrated on almost every page. The reproduction of famous pictures, woodcuts, statues, frescoes, monuments and illustrations, is very good, and would alone make the volume one of great interest. Unfortunately, however, the paper is so heavy that, although the volume is of a manageable size, it is impossible to hold it for more than a few minutes at a time, and in addition the paper is so glossy that one has always to be altering the angle of the page to escape permanent injury to the eyes.

Dr. Carus writes from the standpoint of a Monist, and of an enthusiast for what he calls the Religion of Science, which, he says, has now passed through its negative phase, and will in the next century enter upon its positive career. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished; but we cannot reconcile this expectation with Dr. Carus' contempt for occultism and mysticism, both of which he waves aside with great superiority as utterly useless for the race which is set before his idolised Science. True he nowhere defines the

one or the other, and so he may mean something else by the terms than the sense they convey to students of the same subjects to which he has given his industrious attention, for his work is a historical study in the domain of comparative religion, his task being to trace the evolution of the history of the devil and of the idea of evil. This he does in an entertaining fashion, gathering together a mass of interesting information which will be novel and useful to the general public for whom the volume is intended. Of course it was not to be expected that Dr. Carus should produce any new historical material for the scholar of such things, or that, holding such views as he does with regard to mysticism and occultism, he should throw any light on the actual psychic experiences which lay at the back of so much of this diabolistic phantasmagoria. That must be reserved for the time when science shall have entered on her positive career, and when she has learned to recognise the proper position of the occultist and mystic in the train of her mother the immemorial Gnosis.

Meanwhile we can recognise and most cordially approve the efforts of Dr. Carus to throw some light on this obscure problem, and above all things we honour his fearlessness and independence of spirit, though we could wish that it were not so very sure of itself on all occasions. The best part of the book is the last chapter on "The Philosophical Problem of Good and Evil," in which Dr. Carus is more at home than in treating of mythology and superstition. Here we read him with great interest and recognise how he has seized on the salient points of the problem, and is feeling towards the real presence of that greatest of all mysteries—the Dark Face of the Deity. If Dr. Carus realises so fully the philosophy of the "pairs of opposites," it is strange that he girds so continuously against the idea of "personality"—it is as necessary as impersonality.

If the book ever reaches a second edition, there are not a few misprints in proper names that should be corrected, and above all things it is surprising that an author who has written so much on Brâhmanism and Buddhism, and whose scientific ideals are so high, should present us with such a jumble of transliteration of Hindu names, and in an English book retain the German forms of names of Norse gods and heroes.

G. R. S. M.

CHRISTO-THEOSOPHY

The Mission of Evil: a Problem reconsidered. By the Rev. G. W. Allen. (London: Skeffington and Son; 1900.)

As long as the world is considered to be a battle-ground between the opposing forces of good and evil, and evil (whether embodied in a personal Devil or no) as a purely mischievous invention whereby the work of the good Spirit is to a very large extent undone and ruined, so long will Man Friday's question "Why God no kill debbil?" be the question most immediately pressing for an answer.

To the Wisdom, as we all know, there is no such antagonism at all. Manifestation, whether of the Logos in a Universe or of a human self in a physical body, is limitation; and as long as limitation exists, there is evil. The Mâyâ by which He manifests Himself is evil, as being separation; and the key to all the violent language which Éliphas Lévi and others use of the astral plane is simply that this is the plane where the separation is most fully accomplished, leading up to the higher planes where limitation once more gives place to the original unity.

Mr. Allen's book is an attempt to work this definition into the ordinary Christian system, and thereby give that system, now so seriously compromised, a fresh lease of life. With his object we can have nothing but the fullest sympathy. If he could succeed in abolishing from the minds of Christian people the assumption "that evil arises from the character and will of a Being hostile to God," he would perform a work which could have no equal in its momentous consequences for the western world at the present time. In his Introduction Mr. Allen thus speaks:

> Evil is the woof which makes possible the fabric of conscious existence. The warp is easily accounted for; the one, strong, positive, outgoing force. But unless this were met and crossed by some apparently contrary principle, Being could never pass into Becoming; Essence could never attain to Self-Consciousness. The presence of evil, therefore, alone makes human life consciously eventful. And just as the canvas makes possible the picture itself, and as the opposition of light and shade makes possible the picture itself, so the presence of an apparently antagonistic force makes possible the drama of passions, sensations and operations out of which is woven, as Goethe tells us, that "Garment of God," whereby we become conscious of our spiritual nature, and can not only Be, but be conscious that we Are.

"These be brave words," indeed; and to bring them down to

the level of the Christian doctrine of Sin and Atonement needs some art. It is, strictly speaking, not *our* concern how it is performed, but that of the Christians to whom the book is addressed; but the next following paragraph, in which the process is begun, is too characteristic of the pulpit to be omitted.

> This factor, evil, then being the operative cause of all human experience and action, we shall be prepared to find that in all ages and lands men have been conscious of its presence. It is, indeed, this consciousness which has impelled them to seek out and elaborate systems of religion. Had there been no consciousness of evil, religion would have been nature. And, as we never trouble ourselves to think consciously about matters of perfect spontaneity, it follows that the very knowledge of God, as a conscious apprehension, becomes possible to us only through the instrumentality of evil. This is not to say that God comes to Be through the instrumentality of evil, but only that evil, through proving to us our inability to be sufficient for ourselves, drives us to seek for succour; and so starts us upon the search for God [1].

Now we should be sorry to say anything to hurt the Rev. G. W. Allen's feelings, but the ingenious confusion of differing ideas which is possible in the pulpit—for a good purpose, of course—cannot be allowed to pass when printed in a book. The *philosophical* evil, which may fairly be described by our author as the operative cause of all human action, is something very far different from the *theological* evil which is slipped into its place in the next sentence with all the adroitness of a conjuror "forcing" a card. And what *can* we think of the statement that the knowledge of God is only *possible* to us through the instrumentality of (theological) evil, and that it is only evil which can make us trouble ourselves about a God at all? In Kingsley's *Westward Ho* the savage heroine does indeed explain to her new English friends how the Good Spirit is so good that you need not mind about him; but "the little Evil Spirit, always going about, here, there, and everywhere, he is the one to have for a friend!" But then she was a savage, and the Christian English in her time thought they knew better.

Having thus re-established in its place the old idol of the *hostility* of evil to God which he has undertaken to overthrow, our author proceeds to discuss the two ways in which evil may arise, which he sums up as: (1) that it exists contrary to the will of God; (2) that it exists with His will, working out some necessary purpose of good under His control. He goes through the views of the various

non-christian systems on the question with a very open and unprejudiced mind, if somewhat superficially. His treatment of the Indian and Buddhist systems thoroughly recognises them as the *philosophical* way of looking at the matter. He says:

> In these more philosophical systems evil is regarded as inherent rather in man's *state* than his *acts*. Less developed systems deal with wicked objects and wicked acts; and if man is wicked, it is because he does wicked acts, and not because he is in a state to which wicked acts are proper. . . . . Error, in non-philosophical systems, is always—wicked refusal to accept the truth. The truth is there before the eyes, and anyone can see it if he will; but the wicked man shuts his eyes to it. It is not that he cannot, but that he will not see it.

Those of our readers who take an interest in the matter may refer to the original, where they will find an ingenious effort to turn aside the conclusion one would naturally draw from the above, that modern Christianity belongs decidedly to the number of the *non-philosophical* systems, and an exemplification of how certain minds are able to reconcile the Scripture doctrines of the Creation, Fall and Redemption (which, we may note in passing, are treated entirely without reference to the present state of textual criticism) with a set of definitions of the nature and progressive development of Humanity which but for this forcible adaptation would be our own. We have not the heart to discuss the process, and leave the book with a hearty recommendation to our less advanced Christian friends. All that they can get out of it will do them good and help them forward; and as to the writer we have a strong suspicion that he himself stands much nearer our position than his printed words dare to admit to the "babes in Christ" whom he is trying to instruct and bring on to receive the "strong meat" of the Truth. We wish him every success.

A. A. W.

ONLY the perfect man can transcend the limits of the human and yet not withdraw from the world, live in accord with mankind and yet suffer no injury to himself.—CHUANG TSU.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist for September. "Old Diary Leaves" are this time filled with the Colonel's visit to England in 1889, and his excursions to Wales, Ireland and Scotland. He has nothing but good to say of the many friends he names, and seems to have enjoyed himself and found kindly and attentive audiences everywhere, even when he lectured in Dublin on "The Irish Fairies scientifically considered"! S. Stuart concludes his paper on "Alchemy and the Alchemists," discussing the making of gold and of the elixir of life. Mrs. Bell concludes "Theosophy and Home Life"; Mrs. Lloyd speaks of the Temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli; A. Schwartz continues his elaborate study of consciousness; N. H. Aiyar treats of Bhakti Yoga. Captain Banon spoils an interesting paper on the "Signs of the Times," by taking up the funny French idea that Jesuitism is an imitation of the Mahometan Dervish Orders, forgetting that *both* are simply the putting into practice of the rules of the religious life older by thousands of years than either Mahomet or Ignatius. Their *likeness* is the likeness of two copies of the same print. His reference to the Senussi movement is well-timed. The "Conditions of Growth," by A. Nilakanta Sastry, and "Fragmentary Thoughts," by H. S. Sevaka, conclude a number above the average level. It is a good idea to have reprinted Mrs. Besant's Convention lecture on the Inner Purpose of the Theosophical Society for distribution and to have supplied one as a Supplement with each copy of this number.

Âryа Bâla Bodhinî, August, contains a valuable lecture on "The Faiths of Ancient India," by Prof. Romesh Dutt, C.I.E., reprinted from *The Humanitarian*, and a very practical paper on the "Brahmachârin Ideal," besides some lighter reading for the boys.

The Dawn for July keeps up its pretension to be an "Organ of Higher Eastern and Western Thought" with considerable success. Râmaprâsad Chandra's "Forgotten Chapters of Early Indian History" have much that is valuable, whilst the Editor treats "The Vedânta Doctrine of Illusion" and "The Natural *versus* the Ethical Man."

Also received from India: *The Sanmârga Bodhinî; Siddhânta Dîpikâ; Journal of the Mahâ-bodhi Society*; and the *Indian Review* for September.

The Vâhan for October contains the Executive notice of Mr. Cuffe's much-regretted resignation of the position of General Secretary and the appointment of Dr. Wells in his place. The Enquirer continues the subject of the appearance in a later incarnation of intrusive fragments of the Karma of an earlier and less developed one; whilst other questions deal with the Lunar Pitris, the High Priesthood of Melchisedec, the use of clairvoyant faculties, and other more practical points.

Revue Théosophique Française for September contains Mrs. Besant's address to the International Theosophic Congress, Paris, under the title of "The Fundamental Object of the Theosophical Society"; the continuation of Mr. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance;* the beginning of an important article by Dr. Pascal on "The Duality of the Vehicles of Consciousness"; Dr. Hartmann on "Elementals"; and the conclusion of "The Cadet's Story."

Theosophia for September contains, besides translations of *Tao Te King*, by J. v. Manen, and the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on the Planetary Chains; "Devotion in the Theosophical Society," a lecture delivered by Colonel Olcott to the Amsterdam Lodge; a paper by J. L. M. Lauwericks on the Harmony of the Spheres, and a long and most encouraging list of local Activities for the winter.

Der Vâhan for October has the continuation of A. von Ulrich's "Religion and Theosophy"; the usual Abstract of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW; questions and answers from *The Vâhan*; a notice of the new edition of Mr. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane*, and of an interesting article in the *Wiener Rundschau* on "Dharma and Karma."

Teosofia for September continues Signora Calvari's treatise on the Solar System; the remainder of the number is filled by translations. In the Notices the departure of Mrs. Lloyd for India is mentioned with regret and good wishes, both well-deserved.

Theosophic Messenger for September promises an Index to Theosophical literature, to be published by instalments in future numbers; and contains a rendering from the Dutch of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture at Amsterdam on the Ancient Mysteries.

Philadelphia, August. In this number Leopoldo Lugones discourses on "Our Scientific Method"; Julio Lermina on "Occultism in Literature"; Guymiot on "Karma and Reincarnation." We regret that he can see nothing in the new life which is rising in the world but a flood of "materialistic ideas and carnal appetites" threatening "to

break down the dam which the Christian religion opposes to the brutal appetites of humanity." It is not from this point of view that karma and the rest of our doctrines are likely to attract. They are not for those who look back to Egypt.

Theosophy in Australasia, August, has a paper by F. E. Allum on "Sin and the Atonement." A few words from R. B. may be quoted: "Karma is derived from the Sanskrit root, Kṛi, which means action. The action is free—it is the reaction which is bound; this fact thoroughly realised, and made use of in daily life, and man's kârmic bonds could soon be loosened. Karma is not an avenging entity; it is a beneficent law working throughout all nature. We should consider it childish in the extreme if a person were disappointed, after planting a bed of cabbages, that mignonette did not spring up. *The action was free;* he might, *had he so desired*, have sown and gathered the mignonette." "Theosophy as a Guide in Life" and a controversial reply entitled, "Is Theosophy a Superstition?" are both worth reading.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine for September comes out in an enlarged form, and appeals for the further support it certainly deserves. S. Stuart continues his account of Atlantis; Marian Judson writes of "Thought as a Maker of Character"; and for lighter reading we have Mrs. Draffin's "Allegory," the "Mission of Mr. Narana," and a pleasant Children's Column.

Also received: *Modern Astrology*, October, containing a long account of the astrological belongings of the Duke and Duchess of York; *Light; The Lamp; The Ideal Review; Notes and Queries; Mind; Psychic Digest; L'Écho de l'Au-delà et d'Ici-bas; Humanity; Monthly Record; Herald of the Golden Age; Star of the Magi; Eltka; The Kneipp Water Cure Monthly*, etc.

A.

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