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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A Quarter of a Century

ON November the 17th the Theosophical Society completed the first twenty-five years of its existence, and now passes on into the wider life of the twentieth century with a vigorousness of constitution and strength of vitality that even its most enthusiastic nurse could not have prophesied for it in the early days. Of those who watched round its cradle only one remains to contemplate its present growth and preside over its fortunes. Our President-Founder is still most fortunately with us; and that physical link with the past is one of immense value, not only for the Society as an organisation, but also for the student of history. Those who have carefully noted the rapid growth—we do not mean growth in numbers, though that is continuous, but consolidation and growth in balance and comprehension—which has characterised the last lustrum of the Society's existence, cannot but feel that the future is one of great promise for us, if we do but persist rightly; but if this pleasant expectation is to be realised, then the origins and early history of the Society will be a most instructive record for the student. It will enable us to trace the growth of a great movement from apparently incongruous and

insufficient elements; it will present us with a record of many faults and foibles, as well as of loyal endeavour and unwearied struggle in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties. It will present for our reading an intensely human document; and it will make us strive to solve the great problem, how out of the apparently incongruous and unpromising, a great movement could be brought to birth which responded to the needs of the time. The diaries in which our President-Founder day by day noted down the facts of his busy life as the official head of the Society, have preserved a record, which, though naturally exceedingly imperfect (for who can chronicle the doings of a world-wide movement?), nevertheless preserves the main facts with a transparent sincerity which confines itself solely to what took place down here on the earth level. This is how it all appeared to the man to whom the main incidents of the official life of the Society were referred. But the student of history who is also a student of the hidden life of the world, has another problem to solve. This, he says, as he reads, is what took place down here; but what was taking place within; who were guiding, directing —fashioning the chaos into a cosmos, unweariedly, indulgently, wisely, patiently? Who are still working at the task? Everything apparently that could disrupt the organisation and bring it to naught, was in the mixture, even as it is in the world; and yet it has not been disrupted, it has grown and been strengthened, nay, in some of its members it has become conscious of its purpose, and those who are most conscious of this purpose and who most sense what are the enormous potentialities for good in our common effort, declare that those who have guided the destinies of the Theosophical movement are among the Wise of this earth.

* * *

Names

Now wisdom is not busied with names, but with facts and ideas. A name, it is true, is sometimes a thing to conjure with, but as frequently it is the evoker of prejudice. It therefore beseems one who would tread the path of wisdom to deal wisely with names. None more than the members of the Theosophical Society should be careful of their use of names, for we are endeavouring to let

the life and light pour in where previously the channels have been choked by prejudice and ignorance. Once grasp the facts of life, once sense the nature of the light, and many names can be used to express these great truths. But a name with which you can conjure in India, simply evokes prejudice in Europe; and a name that carries weight and understanding in Europe calls forth misunderstanding and prejudice in India. Therefore use names and terms wisely, and above all things refuse to let your nomenclature become stilted and crystallised, for in so doing the light and life will depart from it, and you will be a huckster of dead vocables. Now there are many terms current among Theosophical writers which could easily be improved; of these we will instance only one, and from one we can learn to estimate the value of the rest. The term "astral" is a literary abomination. It has no *raison d'être;* it is a mediæval invention tangled up with the misunderstood tradition of astrologism. It has a precise meaning, you will say, and we must be precise in these scientific days. It *had* a precise meaning in the days of Paracelsus, for it designated the subtle envelope influenced by the stars. But nowadays there are thousands of people who accept the idea of the "astral body," but who are not prepared to ascribe any validity to the "science of the stars." They may be right or they may be wrong in their rejection of the claims of astrology, but it is unwise to tie round the neck of the doctrine of a psychic envelope in man what the majority regard as the millstone of astrologism; and this is practically what is done by labelling it "astral." In what we have said we hope we have not called down on our devoted head the wrath of our astrological colleagues. *They* too might win more approval by a vitalising of their nomenclature, and none more than ourselves desire to see the *ideas* at the back of their tradition properly elucidated.

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A Lover of the Dawn-Land

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has passed away for a time from this busy sphere of activity, covered with honours and bequeathing to the world a pleasant memory. It is not for us at such a time to point to the things in which he fell short, for the services he has rendered to oriental studies are so numerous that they far outweigh those

limitations which were less his own than those of the times in which he laboured. He was a pioneer—he has accomplished much. Besides much else of value we owe to his energy that magnificent series of "The Sacred Books of the East," a monument which will keep his memory green for many a long year to come. It is true that these translations are pervaded with the spirit of philology rather than the inspiration of religion, and it is to be hoped that most of them will be replaced by other versions at no distant date. But had this gigantic task not been attempted, most of us would be incalculably poorer in knowledge of the nature of the contents of the world-bibles. And though Max Müller himself is responsible but for two or three of these translations, it was his unwearied energy, as editor, that planned the undertaking and brought it to a successful termination. We therefore owe him many thanks, and should ever wish him well.

* * *

A Wise Ruler of India

OUR Indian colleagues are to be congratulated on their new Viceroy. Lord Curzon in his recent tour has spoken words of wisdom. In his address to the chiefs and pupils of the Raj Kumar College at Rajkot, where the sons of the ruling princes are educated, the Viceroy is reported to have

> Alluded to the difficulty of transplanting the best in Western thought and tradition without impairing India's love of home and country, and said that it was a great mistake to suppose that because boys were given the equivalent of an English public school education the air of the college was to turn its pupils outright into English boys. Anglicised Indians were not more attractive than Indianised Englishmen.

Never were truer words spoken; the Anglicised Indian and the Indianised Englishman or Englishwoman are exact parallels. It is as foolish to change violently one *politeia* for another as it is to change one "ism" for another "ism." It is said that natural change for the better is brought about by intensifying in our own nature the things we approve in another, not by seeking to merely copy that other as he appears. We thus grow naturally, and are not artificial products. So then, if we admire anything in Indian thought, let us discover it in Western religion and

philosophy and develop it on our own soil; and if Indians see anything they admire in the West, let them discover its parallel in their own polity and traditions and develope it on *their* own soil.

* * *

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Daily Mail* (Nov. 8th) reports that the Russians, on occupying Mukden, looted a large quantity of very valuable MSS. These are on their way to St. Petersburg to be examined by the authorities of the Imperial Library. According to Russian scholars there should be among these MSS. many specimens of the Greek and Russian classics, which were carried away by the Mongols in their wars of devastation in the thirteenth century. If this view be proved to be correct—and we devoutly hope it may be—then indeed out of evil will have come good. But even then we could have wished that these MSS. had fallen into other hands than those of an institution controlled by the authorities of the Holy Orthodox Greek Church and the Imperial Censor.

Valuable Loot

* * *

THE following paragraph, which has lately gone the round of the press, is of interest to all students of anthropology acquainted with the statement of Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, that the apes are degenerate descendants of earliest man by crossing with animal mammals, a statement referred to lately in our pages by Mr. W. C. Worsdell in his article on "Theosophy and Modern Science," and also by Mr. James Stirling in his paper on "Notes on 'Lemuria'." The paragraph writer in *St. James's Gazette* calls Professor Klaatsch's hypothesis a "new theory"; but the generally accepted Haeckelian theory has been already denied by a number of distinguished scientists, and can by no means be regarded as "an acquired fact of science."

The Descent of Man

At the recent Congress of German anthropologists at Halle, Professor Klaatsch, of Heidelberg, read a paper on "The Significance of the Bicephalous Muscle of the Upper Part of the Thigh," in the course of which he argued that "the hypothesis of the direct descent of man from apes can no longer be maintained." He based his belief on the following grounds. Man possesses a muscle on the upper part of the thigh, one strand of which

proceeds from the *pelvis*, while the other, which is free, and supplied with a special nerve, proceeds from the upper part of the thigh, and is attached to the *fibula*. After several years' investigation, Professor Klaatsch came to the conclusion that the so-called "short strand" is a rudimentary form of the biceps muscle, which is much more frequently found in mammals than has hitherto been assumed. Marsupials, carnivora, many rodents, and some American monkeys have been found by the Professor to possess a thick, ribbon-like muscle, supplied with the same nerve as the "short strand." A whole family of mammals appears to have possessed this muscle to a very large extent; and it is only in man, anthropoid apes, and American prehensile-tailed monkeys, that it has been modified to the "short strand" of the biceps muscle. It was originally supposed that the erect walking gait of once climbing animals was connected with this muscle modification. Many such climbing mammals, however, as well as all the "lemurs," etc., of the old world, have completely lost the muscle, so that its preservation in the case of certain primates and man must be due to some other cause. This cause is made apparent, on an examination of the forms of man and the higher primates, whose limbs more closely resemble the original mammalian form than is the case with the majority of other animals. The supposition, therefore, of a direct descent of man from the ape is no longer tenable. The now existing apes are, for the most part, degenerate forms. The connection of man and apes is to be sought at the root of the common family tree. It is also quite wrong, the Professor thinks, to consider man, as a mammal, the most perfectly developed in every way. According to Professor Klaatsch's views, his limbs and teeth belong to no high degree of development; and he is only superior to all other animals by reason of the extraordinary development of his brain.

* * *

Lo here; lo there!

IF there be any prophecy which has beyond all others been abundantly fulfilled, it is the foretelling of the readiness with which the unbalanced among the followers of the Christian name would greet any abnormal personality as the Christ in His "second coming." The wise warning to give no credence to those who cry: "Lo here; lo there!" is for ever being disregarded. We have before us a copy of *The New York Herald* of August 12th, which gives an interesting description of Abbas of Acre, third in succession to the Bâb. We have no word to say against the teaching of Bâbism or its devoted followers, and see no reason to doubt that Abbas Effendi is possessed of mystical gifts and a liver of the life of purity and humility; but if it be true that his too en-

thusiastic followers claim him to be a reincarnation of the Christ, we can only set the claim aside along with the many others of the same nature which have been made.

It appears that no less than two thousand "intelligent Americans" have rallied themselves to the belief that Abbas Abdel Beha is the actual Christ in human flesh. It is true that Abbas does not assert this himself, but he does not deny it. When asked directly, "Are you the Christ?" he replies simply, "I am the servant of God"; but this is taken by his followers to be the amplest of confirmations. The article we have before us ends with the following paragraphs:

Of the devotion and faith of Abbas Effendi's followers there can be no question. Those who have visited, who have looked upon his face and received instructions from his lips, are the most enthusiastic of his disciples, although they never press the knowledge of their faith upon those who do not seek for it. It is plain to be seen, both from their actions and their words, however, that they consider the knowledge of the truth which they believe themselves to have received, the greatest thing in the world, and that they accept in its fulness the Babist theory that all individual existence is an emanation from the Supreme Deity, by whom it ultimately will be reabsorbed.

The headquarters of the New York followers of Abbas Effendi are in Carnegie Hall, where, in the studio apartment of one of their members, they meet at regular intervals in council and to receive instruction from the more advanced members of the order. Chicago, where the Rev. Ibrahim Kheirella has been spreading the new faith, is another place where they have a large number of members, and there is a considerable colony of Babists at Waukegan, Wis.

This is, we believe, not the first news we have had of this movement; months ago we heard of several prominent American workers in the mystical field who had abandoned their useful task and betaken themselves to Syria. It seems scarcely credible that these otherwise intelligent people should have subscribed to the extreme form of faith above described; but if so, it only proves how desperate is the state of the returning mystics incarnated into the unsympathetic environment of an unintelligent "Christianity" which gives them stones instead of bread, and how eagerly they clutch at any crumb of comfort to feed their starving souls. Christianity has overflowing stores in her treasure-houses from which to feed the hungry, if her present self-

constituted custodians would only free her enough to raise hand to unlock the doors; but they prefer to keep her bound, and send the starving to Abbas Effendi and the rest.

* * *

THE Bishop of Ripon is one who is trying to loosen these bonds a little, and we are pleased to hear Dr. Boyd Carpenter speaking in so optimistic a mood on the subject of the "conflict between science and religion," in an interview published by *The Daily News* of September 10th:

Science and Theology

I think that the age of severe conflict between science and religion has all but passed away. Religion is now more scientific, and science is more religious; all knowledge is handled in a more reverent way, owing to the influence of the scientific spirit and to the conviction that we are thrown back, even by science, upon larger conceptions of divine life and nature. Now that we have passed out of the acrimonious stage, we are able to look back and estimate more clearly what were some of the reasons for the conflict between Science and Faith. Perhaps what illustrates it more than anything else is the significant change in the phrases used. Draper's book was called *The Conflict between Science and Religion*, when it was made to appear a sort of war to the knife and that religion must disappear before the advancing power of science. But now we have Dr. Andrew White's book, *The Conflict between Science and Theology*, which, after all, only means that all false forms of theology will be unable to stand the test of scientific investigation. Now the disappearance of false theology won't mean the disappearance of religion. For example, the old idea that man had of God, as of a human artificer making a machine, and standing outside of it and letting it work by itself, brought about the idea that God was such an one as ourselves, ready to take every opportunity of doing nothing. This conception poor Kirke White gave utterance to when he described God as sitting on His lonely throne and meditating. So different from Our Lord's "My Father worketh up to now and always." The old idea of God separated Him too much from human life, and I think that modern science, and, to a degree of course, modern philosophy, have produced an entirely changed feeling, and everywhere what is called the Divine Immanence seems to be recognised, which, after all, is only St. Paul's phrase, "In Him we live and move and have our being." So that, as Fiske says, "the idea of God as effected by modern science really brings us back to the conception of God as set forth by the Greek Fathers of the early Church. They were more scientific as opposed to the practicality of the Latins."

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 221)

Now Theosophy extends the principle of evolution, *i.e.*, the development of successively higher and more perfect forms from less perfect and more lowly ones, also to the mineral kingdom. Does Modern Science ? A few years ago I should have answered " No." But now I can say decidedly " Yes." To-day one can purchase from Messrs. Macmillan and Co., a book or pamphlet written by Sir Norman Lockyer, the great astronomer, and entitled *Inorganic Evolution*, a deeply interesting paper, for therein are disclosed facts of the widest import both to the chemist and physicist and to the occultist.

Many of my readers are aware that the chemical " elements " have been arranged by a scientist called Mendeléef in a table, to illustrate the fact that the elements exhibit an exceedingly close relationship between their chemical properties and their atomic weights. It is also well known that many of the constituent elements of many of the hot stars have been determined by means of the lines they produce in the spectra of our terrestrial elements. Many of the latter are thus found to exist in the stars. Now those substances with *lowest* atomic weights always appear first in the spectrum of a hot star. Yet Lockyer found that magnesium and calcium, whose atomic weights are twenty-four and forty respectively, always appear before oxygen, whose atomic weight is sixteen ; this result is, therefore, in disagreement with Mendeléef's table. But Lockyer suggests that the substances revealed by the enhanced lines of the spectrum have lower atomic weights (*i.e.*, smaller masses) than oxygen. Yet he found that the spectrum of oxygen can be broken up into 114 lines ; therefore the base of sixteen for oxygen vanishes, and it must consist of many finer masses. The same with magnesium and

calcium. He also finds that hydrogen is broken up into many minute masses, as hundreds of lines appear in the spectrum.*

A few months ago the writer happened to make the observation, in connection with quite another phase of the subject of evolution, that "Nature never takes a leap," to which one of his audience, who is one of the leading physicists of the day, demurred, with the remark that Nature *does* sometimes take a leap, "for example," said he, "between gold and silver." In this connection I will quote from Sir N. Lockyer, who, referring to the stellar spectra, says:

> After we have passed the gaseous and protometallic stages we find the spectra *full of lines* which we see at the temperature of the arc, and *metals of relatively high atomic weight and melting-point are involved;*† the exact sequences are rather more difficult to follow, and therefore the *method*‡ of evolution may escape us.

Is it not likely, therefore, that in the near future we shall recognise new substances, corresponding to these spectral lines, which will fill the gaps at present existing in Mendeléef's wonderful *septenary* table, and bridge the gulf between even such substances as gold and silver? For according to our Esoteric teaching, it is a *sine quâ non* of the world-scheme of the Logos that Nature shall never take a leap. That though progressive variation may be sometimes abrupt and sudden, as indeed we see it to be here and there, no gap so wide as that between gold and silver, we may feel sure, could ever occur. Study Nature, as our Scientists are patiently doing, and the links in the mighty chain will all gradually be found; be found when we learn *where* to find them.

From the above considerations you will see that the so-called "elements" are, by the methods of spectroscopy, being shewn to represent in reality "compound" bodies. But yet more has Sir Norman Lockyer to teach us from the above-mentioned pamphlet. He quotes Dr. Preston, who says:

* But Mrs. Besant (LUCIFER, vol. xvii., p. 213, art. "Occult Chemistry"), as a result of investigations by occult methods, states that a chemical atom of hydrogen only consists of eighteen *ultimate atoms*. Is there then a discrepancy in Lockyer's observations? Are other substances mixed up in the spectrum with the hydrogen? He assigns to oxygen, moreover, only 114 masses, whereas, according to Mrs. Besant, there should be 290!

† Italics mine.

‡ Italics Lockyer's.

When we examine the spectrum of cadmium or magnesium—*i.e.*, when we examine the spectra of other metals of the same chemical group—we find that not only are the spectra homologous, not only do the lines group themselves in similar groups, but we find in addition that the corresponding lines of the different spectra are similarly affected by the magnetic field. And, further . . . the character of the magnetic effect is the same for the corresponding lines of the different metals of the same chemical group. The ion which produces the lines in the spectrum of zinc is the same as that which produces the corresponding series in cadmium, and the same for the corresponding sets in the other metals of this chemical group. In other words, [and this is extremely important] we are led to suspect that *not only is the atom a complex composed of an association of different ions, but that the atoms of those substances which lie in the same chemical group are perhaps built up from the same kind of ions . . . and that the differences which exist in the materials thus constituted arise more from the manner of association of the ions in the atom than from differences in the fundamental character of the ions which build up the atoms.*

From experiments in connection with the deflexion of the kathode rays in a magnetic field, Prof. J. J. Thomson determined that the smallest mass composing these rays can only be about $\frac{1}{700}$th of the hydrogen atom. This physicist says:

The explanation which seems to me to account, in the most straightforward manner, for the facts is founded on a view of the constitution of the chemical elements which has been favourably entertained by many chemists. This view is that the atoms of the different chemical elements are different aggregations of atoms of the same kind. . . . Thus on this view we have in the kathode rays, *matter in a new state, in which the sub-division of matter is carried very much further than in the ordinary gaseous state: a state in which all matter—i.e., matter derived from different sources such as hydrogen, oxygen, etc.—is of one and the same kind, this matter being the substance from which all the chemical elements are built up.*

And Dr. Preston again says (and you will remember here what the physicist said to me about gold and silver):

We have, I think, reasonable hope that the time is fast approaching when intimate relations, if not identities, will be seen to exist between forms of matter which have heretofore been considered as quite distinct. Lockyer's observation lends some support to the idea, so long entertained merely as a speculation, that *all the various so-called chemical elements may be built up in some way of the same fundamental substance.**

Finally, of the three suggested views of inorganic evolution, Sir N. Lockyer supports the *physical* one; of this he says:

* Italics in the above quotations are all mine.

In this last conception we have the material world, up to the highest complex, built up of the same matter under the same laws ; as in spectrum analysis there is no special abrupt change between the phenomena presented by the simple and compound bodies of the chemist, so also in the new view there is no break in the order of material evolution from end to end. . . . On the ionic theory we can imagine several first forms, so that the question of descent comes later with the introduction of more complex systems. These various first forms bring about the possibility of evolution along several parallel lines, as well as of the possibility of an infinite number of intercrossings.

Lockyer says, referring to Preston's theory of the ions : "This is a result of the first order of importance." And I think my Theosophical readers will, although on other grounds, support that sentiment. In all this we hear a re-echo of Sir William Crookes' theory of the "Genesis of the Elements"; in it, indeed, we hear but a re-echo, in scientific language, of the Esoteric teaching concerning the formation of matter on lower planes. Ion, kathode ray, particle, are but cognomens among scientific men for the ultimate etheric atom of the occultist—the same, indeed, as we are taught, in all substances on the physical plane, the difference between those substances being caused solely by the different method of association of the ultimate etheric atoms composing them.

The existence of etheric matter—"a new state of matter," as Professor Thomson calls it—has thus been definitely recognised; it is perceived that the chemical atom is a compound capable of being broken up into very numerous *etheric* atoms. In connection with this subject I may mention an interesting fact. Modern Scientists tell us that at the temperature of $-273°$C. all atomic movement *must* cease. Now, seeing that great cold changes the permanent properties of bodies, it is probable that our Scientists are right; that movement of the atoms, as atoms, must cease, simply because those atoms break up into their *etheric* constituents at that excessively low temperature.

Let us now pass to another subject; that of the *duality* of Nature, the two-fold character of the manifested world around us: spirit and matter, life and form. What is the position of the world of thought on this great subject? Once again we discover that world of thought divided into two camps; once

again we find an absence of that comprehensive investigation of nature, once more that one-sided mode of thinking so characteristic of modern, undeveloped humanity. In those wonderful Indian lectures of hers, *The Evolution of Life and Form*, Mrs. Besant admirably puts before us this idea. In the East, we are told, men are occupied in studying Nature from the "*life*"-side; in the West they are engaged in the all-absorbing study of that same nature from the *form*-side. Theosophists know that physical Nature has two aspects, both equally important and worthy of study—the material form-side, and the spiritual or life-side. These two aspects everything in Nature exhibits, and in order to understand her truly as she really is, in order to know her as but the outer garment of the Logos, pregnant with untold meaning and import for humanity, mankind must eventually come to study Nature from both sides at once, men must recognise *both* the life within each material form as well as that material form itself, otherwise the phenomena of Nature will remain ever inexplicable, and dead walls will constantly block up the path of the investigator.

Of the two modes of contemplating Nature above-mentioned, I think that which the majority of Modern Scientists pursue at the present day is the most incongruous and incomplete; that, *viz.*, which consists in ignoring the vitalistic principle of an organism, and the recognition of nought but purely mechanical principles by which its life-functions are guided. But the dawn of a healthier, truer philosophy of Nature is arising in the midst of the shadows of this western world of science. "Life" is at length coming to be recognised as inherent not only in vegetable and animal forms, but also in the mineral kingdom. I myself heard one of our eminent physicists (Prof. Silvanus Thompson) express his belief in such; to quote his exact words: "I am not going to say," he said, "that there is no such thing as mineral life; we know that minerals grow." It will be remembered that some months ago mention was made in the daily press of the discovery by von Schrön, a Neapolitan professor, of what was called "the living crystal." I have myself since then received from the Professor certain notes, fragmentary, it is true, at present, which, however, really do seem to show that he has

discovered something of the highest importance. He has found that crystals of inorganic matter both reproduce themselves and grow, and also exhibit forms of energy within their substance greatly resembling similar phenomena in organic cells. He has discovered and demonstrated the fact that a solution of various mineral salts is a perfectly *homogeneous* material in which no particles or germs, even under a magnification of 400,000 diameters, are visible.

Now, the primitive, undifferentiated substance of physical nature he terms "bioplasm." From this bioplasm, he maintains, everything in the world arises by "spontaneous generation," "which"—quoting from a pamphlet* sent me, written by one of the Professor's pupils—"is the most natural, the simplest, the most widespread of reproductive processes in the universe. The germ," it goes on to say, "understood in the sense of Modern Science, *does not pre-exist* in matter, but is seen to be formed therein by a differentiation which we will term autochthonous."

As found in the homogeneous solution of a mineral salt, he terms this bioplasm *petroplasm* or *lithoplasm*.

I will now quote *verbatim* from a translation I have made of some passages in the above-mentioned pamphlet:

The organic crystal, so-called, which is formed from the crystallisation of a substance chiefly albuminoid, as also the inorganic, are tissues in continuous morphogenetic evolution.

The petroplasm shows its vitality in various ways:

1. By the formation of waves in its interior.

2. The bioplasm of the crystal becomes differentiated into an exceedingly fine network, assuming at some points clear globular forms, which later on become arranged as crystals.

. . . . . .

5. In the hanging drop of a saturated solution a sphere is differentiated which, at first perfectly homogeneous even under the most powerful magnification, after becoming differentiated into proto- and paralithoplasm, produces in its interior, by endogenesis, small globules, which pass across the matrix, and reach the periphery, whilst the material which forms them becomes changed into balls of bioplasm, from which originate petroblast, which expand into crystals, passing out and away from the primitive sphere

* *Le Tre Conferenze* tenute nell' Aula Magna dell' Universitá di Napoli dal Prof. Otto von Schrön nei giorni 15, 16, e 17 Giugno, 1899. Relazione e Considerazioni fatte dal Dr. Amleto Nacciarone.

to a very considerable distance. Whilst this is happening at the periphery new globules are formed in the centre, whose lot is the same as the first, until the primitive sphere itself, resting from its germinal activity, becomes changed into a crystal of picric acid.

Prof. v. Schrön showed how in a drop of potassium iodide the lithoplastic matter is differentiated into spheres, in which there appears as the first crystalline trace the protolithoplasm, which afterwards turns into a crystal. Gradually the whole drop becomes a crystal by *intussusception* (the young crystal taking up all the substance of the drop), not by *juxtaposition*, and on this large crystal from free petroblasts, which are in continuous crystalline evolution, are produced new small crystals of the second generation, which orientate themselves parallelly to the sides of the first.

. . . . . .

All this demonstrates, stage by stage, not only the spontaneous generation of cells, but the genesis of cellular elements from homogeneous substances which, under a magnification of 400,000, reveal no germs, either visible or circumscribed, in their interior. What is much more marvellous is the endogenesis and emigration of small spheres produced in a condensed sphere, which represents *in parvo* the basis of the formation of our planetary system.

The crystals undergo the struggle for existence accompanied by the complete disappearance of the weakest ones, which become absorbed by the strongest.

I have here space to give only one single passage showing the discovery by the professor of an actual, living, directing force within the crystal, governing the direction and laying down of those axes of growth recognised by all modern crystallographers.

The primitive angle has an eminently directive and ordinating influence on the morphogenesis of the crystal; in fact, if, when they are still separated, the primitive angle takes up any given position, the diagonal usually follows symmetrically its heterotopy.

Again:

The main axis arranges and organises the material. It passes through five principal phases of evolution.

Then he speaks of the *undulations* which precede the differentiation of the network above alluded to.

Finally, he speaks of the "force which organises, harmonises, ordinates and dominates the process of crystallisation." One last quotation will show you his position. He says:

All this process of crystallisation is regulated by a principle superior to matter, which does not fall under the observation of our senses; we cannot

analyse the essence of this force, but we ought not on that account to deny its existence or gainsay the fact of its dominion.

I know all this sounds like a fairy tale to the modern man of Science; but need it seem such to us Theosophists who know something of the existence of forces behind the phenomena of Nature? These researches harmonise with the great teaching which comes to us from the East. And I will simply cap Prof. v. Schrön's remarks by those of Mrs. Besant, who says:

> [The Deva] builds the crystalline forms on the lines of the life-energy sent out by Îshvara Himself, those lines which Science calls the axes of the crystal, "imaginary" lines.

Assuming the above-recorded observations to be correct (and the professor tells us that during a period of seventeen years spent over these investigations, he has taken 9000 photographs and made 1200 coloured drawings of the phenomena), it is evident that we have here before us a most marked instance of the exhibition of phenomena in the mineral world which can only be termed "vital." Clearly we cannot expect these phenomena to be on a par, in activity of manifestation, with the vital phenomena of the vegetable world, yet how greatly do they resemble them? The differentiation from the homogeneous lithoplasm of the mineral salt, of globules which eventually become individualised as definite, independent crystals, is surely eminently comparable with the differentiation within the homogeneous protoplasm of the body of a unicellular volvox, or of the sporangium of many algæ and fungi, of the zoospores which, on emerging from the sporangium, represent so many distinct and separate individuals. That a crystal should be shown to reproduce itself by endogenesis, *i.e.*, by a method precisely similar to that of a lowly plant like an alga or fungus, after it has for centuries been held by Scientists that a crystal formation takes place solely by apposition or accretion, *i.e.*, by the constant addition of new layers of substance on its exterior surface, is indeed marvellous; and I may add that this fact, along with the observation of the *force* within the crystal governing the laying down and position of the axes of growth, is (always assuming the observation to be correct) one of the greatest scientific discoveries of the age.

W. C. WORSDELL.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ON THE GAINING OF GOOD-WILL

HAVE Good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The Light of Asia.

To us whose interest's on the dangerous edge of things, who hark about the Doors intent to catch perchance a chord of the great harmony, Theosophy reports of the One Cause of all, a Love that wraps all creatures in Its folds, joined to a Wisdom which makes all things good. But while the Doors are shut, we cannot grasp Its mighty principles, or understand the transcendental method of Its working. "We needs must love the Highest when we see it," but, till the dawning of that vision, we can but grope a darkling path by reason's broken lights. Yet reason has done much to guide her votaries by her great triumphs of inductive thought—such as the principle of the conservation of energy, the nebular hypothesis, the evolution theory, tremendous reasons by which we understand material things. These great hypotheses, established on the rocks of fact, bring the conviction that all this welter of a world of mind and instinct is reasonable too in essence. If we could only understand, if we could but penetrate its reason, how different would life become? But, indeed, "there is no end to My minute details"; the multiplicity of life confounds the widest mind, we cannot see the forest for the trees. The more we look, the more there is to see; we never get at all the truth about the simplest fact of vital nature. Having once seen this awful truth, and realised the utter hopelessness of seeking understanding by observation of the outer forms in which vitality is manifested, the mind looks high and low for light, for some strong clue by which to thread the maze of life.

There is a way, they say, a narrow ancient path by which the

inner truth of things is reached. It is by way of the evolution of fresh powers of consciousness that the wisdom which sees truly from within is gained. This is the illumination of the intellect for which mystics of every age have striven. Men have gone before and gained it, and with it comes to them a vast compassion for the toiling world, a love which leads them to remain incarnate for the helping of their kinsmen. These are the Great Ones, who from time to time have given out world-myths, religions and philosophies, fitted for the understanding of the race as then evolved. All their teachings are the same in essence, only the details differ, the dogmas and the names; while time has overlaid their pristine fairness with the accretion of the thought of lesser men, which covers up the truth like whitewash on the frescoes of the churches.

Now we are told a new, a unifying effort has been made to help the world. It comes in the bright vesture of philosophy, and indicates a way of life. It is the clue of which we were in utter need, to guide us through that intellectual labyrinth where orthodox theology deserted us. Theosophy explains where never yet an explanation was; when even partly understood, it throws a search-light radiance through the caverns of the soul, it lightens the abysmal depths of personality; all the dim paths of life, even the valley of the shadow, are illuminated.

This great philosophy is almost more than we can bear; like the blind man of old, at first we see men as trees walking. Only by taking it, and living with it, and growing into it, can the mind grasp its vast significance. But when at last some comprehension is attained, how different is life! Reason has come; the whole great system is intelligible. We discern, dimly enough perhaps, a cosmos where aforetime chaos reigned; the facts of science and experience are correlated, the mysteries of life and mind revealed. This mighty theory cannot of course be "proved" by physical experiments, but neither can the great inductive theories of science so be proved. Even the conservation of energy cannot be actually established, since we have no record of every movement in the universe; we can but say that no experiment that ever was, has failed to show that force always persists. In the same way the theosophic theory can be accepted, since no

fact of life can be adduced which it does not include; and on the principle of sufficient reason, a theory which rationally accounts for true facts, is itself true. Just as a key which makes sense of an unintelligible cypher, is inevitably the key of that cypher; so is Theosophy the key of life's great riddle. Thus does this philosophy stand justified at reason's bar; and having so established it we are then right in crediting its higher doctrines which logically follow. So the existence of the Masters of Wisdom may be accepted, and their readiness to help us on the path of the evolving consciousness believed.

But it has been stated that, before they can assist, we must raise ourselves to their plane, not try to drag them down to ours. But we have not got their wisdom, while their attitude of transcendental love is almost inconceivable. The very word involves for us the thought of partiality, of personal choice. How can we even imagine ourselves as *loving* all sorts of men, let alone snakes, and vultures, and cuttle-fish, and such-like creatures? But their high love, tempered by perfect wisdom, would be impartial; no fear or favour could take part in it—a different thing indeed from that emotion which we call love. It might perhaps be better indicated on our plane of thought by the wider word good-will.

In the light of Theosophy, it would seem possible that the unbiassed mind might gain good-will to all that lives, if it could get a clear conception of the reason for that attitude. We might then, by the persistent contemplation of that reason, so train ourselves to look on life from that high standpoint, that good-will would necessarily come to us. Such a state of mind would give a perfect tolerance, it would make us incapable of inflicting injury, or of resenting wrong, it would bring "that sacred peace which nothing can disturb."

Having reached that stage, the divine compassion of the Great Ones would be no longer inconceivable, and what man can conceive that he can attain.

The great idea which cannot fail both to illuminate the reason, and to bring good-will, is that of the One Life working for good in all that lives. Theosophy lays down that in the uttermost beginning, the One Source of Life, Energy, and Mind,

willed to multiply Itself. This is the Reason of the Universe. The multiplied centres of that One Life we see around us in every living thing. From the highest to the lowest each is evolving in its own way, each is in its own stage; but three great classes are apparent: vegetable, animal, human. The worlds of atomic and of molecular material are the prior manifestation of the Mind and of the Energy; but the Life, the vital force, manifests only when the conditions of those antecedent worlds allow of the formation of Its vehicles, the protoplasmic organisms. In the vegetable kingdom the powers of vitality in physical matter, movement, stimulability, assimilation, are evolving; in the animal kingdom the powers of sensation, sensibility and feeling; in the human, reason, imagination, and understanding.

All these are the potential powers of the One Life opening out in those new centres of self-consciousness into which It willed to multiply before the worlds emerged—centres which must grow ever larger and wider until they dawn into the perfect consciousness of That which is their generating sire. In that vast Consciousness all the new centres will share alike, though each will keep the memory of its long past to differentiate it from the others.

Such is the great pilgrimage which Theosophy reveals; such is the reason of the stupendous effort which caused the solar system and all in it; such is the destined end. Living in each centre, ever evolving powers, the One Life works for good indeed, with such a goal before It. What idea could be more magnificent than this; what better reason could be found for a good-will to all that lives? Karma, the law of the conservation of psychic energy; reincarnation, the path of the evolving soul, ever retaining the powers evolved, ever, life after life, working for fresh perfections; these are the principles which govern the great pilgrimage, while in the great whole, as in each part, the One Life works for good all through. Such is the great idea which, built into our consciousness, must bring good-will.

"Seated equally in all beings, the supreme Îshvara, indestructible within the destructible; he who thus seeth, he seeth."

That the Life in all that lives is indeed One is a principle established by induction as much as that of the conservation

of energy. We can just as truly say that no essential difference in the manifestation of vitality, sensation, instinct, emotion, or mind, has ever been known, as that no force has ever been lost. But the generalisation that all things work together for good cannot be abstracted from experience so easily.

To arrive inductively at that conclusion, we should have to know all that has happened since the first amœba moved in response to the stimulus of its environment. For a single ego to establish it in his own waking consciousness, he would have to bring the memory of all his past lives into his present physical brain. This, they say, men have accomplished, and for such men doubt is no longer possible. But the immortal ego in each one of us knows the same thing, and that is why our soul assents to this sweeping proposition, although the experiences of one earth-life cannot justify it to the reason. We feel intuitively that it must be so; while the contrary proposition, that all things work together for ill, is not supported by so much of evolution as we can see, either in biology, sociology, or history. The world of nature ever progresses to greater beauty and perfection of detail; races and civilisations wax and wane, but the general thought of the world, the general conduct of life, tends slowly to eliminate the bad and keep the good. Even the professional pessimist founds his dismal creed on observation of the lives of others, which he does not understand, rarely on his own; when the view is personal it is associated with physical disease or mental alienation. That no healthy man is ever personally pessimistic will probably be true; while to those who have grasped the principles of karma and reincarnation, the most wretched life becomes intelligible; and that which is intelligible can be endured.

Therefore we are justified, the writer thinks, in following our intuition, and accepting the principle that the One Life works for good in all that lives. But this root-idea applied to every thing in life will compel a total re-arrangement of many of our notions, not to mention fads and prejudices. For example, in its light we see that every creature, even the most obscene or ugly, is living rightly in its way, after the law of its own nature, while it is evolving its several powers by struggling for life as best it

can. Snakes do not strike us from malice prepense, but from simple fear; vultures perform a most useful function; even cuttle-fish serve to feed the whales if nothing else. So from the highest to the lowest. The man-eating tiger has acquired an inconvenient taste, and has to be hunted down, but by this his intelligence is stimulated, and so the Life in him evolves. The microbes of disease purge the human stock, and bring a nemesis on dirt and darkness. Even a scourge like cancer drives us to ceaseless thought to understand it, and to find a remedy; while it is the occasion of heroic fortitude in many a sufferer whose karma brings that dread ordeal. We can have good-will even to these forms of the One Life.

If we look impersonally into the hearts of men, and listen there to the Song of Life, we shall hear a different melody in each. Each is right in his place, each pursues his idea of happiness, and in pursuing grows. One standing on a peak of progress aspires towards Nirvâṇa; another struggling in the mire of animality longs for alcohol. Both are right according to their stage. The less evolved has a long and weary path to tread; need we make it harder by the weight of our displeasure? He will not listen to our admonitions, or heed our warnings. He cannot understand them, for he can only learn by personal experience; so alone can those modifications of his inner consciousness be caused, which ever more will warn against a repetition of his error. When such a man does heed a warning, it is because he has already suffered, and when we speak his inner self consents; we simply re-establish in his present brain the idea which hard experience had fashioned in a former life. So it is well to warn, but idle to lament or censure a lack of heed. "Before we can attain knowledge, we must have passed through all places, foul and clean alike." If we know this indulgence to be foul, it is because we have experienced the pain it brings. Who then are we to cast a stone at drunkards, or any other miserable sinners? We see in them the One Life working and can have good-will, and banish from our speech such words as low, degraded, vile, ever on the lips of the self-righteous.

In a universal brotherhood place must be made for everyone, publicans and sinners, slaughterers, vivisectors, dog-muzzlers,

vaccinators, anarchists, meat-eaters, murderers, "lost minds," —the catalogue might well stretch out till crack of doom. In each and all the One Life works for good; we dare not question it. No "righteous indignation" can be suffered if we would gain good-will, for what is righteous indignation but hate under a white lace veil? We cannot hate the deed, the desire, or the thought of a man without hating the man himself. That we can do so is a deadly self-deception. The thought is the expression of the thinker, the impulse is the expression of the thought, the act is the expression of the impulse. All are one in essence, and that essence is the evolving Life; to hate the deed is to hate the Life. But the deed is wrong? We only know that because we have experienced the pain it brings, such is the reason of our virtue; we can well afford to have good-will, and let another gain the hard experience which has so taught ourselves.

But, for example, we cannot change our views on vivisection. There cannot be a shadow of a doubt that we are right and vivisectors wrong! Are we *quite* sure? Have we studied their point of view intent to see the truth in it, not to find fault? It is a singular fact, but *they* think that they are quite right too, and will not cease their labours for all our clamour, all our righteous indignation. If we would cease to hate and gain good-will, it is our own view that we must modify, by seeing all the truth. But we do *not* hate, we grieve and deprecate. As for that, look through the literature of controversy—any form will do—does not hate shriek up and down the columns? Is not the worst interpretation always put on a phrase or sentence wrenched from the context of the "enemy." Is even the verbal accuracy of these quotations invariably maintained? There are many lessons for the student who would learn to look into the hearts of men, writ large in these sad pages. The writer is not taking either side, his personal prejudices are immaterial to the present argument, which applies to all controversies alike. And the conclusion can be only this: to gain good-will all "views" must be renounced; thus alone can hate be slain.

There is another question which brings pain to many kindly hearts, that of killing animals to use their bodies for our service. Can we do this and still retain good-will? If we use any of the

products, we are just as much responsible as if we did the killing with our hands. Thus, there are two sides to be considered, that of the slaughterers and of the slaughtered. The actual slaughterer is often called "degraded," but no one can be that, he is only unevolved. His karma brings him into that unenviable state of life; if he does his work well is not his duty done? "Better one's own dharma though destitute of merits, than the well-executed dharma of another."

It is quite possible to imagine the ego of a savage, whose one idea was endless slaughter in the happy hunting-grounds, reincarnating in such a place, and so learning by experience that there is no pleasure in mere killing after all; in what other way could he learn that lesson so effectually? If we stand aside from such a one, shall not his soiled garment be cast upon our own shoulders? Take the side of the animal. We understand that their evolution on the lower mental plane requires the co-operation of men, the entities on the next step of the ladder. Thus alone can their intelligence be stimulated; while in the wild state their evolution can only be advanced by the slow process of the changing of environment. But men have their own struggle for life to face, they cannot breed and tend and feed animals just to let them die a natural death in course of time. By the existing system the animal gains intelligence, and pays the price by an early death, which *may* be painless. But the increased intelligence is not lost, the life is everything, the form nothing. The men are paid for their labour by the form, while the life reincarnates in a slightly better one and so evolves. But how much better it would be if this were done for love? Would it? Consider the premature and splenetic senility wrought by unwise affection on the average lap-dog, or the disobedient character developed in the uncontrolled non-sporting pet. These creatures may be individualised; but is it any kindness to start an embryonic ego on the great pilgrimage with greed, selfishness and disobedience ingrained? Even blows make for the rousing of the mind at this low stage, for we are informed that in the savage man, "the more he can be made to feel the better for his growth." The same rule must apply, with greater force, to the less evolved animal. Then we should torture animals to death? No; that might indeed be

advantageous to the animal, but it would retard the evolution of the slaughterer. He would be doing his work ill.

We can, then, bear good-will to both sides while this necessary stage of things is passing, and avoid extravagant denunciations, which hit ourselves. Has not a great authority recently endorsed the obvious by laying down that all extreme opinions are erroneous, or words to that effect? We must beware of subtle hate hidden in specious phrases if we would gain good-will; for any view which so distorts our vision as to make us hate vast numbers of the human race, all those indeed who use the things produced by killing animals, cannot be true.

Thus alone can the writer reconcile these things-that-are with the gaining of good-will to all that lives. If a less narrow path is possible, let us have the reason, for such deep problems are not solved by controversy. Of course we who try to see the reasons of the world can bear good-will to the indignant ones, even when they chasten us with their accustomed scorpions. They are quite right from their one-sided standpoint. The raging of the Anti's curbs the enthusiasm of the Pro's; and, as in the case of vivisection, a compromise which satisfies sane men restrains within due bounds a practice easily abused; while real knowledge does not greatly suffer. Between the opposing streams of force a reasonable mean emerges; thus does the One Life work in both for good.

So all political and social questions can be elucidated in the light of this great idea. The One Life works for good in each and all; we need not try to hurry it or thwart its progress, we only need to understand, for to understand is to forgive. So may we raise ourselves to that high plane whence we may learn to help to lift the heavy karma of the world, to share in our degree the labours of the Great Ones whose transcendent mercy is indeed "not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath."

A. H. WARD.

THE CÉLE DÉ OR CULDEES

A Study on the Origins of the Early British Church

II.

The following accusations of heresy were brought against the British Church and the sect of the Céle Dé:

Unsound views on the doctrine of the Trinity, and consequent invalidity of their baptisms; they were said to reject confession and authoritative absolution; they celebrated Easter on a different date from that on which it was celebrated by Rome; they opposed the doctrine of the Real Presence;* they were not married by the clergy;† they did not use confirmation; they (the priests) wore a heretical tonsure, of which more anon; they did not believe in the resurrection of the body; those who were married continued relations with their wives after becoming Céle Dé priests.

St. Bernard says of the Irish Céle Dé, speaking of Malachy's mission to them, that: "He came not to men, but to beasts. . . . Christians in name, but in reality pagans." Augustine strove to exterminate them; he encouraged the Saxons to slaughter them at Anglesea.‡

Sir J. Dalrymple says: "The Culdees continued until the beginning of the fourteenth century, up to which time they contended for their ancient rights, not only in opposition to the

* I think much of this is very doubtful, and merely record a list of the general charges and the theories of commentators as to the nature of the Culdee heresy.

† It is said that the Welsh Bards, exercising priestly functions, had the power of performing the marriage ceremony; a right they exercised till it was forbidden to them.

‡ Anglesea is said to have been a great pre-Christian Druidic centre. Morien says: "In Welsh the brain is called Men-ydd or Mind. Menai Straits are really Menau, signifying minds, in reference to the many learned minds who dwelt in the oak-grove of Anglesea. On these Straits it is possible that the sacred boat of Cêd, the depository of the Sun or Mind, rode."—See *Light of Britannia.*

whole power of the Primacy but the additional support of the Papal authority."

If this be true it does not seem to be likely that they were merely monks who had become lax and self-indulgent; Pinkerton advances a theory that they were "corrupted monks"; a fact which militates against this theory is the high praise which Bede, while censuring them, bestows upon their purity of life, their charity and piety.

Robert, an Englishman, who went to St. Andrews in 1124 to support the rule of Augustine, condemned the St. Andrews Céle Dé. He speaks of them as a community of thirteen whose manner of life was guided by their own fancy and human tradition.*

The Monymuske Céle Dé were also thirteen in number; in 1201 a complaint was made against their doctrines, and they were deprived of spiritual cure. This was done at York also. The Lockleven monks were ordered to become regulars; they refused, and their lands and library were confiscated. In Armagh also they were deprived of their lands.

Smith,† quoting Ledwick, says of the Iona monks that they were supplanted in 706 by men of less learning and more ceremonies. Bede, speaking of their heresies, says that the modesty and meekness of the holy Aidan were such that, during his lifetime, the difference respecting the celebration of Easter was patiently endured by all. In 634 Honorius, the Pope, wrote to the Scots exhorting them "not to think their small number wiser than the Churches of Christ." They, however, did not submit; a controversy respecting Easter arose in 664; Colman argued that the Easter the Iona monks observed, they received from their ancestors, who received their teachings from the Blessed John.

It is stated in Kelly's *Irish Church History*,‡ on the authority of Ussher, that there were three orders of Irish saints from the time of Patrick. They are given thus:

* See Reeves.

† See *Life of Saint Columba*, J. Smith, D.D. Edinburgh; 1798. Also Ledwick's *Antiquities of Ireland*.

‡ By Rev. M. Kelly; edited by Rev. D. Maccarthy (1864).

(i.) Christ their Head; Patrick their leader; three hundred and fifty members; they had one mass, one form of celebration, the (subsequently heretical) tonsure from ear to ear; one Pasch, the 14th of the moon after the vernal equinox; did not reject the services of women; this order endured four reigns.

(ii.) Many rules; rejected women; had the same tonsure.

(iii.) Inhabited deserts; had no property; had various rules and tonsures; varied Pasch.

The first order was most holy; the second less holy; the third least holy; the first was as the sun, the second as the moon, the third as the stars. We see that some of the subsequent heresies were held by the earliest and "most holy" order.

There is one indication of unorthodoxy in the early Church, which is slight, but interesting. There are hints, brief and inconspicuous, that the phrase "the Christ" is employed after the mystical manner of St. Paul. In a hymn attributed to Columba, and written in praise of St. Bride, the words occur:

> Be extinguished in us
> The flesh's evil affections,
> By this blossoming tree,
> This mother of Christ.*

Also in another hymn the words occur:

> Made herself such (Mother of Christ) by words and deeds.

The author of some articles in the *British Magazine*† asserts that the ancient Welsh poets ascribe to Christ two mothers, Mary and another.‡ He thus translates a poem by Llywarch Prydydd y Moch:

> Christ, creator, emperor, and our honey mead,
> Christ the concealed, pillar of peace,
> Christ, Son of Mary, and of my cauldron of the four elements,
> Instruct in Bardic inspiration the dauntless.
> Christ, Son of God, nothing is open to a babbler.

Thus, says Herbert, the Irish St. Bride is a mother of Christ; Ceridwen, the heathen goddess, has a cauldron, like the

* The tree was a Druidic symbol of an initiate.

† "On the Peculiarities of Culdeeism," Hon. A. Herbert. *Brit. Mag.*, vols. xxv., xxvi.

‡ There is a legend of an elder St. Bride, who suckled the infant Christ on the night of His birth.

Irish Daghda, and a cauldron is spoken of by the Christian Bard as a "mother of Christ." The cauldron of Ceridwen is metamorphosed into the Holy Grail cup, whence Christ comes forth. Here, then, is a very serious accusation of unorthodoxy against the so-called Christian Bards, and the Céle Dé. The Rev. J. Griffith combats Mr. Herbert's position. He translates:

"Christ, Son of Mary, who formed me of the four elements."

He denies this unorthodoxy of the Céle Dé, and says the enmity between Priests and Bards was because the Bards infused Christianity with Druidism. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Here are two Welsh scholars at loggerheads over the meaning of words. I give the variant translations; at the same time reminding the reader that there was little opposition in the early days. In the very early days the Priests and the Bards were not in opposition; and the earliest British Christian Priests were probably Druids and Bards.

But Herbert brings further charges against the Céle Dé; he accuses them of secret rites,* and human sacrifices. Let us see what evidence he brings to support this very grave charge.

He thinks the Oceanic Churches of the fourth and fifth centuries were unorthodox in secret rites. The Patrician Church of Ireland and the Columban Church of North Britain were, he says, orthodox in profession; but they were reputed to have some heretical inner ceremonies. He thinks the Bardic system, which undoubtedly had a secret side, was re-organised both in Ireland and Wales by Patrick, or Succat.† He says, further, that when Columban went from Leinster to Burgundy with his twelve followers, he rebuked the vices of the Court; thereupon Brunehaut, grandmother of Thierry of Burgundy, begged the bishops to cast a stain on the rule of Columban's monks. The king therefore asked Columban "why access within the more secret enclosures was not permitted to all Christians?"

Columban finally left Luxeuil and withdrew to Bobbio in the Milanese.

* He believes that Scotch Freemasonry originated in Iona.

† I think it was re-organised in Wales by Gildas, who is said to have visited Ireland on the invitation of St. Bride. Patrick is said to have re-organised the Irish Fili, and it certainly looks as though the early Christian missionaries were either themselves versed in Bardic lore, or at any rate worked with, and sometimes through the old orders of the Bards and Fili.

With regard to the accusation of human sacrifice, our author rests it upon three stories. One of these can be found in Tirechan's *Life* of St. Patrick.*

The daughters of Leoghaire the king were received by Patrick. They were baptised, clothed in white, and taken into the Church as members. They then demanded a further sacrament, the sacrament of the Eucharist, that they might "see Christ face to face." "Unless ye taste of death," says Patrick, "ye cannot see the face of Christ."† "And they answer: 'Give us the sacrifice that we may be able to see His Son, our Spouse.' And they received them for the love of God, and when sleeping in death they placed them in a little bed covered with clothes, and they made lamentations" (p. 370).

In an unprinted *Life* of Patrick, says Herbert, it is said that the virgins rose again the third day. The Magi or Bards, who taught the princesses, remonstrated at the action of Patrick, but were finally converted by him. The same story is given by Joscelinus, a monk of Furness, who wrote much later, in 1625.‡ This story does not mean that the daughters of Leoghaire took the veil; plenty of instances are given in which converts adopted a religious life.

Another story quoted by Herbert is the tale of the sweet juice of a tree upon which St. Ruadan fed his pupils, till the saints of Erin grew jealous. St. Finnian opposed Ruadan and checked the flow of juice; then Ruadan turned water into manna, and St. Finnian ceased to compete with him. In another account Ruadan is represented to have turned water into wine, and "gave to his hospites, *et inebriati sunt et sopor Dei cecidit super illos.*"

The dispute between the saints ended in a compromise, and St. Ruadan consented that his monks should live like the other Orders. Finnian's power was evidently less than that of Ruadan; he apparently objected to the number of persons who flocked

* Tirechan was Bishop of Meath in the seventh century. A translation of his "Life" will be found in Betham's *Antiquarian Researches.*

† The reader is reminded of the phrases: "die to the world," "fast to the world," and of the words of St. Paul: "I die daily."

‡ The Latin phrase runs that the daughters of Leoghaire: "*acceperunt eucharistiam Dei et dormientium in morte.*"

to the cell of Ruadan to be fed on the "sweet juice of the tree."

Herbert bases his accusations on yet another tale, the Story of Oran, the kinsman of Columba.

In Pennant's *Tour* is given the legend in which Oran is said to have been buried alive beneath Columba's Church. The Church of Columba would not stand till a life was sacrificed. In one version Oran offers to die, is accepted, and dies after a short illness; but in the burial legend, Columba causes the earth to be removed from the body of his friend and kinsman after *three days;* thereupon Oran rises and cries out: "There is no wonder in death; and hell is not as reported." Whereat Columba cries: "Earth, earth upon Oran that he may blab no more."*

It is said that "Earth upon Oran" is a proverb used to this day to reproach an over-garrulous person.

I certainly do not think that the author of "Peculiarities of Culdeeism" establishes his accusations of human sacrifice; but the tales are worthy of note to students of Theosophy. Such stories seem to hint at a mystical "death," and a three days' absence from the body, from which prison-house the soul was, as in Egypt, liberated in order that it might "see Christ."

This article is already over lengthy. I will therefore leave the consideration of early British learning, and the blending of the Old and New Faiths, to a future occasion.

I. HOOPER.

* See Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, p. 286.

TILL thou hast penetrated behind the veil thou wilt hear naught. The ear of the uninitiated cannot receive an angel's message.—HÂFIZ.

EVOLUTION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

AT the close of the present year there will doubtless be issued from the press innumerable reviews and special articles, dealing with the triumphs of nineteenth century civilisation, and recording anew the progress made in the course of a hundred years, in science, art, religion, commerce, and endless other things upon which the attention of nations has been concentrated. We shall read of the extent to which humanity has evolved, and comparisons will be made between the present state of civilisation and that of a century ago, in order to illustrate how remarkable are the changes which have been brought about. By the average individual all this will be read and little more thought of; but the contemplative person, who takes the trouble to "read between the lines," will be able to constitute, out of these literary descriptions of a century's progress, a basis upon which to build up a realistic vision of the future. By tracing through past ages the gradual process of evolution which has brought us to our present stage of existence, noting carefully the various influences and ideas that have from time to time come into prominence, it is possible to obtain a fairly accurate impression of the lines along which future evolution will work, as well as of the constitutional changes which will follow in its train. Thus we are to-day able to discern many tendencies in the development of humanity, which may be calculated to have their effect in the course of the twentieth century.

And of all the tendencies which involve the growth and fuller realisation of the "higher life," there are none more likely to show greater progress during the next hundred years than that which has in its hand the moral tone of the multitude. It has long been recognised that a constitutional change is in progress in this respect; indeed, the effects which it has already produced are in themselves sufficient evidence of its existence.

In other countries besides England, the last half century has witnessed many improvements in the general conduct of the people; in fact the whole moral tone of humanity has in many ways been raised to an altitude very much higher than any at which it has hitherto stood. It may, therefore, be reasonably anticipated that in years to come this desirable advance will be still more marked. Even to-day, there are everywhere around us indications that the less evolved classes of mankind are becoming more conscious of the power of will, thought-force, and individual self-control; and there can be no doubt that in the near future, as men become better able to govern their physical requirements, the unseen influence now at work will bring to us a new element which will change our habits and ideas, and completely eliminate grossness and immoderation. A hundred years is a short period in the life of a nation; but a hundred years hence a great transition will have come over humanity—a transition far greater than that which the closing century has produced.

But other, and probably more important, principles of life are destined to considerable development in the twentieth century, as the result of this evolutionary process. Consideration should, perhaps, first be given to the spiritual tendency, as it is upon the highly evolved spiritual beings who will come into prominence that the moral and intellectual progress of the masses will greatly depend. It is within the comprehension of the student of this natural law, that we are approaching a period of existence in which, briefly put, less materialism and more spirituality will be the predominant feature. We are no longer to content ourselves with the acceptance of dogmatic forms of religion; but we are to enter upon a period in which Christianity will become more mystical, and increased mental and moral growth will enable us to obtain a higher and more intimate knowledge of divine or spiritual things, which can only be expressed in terms that are more or less dark in these days of materialism and secularism. With this advance will come a reduction in the severity of present-day competition, and, consequently, the fuller realisation of that now much-criticised doctrine, universal brotherhood.

The causes which will lead to this desirable change are by no means few or insignificant. They are with us to-day to some extent, and their influence is already beginning to have effect. The revolt against the dogmatic forms of religion taught in the Churches, the higher criticism of the Bible, the translation of Eastern scriptures, the reading of Egyptian hieroglyphs, and the increasing interest in occult subjects, are all indications that a higher phase of evolution is approaching; and now that spiritual research has been endowed with advantages it never possessed in the days of the alchemists and mediæval mystics, it is clear to many that the future generations of the western world are destined to enjoy the restoration of that inner science of spiritual nature which has been so deeply obscured by the acquirements of material civilisation.

With this steady growth out of materialism into a more sublime stage of existence there will doubtless be a proportionate development of those psychic faculties which, in the past, have been a source of so much scepticism and controversy. The frequent appearance, especially in America, of persons possessing mesmeric power, and such psychic gifts as clairvoyance, clairaudience and astral vision, may be taken as an indication that the possession of these faculties is becoming, and will continue to become, more general. The number of persons, in this country alone, who are already psychically developed, is very much larger than many people imagine; and the gradually increasing demand that now exists for literature on psychology and occult subjects is not the least important manifestation of the future that awaits us in this respect. There are, of course, many people who still adhere to the old assertion that these things are non-existent; but it can only be said of such persons that they are wonderfully ignorant of the progress and results of authoritative investigation, which has more than proved the reality of psychic phenomena and spiritual existence. The inquiries of the Psychical Research Society and the recent discoveries of science leave very little ground for those to stand upon who still deny the existence of all that does not come within the purview of their restricted, physical perceptions.

It is not alone in mental and occult science, however, that

considerable development may be anticipated. Physical science is also destined to undergo a similar process of expansion, and one result of this will be a decrease in the severity of the conflict which has for so many generations been waged between science and religion. It has long been evident that these two opposing forces must one day come into unison, and an important step in this direction will be the spiritualisation of science in the same way as morality and art have already been spiritualised. To-day science " equips man, but does not guide him. It illumines the world for him to the region of the most distant stars, but it leaves night in his heart." Its consummation, therefore, rests in the process of spiritualisation—a process of which there are already several signs.

Of course, it is not entirely to the spiritualisation of science that we must look for the ultimate union of science and religion. Other changes must occur before this greater one is realised. Religion itself, for instance, must undergo a transformation, and this brings us to another important branch of the subject—the future of the Church. Tender as are our feelings for an institution with which we have through life been constantly associated, and fain as we would cling to those dogmatic forms of religion to which we have been long accustomed, there are signs of a still more spirited revolt against the Church and its traditional principles of faith, as the result of the awakened intellect which is springing up around us. It is everywhere manifest that the Church is losing its hold upon the more highly evolved and thoughtful people, who are outgrowing its teachings, and, therefore, find it necessary to turn from it in search of a philosophy and a rule of life more satisfying to the mind and conscience. And as time goes on, gradually unfolding the powers, faculties and capacities of humanity, less and less satisfaction will be found in an institution that professes to fit people for death rather than for life, that has stood neutral in every struggle for justice, and that turns from every ray of light flashed by science into the world, preferring tradition to truth and blind faith to knowledge.

The religion of the western world is destined to undergo considerable change in the course of the twentieth century. Of

this we have an assurance in the rapid growth and development of occultism, Christian mysticism, theosophy, and similar subjects, in which many people of advanced intelligence are already finding that spiritual light and guidance which the Church of the present day is so incapable of rendering. Lacking in the power to control and develope that dim consciousness of a future state which is part of our nature as human beings, and still holding fast to forms and ceremonies which time has deprived of all sense and efficacy, the Church of to-day is totally unable to answer the needs of an awakening soul, powerless to satisfy the inner craving for enlightenment which will deepen the meaning of life, and render it fuller, richer, and more abundant in spiritual things. And unless the Church realises its position, and takes advantage of every opportunity for instituting reforms, the movement of secession which has sprung up during the past few years will continue to grow, and the necessary work of ministering to the needs of the people will be entrusted to a more scientific body. But, fortunately, there are yet within the Church men of a more advanced school of thought, who have in them to some extent the courage and the spirit of the old prophets. Occasionally you hear of one of them being expelled for heresy; but, be it said to their credit, men of this calibre prefer to run the risk of trial and expulsion rather than refrain from exposing what their developed intellects show them to be fallacious. It may be that in this small minority lies the power which will change the spirit and the attitude of the Church; but whether it be upon the Christian Church or some other religious body that the work of the twentieth century depends, certain it is that future Christianity will present a very different aspect to that of the present day. No longer will materialism as a system of thought then exist, and far from comprising barren creeds and senseless dogmas as at present, Christianity will resolve itself into a religion of progress.

Whereas in the past it has been, and still is, regarded as one of the foremost duties of the Church to prepare us for a far-off heaven beyond the grave, it will in the future be recognised as of more importance to help on the realisation of heaven upon earth. Heretofore the divinity of Christ alone has been upheld, but in the

future the divinity of man will be equally insisted upon. And, far from oppressing man in his attempt to evolve the divine faculties latent in him—a course which has invariably been pursued in the past—the Church of the future will lend itself to the development and gradual perfection of humanity, along the lines of Christian psychology and science. A personal Christ and His materialistic second coming have already been too long familiar principles of the Church. It ought by this time to be realised that He is already here in the awakened conscience and expanded heart of man.

This, then, is a brief and incomplete outline of the future, as understood by a gradually increasing number of students of the doctrine of evolution. To the average mind it may seem but the vision of a dream—an imaginative sketch of a future impossibility. Similarly would the idea of a state of existence like the present have been ridiculed by the inhabitants of the western world centuries ago; and it is only natural that many should follow the example of their ancestors in this respect. But "time revealeth all things," and, as the twentieth century speeds on its way, more and more clear will become the future that awaits us.

ARTHUR HALLAM.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwelt in legends old!
Alas! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told.
We know too much: scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves,
Our only point of ignorance
Is centred in ourselves.

Quoted in Alger's *Doctrine of a Future Life*, p. 583.

"LOX"

In a goyal that lies between two of the purple-green Exmoor hills there is a ruined linhay. It stands four miles from a little village through which the Barle runs; it is three miles from the nearest house either way—three from an old farm on the outskirts of the village, three from the little hut, scarcely more than a shepherd's cot, where Miles Crewis lived, and drank, till he died there of *delirium tremens*.

In that linhay, now crumbling away, a battle of the soul was fought; the battle must have been a hard one, though it was waged in a soul which was not human, but the blind, and to us little known, soul of a dog. So we can never know, until we are much wiser, what was the nature of the struggle; we can only watch the things which the soul impelled the dog to do.

Miles Crewis, who lived in the cot, was by birth a gentleman. His father bore for very long with his son's drunkenness, though he was brutal and savage in his cups. His father was born in Devon in the beginning of the nineteenth century; he was inclined to think drunkenness a comparatively pleasant and gentlemanlike vice.

But when Miles Crewis married one of his mother's servant maids, then his father bade him leave his home and never see it again. Miles went to live in a village "out over"; there his wife bore to him a son; there too, six months later, she died. People said she was glad to die; for she was beginning, poor soul, to learn what life with her gentleman husband would mean for her.

Soon after her death Miles Crewis went, with his child, to live at the isolated shepherd's cot. There the shame, which he did not feel nor heed, was partially hidden from public view; he took, to live with him and tend his child, a gypsy woman who roamed the moor. She joined him in his drinking bouts, and

added to the terrors of the hut the horror of the presence of an unsexed, dissolute woman.

No one visited the cot; Miles Crewis was not of the peasantry; his own people would not acknowledge him; and the woman's gypsy kindred scorned her, because she had given her honour to a Busné.

The child of the dead servant girl grew up amidst these surroundings; a sad and lonely little life. It was a marvel that he lived at all. There were only three human beings at the cot: the drunkard, the gypsy, and the child. There was the gypsy woman's donkey, a wise and patient beast, who lived in a corner of the hut; and there was a great mongrel watch-dog, Lox, brought there by the gypsy, as a puppy, to guard the peats from being stolen. Besides, when she wandered "out over" with the donkey, it was not safe to leave the hut open to possible marauders, while Miles Crewis lay helplessly drunk upon the floor; for though there was little furniture in the place, there was sometimes a good deal of money.

The dog was a huge beast; a mongrel, springing from two big breeds—a great Dane, and a deerhound. He was of a curious pepper-and-salt grey; one of his eyes was brown, and the other a cold pale blue.

He was a villainous-looking animal, though possessed of such beauty as is inseparable from strength and activity. He had the soul of a criminal. All doggish crimes he loved and practised. He was as violent and savage as Miles Crewis himself; but the beast put more intellect and power into his ill-doing than was the case with the man. He held his owners in savage scorn—the chief of crimes in a dog. He defended their goods from combative instinct, not fidelity. He tolerated no thieves save himself. No man could strike Lox if he valued his own life. The dog had the instincts of a bandit; food that he stole, or reft from the weak, he preferred. He would have hunted and killed the moorland sheep, save that by some cunning instinct he knew the days of the sheep-slayer are never long in the land. He had no doggish chivalry; he would drive "Mollie" of Combe from her food, and eat it himself, snarling viciously at her the while; he would fight with and mangle little dogs; he killed an inno-

cent collie pup, who sought to play with him; and from sheer devilry he worried the rheumatic and toothless old sheepdog of Farmer Copplestone—a veteran, respected all over the moor.

All respectable dogs show courtesy to the gentler sex, and use the aged and the young with tolerance and patience. The grey mongrel was ostracised by his kind; no decent dog on the moor met Lox save in battle; this was just what that criminal liked best. Fighting was his chief joy. He would go to the village alone, trotting soberly over the grey-green moor; he would then slouch insolently down the street, like a canine bravo, looking to right and left, now with his soft brown, and now with his cold blue eye. Few dogs would accept this challenge; they became suddenly pre-occupied when the great beast swept the village like a bandit knight. Then Lox left them with bitter insults, expressed by elaborate kickings of the dust with his big hind paws.

Even Miles Crewis behaved respectfully to this savage warrior. When the great dog returned from scouring the moor he would slouch to the hearth, snarling. Miles, instead of kicking him, would push back his chair, and make way for the strongest soul that dwelt beneath that roof. The dog, then a snappish, unsociable puppy, came to the house when the child was ten years old. When the boy was twelve, and the dog in the prime of his fierce maturity, that force was brought to bear upon the canine criminal which ended in the battle of the linhay. I must needs use human measurements to gauge the depth of the non-human soul, because I know of no others.

There was a party, a birthday party, for the child of a well-to-do farmer of the village. The children were playing in a field reclaimed from the moor, without the farm. The farmer's wife saw Linnie Crewis looking over the hedge, a shy, awkward boy, with wistful eyes. She had a good motherly heart; she bade the boy "come in, and have a game with the others."

So Linnie came in, very shy, not knowing how to play. They played a game of forfeits; one of those silly "kissing" games common at village sports, played most innocently by the children, less innocently by children of a larger growth. The farmer's little daughter, in order to redeem her forfeit, must

"kiss the one she loved best." The little maid looked from child to child; at last she went to Linnie Crewis and kissed him.

Linnie grew very red; he had never played with children; this was the first kiss he had received since his mother died, and her kisses he did not remember. The farmer's wife gave him a slice of cake at parting, and bade him "come again." But he never came; because, standing in the lane with his cake, he heard a little girl say to the child who had kissed him: "You said you loved *me* best."

"So I do," said the little maid; "I kissed him because nobody likes him."

It was a very good reason; but the child who heard the words threw away his cake and ran home crying. In the heather outside the shepherd's cot he lay and sobbed. As he lay thus, crying very bitterly, he felt a hot, strong breath touch the back of his neck.

He sat up and saw the great, vicious dog, whom no one dared to touch, standing over him. The child, in his pain and wounded feeling, threw his arms round the bristly neck, and lay with his face crushed against the beast's back, crying there as happier children cry upon their mother's bosom. It was like an appeal of weakness to strength. None can say what consciousness it reached and roused in the animal brain. The huge dog did not snarl; slowly, slowly he lowered himself to the earth with his burden, until he lay prone; the boy's arms were round him, and his wet face was hidden against the dog's coat. When Linnie sat up and dried his eyes, the dog rose too, and licked his face; then he followed the boy into the house. *Followed* him; not slouching in advance as his manner was.

From that hour the dog, Lox, and the boy, Linnie, were comrades. Lox was a very valuable ally. When Crewis and the gypsy had been drinking, they were in the habit of beating Linnie for the sport and pastime of hearing him scream and entreat. It was on an occasion of this kind that they learned of the new comradeship. The woman, half-drunk, threatened to beat the child, and snatched, for the purpose, a strap which hung on the wall.

The dog, lying by the fire, rose slowly; when the woman turned, weapon in hand, between her and the boy stood the mighty beast, grinning viciously, his eyes flaming at her, his lips fetched stiffly back from his great fangs. The woman raised the strap; she durst not strike. Lox rose on his hind legs, his fore-paws on her chest, his jaws level with her throat, ready to seize, snarling horribly. The woman screamed and dropped the strap. Lox dropped too, and if ever dog laughed wickedly, it was he. If he had been less valuable as a guard he would have been shot that day.

Linnie was beaten no more in the presence of his new ally; nevertheless his usage left much to be desired. When Crewis was mad with drink, sometimes both the woman and the boy had to fly for their lives. Even Lox gave way, snarling and dignified, but going out, as it were, under protest.

When Linnie was fourteen, the old farmer who owned the house on the outskirts of the village died; the farm was bought by a gentle, scholarly man, who had a fancy for the old house, and for solitude. Once Linnie, being turned out by his father, was unable to return home for two days. Too proud, or too shy, to ask for food, or to let anyone know of his straits, the boy sat on the moor with the dog. Lox went to a place where a dead sheep lay, and returned in great content, and extremely ill-odorous. Linnie could not eat decomposed mutton, and he began to cry with weakness and hunger.

Thus he was found by the new tenant of the farm, who questioned him a little, very gently, and finally made him share the sandwiches he chanced to have with him; he was going "out over" for the day. After they had eaten, he asked a few more questions; when the boy again burst into tears, he laid a compassionate hand on his shoulder. Instantly there was a rush and a roar; he was struck down by something hot and panting, that flew through the air. He was lying on his back on the heather, and the boy, his arms round the neck of a raging monster, was holding the savage jaws back from closing on the throat of the prostrate man.

Lox was dragged off with difficulty; the new tenant of the farm rose; Linnie did what no soul on earth had ever dared to

do to Lox in his maturity; he boxed his ears and scolded him. For one moment it seemed as though the great dog was going to kill his young human comrade; his growl was like a groan, he crouched bristling, quivering, panting on the earth, while Linnie slapped and reproved him. When the boy loosed his collar, he rose and stalked away, grim and stiff with wrath, but sparing where he loved.

" He thought you were hurting me," said Linnie.

" Then he did quite right," said the other. " Come and see me, my boy, whenever you will, and bring the dog too. And remember, if this ever happens again. . . ."

" It's always happening."

" Then when it does, come to me as my guest until you can go home again. Don't wander on the moor. Come to me, you and the dog."

" It " did happen; Linnie took his new friend at his word, and was cordially welcomed; but he was unable " to bring the dog."

Lox was not a personage to be " brought " where he did not see fit to go. He had his own views. He had indeed thought he was defending Linnie from an enemy; now he knew better; and in the knowledge was bitterness. He had struck down the assailant of his beloved, and that beloved had beaten him for it, had joined forces with a stranger.

Linnie had beaten and reviled him; Lox, puzzled and enraged, had not only spared his life but had forgiven him. But now his adored Linnie and this stranger often met.

The boy was a clever and thoughtful lad; his new friend, interested and pitiful, did much to help, to instruct, to educate him. Linnie was really happy at last; he was less and less at home, more and more at the grey farm. Thither Lox never went; he would follow Linnie to the little pasture across which a path led to the farm; there he would stop, bristle, and turn back with a groaning growl. Never would he respond to the blandishments of his supplanter, his enemy.

Once he met him when he was alone. The gentle scholar, turning suddenly, saw the great beast, with murder in his eyes, crouched below a wind-twisted beech hedge. The mild unfear-

ing human eyes met those of Lox, and the dog, snarling, passed by. Once when Linnie went to the farm, Lox raged through the village like a destroying demon; he killed a cat and a small dog; he upset a girl who was milking, and spilt the milk in his headlong charge; he concluded his progress by a battle royal with "Tim," the vicar's Scotch collie, who took up every battle gage, whether the odds were against him or not. The vicar himself was an ardent controversialist.

The collie was laid up for weeks; and Lox had one of his ears torn off. This seemed to sooth him; he wagged his tail when Linnie came back. The next time his idol disappeared into the small pasture leading to the farm, Lox went home, lay down across the doorway, and amused himself by keeping both Crewis and the gypsy out of the house till Linnie returned.

"That dog of yours is half human," said the gentle scholar; "Poor beast! he is jealous. If animal souls be in progress towards humanity, as some hold, it seems as though the seeds of good and evil, and of pleasant and hard destiny, must be sown long before they are reaped by man, as man. Your 'Lox' and Copplestone's 'Mollie' are individuals; but they're of as different a type as you and old Copplestone himself; if man builds his future by his deeds, these two are surely laying up a different future for themselves. Look at 'Mollie,' docile and mild, lazy and prudent, and at this raging fount of energy of yours. It's interesting to speculate where the cause of an effect begins."

That winter was a very hard one, and in the middle of January there was a heavy snow-storm. Before it began the gypsy woman and the donkey started in search of provisions. Crewis, Linnie and Lox were left alone. On the day when the storm began Linnie had intended to go to the farm, but the weather forbade it.

Lox, vaguely glad, conscious of well-being, was, for him, very gentle. He lay at the feet of Linnie; he abandoned his usual position in the centre of the hearth in order to do this. He had done it of late whenever he had a chance of his idol's company; it was as though he feared Linnie would suddenly escape him; the action had a curious pathos in its un-Lox-like meekness.

There was little food in the house; but unfortunately there was plenty of brandy. Crewis began to drink; by nightfall, when the wind was raging, the cold intense, and the snow falling fast, he was almost mad. He finished a bottle and shouted to Linnie to fetch another. Poor Linnie ventured faintly to remonstrate, and the madman rose in a fury; he made for the boy to strike him. Lox rose growling, and stood between father and son. Crewis was not yet sufficiently insane to strike the dog. He swore at him savagely. Then he reeled to the door, opened it, and bade his son get out of the house and out of his sight.

The snowflakes swirled madly in, the wind was like the shriek of a soul in agony.

"Father," pleaded the boy, half crying, "You don't mean it. You can't mean to turn me out to-night. I shall die. You might as well kill me."

The man only swore at him, and staggered to the wall where the gun hung. It was not loaded, the gypsy had prudently drawn the charge; but Linnie did not know that, and he fled. Lox followed him. For a while the light from the door guided them; soon the swirl of the flakes shut it out, and it was dark. The snow was blinding, the drifts deep, the darkness could be felt, the wind caught the breath, the cold numbed the heart. Linnie struggled desperately; he followed Lox. The storm was telling even on the tough dog by the time they reached the linhay in the goyal. The boy was nearly fainting; he reeled as though he too had been drinking. He fell on a snowheap which had drifted into the place, moaned, and shut his eyes, panting. Lox lay down beside him, and licked his face and hands. Linnie tried to put his arm round the rough neck of his savage devotee, but he failed. He was hardly more than a child, and the struggle would have tried a strong man. He began to grow drowsy.

No one who is but human can tell how far Lox knew his adored one's peril; can tell how much of struggle he endured, or was capable of enduring. Only remember that for a year he had watched the visits of Linnie to the new friend whom Lox hated with all his puzzled, jealous, savage soul. For a year he

had strenuously refused to be either coaxed or commanded beyond the stile which led to the home of the hated friend of his beloved; the only friend, the only succourer that beloved had, save Lox himself. Lox had led Linnie to the shelter; he lay close beside him, and licked his face and hands. *He* had come to the limits of his resources; he could do no more for Linnie. What more could the man at the farm do for the comrade Lox loved? Lox walked stiffly to the door of the linhay and looked out; a little piece of broken chain on his collar jingled as he went. He, too, was exhausted, and numbed with the great cold. The snow had ceased to fall; but the wind raged, the cold caught the breath, and the drifts were deep. It had taken them a long time to reach the linhay.

The scholar sat by his fire; it was past midnight. On the other side of the hearth sat his sister, a gentle lady past her first youth; at his feet lay his own dog, a wise and faithful beast.

"What a night!" said the sister. "I hope no one is abroad in such a storm; if there should be any such, we shall hear of deaths upon the moor."

As she spoke they heard a little sound without the door. They sat in that which had been the farm house kitchen; the door opened into a small walled garden. The jingle of a little bit of metal sounded without; the dog on the hearth barked. The jingle stopped; the breathing, whining and scratching of a great dog could be heard at the door. The dog within howled. The scholar rose and opened the door; the wind whirled in shrieking, the snow lay on the little garden, on the bending lavender bushes by the door. There was no dog there. The scholar closed the door, and reseated himself. Again came the jingle of the chain; the scratching and whining at the door. The dog on the hearth leaped up, and ran, howling, beneath the settle. Again they opened, and saw the untrampled snow.

"Whoever heard of the ghost of a dog?" said the scholar's sister. "This is uncanny. No paw marks in the porch! But the door shook with the scratching of a great dog."

"It was Linnie Crewis's dog. I know the sound of his collar."

"But cart ropes won't drag Linnie's dog here."

The scholar paused, his hand on the closed door. Once more there came the whine, the scratching paw.

"Very well," said the scholar quietly, as though to an unseen human presence, "I'll come; wait till I get help and a lantern."

He roused the men at the stables, they went forth with spades and lanterns, warmly fenced from the cold, carrying brandy and such restoratives as they could bear with them. They had a hard tussle with the storm. There were no marks on the smooth, drifted snow in the yard; nor in the little lane. In the field down which he had refused to follow his master's feet, a hundred yards from the stile of which his jealous pangs had made a boundary, there lay the body of a great dog, dead, lying where he had dropped exhausted by his fight with snow and cold and wind. His tracks were half obliterated, but they could be traced with difficulty, and they were traced that night to the linhay, where a human soul had, with throes, been born of the soul of a brute. And the boy for whom he died, lives. He never returned again to the hut of Miles Crewis; he lives to do good and useful work for his kind; but always he bears in tender memory that savage but faithful comrade, waiting the day when somewhere and somehow he shall pay the debt he owes to the soul he helped to build.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE PERFECT

BUT at last are they prophets and hymn-writers and physicians, and chieftains among men dwelling on the earth; and from this they grow to be Gods, receiving the greatest honours, sharing the same hearth with the other immortals, their table companions, free from human woes, beyond the power of death and harm.—EMPEDOCLES.

THE SACRED SERMON OF HERMES THE THRICE-GREATEST

1. GLORY of all is God—and godhead and godly nature [too]. Source of the things that are is God—and mind, and nature, and matter [too]—the wisdom that reveals all things. Godhead is source—both nature, energy, necessity, and end, and making new again.

Darkness that knew no bounds was in Abyss, Water and subtle Breath, perceivable to power of God alone, in Chaos. Then Holy Light appeared; and there collected 'neath dry space* from out moist essence elements; and all
2. the gods do separate things out from fecund nature. All things being undefined and orderless, the light things were assigned unto the height, the heavy ones had their foundations laid down underneath the moist part of dry space,† the whole of them being bounded off by fire and hanged in air‡ to keep them up. And heaven was seen in seven circles; its gods were seen in starry shapes with all their signs. The stars§ were made complete‖ together with their gods in them. With air wrapped round was their periphery, borne in a cyclic course by breath of God.

3. And every god by his own proper power brought forth what was appointed him. Thus there arose four-footed beasts, and creeping things, and those that in the water dwell, and things with wings, and everything that beareth

* Lit., sand; this presumably refers to the Light, and would thus mean "within the area or sphere of Light," that is to say, manifestation. The "moist essence" is apparently the Water of Chaos, or primal substance.

† ὑφ' ὑγρᾷ ἄμμῳ; presumably the manifested "water" of space. The heavy things are apparently primæval or cosmic "earth."

‡ Lit., spirit or breath.

§ Sci., the seven cosmic genetic spheres, not our planets.

‖ Lit., had their limbs completed, or were articulated.

seed, and grass, and shoot of every flower, all having in themselves seed of again-becoming.* And they† selected out‡ the families of men for gnosis of the works of God and proof of nature's energy; the multitude of men for lordship over all beneath the heaven and knowledge of the Good, that they might increase in increasing and multiply in multitude, and every soul infleshed by revolution of the cyclic gods, for their observing heaven and heaven's gods' revolution, the works of God and energy of nature, for signs of good, for gnosis of the power of God, that they might know the parts of good and evil things and learn the cunning work of all good arts.

4. [Thus] there begins their living and their growing wise as to the part [played] by the revolution of the cyclic gods, and their deceasing; till there shall be memorials mighty of their handiworks upon the earth, leaving dim trace behind when cycles are renewed. For every kind of flesh ensouled, and seed of fruit, and handiwork, though it decay, shall of necessity renew itself, both by the renovation of the gods and by the turning round of nature's rhythmic wheel. For that which is divine§ is nature's ever making new again the cosmic mixture; for nature's co-established in the godhead.

Notes

This treatise is presumably called "The Sacred Sermon," because it is in the nature of a revelation and not demonstrable to reason like "The General Sermon."

The text is very corrupt and incomplete, and looks more like a fragment than a complete treatise.

The contents receive further explanation in "The Shepherd" treatise. The main points of doctrine are that all things are ultimately referable to God, and that evolution returns on itself in cycles, along a path of progressive perfectioning. The

* παλιγγενεσίας.

† Sci., the ruler-gods of the spheres.

‡ ἐσπερμολόγουν.

§ Or the godhead.

machinery of evolution is referred to the septenary spheres, the seven primæval "rays" or "spheres" of light, which act and react on one another, and on the four root-elements.

It must be confessed that the text of this fragmentary treatise as it now stands is somewhat disappointing. The title "Sacred Sermon" leads us to expect something of a very special nature, something that should constitute the basis of a doctrine. We hear of the "Sacred Sermon" of Orpheus, and the "Sacred Sermon" of Pythagoras, and are told that they formed the most sacred deposit of these two mystical schools respectively, and were regarded with special reverence; they were considered the point of departure from which the whole stream of instruction flowed.

The title of our treatise, therefore, arouses great expectations, the standard of which is increased by the knowledge of the lofty contents of many other sermons in the collection which are not distinguished by such grandiose titles.

I am somewhat inclined to think that this treatise was intended for pupils in an outer grade of instruction; it was presumably addressed to the "Tat" or "Æsclepius" grade, and therefore naturally falls short of the higher inspiration of the instruction to the "Trismegistus" grade, such as that contained in "The Shepherd" and "The Mind to Hermes" treatises.

On the contrary, as we should expect, the nature of the instruction deals with the beginnings, and the opening paragraphs remind us of the same subjects as those treated of in Genesis and in the proem prefixed to the fourth Gospel.

We are told that the glory of the universe (both inner and outer) is God, both as the godhead (that is to say, the Divine Mind), and as divine nature (that is to say, the Divine Life or Soul). He is Light and Life, the Divine duality, and yet a unity. God is the Source, or "Beginning" of all that are. He is that from which they all come, and that to which they all return. He is "mind, nature and matter"; that is, He is the Spirit, Soul, and Body of cosmos. But we are not to suppose that this Source or Beginning is a beginning in the ordinary sense of the term, for this Source is not only beginning but also nature (growth, evolution, life), energy (the that which works in nature

and in man), necessity (law), and end (death and consummation) and making new again (palingenesis, rebirth).

We next come to the genesis of our world-system, set forth in allegorical terms. In the dark abyss of Chaos, the as yet unenergised virgin depths of space, the unwrought prime substance, there is naught but Water and Subtle Breath—"moist essence" and fiery creative energy ("Father-Mother") which none but God Himself can comprehend. Then Holy Light—"Bright Space, son of Dark Space"—appears. But that Dark Space is only Dark to the feeble eyes of mortals—in reality it transcends all manifested Light. "Dry space" is presumably the area of the new "world-egg" defined by the subtle Breath or Spirit of Deity. The world-substance is separated into its primordial elements from its state of indiscrete "moist essence," the mother-side of the Deity. This separation is effected by the Gods, the Builders, the first creation of the Mind, or father-side of the Logos, whose emanation is not given in the treatise. It pertains to the æonology of the system, the ordering of the *ideal* world.

Our account deals only with the matter-side, and that too in a most cursory and elementary fashion, as suited to the comprehension of those who were being introduced to such lofty subjects for the first time. The main features of the cosmogony are simply referred to as heads of doctrine. Mention is made of the manifestation of the Logos in sevenfold nature, by means of the septenary spherical world-engine, the final product of which is man, who is briefly referred to, and his end and goal stated to be gnosis of God and His works. There is also a cursory reference to the history of mankind, and of the great civilisations which have already passed away.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

CHAPTER I. (*concluded*)

THERE is one word, vibration, which is becoming more and more the keynote of western science, as it has long been that of the science of the East. Motion is the root of all. Life is motion; consciousness is motion. And that motion affecting matter is vibration. The One, the All, we think of as changeless, motionless, since in One motion cannot be. Only when there is differentiation, or parts, can we think of motion, motion being change of place in succession of time. When the One becomes the Many, then motion arises, and it is life and consciousness when rhythmic, regular, as it is death and unconsciousness when without rhythm, irregular. For life and death are twin sisters, alike born of motion, which is manifestation.

Motion must needs arise when the One becomes the Many; since, when the omnipresent gives rise to separate particles, infinite motion must represent omnipresence, or, otherwise put, must be its reflection or image in matter. The essence of matter is separateness, as that of spirit is unity, and when the twain arise from the One, as cream from milk, the reflection of the omnipresence of that One in the multiplicity of Matter is ceaseless and infinite motion. For absolute motion—the presence of every moving unit at every point of space at every moment of time—is identical with rest, being only rest looked at in another way, from the standpoint of matter instead of from that of spirit.

This regular motion sets up corresponding movements, vibrations, in the matter which clothes it; each Jîvâtman, or separated unit of consciousness, being isolated by an enclosing wall of matter from all other Jîvâtman's. As that garment of matter vibrates, it communicates its vibrations to the matter surrounding it, such matter becoming the medium wherein the

vibrations are carried outwards; and this medium, in turn, communicates the impulse of vibration to the enclosing garment of another Jîvâtman, and thus sets that unit of consciousness vibrating like the first. In this series of vibrations—beginning in one consciousness, made in the body that encircles it, sent on by the body to the medium around it, communicated by that to another body, and from that second body to the consciousness encircling it—we have the chain of vibrations whereby one knows another. The second knows the first because he reproduces the first in himself and thus experiences as he experiences. And yet with a difference. For our second Jîvâtman is already in a vibratory condition, and his state of motion after receiving the impulse from the first is not a simple repetition of that impulse, but a combination of his own original motion with that imposed on him from without, and hence is not a perfect reproduction. Similarities are obtained, ever closer and closer, but identity ever eludes us.

This sequence of vibratory actions is often seen in nature. A flame is a centre of vibratory activity in ether, named by us heat; these vibrations, or heat-waves, throw the surrounding ether into waves like unto themselves, and these throw the ether in a piece of iron lying near into similar waves, and its particles vibrate under their impulse, and so the iron becomes hot and a source of heat in its turn. So does a series of vibrations pass from one Jîvâtman to another, and all beings are interlinked by this network of consciousness.

So again in physical nature we mark off different ranges of vibrations by different names, calling one set light, another heat, another electricity, another sound, and so on; yet all are of the same nature, all are modes of motion in ether,* and they only differ in rates of velocity corresponding to differences of density in the ether. Will, Feeling and Thought are all of the same nature, and differ in their phenomena only because of the differences in their rates of velocity and the relative subtlety of their media. The specific difference in Thought is that its waves form images—as do light-waves down here—and it is not without significance that the same word "reflection" is used alike of the

* Sound is also primarily an etheric vibration.

results of the wave-motion of thought and of the wave-motion of light. There is a series of vibrations in a particular kind of matter and within a certain range of velocity, and these we call thought-vibrations. These names are descriptive of certain facts in nature. There is a certain kind of ether thrown into vibration, and its vibrations affect our eyes; we call the motion light. There is another, far subtler ether thrown into vibrations which are perceived, *i.e.*, are responded to, by the mind, and we call that motion thought. We are surrounded by matter of different densities and we name the motions in it as they affect ourselves, are answered to by different organs of our gross or subtle bodies. We name "light" certain motions affecting the eye; we name "thought" certain motions affecting another organ, the mind. "Seeing" occurs when the light-ether is thrown into waves from an object to our eye; "thinking" occurs when the thought-ether is thrown into waves between an object and our mind. The one is not more—nor less—mysterious than the other.

In dealing with the mind we shall see that modifications in the arrangement of its materials are caused by the impact of thought-waves, and that in concrete thinking we experience over again the original impacts from without. The Knower finds his activity in these vibrations, and all to which they can answer, or all that they can reproduce, is knowledge. The thought is a reproduction within the mind of the Knower of that which is not the Knower, is not the Self; it is a picture, caused by a combination of wave-motions, an image, quite literally. A part of the Not-Self vibrates, and as the Knower vibrates in answer that part becomes the known; the matter quivering between them makes knowing possible by putting them into touch with each other. Thus is the chain of Knower, known and knowing established and maintained.

CHAPTER II.

The Creator of Illusion

"Having become indifferent to objects of perception, the pupil must seek out the Râja of the Senses, the Thought-Producer, he who awakes illusion.

"The Mind is the great slayer of the Real."

Thus is it written in one of the fragments translated by

H. P. B. from *The Book of the Golden Precepts*, that exquisite prose-poem which is one of her choicest gifts to the world. And there is no more significant title of the mind than this: the "creator of illusion."

The mind is not the Knower, and should ever be carefully distinguished from him. Many of the confusions and the difficulties that perplex the student arise because he does not remember the distinction between him who knows and the mind which is his instrument for obtaining knowledge. It is as though the sculptor were identified with his chisel.

The mind is fundamentally dual and material, being made up of the causal body and manas, the abstract mind, and of the mental body and manas, the concrete mind—manas itself being a reflection in atomic matter of that aspect of the Self which is knowledge. This mind limits the Jîvâtman, which, as self-consciousness increases, finds himself hampered by it on every side. As a man to effect a certain purpose might put on thick gloves, and find that his hands in them had lost much of their power of feeling, their delicacy of touch, their ability to pick up small objects, and were only capable of grasping large objects and of feeling heavy impacts, so is it with the Knower when he puts on the mind. The hand is there as well as the glove, but its capacities are greatly lessened; the Knower is there as well as the mind, but his powers are much limited in their expression.

We shall confine the term mind in the following paragraphs to the concrete mind—the mental body and manas.

The mind is the result of past thinking and is constantly being modified by present thinking; it is a thing precise and definite, with certain powers and incapacities, strength and weakness, which are the outcome of activities in previous lives. It is as we have made it; we cannot change it save slowly, we cannot transcend it by an effort of the will, we cannot cast it aside, nor instantaneously remove its imperfections. Such as it is, it is ours, a part of the Not-Self appropriated and shaped for our own using and only through it can we know.

All the results of our past thinkings are present with us as mind, and each mind has its own rate of vibration, its own range of vibration, and is in a state of perpetual motion, offering an

ever-changing series of pictures. Every impression coming to us from outside is made in this already active sphere, and the mass of existing vibrations modifies and is modified by the new arrival. The resultant is not, therefore, an accurate reproduction of the new vibration, but a combination of it with the vibrations already proceeding. To borrow again an illustration from light. If we hold a piece of red glass before our eyes and look at green objects they will appear to us to be black. The vibrations that give us the sensation of red are cut off by those that give us the sensation of green, and the eye is deceived into seeing the object as black. So also if we look at a blue object through a yellow glass, shall we see it as black; in every case a coloured medium will cause an impression of colour different from that of the object looked at by the naked eye. Even looking at things with the naked eye, persons see them somewhat differently, for the eye itself modifies the vibrations it receives more than many people imagine. The influence of the mind as a medium by which the Knower views the external world is very similar to the influence of the coloured glass on the colours of objects seen through it. The Knower is as unconscious of this influence of the mind, as a man who had never seen except through red or blue glasses would be unconscious of the changes made by them in the colours of a landscape.

It is in this superficial and obvious sense that the mind is called the "creator of illusion." It presents us only with distorted images, a combination of itself and the external object. In a far deeper sense, indeed, is it the "creator of illusion," in that even these distorted images are but images of appearances, not of realities; shadows of shadows are all that it gives us. But it will suffice us at present to consider the illusions caused by its own nature.

Very different would be our ideas of the world, if we could know it as it is, even in its phenomenal aspect, instead of by means of the vibrations modified by the mind. And this is by no means impossible, although it can only be done by those who have made great progress in controlling the mind. The vibrations of the mind can be stilled, the consciousness being withdrawn from it; an impact from without will then shape an

image exactly corresponding to itself, the vibrations being identical in quality and quantity, unintermixed with vibrations belonging to the observer. Or, the consciousness may go forth and ensoul the observed object, and thus directly experience its vibrations. In both cases a true knowledge of the form is gained. The idea in the world of noumena, of which the form expresses a phenomenal aspect, may also be known, but only by the consciousness working in the causal body, the kâraṇa sharîra, untrammelled by the concrete mind or the lower vehicles.

The truth that we only know our impressions of things, not the things—except as just stated—is one which is of vital moment when it is applied in practical life. It teaches humility and caution, and readiness to listen to new ideas. We lose our instinctive certainty that we are right in our observations, and learn to analyse ourselves before we condemn others.

An illustration may serve to make this more clear.

I meet a person whose vibratory activity expresses itself in a way complementary to my own. When we meet, we extinguish each other; hence we do not like each other, we do not see anything in each other, and we each wonder why So-and-so thinks the other so clever, when we find each other so preternaturally stupid. Now if I have gained a little self-knowledge, this wonder will be checked, so far as I am concerned. Instead of thinking that the other is stupid, I shall ask myself: "What is lacking in me that I cannot answer his vibrations? We are both vibrating, and if I cannot realise his life and thought, it is because I cannot reproduce his vibrations. Why should I judge him, since I cannot even know him until I modify myself sufficiently to be able to receive him?" We cannot greatly modify others, but we can greatly modify ourselves, and we should be continually trying to enlarge our receptive capacity. We must become as the white light in which all colours are present, which distorts none because it rejects none, and has in itself the power to answer to each. We may measure our approach to the whiteness by our power of response to the most diverse characters.

The Mental Body and Manas

We may now turn to the composition of the mind as an organ of consciousness in its aspect as Knower, and see what

this composition is, how we have made the mind in the past, how we can change it in the present.

The mind on the side of life is manas, and manas is the reflection in the atomic matter of the third—or mental—plane of the cognitional aspect of the Self—of the Self as Knower.

On the side of form it presents two aspects, severally conditioning the activity of manas, the consciousness working on the mental plane. These aspects are due to the aggregations of the matter of the plane drawn round the atomic vibratory centre. This matter, from its nature and use, we term mind-stuff, or thought-stuff. It makes one great region of the universe, interpenetrating astral and physical matter, and exists in seven subdivisions, like the states of matter on the physical plane; it is responsive only to those vibrations which come from the aspect of the Self which is Knowledge, and this aspect imposes on it its specific character.

The first—and higher—aspect of the form-side of mind is that called the causal body, or kâraṇa sharîra. It is composed of matter from the fifth and sixth subdivisions of the mental plane, corresponding to the finer ethers of the physical plane. This causal body is little developed in the majority at the present stage of evolution, as it remains unaffected by the mental activities directed to external objects, and we may, therefore, leave it aside, at any rate for the present. It is, in fact, the organ for abstract thought.

The second aspect is called the mental body, and is composed of thought-stuff belonging to the four lower subdivisions of the mental plane corresponding to the lowest ether, and the gaseous, liquid and solid states of matter on the physical plane. It might indeed be termed the dense mental body. Mental bodies show seven great fundamental types, each of which includes forms at every stage of development, and all evolve and grow under the same laws. To understand and apply these laws is to change the slow evolution by nature to the rapid growth by the self-determining intelligence. Hence the profound importance of their study.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NOTES ON "LEMURIA"

THE origin of the marsupialia and the diversified elements of the flora of Australia render it a most interesting province for zoological and botanical researches. When studying the flora of the highest elevations of the Australian Alps—which traverse the south-eastern portion of the continent, and rise to an elevation of 7,256 feet above sea level—I was surprised in tracing out the geographical distribution of some generic forms to find that there were both Antarctic and South African elements in the flora of this mountain region.

The apparent co-mingling of part of the flora of such widely separated land surfaces appeared to be quite inexplicable on the theory of the permanency of oceanic areas, and I was led therefore to consider how far it was possible to account for the anomalies in the flora and fauna of Australia on the basis of the present land surfaces and their existing contour. It was during this time, while my mind was halting between an adherence to the canons of some scientific teachers and the problems indicated by the newly acquired facts, that a light was thrown on the subject by reflecting on the statements made in *The Secret Doctrine* relative to a submerged continent upon which the primitive pregenitors of man had originated. The existence of such ancient land surface would explain, if the fact could be established, many of the difficulties connected with the origin and distribution of the Australian fauna and flora. A closer reading of the views set forth in *The Secret Doctrine*, especially in relation to anthropogenesis, seemed to afford a clue to some rather complex biogenetic problems, and, notwithstanding the apparent anomalies between the generally accepted views as to evolution and development and the Esoteric anthropology, I have been gradually led toward the acceptance of the latter teaching as affording a

fuller and more satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of life and matter.

I was also, when engaged in a geological survey of the Gippsland coal-beds in Victoria, very much interested to find that the fossil flora of the Jurassic beds, in which the coal seams occur, was almost identical with that of India and some beds in South Africa—the resemblance between the specific forms of various genera of palm-like plants, ferns, and some coniferous forms, being almost startling in their identity. These discoveries lend an additional zest to the enquiry by the indications they afforded of a former Mesozoic continent, which extended over large areas in the Southern Hemisphere. Having in my earlier years lived for some time in a district inhabited by several tribes of the Australian aborigines, and being a good deal with them in their hunting expeditions, I became very much interested in the classic researches being carried on by Mr. A. W. Howitt on the tribes known as the Kurnai and Kamilroi of S.E. Australia. The work of this distinguished ethnologist and explorer seems to have not only a direct bearing on the question of the migration of the Kurnai ancestors, the use of gesture language, group relations, beliefs, etc., but generally on the whole question of anthropogenesis; I propose, therefore, to refer to the views of this author, in comparison with a scheme of the distribution of man as outlined by the illustrious zoologist Professor Haeckel.

If we first consider the question of anthropogenesis from the point of view of the Esoteric Philosophy, we shall find some remarkable statements, which may probably be found to fall readily into line with the latest statement of facts disclosed by anthropological research, while others, not verifiable by the methods employed in this branch of science, are yet capable of investigation in other ways.

It is possible to admit the statement "that man is nature's gradual perfective work, so far as his physical frame is concerned," and at the same time realise that "the living and thinking being is the result to which many worlds in different conditions of material and spiritual development have contributed; or a protean differentiation in space and time of the one absolute unknowable."

In offering a contribution to the subject on the basis of some of the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*, I do so with some diffidence, as it is possible the interpretation I have put upon such teachings may not be those accepted by more advanced students.

It is not always easy to interpret correctly sentences used to convey an idea often veiled in symbols or clothed in allegory. The particular object of this paper is to show that there are grounds for justifying the statements made in *The Secret Doctrine* as to the existence of land surfaces in pre-historic times upon which primitive man—or what is described as the third root race—could have existed. It is over the existence of this third root race that the search-light of Modern Science will undoubtedly be thrown.

According to my reading of the Esoteric Philosophy, I gather that humanity on this globe is passing in its progress of development through a series of seven root races; each of these are subdivided into seven sub-races, and these again into seven ramifications or families—this septenary division being based upon some occult law.

At present humanity is stated to be in its fifth root race. The average life of a family race is stated to be about 30,000 years, a sub-race 210,000 years, and our root race 1,470,000 years; but the races, sub-races and families overlap each other's existence. It is also stated that as the physical features of the earth were varied during geological epochs, so the different races were successively evolved.

The first race (that which was to develope into the future) man was an ethereal being, which in each of the following races and sub-races grew more and more into an incased or incarnate being. This ethereal being was an incorporeal, luminous form into which were being built (so to speak) the physical atoms of the future substantial body.*

We are informed that the first *terra firma* on our globe was at the Polar area, and that this surface has not shared the fate of other continents. It is certainly in such an area that the true Archæan or first-formed rocks should be found.

* A description of this developing form is given by Mr. Sinnett and Mr. Scott-Elliot in the *Transactions* of the London Lodge.

In the second race the primitive form was still ethereal and gigantic, growing firmer and more condensed, the method of reproduction being similar to all other early forms of life—budding and gemmation, followed by expansion. It is noteworthy that this process of gemmation, so universal in the early jelly-like forms of living things, should be still preserved in the earliest embryonic stages of more highly developed and complex forms; even the egg from which the human fœtus is developed has its mulberry stage. It is difficult for us to fully realise that a boneless, viscid form of homogeneous substance, with a structureless albumen body, should be the progenitor of the future physical form in which a conscience was faintly dawning.

This ethereal second root race man was less intelligent than spiritual. It is certain that what we call mind is a slower and more difficult evolution than the physical frame.

As the second race was evolving in harmony with its environment the first root race was disappearing. As the physical shape condensed and hardened it was not possible for the process of gemmation to continue, so that reproduction consisted in the extrusion of a viscid cell, which by the process known as cell division without separation grew into an oviform ball, developing outside the body into the mature form. This spore-like cell gradually acquired the characteristic properties of the animal egg, such as that of the oviparous animals.

The second continent, which is referred to as the Hyperborean, is said to have stretched southward and westward from the North pole; comprised the northern part of Asia and Europe, embracing Greenland, Spitzbergen, Sweden, Norway, and adjoining islands.

Beginning on the line above the most northern part of Spitzbergen it may have included on the American side Baffin's Bay and neighbouring islands and promontories. There it hardly reached southward to the 70° of latitude. Here it formed a horse-shoe continent, one end included Greenland with a prolongation which crossed the 50° of latitude a little S.W., and the other Kamskatcka, the two ends being united in what is now the northern fringe of Eastern and Western Siberia. This land surface, which had an almost tropical climate, broke asunder and

disappeared (presumably as the third continent or "Lemuria" was rising above the waves).

Now where was this third continent—or "Lemuria"—upon which the future marvellous development of the genus homo was to take place? According to the description given in *The Secret Doctrine* it stretched not only across the Indian Ocean to Australia but also northward, including the remaining part of the second or Hyperborean Continent, Sweden and Norway, East and West Siberia and Kamskatcka.

It included an area from the foot of the Himalayas—which it separated from the then inland sea covering Mongolia and Tibet and the great desert of Gobi (Shamo)—from Chittagong westward to Hardwar and eastward to Assam. The land stretched across Southern India, Ceylon and Sumatra, Madagascar on its right, Australia and Tasmania on its left; then running down within a few degrees of the Antarctic circle it also extended from Australia, then an inland region, far into the Pacific beyond Rupa (Teapy or Easter Island); on the Atlantic side, it extended in the shape of a horse-shoe past Madagascar round South Africa, and on the Atlantic up to Norway. We are informed that the Wealden formation, which is a freshwater deposit, is the bed of a main stream draining Northern Lemuria during the Mesozoic age; and that this gigantic continent sank beneath the waves, leaving here and there some of its highland tops, which are now islands.

It is asserted that the universal tradition of the "deluge" had its earliest origin in the flood which overwhelmed the early civilisation of the Lemurians.

Now as regards man's development we are told that as the third root race evolved, humanity became gradually bi-sexual or hermaphrodite, evolving organs, hardening in tissue and producing bones (passing in fact through what may be called the reptilian and avian stages). The growth of the endo-skeleton and change to oviparous reproduction, marked during the two earlier divisions of the third race, lead on to complete separation of the sexes in the third division, there being developed first beings in which one sex predominated over the other, and finally distinct men and women. With the separation of the sexes came

the critical point of evolution. Man became opposite polar forces, positive and negative, male and female.

Thus we learn that the race passed during millions of years along the path now so swiftly trodden by man in the early months of intra-uterine life, *viz.*, cell gemmation, cell multiplication, non-sexual fœtal form, growth of bones, stage of hermaphroditism, separation of sex.

In the early sub-races of the third root race language was only a slight improvement on the various sounds in nature, on the cry of gigantic insects and the forest animals, but in the latest third articulate monosyllabic speech was developed among the first yellow coloured human races.

The real point of divergence between the Esoteric anthropology and the Lamarckian or the Darwinian hypothesis of man's origin, is that the former postulates man as the common progenitor (of his allied ape-like forms), having in view the chief product evolved from him; while the latter suggests an ape-like form as the progenitor of the genus homo. In the Esoteric teaching, this common progenitor has been described as in the form of a giant ape, now more intelligent or rather cunning than spiritual; his gigantic body gradually decreasing in stature improves in texture as he becomes a more rational being.

The Esoteric anthropology ascribes the development of the mammalian apes to a system of artificial cross-breeding analogous to hybridisation. A long series of transformations due to unnatural cross-breeding originated the lowest specimens of humanity, which by further bestiality developed the anthropoids, *i.e.*, by the suddenly arrested evolution of certain sub-races and their forced and violent division into purely animal types.

It is certainly somewhat remarkable that the ape should tend with every generation and variety more towards the original type of its male forefather—the dark lemuroid. Now the mating of the lower members of the third root race with the brutes around them would breed monsters, and these, reinforced by later crossings of semi-human tribes, may have given rise to some of the ancestors of the lowest types, among the Oceanic negritos, Andaman islanders, Ainus, wild men of Borneo, Veddas of Ceylon, Bushmen, and possibly some Australians.

We have the authority of Professor Cope, that from a classificatory point of view, the genus homo belongs to the order of Primates; there are three groups of the quadrumanous section of the Primates, namely:

Platyrrhina—monkeys and apes of the old world.
Catarrhina—apes of the old world.
Lemuroidia—half monkeys of Asia and Africa.

And further, we are informed that the Hominidiæ originated independently of the other Anthropoidia from a probable lemuroid stock. It has been pointed out that it is possible that the earliest lemuroid remains are those discovered by Rutimeyer from the Eocene deposits of Eikerbengin in the Jura Mountains, which are supposed to represent an animal intermediate between the true lemurs and the American monkeys. Now, whatever may be the anomalies which present themselves to view when the question of anthropogenesis is being considered, it is certain that some very startling and significant coincidences are disclosed if we compare the explanation given by Prof. Haeckel as to the distribution of the Hominidæ, and the results obtained by the recent researches of such able ethnologists as A. W. Howitt and Rev. L. Fison among the Australian aborigines; *i.e.*, in its bearing upon the problem of "Lemuria" and of the existence of a developed third root race, as taught in *The Secret Doctrine*.

First, Prof. Haeckel distinctly points to a locality in the Indian Ocean, from which the posterity of primitive man diverged towards Africa, Australia, the Indian Archipelago and Asia. This point lies between India and Madagascar; the Hottentots, Kaffirs and Negroes are referred to as being the first descendants of those who came to Africa, while the Papuans, Australians and Malays are equally the posterity of three great primitive stems.

Diverging from the Malay stem are certain Drave and Mongolian races. The Draves peopling India are believed to have passed towards Arabia and divided into the stems of the North African races and Europeans; while the Mongolians, passing through China and spreading over Northern and Eastern Asia, finally crossing over Behring Straits, peopled America, etc., etc.

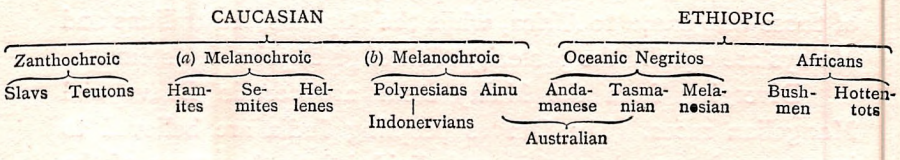
It is considered possible, according to this theory, that

different apes may have been the ancestors of different races. It is certainly somewhat remarkable that the ourang found in the Malay Archipelago is of a yellowish colour and is brachycephalic in the form of skull, like the Malays ; while the chimpanzee found in Africa is black and dolichocephalic like the negroes.

Mr. Howitt's researches among the Australians point to the present Australian continental aborigines as a cross between a low form of Caucasian Melanochroic, such as the Veddas and Ainus now represent, and the Oceanic Negritos, such as the Tasmanians, whose ethnographic characters have been preserved by isolation.

The relation of the Australian mainland aborigines to the Tasmanian may be expressed in the following manner. First consider two great divisions, the Caucasian and the Ethiopic. Under the former heading we have the Xanthochroic and *a* and *b* sub-divisions of the Melanochroic; the Slavs and Teutons belong to the former, the Hamites, Semites and Hellenes in *a* sub-division of the Melanochroic, and in the *b* sub-division the Polynesians and Ainu, with the Indonervians as a branch of the former.

Under the Ethiopic division are grouped the Oceanic negritos and African negroes. Among the former are the Andamanese, Tasmanians and Melanesians, and among the latter the Bushmen and Hottentots; the Australians being, as already stated, a cross between the Tasmanian section of the Oceanic negritos and the Ainu as a low form of the Caucasian Melanochroic. This may be represented in diagrammatic form as under :



Mr. Howitt has informed me that his researches agree with those of Mr. Keane, with the exception that the latter ethnologist considers the Australian an offshoot of the Tasmanian.

Now, according to my reading of the Esoteric ethnology, the lowest type of Tasmanians, some Australians, Andaman

Islanders, a hair-covered race in China, the wild men of Borneo, the Veddas of Ceylon, the Bushmen, Negritos and some others, would have their origin in a crossing of semi-human groups, which were reinforced by later crossings of Lemurians and Atlanteans with certain semi-human tribes. There is certainly much that requires clearing up before the true relationship of existing savages to these Lemurian ancestors can be satisfactorily established, and it is perfectly clear that no theory based on the present configuration of the earth's surface (*i.e.*, of the present land and water surfaces), will account for the origin, diversity and distribution of the genus homo, while the recognition of an extensive land surface, where the Indian, Southern and South Pacific waters roll, upon which the ancestors of the present primitive types may have originated, and have slowly passed through various stages of evolution, will admit of an adjustment of the complex features disclosed by the patient researches of skilled ethnologists.

JAMES STIRLING.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE ANCIENT SEER

THAT ancient Seer . . . , abiding in the breast of each, is first a prophet and poet; then he falls asleep, and awakes as a blindfold logician and historian, without materials for reasoning, or a world for events, but groping towards them; next a painter, with an ear for inward phantasmal music too; at last a sculptor carving out hard, palpable solidities.—THE DREAM OF RĀVAN: A MYSTERY.

A STORY OF REINCARNATION

EMERGING conspicuously from the confused mass of novels borrowing their ideas from the wealth of Theosophic teaching, Mrs. Campbell Praed's new book, *As a Watch in the Night* (Chatto and Windus), demands the attention of Theosophical students as the most brilliant and instructive story of Reincarnation that has yet been produced. In its merely literary aspect it may fairly be regarded by the many admirers of its prolific authoress as by far her most admirable achievement. The human interest of the modern story is glowing and intense. The plot has to do —as the necessities of the kârmic scheme required—with fierce and ill-regulated passion, but no reasonable objection can be brought against it on that score, for a human drama with passion left out would bear little resemblance to the actualities of life. Details in the design may be criticised; but the main idea of the double story could not have been worked out unless it had been blended with this vehement note of feeling.

The modern plot is developed in the beginning, though the mystic thread of past recollection is interwoven with it very soon, and grows more and more significant as the incidents and emotions springing from causes engendered in a group of old Roman lives are gradually unfolded. The heroine, Dorothea Queste, is an artist of fashionable rank—sufficiently so to have the cream of London society at her studio parties, and a statesman of the foremost eminence, who has been Prime Minister, and comes into power again during the progress of the story, as her respectful and devoted lover. There is an objectionable husband in the background from whom she is separated, and whom we never meet, whose existence, for a time, keeps Lord Ravage's ardour in check; but unhappily there is another lover in the case—Gavan Sarel—a Radical leader of conspicuous political force who is *not* kept in check—though the world gives Dorothea credit for the

loftiest morality. Also—to complicate the situation—the personages of the modern group include Dorothea's son—for, passionate heroine though she is, she is old enough to have a son already grown up! Certainly the theories of life pervading fiction have greatly changed since the days when seventeen was supposed to be the right age for a heroine. A much truer view of human nature is that which assigns the culminating intensities of emotion to a later date. The son plays a very loathsome part in the end—though one ingeniously welded in with the kârmic entanglement—and he also, up to the period of general enlightenment, regards his mother as an ideal of austere perfection.

The charm of the book depends in no way on any mystification of the reader, but entirely on the subtle excellence of its workmanship and the harmonies of the ancient and modern story, so that the interest of readers who may be drawn to it by these remarks will not be weakened in the least by our revelation of its outline.

Dorothea has flashing visions of her past life's scenery from the beginning of the story, these being stimulated by an occultist friend of advanced powers, Charafta. But it is not till the crisis of her life is reached, till Sarel proves faithless in his unholy love, and the agony of jealous grief is upon her, that she is plunged into the long, sustained, magnificent vision of her Roman incarnation, that is in truth the kernel of the whole book. Sarel has fallen in love with a young girl, the latest pet of London society, the daughter of an Australian millionnaire, dazzling in her beauty, quaintly original from an almost savage upbringing on the wild shores of northern Queensland. Half mad with anger, Dorothea plunges, with the help of an unworthy admirer, into a scheme of revenge, and that night the whole vision of the past is unrolled before her.

She sees herself as a Roman maiden, Herennia, of patrician but impoverished family, wooed by a rich and very noble-minded lover, much older than herself and physically unattractive. She marries him to secure entrance into the gay world of luxury and fashion. The identification of Dorothea the seeress with herself in the Roman life is admirably described as follows:

To Dorothea, invisible spectator, the very air throbs with new life:

the drama becomes individual. With the presence of the girl, and the power radiating from it, her former vague thrill of recognition deepens into a sense of personal participation in the scene before her. It is now a part of herself, and she has the fancy of stepping down upon the stage and of entering into the body of Herennia, so that the words Herennia speaks are her own thoughts translated, and she is herself vividly conscious of the emotions stirring in Herennia's breast.

Nothing in its way could be more exquisitely true to occult science than this indication of the manner in which the clairvoyant *feels* his identity with a former personality.

Then we have a series of brilliantly vivid panoramic views of the Roman life of the period—Domitian's reign. None of the various novels of which the scene has been laid in old Rome—not even *Quo Vadis*—will compete successfully with Mrs. Praed's story as a picture of the manners and customs of the time. We see Herennia in the midst of her splendour with her passionate heart still unsatisfied, but at last a glowing personality, Othanes, comes on the scene, to be tutor to her stepson—her husband's child by a former marriage. Into his arms she recklessly flings herself. Then we get the clue to the modern drama. He, of course, was the former version of Gavan Sarel; and the later experience is but the repetition, with appropriate modifications, of the former. After his first passion is exhausted he falls in love with a beautiful young slave—a captive of war, in Herennia's household, on whom, when the faithlessness of her lover is revealed to her, she wreakes a horrible revenge, ordering her tongue to be cut out, so as to still for ever the voice that has enchanted Othanes:

A flash!—oh heaven, in mercy but a flash!—of the grisly vision revealed to Dorothea in Pat O'Leary's drawing room when Kaia Aldenning had sung "Niya ninda ka-sia, kasia," gazing as she sang into the face of Gavan Sarel. Then had the old love awakened from sleep; then had the old enchantment, broken nearly two thousand years ago, renewed itself once more. Then had the jealous Roman woman who had wrought the evil deed suffered the first keen pang of expiatory torture. This now Dorothea knows through her subtler senses. Again the agony tears her, but ten thousand times more cruelly. She would have veiled her sight, but a will stronger than hers forces her to look.

And with the knowledge of her guilt, Dorothea's being, body and soul, are wrenched by the pain her former self had inflicted on another. Every

nerve and fibre in her suffers torture too exquisite to be put into words, as she sees the blood spout in crimson streams and fall in great gouts staining the white robes of Astatha, who, bound, helpless, a lamb in the slaughter shed, faints under the knife of those Ethiopian butchers.

In the Roman life Herennia had caused Othanes to be arrested on suspicion of being a Christian, meaning to have him released after a brief imprisonment. But her revenge outruns her intention and he is given to the lions in the arena. The picture of this final scene is thrilling in its extraordinary realism. The reader alive to the resources of clairvoyance will feel that something more than imagination and literary study has to be divined as conducive to the production of these Roman visions.

Dorothea's whole nature is revolutionised by the flood of light that has been thrown upon the past. But when she returns to her modern life it is too late to keep back the revenge she had planned. Some damaging revelations concerning Sarel's political career and a letter of her own have wrecked alike his public and private aspirations. A second time she has given him to the beasts! We need not here unravel the skilfully entangled skein more fully. Lord Ravage—the noble-minded husband of the Roman time—plays a beautiful part in the *dénouement;* Alaric, the son—the stepson of Rome—an appropriately vile one, but no commonplace attempt is made to wind up in any methodical fashion the affairs of the modern *dramatis personæ*. The concluding passages of the book are more important than if they had been spent on any such conventional routine. Dorothea stands ready to sacrifice herself utterly to secure, with another than herself, the happiness of the man she loves. He dies, as events fall out, in her presence, but Charafta, the Augur Umbritius of Rome, of whom we have not had time to speak, addresses her in vision.

A majestic figure, his face full of tenderest compassion, the deepest sympathy in his eyes, but something of solemn joy in his smile, Umbritius stood silently watching her for several minutes, her only companion save the dead. Then he spoke, and as he spoke it seemed to Dorothea, though no other form was discernible, that they three, the living and the dead, were not alone, but that behind the figure of Umbritius, distinct from it yet enfolding it, was a Presence, radiant, undefinable, from Whom alone shone the Light illuminating the Seer's countenance, by Whom the Seer's words were inspired.

"My daughter," Umbritius said, "do not grieve, but rather rejoice. Rejoice, for in the book of the Recorders it shall stand no longer against you, 'In pain and failures and disappointment shalt thou seek the Path anew. Thou shalt pass the portals, but only across thy slain self. Thou shalt reach the goal, but the watchword of two dreary lives shall be Expiation.' I recall to you the words of the sentence," Umbritius went on, "that you may know it is now fulfilled, and henceforth blotted out for ever. The expiation has been made. The goal is within your sight. The self has been slain.

. . . . . .

Out of dying, life comes, and the life is Love. Only when Love seems to be slain and dead does it arise triumphant, deathless. Though the man you love lies in his mortal body dead at your feet, though your renunciation may appear to you unavailing, and hope be quenched in your heart, know that the beloved one whom by sacrifice you have made your own, is yours through all lives to eternity. Know that the love which you would renounce for the sake of the beloved becomes a possession that neither men, nor angels, nor devils, can take from you.

For Love, mightiest of all powers, is in its purest forms undying. It is the eternal force that upholds the Universe, which sustains life from its lowest shapes to that one you inhabit, which draws souls together age after age, and comes as a crown to men and women—not to men and women only in human form, but to spirits far above them, whose greatness you can but dimly comprehend. Over earthly love made perfect—over love which through suffering has reached divinity—the grave has no jurisdiction.

Some trivial criticisms on the earlier part of the book could easily be offered. The sketches of London society and political life are such as we have had before, and perhaps are developed here with too much detail. But these scenes on the other hand may serve to attract the commonplace reader, and ensnare him into the paths of the higher teaching with which the book abounds. As a whole, and by virtue of its sterling occultism, wisely denuded of all the catchwords and technicalities of the scientific student, the new story should teach a wide circle of readers some of the most urgent lessons of Theosophy, before they are even aware of the fact that they are gathering in some of the essence of the Wisdom Religion.

A. P. SINNETT.

"THE GATELESS BARRIER"

IT is not as a review or as a criticism that I wish to speak of this last work of Lucas Malet's pen. Clever as is the writing, skilful as is the characterisation, it is that subtle element which lies behind the written words which gives distinction to this strange and beautiful "dream-poem." It is the writer's attitude of mind. Whether she believes, or wishes us to believe, in the particular manifestations of the supernatural in this book, I think hardly matters, it is her attitude of mind towards those things of the spirit which belong to all time, which is so arresting.

And, after all, what is the so-called supernatural?

Though things do not exist *for us* to which we cannot respond, it does not follow that they do not exist; though it appears to be a particular source of irritation to a certain number of people that anything should exist, or be believed to exist, of which their five senses do not enlighten them.

It is the old war between the Idealists and the Materialists—those who look upon the life of man as a department of physics, and those who recognise that it is influenced by forces not altogether subject to the laws of time and matter.

With regard to this vexed question, I think there is a sentence in the book which is the keynote to the writer's view of the subject, and is very probably the experience of many who, in the eternal circle of things, have gone forth from—and returned.

It occurs in Laurence Rivers' mental estimate of the great surgeon who comes down to see his uncle.

"He appeared to him to have passed the limits of denial and scepticism and reached that compromise and poise of mind wherein revolt ceases and the capacity of acceptance and belief becomes almost unlimited."

With the strange and ever more strange revelations of science as to forces around us, surrounding us, acting and reacting, but to which, limited by our own very limiting senses, we cannot respond—sounds to which our ears are deaf, colours to which our eyes are blind, vibrations which convey, and yet, for us, convey nothing,—well may we say that with added knowledge the capacity for acceptance and belief becomes not less but greater.

But leaving the question of the supernatural and the suggested possibility in the mighty power of love to re-incarnate a spirit in flesh and blood, to wrest through the Gateless Barrier a right of way; leaving all this, we come to the "motif" of the book, the "crux" of this wonderful little story: the triumph of the love which is of the spirit, the infinite and deathless love—the triumph of Renunciation.

There are different kinds of renunciation. There is the renunciation of those, who, upon the supreme occasion, forego the desire of their hearts in obedience to the law which is written within them, "seeing the land which is very far off"; whose eyes are opened to an aspect of love in its deeper significance; to whom it is revealed, as to the spirit-heroine, in that wonderful last scene of their parting, when she sends her lover back to the duty which calls for him. "I see now that behind the loves of earth, just in proportion as those loves are noble and have in them a seed of permanence, stands for ever the love of God Himself, sure and faithful, full of a satisfaction that can never lessen or pass away. I have been blind and very wilful, loving Him too little, loving you too much. But He who made all men and sees how beautiful they are, so that in loving them—they being made in His image—we unconsciously all the while but love His image evident in them—He will surely understand me and forgive."

The renunciation of Laurence Rivers was of another kind. That which he most desired was taken from him, and there remained for him the less direct, but none the less potential, renunciation of acquiescence, of that acquiescence which may be called co-operation with the Divine Will—with God.

It comes to him—as such things come, that subtle change, that alteration of attitude, which, called under divers names and

reached by different ways, signifies that a soul has come home—to its own.

It came to him as he stood by the grave of his lost love—that supreme moment, born so often of disappointment, anguish and the sorrow of death, in which things visible lose their hold, and the eyes of the spirit are opened to behold that which lies upon the "other side."

But I must give it in its own words, an inspiration of thought and language rarely beautiful.

"A glad wind swept up landward from that great thoroughfare of the nations, that highway of stately ships, the narrow Channel sea. It raced through the woodland, swayed the sombre, plume-like branches of the ancient yew-trees, and passed exultant, to fulfil its cleanly, life-giving mission elsewhere. Laurence took a long breath, filling his lungs with it. It was good to taste, sane and wholesome. And then, somehow, those divine words came to him, spoken in the far Syrian country nearly two thousand years ago: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the Spirit.'

"Laurence stood erect and very still, his head held high, his face keen, his lips parted in silent laughter, his whole being vibrant with the surprise of a great conviction, a great discovery. For at length he too saw and understood. He perceived that his love, far from being lost, was his, close and intimately, as she had never been before, in either this life, or that other half-remembered life, in both of which he had loved her so well. He perceived that his amazing and desperate experiment, far from being a failure, was on the high road to a success hitherto undreamed of. He perceived that his splendid adventure, far from being ended, had but just begun; and that, could he but keep faith with his present seeing, it would not end until he too had pushed back the heavy curtain, and finally crossed the threshold of so-called death. Nor would it end even then, were life lived in the light of this his present seeing. The future was illimitable, since the goal of it was nothing less than union with the Divine Principle itself. However innumerable the company

of human lives that had gone to produce his own, his individuality was secure henceforth, since he had recognised and embraced the life which alone eternally exists and subsists—the life in, and of, God. Five months ago, crossing the Atlantic, in the chill of the March night, while the big ship steamed eastward, and the stars danced in the rigging as she sunk and swung in the trough, and then rose—as a horse at a fence—at the coming wave, he had asked himself the question as to the profit of gaining the whole world, if in so doing a man should lose his own soul. All his experience since then had been a setting of that vital question at rest for ever. For he had found his soul. The matter was simple to the point of laughter, when once apprehended. In bidding him farewell, his sweet companion had promised him that she and he would be at last made one, being one with Almighty God. He had heard that as he might mere rhetoric, idle though pretty words, placing it in some unimaginable future, his mind still in bondage to human conception of time and space. Now he beheld this consummation as already accomplished, immediately present, constant, here, now, permanent. All that it needed was just an attitude and habit of mind, and then work. Work, not so much for any great benefit derivable by others from that work (though the desire of the welfare of others must be a fundamental element in that work); but for the maintenance of the said all-important attitude and habit of mind in himself. Almost any work would do.

"There was his property; and, happily, sufficient of the feudal idea still remains in England to make the possession of a great landed estate fruitful in humane relations between class and class. There was the dear earth, too, to till and sow, and render more fertile and more useful to man. There were politics and public affairs. In the light of his present illumination he dare approach these things, strong to carve out a career for himself, yet for ever keeping his secret against his heart. Salvation is for the individual, each individual must find it for him or her self. Souls cannot be saved in batches. But to each and all it may, and will come, if they have courage and fortitude, and the single eye which refuses illusions."

The working out of this alteration of attitude in Laurence Rivers, the finding of his soul, that salvation which, as the writer says, each must work out for themselves—it is this that I think is so powerful in this book.

It is the portrayal of the triumph of the spirit; with its satisfaction, its reward, intangible, and impossible to convey by words, but recognisable by those who have experienced it. And the value of the gain of this is, I think, brought to bear upon us, not by ignoring, but by frankly facing the material side.

It is possible that some may think that this material side has been too much insisted upon, but that is no triumph which is the subjugation of a handful of dead ashes, and, as M. Maeterlinck has lately told us in his beautiful thoughts upon the Kingdom of Matter: "It is necessary first to have known the love of the flesh before the nature of veritable love is revealed in its deeper and unchanging purity." The subordination of the flesh to the spirit is the ideal towards which we aspire, but in a true presentment of life, the tremendous empire of the senses has to be frankly dealt with, and the advancement of the kingdom of the spirit is brought about more by those who recognise both, and place them in their right position, than by those who ignore the one in exalting the other.

After all, we must be complete as well as perfect; and this is attained by bringing into obedience, by altering the things of the senses into "Heavenly Children," as Nietzsche puts it, not by maiming nor extirpation. It is those who understand the one who can best advance the other, can best value this faculty of the spirit, this kingdom of rest and peace to which our eyes, tired with the things material, may at length open; can best know that it is these things that are permanent, that are *we* —ourselves. It is these things which, again in the words of Maeterlinck, "constitute our sole inheritance, and, happen what may to the end of time, it is around this home, this light, that humanity will press ever more and more nearly."

GEORGINA M. SYNGE.

IONS, ATOMS AND ELECTRONS

SOPHIA (Wisdom) appears in most religions and mythologies in a feminine form, so perhaps her latest daughter, Modern Theosophy, may be considered excusable if she reiterates, somewhat frequently, that hackneyed and irritating formula: "I told you so,"—in which women are rightly or wrongly supposed to be rather prone to indulge. In the pages of our REVIEW for not a few years past paragraph after paragraph has appeared in which the often abused and usually sneered at Theosophist has, in one form or another, planted this retort in the heart of a not too generous criticism by pointing to some new discovery of science, some new view of religion, just gaining general acceptance, which is identical in substance with, or at least approximates more or less closely to what H. P. B. taught and printed long ago, or what some of our later students and investigators have perceived.

This is again the case. In a very interesting paper in *Nature*, of September 27th, 1900, upon "The Theory of Ions," Mr. Fitzgerald enunciates, as his leading position more than entitles him to do, what are becoming the dominant views of our most advanced scientific thought. He is summarising, one presumes, the views upon the subject which he gave, probably at greater length, at the last meeting of the British Association; and behold! they disclose another great stride on the part of science towards the much decried teaching of the "visionary" and "impracticable" occultist—in more than one department.

In the very first paragraph we have it stated that the hypothesis—declared by H. P. B. in 1887 to be a fact, not a theory—that electricity itself is atomic, has been naturally led up to and confirmed by recent work and thought, as an inevitable corollary to the facts and laws of electrolysis. At any rate,

certain it is that there is a definite minimum quantity of electricity which corresponds to each single atomic bond—or as it is called in chemistry, degree of valency. And to this natural and important physical unit quantity of electricity has been given the name "electron."

Further, in electrolysis, the electrons always appear connected with, and travelling with, certain atoms or groups of atoms, and to these charged atoms or groups of atoms the name "ions" has been given.

It would take too long, and there is still too much obscurity and uncertainty surrounding the problem, to go here into the various theories and investigations to which these facts have given rise, although Mr. Fitzgerald's paper contains more than one observation the suggestiveness of which will probably be more apparent to the student of occultism even than to his own colleagues. For instance, pointing to the important difference between the conductivity of a gas and that of a liquid, he observes: "In the case of a liquid, the electricity always travels along with matter in the form of an atom or a group of atoms; in a gas there is every reason to believe that we are often dealing with electric charges which, if connected with matter at all, are connected with masses which are about 500 times smaller than a hydrogen atom." Only think of the storm of derision that would have fallen on the unfortunate scientist of twenty years ago, who should have dared to speak of a portion or corpuscle of matter less than one five-hundredth of an atom of hydrogen in mass! Surely we are getting somewhat close to a reincarnation of last century's "imponderables" which, according to the verdict of official science only a few years ago, had *finally* received their death certificates and had been buried away in the dust bin to which had been solemnly consigned "mysticism," "vitalism," the "soul," and so many other "exploded superstitions," which are now exhibiting such curious vitality. Truly time's wheel brings strange changes and many a quaint vengeance and most malicious fate, as its mighty sweep comes round full circle.

Thus in this one short paper, we have our old friend, the one fluid theory of electricity, taking new life in a fresh form in which

"matter" takes the place of the positive fluid of the old two fluid theory; not to mention the daring suggestion that all matter may really be built up of electrons, some 500 or so going to make one atom of hydrogen. But into the details on these points we have no space to go here; enough has been said to call attention to this new evidence of how strong is growing the drift of advancing science towards occultism.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

A DR. FR. SEEMANN publishes in the Berlin *Prometheus* the theory that the order of genesis usually given by scientific men should be reversed, and that Neptune is really the youngest of the planets and Mercury the oldest. Into the figures by which he supports his view we need not enter. The calculations which would be required to show whether such an order of events were possible would appal Laplace; nor does the Doctor seem to have considered at all the interference with the rotation of the nearer planets which must have taken place when such masses as Jupiter and Saturn were (as he supposes) shot from the sun through their midst. But that such a statement should be published in a German scientific paper is a useful reminder of how little science really knows for certain, and how small a real foundation scientific men have for their decision that the account of the world-formation outlined by Theosophical literature is contradicted by it.

Seniores Priores Planetarum

* * *

AN example of this is furnished by the experience that metal conductors which have to carry a continuous stream of electricity, are found to offer a continually increasing resistance to the current, just as if they became wearied, in the same way as a human muscle is wearied by too long exertion or the eye by over-much seeing, so that a time of rest and refreshment becomes necessary

Fatigue of Metals

that the old power and capacity may be recovered. Lord Kelvin has lately established by elaborate measurements that the telegraph wires are thus improved by their Sunday's rest. He finds that their conductivity steadily diminishes from Monday to Saturday, and is recovered by the Sunday's quiet. An electric wire, after a three weeks' idleness, was found to have its conductivity increased as much as ten times.

* * *

A REUTER'S Telegram in *The Morning Post* of September 27th, informs us that the *Gazette de Lausanne* publishes a document which is regarded as the excommunication of Count Leo Tolstoi by the supreme authority of the Orthodox Greek Church. The document is in the form of a secret circular addressed by Joannikius, the Metropolitan of Kieff and President of the Holy Synod, to all the Archbishops of Russia, and is dated March 31st, 1900. The concluding passage runs as follows:

Excommunication of Tolstoi

> By numerous works in which he has set forth his religious principles, Tolstoi has shown himself a declared enemy of the Church. He does not recognise the existence of the Trinity in Unity. He denies the divine character of the Second Person of the Trinity, the Son of God, whom he considers as a simple mortal. He blasphemes the holy mystery of the Incarnation and falsifies the sacred text of the Gospels. He disavows Holy Church, which he regards as a human institution and also ecclesiastical hierarchy, and he blasphemes the holy mysteries and ceremonies of religion. In a word, he belongs to those whom the Holy Orthodox Church expels solemnly from her bosom, and publicly excommunicates. Unless Count Tolstoi recants, the celebration of expiatory masses, in the event of his death, would not fail to wound the religious feelings of true believers, and provoke an indignation which should be avoided. Consequently the Holy Synod deems it necessary to prohibit the celebration of all divine services and of all expiatory masses in the event of the death of Count Leo Tolstoi unless he may have during life recanted the views above mentioned.

We do not know who is to be the more commiserated, Count Leo Tolstoi or the President of the Holy Synod. Tolstoi is a powerful and dramatic writer, a good man and an earnest follower of the Christ as he conceives of Him and His teachings; but the views of "the grand mujik" are often too self-opinionated and intolerant; his scriptural exegesis always too crude and frequently too childish; his knowledge of the history

of the origins almost non-existent. He rejects many good things that the tradition of the Orthodox Greek Church has preserved, in spite of her many abuses, so that we are not surprised that the President of the Holy Synod is compelled by his tradition and rules to pass sentence upon this unruly member of his flock. On the other hand, the Metropolitan of Kieff must have experienced many a qualm of conscience in withholding the "benefits of religion" (if he really believes in them) from so whole-hearted a servant of the Christ as Leo Tolstoi. If the Greek Church would be really Holy and Orthodox in deed as well as in name, it should learn to act with the wisdom of the Master; its priests and consecrated divines ought to explain to men like Leo Tolstoi where they are right and where they are mistaken; and explain with such sweet reasonableness that their hearers might recognise that they really were in possession of the true doctrine of the Christ instead of being for the most part ignorant handers on of a misunderstood tradition.

* * *

The Mystic Tennyson

SOME years ago we published in our pages the following scrap of autobiography from the inner life of Tennyson. We think it of sufficient importance to be again brought to the memory of our readers, drawing especial attention to the mantra-like means employed by the poet. The following is an old cutting from *The Chicago Tribune* of December 4th, 1888, reproducing an authentic letter of Tennyson's, which had come into its possession.

The letter is in the poet's handwriting, and is dated Faringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7th, 1874. It was written to a gentleman who communicated to him certain strange experiences he had when passing from under the effect of anæsthetics. Tennyson writes:

I have never had any revelations through anæsthetics; but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till, all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest; the surest of the surest; utterly beyond words; where death was an almost laughable

impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life.

I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words? This is not a vulgar table-tipping spiritualism. It is the most emphatic declaration that the spirit of the writer is capable of transferring itself into another state of existence, is not only real, clear, simple, but that it is also infinite in vision and eternal in duration.

He continues that when he comes back to sanity he is ready to fight for the truth of his experience, and that he holds it—the spirit whose separate existence he thus repeatedly tests—will last for æons and æons.

It is pointed out by Prof. Thos. Davidson, who had seen the letter, that the same conviction, if not the same experience, only with another, is described in "In Memoriam," xcv. The stanzas are generally passed over as referring to a mere poetic frenzy of grief; but reading them in the light of the calmly penned prose, puts an entirely different aspect on the incident contained in the lines referred to.

* * *

THE extraordinary number of infant musical prodigies who have been, and are, springing up on all sides is truly remarkable. There must be by this time some hundreds of them who have appeared. *The Globe*, of October 26th, reports yet another:

Another Infant Musician

The Paris *Figaro* announces the arrival in Paris of an infant prodigy in the shape of the six-year-old daughter of Anton Kneisel, director of the School of Music at Bucharest. At two years old, it is said, her tiny hands commenced to finger the keyboard, and at four she had given public performances, first at Ismail in Bessarabia, and later at Bucharest.

And yet, amid all these hundreds of cases of marvellous skill in musical execution, there have been but one or two at most who have as yet grown into really inspired creators of music. On the other hand, one of the greatest masters of musical composition this planet has ever nurtured, Richard Wagner, banged on the piano atrociously, and howled rather than sang. Are those who create music different from those who make it? Are the pupils of the Gandharvas (who drink in and reproduce the divine melody) inferior to the creative son of the Muses, the daughters of Memory?

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Cult of Darwinism

The Gospel according to Darwin. By Dr. Woods Hutchinson. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.; London: Kegan Paul; 1900.)

As the child, born and reared within the walls of a prison cell, and basking day after day in the single beam of sunlight that shines through the narrow window-slit, may deem that single ray the sum-total of sunlight there is in the world, so may men, enwrapped in their ignorance and perceiving but a single ray of the great sun of Truth, become so infatuated with it, so absorbed in it, as to believe themselves possessors of the greater part of that which illumines the world. The upshot of which is that such men greatly exaggerate the importance of what they see by means of the light vouchsafed to them, and present, when they attempt to communicate their ideas to others, a more or less distorted picture of the world which they inhabit.

Without any lack of appreciation of the value and beauty of the book under review, I may say that, in my opinion, the above remarks apply pre-eminently to its author.

Darwinism, the keynote of this work, is assuredly *one* aspect and a part of the Truth, and that a very brilliant one. Its brilliance has, indeed, dazzled the eyes of those less advanced students of nature who are only as yet fitted to study her physical side. Yet there are higher classes whose students have added to their studies those of the higher planes of nature and the science of the soul, studies just as scientific as those of the Darwinians, but of whose existence the less advanced students have not as yet dreamed.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson's book is a most instructive one for our Theosophical colleagues to read. It is seen to be one of those brilliant attempts, like others of its kind, to read the riddle of the universe by gazing, until one is needlessly dazzled, at one side of it alone. It is as if a man were to try to thoroughly understand the

mechanism of a watch by contemplating its face all day long and watching the hands go round and round. This is the key to the recognition of all the (to a theosophical student) palpable errors scattered through the pages of this eloquently-penned and deeply interesting book. Like all Darwinians and other modern scientists the form-side of nature is alone regarded, and thus the "secret of evolution," to use Mrs. Besant's phrase, is infallibly lost. The "Fifth Gospel," as the author terms his thesis, tells us, with considerable intellectual vigour and very much of truth, how to perfectly evolve, and make the very utmost of, our *material* life, our life of form. To one of wider studies this is at once seen to be a most partial, one-sided view of nature. The *life* side of nature has been entirely ignored; hence the incompleteness and hence also the exaggerative element in the work. Yet the book owes much of its beauty and attractiveness, and therefore of its truth, to the fact that the lower planes of nature are a *reflection* of the higher. To speak in modern Theosophic language, the author everywhere regards the monadic essence as capable by itself alone of accomplishing all the ends of evolution, not believing that it is God Himself, by means of the outpouring of mind from His highest essence, who alone can "make the pile complete." A mirage in a desert wild is but a reflection of a beauteous scene in real substantial existence elsewhere and beyond our ken; the image of a tree or mountain in a clear and crystal lake has often been mistaken for the real object itself.

Hence the exaggeration in the author's third and sixth chapters on the "Holiness of Instinct," and "Love as a Factor in Evolution," where purely animal affections are placed on a par with—nay, are made the origin of—spiritual ones. "Humanity," he says, "can boast of no nobler, truer emotions than the love of the doe for her fawn, or the dove for her nestlings," etc. Can it not? "The struggle for existence and the naturalist are fully entitled to claim love and morality as their own until 'revelation' and the supernaturalist have proved the contrary." These statements are taken as texts to try and show, as Prof. Drummond has also tried, that the altruistic and other virtuous feelings of humanity have their source in, are the outcome of, the complex and highly-evolved instincts of the lower animals. Had the author been a student of the science of the soul, he would know that these instincts belong to the animal plane, which is, it is true, a reflexion and *preparation* for its counterpart, the spiritual, but yet these animal instincts, beautiful and pure as they are, because the outcome of the working of the life of the Logos, can never be transformed into

the *virtues* of the higher planes until the advent of mind from the Source of all.

In chapter iv., on "The Beauty of Death," the poor consolation for the *utter extinction* of every living being is offered, that its dust affords excellent manure for the development of the next succeeding race! The "Life Eternal" of chapter v. is merely that of physical nature passed on, with ever-increasing complexity and beauty of manifestation, from generation to generation. The author's attitude with regard to the question of human immortality is a purely agnostic one, as might have been expected. "As we have," he says in the concluding part of the book, "not a scrap of ponderable evidence as to its [a future life's] character or even existence, we should be most irrational to either dread it or long for it." Nevertheless, the whole attitude of the writer is that of one who, by making the most of life as he knows it, is preparing himself to pass on, in some future incarnation, to a higher standard in life's school, where a higher and a wider science will be taught.

The value and excellence of the book, as a thesis on the possibilities of physical nature regarded from the Darwinian standpoint of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, can hardly be overestimated. This beautifully-coloured aspect of the world, with its myriad pictures of tender meaning and the undying interest of its infinitely varied phenomena, has been made the utmost of by our author, and I need only mention such titles to the later chapters of his work, as: "The Strength of Beauty," "The Value of Pain," "Reproduction," "Lebenslust," to suggest that the theosophical student of Nature, who peruses them, and who would examine Nature from each and every point of view, will not spend his time in vain.

W. C. W.

The High Theology of Low Peoples

The Making of Religion. By Andrew Lang, M.A., LL.D. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.; Second and cheaper edition with new preface, 5*s*. net.)

It will be within the recollection of many of our readers that when Mr. Lang's book appeared in 1898, Mrs. Besant accorded it a lengthy and favourable notice, welcoming it as marking "a turning point in the study of anthropology and mythology," and strongly advising theosophical students to procure the book and make themselves masters of its contents. The present edition is the same as the pre-

vious one, but is furnished with a new preface, in which Mr. Lang defends his conclusions from the attacks of his critics and strengthens his position as exponent of a theory of the origin of religion in savage races more nearly in harmony with theosophical conceptions than any of the existing hypotheses. It only remains to add that the present volume is offered at less than half the price of the first edition, and therefore comes within the reach of a wider circle of readers.

E. W.

Christian Mysticism

The Soul of a Christian: a Study in the Religious Experience. By Frank Granger, D.Lit., M.A. (Lond.). (London: Methuen and Co.; 1900. Price 6*s*.)

Dr. Granger is to be sincerely congratulated on producing a work not only of interest, but of great utility. He attacks the problems and phenomena of the religious life from the standpoint of an enlightened psychology and with sympathetic insight, to which is added the balance of a mind trained in the school of accurate analysis. The result is a book which deserves the close study of all who are desirous of treading the mystic path with decency and prudence. *The Soul of a Christian* is not a book that can be skimmed through by indolent curiosity which seeks the excitement of marvels; it is a book for serious study. In our opinion, what may be regarded by some of our readers as a weak point in the author's equipment, only adds to the utility of his work. Dr. Granger frankly confesses that he has had no personal psychic experience; he is, therefore, in our opinion —seeing that he has indubitably insight into the nature of the hidden way—less liable to get a twist in the direction of his own experience, and more capable of taking an impartial view; in brief, of reviewing from the side of the formless instead of peering through the psychic atmosphere clouded with externalised subjectivity. The writer's favourite authors seem to be Augustine, Bunyan, Teresa and Blake, so that he is catholic enough in his sympathies.

In fact, Dr. Granger's work is written from the standpoint of wide tolerance, so that none will have cause to complain of him; for the only people he condemns are Theosophists, and they are not likely to complain, when they find Dr. Granger marching along so valiantly shoulder to shoulder with them, and when they know that Dr. Granger will have no more appreciative readers of his book than themselves. The chief reason of the Doctor's antipathy is not far to

seek; it is that he will have nothing to do with reincarnation—though indeed *that* does not constitute *our* orthodoxy. For instance, on p. 29 he writes:

> We are not venturing then upon any theory of successive births, "the drear, out-worn speculation so familiar to us all these many years past, wherewith the Esoteric Buddhist has traduced the greatest spiritual influence in Asia.

This quotation is interesting for several reasons. The original was written in *The Dome* (ii. 209), by Miss Fiona Macleod, whose writings again are appreciated by none more than by the members of the Theosophical Society, and whose ideas and interests are explicable to them on no other theory than that of rebirth. Who but an ancient Celt should strive to revive the ancient spirit and traditions of the race; who but a knower within should speak so feelingly without? What, however, this careless, angry sentence can mean precisely is hard to say. "The greatest spiritual influence in Asia" is presumably meant for the Buddha, and how His memory is traduced by holding one of the fundamental doctrines of His Law, is a mystery. Then again, why "Esoteric Buddhists"? It is true that some *three* or *four* Western members of the Society have taken *pansil*, and it is true *one* book out of the hundreds written by members of the Society bears that unfortunate title; but the fact is, that it is very hard to find a member of the Society (except, of course, born Buddhists), who would recognise himself as a Buddhist, exoteric or esoteric. Not only so, but the thousands of Brâhmans in India who belong to the Society would be exceedingly pained by such a title, and so would the thousands of Christians in the West; and yet most of these thousands believe in reincarnation.

Again Dr. Granger writes on p. 97:

> It is one of the marks of the superficiality of Theosophy that the moral progress exhibited by it is that of the individual alone, apart from his context, from the social life in which he attains reality. In fact, the very idea of a second incarnation seems to contradict what seems to be a universal condition of the individual's life. A further objection is this, they talk "as if it were possible for *any* soul to clothe itself in *any* body."

Dr. Granger should carefully consider the first object of the Society, and then read *The Voice of the Silence*, or any other ethical work circulated among our members or written by them. When one is conscious of having one's whole energies bent in one direction, and a man suddenly taps you on the shoulder and tells you you are

doing the very opposite, your only conclusion is that you or he are demented. The quotation from Aristotle is again a ludicrous weapon of assault with which to attack the doctrine of reincarnation, when it is protected by the triple brazen armour of the allied doctrine of karma. It is the beating of a mail-clad knight with a bladder.

Now some of our readers may think that such an antipathy to what they consider a fundamental of their cosmos, must make Dr. Granger's judgment of the facts of mysticism of little value; but this is not the case, and indeed it is most interesting to find that we can shake hands so warmly with one who would belabour us so soundly if he could, for what he considers our foolishness. But most of the great truths are foolishness to most of us at present.

G. R. S. M.

A Beautiful Mystery-myth

Eros and Psyche: a Fairy-tale of Ancient Greece, retold after Apuleius by Paul Carus. Illustrations by Paul Thumann. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. London: Kegan Paul; 1900. Price 6*s*. net.)

Many are the versions and many the books written on this beautiful mythos preserved in the *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius, nevertheless we are glad to welcome the present setting of this most graceful of myths from the hands of Dr. Carus. And this not only for its sympathetic treatment by this prolific author and compiler, but also for the reproduction of Paul Thumann's graceful illustrations. They are indeed, as the author states in his Preface, "the best that could be had," and are inspired by that love of the beautiful which was so pre-eminently the God-given gift of ancient Greece. Dr. Carus avoids the dangers of minute analysis and over-much allegorising; so that his readers are allowed to let their imagination roam untrammelled in the fair regions which the story depicts, and sense the beauties of the soul-realm whence the inspiration of the mythos came. Those of our readers who are interested in the subject, may gain some further "feel" of the atmosphere of the mythos by reading the description of the child Psyche in *The Idyl of the White Lotus*.

G. R. S. M.

A Link with the Gnosis

The Ascension of Isaiah: Translated from the Ethiopic Version, which, together with the new Greek Fragment, the Latin Versions and the Latin Translation of the Slavonic, is here published in full. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Indices, by R. H. Charles, D.D. (London: Black; 1900. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*)

We have to thank Professor Charles for yet another admirable piece of work in the special field of Apocryphal and Apocalyptic literature in which he is now *facile princeps*. Professor Charles' new collation of the Ethiopic MSS. supersedes the edition of Dillman, and in addition he has made valuable use of the newly discovered Greek fragment by Grenfell and Hunt and of Professor Bonwetsch's translation of the Slavonic version. The genealogical relationship between the various text authorities is set forth with great industry and acumen, and the critical notes are of special value.

The Ascension is a composite work, partly Jewish, partly Christian. The Jewish element is the *Martyrdom of Isaiah*, the origin of the myth being traced to a Persian source. The Christian elements are traceable to two originally independent documents, the *Testament of Hezekiah* and the *Vision of Isaiah*. All three elements circulated independently as early as the first century A.D.; and the Jewish element presumably was in circulation at a still earlier date. We thus see that we have a document of great interest for students of Christian origins. This is all the more interesting because we know that the *Ascension* circulated in certain Gnostic circles—the so-called Ophite and Archontic schools. Indeed a most interesting study could be made of the apocalyptic content of this composite document in comparison with the fragments of the Gnosis recoverable from other sources. This does not seem to have entered into the scheme of Professor Charles' work; and in this short notice we can only state that the descent and ascent of the Holy One through the seven Heavens, with all the accompanying details, given in the *Ascension*, plainly point to the fact that we have here an early form of the general tradition of that mixed Babylonian and Persian element which underlay the general structure of the Gnosis in so many schools, and which were so elaborately worked over in such documents as the so-called Pistis Sophia.

The form of the narrative is of course entirely apocalyptic, written in the post-posited prophetical mood, if we may use such a

phrase to designate that strange prophesying after the event which was so widespread in these early years. The words of the narrative simply bristle with expressions and terms which can be exactly paralleled in extant Gnostic documents. We have, therefore, in it a first century popular or semi-popular form of the Gnosis, and it is, therefore, surprising that Professor Charles has not devoted an appendix in his otherwise most valuable work to pointing out these striking parallels.

G. R. S. M.

The Early History of the Society

Old Diary Leaves: the only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society. Second series, 1878-83. By Henry Steel Olcott, President-Founder of the Society. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1900. Price 6*s*.)

Those who have made themselves acquainted with the first series of Colonel Olcott's Diary, containing the history of the early days of the movement in New York, and his experience with H. P. B. during the writing of *Isis Unveiled*, can hardly fail to be interested in the account of his and her first experiences on the soil of India. A great charm of the earlier narrative was the transparent candour with which the Colonel detailed every experience, simply *as* an experience—an event which had to be recorded, entirely without thought of whether it might seem complimentary to himself or otherwise; and this makes his claim fully credible that "no important event has been omitted, no falsification of the record resorted to." In his Introduction he thus speaks of what, to most of us, will form the chief interest of his book:

> One motive which prompted me to begin was that I might leave behind me, for the use of the future historian, as accurate a sketch as possible of that great personality-puzzle, Helena Petrowna Blavatsky, co-founder of the Theosophical Society. I declare upon honour that I have not written one word about her or her doings, save in the spirit of loyalty to her memory and to truth. I have not written a line in malice. I knew her as companion, friend, co-worker, equal—on the plane of personality; all her other colleagues stood with her in the relation of pupil to teacher or as casual friends, or passing acquaintances, or mere correspondents. None knew her so intimately as I, for none save me saw her in all her many changings of mood, mind, and personal characteristics. The human Helena Petrowna, with her unchanged Russian nature; the Madame Blavatsky, fresh from the Bohemian circles of Paris; and the "Madame Laura"—the

bays and bouquets of whose concert tours of 1872-3 as a pianist, in Italy, Russia, and elsewhere, were not long wilted when she came to New York through Paris—were as well known to me as, later on, became the "H. P. B." of Theosophy. Knowing her, therefore, so well, she was not to me what she was to many others—all goddess, immaculate, infallible, co-equal with the Masters of Wisdom; but a wondrous woman, made the channel for great teachings, the agent for doing a mighty work. Just because I did know her so much better than most others, she was a greater mystery to me than to them. It was easy for those who only saw her speaking oracles, writing profound aphorisms, or giving clue after clue to the hidden wisdom in the ancient scriptures, to regard her as an earth-visiting *angelos*, and to worship at her feet; she was no mystery to them. But to me, her most intimate colleague, who had to deal with the vulgar details of her common daily life, and see her in all her aspects, she was from the first, and continued to the end, an insoluble riddle. How much of her waking life was that of a responsible personality, how much that of a body worked by an overshadowing entity? I do not know. On the hypothesis that she was a medium for the Great Teachers, only that and nothing more, then the riddle is easy to read. . . . If I recur again and again to the problem, it is because the deeper I go into these incidents of the past, the more exciting and baffling grows the mystery.

And yet we cannot but think that the Colonel has given us the materials from which, as our own knowledge advances, we shall be able more clearly to make to ourselves an intelligible picture of the strange complex of good and evil known as H. P. B. An *angel*, the woman he describes was not; but equally impossible is it to regard her as the mere charlatan and impostor her enemies would have her to have been. His own words fit her best—"a medium of the Great Teachers," having (in S. Paul's words) her treasure in a *very* earthen vessel, it is true—but the treasure *there*, spite of all appearances to the contrary.

An interesting and amusing part of the Diary is employed in "putting the facts" to the thrilling narratives conjured up by H. P. B.'s riotous fancy for the Russian press, and translated in *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan*. The present volume contains also the detail of the marvels of the visit to Simla which Mr. Sinnett has recorded in his *Occult World*. As to these, the Colonel maintains a studious moderation of tone, not pressing them (as the Christian miracles are used) as evidence of infallibility; but, at the same time, declining to admit that they have been disproved or even rendered doubtful by subsequent discussion. Of course, if it be *assumed* (as the opponents always assume) that such things are impossible to be done,

and all evidence to the contrary must be mistaken, the discussion can only have one logical conclusion; but our contention is that this assumption is purely false, and that the facts are against it. Very interesting also are the various pictures of travel in India and of popular enthusiasm in Ceylon; and the volume closes with the history of the wondrous career of the Colonel himself as a mesmeric healer. This should be of much interest to the medical profession, as it is the only case in which such a healer has had sufficient knowledge to enable him to give an intelligible account of what he has been doing, and of its perfect *bona fides* we, at least, can have no doubt. We heartily commend the volume to all who are interested in the work of the Society and in the character of its founders. It is illustrated with photographs of the surroundings and portions of the interior of the Headquarters at Adyar. Curiously enough there is no view of the house itself; this is possibly reserved for the succeeding volume.

A. A. W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist. In the October instalment of "Old Diary Leaves," Colonel Olcott's first words startle us: "It was so cold going down the Red Sea that the men wore their overcoats and the ladies their furs." The main portion is devoted to the too brief life of Mr. C. F. Powell as a Theosophist, and his sudden and unexpected death. The statement that, ten days before, a good astrologer had foretold from his horoscope that he would live to be ninety, illustrates well the limits of such prophetical insight. What we call "accident" may interfere at any point with the plan of life laid out in the horoscope—to foresee the "accident" would require a very different and far higher power in the seer, and one not to be expected from the mere astrologer. A vain attempt to obtain from the Buddhist High Priest Sumangala an explanation comprehensible to the Western mind of the apparent contradiction that the Arhat entirely ceases to be on entering Nirvâṇa, and yet somehow survives to enjoy its bliss, is the most important matter. It is this point which is so pressed by Occidental philosophers as a proof that to the Southern Buddhist Nirvâṇa *is* annihilation, however he may shrink from admitting it; but the Colonel was no more successful than his predecessors in "drawing" Sumangala on this head. Miss Edger continues her valuable work in bringing out from the Gospels the "Glimpses of Theosophical Christianity" they contain; A. Schwartz, in concluding his series on "Consciousness," treats of the higher stages

enjoyed when the mind is freed from its bodily limitations; Jehangir Sorabji speaks in a very practical manner of various points arising in a review of the twenty-five years of the Society's existence, of the hindrances and helps caused by diet, marriage and religious creed. Other contributions are "Ancient Astronomy," by Samuel Stuart; a careful and unprejudiced study of "Theosophy and Socialism," by A. E. Webb; and some lighter matter in the shape of a poem and what is called "An Astral Picture," conclude a good number.

The Prasnottara for September and October reports Mrs. Besant's arrival on the 24th September, with Mrs. Lloyd and J. C. Chatterji. The paper on Shrî Kṛishṇa, the "Daily Practice of the Hindus" and Mrs. Besant's lectures on the Emotions are continued, and a series of "Thoughts on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*" is begun.

The Theosophic Gleaner for September opens with a discussion of the Ego, by P. H. Mehta, the substance of which is the needful reminder that beyond the wisdom of the *I* which has learnt in rising that "I myself am verily the supreme Brahm" comes the stage of union, when "I am Brahm" is transformed into "All is Brahm." D. D. Writer discourses on "Our Progressive Age"; and the number is completed by useful reprints, including Mrs. Besant's Convention Address.

Âryа Bâla Bodhinî, September, contains in one of its articles a touch which is worth preserving, as a hint of *some* Hindu opinion of commentators in general. It is an introductory verse which runs, "I plunge into the study of the holy work, whose object is the redemption of men, and which by being free from the touch of crooked interpreters has become dear to Kṛishṇa."

The Dawn for August concludes a learned article on the "Vedântic Doctrine of Illusion," by the Editor. It also includes "The Spirit of Renunciation," by E. A. Skilton; and some sayings of "that great Saint of Mahratta-land, Tukaram of the seventeenth century."

Also received, *Siddhânta Deepika* and *Sanmârga-Bodhinî*.

The Vâhan for November. In the "Enquirer," A. P. S. and others explain that Theosophy does *not* teach that every Ego is striving for the final extinction of its own self-consciousness; C. W. L. replies to a query as to the reason of the long devachanic period; G. R. S. M. answers that no one of us can say precisely why Jesus died a violent death; and several answers are given to a question as to the connection between the development of manas with that of holiness.

Der Vâhan for November has the continuation of A. von Ulrich's

paper on Religions and Theosophy, the abstract of our REVIEW and translation of the answers in the *Vâhan*. Chas. Johnston concludes his reminiscences of H. P. B., and in the "Kleiner Vâhan" is a curious story from Hungary of a congenital idiot, who, on recovering his senses as the result of a fall in his fourteenth year, was found to be possessed of all the knowledge which his elders had attempted (as they supposed, in vain) to teach him in his earlier life.

Theosophia for October, besides translations from H. P. B. and Mr. Sinnett, continues J. van Manen's *Tao Te King* and has an interesting account of Islâm as a popular religion in Sumatra, by P. de Heer; an important address by M. Reepmaker on the occasion of the opening of the Rotterdam Lodge on the 24th September, under the title of "Solitude, Duty and Love"; and a translation by J. v. M. of the remarkable paper by Dr. van Jostenoode in the *Wiener Rundschau*, iv. 18, entitled "Dharma and Karma."

In the October number of *Teosofia*, Signora Olga Calvari continues her valuable series of "The Earth and Humanity in relation to the Solar System," and translations from Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Sociology," and C. W. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance* make up the remaining contents.

Philadelphia, September. Carlos M. Collet treats of "The Death Penalty considered in the Light of Theosophy," and comes to the highly American conclusion that the requisite reformation of criminals "will be easily obtained by giving them occupation, an elevated moral training, good treatment—in a word, by the harmonious exercise of all their faculties in penal colonies established in the midst of the beauties of nature." But as long as we have not provided all this for those who are *not* criminals, it is surely unwise to make crime the *only* key to paradise! A. Sorondo contributes a serious paper on "Our Civilisation—what it is, and what it should be"; and there are translations from Mrs. Besant, A. Marques, Nicola Tesla and Tolstoi's ever-welcome *Martin Avdeyitch*.

Theosophy in Australasia, September. F. G. G. Hynes contributes "A Bird's-eye View of the Theosophical Movement." He is possibly a little too "cocksure" in some of his statements; he does not seem to have seen H. P. B.'s own explanation of her references to reincarnation in *Isis Unveiled*; and perhaps all of us are not quite so ready as he expresses himself to "assume the position of leaders of religious and philosophical thought"; but these are details. It is natural in a young country to find a pleasure in showing how much

wiser we are than our teachers; in England the tendency of the leaders of *our* thought is to recognize how many difficulties remain still unsolved in what we thought—ten or twenty years ago—that we entirely understood. W. A. Mayers furnishes a short introductory paper on "Theosophy and Civilisation."

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine for October has a rather good story of how the Book Depôt having received a parcel of leaflets "Karma as a Cure for Trouble," was (not unnaturally) charged by the Customs people as for "patent medicine circulars." The more serious contents are "Reincarnation in Relation to Character and Environment," by E. Richmond; and "War as a Factor in Evolution," by H. Horne; whilst S. Stuart comes out in the character of a story-teller, with what promises to be a sufficiently thrilling tale of a magic mirror.

The Theosophic Messenger, October, besides the National Committee letter contains a continuation of the paper on the Ancient Mysteries and questions and answers from the *Vâhan*.

Other periodicals received are, *Modern Astrology*, which opens with a paper on "Occultism in Astrologic Study." Of the combination of the two therein attempted we hope that some one qualified will speak before the termination of the promised series. The statement there made that the vital force, or Prâṇa, "is classified by astrologers under the rule of the planet Mars," already suggests a mode of treatment which will be new to many of us. H. Däath's account of the horoscopes of the Royal Family is interesting, but adds a new terror to kingship, whether the minute details of character be true or mistaken. *The Indian Review*, amongst other valuable matter, has a very outspoken article on Missionary Methods. Also *The Lamp; Light; The Ideal Review* (containing a very kindly Editorial notice introducing Mr. Leadbeater to its New York readers); *Mind; Practical Psychology; Notes and Queries* (in which W. Wynn Westcott discourses of "The Devil and Evil Spirits, according to the ancient Hebrew Rabbis"); *Conduct*, a new monthly journal of ethics; *The Monthly Record* and *Animal's Guardian; Review of Reviews*, and *L'Echo de l'Au-delà et d'Ici-bas*.

W.

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