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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE is no doubt but that the vast majority of people in the Western world regard the birth of the twentieth century as an event of great importance. For them it is a critical period in the world-age; they feel that they are assisting at an important event. And yet, if the truth must be told, this feeling is purely the child of artificial sentiment, and has no reason in the nature of things. For in the first place we may ask: Where do we find a hundred-years' period in nature? What constitutes the sanctity of a century? And in the second we may enquire: When *was* Jesus of Nazareth born? The artificial chronology of Ussher was calculated *backwards*, and works out at B.C. 4; and the latest calculations, based on the orthodox data, work out from B.C. 9 to B.C. 7! Again, Christian nations alone have this date fashion. There is no common world-date. In face of these insurmountable difficulties, what becomes of the centuries, their ends and beginnings?

Centuries

And yet mark the folly of human kind. You will find in old books on astrology the "nativity" of Jesus calculated for December 25th, A.D. 1, and that too though the earliest tradition did not keep the "birth" at the winter solstice. From the

map of the heavens at this time, as seen from Bethlehem, it is "proved" by all the art of the stars, that verily and indeed no one but the Saviour of the West could have been born at that time!

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AND what as to the cycle of which we heard so much in the Theosophical Society? We fear to offend, but we certainly do not think that any plain explanation has been given of the matter. Hints and misunderstood allusions were developed into inspired pronouncements, and many, standing on the tip-toe of expectation, awaited abnormal happenings. It is true that that cycle in its *origin* had to do with astronomical considerations and so was rooted in nature; but are we to suppose that a yuga-tradition of India has any more a world import, than the century-tradition of Christendom? It seems to us that the matter is to be otherwise explained. We fully admit, in the first place, that there must be world-periods and cycles, and doubt not but that they are of great importance, and that a knowledge of them would help the prudent scholar of human affairs immensely. But we were told years ago that *numbers* were not allowed to be given; that is to say, that we were not as yet old enough to understand. As the numbers have not been given up to the present, we conclude that we are still too young to know. There therefore remains belief; people *believe* in these cycles and centuries. And it is because of this wide-spread belief that the time is important, and not because of the real periods and cycles.

Cycles

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THE Western world believes that it is entering on a new century, that a clean page lies open before it; and surely the belief can do no harm. It is a conventional big date, when a wider review may be indulged in, and perhaps general opinion may come to some wider decisions for the future. What these decisions may be it is not for us to prophesy. We believe that the general desire for progress is sincere; and that is enough for the moment. One thing we hold with unshakeable faith, that opportunity will be taken of this attitude of mind, by those who know the real times and seasons, to help and guide wisely and prudently. For us who are still

The New Century

struggling in the ignorance of the *Zeit-Geist*, it is improper to say what should or should not be done. We do not as yet sufficiently know the needs of our brethren; we do not know the intention of the Good Law. We can only dimly sense some small portion of its Infinite Wisdom. And all we can do is to make ourselves ready, by casting aside all prejudice, to offer ourselves for any task that lies near to hand, ready to serve in any humble capacity; not fretfully longing for things to go as *we* desire, but confident that the will of Him who ruleth all for good doth ever in His own good time, which is for ever present, order all things for their appointed ends. Ours is the task to understand that Will, and in no other way can it be known to us than by our working with it. This is our task for the new century, and for all time.

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Theosophy and Art

WE have received from a correspondent a letter which laments the neglect of art in Theosophical circles. We are by no means certain that this ground of complaint is altogether well taken, but will first let our correspondent speak for herself. She says:

Do not we Theosophists, in our zeal and quest for the "real," neglect much that would aid us and train us for our search, much that lies near to our hands, while we strain after that which is afar off, and for the attainment of which we have not yet developed the necessary faculties?

There is surely much in our earth-life which will enable us to gain these faculties more safely, naturally and effectually than the methods sometimes used to develope higher powers, which, by straining organs not yet grown ready for service, may only end in disaster.

Ethics, philosophies, sciences, histories of creeds and races, receive their due meed of attention; but the great value of training in art is ignored. Indeed, it seems there is a tendency to forsake any such bent as being trivial, and leading away from the goal, when once the aim of Theosophy is realised and the following out of its dictates undertaken.

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The Use of Music

IF this complaint had been made ten years ago, we should have said that it was more or less true with regard to the circle with which we were then most closely associated. But that phase has long passed away; it pertained to a time when there was much to be

done which gave no time for anything but the immediate hand. And yet the chief figure in that circle had been a brilliant musician, was innately artistic. Speaking for ourselves we find music an almost unparalleled help up the steep ascent that has to be trodden; we remember the use made of it in the old Pythagorean discipline, and try to utilise the greater opportunities we now enjoy of listening to harmonies unrealisable by antiquity, for the same purposes as the disciples of the Samian employed their simple melodies.

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BUT it should be remembered that the real artist is born, not made; and if it be so ordered that those who for the moment have the main teaching task to perform in the Society are not artists, it is not to be expected that they can miraculously become musicians, painters, sculptors or poets, on the spur of the moment. Let those who have such Muses hovering over them, come forward, and they will be welcome. But as Theosophy is very lofty, so too must theosophic art be very high, and not the counterfeit presentment of art which for the most part confronts us every way we turn. Let our art soar really towards the Beautiful, rising from the appreciation of beautiful sights and sounds, to the utterance of beautiful words, to the thinking of beautiful thoughts, to the contemplation of beautiful ideas, and thence to union with the Beautiful itself, which is but another facet of the Good and True. The Beautiful indeed has its path! We agree with our correspondent so far as to say that we would like to see more of it in some Theosophical circles, but we also know that it is not neglected by many of us, and we do not believe that the "powers" aimed at by methods that neglect its discipline and do harm to delicate physical organs, are "higher."

The Beautiful

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OUR readers are perhaps weary of hearing of the atom and how its indivisibility has now become infinitely divisible. But so vast a revolution in the empire of hypothesis is not to be merely stated and then forgotten. A new world-theory for science, no less, flows from it. The pretenders of recent years are expelled and the

Ether and Etheron

ancient kings of thought are once more restored to their rightful dignity as far as fundamentals are concerned. *The Globe* (December 7th) in its "Echoes of Science," reports as follows:

It was lately shown by Mr. J. J. Thomson that the atom of a gas is composed of smaller bodies which he calls "corpuscles," and Mr. R. A. Fessenden, one of the most eminent American mathematical physicists, has now estimated that an atom of hydrogen comprises about 1,000 corpuscles. An atom of mercury contains about 200,000 corpuscles. He also shows that the so-called "ether" by which light and electricity, and perhaps gravitation acts, is a composite body having a structure with elastic properties resembling those of india-rubber. Ether, according to him, is a structure of vortices in a fluid which he calls "etheron." This conclusion is very similar to Lord Kelvin's theory of matter, namely, vortices in a frictionless, incompressible fluid. This fluid, however, is not the ether, but the etheron, and the ether is itself a finer kind of matter. Mr. Fessenden's paper, which is very profound, is given in *Science*. It tends to confirm the old speculation, which dates from the Greek philosophers, that all matter is formed of a single elemental stuff.

The outermost veil has been lifted; that there remains "veil after veil behind" will doubtless be denied till the next veil is raised. Meantime we may be thankful for small mercies.

* * *

ONE of the most striking books that have appeared in English for many a long day is the *Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan*. Most of it written by his own hand, and the rest at his dictation, it gives such a picture of oriental life as can be found nowhere else. No one who reads can fail to see that a strong man has been at work in what was but a few years ago a semi-barbarous race, or rather a collection of incongruous races. His work has been to create a nation, and how nearly he has succeeded in the short time of his rule, this book will tell. He lays open his own life and his own character with a frankness that often surprises, and a simplicity that only impresses the fact of his greatness more strongly upon the reader. This is not the place to enter into an account of the book itself, but one intensely interesting "psychic" experience of the Amir is worth quoting at length. Like most of those who are convinced of a great purpose he is devoutly religious, and his religion is a sense

Abdur Rahman

of the present reality of his God and his Prophet and the Saints of his faith. There are many instances throughout the book of superphysical aid, described with a vivid directness that leaves no doubt as to the certain conviction of the writer.

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THE following account is merely one out of several equally fascinating, but is specially curious in that it repeats in a new form a story told of several saints in the past. The Amir, it must be remembered, was only a youth at the time.

His Vision

One day when I was holding my Court I received a letter from Amir Azim's daughter who lived at Kabul, and who was betrothed to me. She had instructed her messenger to deliver the letter into my hands only, and that it was not to be shown to anyone, and the reply was to be written and sealed by me. As I have before mentioned, I was never fond of reading and writing, and I had forgotten what little I had ever learned. Imagine my disappointment on receiving this letter! I felt my heart beating, and I blamed myself very much that while I boasted of being such a fine man, I was really most unmanly, being so ignorant. On retiring that night I wept bitterly, and prayed to God with all humility, beseeching the souls of the saints to intercede for me. . . . . At last, being overcome with weeping, towards morning I fell asleep. I dreamed that the figure of a holy man appeared to me. He was of middle size and very straight, with almond eyes and delicate eyebrows, a long beard, and an oval-shaped face, also small long fingers. He wore a brown turban and a striped cloth around his loins and carried a long staff, at the end of which was a piece of iron. He appeared to be standing at my head, and saying very quietly: "Abdur Rahman, rise and write." I awoke with a start, and seeing no one, I slept again, and again the same figure appeared to me saying, "I say *write*, and instead you sleep." I hesitated, and awaking a second time and seeing no one, I again fell asleep. For the third time the holy man appeared, saying with evident annoyance: "If you sleep again, I shall pierce your chest with my staff." At this I was frightened and awoke, but not to sleep again. I called to my pages to bring pen and paper to me, and began thinking of the letters I used to write at school, the unseen power of God representing the shapes of the letters before my mind one after another. My memory helped me to recollect what I had read, and I scribbled on the paper one word and then another. In this way I finished a letter before sunrise of about sixty or seventy lines. Some of the letters were not joined and others hardly formed. When I read this over I found I could read it all, and I also noticed the mistakes, of which there were many. I tore this up and re-wrote it, being so happy and glad I could hardly contain myself. On rising

that morning I opened one or two letters addressed to me from the governors, and finding I could understand the subject of the letters, my pleasure was multiplied ten times. When the hour arrived to attend the Court, the secretary, whose duty it was to read my letters, came to me as usual, but I said: "*I* will read my letters to-day, and you shall correct my mistakes." He smiled, and said: "But your Highness cannot read," at which I opened a letter, saying: "Hear if I can." With that I commenced to read, and dictated the replies. In this way we got through 200 letters and answered 100. At the end of a few days I was quite independent of my secretary's help, and read and answered my private letters myself. Some days after I re-read the Koran, and gave money away in the names of the Holy Saints and Prophets.

* * *

The Divine Christ: A Unitarian View

SOME remarks by the Rev. Joseph H. Wicksteed, M.A., in an article on "The Divine Christ" in *The Inquirer* of September 22nd, will find as ready a response in the minds of Theosophists as in those of the Unitarians to whom they are addressed—whatever may be their reception among more orthodox Christians. "Surely," he writes, "more than one Unitarian visiting Oberammergau has found himself perplexed by the apparent paradox that the Christus is quite as human as his own conception of Christ, but conspicuously less divine."

The cause is partly suggested by the very title of the great drama, for it is the play of the Passion—that is to say, the presentation not of wha Christ did, but of what he endured. And endurance may be touchingly human, but can hardly reveal specific kinship with the creative power characteristically revealed in action.

This difference cannot be too much insisted on. If Christ is to be anything to us, it must be as revealing (*like other supreme souls*) man's divine unity, whereas to the orthodox Christian the entire significance of his life is as revealing God's humanity. Hence, the orthodox Christian can afford to have a merely suffering Christ, can afford to dwell exclusively on his passion —which we cannot. . . . In his creative genius is the divinity of man—his power to be and to do, and to bring about that which none can foresee, for as yet it is not fashioned in the armoury of God. . . . And this is each man's uniqueness, this is his divinity. Even bound in his temporal finitude, he yet retains some glow of the creative will of the Eternal; and if we separate a man from his fellows, and strive to put him in another sphere of God's economy, then we are in danger of robbing him of his supreme glory, which makes him truly a son of God. And is not this exactly what has happened to the Christ of orthodoxy?

Yet, continues the writer, there never has been a time through the centuries, nor ever a place, where some disciples, few or many, have not risen till they caught the light.

The summits of these glowing souls reach in continuous chain between ourselves and far Calvary, linking us with the Nazarene Master himself, and passing on the beacon gleam even where the sun has been lost. Too many of us have sadly to confess that it has always been less our creeds—blinding as they may be—than ourselves, that shut us from the light. In very truth we do not want a divine Christ; and as in olden days men trembled at a thunder-cloud lest it should reveal the God, whom to see was death, so we still shrink from the sight of God in Christ, *as in all other great souls*, as we shrink from death itself. [And] . . . . to us he never will nor ever can appear divine until there glows in our lives some new dawning of the Deity.

Such views as these (the italics are ours) will explain why numbers of Theosophists frequently find themselves at home in the mental and devotional atmosphere of the Unitarian churches.

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THOSE of our readers who are interested in the subject of fire ceremonies and the ordeal by fire, which has been dealt with several times of late in our pages, may be referred to an article in *The Wide Wide World* for October, on "The Hot-Water Ordeal of the Shintos," written by a Japanese lady of Tokio. In connection with this the following communication, in *The Daily Mail* of November 5th, shows that incredulity is giving way to credence :

Ordeal by Fire

YOKOHAMA, *Monday, October 1st.*

According to the *Japan Herald*, on Monday last a party of distinguished Americans (the American Minister and his wife, two naval officers, and others) attended the religious rites of the Ontake Jinsha, a powerful sect of Shintoists.

A heap of burning charcoal was placed in a large furnace. The officiating priest read a service over the fire, after which the foreign visitors, to the number of seven, including ladies, took off their shoes and walked over the fire, their naked feet showing no sign of scorching.

The performance called forth, says the report, the enthusiastic approval of the spectators.

THE YOGA VÂSIṢHṬHA

THE *Yoga Vâsiṣhṭha* is a scripture in the true sense of the word. Its teachings go home to the mind of the student at once. He realises them in his life. They are not like the argumentative writings that, being confined only to the abstract, leave behind in the student a sense as of something foreign to his life, in which he has no real living interest. The *Yoga Vâsiṣhṭha* avoids this by presenting the truth it emphasises in a concrete form, in exact correspondence with all manifest life, which combines inseparably in itself, as two facets of one and the same thing, the abstract and the concrete. And again, as the principles underlying the Universe are few, while the manifestations thereof are endless, so the truths that the book wishes to teach by constant reiteration are few, while the abundance of illustrations given of them extends the work over 32,000 shlokas.

These truths may be summed up shortly:

(1) *The intelligence must be exercised freely. Nothing is to be taken on blind faith.* "Accept the statement that accords with reason though it be spoken by a child; other than such should be cast away like a weed, even though it be uttered by the Lotus-Born (Brahmâ) Himself." This represents the method of the work and that side of it which is in accordance with the spirit of the Buddhistic religion, rather than of the Hindu. The Hindu religion gives greater importance to "faith," and as faith has two meanings, so may the Hindu religion be regarded in two aspects. To that meaning of faith which is the faith of knowledge—the confidence, the belief, the certainty, based on indubitable personal experience—corresponds that interior and esoteric aspect which is represented by Yoga, psychic and spiritual development, and the life of Ṛishis and Munis. To the other meaning of faith, *viz.*, faith without personal knowledge, faith based on the testimony and authority of elders, corresponds the second aspect of

Hinduism, wherein it is a system laid down by patriarchs for the guidance of their children.

Now there came a time in the inevitable progress of evolution, when the two meanings of faith and the two aspects of Hinduism got confused together; evils resulted, and the need arose for replacing the two faiths by the one word, knowledge.

Psychic and spiritual developments are not possible to all. But, on the other hand, the faith of children would not satisfy a considerable number. The two had therefore to be replaced by intellectual knowledge. This was only in accordance with, and a necessary and actual consequence of, the development of what is called in Theosophical phraseology the fifth principle, intelligence. Intelligence means knowledge under the conditions and limitations of space and time, by an individual Jîva, of what is felt, in eternity, in the " Unconsciousness " of the All.

This replacement was sought to be effected by Buddhism. Both Buddhism and Christianity made corresponding changes also in the guiding ideas of ethics and morality in accordance with the requirements of evolution and the growth of individuality and sin; substituting for the ancient " Dharma," duty, the idea of " self-sacrifice "—which in a well-balanced and well-ordered society is only one-half of the Dharma of all, but which in an ill-balanced and ill-ordered society becomes the whole Dharma of a few. But this is not the place to discuss that change.

We are discussing only the intellectual aspect.

Buddhism sought to effect this change by throwing open knowledge to all, and regarding all mankind, for practical purposes, as on a level. It is scarcely possible for us to understand all the whys and wherefores of this step. For our purpose perhaps it may be enough to think that extreme measures are required for extreme cases, and that great reforms can be secured only when still greater are aimed at. After the objects aimed at have begun to be partially realised, it may be time to begin a minute examination of details, and set about imposing such limitations on the scheme as make its realisation easier, if more gradual. This was done by the later revival of Hinduism.

But the appeal to personal intelligence once made was not again abolished, and in all later Hindu philosophical literature,

tarka, argument, and *yukti*, reason, independent of *shruti*, scriptures, *i.e.*, authority, have been given a prominence such as they did not have before. It will be the work of the future to complete the aim of evolution by superadding to perfect intelligence perfect psychic and spiritual development; and one of the objects of the Theosophical Society seems to be the inauguration of such a process. In the meanwhile perfection of intelligence has to be secured on matters philosophical. And the *Yoga Vâsiṣḥtha* is one of the best helps in the task; and accordingly makes its watchword the shloka that has been quoted above.

(2) Secondly—*it emphasises the fact that a true apprehension of man's ultimate nature and of the source of all being is not possible until the student turns to his task with his whole heart.* This is the equivalent of the shloka: "He alone gains the great gain of wisdom, and he gains it surely, who searches for it with Viveka (discrimination) and Vairâgya (renunciation)." That shloka has a far profounder significance than is expressed by the words just used. But that significance may be left to develope of itself in the course of the study. It is enough for the present to say that before a man can turn to the study of things internal, he must have ceased to take an absorbing interest in things external.

(3) The third truth that the *Yoga Vâsiṣḥtha* developes and makes unmistakably plain is that: "*The mind of men is the cause alike of bondage and of liberation.*" The philosophers of the West have grasped this truth also; but they confine themselves mostly to the cognitional aspect of it. The *Yoga Vâsiṣḥtha*, on the contrary, applies it to all three aspects of life, the cognitional, the emotional and the active, volitional or practical; and it makes it plain with a wealth of concrete illustrations which leaves no doubt behind.

This third truth is intimately connected with the fifth, and leads to it logically.

In a certain story Vasiṣḥtha makes a preceptor say to his disciple: "I am a fancy of your mind, and you are only a fancy of mine." This statement has to be considered very carefully. If the reader were to content himself with the surface meaning of it he would be harbouring in the mind a very positive im-

possibility and contradiction in terms. That surface meaning implies that the two are absolutely independent, that there is no real relationship between them, and yet that each is included in the fancy of the other. It is like saying of two men that they lifted each other up into the air at the same time, or were standing on each other's shoulders at the same time. Such a thing is impossible. The preceptor who makes the double statement has as a matter of fact cognition of both the cases, and the cognition underlying the words *includes* the case which the words expressly seek to exclude. The result is that the *akhandatâ*, unbrokenness, of consciousness, and *gnyâna*—its oneness, all-inclusiveness—alone are established, and it appears clearly that the independent Jîvas with the independent worlds are an impossibility. In the very act of asserting that it is so, the speaker makes both dependent on his own single consciousness. Thus all Jîvas, all cognitions, are bound together in one vast consciousness which alone makes intercourse and mutual intelligibility possible.

Similar is the explanation of a statement made in the early part of the Utpatti Prakaraṇa, that Brahmâ—Manas—has only one body, the Âtivâhika, and that the Jîvas have two bodies, this and the Âdhibhautika. This statement is later complicated with the other statement that the Âdhibhautika is only a condensation by lapse of time of the Âtivâhika. It must here be borne in mind that Âtivâhika here means, strictly, the Eternal Plan, not corresponding copies in subtler matter of what is known in the Âdhibhautika. Such copies are still only Âdhibhautika.

These can be reconciled only in one way, *viz.*, that the Âdhibhautika is *included* in the Âtivâhika. What appears as Âdhibhautika to the Jîva is only Âtivâhika from the standpoint of the "Unconscious." It is not possible for a Jîva to pass from one to the other and back again at will, or to make any portion of the Âtivâhika, by concentration, Âdhibhautika, at his own single pleasure, or *vice versâ*. The possibility of such interchange would mean the creation of independent worlds by independent Jîvas at pleasure, but, as said before, such independence is a contradiction in terms, the very renunciation of it meaning cognition of both worlds, a common consciousness. To make such common consciousness the special property of the emancipated would

only be to land in a progression *ad infinitum* of consciousnesses higher and higher.

The Âtivâhika is the *whole*, the Âdhibhautika is the part. The one is *always;* the other is in time; but in time, no disorder is possible. The gradual development of evolution which makes the eternal content of the Âtivâhika *appear* as Âdhibhautika, within the limits of the Âdhibhautika, is a matter of necessity and cannot be interfered with in any way.

(4) The fourth truth is as to the *true nature of Space and Time*, which is embodied in a quarter of a shloka: "all exists everywhere and always." That these are the two master-illusions, the sole source and sustainers and essential constituents of all others; that past, present and future are really non-existent, what there is is only a constant *now;* that here, there and otherwhere are also naught, and what there is is only a constant *here;* these very deep truths are also made plain by a hundred stories in a manner in which no amount of abstract argumentation could have made them plain. For the essential elements of these stories are such as are within the dream experiences of every man.

These truths regarding space and time are, however, it must be confessed, very difficult to grasp, even after the study of these stories, so contrary are they to all our waking experiences. And even as they are difficult, so are they most important and most necessary to grasp clearly in order to understand fully the nature of the last truth that the *Yoga Vâsiṣhṭha* impresses upon the reader, namely:

(5) *That the ultimate essence of all this Universe is One Indivisible Consciousness;* that the whole of the illusory processes of manifestation, and procession, and progressive evolution, and regressive involution, that appear to take place in time and space, are in reality all shut up motionless in the eternal calm of that Indivisible Consciousness, as a constant counterfoil to it, whereby it ever realises itself—the endless varieties of Manas being the endless modifications of that single Consciousness, in correspondence with the endless varieties of upâdhis in which it is reflected.

This truth may be regarded as summed up in a single

shloka in the book: "I, Pure Consciousness, subtler than the empty space, am not anything particular and limited—such is the Eternal Idea that freeth from the bonds of Saṃsâra."

Such an apprehension of the nature of Space and Time and the Ultimate Consciousness, appears to be the only means of finally understanding the truth about the creation of the world; and after that *understanding* remains the *realisation* of it which, from the standpoint of the upâdhi inhabited—the upâdhi that lies in Space and Time—may still take thousands upon thousands of years of self-sacrifice and arduous work and steady weeding out of the remnants of desire, as it took even Shuka, the son of Vyâsa, whose story is recounted at the beginning of the second Division of this work.

The ethics of the *Yoga Vâsiṣhṭha*, as of all true Vedânta, are completely comprised in one single shloka of this book: "From act of good ariseth fruit of good; from act of evil ariseth fruit of evil. Act, O Râma! as thou choosest." Ye shall reap as ye sow. The business of philosophy is not to create or abolish or change, but only to explain and point out the way and the consequences. It will not say "Do this," "Avoid that." It only says: "If ye so choose, such is the consequence; otherwise, such. Herein is no doubt. The work of philosophy is to deliver from doubt; that has been done. The work of choosing is yours, choose as ye will." But Love counsels persistently—"Choose thus and not thus, for so only may thou and I and all our brothers be always together, and together happy."

BHAGAVÂN DÂS ("A HINDU STUDENT").

"FOR every thing that mortal man achieves, is by the aid of the immortal God, beneath the wise impulsion of His Spirit."—ORPHEUS (quoted by Didymus Alexandrinus, *De Trinit.*, ii. 17. 1).

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 304)

I MIGHT quote from one or two other Scientists, as, *e.g.*, Dr. Japp, the chemist, to shew how this life-force dominating matter is being more and more frequently recognised; but space forbids.

Yet this important subject cannot be relinquished without bringing before the notice of my readers some scientific evidence of another kind to show the probable existence of "life" in a kingdom below that of animals and plants.

Professor Dewar, of the Royal Institution, submitted seeds, from tested samples, of mustard, pea, vegetable marrow, musk, wheat and barley to the almost unheard-of temperature of −435° F. by soaking them for six hours in liquid hydrogen.

After this extraordinary treatment, the seeds all germinated as healthily and vigorously as seeds of the same plants which had not been so treated, and this under the eye of the Director of the Royal Gardens, Kew. Now with regard to this experiment, two things were held as certain by the experimenters, *viz.*, (1) that the low temperature of −435°F. must have reached the protoplasm of the seeds; and (2) that at such a temperature the *vital* functions, as we are accustomed to understand them, such as respiration, or indeed any chemical action whatever, must have been in abeyance. That is to say, the protoplasm of the seeds was "*dead.*" Mark that. And yet after being sown at Kew afterwards, the seeds germinated vigorously. This is clearly a case of "resurrected" protoplasm appearing on the scene for the first time in the annals of Science. How explain this phenomenon? The Scientists concerned could not explain it.

Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, one of the experimenters, in his communication to the Royal Society,* remarks:

* *Proceedings of the Royal Society.* Nov. 9th, 1899

The properties of living protoplasm are very far removed from the mere sum of those of its constituents, and no light can be derived with respect to them in this direction.

These constituents "belong, as it were, almost to the fringe of possible chemistry and almost elude the methods of chemical research." The continual breaking down and building up of the aggregations of molecules "is essentially life."

When it ceases, we have hitherto believed that *the constituents of protoplasm come under the sway of purely inorganic conditions.** What is the criterion of life? There is none. It seems to me then that the question I have propounded does not admit of any positive answer in the present state of our knowledge. . . . A problem, perhaps somewhat scholastic, which once vexed the souls of biologists was: whether life was the cause of organisation or organisation of life.

Now could biologists but come to learn the truth of the first of these propositions: that life *is* the cause of organisation, the difficulty of explaining the above, for western Scientists, marvellous phenomenon, would vanish. For "life," could they but know it, resides low down in the kingdom, where vegetable vitality no longer is found. Too low though the temperature of −435°F. was for that vegetable life of the protoplasm to exist, where respiration and metabolism had ceased, it was, nevertheless, not too low for the "mineral life" of the protoplasm, if I may so speak, still to inhere, and on the reversion once again of suitable conditions, for that life to manifest more patently as *vegetable*, and no longer as mineral, life. I am not certain that the inference is a correct one, but may we possibly regard this behaviour of the protoplasm as a *reversion* to an *ancestral* condition.

Many of the lower forms of plant life, such as fungi and algæ, when surrounded by an environment which threatens death, revert at once to the embryonic condition, that state, *viz.*, which most closely approximates to the condition of the ancestral forms from which these plants have sprung. They produce swarm-spores or other small reproductive bodies, which are able easily to exist in the environment which is fatal to the more highly organised adult plant. So too, possibly, with our vegetable protoplasm; unable in its present highly organised, complex condition to exist at a surrounding temperature so low, it reverts to the

* Italics mine.

ancestral condition from which it has sprung, a condition, possibly, in which its material is not greatly dissimilar to von Schrön's mineral "lithoplasm," and in which it can easily tide over without the slightest injury the otherwise unfavourable circumstances in which it is placed; in doing so, however, the protoplasm crosses the boundary which we are so prone to regard as such a hard and fast line between the vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

This phenomenon is all the more remarkable from the fact that the temperature to which the seeds were subjected, *viz.*, −250°C., comes very close to that (−273°C.) at which, according to our physicists, all atomic motion must cease, and where, presumably, as above suggested, the chemical atom breaks up into its etheric constituents; thus we begin somewhat to realise what a long way upwards the "life" had, as it were, to climb in a short period, from the condition of the protoplasm under the liquid hydrogen to that in which it is capable of giving rise to germination of the seeds.

This experiment verifies the truth of *The Secret Doctrine*, that "the *vital fires* are in all things, and not an atom is devoid of them," and that the seat of these "vital fires" is far, far deeper than our Scientists will believe.

Another of these "missing links" between the mineral and vegetable kingdom is afforded by the vegetable "crystalloid," so common in such a large number of plants, which is simply *albuminous* matter assuming the precise form, as hexagons, octagons, rhomboidal tablets, etc., of ordinary crystals of mineral salts. They are storage forms of proteid substance. What shows, to my mind, an intimate connection, again, between the mineral and vegetable realms of life, is the curious phenomenon of the assumption by *ice*, as on window-panes, of beautiful and varied forms of *vegetation*. Here, at any rate the laws governing the lines of growth in the vegetable, prevail also in the mineral kingdom.

Again, it is possible that visible and actual demonstration of life in the mineral kingdom is afforded us by the phenomenon known as the "Brownian movement." If extremely minute particles of any substance whatever (gamboge is one of the best for the observation) be suspended in a liquid and viewed under the microscope, they are observed to be in extremely active and

perpetual motion, each particle appearing to move, as it were, about a centre and at the same time to rapidly revolve on its own axis. The modern scientific explanation of this phenomenon is that the solid particles, *themselves passive*, are thrown into active movement by the motion of the particles of liquid, this latter being due to *differences of temperature* amongst those liquid particles. But the so-called "differences of temperature" cannot, I think, from their minuteness, be due to any ordinary external influences, and these words are, to my mind, simply nothing more or less than an expression indicating *molecular motion*. I regard it, therefore, as extremely probable that the careering to and fro of the solid particles (a most interesting phenomenon to watch) is due to the active motion of the molecules of the liquid in which they float, that is if it is not due to the inherent power of motion of the solid particles themselves. Why should not the extremely violent motion of the tiny molecules of the liquid be able to cause a rapid movement of the comparatively huge solid particles therein suspended? Should this be possible, we have in the "Brownian movement" a direct and visible exhibition of mineral life in this *perpetual* motion of the solid particles, however the latter may be brought about.

And now, finally, I would proffer another illustration to shew how Occultism and Science most beautifully tend to blend. We know from *The Secret Doctrine*, from Mrs. Besant's exquisite writings, and elsewhere, the significance and meaning of that interesting figure, the spiral—that it stands as the symbol of *generation*. We are acquainted also with the meaning of the cross, a figure which, for untold ages, has been found in almost every nation of the earth. It symbolises *reproduction, i.e.*, production of the manifested world from the unmanifested infinite circle of the Deity. These two figures possess, therefore, the same symbolic meaning. It will be remembered how, in *The Building of the Cosmos*, Mrs. Besant describes the serpent as the spiral Fohatic force, rushing hissing through the Âkâsha; how the friction caused in that utterly tenuous âkâshic matter by that intensest rapidity of force produced aggregation, condensation of the particles of that matter into denser substance, until eventually this gradual condensation produced the physical world in

which we live to-day; briefly, *the spiral became condensed into the cross*. This last expression (my own) sounds peculiar; but it is obvious that as the cross is the symbol of the concrete, as well as of the more abstract, manifested world, of what we term "Nature," and as, during the spiral stage, that concrete world is not yet in being, I think the expression is permissible; its significance will appear later.

It will also be remembered how, in the same book, Mrs. Besant compares this Occult teaching with, and shews it to be fundamentally identical with, Sir William Crookes' theory of the genesis of the elements; how he too postulates a spiral force rushing through primæval, homogeneous matter, the "protyle," and how therefrom, by aggregation of its substance, the atoms and chemical elements are produced, and thus the world of matter comes into solid being.

Now I will here bring forward certain facts in botany which are of interest to both botanists and occultists. Most of my readers are aware that the leaves of a plant or tree are not scattered chaotically upon the stem, but are arranged along a spiral line running down and around the stem, and at varying distances apart along that line. The commonest type of leaf-arrangement is the $\frac{2}{5}$ spiral, which signifies that, starting from any given leaf on the axis, five leaves intervene, placed along the spiral line, passing twice round the stem, before reaching the leaf which is placed vertically above the one from which we started. The whorled arrangement is but a secondary variation of the spiral, as can be clearly shown in seedlings. This spiral arrangement of leaves is, therefore, universal amongst vegetative shoots. Now let us consider a *flower*, say a typical dicotyledonous flower, like a buttercup. What is a "flower"? Ah there is, I believe, far more in a flower than most botanists or occultists yet dream of. Yet may we, I think, gain a glimpse of a few of the wonders therein. Now the flower is the great *reproductive* organ of the vegetable kingdom, and its essential parts are the stamen or male organ, and the pistil or female organ. But the actual reproductive bodies themselves are the pollen-grains and the embryo-sac, these being the homologues of the spores in ferns, algæ and fungi, etc.

Now an extremely important fact to notice, a fact which no botanist can account for, is that the spores or reproductive bodies are, as a general rule, produced in fours or multiples of four; the embryo-sac of the buttercup is one of four mother-cells; pollen-grains are invariably grouped in tetrads; the basidiospores of the toadstool are always borne four on a stalk; the lower green algæ produce their young in multiples of four; the ferns follow the same rule. Embryonic tissues exhibit the same phenomenon; the embryo of the fern, *e.g.*, always first divides into four cells, to form, respectively, the stem, leaf root and sucker. The commonest type of apical cell, that cell which at tip of stem or root is the generator of all the vegetative tissues, is the tetrahedral, as in the fern. The cross, with its four equal arms, has ever been the symbol of reproduction, and it is just this symbol of the cross which, I believe, we may find in concrete form, running, as you see, all through the great vegetable kingdom. And we could trace it in the animal kingdom too; but I have more to say about the flower. The male and female reproductive bodies are borne on foliar organs, the morphological homologues of leaves, which are termed, respectively, stamens and carpels. But besides these two sets of foliar organs there are two others, the petals and the sepals. In a typical flower, like the wallflower, there are, therefore, four sets of foliar organs, *viz.*, sepals, petals, stamens and pistils.

Now, as you are aware, the great majority of flowers have these foliar organs of theirs arranged in fours or fives in one great group, and in threes in the other great group. Now, the first point I wish to make is this: that these floral whorls of five, or four, or three, are nothing more nor less than a modification, on the extremely short floral axis (which, however, in some flowers, as the magnolia, is considerably elongated) of the spiral arrangement of the leaves on the vegetative axis, where the whorled arrangement, in twos, or fours, or threes, etc., also occurs. The whorl of five sepals or petals in the buttercup, for example, represents the $\frac{2}{5}$ spiral of the leaf-arrangement on the vegetative axis of so many plants.

The second point is this: Prof. Čelakovský, of Prague University, whom, for various reasons, I regard as one of the greatest

of living botanists, has within the last seven years shown, contrary to the opinion of some of the leading botanical writers of the day, that the spiral or acyclic arrangement of the sepals, petals, stamens and pistils of a flower represents the most primitive type, and is indeed found to-day in orders which, geologically, are regarded as amongst the most primitive of flowering plants, such as magnolias, ranunculi, water-lilies. Calycanthus, the allspice, is an instance, almost the only one, in which all the four sets of organs in the flower, from sepals to carpels, run together into a continuous spiral. That represents the original primitive type. But in later, less primitive forms, *two* modifications have taken place: firstly, the spiral has given place to the *whorled* arrangement; and secondly, the number of members (*e.g.*, sepals or stamens, etc.) in each whorl has become *reduced*, and this reduction is still going on to-day, and we are able to trace its various transitional stages. But that is not all; the reduction takes place according to a definite *law*, a law which causes the members of each successive whorl to *alternate* with those of the whorl above or below. Nor does this complete the story; the most important point I wish to make with regard to the subject is this: that there appears (and I am alone responsible for the theory) to be an *occult* law at work which is inducing not only the alternate arrangement amongst the members of the different floral whorls, but also inducing gradually, very gradually, the reduction of those members from an indefinite number (say, of petals or carpels) down to ten, five, four, three, two (the five, apparently, the commonest of all to-day). The special point of my theory is that there appears *a tendency for each floral whorl, in the most diverse plants, to assume the numerical value of four or two.* The tetramerous condition (be it noted) may be brought about either by reduction from the pentamerous, or by multiplication (as is often seen, as an abnormality, in the tulip and snowdrop, and always normally in herb paris), from the trimerous condition.

Now, assuming this to be as I have stated, what does it imply? It implies the *cruciform* arrangement of all the floral whorls, of the sepals, the petals, the stamens, and the carpels; so I verily believe it may well be those who have eyes to see, can

trace a great occult law here working,—not only building the symbol of the cross in the actual reproductive bodies themselves, the spores, but also building it in the foliar organs, which are in intimate connection with those reproductive bodies. It will now be evident why I said above: "the spiral becomes condensed into the cross." If I have traced this law truly, and it be not a mere figment of my imagination, we see at once how imperfect as yet is the world of flowers in reaching this goal of the cross. Yet there are very many which have already attained it, like the fuchsia, lilac, herb paris, aucuba, mezereon, wall-flower, and many another.

Finally, I challenge anyone, be he botanist or occultist, to offer me any *physical* cause governing the production of the tetramerous or dimerous condition (both produce the cruciform arrangement equally well) of either the reproductive organs or the floral whorls. Even Čelakovský himself admits the presence of an occult law governing the alternation of the parts. Says he, referring to the flower of the caper-berry plant:

> The alternation of the uppermost whorl of stamens with the previously-formed corolla-whorl may not be explained, as botanists prefer to do at present, mechanically, by the relations of space of the axis of the flower, because that whorl of stamens arises on the upper edge of the axial swelling, high above the corolla, so that the space afforded it by the axis can have nothing to do with its alternipetalous condition; and, if no other determining influence existed, could just as well have been formed in an epipetalous position. The alternation has here clearly another inner, law-governed ["gesetzlich"] cause.

And I, as a Theosophist, think that there is a deeper, more comprehensive, and far-reaching science of biology which consists in the study and recognition of these subtler cosmic laws, side by side with those governing the immediate physical adaptation of the plant.

Yes! I have often felt, while contemplating the excessive beauty of an ordinary wayside flower, that it must contain secrets and wonders far down in the depths of its bright chalice unknown to me. Truly did Wordsworth say:

> The meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The sages of old chose the lotus-flower as the most sacred of all symbols. As *The Secret Doctrine* says:

> The Lotus is the flower sacred to Nature and her Gods, and represents the abstract and the concrete Universes, standing as the emblem of the productive powers of both spiritual and physical Nature.

And if we have found in the common wayside flower the very image of the manifested God—if we can trace so clearly here the presence of the great occult laws of the universe, may we not look abroad o'er the world of Science as a whole, and in its wondrous discoveries and revelations discern still greater wonders, still more marvellous revelations, as those discoveries of Science lay bare occult facts and laws to our percipient gaze, confirming the teachings coming to us from the East, and adding details which that eastern teaching does not give? And thus, as we grow in knowledge and wisdom, more and more do the phenomena of the universe yield us thoughts far, far too deep for words or tears, thoughts which plunge us ever more and more into love and veneration for Him whose beautiful outer vesture this physical universe is.

W. C. WORSDELL.

THE PRIESTS OF THE MUSES

ACCORDING to the Pythagorean School, purification was achieved by moral, mathematical and metaphysical disciplines. Those who had submitted to such disciplines were called by Orpheus the "legitimate priests of the Muses."—FICINUS, *De Immort. Anim.*, xvi. 10, 322.

A COMING RACE

Es giebt ein allmächtiges . . . verbrüderndes Prinzip welches die natürlichen, geistigen und himmlischen Abtheilungen von Gottes universalem Tempel durchzieht und durchdringt—ein Prinzip welches Atome und Planeten in einem einzigen erstaunlichen Systeme vereinigt; welches Geister und Engel gleich unsterblichen Blumen entfaltet, . . . welches der von Gott ererbte Schatz der menschlichen Seele ist—und dieses Prinzip heisst: "die grosse Harmonie."—A. J. DAVIS.

LOWELL, in one of his most exquisite poems, says that the worst discords of earth, in rising to the Throne of God through purer spheres, may blend closer and closer, so that to the Father's ear they all melt into one tone of wondrous harmony. There is, far away under the Midnight Sun, at the doors of Europe, behind the granite cliffs of the Ural, a country whose race has been sown by all the discords of the great mother-country, bred by the tears and the heart-blood of all its exiles, wrong in deeds wrought by high motives; and out of that night of discord and pain, over the half-virgin soil begins to spread the dawn of a splendid, a peculiar race, born in Asia of pure European stock —the Siberian race.

Siberia is the eldest offspring of Russia, even as the United States are that of England. Its population is not a race as yet, only the germ of a race; but it shows already some distinct peculiarities of its own, many a bright promise. The soil on which the Russo-Siberians are growing into a people is itself one of the most peculiar countries of our time, and they consider it as their "country"—the word "*rodina*" (motherland) being used by Siberians only for Siberia. It has in many parts a strange beauty of its own, and the writer has known many exiles, who, in spite of all sufferings endured on Siberian soil at the hands of men, once their exile ended, long to go back to that land, so great is the attraction woven into its life by the

merciful hand of nature. Intensely cold in winter, burning hot in the short summer which covers the prairies with a heavy carpet of flowers, it sees, most of its days, a serene sky and a bright sun shining over its steppes, whether white or green.

In the far north it is a desolate land with snow-covered swamps and rocky mountains, where only the lowest, the most savage tribes, live, differing much in type and curious lore, with the tradition of coming from far down south. Third-race men they seem to be, akin to some races of the Chinese south. The desolate parts which border on the Ocean of Ice are a realm of greatest riches; gold, jewels, crystals and silver are hidden under the deadly cover of an almost eternal winter, under the icy glow of the Aurora Borealis.

In the west, towards Europe, it has the rampart of the dark rocks of the Ural and its black pine forests, which but a few years ago only the chained exiles passed and the hunters of gold.

The east looks on three immensities: an ocean again, the infinite waves of which have sometimes been crossed by fugitives seeking the shelter of the "star-spangled banner"; then the vast current of the Amour and its wildernesses of the *taïga**—where the red wolf runs, and the mysterious plant of *Djen-chen* grows, which, like the Plant of Life in the mythical solitudes of the Kuen-Lun, heals all diseases, and the search for which generally costs the daring hunter his life,†—the *taïga* where lamaseries of the Yellow Sect are hidden in almost inaccessible recesses of the Yablon, one of the most picturesque chains in the world, nearly virgin of European feet; and down to the south-east the third vastness—the Desert of Gobi, over which hang the veils of mystery, with its unending sands, its buried humanities, . . . but not the splendour of the Sahara of which Félicien David sang: "A l'aspect du Désert l'Infini se révèle." A friend of the writer's who has traversed the north of the Gobi, related with a shudder how dreary and "awful" its loneliness had seemed, like some forbidden ground in a fairy tale.

Deeper down to the south the Siberian plains melt into

* The *taïga* is the virgin-forest of Siberia, and the dangerous packs of "red wolves" are believed by the natives to be the wandering souls of bad men.

† The healing properties of the Djen-chen are an actual fact if one is to accept the testimonies of many local witnesses reported in various books on Siberia.

the sun-burned steppes and the jungles of Central Asia, where the tiger is hunted and where glisten white and solitary the tombs of holy marabouts, at the doors of Samarkand, in olden times one of the seats of Arab wisdom—that Arab learning so richly tinted by the older wisdom of India, brought to the *medresses* (schools) of Turkestan by wandering sages from the rose gardens of Irân as well as from the mountain passes of Afghânistân, of Kashmîr, of the Alaï, where the giant statues of Bâmiân stand as witness of a race that was already forgotten when the cities of the Gobi desert were still flourishing. There also rises to the sky the massive triangle of the Altaï, where in some recess of rocks must be the hidden cave of which H. P. Blavatsky speaks, and which is said to contain the true writings of Zoroaster.

Whence did the desert winds bring them, these seeds of a race new-born on that vast plain on whose broad bosom forests, prairies and streams roll as on a sea, hemmed in in such a framing?

On these vast plains, where from the depths of its great rivers now come forth skeletons of mammoths, buried under the ice for millions of years, popular legends and the lore of the natives tell of the existence of a once great civilisation as far anterior to those mammoths as they are to our times. For in the gardens of its towns palms grew and the skies of Siberia were then aglow with tropical light.

Such dim records as are still preserved in these strange lands point only to the close of that civilisation, the beginnings are entirely lost in the haze of the Past. For these records speak of great luxury and of a great degradation of knowledge turned to evil and selfish ends, of purity desecrated—as in the legend of "Algoa," retold by one of the best writers of Russia.

The great civilisation of primeval Siberia fell by sin. Then the Ice Age came, the glacial period—and slowly all life expired, frozen in its deadly embrace. To untangle the history of the reawakening human life in these regions of tribes and nations, passing over it from east to west, and west to east, to Europe from China, or from the further west to the Mongol plains—would take volumes. Tibetan legends, like the "Bogda-Ghesser-Khan," and legends of Southern Siberia speak of a race of giants

dwelling on "the mountain." Then, far later, in the turmoil of invasions we see the image of Tamerlan, like a Medusa's face faintly lit by moonlight, a terror to many minds. Then again, under Ivan the Terrible, in "modern" times the colossal figure of Ermack, the brave, who with a handful of dauntless companions took the whole of Siberia as by storm, and, more marvellous still, kept it in submission more by the moral influence of his courage than by the cruelty or exaction so common in his time. He had been a highwayman, a robber of the Volga; as Conqueror of Siberia, his first thought was for his Czar, and to his feet he brought conquest and liberty.

He was forgiven, and Siberia became a Russian colony, the first, the most powerful, an empire in itself. Very young it was as yet when it became "the land of exile," the great Dread ot every heart which fought and strove for freedom of country, of faith, of knowledge.

Out of the untold gloom of the first Siberian prisons shines vividly the curious individuality of priest Abbacum, one of the Raskolniks, the great dissident sect of orthodoxy, orthodox itself yet deeply coloured with apocryphal traditions. Then came a few women "seduced" by the Quaker "heresy," a form of heresy which did not spread in Russia, however. The poor Friends were shut up in a convent of women, and the convent as prison is often more feared than the fortress or the mines. They were so quiet, so submissive, so devoted to prayer, so humble, that the authorities in charge gave them the best of testimonials, and towards the end of their lives (one was seventy then) they were allowed to live free in the vicinity of the monastery—living on alms. A beautiful hymn, exalting the freedom of spirit in the tortured body, is all that remains of them.

We cannot follow up here the long martyrology of religious and political exiles, more or less obscure, who drenched the Siberian soil with their heart-blood. The Doukhobortzi were sent to these icy solitudes, in more modern times, and also some less pure sectarians, sufferers for their creed, and the "rebels" after the two insurrections of Poland, bringing their passionate Slavonic blood and their refined European culture to mix with the new life—the young Siberian "intelligenzia" (the educated

class). Earlier in time came the whole noble set of the "Decembrists," the republican Russians of 1825, men of the highest aristocracy and nurslings of the great French Revolution, of which they loved only the principles of mental freedom and of brotherhood, caught up in the vanquished France of 1814.

In one of the noblest books of modern literature, Dr. Belogolovoy gives a grand and simple picture of their life in exile, after the terrible years underground in the mines had been borne with quiet heroism. Still undaunted and unbroken in will and love, these men, bred in palaces, became the teachers, the civilisers, the unifiers of the young Siberian nation; it has been often said that there is no seed of good or love in Siberian soil that has not been planted by Decembrist hand. In the best Russian families, it is now a title of glory to have a Decembrist among its ancestors. Those of them who had retained some fortune, created in the pine-scented, dark solitudes of the mountains, or in the flowery steppes, some charming country-seats for summer, which all shared in turn; in the towns in winter, their houses became the centre of culture, of social intercourse, of high thinking and steady work. The names of the Princes Wolkousky, Troubetzkoy, of Alexander Poggio, and of so many others, gleam like jewels in this crown of human fortitude.

The fairest homage ever paid by man to man has been given them—the two poems of Nekrassoff, "Russian Women," telling the story of the young wives who followed the Decembrists to the door of the mines. They did not know of the Path, these young princesses, who became as sisters to humble convicts, over whose willing tortures rude soldiers wept, and whom Nicholas I. permitted to tread the Golgotha, "not daring to check such high deed of soul" (as his letter confessed). Yet did they live the religion of Wisdom, "realise the beauty of suffering, when suffering only makes one better fitted for work." The road was open, the spark had fallen into the land, iron-bound by Byzantine rigidity of tradition.

Siberia saw the greatest writer of Russia, Dostoiefsky, a morbid and yet truly Russian genius, with the highest intuition of Russia's inner life, of its possibilities, of its spirituality. Dostoiefsky came for a "crime of thought," and left the best of

his force and of his heart in the land of exile, in the *bagno*. Half a century after him, another and younger hand* told again the same dolorous story of mine and *bagno*, and the same love for his fellow-prisoners, the criminal, the blind, the ignorant child-souls around him. *In the World of the Rejected* is the name of that second *House of the Dead* (Dostoiefsky's work on the Siberian *bagno*). And this young author is one of those whose dauntless struggles and altruistic ideals have forced the esteem of friend and foe, however erroneous were the means they took, not knowing as yet that "social progress is not the setting of class against class, but the bringing of brothers face to face."†

No one who has studied real Russia, but has had to face and study the problem of these strange men and women, some extreme in their rebellious love and hate, some pure and abstract idealists, miscalled "Nihilists" but for the most part just simple Republicans and modest Parlementairists! And no one who has done so—and in Europe, with a free press, the occasions for study are many—has passed them on their way to the scaffold or Siberia without morally lifting his hat, as does Leo Tolstoï in his last work, *Resurrection*.

As Melchine, as Dostoiefsky, suffered in the *bagno*, as died there under the knout Mme. Sigida, a girl of eighteen, so charming that her warders loved her as their child; so lived and died thousands of noble Russians, till the whole soil of Siberia was covered with the thought-roses sprung from purest heart-blood, from absolute sacrifice. For most of the martyrs had no hope of seeing reward or liberty in this life, and had no belief, no hope, in another life on earth.

By the light of Theosophical knowledge the error, the uselessness of their methods of combat are clearly seen. But sacrifice can never be useless. From such seed the new Siberian race is slowly growing. Truly, many come to the land of exile who thirst for gold alone, who have blood on their hands for that gold's sake. But they are only the foam that the storm whirls over the crests of deep waves. The exiles, whose blood has nourished the Siberian race, and who cement the union of its many races, were the flower of their generation, and

* L. Melchine (P. Yakoubovitch). † Mrs. Besant.

they show what Siberia will be when light dawns in the as yet desolate and darkened brave hearts of her sons. Russia had a hard training; silence, obedience, poverty, forgiveness, "*le tout-pardon russe*" as Europe says. One of these very exiles cries out in pain in his sad verses, that he could not rejoice in triumph because he could not save the conquered foe. Russia had centuries of trial with bright flashes of worldly glory; yet even these, 1812, the Patriotic War, the Crimea—all the brightest dates of heroism, are dates of sacrifice—Moscow burned, Sebastopol in ruins.

But Siberia has been born and bred in pain, taught in pain, only by pain. Here the very heart of Russia has unceasingly been on the cross. Russia has worked and endured for its own hopes, and for this world's goods also; the true Siberia—the exiled race—has endured for God or for man alone. "Only these actions through which shines the light of the Cross are worthy of the life of the disciple." Truly Russia's thought, "never ceasing to be national, never forgets its relation to humanity, to the universe as a whole; more, it is only national when it is large enough to include the principle of total humanity, total truth," says Engelhardt. "This it seeks, in this only it finds rest."

And when those who thus died for man in Siberian exile return, maybe, to a Siberia lifted into sunshine and peace on the Russian eagle's wings, in better, fairer times, will not there then the word be fulfilled: "Unity of mankind is the central truth of the Coming Race, and the nation which first grasps and practises that great conception will lead the future, humanity falling into line behind it"?*

A RUSSIAN.

* Mrs. Besant.

NOTES ON "LEMURIA"

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 355)

I WILL now invite your attention to some of the evidences from contemporary research which seem to point to the geographical existence of such extinct land surfaces in the Southern Hemisphere as those indicated (by Madame Blavatsky) in *The Secret Doctrine*.

Between 1850 and 1860 Sclater asserted, on zoological grounds, the existence of a continent extending from Madagascar to Ceylon and Sumatra, including portions of Africa and stretching from the Indian Ocean to Australia. This gigantic continent is now only represented by some islands in the Pacific.

The distinguished naturalist, Prof. A. R. Wallace, infers, from the remains of marsupial types of the Tertiary period found in various parts of the region, that the land stretched from Australia to New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, and that in pre-Tertiary times there was a closer connection between Australia and India.

In 1853 Sir J. D. Hooker showed that the distribution of the flora of the Southern Islands evidenced the former existence of a large Antarctic Continent.

In 1870 Professor Huxley said that the simplest and most rational mode of accounting for the differences between the mammalian faunas of Australia, South America and Arctogæa, and the appearance of the eutheria in Arctogæa and South America, is the supposition that a Pacific Continent existed in the Mesozoic area and gradually subsided, Australia being separated at the close of the Triassic period, before the higher mammalians came into existence.

In 1873 Professor Hutton, of New Zealand, endeavoured to explain the rather complicated problem of the origin of the New Zealand fauna by the hypothesis of an Antarctic Mesozoic Con-

tinent, which subsided in the Upper Cretaceous period. He also inferred a second extension of land northwards during the Lower Eocene, so as to include New Caledonia and part of Polynesia. This subsided in the Oligocene and Miocene periods, and was followed by a third elevation, which connected New Zealand with the Chatham Islands during the Older Pliocene.

In 1874 Professor Milne Edwards showed that the fossil beds of the Mascarene Islands were related to those of New Zealand, thus indicating a former land connection between these areas as well as other islands in Polynesia.

In 1874 M. Émile Blanchard published in the Paris *Académie des Sciences* a paper entitled "Proofs of the Subsidence of a Southern Continent during recent Geological Epochs."

In 1884 Professor Hutton wrote, substituting his former idea of a Mesozoic Antarctic Continent for a Mesozoic Pacific Continent, extending from Melanesia to Chili.

In 1886 Prof. Hutton again reverted to the subject in the *Transactions* of the Linnæan Society of New South Wales, laying special stress on the fact that in the Eocene strata of Patagonia remains of a large number of Polyprodentia have been found, which are closely related to those of Australia. The theory of a South Pacific Mesozoic continent not only explains the origin of the South American and Australian marsupials, but the almost simultaneous appearance of different eutheridean mammals in North and South America; this continent first throwing off New Zealand, then Australia, then Chili, and finally disappearing beneath the waves.

In 1888 Professor A. R. Wallace published his charming work, entitled *Island Life*, and accounted for the distribution of the endemic flora and fauna as follows. During the Cretaceous and probably during the Tertiary era, South-west Australia and the southern part of South Australia were separated from Eastern Australia by a broad sea, the Western Island having received its mammalia at an earlier period from Asia. New Zealand was connected with the northern part of East Australia, the land forming a horse-shoe towards the Tasmanian sea. The separation of New Zealand from Australia took place at the close of the Cretaceous—while at a somewhat later date a southern

extension of New Zealand towards the Antarctic Continent afforded an easy passage for the numerous species of South American and Antarctic plants, and the closely identical fresh-water fishes of those countries.

In 1888 William T. Gill published in *The National Academy of Sciences* of Philadelphia, a paper entitled "A Comparison of Antipodeal Faunas," advocating the existence of a terrestrial passage between Tasmania and New Zealand and South America; the separation of the several areas occurring in early Tertiary times.

In 1893 Dr. O. Forbes, in discussing the relations of the Chatham Islands to a former southern continent, reproduced the previous theory of an Antarctic Continent.

This continent was supposed to have been unconnected with either South Africa or West Australia (which formed a large island) but sent out prolongations northward:

First, to Madagascar and the Mascarene Islands.

Second, to Tasmania and East Australia, thence through New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, Borneo and Sumatra.

Third, to New Zealand, New Caledonia and Fiji.

Fourth, to South America, reaching beyond the Amazon.

In 1893 Dr. Hedley read a short note to the Linnæan Society of N.S. Wales, advocating the existence during the Mesozoic and early Tertiary times of a strip of land extending from S. America across the Pole to Tasmania, and in *Natural Science* he published a paper on the relation of the flora and fauna of Australia to those of New Zealand, supporting the idea of an ancient continent or Melanesian plateau, which included the Solomon Islands, Fiji, New Zealand, New Caledonia and Howes Island. In 1895 he again wrote advocating an Antarctic Continent, which at one time was an archipelago, and at another a continent. He thinks that the snakes, frogs, montromenes and marsupials passed across this continent from South America to Tasmania, during a warm Tertiary period.

In 1894 Dr. H. von Jhering, in a paper entitled "The Ancient Relations between New Zealand and South America," advocated the existence of a continent in the Mesozoic era, which he calls Archiplata. This continent included Chili, Patagonia,

and extended into the South Pacific. It gradually subsided, throwing off first the Polynesian Islands, then New Zealand, and finally New Guinea and Australia during the Eocene period. After this it was joined to another area (Archegonia) which occupied the high land of Brazil and Venezuela. Dr. T. Amighens wrote advocating a Pacific Mesozoic Continent, to explain the relation of the Eocene marsupials of Patagonia to those of Australia. This paper was favourably commented on by Dr. Zittel.

In 1896 Dr. Deane, in his presidential address to the Linnæan Society of New South Wales, remarked that it would appear that, at the end of the Mesozoic, before the evolution of the higher order of mammals took place, there must have existed a territory, already inhabited by marsupials, which then became cut off from the rest of the land to the north—a portion of the pre-existing Gondwanaland of Suess (or the Antarctica of Forbes), on which the differentiation of marsupials occurred. And further, that this land, which may have been shifting in character, was, at the end of the Miocene or the beginning of the Pliocene, connected with Tasmania. The existence of extensive land surfaces in the Antarctic regions at the end of the Mesozoic and in early Tertiary times is inferred. Referring to the flora of East Australia, he remarks that, mixed up with this flora, especially in the south, is a group of plants from the northern temperate regions which seemed to have forced their march upon Antarctic lands by following down the Andes Chain to the extreme point of South America, leaving traces on the way, and then stepping across by land links—which then existed but now have disappeared—the gap between that continent and New Zealand, Tasmania and the Mountains of New Guinea and Borneo. Referring to the Proteaceæ (an order to which the Australian banksias, grevillias, haekeas, persoonias and taelopeas belong) it is remarked that the Proteaceæ had their origin at a time when some kind of connection existed between Eastern Australia and South Africa.

I may here remark that I find myself in complete accord with the observations of Dr. Deane as to the distribution of the Proteaceæ, especially those of the Australian Alps and their relation to South African forms.

In *Nature* Dr. Thos. Gill states that the existence of the genus Galaxis, a trout of New Zealand, Tasmania and Australia which has been found in South America, can only be accounted for on the supposition of a former connection.

Professor Leydekker, in referring to the discovery of an Australian-like mammal in South America closely related to the Tasmanian thylacenus and its ally sarcophilus, remarks, that it is impossible to understand the origin of this type, without assuming that their ancestors existed in a land surface previously existing between West Australia and Eastern South America.

At a Philadelphia meeting of the Affiliated Scientific Societies of America, held some years since, a discussion took place on the flora and fauna of the Antarctic and adjacent regions. At this discussion, Dr. Angelo Heilprin remarked, that from the geological formations the continent was once connected with Australia, South America and perhaps Africa. W. B. Scott also remarked that a study of the fossils of animals shows that Australian forms are found in South America; thus indicating a connection between Australia and the Southern Continent, and later between South America and that area.

At the last meeting of the British Association held at Bradford, Prof. Scott, in describing the geology and palæontology of Patagonia, the results of the Princeton University Exhibition of 1897-9 conducted by Mr. Hatcher, showed that the fossil fauna of Patagonia strikingly resembles that of Australia and New Zealand, and affords convincing and almost conclusive proof of a former land connection between South America, Australia, New Zealand and probably South Africa.

In an article in the *Fortnightly* on "Life from the Lost Atlantis," St. George Mivart refers to the significance of the discovery of a new family of marsupials (conolestes obscurus, a mouse-like creature) as a still existing survivor of the Epathorideæ, as affording strong evidence that South America and Australia must have been connected, and the Atlantic bridged by dry land, if even an Antarctic Continent may not have existed, of which South America and Australia are divergent and diverse growths.

Professor Tate, of South Australia, has informed us that

Australia, so far as the deposition of the extensive marine Cretaceous beds occupying the low level tracts of the interior, presented the aspect of a vast archipelago, and that at the close of that epoch the various insular masses became welded together, and that the antiquity of the present surface of Australia, as a whole, is post-Cretaceous—although certain types of the Jurassic fauna of the Northern Hemisphere still linger in the Australian area, such as trigonia, ceratodus, marsupials among animals, cycads and conifers among plants. It has been found necessary to refer to South America as the area from which the polyprodontoids have been derived, that country possessing in its Eocene marsupial fauna close alliances with the Australian forms of Pliocene age. In the later Cretaceous or early Eocene forms of Australia, there are cosmopolitan types, consisting of an admixture of generic forms, some of which are now proper to the temperate and sub-temperate parts of the Northern Hemisphere, such as the alder, birch, etc., co-mingled with other exclusively Australian, such as eucalypts, banksias, arucarias; thus suggesting that the differentiation of the Australian flora has been brought about during Post-Eocene times.

Recent investigations by Dr. W. T. Blandford on the ancient geography of Gondwanaland—a great southern continent of which Australia, peninsular India, South Africa and South America are the now isolated remnants, show how each of these land masses contain remains of the peculiar Gondwana flora; and how in each case a peculiar boulder bed of glacial origin is associated with them. It does not necessarily follow that an unbroken continental tract extended at one and the same time from South America through Africa and India to Australia, but the whole region must have been mainly land at a time when the Pacific Ocean was already as important a terrestrial feature as it is now.

My own geological work on the Jurassic coal beds of Victoria harmonises with the observations recorded by Dr. Blandford.

Recent geological explorations in the Himalayan region by the officers of the Indian Geological Survey disclose the elevation of Tertiary beds in that area corresponding with a depression of

the area to the south and south-west, *i.e.*, towards peninsular India, and the contraction in area of the pre-existing inland seas to the north.

It would not be difficult to multiply further instances of the convergence of facts in natural history and geology which point unmistakably to a great Southern Continent having been in existence during the middle and at the close of the Mesozoic period, and that this area was broken up and partially submerged during the Tertiary era.

And it seems to me perfectly clear that whether we agree with the "great Antarctic Continent" of Forbes and Scott, the Gondwanaland of Suess and Blandford, or the Pacific Mesozoic Continent of Huxley, Hutton, Hedley and others, there is abundant evidence of the main facts outlined in *The Secret Doctrine*, *viz.*, that a large continental area existed in the Southern Hemisphere to which the name Lemuria has been aptly applied, and that the acceptance of the existence of such an area will rationally account for many existing anomalies and help towards the clearing up of some hitherto inexplicable difficulties in the evolution and distribution of organic forms.

It has been remarked that the "true aim of science" is to discover unity amid diversity, and by a combination of thought and observation to discern the constancy of phenomena in the midst of apparent change.

I believe that the more we study nature the closer do we get to a realisation of the unity underlying all phenomena, even amid those occurrences which, on account of the complexity of their relations, seem to be the result of chance or accident.

> All are
> But parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.

JAMES STIRLING.

REASONS FOR BELIEVING FRANCIS BACON A ROSICRUCIAN

On looking back into rather a dim past we find unquestionably the existence of a certain mysterious body, the Order of the Rosy Cross, claiming as its founder Ormus, a "convert of S. Mark," in A.D. 46. A confraternity bound by solemn oath and obligation to conceal its tenets, and offer help and succour to its members. We find these veiling themselves at times in impenetrable secresy, at other times adopting pseudonyms under which their opinions became known, while they still practised silence with regard to themselves and their doings, which included unremitting and noiseless labour in the interests of humanity, notably by the practice of medicine and of the healing art generally, having for their goal the extension and preservation of human life.

"Custodians of human learning" these wise and beneficent philosophers, as the centuries rolled by, added sheaf to sheaf, increasing greatly the rich stores of human knowledge, and supplying to the world, as occasion warranted, wheat-ears from their threshing floors and hidden granaries. This Order, scattered over the globe, separated by lands and seas, corresponded by means of a concealed language, whose alphabets were many.

Swift and secret messengers flew north, south, east and west at the bidding of its masters. Troubadours fingering light guitars, hooded pilgrims, venerable bards, bare-footed Francisans, grave reformers, long-headed merchants, navigators in search of new countries to conquer, settlers in lands freshly colonised, gay ballads lilted in court and camp, impassioned sermons preached in pulpit and at the market cross, stage-plays acted on the village green or in the inn yard, political pamphlets, sermons, philoso-

phical treatises, romances in prose and verse, tragedies, comedies, histories, "pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral," masques, almanacs and herbals, illuminated missals, monkish chronicles, sacred paintings, wood-carvings and engravings, inscribed stones, monuments, pillars, cathedral floors and chapter houses, science and art in their many branches, all combined to spread from pole to pole, from shore to shore, from mind to mind, that which if discovered meant the dungeon and the rack, fire or the axe, for those engaged in its secret transmission. This Order combatted spiritual wickedness in high places, set authority at defiance when it saw fit, did its best to mould the fortunes of nations, and died gladly fighting for its own particular views of Liberty and Light.

Closely allied to the Order of the Rosy Cross was that of the Knights of the Temple or Knights Companion of St. John of Jerusalem, once numbering 40,000 disciples among the nobles of every land. Suppressed by the Pope in 1313, it still included our first Tudor King, Henry VII., who was its Grand Master in 1494, and it lingered on in Scotland till 1599, when it was reconstructed at Stirling; we also find St. Mary's Chapel Lodge, founded in Edinburgh in the same year. The Companions of the freshly constructed Order of the Templars were known derisively as the "cross-legged Masons," in reference to the old symbolism of the cross-legged figures of the Knights of Jerusalem to be seen at their best in their tombs at the Temple Church of our Inns of Court. Here were the headquarters of ancient and modern English Templars. "Companions of the Black and White Eagle," mystic brothers of both St. Johns, one of whom is symbolised by the Lamb and Flag in the coat-of-arms of our Inns of Court. Claiming St. John the Baptist as their Patron, these Knights Templars have for their Grand Master the Thrice Puissant, who is known as "Father Adam"—possibly in memory of one who was Grand Master before the Fludd (?). It may be interesting to some to know that the Prince of Wales fills that position at the present time, and that no candidate is admitted for initiation into this Order except he has attained to the Royal Arch Degree in Masonry.

The term Fra. or Frater (Brother) is used by the Rosicrucians of one another. They study in solitude the works of the Great Architect of the Universe, themselves builders in His Courts, fellow-labourers with the Lord of Two Worlds, Master-builders in a Temple not made with hands, emulating the flight of the golden birds of Zeus, that gaze unblinded on the sun. Great scientific discoveries are the product of these masters of physical science, who possess the key of treasuries not more safe than Pandora's box to unlock. Gradually, as occasion warrants, or rule permits, they, like the bees, furnish honey from their cells, or, like true pioneers, gold and rare jewels dug from some deep, dark mine of truth and science.

Some of these natural philosophers have been known to the world as the honoured councillors of kings, as wise orators, and jurists in courts of law. "Occult, jealous of intrusion" is Gabrielle Rossetti's description of them, and he speaks as one having authority, alluding to one great author of old in England, as "the wisest of all wise men," or words to that effect. To whom did he refer?

We know that Paracelsus (whose real name was Hohenheim) was the bright particular star of Germany in 1493; that Robert Fludd, M.D., was called "the most prominent Rosicrucian of the British Isles" in 1600; that Elias Ashmole, the occult philosopher, founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford in 1682, was another; that in Italy, Battista Porta, in 1605, was a chief of the Rosy-Cross band, who under cover of his comedies instructed initiates in things human and divine.

Wickliffe, W. Lollard, Chaucer, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Voltaire, Goethe, Lessing, Swedenborg, Mesmer, and Jacob Böhme, are to-day openly accepted as brethren of the craft, men who taught by symbols and parables, the keys of which were held only by comparatively few. Reliable Masonic works state in so many words that many other well-known names *might* be quoted in their list of Knights of the Red Cross, without giving any reason for these omissions. The mystery or secrecy which "doth hedge" these men throws difficulties in the way of those who seek for their names either at home or abroad, in the history of occultism. The names of William Shakespeare and Francis

Bacon are both missing. And yet we hold, that though his identity has been closely veiled by the impenetrable secrecy which his Order assumes at will, the man called Francis *Bacon* was the founder of modern speculative Masonry, and the earthly corner stone of the Knights of the White and Black Eagle; also that he was the greatest, or one of the greatest, Rosicrucian philosophers of the seventeenth century, the possessor of a key —the Open Sesame of the cave of the liberal sciences—the seven mystic sciences of which he was the Thrice Puissant Master—a key which helped to make him the great and powerful influence we believe him to have been in the world of literature and art, science and natural philosophy—our British Fra. St. Albone, who was "not for an age, but for all time."

To find reasons for our beliefs we have but to look very closely into what is recorded of the life of Bacon. First, we find him almost always referred to by his contemporaries as Lord St. Alban, not as Lord Bacon, after he once received his title of the Earl of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans.

His own signature, in almost all the private and public documents which I have seen, is Fra. S. Alban (never Albans). Heading a list of renowned Englishmen acknowledged by the craft as members of their body, we find St. Alban, G.M. in Britain, 287 A.D. Alter the date to 1599 and it *may* reveal under what pseudonym Francis Bacon figures in Masonry. His intimate friend and ally, W. H., Earl of Pembroke, stands as an initiate in 1618; their attendant architect, Inigo Jones, as well as King James I., is entered as joining in 1603. It is significant to find so eminent a philosopher as Lord Verulam, so good an operative architect, so learned a master of literature, science and art, so versed in the wisdom of the Ancients, from the depths of which modern speculative Masonry was unquestionably developed, so deep a scholar of languages, living and dead, excluded from mention. This is one of the links in our chain.

The conspiracy of silence with respect to Bacon's private life which faces us at every turn, is explained by the fact that he was a prominent, if not the most prominent, member of one of the highest and most secret Orders known.

The foundation on which modern Masonry rests, given

or suggested in the great *Masonic Cyclopædia,* is the body of learned *Rosicrucians of the seventeenth century.* In another dependable work published by the Craft it is clearly stated that "Speculative Masonry had fixed firmly on in England by the end of the sixteenth century." If so, who "fixed" it? Without hesitation I answer—Francis Bacon.

Let us turn for confirmation of this statement to Aubrey's description of Verulam House, "the most ingeniously contrived little pile that ever I saw." Whose mind imagined and fashioned it within and without? "No question but his lordship was the chiefest architect." It had a "delicate staircase of carved wood." A spiral stair being a specially mystic feature sacred to Masonry, it is not unnatural to ask was this one? It had different figures "curiously carved" on the posts of every interstice. "A grave divine with book and spectacles, a mendicant friar," etc.; why these, unless they pourtrayed the good sowers of seed of which Lord Bacon was a chief steward, some of the "swift and secret messengers" described above? On the doors of the upper story of the house were painted, in umber, figures of the Gods of the Gentiles, Apollo, and Jupiter with his thunderbolt, bigger than life. The lightnings were of hatchings of gold which, when the sun shone on them, made a glorious show. "The uppermost part of the uppermost dore on the east side had a large looking-glass"—a speculum of divine rays.

In the subtle "language of the secret schools—which was the art of speaking and writing in a language which bears a double meaning or interpretation," and was the "grammar" of the seven mystic sciences, we find Apollo and Jupiter figuring largely. The Laurel of the "active Apollo," and the Olive of the "contemplative Minerva," are given as a crown in the Degree of Sacred or Secret Master. The following quotation deals with the same subject. "*High and noble Prince* Jupiter made many dear brethren and *companions* to share his kingdom. He holds the Imperial crown and sceptre with his own hands, made Prometheus (the '*learned* man who moulds men like *stones,* and instructs them') to whom he gave a dear and *noble* companion."

There is more of this allegorical "jargon," as it is technically called; mention is made of Jupiter's "*new* thunderbolts" forged by Vulcan, which shall make the power of the "*new* knights indifferent to punishment and death—Princes with gifts of the Holy Ardour" to be felt when hurled as formerly by Jove's hand.

This throws light on the huge figure of Imperial Jove which adorned Francis Bacon's second story, a light as bright as that reflecting the western orb, which we hear glittered with "a glorious show" (thrown by the speculum) on the golden thunderbolts of the great God.

If we descend by the "delicate staircase" and step out to the Verulam House fishponds, which Aubrey tells us were "curiously perfected" by his Lordship, we find "in the middle of the middlemost pond, in the island," a "curious banqueting house of Roman architecture, paved with black and white marble, covered with Cornish slate and neatly wainscoted." Here, no doubt, a new Temple was instituted, a Temple (Masonic term for a Lodge) within a Temple, a place of secret meeting for the adepts of a high degree, for the initiation of new "Companions." Having passed through the *second stage*, the adept is allowed to enter the hall, which is called the tenth hall of Truth or Trial Scene, depicted . . . . . in black and white pavement Right and Wrong, Truth or Lie], is conducted to the chamber of the New Birth, or place of coming forth with regeneration of soul."

The alternate squares in black and white of the tesselated pavement in memory of the mosaic pavement of King Solomon's Temple, and the fountains for lustration, signifying the "Fountain of Life," are both necessary adjuncts or furniture in a Lodge-room of the high degrees, and these Bacon seems to have provided with care in his "curious banqueting house."

The "curiously perfected" miniature sea or lake, which surrounded his Roman temple, might easily have supplied an inundation at will, in imitation of King Solomon's wonderful palace at Jerusalem, the floor or pavement of which, according to tradition, "was laid over with running water in which fish were swimming." Fronting this pavement was the royal throne of the Wise Man, being the symbolism of that celestial sea which forms the

crystal floor of the over-world where stands the throne of God. Those who know the High Seat beneath the blazing sun prepared for the Grand Master of England in Grand Lodge will understand how all this applies.

Lustration is a foremost rite in Baconry—I mean, forgive me, Masonry—and represents the New Birth, a term often used by Francis Bacon. "Outward bark for all," his works, like those of all Rosicrucians, contain "internal pith, food for the few." Petrarch says: "It is folly to believe that poets concealed nothing under their outward words."

There is yet another link in our strong chain of evidence, and then I have done. Sir Thomas Meautys, one of Lord St. Albans' many secretaries, raised a monument to him after his (supposed) death in 1626. It stands in a niche in the wall of the little Church of St. Michael's, Gorhambury. The life-size figure of "Fra. S. Alban" is seated, and the attitude is significant. Raised on three steps (three is a sacred number among Rosicrucians), he gazes up, unblinded, into the open face of heaven. One foot is in advance of the other, and he *leans his head upon his left hand*. To those instructed in the secret signs of the Degree of the Knights of the Black and White Eagle, this will say much. To them as well as to the uninitiated I put this question: If Francis Bacon were not a Rosicrucian, why did he fashion his works, "inventions," life, *death* and burial in such close accordance with Rosicrucian rules and tenets?

A. A. L.

"I AM [thy] God; but what My form is like that shalt thou learn from My own words. The heaven's My head, ocean's My belly, and the earth My feet, æther's My ears, My eyes the sun's far-shining brilliant light."—An oracle put in the mouth of Serapis and quoted by Macrobius, *Satur.*, i. 20.

THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

CHAPTER II. (*continued*)

The Building and Evolution of the Mental Body

The method by which consciousness builds up its vehicle is one which should be clearly grasped, for every day and hour of life gives opportunity for its application to high ends. Waking or sleeping, we are ever building our mental bodies; for when consciousness vibrates it affects the mind-stuff surrounding it, and every quiver of consciousness, though it is due only to a passing thought, draws into the mental body some particles of mind-stuff, and shakes out other particles from it. The surrounding matter is also thrown into waves, thus serving as a medium for affecting other consciousnesses.

Now the fineness or coarseness of the matter thus appropriated depends on the quality of the vibrations set up by the consciousness. Pure and lofty thoughts are composed of rapid vibrations, and can only affect the rare and subtle grades of mind-stuff. The coarser grades remain unaffected, being unable to vibrate at the necessary speed. When such a thought causes the mental body to vibrate, particles of the coarser matter are shaken out of the body, and their place is taken by particles of the finer grades, and thus better materials are built into the mental body. Similarly, base and evil thoughts draw into the mental body the coarser materials suitable for their own expression, and these materials repel and drive out the finer kinds.

Thus these vibrations of consciousness are ever shaking out one kind of matter and building in another. And it follows, as a necessary consequence, that according to the kind of matter we have built into our mental bodies in the past, will be our power of responding to the thoughts which now reach us from

outside. If our mental bodies are composed of fine materials, coarse and evil thoughts will meet with no response, and hence can inflict no injury; whereas if they are built up with gross materials, they will be affected by every evil passer-by, and will remain irresponsive to and unbenefitted by the good.

When we come into touch with one whose thoughts are lofty, his thought-vibrations, playing on us, arouse vibrations of such matter in our mental bodies as is capable of responding, and these vibrations disturb and even shake out some of that which is too coarse to vibrate at his high rate of activity. The benefit we receive from him is thus largely dependent on our own past thinking, and our "understanding" of him, our responsiveness, is conditioned by these. We cannot think for each other; he can only think his own thoughts, thus causing corresponding vibrations in the mind-stuff around him, and these play upon us, setting up in our mental bodies sympathetic vibrations. These affect the consciousness. The external thinker can only affect our consciousness by arousing these vibrations in the mental body.

But immediate understanding does not always follow on the production of such vibrations, caused from outside. Sometimes the effect resembles that of the sun and the rain and the earth on the seed that lies buried in the ground. There is no visible answer at first to the vibrations playing on the seed; but within there is a tiny quiver of the ensouling life, and that quiver will grow stronger and stronger day by day, till the evolving life bursts the seed-shell and sends forth rootlet and growing point. So with the mind. The consciousness thrills faintly within itself ere it is able to give any external answer to the impacts upon it; and when we are not yet capable of understanding a noble thinker, there is yet in us an unconscious quivering which is the forerunner of the conscious answer. We go away from a great presence a little nearer to the rich thought-life flowing from it than we were ere we entered it, and germs of thought have been quickened in us, and our minds helped in their evolution.

Something, then, in the building and evolution of our minds may be done from outside, but most must result from the

activities of our own consciousness; and if we would have mental bodies which should be strong, well-vitalised, active, able to grasp the loftier thoughts presented to us, then we must steadily work at right thinking; for we are our own builders, and fashion our minds for ourselves.

Many people are great readers. Now reading does not build the mind; thought alone builds it. Reading is only valuable as it furnishes materials for thought. A man may read much, but his mental growth will be in proportion to the amount of thought that he expends in his reading. The value to him of the thought which he reads depends on the use he makes of it. Unless he takes up the thought and works on it himself, its value to him will be small and passing. "Reading makes a full man," said Lord Bacon, and it is with the mind as with the body. Eating fills the stomach, but as the meal is useless to the body unless it is digested and assimilated, so also the mind may be filled by reading, but unless there is thought, there is no assimilation of what is read, and the mind does not grow thereby—nay, it is likely to suffer from overloading, and to weaken rather than strengthen under a burden of unassimilated ideas.

We should read less, and think more, if we would have our minds grow, and our intelligence develope. If we are in earnest in the culture of our minds, we should daily spend an hour in the study of some serious and weighty book, and, reading for five minutes we should think for ten, and so on through the hour. The usual way is to read quickly for the hour, and then to put away the book till the next hour comes for reading. Hence people grow very slowly in thought power.

One of the most marked things in the Theosophical movement is the mental growth observable year by year in its members. This is largely due to the fact that they are taught the nature of thought; they begin to understand a little of its workings, and set themselves to build their mental bodies instead of leaving them to grow by the unassisted processes of nature. The student eager for growth should resolve that no day shall pass that shall not have in it at least five minutes' reading and ten minutes' strenuous thinking on what is read. At first he will find the effort tiresome and laborious, and he will discover the weak-

ness of his thinking power. This discovery marks his first step, for it is much to discover that one is unable to think hard and consecutively. People who cannot think, but who imagine that they can, do not make much progress. It is better to know one's weakness than to imagine oneself strong when one is feeble. Gradually the power of thought grows, and it comes under control, and can be directed to definite ends. Without this thinking, the mental body will remain loosely formed and unorganised; and without gaining concentration—the power of fixing the thought on a definite point—thought power cannot be exercised at all.

CHAPTER III.

Thought-Transference

Almost everyone now-a-days is anxious to practise thought-transference, and dreams of the delights of communicating with an absent friend without the assistance of telegraph or post. Many people seem to think that they can accomplish the task with very little effort, and are quite surprised when they meet with total failure in their attempts. Yet it is clear that one must be able to think ere one can transfer thought, and some power of steady thinking must be necessary in order to send a thought-current through space. The feeble vacillating thoughts of the majority of people cause mere flickering vibrations in the thought-atmosphere, appearing and vanishing minute by minute, giving rise to no definite form and endowed with the lowest vitality. A thought-form must be clearly cut and well vitalised if it is to be driven in any definite direction, and to be strong enough, on arriving at its destination, to set up there a reproduction of itself.

There are two methods of thought-transference, one which may be distinguished as physical, the other as psychical, one belonging to the brain as well as the mind, the other to the mind only. A thought may be generated by the consciousness, cause vibration in the mental body, then in the astral body, set up waves in the etheric and then in the dense molecules of the physical brain; by these brain vibrations the physical ether is affected, and the waves pass outwards, till they reach another

brain and set up vibrations in its dense and etheric parts. By that receiving brain vibrations are caused in the astral and then in the mental bodies attached to it, and the vibrations in the mental body draw out the answering quiver in consciousness. Such are the many stages of the arc traversed by a thought. But this traversing of a "loopline" is not necessary. The consciousness may, when causing vibrations in its mental body, direct those vibrations straight to the mental body of the receiving consciousness, thus avoiding the round just described.

Let us see what happens in the first case.

There is a small organ in the brain, the pineal gland, the function of which is unknown to western physiologists, and with which western psychologists do not concern themselves. It is a rudimentary organ in most people, but it is evolving, not retrograding, and it is possible to quicken its evolution into a condition in which it can perform its proper function, the function that, in the future, it will discharge in all. It is the organ for thought-transference, as much as the eye is the organ of vision or the ear of hearing.

If anyone thinks very intently on a single idea, with concentration and sustained attention, he will become conscious of a slight quiver or creeping feeling—it has been compared to the creeping of an ant—in the pineal gland. The quiver takes place in the ether which permeates the gland, and causes a slight magnetic current which gives rise to the creeping feeling in the dense molecules of the gland. If the thought be strong enough to cause the current, then the thinker knows that he has been successful in bringing his thought to a pointedness and a strength which render it capable of transmission.

That vibration in the ether of the pineal gland sets up waves in the surrounding ether, like waves of light, only much smaller and more rapid. These undulations pass out in all directions, setting the ether in motion, and these etheric waves, in turn, produce undulations in the ether of the pineal gland in another brain, and from that are transmitted to the astral and mental bodies in regular succession, thus reaching the consciousness. If this second pineal gland cannot reproduce these undulations, then the thought will pass unnoticed, making no impression, any

more than waves of light make an impression on the eye of a blind person.

In the second method of thought-transference, the thinker, having created a thought-form on his own plane, does not send it down to the brain, but directs it immediately to another thinker on the mental plane. The power to do this deliberately implies a far higher mental evolution than does the physical method of thought-transference, for the sender must be self-conscious on the mental plane in order to exercise knowingly this activity.

But this power is being continually exercised by everyone ot us indirectly and unconsciously, since all our thinkings cause vibrations in the mental body, that must, from the nature of things, be propagated through the surrounding mind-stuff. And there is no reason to confine the word thought-transference to conscious and deliberate transmissions of a particular thought from one person to another. We are all continually affecting each other by these waves of thought, sent out without definite intent, and what is called public opinion is largely created in this way. Most people think along certain lines, not because they have carefully thought a question out and come to a conclusion, but because large numbers of people are thinking along those lines, and carry others with them. The strong thought of a great thinker goes out into the world of thought, and is caught up by receptive and responsive minds. They reproduce his vibrations, and thus strengthen the thought-wave, affecting others who would have remained unresponsive to the original undulations. These, answering again, give added force to the waves, and they become still stronger, affecting large masses of people.

Public opinion, once formed, exercises a dominant sway over the minds of the great majority, beating unceasingly on all brains and awakening in them responsive undulations.

There are also certain national ways of thinking, definite and deeply cut channels, resulting from the continual reproduction during centuries of similar thoughts, arising from the history, the struggles, the customs of a nation. These profoundly modify and colour all minds born into the nation, and everything that comes from outside the nation is changed by the national

vibration-rate. As thoughts that come to us from the outer world are modified by our mental bodies, and when we receive them we receive their vibrations *plus* our own normal vibrations —a resultant—so do nations, receiving impressions from other nations, receive them as modified by their own national vibration-rate. Hence the Englishman and the Frenchman, the Englishman and the Boer, see the same facts but add to them their own existing prepossessions, and quite honestly accuse each other of falsifying the facts and practising unfair methods. If this truth, and its inevitableness, were recognised, many international quarrels would be smoothed more easily than is now the case, many wars would be avoided, and those waged would be more easily put an end to. Then each nation would recognise what is sometimes called "the personal equation," and instead of blaming the other for difference of opinion each would seek the mean between the two views, neither insisting wholly on its own.

The very practical question for the individual that arises from the knowledge of this continual and general thought-transference, is: How much can I gain of good, and avoid of evil, seeing that I must live in a mixed atmosphere, wherein good and evil thought-waves are ever active and are beating against my brain? How can I guard myself against injurious thought-transference, and how can I profit by the beneficial? The knowledge of the way in which the selective power works is of vital importance.

Each man is the person who most constantly affects his own mental body. Others affect it occasionally, but he always. The speaker to whom he listens, the author whose book he reads, affect his mental body. But they are incidents in his life; he is a permanent factor. His own influence over the composition of the mental body is far stronger than that of anyone else, and he himself fixes the normal vibration-rate of his mind. Thoughts which do not harmonise with that rate will be flung aside when they touch the mind. If a man thinks truth, a lie cannot make a lodgment in his mind; if he thinks love, hate cannot disturb him; if he thinks wisdom, ignorance cannot paralyse him. Here alone is safety, here real power. The mind must not be allowed to lie as it were fallow, for then any thought

seed may take root and grow; it must not be allowed to vibrate as it pleases, for that means that it will answer to any passing vibration.

There lies the practical lesson. The man that practises it will soon find its value, and will discover that by thinking life can be made nobler and happier, and that it is true that by wisdom we can put an end to pain.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THOUGH UNMANIFEST GOD IS MOST MANIFEST

HERMES, THE THRICE-GREATEST, UNTO HIS OWN SON TAT

1. I WILL recount for thee this sermon, Tat, that thou may'st cease to be without the mysteries of the God beyond all name. And mark thou well how that which to the many seems unmanifest, will grow most manifest for thee.

Now were it manifest, it would not *be*. For all that is made manifest is subject to *becoming*, for it has been *made* manifest. But the unmanifest for ever *is*, for it doth not desire to be made manifest. It ever is, and maketh manifest all other things. Being Himself unmanifest, as ever being and ever making manifest, Himself is not made manifest. God is not made Himself; by thinking manifest,* He thinketh all things manifest. Now "thinking manifest" deals with things made alone, for thinking
2. manifest is nothing else than making. He, then, alone who is not made, 'tis clear, is both beyond all power of thinking manifest, and is unmanifest. And as He thinketh all things manifest, He manifests through all things and in all, and most of all in whatsoever things He wills to manifest. Do thou, then, Tat, my son, pray first unto our Lord and Father, the One and Only One, from whom the

* ἐν φαντασίᾳ, that is to say, by thinking into manifestation.

One* doth come, to show His mercy unto thee, in order that thou mayest have the power to catch a thought of this so mighty God, one single beam of Him to shine into thy thinking. For thought alone sees the unmanifest, in that it is itself unmanifest. If, then, thou hast the power, He will, Tat, manifest to thy mind's eyes. The Lord begrudgeth not Himself to anything, but manifesteth throughout all the world. Thou hast the power of taking thought, of seeing it and grasping it in thy own hands, and gazing face to face upon God's image. But if what's in thee is unmanifest to thee, how, then, shall He within thyself be manifest for thee by means of [outer] eyes?

3. But if thou wouldst see Him, bethink thee of the sun, bethink thee of moon's course, bethink thee of the order of the stars.† Who is the one who watcheth o'er that order? For every order hath its boundaries marked out by place and number. The sun's the greatest god of gods in heaven; to whom all of the heavenly gods give place as unto king and master. And he, this so-great one, he greater than the earth and sea, endures to have above him circling smaller stars than him. Out of respect to Whom, or out of fear of Whom, my son, [doth he do this]? Nor like nor equal is the course each of these stars describes in heaven. Who [then] is He who marketh out the manner of their course and its extent?

4. The Bear up there that turneth round itself, and carries round the whole world-order with it—Who is the master of this instrument? Who He who hath set round the sea its bounds? Who He who hath set on its seat the earth?

For, Tat, there *is* some one who is the maker and the lord of all these things. It could not be that number, place and measure could be kept without their maker. No order whatsoever could be made by that which lacketh place and lacketh measure; nay, even this‡ is not without

* Presumably the Demiurge or World-maker, the manifested Logos; the One and Only One being the unmanifested Logos, the God beyond all name.

† Sci, planets.

‡ Namely, that which lacketh place, number, and order; that is, disorder, chaos.

a lord. For if the orderless lacks something, in that it is not lord of order's path, it also is beneath a lord—the one who hath not yet ordained it order.

5. Would it were possible for thee to get thee wings, and soar into the air, and, poised midway 'tween earth and heaven, behold the earth's solidity, the sea's expanse, the flowings of the streams, the spaciousness of air, the rush of fire, the coursing of the stars,* the swiftness of heaven's circuit round them [all]! Most blessed sight were it, my son, to see all these beneath one sway—the motionless in motion, and the unmanifest made manifest, whereby is made this order of the cosmos and the cosmos which we see of order!

6. If thou would'st see Him too through things that suffer death,† both on the earth and those beneath the earth, think of a man's being fashioned in the womb, my son, and strictly scrutinise the art of Him who fashions him, and learn who fashioneth this fair and godly image of the Man.‡ Who [then] is he who traceth out the circles of the eyes; who He who boreth out the nostrils and the ears; who He who openeth [the portal of] the mouth; who He who doth stretch out and tie the nerves; who He who channels out the veins; who He who hardeneth the bones; who He who covereth the flesh with skin; who He who separates the fingers and the joints; who He who widens out a treading for the feet; who He who diggeth out the ducts; who He who spreadeth out the spleen; who He who shapeth heart like to a pyramid; who He who setteth ribs together; who He who wideneth the liver out; who He who maketh lungs like to a sponge; who He who maketh belly stretch so much; who He who doth make prominent the parts most honourable, so that they may be seen, while hiding out of sight those of least honour?

7. Behold how many arts [employed] on one material, how many labours on one single sketch, and all exceeding

* Sci., the planets.

† As opposed to the immortal world-order.

‡ The Heavenly Man of *The Shepherd* treatise.

fair, and all in perfect measure, yet all diversified! Who made them all? What mother, or what sire, save God alone, unmanifest, who hath made all things by His will?

8. And no one saith a statue or a picture comes to be without a sculptor or [without] a painter; doth [then] such workmanship as this exist without a worker? What depth of blindness, what deep impiety, what depth of ignorance! See, [then] thou ne'er, son Tat, deprivest works of worker. Nay, rather is He greater than all names, so great is He, the Father of all things.* For verily He is the only one, and this His work to be a father.

9. So, if thou forcest me too bold to speak, His essence is conceiving of all things, and making [them]. And as without its maker it is impossible that anything should be, so ever is He not, unless He ever makes all things, in heaven, in air, in earth, in deep, in all the world, in every part of all that is and is not. For there is naught in all the world that is not He. He is Himself, both things that are and things that are not. The things that are He hath made manifest, He keepeth things that are not in Himself.

10. He is the God beyond all name; He the unmanifest, He the most manifest; He whom the mind [alone] can contemplate, He visible unto the eyes [of mind]; He is the one of no body, the one of many bodies, nay, rather He of every body. Naught is there which He is not. For He Himself alone is all. And for this cause hath He all names, in that there is one Father [only]. And for this cause hath He Himself no name, in that He's Father of [them] all.†

Who, then, may sing Thee praise of Thee, or [praise] to Thee? *Whither*, again, am I to turn my eyes to sing Thy praise; above, below, within, without? There is no way, no place [is there] about Thee, nor any other thing of things that are. All [are] in Thee; all [are] from Thee, O Thou

* The translation of this sentence is purely conjectural, for the text is not only sadly corrupt, but there is a lacuna in it.

† That is, of all names.

who givest all and takest naught, for Thou hast all and naught is there Thou hast not.

11. And *when*, O Father, shall I hymn Thee? For none can seize Thy hour or time. *For what*, again, shall I sing hymn? For things that Thou hast made, or things Thou hast not? For things Thou hast made manifest, or things Thou hast concealed? *How*, further, shall I hymn Thee? As being of myself? As having something of mine own? As being other? For that Thou art whatever I may be; Thou art whatever I may do; Thou art whatever I may speak. For Thou art all, and there is nothing else which Thou art not. Thou art all that which doth exist, and Thou art what doth not exist—Thought when Thou thinkest, and Father when Thou makest, and God when Thou dost energise, and Good and Maker of all things. For that the subtler part of matter is the air, of air the soul, of soul the mind, and of mind God.

Notes

The opening paragraphs of this fine tractate are very difficult to render into English in any way that can preserve the subtle shades of meaning of the Greek. As this subtle word-play has been entirely missed by all previous translators, I have made a rough attempt to preserve it by using the somewhat clumsy term "manifest." The original word-play may be seen from the following list of the original terms taken in the order of their occurrence: ἀφανές, φανερώτατον, ἐμφανές, φαινόμενον, ἐφάνη, ἀφανές, φανῆναι, φανερά, ἀφανής, φανερῶν, φανεροῦται, φαντασίᾳ, φαντασιῶν, φαντασία, ἀφαντασίαστος καί ἀφανής, φαντασιῶν, φαίνεται, φανῆναι. These terms all occur in § 1 and the first two lines of § 2.

I have translated φαντασία by "thinking manifest," seeing that it is the power by which an object is made apparent or manifest. The doctrine is the same as that of the Vedânta philosophy, the Mâyâ of the Vedânta-vâdins. Mâyâ is generally translated "illusion," but this is not a good equivalent, for it comes from the root *ma*, to make or measure. The Logos is called in the Vedânta, Mâyin, the maker, measurer, or creator, and His force, power, or shakti, is Mâyâ. It is the power of the

divine thought, and so far from being illusion in any ordinary sense of the word, is very real for us, and is only non-real as compared to the Logos Himself, the One Reality in the highest philosophical sense of the term.

It is strange that the author (§ 3) who knows that the sun is greater than the earth and sea, should yet in his argument call the stars of the Bear *smaller* than the sun, and for one who knows the relative meanings of above and below, to say they are *above* the sun. He is, however, taking things as they appear in this part of his argument, and not as they really are.

The last sentence of the treatise does not seem to come in very appositely, and may be either a gloss by a scribe, or perhaps the treatise as it stands may not be complete.

G. R. S. MEAD.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE HEREAFTER

AN UNCANNY EXPERIENCE

AN invalid of long standing, although not a hopeless one, I suffered from a tedious chronic ailment, which only time and constant care could cure. And now the doctors told me that to hasten my recovery an operation was imperative. Although my parents still survived, I lived abroad and alone. For the sake of the climate and the special treatment my case necessitated, I was staying in a private Sanatorium in Switzerland; neither the name of the Canton nor of the town can be of any importance to the reader. That surgical intervention should have been found necessary was not very welcome news, as may be imagined, but it was no good striving against what seemed to be fate. The operation was of a serious nature, my chances of recovery were not very bright, either with or without it. So I decided to run the risk of its proving unsuccessful, if not fatal, for the monotonous existence of an invalid was becoming unbearable.

The day appointed for its performance, as I found, came only too soon. I had ordered all my affairs beforehand in case

of accident. The operation was to be carried out by an eminent surgeon, professor of the University of *Z*——.

On the eve everything was prepared for the impending event. In the early evening I partook of a light supper, after which began the long fast before the operation, which, of course, was to be performed under an anæsthetic. Although not strong, I was but rarely forced to keep my bed; so I spent the evening pleasantly enough in the drawing-room, chatting with the friends I had made among my companions in misfortune, but I did not think fit to let slip any hint as to what was to take place on the morrow. I had a bath and then retired to bed somewhat earlier than usual. Strange to say, neither uneasiness nor apprehension troubled me. Having, upon a previous occasion, undergone a trifling operation under chloroform, the recollection of that experience rather served to quiet me than otherwise.

My sleep that night was sound and unbroken, and I awoke quite fresh at eight o'clock next morning. It was winter time. Day had dawned dull and heavy; the sky was of a leaden hue, the surrounding mountains enveloped in an opaque mantle of lowering clouds. As I opened my window a few stray snowflakes found their way into the room. It was not a day calculated to put one into a pleasant mood, and now, for the first time, I felt my buoyancy of spirit desert me, and something like apprehension creep into my soul. However, it was necessary to get ready, so, slipping on my dressing-gown, I began my morning ablutions, then returned to bed to await the arrival of the professor, whom I had not yet seen.

Punctually at nine o'clock I heard the steps of several persons in the passage, approaching my room, and subdued voices in conversation. The tread of two was familiar to my ear; I recognised the halting limp of the chief physician of the establishment, and the light, springy gait of his young assistant. The other step was, however, unfamiliar; it was firm and heavy. "So this must be the professor who will shortly operate on me," was the idea that immediately occurred to me.

In the brief interval that elapsed between the doctor's advent and the first heralding of their approach, I tried to picture to myself what kind of a man this professor was, what his appear-

ance and manner might be. But all such speculations were cut short by a sharp knock at the door. I bade them enter, and then had a long look at the great man.

"Mr. Johnson, this is Professor Reinheim," said my doctor, as he introduced us to each other. Professor Reinheim was a tall man of athletic build, about fifty years of age. Upon his face were denoted energy and will; his hair was rather long, brushed back behind his ears. Beneath a massive forehead, deeply lined, under shaggy eyebrows, gleamed a pair of cool, intelligent, and not unkindly eyes. The jaw was strongly developed, but both mouth and chin were hidden under a heavy beard and moustache.

I shook hands all round. The professor then proceeded to examine me, sounding my heart with special care, for on the latter's conduct depended, to a great extent, the success of the operation. The survey seemed to be satisfactory, and, asking me a few questions, with a kindly word or two of encouragement, the great surgeon went downstairs with the others to complete his last arrangements. I was to be called in half-an-hour.

A feeling of nervousness now took hold of me. The possibility of dying under the anæsthetic—of which there is a certain risk present in every operation—did not trouble me so much. But I was now in a state of comparative physical ease. Although ill for over three years, my disease never caused me any acute suffering. The idea that from a condition of apparent well-being I should, without transitory preparation, be plunged, a few hours hence, into a state of severe bodily pain, which might last for days, made me feel sick at heart. This, combined with the effects of my unwonted fast, resulted in my present depression. With a strong effort of will I tried to bring back my equanimity, reasoning the matter out and mentally reviewing my present circumstances, my past, and my possible future. I so far succeeded that I could now await the summons with all outward coolness. Still my pulse beat faster than usual. The seconds of that half-hour seemed to turn into minutes, the minutes into hours. But at length the advent of the nurse, summoning me to the operating-room, brought it to a close.

Donning my dressing-gown and slippers, I followed downstairs.

All the other inmates of the house had either gone out for their morning walk or repaired to the terraces, there to pass the morning, as was their wont. Everything was just as usual, and a feeling of lonesomeness stole over me as it struck me how little my coming trial affected the rest of the world. That such should be the case was only natural; still the unconsciously indifferent attitude of these comparative strangers hurt me to the quick. I was glad, nevertheless, that in traversing the stairs and corridors we met no one.

In the ante-room I was met by one of the assistants. He felt my pulse; it registered over a hundred. "Don't worry," he said, "we shall give you something to quiet your nerves a little." And almost before he had spoken the morphia-syringe had been applied to my arm. A few seconds later a kind of numb, restful sensation began to suffuse my system, and my excitement abated. A sort of indifference possessed me, and I began to look forward to what was coming next with a certain languid curiosity; it seemed as if I were about to assist at an interesting experiment rather than to undergo a serious and dangerous operation!

The next moment Professor Reinheim came in and told me that the time had come. He was attired from head to foot in snowy white, and his strong, muscular arms, all red from repeated scrubbings and rinsings, were bared to the elbow. Standing there in all his rough, virile energy, clad in gown and apron, he reminded me of an athletic butcher about to slaughter. At the unpleasant suggestiveness of this mental figure a cynical smile passed over my face, which even took me myself by surprise. Really the morphia was doing wonders!

I was now in the light, airy, clean operating room. In the centre stood the dread table, covered with snowy linen. Close at hand were ranged glass tables with an imposing array of glittering instruments, bandaging materials, basins; in a corner, some instruments were boiling noisily in a metal dish over a gas burner. Placed apart, I recognised the chloroform mask and "dropper." The room was very warm and the air pervaded with the smell of carbolic acid and other powerful antiseptics.

Around were grouped two neat-looking Catholic Sisters of Mercy, the chief operator, with his assistants and dressers.

I clambered on the table and lay down. The next moment, telling me to breathe deeply and regularly, the assistant laid his fingers on my pulse and began to administer the chloroform. The first few drops affected me as if I had been struck a severe blow on the nose and half stupefied. Then my wits cleared again and I felt weak and sick from the strong, pungent, penetrating fumes of the anæsthetic. They seemed to creep into the inmost recesses of my brain, to suffuse my limbs with an indescribable languor. Drums commenced a rhythmical tattoo in my ears. I began to lose my sense of feeling, although I could still hear and see. Consciousness then began to desert me. My reasoning powers appeared to be confined to a space no larger than a pin's head in my brain. Suddenly I felt a hand open my eyelids. For a moment, regaining comparative consciousness, I could discern the operating-room, the same faces around, I also became aware of a strange incessant babbling voice. The voice was asking whether the operation was over and had been successful, or not, after which followed a lot of disjointed nonsense. For a time I could not make out who it was, when suddenly it dawned upon me that I myself was talking, and the professor ordering me in an angry voice to be still and go to sleep. Again the mask was applied, a last deafening crash of those awful drums burst upon my hearing, I felt as if all were fast floating away, that last little vestige of consciousness departed from me and all was blank. . . .

How much time elapsed between that and my next return to consciousness I could not tell. It seemed to me that I was once more awake. A strange feeling of lightness and buoyancy filled my being. I could neither see, hear nor feel, only think, and that with a lucidness never experienced before. This sensation lasted but a fraction of a second, for the next instant I resumed full command of both vision and hearing. A strange inexplicable sight unfolded itself before me. There was the operating-room, the professor, his assistants, but there was also another person I had not before noticed. He lay on the table and was strangely pale. I looked at him steadily from my elevated position. I

almost noiselessly, no vibration reaching our high perch. Now and again only the deep, rhythmical pulsation of the engines was wafted up our way. The black smoke welled out from the funnels steadily in dense volumes, trailing along behind us for miles in the still air. There was no sea on, only the long, heavy, never-ceasing swell of the mighty Pacific communicated an even, rolling motion to the huge ship. The high masts seemed to be the pendulums of some gigantic clock.

My brother, in his overcoat, was standing by the wheel-house looking intently ahead. Only the watch was visible, all the rest were down below. I faced my brother and concentrated all my thoughts in one desire to communicate to him the fact of my presence. He suddenly stepped back from the taffrail and passed his hand across his face, as if something had risen up before his eyes and obscured his sight. I saw him turn pale in the light of the binnacle lamps as he gazed into vacancy. "It can't be! I must be dreaming!" he muttered, after a pause, and again lifting his night-glasses, continued to scan the horizon. The approach of dawn was already heralded by a nipping freshness in the air, for my brother, wrapping his overcoat closer round him, began to pace the bridge in pensive silence. I continued watching him for a long time. "Four bells" struck. A moment later the watch was relieved, and my brother disappeared below to take his well-earned rest.

I was beginning to lose all interest in the things of this world I had ceased to be a member of. Even my sympathy and love for those nearest me began to fade away, and I was growing more indifferent every minute. I felt inexpressibly lonely, I yearned for company of some kind or other; I should have been glad beyond measure to meet with a fellow-spirit, but I was alone. None appeared. My isolation was absolute and complete, and the sense of it was growing upon me terribly. I was utterly forsaken in the vastnesses of the universe, utterly alone. With horror I began to think of what it would be to continue thus for years, for centuries, for eternity itself. That word "eternity" had a sickening significance now that it had never had before. I began to realise to some extent what it meant. Rest was now a thing beyond my grasp. How I wished for the

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seemed to recall his features and looked more attentively; then a sinking sense of terror seized me. The person I saw before me was none other than myself! I, or rather, my body, lay there motionless upon the table. A half annoyed, half regretful look was depicted on the professor's energetic face, as he stood there, his left hand resting on my left side, in the right still holding a pair of forceps. His assistant had laid the mask aside and looked disconcerted, as he whispered with the other doctors. The two nurses stood by, not realising what had happened, the one holding some cotton-wool, the other a basin. "Failure of the heart's action!" said the professor, "a bad business, gentlemen, but one accident of this kind *will* happen once in a thousand cases, whatever precautions may be taken."

As for the body, it lay there, motionless as before. A deep incision was yawning in its right side. The forceps that clipped the severed arteries were still in their places. A few particles of removed bone were lying on a side table. The sheets were slightly splashed with blood.

For some moments I could not realise what had happened, then the awful truth flashed through my mind. Death had overtaken me while under chloroform! That which lay before me was my body. What, in my present thoughts, I termed myself, was my inner consciousness of self, in fact what most people call the soul. During my life I had held purely materialistic views. This sudden revelation of the existence of consciousness after death stupefied me—it was so unexpected and unloo ked for.

After contemplating the strange scene unfolded to my mental gaze for some time, the whole horror of it became too overpowering. I wished to shut out the spectacle of my mangled body as it lay there, exposed to all those strangers, and a sad yearning for the sight of the faces dearest to me possessed my soul. Unconsciously I wished myself in my far-away home in the States. To my intense surprise the present scene melted away into nothing, and without shock, but also without any transitory change, our sitting-room presented itself to my spiritual vision. My mother was reclining in her favourite easy chair, engaged in some fancy-work. My father was reading the papers by the lamp. Although the last picture I had looked upon had

been illuminated by the light of day, here it was evening. For a moment I could not understand, and then I remembered that such ought to be the case, owing to the great difference in longitude.

While contemplating this peaceful and familiar scene, for a moment I forgot my changed state. I addressed my mother, but my voice was unsubstantial and conveyed no impression to her. The inexorable reality came home to me with renewed force, and I understood the fruitlessness of my efforts. But I would not give in, so I concentrated all my will-power in trying to let her know of my invisible presence. An uneasy, troubled expression crossed her face, and turning to where my father was sitting, she remarked that she was anxious to know how I had gone through my operation, and wondered when the expected cablegram, communicating the result, would arrive. My father glanced at his watch and said it ought to be there in two or three hours, and he felt sure all would be well. My mother, however, had already got thoroughly uneasy. Saying that she felt too nervous to go on with her work, she took up a book, but could not concentrate her attention upon its contents. I felt unutterably sad at the thought that the news of my death was soon to bring sorrow to my parents.

A feeling of unrest was in me. I wished to see my brother. A lieutenant in the navy, he was at that moment with our Pacific squadron somewhere in the China seas, several thousands of miles away. But I was getting accustomed to my new position, and distance was no more an obstacle to me. With the coming of the thought fulfilment of the wish followed with the rapidity of light. Again the scene shifted as before, with neither pause, jolt nor jar. This time I found myself upon the flying-bridge of one of our great ocean cruisers. It was a bright, starry night. Around us, beyond the stem and stern of the great ship, there was nothing but a limitless expanse of deep blue water, verging into black, illuminated only by the navigating lights and the phosphorescent glow peculiar to those tropical seas. The vessel, forging majestically ahead, left a long track of shining eddies in its wake, where the water was churned by the propellers. Going at an economical speed, we slipped along

almost noiselessly, no vibration reaching our high perch. Now and again only the deep, rhythmical pulsation of the engines was wafted up our way. The black smoke welled out from the funnels steadily in dense volumes, trailing along behind us for miles in the still air. There was no sea on, only the long, heavy, never-ceasing swell of the mighty Pacific communicated an even, rolling motion to the huge ship. The high masts seemed to be the pendulums of some gigantic clock.

My brother, in his overcoat, was standing by the wheel-house looking intently ahead. Only the watch was visible, all the rest were down below. I faced my brother and concentrated all my thoughts in one desire to communicate to him the fact of my presence. He suddenly stepped back from the taffrail and passed his hand across his face, as if something had risen up before his eyes and obscured his sight. I saw him turn pale in the light of the binnacle lamps as he gazed into vacancy. "It can't be! I must be dreaming!" he muttered, after a pause, and again lifting his night-glasses, continued to scan the horizon. The approach of dawn was already heralded by a nipping freshness in the air, for my brother, wrapping his over-coat closer round him, began to pace the bridge in pensive silence. I continued watching him for a long time. "Four bells" struck. A moment later the watch was relieved, and my brother disappeared below to take his well-earned rest.

I was beginning to lose all interest in the things of this world I had ceased to be a member of. Even my sympathy and love for those nearest me began to fade away, and I was growing more indifferent every minute. I felt inexpressibly lonely, I yearned for company of some kind or other; I should have been glad beyond measure to meet with a fellow-spirit, but I was alone. None appeared. My isolation was absolute and complete, and the sense of it was growing upon me terribly. I was utterly forsaken in the vastnesses of the universe, utterly alone. With horror I began to think of what it would be to continue thus for years, for centuries, for eternity itself. That word "eternity" had a sickening significance now that it had never had before. I began to realise to some extent what it meant. Rest was now a thing beyond my grasp. How I wished for the

oblivion I had always thought to be on the other side of the grave, and used to contemplate with dread. To be for ever inseparable from my thoughts was now my lot. No escape! No escape! A wild idea of suicide occurred to me, but its utter absurdity came home to me instantly. I had no body from which to take the life—why, I had just quitted it! Should I appeal to a deity? In despair I tried to pray, but my ideas refused to fashion themselves into anything like coherency. I experienced a mental anguish I had never before thought possible. What if I had been utterly led astray in my former conceptions? What if, after all, I had been in the wrong all along in my materialism? What if all that religion had taught me in my childhood was the *truth*, if my latter doubts were the result of mental aberration? Suppose that all my vaunted logic, in which I took such pride, was but the vapouring of a diseased brain! Then came the fearful idea that my present condition, with its ghastly outlook for the future, was a punishment ordained by an offended deity, a punishment meted out to me—a free-thinker! None could have been better chosen to suit such as the present case! In my overpowering terror I again essayed to pray. The pangs I was now suffering from beggared all description. All reeled in a terrible wild whirl. Then an unexpected relief came, my consciousness grew gradually dim.

"Give him another injection! Where's the syringe?" I heard a far-away voice saying. Then someone lifted my left eye-lid, and through a cloud I could distinguish the professor and my doctor. . . I could not realise what had happened. My head swam. . . . "Ah, he's coming round again!" the same strong, cheery voice repeated. . . . "Well, how do you feel? Pretty bad, eh?"

So it was all a dream after all! I could not for a time realise the truth. I had got so accustomed to the idea of having left the world for ever, that this sudden return to life stunned me. "What has happened?" I asked. Then an after-thought struck me and I queried: "Has the operation been successful, professor?" "You can set your mind easy," was the reply. "You stood it splendidly, and will be on your legs again in a few weeks."

I once more relapsed into silence. The revulsion of feeling was too great. . . . Then, with more and more complete return of consciousness, I became aware of a dull, oppressive, aching, ever-growing pain in my side, the acuteness of which increased every moment. But the moral relief experienced was so deep, that I felt I could support the strong physical anguish with a kind of quiet complacency.

* * * *

My recovery was rapid, and, in time, proved to be complete. But the vivid recollection of my terrible vision remained for a long time impressed upon my memory, and I shall not forget those agonised moments it was my lot to live through, till the day of my death.

SIMEON LINDEN.

THE LOGOS

THE one web-spinner who with His ruling powers rules all the worlds, ay, rules with ruling powers; who one in sooth remains in both their birth and being—they who know Him, immortal they become.

Yea, the one Lord who all these worlds doth rule, stands not for any second. Behind those that are born He stands; at ending time ingathers all the worlds He hath evolved, protector He.

He hath eyes on all sides, on all sides surely hath faces, arms surely on all sides, on all sides feet. With arms, with wings, He tricks them out, creating heaven and earth, the only God.

Who of the gods is both the source and growth, the Lord of all, the mighty seer, . . . may He with reason pure conjoin us! . . .

I know this mighty Man, sun-like, beyond the darkness, Him and Him only knowing one crosseth over death; no other path at all is there to go.—SHVETÂSHVATAROPANIṢHAD, iii. 1-4, 8.

THE HOUSE OF MR. MELLICENT

MR. MELLICENT sat in his study and viewed with uncommon satisfaction the plans of his new house. This house, the design of which was his own, was nearly completed; it stood on a Surrey common, and it had taken some time to build.

Every day he visited it, sparing no trouble over the perfecting of every detail. As he looked smilingly at his plans he heard a light, quick footstep in the passage; he frowned a little, and laid down his papers. The door opened and a boy came in. He was a slim, nervous-looking lad of sixteen, with a pale, dark face, brilliant, excitable eyes, and long, slender, supple hands. He was unlike his father, Mr. Mellicent, who was a typical healthy, rubicund, stalwart Englishman. The boy was very like the picture of a pretty woman which hung on the wall of Mr. Mellicent's study.

"Well, Frank," said Mr. Mellicent, "so your mother told you I wanted to speak to you?"

"Yes, father; I've just come in."

"Where have you been?"

"I went to town to an afternoon concert. Ysaye is playing."

"That is just the subject upon which I wanted to speak to you. I have a very bad report of your work from Mr. Duncan."

"I was sure you would have."

"Is *that* all you say? I give you every advantage; I give you a most expensive education, and you are behind every boy of your age. It's disgraceful, for you're not a fool."

"I'm sorry. Indeed I can't help it. My head's like a sieve. I don't care—I really don't care a hang for—"

"Precisely! That is just it. Ungrateful inattention. It is very wrong of you. Mr. Duncan tells me the truth is you are being entirely ruined by this ridiculous craze for music. Music

is all very well in its way, as a recreation or accomplishment. A man should, however, have more serious pursuits. You are injuring your future. Since it was your mother's wish" (he had nearly said her "woman's fad," till he remembered he was speaking to her son), "I let you have violin lessons when you were a mere child. She thought you had a taste for it, and so forth; and she said you ought to begin young. Now I hear that you think of and care for nothing but studying music and playing the violin. It's a very sad thing for a father to hear of his son. Now, Frank, you are sixteen; you'll be seventeen in three months. You're not a child. This won't do. You ought to be thinking of choosing your profession, and not mooning and fiddling."

"I—*have* chosen," said the boy in a very low voice.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it. Let me hear your choice."

"I want to follow the only line I care for, father."

"What's that?"

"You've said it. Music."

"Are you out of your mind?"

"No," said the lad, leaning forward and speaking earnestly, his eyes full of tears, "I'm not mad. There is nothing else I can do. There is nothing else of which I shouldn't make a dead failure. I can't understand half the things they want me to learn; I can't take them in, for the plain reason that I can't get away from the music. I *hear* it, I tell you, father. I hear it in the day, going through and through me; and I hear it better still when I'm asleep."

"My good boy! Do you want me to send for the doctor to examine into your mental condition? Go out and play cricket, and don't make a fool of yourself. Don't tell me that a son of mine is a hysterical crank, for mercy's sake! You don't seriously propose that you shall adopt the calling of a fiddler, do you?"

"I mean to be a musician."

"My grandfather used to say there were three, possibly four, professions which a gentleman could enter: the army, the navy, the church, and *perhaps* the bar. Now I'm not so exclusive as that. One must march with the times. If you've a leaning towards—medicine for instance—"

"Medicine! I'd sooner be dead and buried!"

"Your cousin is trying for the Civil Service. But you must work, whatever—"

"Father, I shall never choose any of these professions. I couldn't. I shall be a musician, or nothing."

"Then you will be nothing, my boy; for you certainly shall not be a musician. How many people who take up music as a profession succeed?"

"*I* should succeed. I know that. If I could make people hear only half—"

"That'll do! You are fortunately young, and I can control you for some years. I forbid you ever to speak of this again. I shall put a stop to your music now that I know it bids fair to ruin your future. You will study music no longer; nor will you go to another concert nor touch the violin till you're twenty-one. You must promise me that, on your word of honour."

The boy grew white.

"I can't," he said in a husky whisper, "I should break my word if I did; I can't and I won't."

"Then I shall see that you obey my orders, if you will not promise to comply with my request. You will have no more music for the next four years and more."

"You don't mean that, father?"

"I do; most definitely."

"You don't know what you are doing to me. I shall go crazy."

"Nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense. I care for it more than——"

"You will have to learn to care for the things which should properly engage your attention."

The boy gasped for breath. Then he burst into a storm of frantic sobbing.

"You can't!" he gasped. "You can't! I shall die of it. You can't!"

"Now, you see," said Mr. Mellicent placidly, "the deplorable state of emotional excitement this ridiculous music of yours produces. The idea of a lad of your age behaving like this.

You might be in the nursery! One day, you know, Frank, you'll thank me for being firm. I am desirous of treating my children indulgently, but I cannot permit the mere fancies of a lad to override the mature judgment and experience of a man."

He left his son, who was lying with his head resting on the table, his shoulders shaken by hysterical sobs. Mr. Mellicent strolled down the garden with that calm sense of immovable discretion and wisdom which not infrequently possesses the soul after some more than usually fatuous action. He was going to see his beloved house; but he sat down awhile beneath a little vine trellis, and looked at the sunshine gleaming through the leaves. After a while he passed from under the trellis and out of the garden to the site of his nearly completed building. The gorse burned golden about it; a little grey-blue pond, belted by yellow iris, shimmered near it in the grass; close at hand was a clump of birch trees; through the green flame of their young leaves peeped here and there the amethyst and silver of twig and bough.

Mr. Mellicent was standing among the gorse bushes viewing the house with much satisfaction, when he heard a smooth, self-satisfied voice beside him say:

"May I ask what you are doing?"

He turned; beside him was a man who seemed to be about twenty years his senior.

"Certainly," said Mr. Mellicent, graciously, "I am inspecting a house which I am building."

"For your own occupation? Impossible!"

"Why not?"

"Because it is evident that this house is not of the best design and material. Look at this design. I have just built one like it for myself."

"I am sorry to be discourteous," said Mr. Mellicent, smiling, "but I do not admire it. I prefer my own."

"I hope you are not serious."

"May I ask why you hope that?"

"Because it is entirely out of the question that I should allow you to finish so monstrous and ridiculous a building. Dear! dear! This *is* bad. Who on earth was your architect?"

"I designed it myself."

"Well! you cannot complete such a thing. I could not allow it. Perhaps some of your materials might be used—I don't know, though. They look to me very poor. Now mine ——!"

"Sir!" said Mr. Mellicent in a towering passion, "if you are not insane you are offensive and officious. Do you suppose I shall pull down a house which has taken much thought and lives and lives of work to build" (this was not true, but the statement seemed to be all right at the time, and the stranger did not combat it) "to put up a frightful barn like yours. Certainly not!"

"Come, come!" said the other, smilingly. "Do not be foolishly agitated. It shows a deplorable state of emotional excitement in one of your age. You'll thank me one day, you know. I am about to stop your work on this house; and the other, mine, in short, can be begun forthwith. Be guided by me. I am older than you are."

"Older than I am!" shouted Mr. Mellicent, "Why! you lunatic, you're years younger. The design of your hideous house proves it, no less than your insensate pig-headedness. Even if you were not, I've been building this house for years and years and I've a right to finish it."

"I am desirous," said the stranger gravely, "to treat you indulgently, but I cannot permit the mere fancies of a lad to over-ride the mature judgment and experience of a man."

At this sudden reproduction of his own words to his son, Mr. Mellicent started—and opened his eyes. He was still sitting below the vine leaves; his hat had fallen off in his sleep, and lay at his feet. It had fallen because of his start; and his start had been caused less by the dream words than by a sound.

The sound was the report of a gun, and it was followed by a woman's shriek. Mr. Mellicent ran to the house; he was not very quick of wit, but he knew what he should see. When he saw the white-faced mother, with anguish in her tearless eyes, kneeling by the side of a limp, helpless figure, it seemed to be no new thing that he beheld. Somehow it was not strange nor unexpected to see the grey-white placid face, its closed eyes ringed with purple shadows, and the red stain upon the shirt when they began to look for the wound.

While the boy lay, hanging between life and death, there was a strange, uncanny waiting hush about the house; the very sound of the half-drawn blinds was grim and ghastly, as the wind swayed them with a soft, sucking sound on the woodwork. The nurses flitted to and fro; the mother watched beside her child, her husband fearing to speak to her because of the agony in her dim eyes. The doctor came and went twice daily; and Mr. Mellicent, pacing each day to the finished house (for he was a man whose habits never varied; his feet carried him there, though the pleasure had gone out of the place to which they bore him) thought of many things. When the day came on which the doctor said: "Out of danger," Mr. Mellicent did not cease his thinking. He went daily to his son's room, stood in the doorway, looked at him, nodded, and inquired for his health in a stolid, unemotional fashion. But there came an hour when Mr. Mellicent, sitting alone in the library, heard a weak, lagging step without. The door opened, and his son, walking feebly, came in. He started at the sight of his father, and caught at the door for support.

Mr. Mellicent rose, grasped his arm, put him into a chair by the fireplace and sat beside him.

"You should not try to walk about the house alone yet, my boy," he said, "you're too weak."

"I thought I was stronger than I am."

Mr. Mellicent hesitated; then he laid his palm on the limp, weak hand that rested on the chair.

"Frank," he said, "I have been thinking over our—our last conversation. I—we—so nearly lost you——" he stopped, and caught his breath with a jerk. "I am willing to waive my—er—well, my prejudices. You shall follow the line you've chosen."

The boy started; then he leaned back and hid his face with a hand that shook.

"O, father," he said with a half sob, "I—don't deserve that. I—I—don't, indeed. It—it *wasn't* an accident as—they think it was."

"I know. I feared it was not."

"I was half crazy. I didn't know what I was doing. I'm so sorry—I'm so sorry——"

"I know you are. You must never let your mother know. It was my fault too."

"I'll do anything you like. I'll even be a parson if you wish it. And I should hate that worst of all."

But Mr. Mellicent had mercy on the possible sheep of this shepherd in embryo.

"No, no," he said, "no, you shall follow your own line! A house—I mean a career—you shall build from your own design, Frank."

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE BORDER-LAND OF HISTORY

ABYDOS AND KNOSSOS

The Yesterday of History

IT is a remarkable fact that the closing year of the nineteenth century should have supplied us with incontrovertible proof of the existence of high civilisations in what had been previously regarded as utterly "prehistoric" Egypt and Greece. It has always been a puzzle to theosophical thinkers why the so-called scientific mind, which has rejected with contempt the 4004 B.C. date, should nevertheless in all of its chronological speculations as to the antiquity of races, have practically fought against the pushing back of the dates of the origins of civilisation with a desperation as great as that of the apologists of the most ridiculous superstition of dogmatic chronology. The self-evident truth that countless civilisations must have lived and died before the brief yesterday of history, and that "primitive man" is a myth, in the most uncomplimentary sense of the word, is for some inexplicable reason the *bête noire* of this scientific mind. Perhaps this may be deliberately so designed in the scheme of things in order that the antiquarian and folk-lorist may pay greater attention to detail, and not stray too far into the past, and so be content to add laboriously century to century of proved antiquity in the world-age. It is, however, somewhat ridiculous,

when our antiquarians discover the remains of a highly developed civilisation, to assume that its immediate predecessor was "stone-age" man. "Stone-age" man may have been the immediate predecessor in occupation of that particular *site*, but assuredly he was not the immediate forerunner of that high *civilisation*.

* * *

Historical Myths

FOR how many years have we not been assured by official scholarship that the First Dynasties of Egyptian kings were all purely mythological figments; that, so far from ever existing, Mena, the "first" king, was, according to the strictest canons of scientific philology—which dubbed mythology a "disease of language"—nothing but a mythic variant of Cretan Minos and Indian Manu, pure figments of the antique brain? And now, in the last year of the nineteenth century, which boasted itself that all these myths had at last been accorded a decent scientific burial, we have found that Mena really did reign in Egypt, and Minos most probably judge in Crete; that so far from Romulus and the rest being disposed of and docketed with the purely mythical, inscriptions as old as these "mythic" kings have been found at Rome, and the remains of a high civilisation antedating 753 B.C., the fabled year of the "founding of the city." We have ourselves always held that mythology has as much to teach of history as have the monuments, and have little doubt that the archæological discoveries of the coming century will justify in even more striking fashion the historical element of the ancient science of mythopœia. The higher elements also of the science will, we hope, in due time be justified, but not by archæology.

* * *

The Millennia of Egypt

IN a late lecture, Professor Petrie sums up the results of the most recent archæological research in Egypt. We take the report from *The Manchester Guardian* of November 8th. Mena and the early kings now came before them, said this distinguished explorer into the records of the past, as the kings of Saxon England:

> Never before had nearly the whole of a dynasty been opened to them at once to examine and to verify. Never had so much of Egyptian history

been proved monumentally in a few months, and at no time had so remote a period been brought so completely before them as it had been in the work this year at Abydos. (Cheers.) Five kings were already identified out of the eight recorded for the First Dynasty. Those five kings were proved to have been recorded in their correct order, although the time for the First Dynasty was so remote from even that of Seti that all the names had become slightly altered by transmission. When it was remembered that the First Dynasty was older to Seti than the Exodus is to us, such trivial corruptions might be pardoned, and we could only wonder that the historical value of the lists had been so unfailingly confirmed. If all they could check proved thus correct, they were bound to accept the whole history as honest and genuine. (Cheers.) Now that it was possible to deal with the earliest periods—back to the first entry of agricultural man into Egypt—they could see more of the perspective of history. Palæolithic man scattered his massive flint weapons until the age of Nile mud (beginning about 7000 B.C.) made agriculture possible, and a Caucasian race ousted the Palæolithic folk, whose portraits were left in the figures found in the earliest graves. This oldest race of men was of the Hottentot type, but even more hairy than the Hottentot, with the traces of his original northern habitat not yet wiped off by tropical suns. Then they saw a rapidly rising civilisation, already knowing metals, linked with the modern Kabyle of Algeria both by bodily formation and by existing products. Next, after some dozen generations, they could trace strong Eastern or Semitic influence, which carried on this civilisation to a higher point in many respects, and then decay set in, and the first cycle that could be traced was completed. The next cycle began with the entry of the dynastic race from the Red Sea, possessing the elements of hieroglyphic writing and far more artistic sense and power than the earlier people. In some three or four centuries they had gradually conquered and united all the races scattered through Egypt, and the first king of all Egypt, who founded his new capital at the mouth of the valley, was Mena. The era of consolidation which preceded him was stated as the dynasty of ten kings of Abydos, who reigned for 300 years. It was a time of rapidly increasing civilisation, during which most of the main features of Egyptian language, life, and art were stamped for 5,000 years to come. From the royal tombs of Abydos we could see now how this art rose to its finest age in the middle of the First Dynasty, and was decaying and becoming cheaper and more common by the end of that dynasty. Probably we should see that this cycle was fading when some new impetus gave birth to the colossal ages of the Pyramid builders. That grand period we now saw to have been the third cycle of civilisation and art, which was renewed again and again until we might see in the brilliance of the Fatimite Dynasty the seventh of the great eras of Egypt. Seven cycles of civilisation, a thousand years or more apart, took us back to the beginnings with strides for which our two cycles in Europe—the Classical

and the Mediæval—scarcely prepared us. (Cheers.) It might be safely said that there had never been a greater extension of the knowledge of man's past in any decade than the discoveries of the last few years had unfolded.

Lengthy as are the strides made towards a more generous estimate of the antiquity of Egyptian civilisation in this summary, they by no means as yet keep step with what we believe to have been the actual record. We hold that the "Nile mud" period referred to was a period subsequent to the "Egypt before the flood" of Manetho, to which we assign a date of 9,000 and more years B.C., and to the colossal first pyramid civilisation. The latest scientific frame is still, in our opinion, ridiculously too small for the picture. But Professor Petrie represents the conservative school, the minimum; Dr. Wallis Budge, who represents a more liberal estimate, cheerfully gives 10,000 to Egyptian civilization.

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SURPRISING as have been last year's discoveries in Egypt they are eclipsed by the still more marvellous finds in Crete. The Greece of historic science had been for long confined to 700 years B.C., when the discoveries of Schliemann and others at Mycenæ, Troy and elsewhere, gave us the visible proofs of a pre-Homeric past, with a civilisation as developed as, if not more highly than, the Greece of "Homer." Greece knew not her alphabet before 700 B.C., we have ever been assured on honour by all our authorities. Whoever dared to deny this dictum was rejected as profane and unworthy to enter the adyta of those who knew the sacred mysteries of the goddess Philologia. This and much else has been dogmatically laid down by those who boasted themselves wiser than their fathers and their forefathers. And now the solid facts enshrined in stone have been uncovered; and scholarship cannot read the writing of this Greece to which it has so long denied an alphabet! The matter is of such interest that we need not apologise for devoting a generous space to publishing the major part of the account of Messrs. Evans and Hogarth, to whom we chiefly owe the discoveries. In a letter sent round the press, these two scholars write as follows:

The Millennia of Greece

THE discoveries made at Knossos throw into the shade all the other exploratory campaigns of last season in the Eastern Mediterranean, by whatever nationality conducted. It is not too much to say that the materials already gathered have revolutionised our knowledge of pre-historic Greece, and that to find even an approach to the results obtained we must go back to Schliemann's great discovery of the royal tombs at Mycenæ. The pre-historic site of which some two acres have now been uncovered at Knossos proves to contain a palace beside which those of Tiryns and Mycenæ sink into insignificance. By an unhoped-for piece of good fortune the site, though in the immediate neighbourhood of the greatest civic centres of the island in ancient, mediæval, and modern times, had remained practically untouched for over three thousand years. At but a very slight depth below the surface of the ground the spade has uncovered great courts and corridors, propylæa, a long succession of magazines containing gigantic store jars that might have hidden the Forty Thieves, and a multiplicity of chambers, pre-eminent among which is the actual throne-room and council chamber of Homeric kings. The throne itself, on which (if so much faith be permitted to us) Minos may have declared the law, is carved out of alabaster, once brilliant with coloured designs and relieved with curious tracery and crocketed arcading which is wholly unique in ancient art and exhibits a strange anticipation of thirteenth century Gothic. In the throne-room, the western entrance gallery, and elsewhere, partly still adhering to the walls, partly in detached pieces on the floors, was a series of fresco paintings excelling any known examples of the art in Mycenæan Greece. A beautiful life-size painting of a youth with a European and almost classically Greek profile gives us the first real knowledge of the race who produced this mysterious early civilisation. Other frescoes introduce us to a lively and hitherto unknown miniature style, representing, among other subjects, groups of women engaged in animated conversation in the courts and on the balconies of the palace. The monuments of the sculptor's art are equally striking. It may be sufficient to mention here a marble fountain in the shape of a lioness's head with enamelled eyes; fragments of a frieze with beautifully cut rosettes, superior in its kind to anything known from Mycenæ; an alabaster vase naturalistically copied from a Triton shell; a porphyry lamp with graceful foliation, supported on an Egyptianising lotus column. The head and parts of the body of a magnificent painted relief of a bull in "gesso duro" are unsurpassed for vitality and strength.

The "House of Minos"

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IT is impossible here to refer more than incidentally to the new evidence of intercourse between Crete and Egypt at a very remote period supplied by the palace finds of Knossos. It may be mentioned, however, as showing the extreme antiquity of the earlier elements of the building, that in the great eastern

The Labyrinth

court was found an Egyptian seated figure of diorite, broken above, which can be approximately dated about 2000 B.C. Below this, again, extends a vast Stone Age settlement which forms a deposit in some places twenty-four feet in thickness. Neither is it possible here to dwell on the new indications supplied by some of the discoveries in the " House of Minos " as to the cult and religious beliefs of its occupants. It must be sufficient to observe that one of the miniature frescoes found represents the façade of a Mycenæan shrine, and that the palace itself seems to have been a sanctuary of the Cretan God of the Double Axe, as well as a dwelling place of prehistoric kings. There can be little remaining doubt that this huge building, with its maze of corridors and tortuous passages, its medley of small chambers, its long succession of magazines with their blind endings, was in fact the labyrinth of later tradition which supplied a local habitation for the Minotaur of grisly fame. The great figures of bulls in fresco and relief that adorned the walls, the harem scenes of some of the frescoes, the corner-stones and pillars marked with the " labrys " or double axe—the emblem of the Cretan Zeus, explaining the derivation of the name " Labyrinth " itself—are so many details which all conspire to bear out this identification. In the palace shrine of Knossos there stands at last revealed to us the spacious structure which the skill of Dædalus is said to have imitated from the great Egyptian building on the shore of Lake Mœris, and with it some part at least of his fabled masterpieces still clinging to the walls.

* * *

BUT brilliant as are the illustrations thus recovered of the high early civilisation of the city of Minos and of the substantial truth of early tradition, they are almost thrown into the shade by a discovery which carries back the existence of written documents in the Hellenic lands some seven centuries beyond the first known monuments of the historic Greek writing. In the chambers and magazines of the palace there came to light a series of deposits of clay tablets, in form somewhat analogous to the Babylonian, but inscribed with characters in two distinct types of indigenous prehistoric script, one hieroglyphic or quasi-pictorial, the other linear. The existence of a hieroglyphic script in the island had been already the theme of some earlier researches by the explorer of the palace, based on the more limited material supplied by groups of signs on a class of Cretan seal-stones, and the ample corroboration of the conclusions arrived at was therefore the more satisfactory. These Cretan hieroglyphs will be found to have a special importance in their bearing on the origin of the Phœnician alphabet. But the great bulk of the tablets belonged to the linear class, exhibiting an elegant and much more highly developed form of script, with letters of an upright and singularly European aspect. The inscriptions, over a thousand of which were collected, were originally contained in coffers of clay, wood, and gypsum, which had been in turn secured by clay seals, mpressed with finely engraved

Two Writings of Prehistoric Greece

signets, and countermarked and countersigned by controlling officials in the same script, while the clay was still wet. The clay documents themselves are beyond doubt the palace archives. Many relate to accounts concerning the Royal Arsenal, stores and treasures. Others perhaps, like the contemporary cuneiform tablets, refer to contracts or correspondence. The problems attaching to the decipherment of these clay records are of enthralling interest, and we have here locked up for us materials which may some day enlarge the bounds of history.

* * *

THE work of excavation in the Palace of Knossos is barely half completed, and yet whichever way we turn the relics already obtained from within its walls supply new and unhoped-for data for the reconstruction of early Ægean civilisation. Nor is this all. Exploratory digging to the south and west of the palace revealed a veritable Pompeii of houses of the same early period, which yielded, among other things, by far the finest series yet found of vases of the singular primitive Cretan polychrome style, unrepresented in European museums. One remarkably well preserved block of buildings appears to be a group of shrines devoted to a Pillar worship such as is known on the Phœnician and Palestinian coasts, and of which the palace itself supplies an example connected with the cult of the Cretan *Z*eus. Finally, in the early heats, the clearing of the Cave of Psychro, notorious for its rich votive deposits, was carried out. This cave is no other than the holy Dictæan Cavern, in which Hesiod and Virgil state that the supreme God was cradled. There took place the legendary union of *Z*eus with Europa, and therefrom, as from another Sinai, Minos brought down the Law after communion with the God. The blasting away of the fallen rocks in the upper half of the grotto revealed a rude altar of burnt sacrifice and a sacred enclosure, or Temenos, cumbered with votive deposits from five to seven feet deep, full of vases, libation-tables, weapons, and implements in bronze, bone, and iron, statuettes in terra-cotta, and models of every-day objects dedicated to the God. In the lower half opens a profound abyss, where a gloomy subterranean pool, out of which rises a forest of stalactitic pillars, continues into the heart of the mountain. Here a great surprise was in store. For not only was the bottom mud full of bronze statuettes, gems, and articles of male and female use, but the vertical slits in the pillars were found to have been used as niches, and to contain an immense number of votive double axes, weapons and trinkets. This vast cavern was undoubtedly the mysterious Holy of Holies, into which Minos descended alone, and on emerging, as Dionysius says, showed the Law to the people as a gift from *Z*eus himself. The discoveries made in this cave cover the whole primitive period of Cretan history, back to the pre-Mycenæan epoch.

The Dictæan Cave

* * *

IT almost takes one's breath away to read of these things so long

denied. Even the later Greeks declared "all Cretans are liars."

The Lesson to be learnt

But marvellous as are these discoveries, they are we hope but a presage of what the twentieth century will reveal to us. Already we notice the old conservative habit of mind asserting itself, the same grudging admissions, in the comments on these astonishing "finds." Official scholarship will now endeavour to orient everything in Grecian origins by Crete. So far they are compelled to go, but not one single step further if they can help it. It seems as though the lesson would never be learned; "primitive man" is the death that ever rides behind the horseman in archæology. Messrs. Evans and Hogarth date their Egyptian seated figure of diorite 2,000 B.C., and immediately below the court in which it was found they state they have discovered a Stone Age settlement forming a deposit twenty-four feet thick. What conclusions they draw from this is not stated; but we are once more on the trail of our ever present palæolithic man, bless him! Yet civilisation never comes *from* him; and if it comes *to* him, it generally wipes him out. Whence then came Grecian civilisation? Crete does not answer the question; it only opens *one* window from which we can see but a small portion of the ancient landscape. Let us remember that there are many other windows yet unopened, and then we shall perhaps speculate more wisely.

At the time of writing we learn that the January number of Murray's *Monthly Review* is to contain an article on "The Birth-cave of Zeus," from the pen of Mr. Hogarth.

LIFE-LEDGERS OF STRAY MYSTICS

We who believe in a philosophy of Joy, in "that tendency of all things towards Joy," which Walt Whitman says is the creed of all who are sane—need not be afraid of catching the infection of despair, if we read and try to sympathise with the great army of pessimistic writers, who have so many followers at present.

We have each of us among our friends some whom we may call pessimists; they have no definite beliefs, they look round on the sorrows of humanity, on the terrors of living, and they wonder, they doubt; yet there is no one they can question about the meaning of life, or the great problems of pain and of death.

The greatest writers among pessimists are for the most part to be found in French literature, and they may all be called intellectual men. Their pessimism, whether expressed in poetry or in strange monologues, or in eccentric journals, is always the result of deep thinking, and they have as a rule led interesting lives.

They are not the sensational melo-dramatic "revealed-by-a-lightning-flash-pale-and-dying-carried-away-by-dark-horsemen" type of man.

This is the pessimism of the man of action rather than of the man of intellect, and we have no concern with this.

We wish now to remind ourselves that greater thinkers than ourselves have had their times of shadow, seeing nothing but darkness before them along their allotted way; that they have even sometimes complained that their whole life seemed but as one long eclipse; they have doubted everything and most of all they have doubted themselves.

Alfred de Musset said his most intolerable moments were those when he doubted his own genius. Yet he employed his genius in composing some of the saddest verses ever written; he

cultivated the Spirit of Sorrow and he made her, paradoxically, his chief consolation, and it is through this cult of pain that he becomes mystical.

Among poets this stage is almost universal. They instinctively feel that they must now or never probe the deepest possibilities of pain, and that they must solve the problem: "Why must I suffer?" once for all, and it is this attitude of theirs which is the hall-mark of their value. A man who has come to this point in his life is reserved as a general rule for greater things beyond. Every one has either been through this stage or is coming to it.

It is not merely the sentimental pessimism of youth; it is the grip upon them of a despair of the intellect. They have thought till they can think no more to any purpose, and, still working like galley-slaves, they cry out to the thoughts that drive them: "Will you never let us go?"

They dally with their own discontent and try to intensify their sense of the absurdity of this petty daily life.

They sit among the ruins of their youthful ideals and watch half-bitterly the dying of the child of Nature within themselves—in their eyes dust, and in their ears laughter.

They are wearied of the continual supply of fragments, suggestions which no one heeds, continual questions which no one answers, the broken, unfinished sentences of Nature, half-given loves and ever-distant hopes.

Is eternal life to be a barren and thirsty land, with a constantly haunting mirage, which makes even the resignation of despair impossible?

This school of literary mystics—agnostic mystics we might call them—have all first or last turned to Nature and to solitude to find rest and to learn the secret of the devotional life.

From Nature they have learnt at least the first steps on the path to the country of the Immortals; and they have all wearied finally of external Nature, and become more introspective and more unqualified in their rejection of the objective life:

> Because thy face is fair, and what if it had not been?
> The fairest of all is the face that I have not seen.

Their descriptions of Nature (such as those of Senancour,

Maurice de Guérin or Thoreau) become at times like those of an occultist, for they have learned from Nature's own lips that she is but a mask and that she speaks the whole Truth only to those who understand her silences.

"Everything in Nature assumed new aspects to me," said Gérard de Nerval, a French romanticist who died insane but who contrived to express his best self to the last in his writings; "and secret voices came to me from the plants, the trees, animals, the meanest insects, to warn and to encourage me. . .

"All things live, all things are in motion, all things correspond; the magnetic rays emanating from myself or others traverse without obstacle the infinite chain of created things; a transparent net-work covers the world, whose loose threads communicate more and more closely with the planets and the stars. Now a captive on the earth, I converse with the starry choir, which is feelingly a part of my joys and sorrows."

Here is the great secret of all mystics discovered by a half-mad poet, it is the "doctrine of correspondences" so insisted on by Swedenborg, it is the teaching of the Emerald Table of Hermes.

Then again, Senancour writes after long communion with Nature, after trying to follow her in all her moods and wrest from her the secret of her power: "And I said to myself: The real life of a man is within himself; that which he receives from without is only accidental and subordinate. Things affect him much more according to the state in which they find him, than according to their own nature. In the course of an entire life perpetually modified by them he may become as their handiwork. But in this ever-changing process he alone remains, though altered, whereas exterior objects have entirely changed in relation to him."

This is a strong position for any mind to take up, and yet George Sands grieves over him as being "a timorous dreamer," and says: "If only he could have found love and action."

Mrs. Humphry Ward criticises Amiel in much the same strain, and yet Amiel's persistent subjectivity and his dreaming moods have given us a most unique book, full of the intricacies of an introspective mind expressed in singularly perfect prose.

Modern Europe treats subjectivity as a disease, and the average British mind is especially impatient of anything so unpractical. Even Hegel disposes of Novalis, the day-dreamer, who wrote *The Disciples of Saïs*, as "a lofty soul of the type which dies away within itself"—a curious expression which is very suggestive of an occult explanation; the withdrawal of the life-forces to a hidden inner centre leaving the outer husks to fall to pieces in decay.

The world sees only the decay, the weariness of the outer man, but the occultist may follow the soul a little further and see the inward strength which makes such a desertion of the outworks possible.

An Italian poet, Leopardi, who is a most typical pessimist, says that, finding life an evil, he started out by himself "to seek the bitter truth, the dark destinies of mortal things and of things eternal. Towards what supreme goal do Nature and Fate precipitate us? Who is it that takes delight and derives profit from all our pain? Under what laws, to what end, does this mysterious universe roll on while sages chant its praises, and before which I am content to remain in astonishment." His sense of duty decides him to live, but he will not kiss the hand which strikes him so heavily. He will take no part by his actions in this great tragedy, he will look at all creation with disdain and in silence until it permits him to return to oblivion.

Though Leopardi began life as a Roman Catholic he loved, even in his youth, the forbidden fruit of the "errors of the Ancients." He studied all the stories of the ancient oracles, with books of magic dreams, apparitions, and all the marvels of the past.

When he finally freed himself from the faith of his childhood, he swept away all his early reading with it, too weary in heart and brain to revise his stock of facts and save the valuable ones from the general ruin. As so many do who have to go through the terrible ordeal of doubting a whole religion and creed which they have once loved, he swept away the wheat with the chaff and waited in his pride and loneliness, in blindness and bitter hunger, to see what Fate would do. It is as if he had determined that even the gods should not know how he suffered;

he would bide his time, if he waited through all eternity, and perhaps Fate would then acknowledge that even she herself was powerless against him.

Meanwhile he is "caught in the circle of being and held in the circle of pain," and as Time has destroyed his palace of thought on earth, he will not condescend to grope and fumble among the ruins and seek for fragments of Truth. And so he dresses his enforced stoicism with the hand of a poet, as his critic (A. Bouché-Leclercq) has said. His essays are long strings of paradoxes.

His æsthetic nature suffers from this stoicism and calls out for permission to enjoy at least the transitory beauties of the day; but his mental nature refuses to admit any possibility of relaxation, any compromise with such a hopeless blunder, an eternal conglomerate of pain, decay and death. He will not give toys to his lower nature, cost him what it will. And here we find, amidst all his melancholy listlessness, an accent of real nobility. He insists upon his own misery being complete, because truth, as far as he can see it, is dearer to him than life. So he crushes out his own nature, slowly dying in the midst of life, with no relief but stringing words together to describe his state and to tie his thoughts to the one point he refuses to ignore. He is thus an example of true devotion, of a stern austerity which belongs only to the truly intellectual type of man, and this, with his delicate, over-sensitive nature and physical weakness, makes him at least deserve pity and sympathy rather than blame. His critics say that his withered life was chiefly due to his inability to adapt himself to the circumstances of his life, that he was over-subjective and wholly incapable of placing himself at any other point of view than his own; but at least he has illustrated this one point of view with great courage and fidelity, and described a very trying phase which all must sooner or later pass through.

There *is* a meaning and there *is* value in this subjective attitude, in this determination to see what one is made of in oneself by making a clean sweep of every adventitious circumstance, so that every new thought shall be of our own making and we shall stand or fall by our own strength alone.

This is surely laying the foundation-stone of a well-defined mind-body, by isolating oneself in the first place from the general rush of confused thinking, even though all the world should condemn the step and see only the eccentric behaviour of a misanthrope or a dreamer in it—"a striving and a striving and an ending in nothing!"

But *we* look for an increase in endurance, for a self-dependence which will triumph over all; as an English woman-poet, Emily Brontë, has expressed it:

> Then, when the days of golden dreams had perished
> And even despair was powerless to destroy,
> Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
> Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

A. L. BEATRICE HARDCASTLE.

FROM THE GNOSIS OF CHINA

THE spirit of man loves Purity, but his mind disturbs it. The mind of man loves stillness, but his desires draw it away. If he could always send his desires away, his mind would of itself become still. Let his mind be made clean, and his spirit will of itself become pure. . . .

The reason why men are not able to attain this, is because their minds have not been cleansed, and their desires have not been sent away. If one is able to send his desires away, when he then looks in at his mind, it is no longer his; when he looks out at his body, it is no longer his; and when he looks farther off at external things, they are things which he has nothing to do with. . .

In that condition of rest independently of place, how can any desire arise? And when no desire any longer arises, there is the True stillness and rest.—THE CLASSIC OF PURITY, i. 3-5. (S. B. E., Legge's *Texts of Tâoism*, ii. 251, 52).

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

An Atlantic Phantasy

Atlantis: The Book of the Angels. Interpreted by D. Bridgman-Metchin; with Illustrations by the Author. (London: Swann, Sonnenschein; 1900. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The gorgeous possibilities for romance enshrined in the "Atlantic Legend," which has within the last quarter of a century been given a fresh lease of life and endowed with a new and previously undreamed-of interest by the researches and investigations of our "clear-seeing" colleagues, have not been neglected by imaginative writers, and of late we have had quite a batch of novels on the subject. Mr. Bridgman-Metchin has let his phantasy run riot in the mysteriously echoing corridors of the world's past story, and has produced a tale of battle, murder and sudden death, and gorgeous licence, in which angels fallen and on the topple mix with mortals, and share in the hurly-burly of unapologetic savagery and unbridled passion in the setting of a gorgeous and colossal architectural environment.

The author has made skilful use of many hints dropped by Theosophical writers, but of course we are not supposed to judge the book on any other ground than that of phantasia or the image-making faculty. It is thrilling in its way in parts, but it could well be shortened to half its length and published at 6*s.* Mr. Metchin must further be congratulated on his illustrations; his drawing is frequently very good, so much so that we wonder he printed one or two plates, so far do they fall below the general average of good work.

G. R. S. M.

A New Treatise on Reincarnation

Essai sur l'Évolution humaine; Résurrection des corps—Réincarnations de l'Âme. By Dr. Th. Pascal. (Paris: Publications théosophiques, 10, rue Saint-Lazare; 1901. Price 3 *fr.* 50.)

We are exceedingly pleased to see that our French colleagues are

adding to our literature books of a substantial size and permanent utility. Dr. Pascal, the industrious and loveable General Secretary of our French Section, has done well to abandon the idea of merely publishing a second edition of his essay *Réincarnation; ses Preuves morales, philosophiques et scientifiques* (1895), and instead to give us a practically new volume of 338 pages. He has made careful use of the work done by his predecessors and is always interesting, and that counts for much in all countries, and especially in France; above all, our colleague is exceedingly modest, and that is a virtue which is good for the soul. Dr. Pascal knows well that so difficult a subject requires for its proper treatment, not only a lifetime of pains-taking research and the possession of great scientific and scholarly ability, but also a power of analysis and synthesis which are hard to find. None the less, his essay is a meritorious attempt, and is adapted to the immediate needs of the time, and we are glad to give it a most hearty welcome.

We have not yet reached the period of mechanical precision in Theosophical book-making when it is useful for a reviewer to point to every small slip he can detect in a volume, but it is useful to indicate any statement that may be open to general misconstruction. We cannot but think it a mistake to call the present Theosophical movement a "renaissance of the Neoplatonic movement" as Dr. Pascal does on p. 117. It is vastly more than this; the spirit of the later Platonic revival is but *one* of its elements. It is true that one or two of our colleagues are, among other things, deeply interested in the Orpheo-Pythagoreo-Platonic tradition, but it is a reminiscence to which no large number of our members has ever responded, even in the West, and certainly none in the East. The Theosophical movement is the revival of no special movement of antiquity; but it is inspired by the spirit which animated many similar movements in the past. We are not, and must never be, sectarians. If we call ourselves Gnostics, or Platonists, or Vedântists, or Taoists, we are *ipso facto* sectarians, and though members of the Theosophical Society, no ideal Theosophists without distinction of creed.

So, too, with such a wide-reaching doctrine as reincarnation, we should avoid making its too dogmatic assertion a bar to the acceptance by others of those many other ideas of the inner way which are not necessarily dependent on it. The only way to do this is to show in reason its reasonableness, and Dr. Pascal does much to recommend the doctrine to thinking minds.

We hope some day to welcome in our pages a work on the subject from a distinguished German colleague, and are looking forward with great interest to the outcome of Dr. Hübbe Schleiden's years of industrious labour, when we shall have in our hands presumably an encyclopædic treatment of the subject. The time will then be ripe for a large work in English.

G. R. S. M.

Comfortable Words

À ceux qui souffrent: Quelques Points de l'Enseignement théosophique. By Aimée Blech. (Paris: Publications théosophiques, 10, rue Saint-Lazare; 1901. Price 1 *fr.*)

This booklet of 114 pages is pleasantly written, and with the gracious purpose of helping the afflicted in mind and body. Mlle. Blech writes with a full heart and an earnest desire to extend to others the comfort she has herself found in theosophical teachings. The authoress has avoided all technicalities and writes simply and naturally, so that even the least skilled in philosophy and religion can understand, and even if they do not agree, at least can appreciate the philanthropic spirit of the writer. We use the term philanthropic in its ancient sense of love to man, which is the real beginning of love to God. The best testimony of our love is to give, and the best and most lasting gift is some explanation of this world-misery in which we live. And the best explanation *we* know is here given in a simple sketch of the leading ideas of Theosophy.

G. R. S. M.

Wrong Economics

The Anatomy of Misery; Plain Lectures on Economics. By John Coleman Kenworthy. (Second Edition. Published by the Author; 1900.)

We lay down this book with a heavy sense of disappointment. The author claims for it that "he has reduced Ruskin to system," and that his system is in full accord with that of Leo Tolstoï, perhaps neither of them great recommendations to the ordinary reader, but which should surely have resulted in something less painfully retrograde than we have here. The exposition of the evils of our present civilisation is easy, and has been done many times before; what we miss in the book is the cool and unprejudiced analysis of our conditions, and the careful weighing of the probable results of any attempt to improve them, which we have had occasion to admire in

some late American works on the subject. Mr. Kenworthy has nothing for us but the old hysterics about the working man, the classes and the masses, and the selfishness of the capitalists. All this only obscures the real issues; and the very first step in the serious study of these subjects is to clear it all away. It is necessary for us once for all completely to separate ourselves from those who would set masses against classes, whose only idea of levelling is to bring down every one who rises *above* the level; who would, in their ideal society, reserve their severest punishments for the crime of having money or brains. Leo Tolstoï and his imitator Mr. Kenworthy are Anarchists—the whole world apart from true Socialists, and the most dangerous enemies of those who desire to see a better system of society established. We must not let ourselves be misled by the perpetual reiteration of words; it is not a gospel of mutual love but of hatred which such books as the present set forth; and, as such, it belongs to the old order of things which must pass away. For those who preach it there is truly much *excuse* but no *justification*. The worship of the "poor but virtuous people," leads only, as in the French Revolution, to denunciations and the guillotine; no stable society can be founded but on the wider love which knows no difference between oppressor and oppressed, capitalist or working man, man or woman.

A. A. W.

For the Sake of Edification

Shakespeare's King Lear and Indian Politics. By William Miller, Principal of the Madras Christian College. (Natesan and Co., Madras; 1900.)

We fail to see what advantage it is to a set of notes for the use of students who have to "get up" *King Lear* for an examination, to be mixed up with Dr. Miller's private opinions on the virtues appropriate to the Hindu mind; but we presume the author belongs to the old school, now dying out in England, whose habit it was to "improve" every scientific subject by dragging in the moralities by the head and shoulders at every few lines in this very way. We are sorry for the Hindu lads who have to study their English Literature through such a medium.

A. A. W.

A Book of Rules

Rules for Daily Life. By A. Siva Row. (Madras; 1900.)

These are taken mainly from Mrs. Besant's works, but some from

other Theosophical sources, and their value is much enhanced by their being in all cases provided with references to the original authorities. The author quotes the judgment of Mrs. Besant that "it is very nicely done, and a very careful and useful paper of rules for daily life." With the exception of a few personal details which are not quite appropriate to our civilisation, the rules are as good for England as for India, and those who desire to follow a regularly ordered life cannot do better than study them.

A. A. W.

An Indian Jester

Tales of Tennalirama (the famous Court Jester of Southern India). Translated by Pandit S. M. Natesa Sastri, B.A. (London: Luzac and Co.; 1900.)

Seventeen short stories constructed with all the plentiful lack of wit which, to a modern mind, distinguishes the mediæval jest in all countries. Between the Greeks of the Lower Empire and the moderns of nineteenth century Europe there is nothing which a self-respecting mind can bring itself to call wit—which seems, indeed, only a product of a high civilisation well past its prime, a mark of decadence, in short. The stories in this little book are neither better nor worse than ordinary; Indian life was then too strong and healthy to need or to produce good jokes!

A. A. W.

Our Fleshly Vehicle

Notre Corps et ses Destinées (Our Body and what is to become of it). By Frank Thomas. (Geneva: J. H. Jeheber, 28, rue du Marché; 1900.)

In this series of discourses we have the work of a Christian pastor who has set himself seriously to the work of bringing the traditional orthodoxy which he has received into line with modern thought and science—always an interesting spectacle, if nothing more. The French and Swiss Protestants seem to find it possible to remain standing at a point which our English divines, as a rule, only touch in passing. When an Englishman begins this process, what he has been accustomed to think of as the "Eternal Verities" are almost the first to lose their definiteness of outline—the first step towards dissolution; and one who could so quietly set aside the Resurrection

of the Body as our author does, would have passed beyond a good many other doctrines as to which M. Thomas gives no sign of doubt or hesitation. We shall best give an idea of his treatment of the subject by quoting a few lines from his concluding summary:

> It seems to me (he says) that our studies suggest the conclusion that the life of the body is an important matter, not at all to be neglected in our terrestrial development. This life may produce results of such beauty, or, on the contrary, so terrible, that we have no right to leave it out of consideration or to injure it, under the pretext that it concerns only the lower part of our nature. We protest, indeed, against this expression; to speak of it as the lower part of our nature is but a half truth; our body has a destiny as high as that of our soul, and it merits as much care and attention. It may become a powerful instrument of good as well as evil; just as the soul, it may serve to glorify the Creator by becoming a sanctuary where God dwells, and from whence His life may radiate.

Speaking from our point of view this is, of course, an exaggeration. We do not think that our body has a destiny as high as our soul; we believe that the one dies and is dissipated for ever, whilst the other lives on through the ages: but, for all that, M. Thomas has hold of a truth much needed at the present time, even amongst ourselves. At the present stage of our evolution our perfection is to be reached by and through our bodies. There can be (on this physical plane) no sound mind but in a sound body; and our ideal man is not one in whom the soul has destroyed or become unconscious of the body, but one in whom the body is fully and completely conscious and responsive to the slightest suggestions of its nobler companion, without care for its own pleasures. As M. Thomas puts it in the heading of one of his chapters, the body is a wonderful tool for the soul's use; and the work cannot be done with a tool in bad condition. There is, however, a necessary qualification to this doctrine. "Work" is of many planes, not of the physical only; and those of us who are aspiring to the Path will oftentimes have work which the least intrusion of physical needs or habits will injure, as it happens to a writer or thinker in their moments of special activity. But this difficulty is not to be met by weakening or injuring the body; there must be no cutting off the hand or putting out the eye which offends us; for us there is but one remedy, to strengthen the powers of our soul till the body "offends" us no longer.

A. A. W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist for November. "Old Diary Leaves" are mainly occupied with the death of Subba Rao and continued troubles from H. P. B. and her well-meaning but sometimes unwise English friends. After quoting his own well-known statements that Subba Rao's mystical knowledge came to him in a sudden flood of recollections of his past birth and forgotten wisdom, the Colonel continues: "I cannot remember how many similar cases have come under my notice in my visits amongst our Branches, but they are very numerous. Almost invariably one finds that those members who are most active and always to be counted on for unwavering fidelity to the Society, declare that they have had this awakening of the Higher Self, and this uncovering, or unveiling, of the long-hidden block of occult knowledge." In this passage one seems to find an explanation of what appears to some of us the disproportionate importance attached by certain of our leaders to the work in India; with the average European the forgotten knowledge certainly does not lie so near the surface. Miss Edger's "Glimpses of Theosophical Christianity" are continued, and promise to form a very useful treatise when complete. C. A. Ward treats of Hermes Trismegistus, apparently without acquaintance with what Mr. Mead has written of him, but giving a hymn the translation of which our Editor need not be ashamed to own—it is quite in his style. S. Stuart concluded his paper on Astronomy, by which he claims to have proved that "there was a concealed science of very ancient date, capable of computing the places of the planets with great correctness—in fact an Occult Astronomy which is quite hidden from the ordinary historians of the science"; to which conclusion we all say Amen. Mr. A. E. Webb in his "Theosophy and Socialism" sets forth very clearly why a paternal government like that of ancient Peru, according to Mr. Leadbeater, is no longer suitable to the needs of a human race which has developed and is developing qualities quite inconsistent therewith. We Theosophists do not quarrel with his view; we only add that, as "Socialism" began, so it must be the ending, sooner or later, and that we, for our part, would have it sooner. Society, to *our* minds, has developed individuality quite sufficiently, and it is time it began to regard the higher Unity beyond. But on this question of time opinions will differ, and very naturally. "The Signs of the Time," by T. Banon, is concluded. Does our friend really think that the

proceedings of European powers in Africa and China are fairly described as "light thrown into all the dark places of the earth"? and that the "head of the world" which an old prophecy he quotes says is to be destroyed in this new century, is the Papacy? Surely these are old missionary phrases he ought to be above using to us. But we are inclined to share in his hope that the forthcoming cataclysms "will lead to the disappearance of Rome, Jerusalem, Mecca, Medina, and many of the so-called holy places in India, as all these are at present more or less moral cess-pools." A few spare leaves are filled up by the Editor on an old hobby of his, "Blue Light and Vegetation"; and by Dr. English on the Galveston Catastrophe.

Ârya Bâla Bodhinî, October. To read Miss Edger's "Religious Talks with Hindu Boys" and the other contents of this magazine impresses one with a sense of what painfully "good" children Hindu boys must be, and takes the writer back to the time of *his* childhood (alas, fifty years ago), when just such good reading was provided for children in England. It is beautiful and edifying in the highest degree; but we fear that (sad to say) it is out of date. The world's future does not lie in the hands of the "good" children, as we, who now look back with shame and contrition to the time when we were such "good boys" ourselves, know very well from sad experience. But—hush! we are getting on dangerous ground.

Theosophic Gleaner, October. Here R. M. Mobedji continues his attempt to reduce the great Indian doctrine of liberation to the level of the Methodist "getting Salvation." It is difficult for an English student to conceive that *any* one in the Dawn Land could write: "Note that a man near death wants to go to Nirvâṇa in the short time left at his disposal"—it is so obviously the Christian idea of death-bed repentance and "going to Heaven." The other papers are reprints. A very interesting account is given of Mrs. Besant's visit and a report of her speech, in which she is made to promise a longer stay "when she returns in the coming spring on her way to Europe," a promise which we note, and shall not forget.

The Dawn, September, has an important paper by A. C. Chatterjee, on "The System of Teaching in Indian Colleges," which seems, from the author's account, to be the system of cramming for examinations only, of which we have begun to feel the evil in England. The days of prone subjection to the European systems are over; the first sign of real progress in education is to examine, to compare, and to judge for ourselves. There is also a valuable paper on

the "Theory of Consciousness in Hindu Philosophy," by Amrita Lal Roy.

Also received: *Sanmârga Bodhinî*, *Journal of the Mahâ-Bodhi Society*, and *Siddâhanta Deepikâ*.

The Vâhan for December, after a lengthy series of "Activities," contains answers to questions on the relations of the Slavonic race; the disposal of the dead bodies of solar systems; why the Universe may be said not to die whilst the solar systems do; and much good morality on bearing the karma of the world. Modesty restrains the writer from giving his opinion who has best treated this matter!

From France we have the *Bulletin Théosophique*, No. 7, the official organ of the French Section. It contains, amongst other things, a generous appreciation of the visit of our English members, Mrs. Burke and Mrs. Kennedy, to Paris, and an announcement that Mrs. Besant has been invited by the Department of Public Instruction in Geneva to give two Theosophical lectures in the great Hall of the University. Mrs. Besant being in India, has been worthily replaced by Dr. Pascal, and we must all hope that (in the words of the writer of this notice) this first official recognition of Theosophical doctrines, welcomed under their true name by one of the highest universities of Switzerland, will be the prelude to their entrance to the universities of other countries.

Revue Théosophique, November, opens with a Report of Mrs. Besant's lecture on the Emotions, given at the Paris Congress. Dr. Pascal gives a study of "Heredity according to Theosophy," which we hope to see in English; Dhammapada concludes his "Buddhist Path of Virtue," and Dr. C. de Lespinois gives a thrilling account of a gruesome evening with the Aissaouas at Algiers.

The original contents of the November *Theosophia* are the continuation of J. van Manen's *Tao Te King* and "Incidents in the History of the Theosophical Movement in Holland," a discourse delivered at Amsterdam by W. B. Fricke at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society. The remainder of the number consists of translations from Messrs. Sinnett and Leadbeater, H. P. B., and Léon Cléry's dialogue "What is Theosophy?"

In the November *Teosofia* Signora Calvari continues her treatise on "Cosmology," and Signor Calvari gives the reader "Sparks of Light." Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Sociology," and Dr. Pascal's "Reincarnation" complete the number.

Sophia for November contains the continuation of Mr. Lead

beater's "Ancient Chaldea," and of the *Idyll of the White Lotus;* "Chrysostom, a Platonic Dialogue," by Agatha Leigh; and translations of some questions from *The Vâhan.*

Theosophy in Australia, October. F. G. G. Hynes continues his "Bird's-eye View of the Movement." In a paper by W. A. M., entitled "Theosophy and Civilisation," a very apt quotation is given from the Journal of John Woolman, the Quaker. He was shown "a mass of human beings, in as great misery as they could be and live," and was informed that he was mixed with them, and that henceforth he might not consider himself as "a distinct or separate being." This is the truth which lies hidden beneath all the many efforts now being made for the improvement of society; and its consequences will all work themselves out in time. J. M. Davies would have us contemplate "The Infolding and Unfolding of Deity," and Dr. Marques contributes a very important paper on "The Medicine of the Future."

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, October, has papers on "Reincarnation," by E. Richmond; "War as a Factor in Evolution," by H. Horne; and, for lighter reading, a story by S. Stuart and the pretty child's tale, "Prince Kohinoor," continued.

Also received: *Modern Astrology*, containing a deliciously astrological commentary on Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"; *Light; Humanity; Literary Guide* and *Rationalist Review; Monthly Record* and *Animal's Guardian; Ethical World; Notes and Queries; Open Door; Ideal Review; Mind; Neue Metaphysische Rundschau.*

A.

The President-Founder, Colonel H. S. Olcott, desires us to state that, after this date and during his American tour, all personal correspondence should be addressed to him c/o Alexander Fullerton, Esq., 46, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

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