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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A World-emotion

WE sincerely regret that the very early date on which our REVIEW goes to press in order to appear in America on the 15th of the month, has prevented until now our expression of high admiration for the good life of the great Queen who has lately passed from among us.

It would be impossible to add anything to the countless tributes of respect and affection which have been heaped round the grave of the Mother of the British Empire. We have witnessed the consummation of a long life lived wisely, and of a gigantic responsibility faithfully performed. Such a phenomenon, in such a position, is rare to see; and those of us who would strive to pierce beneath the veil of things, cannot but be conscious that we have been spectators of a great happening. We have seen what an ordered life in high places can accomplish; we can dimly imagine how the higher

ordering within made use of the lesser ordering without. This much, however, is clear, that the world has experienced a new emotion. In the earlier days, no doubt, the world experienced massive sensations when some great physical shaking seized it, and some great catastrophe shook its body with cataclysmal waves. But never has earth felt psychically as she has felt to-day. Never before has she had a nervous organism with which so to feel. To-day she is covered with a network of wires and cables, and any important happening is instantly flashed over her surface.

The death of Victoria has given the world for the first time in history a realised moral sensation, if one may so phrase it. We have seen what can be accomplished; and if we are wise, we shall from it be able to foresee what may be the nature of the future development of world-feeling towards the realisation of a self-conscious unit humanity, feeling together, thinking together, aspiring together.

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"We Theosophists!"

BOTH this REVIEW and also all other periodical publications conducted by members of the Theosophical Society for the carrying out of its three objects contain emphatic declarations that:

"The editors do not hold themselves responsible for any opinions, whether religious, philosophical, or social, expressed in signed articles." That:

"The Theosophical Society is not responsible for any theories or statements put forward in this REVIEW, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document."

Such declarations are binding upon us by the rules and constitution of our association. According to these no member has any permission to speak in our common name; no one, from the last-joined recruit to the President-Founder, has any right to

invoke the authority of our common name, or any synonym or expression which involves our common liberties, in favour of his or her opinions or views on any subject whatever.

And yet we are always meeting with such phases as "Theosophy teaches," or, still more reprehensible, "We Theosophists." We protest, and most emphatically protest, against the continuance of this distinct abuse of our common liberties. We join a Society whose rules and constitution promise us immunity from this danger; we are assured that the Theosophical Society is not a sect, has no dogmas, but only three objects, and a guarantee of the widest tolerance and liberty of belief. In entering its ranks, we are led to believe that we shall not be called upon to subscribe to any set creed, and shall not be held responsible for anything but our own personal belief, whatever that may be, and that, however much it may differ from the beliefs of other members, our liberty to hold it is assured. We all of us solemnly agree to these conditions on joining. We agree to promote, each in our own way, the realisation of the three objects of our association; but beyond this, and more important than this, we further agree not to involve the Society in our personal doings and sayings.

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The Taking of Names in Vain

We have, then, no right to use such phrases as "We Theosophists." Such declarations not only stultify our declared non-sectarian attitude, but also inflict the most exquisite pain on our thinking fellows. For what greater pain can there be than for one who is endeavouring to grow in height and depth and breadth, who is opening his heart to sense the greater life, to find his fellows advertising the world that he thinks and believes precisely this thing and that, and feels this way or that, when he knows that it is not so, and that much attributed to him he repudiates with all his energy. It is often not so much that he repudiates general ideas, as that he resents having his precise attitude to those ideas defined. He feels it is not his way; in brief, it is no one else's way but the particular speaker's or writer's. So far from it being the view of all of "us Theosophists," it is the idiosyncrasy of a single unit among us.

All this is indeed a "taking of our name in vain." If only every member of the Society would think that the words Theosophy and Theosophist are sacrosanct, are not his or hers to use at their pleasure, but names of power deposited as a sacred common trust among us from the region of the ideal, then we should indeed be more sparing of their use. "Names of power" indeed, when we reflect how that it is the most fantastic statement upon which the general mind pounces when contacting such a movement as ours, and that it is not our sanity which receives notice in the press, but our insanity. Theosophy does not teach this or that, but each individual member who writes and speaks, says or states this and that. Let us then be more careful to say: "*I* think this is true," instead of "This is Theosophy."

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A Quarter of a Century's Work

We would strongly urge those of our readers who are interested in the history of our Society to procure the January number of *The Theosophist.* Appended to it they will find the President's statistical summary of the Society's doings during the first five *lustra* of its existence. The "General Report" extends to some hundred pages, and every member of the Society should take this opportunity of learning something of its general history. Our President-Founder in his address well says that these twenty-five years have "brought the Society from its cradle to its time of adolescence, and vindicated its title to be considered as the friend of religion, of good morals, of intellectual development, a prominent social factor of our epoch, to be taken into account by the future historian."

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Some of its Results

The Society has spread its roots into forty-two countries of the world, and has issued no less than 607 charters to its branches. Colonel Olcott, speaking at Benares, divides the results of this activity into seven categories:

Firstly: We have spread throughout the world the teachings of the ancient Sages and Adepts about the universe, its origin and its laws, showing its intimate agreement with the latest discoveries of science; and about man, his origin, evolution, manifold powers and aspects of consciousness, and his planes of activity

Secondly: We have won thousands of the most cultured and religiously-inclined people of the day to the perception of the basic unity and common source of all religions.

Thirdly: In loyalty to our declared object of promoting human brotherhood, we have created in Western lands among our members a kindlier feeling towards colleagues of other nationalities; and, far more wonderful than that, we have effected a fraternal agreement between the Northern and Southern schools of Buddhism to accept a platform of fourteen statements of belief as common to both; thus bringing about for the first time in history such a feeling of common relationship.

Fourthly: We have been the chief agents for bringing about this revival of Hinduism in India, which, we are told by the highest Indian authorities, has revolutionised the beliefs of the cultured class and the rising generation. An outcome of this is the revival of Sanskrit literature, much of the credit for which was given us by the late Professor Max Müller, and, so far as India is concerned, has been conceded by the whole Native press and the paṇḍit class. Another evidence is the foundation of this Central Hindu College, which, within the past two years, has received gifts in cash of Rs. 140,000 and in real estate of Rs. 80,000. After only this short lapse of time we see success achieved, contributions of money flowing in constantly, and every augury of a grand future career of beneficence before it.

Fifthly: We have revived Buddhism in Ceylon to such an extent that the situation as regards the relations between the Sinhalese and the Missionaries has been completely changed; the people generally are now familiar with the fundamentals of their religion, and their children, previously ignorant of even the smallest feature of it, are now being taught it in every respectable household.

Sixthly: We have started an educational movement in Ceylon, which has already led to the opening of 150 schools, attended by 18,400 pupils, under the management of our Society members in Ceylon, and some fifty other Buddhist schools under private management, whose pupils would bring up the above registered attendance to about 23,000 or 24,000.

Seventhly: An attempt to educate and uplift the distressfully down-trodden Pariahs of Southern India is promising the most gratifying results.

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Means to an End

WOULD we had the insight to see, even though dimly, the real results which have been accomplished! Colonel Olcott has classified them, in the only way he could, as they appear outside; and, indeed, it must be confessed that the most important results are those to which he has given the fewest words. His first two categories represent the unifying nature of our effort, the others are means to this end, if haply they can be so used. We may,

however, point out that in Ceylon this has not as yet been the case; in spite of the marked revival of Buddhism in the island, there is no sign there of any comprehension of the vaster issues which our Society puts before it as its objects. The better mutual understanding between all religionists, which is one of our main ends, is a matter in which there is no interest in modern Lankâ. The only revival of a religion in which we can take a real interest is the purification of its cult and doctrine, so that life may flow into it, and flow so strongly that it shall break down the old walls of partition and so permit the erstwhile sectarian to bathe in the one ocean of the spiritual life of the world. This is our task the world over, and anything that makes for its realisation we welcome as work done and a desirable result. May then the day come when we shall be regarded not only by the Sinhalese but also by the Missionaries as friends and fellow-labourers for the best interests of both religions. Doubtless it will not come in our present life-time, for the prejudices to be broken down are the growth of millennia; but come it must with the development of the common sense of the world, and they who have been pioneers in consciously working for this consummation will then know how at all times to pour forth the sunshine in which their fellows will bask.

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The Buddhist Appeal to the Churches

THE account of the Japanese Buddhist appeal "to all the ecclesiastics in the world," which we published in our last issue, was evidently based on a telegraphic summary. As the matter is one of great interest to all lovers of universal religion, we now subjoin a fuller account taken from *The Manchester Guardian* of January 21st. It is, of course, not to be expected that the present Western Churches will take any notice of this "Heathen" document; they are not yet religiously civilised enough to respond to so courteous an appeal for a better understanding. Nevertheless it is a distinct gain for universal tolerance that such a document should have been put forward at all; and that it has been put forward by Japanese Buddhists is an augury that in Buddha-lands, where there is still energy and self-respect, there the true spirit of the Buddha is still alive. The Churches in

the West have here missed their opportunity. The spiritual lead in the Chinese question has been taken by the Buddhists, and lovers of the Christ cannot but feel that He must be better pleased with the "Heathen" in this respect than with His professed followers. The fuller account of this interesting document runs as follows:

The representatives of the great Japan Buddhists Union at their headquarters, within the Kenninji Temple, in Kyoto, Empire of Japan, met on October 11th last, and drew up a circular in connection with the Chinese emergency, for issue to all the ecclesiastics in the world, and a copy of the document has just been received in London. The signatories, after referring to the manifold forms of religion which exist, argue that the fundamental principles all are essentially the same, all being based on universal love. The circular proceeds: "A retrospect of history shows that reverend ecclesiastics of all nations, especially the missionaries from the various Christian Churches, have sailed to China, in spite of its great distance, and have settled there, one after another, for more than a thousand years, since the days of the Tang Dynasty; and, not withstanding the greatest difficulties, they have, with one heart, exerted their energies for the propagation of their doctrines, and, at the same time, for the development of Chinese civilisation." High praise is given to the missionaries for the work they have done in the way of establishing schools, libraries, hospitals, asylums, orphanages, etc. Yet, it is remarked, the Chinese, contrary to expectation, have failed to appreciate the favours bestowed on them, and have destroyed churches, persecuted ministers, and taken the lives and property of Christians. This fact surprises the Buddhists, when they consider the generally mild and amiable character of the Chinese, and that originally they were not hostile to foreigners.

Proceeding to seek for the causes of this radical change, they say: "The Chinese have perceived that these missionaries have secured for themselves an immunity calculated to subvert the established customs and manners of the country. They have also recognised in their attitude a tendency to ignore the statutes of the country, and a desire to accomplish the most selfish ends by the oppression of the Chinese Government and people. They have, moreover, supposed that the foreign evangelists in China have arrogated to themselves the power of protecting the followers of their creed in utter disregard of the converts' criminality under the laws of the State. . . In these circumstances they were led to the conclusion that the missionaries had been exerting their energies for the accomplishment of a certain obnoxious ambition by stirring up the unprincipled rabble of the country, and with this object in view had made their chapels and cathedrals a sort of asylum for criminals. The Chinese, in fact, began to entertain the idea that the missionaries were intimately connected with the foreign poli-

cies of their own countries, and that, having made themselves instrumental in carrying out the intrigues of their own Governments, they must have laboured for some sinister design, such as the extension of territory, together with the development of commerce."

"They saw with grave apprehension of foreign machinations, that missionaries came first, and were followed by Consuls, who had Generals at their back; and they have feared that behind the man who had come with a Bible in his hand stood a warrior armed with a spear and a sword." The signatories think that it was this feeling which led to the formation of the Boxer societies and the outbreak of last spring. While not exculpating the Boxers and other insurgents, they ask if missionaries themselves can be considered entirely free from responsibility. "As for ourselves," they say, "we are inclined to believe that the errors of judgment into which the Chinese have fallen are, in many respects, attributable to the conduct of the missionaries in China, and the justice of the assertion may be firmly established by taking into consideration the statements of the officials directly concerned in the foreign policy of their own countries, the public reports of the foreign Ministers accredited to the Court of China, the information given by the most trustworthy journals in the world, together with the existing annals of the Chinese Empire and its actual condition."

"Such being the case we, the Buddhists of Japan, cannot but express our desire that all the ecclesiastics in the world should, in conjunction with us, recognise the above fact, and should devote their energies to formulating some plan by which the suspicion as well as the apprehension harboured by the Chinese against the foreign missionaries may speedily be removed."

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We regret to announce the death of Mons. Paul Gillard, president of one of our Paris branches. For years Mons. Gillard has worked in Paris with patient perseverance; he was one of the vertebræ of the Theosophic backbone in France, respected by all who knew him. At the late Spiritiste Congress held during the Exhibition Mons. Gillard represented our Society, and won for himself and his colleagues golden opinions. Our regret is selfish because it deprives us of an able colleague; for him we rejoice, for we are sure it is well with him.

A DIALOGUE

CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXVII., p. 503)

W. YES; the more one looks into it, the more one comes to see that these emotions of the human subject which terminate upon God, are as much a normal part of man's nature as those which terminate upon any part of external existence.

S. What do you mean by emotions terminating upon God? May not the existence of God which is an intellectual idea be a pure fiction?

W. I mean that if these emotions are a normal part of man's being, if they are sensations of the same nature as sight, hearing, etc., they must, like them, be the result of a relationship between the human subject and something objective in man's environment. This something I call God, leaving it to each to form his own intellectual conception of what that word implies. You can clearly see that in every religion there are words expressing this objective factor, whatever the ideas attached to them may be. There are Christians who, experiencing some of these religious sensations, refer them to the Blessed Virgin, or to some departed saint. To many minds these present an objective factor easier to grasp than the more abstract idea of God.

S. Each religion, then, you think has its own peculiar idea about what you call the objective factor?

W. We may go further and say each individual has his own peculiar idea. Whatever be the words employed these words stand for quite a different conception in the minds of different people. The point, however, which I desire to make clear is that the religious faculty, like all other perceptive faculties, is the result of a relationship between man the subject and something that is not man.

S. Well, of course we know that all physical sensations are the result of such a relationship.

W. And it is interesting to observe how the popular ideas of what are called material things resemble these with regard to spiritual things.

S. For instance?

W. Well, the ordinary person looking at a red rose, not only perceives the colour we call red, but his mental idea at once attributes this colour to the rose. The first and most natural hypothesis is that this redness, of which through sensation he has become conscious, is a quality inherent in the rose.

S. Or if he lift a 10lb. weight, he concludes that weight is a quality inherent in the metal.

W. Just so. And for all the practical purposes of use and enjoyment it is to all of us as though redness were in the rose and weight in the metal.

S. Whereas the scientific man knows that colour is produced by the motion of those rays of light which the rose has reflected instead of absorbing, and that it is these striking the eye at a certain rate of speed which produces colour.

W. Yet in the conduct of ordinary life who stops to think of these things when enjoying the beauty of the rose, the scent of the violet, the taste of the peach, the sound of the harp. It is to the ordinary man much more important that his power of sensation, his sensitiveness of body and soul, should be trained and developed than that his scientific theories should be correct.

S. But surely you do not mean to decry science?

W. Far otherwise. Where should we be without it? And besides we must recollect that as there is the born musician, the born poet, the born painter, so there is the born enquirer, the man to whom joy comes from the satisfaction of his intellect and the delight of investigation; but these are the few, not the many, and in consequence of the limitation of power it is almost impossible for any one man to possess capabilities for both in any large degree. Few can give themselves to science without sacrificing artistic power, and *vice versâ*.

S. Which is very intelligible; it stands to reason that the man who is using certain faculties is in the same degree allowing others to remain inactive.

W. And a man will naturally use those most from which

he derives most pleasure or profit. We know for instance how much sharper are the hearing and touch of a blind man than ours, because he is continually employing hearing and touch to give him information where we employ the quicker organ of eyesight.

S. Still you will allow that many men think as well as feel, and surely right thinking must be a matter of considerable importance.

W. Certainly. But what we have got to recognise clearly is the difference between them. In many cases we may have very right feeling and very wrong thinking, or we may have very right thinking and no feeling at all; but for the conduct of ordinary life, the feeling is the more important factor. It is frequently indeed of the gravest importance how a man thinks, and that he should draw correct inferences from experienced sensations is absolutely necessary. Still the feeling is one thing and the inference another.

S. And you think that for the ordinary man the feeling is the more important matter.

W. I do; and I consider it the same in religion, though unfortunately the reverse is what has, for the most part, been maintained. Right theology has been regarded as the important point. Recollect, however, it was you, not I, who in the first instance decried theological speculation, and what, after all, is theology but an effort to arrive at right thinking? Metaphysics and theology have a perennial interest for the human mind, and it is only because some of us are so fully convinced that they are at present pursuing a road that leads to nowhere, and that their methods are those of the pseudo-science of a past age, that they have ceased to interest us. But, besides being an effort to discover truth there is another and very important function theology is fulfilling.

S. What is that?

W. It is doing a work of no small value in presenting to the common mind a mental hypothesis which it can assimilate.

S. Explain, if you please!

W. Well, as we said before, all sensations are accompanied by some intellectual conception. Man is so constituted that he

must form some mental image of the objective factor in experienced sensation. The man who sees the sun and treads the earth, must form some idea of the sun and of the earth, and similarly of all else he sees and feels. That is, he must entertain some working hypothesis with regard to these things. Now for all the ordinary purposes of life, the hypothesis, for instance, that weight is a quality inherent in the metal and colour in the flower is quite good enough.

S. You mean that such popular errors only become important when they are assumed to be scientifically true, that is, when anyone attempts to draw not practical but scientific conclusions therefrom.

W. That is what I mean. Now it is the same with theology.

S. I am not sure that I understand.

W. Well, if you will observe the change that has taken place in the character of sermons you will see what I mean. At the present day, for instance, there is a very marked difference between the mode of expression now and fifty years ago. Instinctively, and without understanding why, a number of the more advanced among the clergy is making use of the current theology simply as a working hypothesis; they are employing it as a means of expressing truths of feeling. The whole tendency of the best religious teaching of the present day is to let dogma fall into abeyance, using it merely as a means of supplying a working hypothesis, employing it as a peg, if one may say so, upon which to hang the great facts of human feeling which influence life.

S. For instance?

W. Well, the words "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and His ears are open to their prayers" express a real intuition experienced by one possessing religious genius in a more than ordinary degree. The mental inference may have been, very probably was at the time, that this god of the Hebrew tribe (greater than all the gods of the surrounding tribes) had actual eyes and ears, resembling those of human beings, only larger. Such gross anthropomorphism has now of course ceased to exist, but the idea that God must have feelings as a man has them very much resembles this.

S. Still, I don't see what other than an anthropomorphic idea man can form of God.

W. None other, quite granted, but there is all the difference between the man who simply says: "Thou God seest me" and the man who proceeds to argue: "If you admit God sees you, you must admit God has eyes; if you admit God loves you, you must admit God feels love; if you admit God is angry, you must admit God feels anger"; and then inference after inference is readily piled up, the chain of argument being without a flaw. "We see the rose is red," therefore these argue, "redness must be in the rose." Yet is it not quite possible to believe the rose exists, and that to us it is as though it were red, without formulating any scientific theory on the subject or maintaining that because we see it red, it must be red in itself?

S. I think I begin to see what you mean. You think it possible to lend oneself in imagination to our anthropomorphic ideas, in the same kind of way as when we lift a stone weight we think of it as being heavy. We lend ourselves, knowing that the feelings in which they have their birth are true feelings; that is, are the result of an actual and very real relationship between ourselves and the object which is thus affecting us. At the same time our intellects may feel convinced that this object is so far removed from every mental conception it is possible to frame, that every idea must be utterly erroneous.

W. Yes, that is what I mean; the same idea is very beautifully expressed by William Yeates in his poem "The Indian upon God."

S. I don't know it.

W. Let me repeat it to you:

I passed along the water's edge below the humid trees,
My spirit rocked in evening light, the rushes round my knees:
My spirit rocked in sleep and sighs: and saw the moor-fowl pace
All dripping on a grassy slope, and saw them cease to chase
Each other round in circles, and heard the eldest speak:
"*Who holds the world between His bill and made us strong or weak,*
Is an undying moor-fowl, and He lives beyond the sky,
The rains are from His dripping wing, the moonbeams from His eye."
I passed a little further on and heard a lotus talk:
"*Who made the world and ruleth it, He hangeth on a stalk—*

For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling tide
Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide."
A little way within the gloom a roebuck raised his eyes,
Brimful of starlight, and he said:
"*The stamper of the skies,*
He is a gentle roebuck: for how else, I pray, could He
Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like me?"
I passed a little further on, and heard a peacock say:
"*Who made the grass, and made the worms, and made my feathers gay,*
He is a monstrous peacock, and He waveth all the night
His languid tail above us, lit with myriad spots of light."

S. That is very fine, and I see your meaning. Each and every conception formed by the mind must be as far removed from the reality of things as that of the roebuck or the lotus.

W. At the same time we must recognise that to all of us some conception is necessary. To many that expressed by Tennyson in his poem on the higher pantheism is perhaps what best commends itself:

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

But really it matters little what the form of conception be, so that it be neither too far above, nor too far below, the level of the mind to which it is presented.

S. You mean theology becomes mischievous when it insists upon the acceptance of an incredible hypothesis.

W. Yes; for as soon as the mind becomes aware that it is incredible it will probably proceed to pronounce the whole thing to be a fiction. Especially is this likely to be the case if the man be not endowed with any strong religious instincts; he will also be inclined to give up all effort to cultivate these, believing them to be based upon delusion. If he be one possessing these instincts he will probably pass through a bad time in the effort to work out a new hypothesis, one which will not do violence to other parts of his nature.

S. The popular ideas of Heaven and Hell you would, I suppose, regard as such an hypothesis destined to disappear in presence of the Copernican system.

W. Yes, that is partly what I mean; all theology bound up with certain cosmical ideas must, of course, alter with the alteration in man's idea of the cosmos, but what is not so fully recog-

nised is that spiritual feeling itself will produce a reaction against an inadequate hypothesis. The increasing sensibility of spiritual feeling (the development of spiritual faculty), which according to Maeterlinck is one of the notable facts of the day, and one which I think we can readily verify, is acting in the same direction.

S. How do you mean?

W. With some the breaking up of faith, by which I mean disbelief in the theological system they have been taught, comes from the failure of the system to present an intellectual idea wide enough for their religious emotions to work freely in.

S. I don't think I understand.

W. Well, I will give you an example. I know a person, a woman, I may tell you (indeed, as a rule, religious instincts are stronger in women than in men), who had been brought up by religious parents in what may be called the strictest sect of the Pharisees. She received a sound theological education, and took the keenest interest in the subject. From early childhood religious feeling had been very strong, and was evidently an inherited gift. She finally became a complete heretic. She told, me, however, that her first impulse to reject theology was the result of religious feeling, not of intellectual doubt, though that followed. She had been taught the doctrine of the atonement according to orthodox theories as they existed some forty years ago. She said that the feeling of relationship between herself and God as her Father was so strong, that the idea of a mediator presented a difficulty, and the whole doctrine of the atonement became repulsive to her. It was at first retained as a sort of appendage without any vital significance and was the first doctrine to be discarded. When, however, the whole subject began to come under critical investigation, and when, piece by piece, she felt the ground slipping from under her feet, the suffering this entailed was very great. It was due to the fear that all would go and leave her, as Jean Paul Richter would express it, "mourning with an orphaned heart that had lost its Father." There was really no danger, though of course she did not know that.

S. You mean that the instincts would continue to assert themselves after the intellectual ideas had perished?

W. Just so. The man who clearly sees the sun shining in the heavens will not be easily persuaded that there is no sun, though he may come to disbelieve in all the theories he has been taught about the sun. The blind man finding a flaw in the logical proofs of its existence may come to regard it as a figment of the astronomer's brain, not so the man who sees.

S. He will, you think, seek another hypothesis to account for the facts of sight ?

W. Undoubtedly. The transition period, however, is often painful until the mind has thoroughly assimilated the new thought. Do you remember the description in that novel of Auerbach's you were reading, of the difficulty Olympia had in adopting the new astronomical ideas ? "My father," she says, "soon set me to rest as to the movement of the earth, but I cannot endure the loss of the heavens yet. It was so beautiful when it was a fair canopy, our beautiful heavens !" This was the result of a change of hypothesis before the mind was able to assimilate the new idea.

S. In the same way that people at first pictured to themselves the folk at the Antipodes walking with their heads down.

W. Because they could not realise that up and down are merely words expressing relationship.

S. I suppose, now, you would have young people taught no theology ; you would leave them to form for themselves whatever idea suited them best ?

W. In no wise ! The greater number would never think seriously on the subject at all. On the contrary, I regard it as a most important duty of the religious teacher to present to the young conceptions suited to their minds. In fact, I consider it much better as a general rule that children should be taught an untenable hypothesis than none at all. For, after all, the questioning spirit will exist only in the case of a few. For the majority the working hypothesis taught in childhood (if it be at all abreast with the times) will serve them to the end of life.

S. It has often struck me as very curious how some men of great intellectual attainments, and scientific training, can continue to believe in doctrines that one would suppose must be

incredible to them. Faraday, for instance, belonged to a religious sect whose doctrines one would imagine no scientific mind could accept.

W. That depends on whether the mind be a philosophical mind or that of the specialist. The latter is quite satisfied to keep his ideas on different subjects in what may be called water-tight compartments; the former, requiring the unification of knowledge as a necessity of his nature, cannot hold as true in one department what militates against it in another. Therefore in religion his working hypothesis must be large enough to make room for all he holds for truth in every other.

S. I suppose that is it. Faraday, when asked by a friend how he could believe the astounding propositions current in the religious sect to which he belonged, replied: "I prostrate my reason on this matter; for if I applied the same process of reasoning which I use in matters of science I should be an unbeliever."

W. Just so. But every one cannot do that, and therefore every increase of scientific knowledge makes a demand for the readjustment of theological thought.

S. It is of course quite impossible that even the ordinary mind of the nineteenth century can conceive of the universe in the same way as did the man of the Middle Ages.

W. Impossible. And latterly science has been making such strides, man's ideas with regard to nature and to man himself have become so revolutionised, that a great readjustment of theological conception has become necessary. The same intellectual faculties and reasoning powers which created schemes of salvation and abstruse theological dogmas under other conditions of mind, are now occupied in dissolving them.

S. You do not, however, believe that religion will disappear with these?

W. If religion had been an ingenious product of the theologian's brain, or the result of the priest's desire for power, religion would now become extinct; but being as it is a normal part of man's nature, the only result will be to create a new theological environment, accompanied we will hope by a really wide toleration.

S. Intolerance is of course the natural result of the idea that theological doctrines are absolute truths revealed by God.

W. Yes. It is the moor-fowl insisting that God is literally a moor-fowl, and that if He be conceived of under any other form that is heresy. As soon, however, as he can say, "To me God is as though He were a moor-fowl, why should He not be to you a stamper of the skies? Is He not great enough to include all the thoughts of all and yet be greater than all?"—then intolerance must cease.

S. But are not some of these "thoughts of all" mutually exclusive?

W. Undoubtedly. If anyone believes his God to be actually a moor-fowl he cannot believe Him to be a lotus. It is only when the mind has come to realise that every conception must be wrong in one sense, though right in another, that any real toleration of conflicting ideas can exist. But surely it is quite possible to believe, for example, that to the roebuck his God may be gentle as the roebuck, and to the peacock beautiful as the peacock, without being either roebuck or peacock. To me he may be as the roebuck, appealing to the spirit of gentleness within me; to you He may be as the peacock, appealing to your love of beauty. Why should these ideas be mutually exclusive, unless we insist that God must be literally a roebuck or a peacock, which was, of course, the position of the ancient theologies.

S. Still you regard it as a matter of importance that a working hypothesis, in other words, a dogmatic theology, should be taught to children. Now how could this be done by anyone holding such views as you do? I should like to know, for instance, how your heretic friend would go about instructing her children if she had any. Would she leave their religion to take care of itself, or would she hand them over to an orthodox teacher?

W. Neither. She conducted their education herself, not, however, without a feeling of grave responsibility in departing from the usual courses. She felt, however, that before all things she must be true, and never pretend to them to believe what she did not believe.

S. I expect she was right there. I heard an amusing story

the other day of a child to whom its mother was reading Bible stories. The child, who must have been very smart in more ways than one, broke in with the exclamation: "These are fairy tales, mother, and you know it."

W. The child felt by a sure instinct that the mother did not believe the stories, but desired that the child should do so.

S. I suppose that was it. Well, let us hear about your woman. I am interested.

W. At some future time perhaps.

S. E. C.

THE VENGEANCE OF PASHT.

DRAW your chair closer to mine, child, that my failing eyes may see your fresh, happy face, and lay your hand, the kind little hand that has tended me so long and so faithfully, upon my fevered brow. I have often read in your young eyes compassion and pity for the lonely and suffering old woman.

Lonely? Ah, how little you understand—you in your busy happiness, the life of the day—the hour! What can you know of memories from the long past, the vanished splendours, that fill my heart to-day?

How few can fathom that mysterious force, the Will, that lives on through long series of lives and *remembers!* How few ever comprehend a resignation taught by the bitter experience of the ages, given to the soul that has worked out its own destiny, receiving retribution, and finally purification, for the sins of all previous existences!

For the dream-life may become more real than our actual daily existence; and as I lie here, sleepless and tortured with pain, I live once more in visions of my past happiness, and I am content to know that I suffer for the sins which have nearly worked out their own course. My penance is all but over, and my soul longs for the rosy slumber of the heaven-world. To

but few is it given to lift the veil of the Past, and to fewer yet to gaze upon the awful secret of the Future.

Look into my eyes, and behold the spirit of one who is older than even the history of your cold land! Listen undismayed to the story of my past, nor deem it but the wild ravings of a fevered brain. My strength is ebbing fast, but I would tell you all while there is yet time. Once I too was young, and lived and laughed and loved in the Land of the Sun, in the beautiful city of Memphis, by the Sacred Nile. I would not look again upon that spot! Gone are its temples and its palaces; and the wild dog and the jackal howl in the ruins of those halls where my fathers held their court. In the tombs of my ancestors fellaheen prowl and tear the ornaments from the defenceless dead, and sell them to the impious tourist.

I, Princess Amuni, was of royal line, a daughter of Pharaohs; the deeds of my illustrious sire can be read to this day on his royal tomb where the victories of the Lord of the World remain eternally engraved.

My childhood and my maidenhood were passed in happy seclusion in my father's palace. I roamed through the gardens and palm-groves with my maidens, I plucked the fragrant lotus to weave crowns for our feasts, and bathed in the cool fountains, or floated over the waters of our Holy River attended by a willing retinue of slaves, to the sound of glad music and song. Fairest of all was I, with hair that unbound reached the marble beneath my feet; but I took small thought for my beauty or pleasure therein, but ever strove to excel my companions in study and the sacred mysteries of our religion, passing long nights in deciphering the truths written in the stars, and proving myself by wisdom and diligence worthy to be a king's daughter.

One morn a messenger brought word that my royal father demanded my presence. I called my women to my help, and, bathed and anointed and perfumed, clad in fine white linen robes, and glittering with jewels, I swept into the Audience Hall, with a train of attendants. My father embraced me as I knelt before him, and said:

"Daughter, it is my will that, being now of a suitable age for marriage, thou shalt prepare to enter that estate. The Gods

are favourable to thee, for the chief priest of the mysteries of Isis, till now a celibate, desires thy hand."

I knew and hated the man; as I raised my face, his cruel gleaming eyes met mine, till I shuddered and looked down. Dark terror and foreboding fell on heart and brain, and I prostrated myself before my father's throne, and laid my hands about his feet, bound with their glittering sandals. In desperation I cried out:

"O royal father, spare me this! Isis has not disposed my soul for marriage. I will not wed this man; and Pharaoh's daughter shall not live to give her hand where her heart is not!"

But Pharaoh gazed in wrath upon my kneeling form. I dared not raise my eyes to his; but I saw the fan-bearers on either side grow pale, and turn away their faces. For the august king clenched his mighty fist, and the great emerald on his signet flashed, like the eyes of some malignant spirit, as he shook it over my rebellious head, and spurned me from him with his feet.

"By the limbs of Osiris, by the fertility of this our River, Pharaoh's daughter *shall* obey her sire's commands! Listen, Amuni, thankless child; on the seventh day from this, thou shalt take the bridegroom I have chosen, whose piety and wisdom are renowned, and with whom it is an honour for even *my* House to be allied; or thou shalt quit our palace, and live and die unwed, and, serving the Goddess Pasht, pass thy days in loveless maidenhood!"

But my father's temper was mine also, and his hot blood surged in my veins, woman though I was. I had been insulted before my women, before the whole Court of Pharaoh! Red with anger, I rose to my feet and cried aloud:

"Thanks to my royal father's clemency! Henceforth I *will* serve Goddess Pasht!" And I swept from the Audience Hall, and withdrew to my own apartments, with my pale and frightened women.

They clustered round, and weeping, begged me to relent, and send a humble message, praying for pardon. They told me that marriage is each woman's fate, and love for very few; that royal blood must mate where it may, and scarcely ever where it

will. But I laughed aloud at my maidens' tears and lamentations, and swore to hold the merriest, maddest feast to celebrate my "liberation."

Garlands of sweet-scented flowers were woven for our breasts and hair, delicious viands decked the board, and as the sound of flute and cymbal sounded through my palace, light-footed girls glided and whirled in the dance. Till the seven appointed days had passed, we kept high festival, and then a royal messenger brought word that my half-sister was wedded to the priest, and that I, Princess Amuni, must leave my home and old companions, to be enrolled among the attendants of the Goddess Pasht at her sacred city of Bubastis.

What do you moderns know or care about our ancient faiths, our sacred mysteries? Our old race is almost gone; the mysteries of Osiris exist no longer, and I hear and read of unclean feeders, material and gross alike in mind and body, who ignorantly dispute the theories of our great spiritual thinkers!

I will not weary you with details, now grown meaningless; suffice it to say, that I was taken to the temple of Bubastis, dedicated to Pasht, Goddess of Chastity, whose image nightly greets us in the calm, cold moon, and who vouchsafes to dwell among us incarnate in the ever-holy cat-form.

Here I was appointed guardian to these sacred animals, and spent all my time in the service of the temple, and in ceremonious rites. This service was one of the most honoured, and its duties arduous enough. Twice a day, and once each night, I must bathe and purify myself before making offerings of food to the venerated beings in whom the "soul of the goddess" was incarnated. The hours of worship and libations at the shrine of Pasht were long and frequent, and my own food was severely restricted; onions, leeks, beans, and even peas, and all forms of flesh, were severely forbidden, and the hours for rest curtailed. But my life was calm and still; the sleek animals grew to love me, and lifted their heads and purred loud at my coming. In their great green eyes I gazed till strange thoughts and visions shaped themselves in my dreaming soul; in the hours of exercise we paced slowly up and down, silent as the soft-footed things beside us.

Meanwhile, my royal father was absent on a long campaign against the Khitas, a wild Asiatic tribe. When he returned, laden with gold and spoils, leading a long train of captives, our city rang with shouts of triumph, and songs of victory.

In the religious ceremonies which followed, a procession was formed to greet the conqueror, and I, as chief priestess of Pasht, went forth with music and dancing, to meet the royal chariot.

As Pharaoh descended to pour out the libation of wine, and I stood by with the figs and pomegranates arrayed in mystic hieroglyph upon a silver tray, I cast a pitying glance over the band of prisoners fettered to his chariot. They were worn, haggard and unkempt, and their naked limbs were soiled and bruised by the hardships they had endured. Most bowed their heads, and stared despairingly upon the ground. But one among them stood erect and calm ; his flashing black eyes met my own, and I gazed till my heart fainted within me. His broad, bare shoulders towered above our warriors; his arms, perfect in muscular symmetry, were folded defiantly across his breast, and the iron collar chafed but could not bend that proud neck, or alter his dignified bearing.

Holy Isis, in that moment I first knew Love! Think not, child, that Love means happiness or joy ! Such Love as laid its strong hand upon my heart was born in pain, and cradled in shame and suffering ; the bitterness of death lay on its lips, and despair nursed its baby limbs into life and strength !

I bowed my head, and the offering well-nigh slipped from my trembling hands, as I raised it to the high altar and led the chant of thanksgiving. In the revels that followed there was no joy for me ; two burning eyes shone where'er I gazed, and a tall, massive form moved ever at my side.

I could not bear to think that heroic frame should labour as a slave, that high spirit learn to crouch beneath the lash. Isis taught me cunning, and I prayed that three of the captives might be selected for sacrifice at the next great festival, and with cold, calm face I pointed out the man I loved and two of his companions to the chief priest. The victims were confined in the temple, and well cared for. I saw him daily.

A woman can accomplish much when she loves as I did! One glorious summer night, when the moon floated in the heavens like the golden lotus-flower on the blue waters below, we two crept in silence and trembling to a palm-grove by the Nile. There we waited until my trusty slave should appear, and hoped to fly to safety and my lover's far-off home in a small boat, disguised in garments the slave should bring.

The risk was terrible, and the probability of success but small; but it was better than the death behind. We preferred the unknown ills of fate to the known cruelty of man.

An hour yet remained before we dared hope for the boat's arrival! We crouched and waited in the shadow of the pillars.

The arms of my lover held me to his beating heart. The cicadas sang our bridal melody. . . .

I had forgot my vows—all, all, save that I was woman!

Child, I tell you, man may not insult the great Gods, and go unpunished! The holy temple of Pasht had been profaned, I had broken my solemn oath, stooped to the love of a foreigner and alien, and brought shame upon the House of Pharaoh! Even as we kissed an unearthly cry, a wail as of some lost and suffering soul, broke the silence.

Trembling, I whispered in Hillel's ear:

"Love, we are lost! The Goddess will punish my sin! My absence has been noticed, and I shall be tracked down. Lie still, and save yourself. I leave you here!"

I tried to rise, but he held me close:

"Amuni, my queen of women; without your love I die. Let me then hold you to the last, and so meet death!"

"Nay, Hillel, there is yet some scanty hope. Lie still, and pray to all your Gods and mine for mercy, if it may avail us now!"

I tore myself away, and stepped out into the moonlight—the light of the Goddess I had defied!

Then I saw that our venerated Pasht in feline form had deigned to breathe the cool night air, and stood motionless, with head thrown back, and gleaming eyes fixed on the moon's bright disc. The attendants waited reverently behind; but as I moved to join them, one, Mara, ever forward in speech, who loved me little, broke forth:

"Whither hast thou been, oh princess? The sacred one required thy attendance; why forsake thy duties to gaze on the moon, by the water?"

"Peace, Mara, speak not to me of 'duties'! I was weary, and have bathed myself in the holy Nile, and have gained much refreshment by its mystic powers!"

I drew myself up, and would have passed her, when a form, that of the priest I had always loathed and dreaded, rushed towards us.

"The captive Hillel has escaped!" he shouted. "Search all the gardens; guard the gates! Let none pass out unseen!"

His eyes fell upon me, and he sneered:

"*You* here, Princess Amuni! You have helped your lover to escape. Neither your kisses nor your favours shall save him from his doom!"

"He is no lover of mine, by the holy Pasht, I swear it; neither does his death concern me!" I answered firmly.

Did the Goddess hear my perjury, her name taken in vain; did the moonlight breathe its tale? For a strange thing happened.

The sacred cat raised her head and those yellow eyes gleamed like balls of fire; then it uttered wail after wail, horrible and wild, and rushed to and fro like some mad beast in search of prey. I caught my breath in terror, as it bounded into the grove of palm trees by the river, and sprang upon my lover, crouching behind the pillars.

It was all over now! Even his giant's strength availed nothing against such numbers. He was pinioned, and they dragged him away; and the last thing I remembered was the mocking face of my enemy, the priest, and my lover's groans. . . .

The hours of agony and suspense wore away, and at sunrise I was summoned before the council of priests. They ordered me to confess, and I replied that I was innocent, and had nothing to say. The high priest spoke to his attendants, and from behind a curtain they led my lover. Those fiends had tortured him till he could not stand without support! His face was white and covered with sweat, and from his breast whereon my head had lain, from the limbs I had caressed, blood flowed from horrid

wounds. He raised his eyes to mine for one instant, the blood rushed back to my heart, and we both stood silent.

"Will you confess now?" thundered our judge. "Can you, dog and slave, dare to say you neither knew nor spoke with this woman?"

"Never, I swear it. I escaped alone!" murmured Hillel faintly.

"Question him again!"

Human nature could bear no more!

"I confess he is my lover!" I cried: "I confess all; spare him more suffering!"

I broke through the guards and caught him to my heart. He raised his lips to mine, and—Isis was very merciful to us—died there upon my breast. . . .

And I, should I have let him wander alone and unloved in the Region of the Dead? Should his bride prove unfaithful because he was summoned before the pale Judge of Souls—one living, the other dead? But one short hour separated us, for in that time I had found a way to join him. The swift poison did its work; soon my women mourned around my body, and made preparations for the embalming.

What matter that his limbs formed a banquet for the hungry crocodiles, while mine lay in state in royal burying-place? In sweetest slumber our souls were united, and Fate cheated of her prey!

But Destiny claims her right, and our sin and my rash act had yet to be expiated by suffering. That suffering has brought wisdom, and wisdom remembrance, and I know and feel our double punishment draws to its appointed close; my love's eyes glow through the darkness, and soon our two souls shall be once more together.

Child, remember this: Man may not in vain defy the Immortal Gods. *We* choose our Fate, and *they* appoint our reward or punishment. Herein lies the true secret of fatalism, of life's seeming injustice.

MOYA FALKNER.

THE SAYINGS OF AN INDIAN SAGE

THE late Professor Max Müller's work, *Râma Kṛiṣhṇa; His Life and Sayings*, is well worth the study of those who are interested in Theosophy, for in it they will find an unbiassed account of the life of one who followed the Bhakti path. The Professor states in his preface that he has tried to collect as much information as he could about this Indian saint (who died in 1886), partly from his devoted disciples, partly from Indian newspapers, journals and books, in which the principal events of his life are chronicled, and his moral and religious teaching described and discussed, whether in a friendly or unfriendly spirit. He says:

"Whatever may be said about the aberrations of the Indian ascetics to whom Râma Kṛiṣhṇa belonged, there are certainly some of them who deserve our interest, nay, even our warmest sympathy. Though some of the stories told of these martyrs of the flesh and of the spirit may be exaggerated, enough remains of real fact to rouse at all events our curiosity. A better knowledge of the teachings of one of them seems certainly desirable, whether for statesmen who have to deal with the various classes of Indian society, or for missionaries who are anxious to understand and to influence the inhabitants of that country, or lastly for students of philosophy and religion, who ought to know how the Vedânta, 'perhaps the most ancient philosophy in the world,' is taught at the present day by the Bhâktas, that is, 'friends and devoted lovers of God,' for this system continues to exercise its powerful influence, not only on a few philosophers, but on large numbers of what has always been called a country of philosophers."

The Professor then gives a short sketch of the most characteristic doctrines of this philosophy, since without it many readers would hardly be able to understand the ideals of Râma Kṛiṣhṇa and his disciples.

The book opens with some remarks on Mahâtmas and an exposition of the "four stages of life," and goes on to describe several well-known saints in order to show that Râma Kṛishṇa does not stand alone. It then grows very instructive on what the Professor calls the "Dialogic Process," the transformation which mere repetition, conversation, or what is called oral tradition, will and must produce in the description of original facts. There is, he says, hardly a single fact in history which can escape being modified by this process before it reaches the writer of history. "This inevitable influence of the Dialogic Process in history cannot be recognised too soon. It will remove endless difficulties by which we are ensnared, endless dishonesties in which we have ensnared ourselves. If we once understand that after only one day, one week, one year, any communication, even a communication from heaven, must suffer the consequences of this process, must be infected by the breath of human thought and of human weakness, many a self-made difficulty will vanish, many a story distorted by the childish love of the miraculous will regain its true moral character, many a face disguised by a misplaced apotheosis will look upon us again with truly human, loving and divine eyes."

The Professor considers that the life of his master which Vivekânanda (one of his most eminent pupils) has written, discloses here and there the clear traces of this Process, and of the irrepressible miraculising tendencies of devoted disciples. The main outlines of this life are as follows:

Râma Kṛishṇa was born in 1833 and died in 1886. His father was the head of the only Brâhmanic family settled in the village of Kamâpakar in the Zillah Hugli, and though poor was strictly orthodox. Râma Kṛishṇa was an attractive and lovable child; at the age of six he was well versed in the *Purânas*, and in the *Râmâyana*, the *Mahâbhârata*, and the *Shrîmad Bhâgavata*, through hearing them from the Kahaks, a class of men who preach and read these *Purânas* for the enlightenment of the uneducated masses all over India. According to his friend Mozoomdar, however, he never knew a word of Sanskrit.

His eldest brother, Râmkumâr Chaṭṭopadhyâya, was a very learned professor of the old school. He had his own school at

Calcutta, and Râma Kṛishṇa was taken there, but was disgusted to find that after all their high talk on being and non-being, or Brahman and Mâyâ, or how the soul is liberated by the realisation of Âtman, they would never dream of practising the precepts in their own lives, but ran after lust and gold, after name and fame. He yearned to learn something which would raise him above all these, and give him as a recompense God Himself. The eldest brother was appointed priest to the temple of the Goddess Kâlî at Dakshinesvara, about five miles to the north of Calcutta, which was established in 1855. At his entreaty Râma Kṛishṇa consented to live there, and a few months later took charge of the duties when his brother became incapable of conducting the services through illness.

He thus became a recognised worshipper of the Goddess Kâlî. He began now to look upon her as his mother, and the mother of the universe. After the regular forms of worship he would sit for hours and hours singing hymns, talking, and praying to her as a child to his mother, till he lost all consciousness of the outward world. Some held the young priest to be mad, some took him to be a great lover of God and all his outward madness as the manifestation of that love. His mother and brothers, thinking that his imagination would calm down when he had a young wife and family to look after, took him to his native village and married him to a child five years old. After his marriage he returned to the charges of the temple, and his fervour and devotion increased a thousand-fold. He began to see visions and fall into trances, but his ardent soul could not remain quiet, he ran eagerly to attain perfection and realisation of God in all His different aspects. He thus began the twelve years of unheard-of tapasya or ascetic exercises. Looking back to these years of self-torture in his later days he said "that a great religious tornado, as it were, raged within him during those years and made everything topsy-turvy." He had no idea then that it lasted so long a time.

During this period he forgot entirely that he had been married, which was not unnatural for one who had lost all idea of the existence even of his own body. His wife came to him, however, and begged him to teach her to realise God, and to

allow her to remain near him and cook his meals and do what she could for his health and comfort. She thus became his disciple, and still lives, revered by all for her purity and strength of character.

Though Râma Kṛishṇa had no proper education, he had such a wonderful memory that he never forgot what he had once heard. He attained to great Yoga powers, but he never cared to display them. He told his disciples that all these powers would come to a man as he advanced, but he warned them never to take heed of the opinions of men. The power of working miracles was rather a hindrance in the way to perfection, inasmuch as it diverted the attention of man from his highest goal.

"When the rose is blown, and sheds its fragrance all around, the bees come of themselves. The bees seek the full-blown rose, and not the rose the bees." This saying of Râma Kṛishṇa was verified in his own life. Numbers of earnest men, of all sects and creeds, began to flock to him to receive instruction, and to drink the waters of life. He forgot his sleep and talked to them incessantly about Bhakti (devotion), and Gñâna (knowledge), and his own experiences and how he arrived at them. When pressed to take rest he would say: "I would suffer willingly all sorts of bodily pains and death also, a hundred thousand times, if by so doing I could bring one soul to freedom and salvation."

He was a wonderful mixture of God and man. In his ordinary state he would talk of himself as the servant of all men and women. He looked upon them all as God. He himself would never be addressed as Guru or teacher, or claim any high position. But every now and then strange fits of God-consciousness came upon him, and he became changed into a different being. He then spoke of himself as being able to do and know everything. He would speak of himself as the same soul that had been born before as Râma, as Kṛishṇa, as Jesus, or as Buddha, born again as Râma Kṛishṇa. He said he was free from all eternity, and that the practices and struggles after religion which he went through were only meant to show the people the way to salvation.

Remarking on this history of his life, Professor Max Müller

says: "We can hardly fail to see the first beginnings of the ravages which the Dialogic Process works even in the first generation. Given the disciple's veneration for his departed Master, there is a natural unwillingness, nay, an incapability to believe or repeat anything that might place his Master in an unfavourable light. Fortunately in this case we have the testimony of several independent witnesses, some favourable, others unfavourable." For these the book must be consulted. The most striking witness will be the sayings of the saint himself, some of which follow.

Thou seest many stars at night in the sky, but findest them not when the sun rises. Canst thou say that there are no stars, then, in the heaven of day? So, O man, because thou beholdest not the Almighty in the days of thy ignorance, say not there is no God.

Many are the names of God, and infinite the forms that lead us to know Him. In whatsoever name or form you desire to call Him, in that very form and name you will see Him.

Q. If the God of every religion is the same, why is it, then, that God is painted differently by different religionists? A. God is one, but His aspects are different. As one master of the house is father to one, brother to another, and husband to a third, and is called by these different names by those different persons, so God is described and called in various ways according to the particular aspect in which He appears to His particular worshipper.

It is true that God is even in the tiger, but we must not go and face the animal. So it is true that God dwells even in the most wicked, but it is not meet that we should associate with the wicked.

Every being is Nârâyana. Man or animal, sage or knave, nay, the whole universe is Nârâyana, the Supreme Spirit.

As the lamp does not burn without oil, so man cannot live without God.

As fishes playing in a pond covered over with reeds and scum cannot be seen from outside, so God plays in the heart of a man invisibly, being screened by Mâyâ from human view.

The landlord may be very rich, but when a poor cultivator brings a humble present to him with a loving heart, he accepts it with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

As a boy begins to learn writing by drawing big scrawls before he can master the small hand, so must we learn concentration of the mind by fixing it first on forms, and when we have attained success therein, we can easily fix it upon the formless.

As at one time I am clothed, and at another time naked, so Brahman is at one time with attributes and at another without.

His name is Intelligence; His Abode is Intelligence, too, and He, the Lord, is Intelligence Himself.

The locomotive engine reaches the destination itself, and also draws and takes with it a long train of loaded waggons. So likewise act the Saviours. They carry multitudes of men, heavily laden with the cares and sorrows of the world, to the feet of the Almighty.

The Avatâra, or Saviour, is the messenger of God. As when there is some disturbance in a far-off province the king sends his viceroy to quell it; so whenever there is any waning of religion in any part of the world, God sends His Avatâra there.

It is one and the same Avatâra that, having plunged into the ocean of life, rises up in one place, and is known as Kṛiṣhṇa, and diving again, rises in another place and is known as Christ.

None knoweth the immensity of the Sacrifice which the Godhead maketh when it becomes incarnate or becomes flesh.

The Saviours are to Brahman as the waves are to the ocean.

The Divine Sages form as it were the inner circle of God's nearest relatives. They are friends, companions, kinsmen of God. Ordinary beings form the outer circle and are the creatures of God.

A perfect man is like a lotus-leaf in the water, or like a mud-fish in the marsh. Neither of these is polluted by the element in which it lives.

As water passes under a bridge but never stagnates, so money passes through the hands of "The Free," who never hoard it.

The steel sword turns into gold by the touch of the Philosopher's Stone, and though it retains its former form it becomes incapable of injuring anyone. Similarly the outward form of a man who has touched the feet of the Almighty is not changed, but he no longer doeth any evil.

When water is poured into an empty vessel a bubbling noise ensues, but when the vessel is full no such noise is heard. Similarly, the man who has not found God is full of vain disputations. But when he has seen Him, all vanities disappear, and he silently enjoys the Bliss Divine.

The sage alone can recognise a sage. He who deals in cotton twists can alone tell of what number and quality a particular twist is made.

Sugar and sand may be mixed together, but the ant rejects the sand and goes off with the sugar grain; so pious men sift the good from the bad.

This world is like a stage where men perform many parts under various disguises. They do not like to take off the mask,

unless they have played for some time. Let them play for a while, and then they will leave off the mask of their own accord.

If thou art in right earnest to be good and perfect, God will send the true and proper Master to thee. Earnestness is the only thing necessary.

As when going to a strange country one must abide by the directions of him who knows the way, while taking the advice of many may lead to confusion ; so in trying to reach God one should follow implicitly the advice of one single Guru who knows the way to God.

The Guru is a mediator. He brings man and God together.

Take the pearl and throw the oyster-shell away. Follow the mantra (advice) given thee by thy Guru, and throw out of consideration the human frailties of thy teacher.

Listen not if anyone criticises and censures thy Guru. Leave his presence at once.

Gurus can be had by hundreds, but good Chelas (disciples) are very rare.

What you wish others to do, do yourself.

Verily, verily, I say unto you that he who yearns for God finds Him.

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

When the fruit grows the petals drop off of themselves. So when the Divinity in thee increases, the weakness of humanity will vanish.

When the grace of the Almighty descends, everyone will understand his mistakes ; knowing this you should not dispute.

As the dawn heralds the rising sun, so unselfishness, purity, righteousness, etc., precede the advent of the Lord.

The breeze of His grace is blowing night and day over thy head. Unfurl the sails of thy boat (mind) if thou wantest to make rapid progress through the ocean of life.

Creeds and sects matter nothing. Let everyone perform with faith the devotions and practices of his creed. Faith is the only clue to get to God.

He who has faith has all, he who wants faith wants all.

Instead of preaching to others, if one worships God all the time, that is enough preaching. He who strives to make himself free is the real preacher. Hundreds come from all sides, no one knows whence, to him who is free, and are taught. When a flower opens the bees come uninvited and unasked.

He alone is the true "man" who is illuminated with the Spiritual Light.

The cries of all jackals are alike. The teachings of all the wise men in the world are essentially one and the same.

A truly religious man should think that other religions also are paths leading to the truth. We should always maintain an attitude of respect towards other religions.

Visit not miracle-workers. They are wanderers from the path of truth. Their minds have become entangled in the meshes of psychic powers which lie in the way of the pilgrim towards Brahman, as temptations. Beware of these powers and desire them not.

The human Guru whispers the sacred formula into the ear; the Divine Guru breathes the spirit into the soul.

He who thinks his spiritual guide a mere man, cannot derive any benefit from him.

Meditate on God either in an unknown corner, or in the solitude of forests, or within your own mind.

Bow down and adore where others kneel, for where so many hearts have been paying the tribute of adoration, the kind Lord will manifest Himself, for He is all mercy.

The vanities of all others may gradually die out, but the vanity of a saint as regards his sainthood is hard indeed to wear away.

In what condition of the mind does God-vision take place? God is seen when the mind is tranquil. When the mental sea is agitated by the wind of desires it cannot reflect God, and then the God-vision is impossible.

If the body is worthless and transitory, why do pious and devout men take care of it? No one takes care of an empty box. All protect with care a chest full of precious jewels, gold, and costly articles. The pious soul cannot help taking care of the body in which the Divine One dwells, for all our bodies form the playground of the Divine.

There can be little doubt that in these Sayings, selected from among 395, some of which are in the form of longer parables, many will detect the note of truth. Though Râma Kṛishṇa may have been the priest of Kâlî, though he may have practised the lower forms of Yoga to excess, though he knew no Sanskrit and was practically uneducated, he seems to have arrived at Wisdom of the highest order. That his press notices were not uniformly favourable, or his language not always above reproach, matters not a jot. There are spots even in the sun, but we must look through smoked glasses to see them. The saint has spoken for himself, the present writer has only to recommend the book to the attention which it undoubtedly deserves.

A. H. WARD.

PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

It is very often more useful for us to endeavour to assimilate thoroughly existing Theosophic theories than to be seeking always for new facts. Theosophic facts are already accumulating at a rate which is only comparable to the progress taking place in the accumulation of ordinary facts, and it behoves us to look well to our principles and to our foundations if we are to avoid being swamped in the ocean of details. One of our most important principles, it seems to me, is represented by the word *plane*. The accumulation of facts upon the subject has rendered necessary, in my opinion, a new survey, and a definition which shall embrace the facts already discovered, and leave room for the facts to be discovered in the future. If at any time our definition of a principle fails to leave room for expansion, we must alter the principle with each new discovery. Now, what do we understand by *plane?* It means something flat or level. A plane surface, a plane iron. In itself *plane* does not exist. It is an attribute or characteristic of something. Apart from the something described by it, it does not exist. In ordinary language, then, we find the term used not only in its objective or concrete form, as applied to objects in the world as in the examples above, but also in describing degrees or states of individual consciousness. We are familiar with the expressions plane of sensation, plane of thought, moral plane, mental plane, all used in the signification of level or degree, and with reference to some ideal position in space; the plane of sensation being regarded as lower than the mental plane, which is higher.

In the above illustrations plane is a noun, rather than an adjective. It is a way we have of taking one of the attributes of a thing to represent or distinguish it. A plane surface is a flat surface. A plane is a flat or level surface. So if we say a plane of sensation, a plane of thought, we mean a level of sensa-

tion, a degree of thought. If we say the thought-plane, we are using the attribute of the thing to represent the thing, in order to compare more easily the thing in question with some other thing. Sensation is not thought, but to speak of plane of sensation and plane of thought shows an identity as well as a difference. We place one above the other when we use the word plane, and thereby give a space-setting to our abstract ideas. When we proceed further and state that both sensation and thought are parts or states of consciousness, and we use the word plane with regard to them, we think of levels or degrees of consciousness. Consciousness or states of consciousness are ultimate facts. To doubt them proves them as far as thought is concerned, for doubt is a state of mental consciousness. We cannot, however, doubt the existence of our object consciousness whilst we are awake and active in the world. Even in lunatics it is not that they do not see the objects they say they see. They do see them, but normal people do not.

There is, then, no doubt as to the existence of states of consciousness, and, if we postulate the existence of anything, we must be careful to remember that we are talking in consciousness of things in consciousness. Every man is a world to himself. *We cannot by any possible means speak of an activity in consciousness absolutely different from consciousness.* If we are to get outside the circle of our own consciousness we can do so in only one way. By analogy. By regarding what is outside us as analogous to ourselves. By *duplicating* in our consciousness the consciousness outside us, we can get to know what exists outside of us. We see then that in using the word *plane*, a man is only describing degrees of his own consciousness.

If he is going to talk of *plane* outside of himself, it must be by means of analogy from himself. In his ordinary waking consciousness, he can divide his consciousness into different divisions or parts and call them planes of his consciousness. When thinking, he is on the plane of thought. When seeing, on the plane of sensation. We have then to enquire: Is a man's ordinary consciousness, which he can divide or classify into different planes, similar on cosmic planes to what he finds in his consciousness? He finds in his consciousness sensation. Is

there a cosmic plane of sensation? He finds in his consciousness emotion and thought. Are there cosmic planes of emotion and thought? You can easily see the importance of this answer. If we say yes, we imply that the consciousness of the ordinary man functions upon several cosmic planes, instead of one only as the ordinary man thinks. When he has a sensation, his consciousness is on the cosmic plane of sensation; when he is active, his consciousness is on the cosmic plane of action; when he is thinking, his consciousness is on the cosmic plane of thought. As we read in many Theosophical books, man is active on the physical plane, has feelings and emotions on the astral plane, and thinks on the mental plane. So instead of our thinking that we shall have to be much more advanced than we are to function consciously on the astral and mental planes, *we are all doing it now*. So far we have fully understood the Theosophical teaching, but we are well aware that certain individuals in the Theosophical Society possess means for obtaining knowledge of the astral and mental planes which we do not at present ourselves possess. We are also informed that on the plane of activity or the physical plane, consciousness may be regarded as limited to three dimensions, on the astral plane as having expanded to "four dimensions," and on the mental plane as having expanded to "five dimensions."

How, then, does it come about that, although when we *feel* and *think*, we are functioning on the astral and mental cosmic planes, we are always in a state of three-dimensional consciousness? How is it that we are functioning on a four- or five-dimensional cosmic plane in only three dimensions? We are told it is due to the limitation of the physical brain. It supplies us with three-dimensional materials, and out of these materials we can only originate three-dimensional thoughts and perform three-dimensional thinking. With four-dimensional materials our thoughts would be in four dimensions and with five in five. So we see that thought can exist in three, four and five dimensions. How can the brain act as a limitation to thought, if it does not also act as a vehicle for thought? If the cosmic plane of five dimensions needs a five-dimensional vehicle, and cannot be properly expressed without it to our consciousness, and a

plane of four dimensions a four-dimensional vehicle, and one of three, a three-dimensional vehicle, it becomes very difficult to avoid the conclusion that thought in three dimensions corresponds to a cosmic plane in three dimensions, and so on. We are led, then, to the view that, corresponding to three-, four- and five-dimensional thinking, we have cosmic planes of three, four and five dimensions. Now, the plane of three dimensions is the physical plane, so that we think in three dimensions, or upon the physical plane. If the plane of thought is the mental plane and the mental plane is one of five dimensions, we have the difficulty of understanding how we think in three dimensions on it and not in five. There must be a three-dimensional division of the mental plane upon which we are now functioning. And this division is to all intents and purposes as complete a plane as the physical three-dimensional plane. But we have been informed that the physical plane is the plane of three-dimensional consciousness, the astral plane of four, and the mental of five, so that either the three-dimensional division of the mental plane is the physical plane of three dimensions, the four-dimensional division the astral plane, and the five-dimensional division the mental plane proper, or we have two cosmic planes of three dimensions, one the physical plane, and the other, the lowest division of the mental plane.

Of these alternatives, the latter does not recommend itself in our opinion, and so we are left with the former. But it is not sufficient to understand that when we say we think in three dimensions, we are thinking on the physical plane, for we are told we use a mind-body on the mental plane to think with. If our ordinary thought is physical plane thought, how is it that we use a body called our mind-body? This is where Theosophic teaching comes in. It cannot, we think, be too strongly emphasised that Theosophy is an *addition* to our knowledge rather than a theory competing with other theories which have been devised to explain our experience. Ordinary science and experience know of a three-dimensional consciousness, and of a brain with which that consciousness is intimately connected. Theosophy adds to this knowledge, facts about other planes, of four and five dimensions, and when we *think*, we are producing

changes in an astral body and a mind-body as well as in our physical brain. Action is simultaneously or successively with extremely short intervals taking place upon three planes. So that if we are going to have a clear idea of how three-dimensional thought is going to build a five-dimensional vehicle, we must think of three-dimensional thought building the vehicle partially whilst we are conscious in three dimensions. It obviously can only build a three-dimensional vehicle upon the mental plane, the further building on that plane taking place when we are conscious upon it, as during sleep sometimes or after death of the body.

We believe that if it was fully grasped that there is not such a great difference between an object in consciousness and a thought of that object, except that one experience is vivid and the other is faint, that one is not under our control and the other is, that the *cause* which produces the object will produce a similar one in another individual consciousness, outside of ours, whilst there is no such common cause existing independently of our consciousness in the case of the thought—it would not seem so difficult to think that thought requires a *plane* to itself which we cannot think upon the physical plane, and suchlike absurdities. If our thought of an object were as vivid as the object, we should have what is called in medical terms an hallucination. So if we remember this fact about vivid and faint we shall see no contradiction between what physiology and psychology are at present teaching with regard to the use of the brain in thinking with the addition to our knowledge which Theosophy gives us.

A plane of nature, or cosmic plane, as we have described it to distinguish it from a plane of consciousness in the ordinary waking consciousness of any man, can be defined as a level of universal consciousness in three or more dimensions. When we say the physical plane is a plane of three dimensions, we mean that the consciousness of all the individuals functioning and acting upon it is in three dimensions. We must remember there is no plane apart from the individuals who collectively, with their collective consciousness, form it.

F. S. PITT-TAYLOR.

CONCERNING RUNES AND ODIN'S RUNE SONG

THE art of writing would seem to have been acquired by the ancient Norsemen at a very early period of their history, according to the numerous and interesting evidences furnished to us by the inscriptions on coins, weapons, rocks, and stone monuments which have been discovered; to these valuable relics from a bygone age we owe most of the information we possess concerning the curious runic character. Tradition traces the introduction of this mystic script to the great central figure of northern mythology, Odin, its god-hero and warrior, whose highly suggestive Rune Song I propose to examine presently. It has been stated that there were two runic alphabets, an earlier and a later, the former containing the larger number of letters, and the supposition is probably correct that, for the sake of convenience, the number was eventually reduced from twenty-four to sixteen.

The knowledge of the art of rune-writing is supposed to have been brought to the north by Odin and his followers, who are believed to have migrated from southern lands bordering on the Black Sea. Some of the letters are similar in character to the Etruscan; it was also usual in Greece and Etruria to engrave letters and mystic signs on brooches, bracelets, and neck ornaments, and belts.

In the most remote ages the runes were looked upon with much awe and reverence, and not used for ordinary correspondence, as they were employed in mystic matters, in magic, and incantations. This can be seen in the stanzas of the song in which Odin describes his powers, and what he had to undergo whilst acquiring them—a sort of initiation scene—where, in all probability, he, as the great Teacher, is initiating others into the inner mysteries, and so he gives his own experience in the words:

I know that I hung
On the windy tree,
Nine whole nights,
Wounded with a spear,
Given to Odin, Myself to myself;
On the tree, Of which no one knows
From what roots it comes. (DU CHAILLU, *Viking Age.*)

This is the Living Tree of Divine Wisdom, the Tree of Life, and of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the Mundane Tree of the Norse Legends, which cannot wither and die until the last battle of Life shall be fought, its roots being ever gnawed by the Dragon Nidhogg—symbol of the tooth of time—but the roots of its inner being remain for ever undecaying and strong, the roots of which "*it is not known whence they come.*" So, for nine nights—the mystic number of northern mythology—Odin underwent some terrible ordeal, symbolised by hanging on a tree. In *The Secret Doctrine* (ii. 572) we read that "the Candidate for Initiation was attached to the Tau, or astronomical cross," which in an ancient MS. is mentioned as "the hard couch of those who were in (spiritual) travail, the '*act of giving birth to themselves.*'" The line "Given to Odin, *Myself to myself,*" suggests the union of the Lower and the Higher Self, for "like Vishvakarman he has to sacrifice himself to himself in order to redeem all creatures," to become once more conscious of his unity with the One Life. "It is the martyrdom of self-conscious existence" (*Secret Doctrine*, i. 289). Then follows:

I peered downwards, I caught the runes,
Learned them weeping. Thence I fell down.

"Nine songs of might," he learned, but through trial and tribulation. He was also privileged to get a "draught of the precious mead, taken out of Odrerir." And again we find: "In mystical phraseology, this precious mead is Soma, the sacred beverage drunk by the Brâhmans and the Initiates during their mysteries and sacrificial rites. The real property of this drink is to make a 'new man' of the Initiate after he is re-born, or begins to live in his astral body, the spiritual nature overcoming the physical" (*Secret Doctrine*, ii. 524).

This is what Odin experienced after drinking the sacred

mead, he was enabled "to soar for the time being, in the ethereal higher regions," becoming virtually "as one of the Gods," and he was able to remember all he saw and learned.

All this represents the experience of one who is seeking to acquire a knowledge of the inner, hidden mysteries of life. The sacred mead is symbolical of assimilating that secret wisdom only to be imbibed by noble and aspiring souls, who, with steadfastness and unflinching courage, dare to face the dread trials of initiation, and pass through the fire of suffering in the nine nights of ordeal on the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. It has been said that "the Honey-dew, the fruit of the Gods, falls during the hours of the night."

After this trial has been endured, Odin goes on to say:

> Then I became fruitful and wise;
> I grew and I throve; word followed word
> With me; act followed act with me.

Having become initiated, Odin now finds his powers increase; having attained knowledge, he has attained to speech, and from the following verse it would appear that he carved or drew the runes for the instruction of the Asar:

> Thus Odin carved. Before the origin of men
> He rose there. There he came back.

This seems to be an allusion to his existence as a God, or great power, in the earlier ages of the creation of the world before mankind appeared, and secondly to his later incarnation in human form as the hero and warrior. Then we come to numerous powers, faculties, incantations, as he calls them.

> Help is the first one called,
> And it will help thee
> Against strife and sorrow,
> Against all kinds of grief.

This needs little explanation, for it is the power by which the Great Ones aid the sin and suffering of the world, help, sympathy, and infinite compassion. For it is most assuredly true that Guardian Angels, Nirmânakâyas and the rest, have all passed through the ordeal which has bestowed upon them the inestimable privilege of being those "who in their hands hold up the heavy karma of the world."

The next four or five stanzas deal with various magic powers, or incantations, by which Odin could cast off fetters, stay the flight of arrows, save people from burning, and allay hate and dissension among the sons of kings. He could also "hush the wind on the waves, and calm the sea."

Highly curious and weird is the description of these incantations, eighteen in number, but the "secret of their working is not to be told."

Runes were specially used for curing illness, as charms, but it was said that the dark letters only bewildered those who did not know the true reading, and it appears that caution was necessary in making use of these "galdrar" songs, for if used by evilly-disposed persons they were considered to be most dangerous. This shows that then, as now, the knowledge necessary for the unravelment of nature's hidden secrets was not open to all; was not to be used but by those who had first qualified themselves in the school of discipline and endurance before they could be permitted to become the possessors of the true meaning of these "dark sayings," those allegorical symbols of a hidden nature, which could only be made plain or interpreted by those who held the key of the under-meaning. Just as in Greece and Egypt and in many other lands, the ancient wisdom and the mysteries were ever withheld from ordinary gaze, screened from the outer world, so, even in these wild Viking days, of cruel and bloody acts and ruthless deeds, it would appear as if some secret ordeal, some preparation of life was demanded, ere wisdom or power could be attained. Often it may have been purchased by some great sacrifice; as for instance when it is stated that "Odin was once so eager for a drink from Mimir's well, the fount of wisdom, that he actually pawned his eye, his one eye." In *Asgard and the Gods*, it is suggested that this eye which he pledged to acquire knowledge may be "the sun, which enlightens and penetrates all things; his other eye being the moon, whose reflection gazes out of the deep, and which at last when setting sinks into the ocean."

Runes were used for various other purposes, but those employed in ceremonies of magic were said to have been written on *gler*—the ancient name for amber.

Scandinavia is full of these written records. Every year fresh treasures are brought to light, often unearthed during the demolition of some ancient church. Even within the last few months a most interesting "find" has been made in Gotland, an island in the Baltic. Under the floor of Ardre Church a big stone has been dug up, bearing upon it carved figures, etc., illustrating the famous Edda-poem, or Vŏlunds-saga, as portrayed a thousand years ago. On the upper portion is seen that well-known and exceedingly quaint conception, the eight-footed Sleipnir—Odin's horse. Upon the horse sits a rider. Further, there seems to be a building with three circular arched portals, over which rise lofty halls, and an extremely interested official belonging to the Museum of Antiquities has hazarded the ingenious guess that this is meant to represent nothing less than Valhalla—Odin's splendid dwelling. Certainly one does not expect to find the glorious Valhalla portrayed on Swedish rune-stones of the tenth century; but it is not by any means impossible that in this case such is intended. Upon the lower portion of the stone is a figure of a woman with the body of a bird—the Swan-maiden, Allvitter, and a smithy, and hammers and tongs, etc. Upon this large stone there are no rune-letters or inscriptions, but several smaller ones, and some fragments were found, all bearing runic inscriptions. Two of these fragments are of special interest. On one we find the eight-footed horse with the legs arranged two and two (and not four and four, as in the afore-mentioned stone); then we have a man with a battle axe following another, and a slain foe under his foot. On the smaller fragment is inscribed, "*i gardhum,*" meaning "i Gardarike"—Russia.

This new "find" will be of much interest and importance to historical literature. In such an instance we may indeed say, that "stones speak," and these speak of saga and song in the bygone days of old Scandinavia.

MAY HAIG.

TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM"

A Theosophic Poem

That each who seems a separate whole,
  Should move his rounds, and fusing all
  The skirts of self again, should fall,
Remerging in the general soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
  Eternal form shall still divide
  The Eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

And we shall sit at endless feast,
  Enjoying each the other's good:
  What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
  Before the spirit fades away,
  Some landing-place, to clasp and say
"Farewell! we lose ourselves in light!"

(In Memoriam, xlvii.)

There it is, put into a word-picture, such as only poet can paint! The three-fold struggle—poet, philosopher, individual—ending in a delightfully illogical compromise, brought about by the blending of them into a trinity. But the idea is there. The poet sees, with that prophetic vision which is part of his function as poet, the vision of the One Life, manifesting through the diverse many. The philosopher argues for it; the individual fears, struggles against, but finally accepts the inevitable.

But, you ask, would Tennyson have called himself a Theosophist? Assuredly *not*. Yet he was one, in spite of himself, or rather as the result of conflict between his many selves.

Unconscious, inasmuch as he did not carry all his conclusions to their ultimate, logical issue, but Theosophist none the

less for that ; because the trend of this his greatest work, *In Memoriam*, is in the main theosophic. It is indeed, here, a case of "by their fruits ye shall know them." For to anyone who knows his Tennyson, will at once arise a host of quotations which amply prove my statement. I will only mention one here, as in this brief glance at the aspect of the poet's mind we are really only concerned with *In Memoriam*, but years before this he had written that one of his "Early Sonnets" beginning :

> As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
> And *ebb into a former life.*

In Memoriam is both poem and human document. Its greatness is shown by the fact that one aspect takes away no glory from the other. Seldom, indeed, are thought and emotion welded together in such harmonious music.

The poet, I take it, is the highest human manifestation of the Divine potency, because of his three-fold gift of prophecy, thought and song. Deep into the mystery lying at the heart of all the poet pierces, and brings back from the search one ray from the Eternal Sun. He also blends the deepest, truest thoughts of philosophy; and last, but surely not least, he gilds the so-called "common things of life" with the alchemy of lyric song.

The grounds upon which I build my statement that the main trend of *In Memoriam* is theosophic are :

First, that the poet expresses firmly and continuously throughout the entire poem, at each stage, the idea of the One Will.

> Our wills are ours, we know not how,
> Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Secondly, that the idea of reincarnation is inseparable from the spirit of the poem, and frequently evinced in the letter. To take one example (almost at random, for they are so numerous) :

> Eternal process moving on,
> From state to state the spirit walks,
> And these are but the shattered stalks
> Or ruined chrysalis of one.

That, I think, is a clear, definite idea of the principle of reincarnation.

Thirdly, that the whole poem is but an unfoldment of the higher self, the divine ego. Beginning, as it does, with a wail of personal loss, of wild yearning for the physical manifestation of the belovéd—a loss, at first, too seemingly cruel for tears—speaking to his heart he says:

> Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
> That grief hath shaken into frost.

Then gradually this earth-bound wail rises into that fusion of sorrow and joy, the comfort of utterance. The tears of the poet's heart are once more crystallised, but this time into song.

Now begins the slow ascent from personal loss, through all the phases of sympathy with others, thereby widening the moral and mental horizon, until at last that shore is reached where the winds and waves are ever calm, because they have passed through storm and are no longer subject to its power. The state described so well by another poet in the lines:

> To have known the tumult and the fret,
> To have known it, and to cease
> In a pervading peace,
> Too calm to suffer pain, too living to forget.

Listen, how, in springtime, the first comfort of lyric utterance of love steals on his heart, like April dew on a wood-anemone. At first he is almost unwilling to cherish any idea of consolation—

> No joy the blooming season gives,
> The herald melodies of Spring,
> But in the songs I love to sing
> A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

That is in stanza xxxviii. In lxv. see how mighty this comfort has grown:

> And in that solace I can sing
> Till, out of painful phases wrought,
> There flutters up a happy thought,
> Self-balanced on a lightsome wing.

No "doubtful solace" here! A pure lilt of song. Sorrow transmuted by song till it becomes the rapture of the poetic genius.

We soon pass to the next step—acquiescence in the One Will; the knowledge that all is well; the blending of wisdom and devotion which ever characterises the attitude of poets to the Poet-God:

> I curse not nature, no, nor death;
> For nothing is that errs from law.—(lxviii.)

The next thought is the worthlessness of all such personal attributes as fame:

> O hollow wraith of dying Fame,
> Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
> And Self infolds the large results
> Of force that would have forged a name.

This is the utmost earthly height of poetic vision. The shadowing forth of the Self beyond the selves. He sings because the "Master of all singing" has given him to drink one draught from the deep-hidden well of Song. He gives back to the Giver the same spirit as the flower which perfumes the air as a thank-offering for welcome rain:

> To breathe my loss is more than fame,
> To utter love more sweet than praise.

The next step is, to realise that the altar-fire of one great love can be fed by that blending of sympathy and good-will which makes "brotherly" love. In all deep love, sorrow goes ever hand in hand with joy; and sorrow teaches sympathy, and joy good-will.

> I will not shut me from my kind,
> And lest I stiffen into stone
> I will not eat my heart alone
> Nor feed with sighs a passing wind.

There we have grief passing through the furnace of affliction, till it becomes the refined gold of love manifest in charity to all.

In short, *In Memoriam* is an eloquent plea for the use of pain, for the evolution and ascent of man and for the union of all who love in the service of those who suffer. In other words a true exposition of principles dear to every Theosophist. Perhaps the most formidable elegiac rival to *In Memoriam* is Shelley's *Adonais*. This poem, I find, is as full of theosophic

thought. The two are an interesting comparative study of the Wisdom manifesting in two characters so unlike as Shelley and Tennyson, yet with two mighty bonds of union, the gift of song and the power to love supremely.

This brief inadequate glance into the poet's mind can have but one object—to incite others better fitted to develope the rich vein of theosophic teaching in the works of our greatest poets.

Hear how Tennyson speaks of the Great Ones :

> Those that eye to eye shall look
> On Knowledge, under whose command
> Is Earth and Earths, and in their hand
> Is Nature like an open book.

Only he speaks of Them as only what men may and shall be. We know Them as men now made perfect—the highest manifestation of

> That God which ever lives and loves—
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

LILY DUDDINGTON.

FROM THE WISDOM OF GREECE

"THAT the living and the dead come each from other, Plato makes out from the testimony of the ancient poets, those I mean who taught us as Orpheus did, when singing 'The self-same souls are fathers, sons, and honoured wives, and daughters dear.' For everywhere Plato obscurely hints at the doctrines of Orpheus."—OLYMPIODORUS (Lobeck, *Aglaoph.*, 797).

WHAT A THEOSOPHIST BELIEVES

In dealing with enquirers into Theosophy I have seemed often to feel a lack of something to put into their hands. Not that we have not admirable summaries of its doctrines, on all scales, from that of a penny pamphlet to *The Secret Doctrine* itself; but before a stranger can be expected to take interest enough in such views to study them, he needs to have laid out before him, in intelligible shape, something of what their bearing is upon his life and his opinions. It is, of course, true that the study of these books should be sufficient to enable him to find this out for himself, and that a man of active mind resents nothing so much as to have everything cut and dried for him in this sort of way. For such an one the provision is already amply sufficient, but it is not of these I am thinking. The "ordinary enquirer" like the "ordinary reader" is a person who is used to have his mental food carefully prepared and cooked for him. He is only to be tempted to anything which requires mental exertion by the exhibition of the prizes which are to be gained thereby; and, even then, his natural indisposition to action of this kind is very apt to suggest to him the suspicion (so comfortable to the idle mind) that these prizes are most likely only electro-plate, and not worth working for.

In this way, in nine cases out of ten, the reply (however clear and comprehensive) to the idle question is received with idle unintelligence and lack of interest, and no more is thought of it. I often think, however, that had we the means of taking our uninterested enquirer up to the mount of vision—of showing him, if but by a momentary glimpse, "the kingdoms of the (new) world and the glory of them," some at least might be encouraged to give that study to our views which is needed for their acceptance.

Shall I be met at starting with the old difficulty "The

Theosophical Society has no *creed*" ? True, it has not; not even of his most cherished doctrine of life may a Theosophist dare to say, "Except a man *believe* it, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly," which is what the holder of a creed says, no matter whether its articles be few or many. To a Theosophist it is not in the least what a man *believes* but what he *is* which marks his station, in this or in any other life. But there would be no meaning in the Society at all were it not clearly understood that Those who inspired its foundation and directed its course have information—valuable information—to impart by its means to the world at large. Popular science is not denounced as "*dogmatic*" because it lays down such rules as that water will wet and fire burn; and when our Teachers give us knowledge of facts of nature equally indisputable and still more important for our guidance in the inner and higher life than these are on the physical plane, we may surely venture to formulate them without being supposed to be founding a new religion or laying down a creed.

Nay, more. The pupils themselves are not required, or allowed, to treat the knowledge thus offered them as a *creed*. Truth is shown them as a vision, not handed to them in a form of words. Every pupil will have his own view of what he has seen, and express it in his own words, according to the concentration of his attention, the power of his sight, and his gift of speech. No one of them can lay down *his* view as the "Theosophic Doctrine," and reject others which seem to clash with his, as the makers of sects do. There is room in the Wisdom for all.

If we look on the other hand at the claims of the various religious bodies around us we see that these all depend upon special "revelations" as they are called. It is the business of every religion, its reason for existence, to furnish the needful answers to our questions as to the powers above us and our relationships with them—as to how we came into the world, with what purpose we live in it, and what becomes of us when we leave it. The Jew has *his* reply, which he says was given by God to Moses several thousand years ago; that no one before knew anything of these matters and that all other religions, before and since, *must* be false. The Christian says the only reliable infor-

mation as to God and the world is contained in a collection of various writings about sixteen or seventeen hundred years old, more or less, and that the Jesus of whom some of them speak was the only Prophet, and all religions but theirs are false and soul-destroying (to use their favourite word). Once more, the Mohammedan has *his* Prophet and Law, of still later date; also the only Truth, all other religions to be rooted out at any expenditure of blood and treasure.

Now is it not evident, without any enquiry into the *foundation* of these warring claims, that none of them can claim to be the World-religion—that they are all, in the strictest sense of the word, *sectarian?* There can be only one true World-religion, that which gives us actual knowledge of the system of Nature; which tells us—and has always told us—how, and for what purpose we were made and continue to live; what is our relationship to the rest of Nature, and what are the laws of our existence. And by this last expression is not meant laws laid down by the arbitrary will of any supposed Creator, the violation of which is to be punished by penalties prescribed by the same arbitrary will. Nothing of *that* kind can possibly come into a system which covers the whole Universe. The true "law" can only be the formulation of the law of our spiritual growth and progress—the law whose violation brings its own punishment as the falling into the fire or the casting ourselves into the water does—the law which ever has been and ever must be, because the world was so made from the very beginning in the Divine Thought. Of these facts of Nature one form of religion may have more, another less, but surely none can rightly claim that it has *all* and the rest *none*.

Our Theosophic tradition declares that these laws of Nature were actually revealed to the early races of mankind by higher Beings who knew what the Mind of the Maker was; and that the youthful humanity was thus spared the time and suffering which would otherwise have had to be spent in learning them by hard experience;—that man was *not* left for many thousands of years without this indispensable knowledge until a single man was sent to a small and semi-savage nation of the East to teach it, as is the Christian view, or remained even without that small

assistance with absolutely no means of knowing good from evil until the scientists of the end of the nineteenth century after Christ came—and all wisdom with them, as these said scientists are of opinion. To this statement it adds that these actual facts of Nature, which constitute the only "Truth" worth attention, have never since been forgotten; that the knowledge has been kept alive by men chosen and trained for the purpose; and from time to time, when the rush of human passion has threatened to overwhelm it, Teachers have been sent forth to renew the failing light; not Jesus Christ only, but everyone who has left his mark in history as a great Teacher, and many more who have been unrecognised or forgotten.

In this mode of viewing things we have, for the first time, as I venture to say, an intelligible and reasonable view of the world and its history—one which may fairly be presented for examination as a reasonable and possible solution of all difficulties, without at first going into arguments in confirmation of its truth —a task which our supposed enquirer is not likely to be willing to undertake at this point of the discussion. We have here rather to show him to what an inspiring and ennobling range of thought this principle gives the key. All the early religions, and even those of savage nations at the present time, are thus seen as worn and distorted fragments of the same original Truth, and their wildest aberrations are, generally, confused reminiscences of great laws of Nature which more "scientific" races have forgotten altogether. The greater religions of the present world, Christian and Heathen, Catholic or Protestant, vary only (to a Theosophist's eye) in the fragments of the great Truth they have respectively lost and retained; and when we understand that, whilst every form of religion in the West is frantically struggling to maintain itself as the *only* truth and to destroy all which cannot speak its Shibboleth, the older religions of the East still maintain that mutual tolerance which has been forgotten since their time in the busy rush of worldly prosperity, it may perhaps suggest an explanation of the fact that some Theosophists are inclined to be more merciful to the corruptions of Buddhism or Hinduism than to the more deadly, if more polished, corruptions of Christianity. The history of these last, as it is now

beginning to unfold itself to our enquirers, is a very curious one. Jesus Christ found existing around him a vast and complicated system of religion, in many respects very near to the actual facts of the world's history. This he seems to have set himself, like Gautama Buddha before him, to *simplify* for the use of the simple country folk amongst whom he lived. But, alas, the taste for simplification is easier awakened than satisfied; it is much easier to denounce than to understand. When the Creeds were written down the true Christianity had been already forgotten by those who made it their pride to be ignorant of philosophy; at every Reformation since, more truth has been cast aside and more error introduced, until in the "simple gospel" of the Salvationist you have absolutely nothing which would have been recognised by the intelligent Christian of the early centuries as Christian at all—something which, with its "Blood and Fire," would have been, indeed, energetically repudiated by him as a more "blasphemous and soul-destroying" system than the worst abominations of the heathen.

Of these forgotten facts, whose loss has narrowed Christianity from a worthy representative, in its time and place, of the World-religion into a mere sect, the most far-reaching in its consequences is that man has many lives behind him and many still before him. It is a necessary corollary to this that these lives are continuous one with the other, each new life taking up what the old one let drop; but what a complete change in all our views of life when we once realise what all this means! But first, what *is* this which passes from life to life?

The answer we give to this question is that it is a spark, so to speak, of the Great Flame; one with the God of the Universe at its commencement; divided from Him that it may run its separate course in the world and gain all the experience and power that course can give it; to return to Him once more "bringing its sheaves with it"; but never, at any time, *so* separated from Him as to be capable of "entering into moral relationships" with Him, according to the legal jargon which the Roman lawyers imported into Christianity, and (*most* especially) never capable of being separated from Him for ever. God it was in the beginning, undeveloped; God it is in its present series of

lives developing ever more and more; God it will be when the purpose of the Universe is complete and the "soul shall return to God who made it" in the glory of its completion.

Then turn from this grand ideal to the thought of the vulgar around us that each soul was made by God such as it is, and placed where it was born, no one knows how or why, "for God's honour and glory." That God hates it when He has made it, and unless it "repents" will burn it for ever in Hell. That the best life it can live here is utterly useless to it, and its future life, if it attains Heaven, will pass in purely selfish bliss. And when your human nature, so much wiser in this than your teaching, recoils from the picture, ask *then* if it is not worth while to take some trouble to learn that it is *not* the Christian doctrine, and (better still) that it is *false!*

Amongst all the puzzles of the world around us two are, perhaps, the most pressing; one, why is it that no two human beings come into existence with the like lot in character and circumstances; the other, why all the power and experience which each gains during life should, as is supposed, go to utter waste at his death. As regards the first of these, the time is past when it can be treated with the naïve innocence with which Dr. Watts makes his "infant mind" rejoice in the fact that

> Not more than others I deserve
> But God has given me more.

The healthier moral sense of our heathen ancestor, who refused Heaven when told that his forefathers and friends were all in Hell, has come to light again from beneath the corruption introduced by the so-called Christian doctrine of "Grace"; and we of the twentieth century demand a system which shall have some better explanation of the fate of our fallen brothers and sisters whose ruin fills the streets, than the "inscrutable Will of God."

In reply, the Theosophist has first to bid the enquirer free his mind from the superstition that for these poor souls this present life has to settle their everlasting future. Their "salvation" is in truth a matter of long learning, through many lives, and is certain, sooner or later, *to all.* Once clear on this point, there is no place for hysterical excitement at their fate; we may

watch, hopefully and calmly, the process of their purification, nor complain that by reason of the dulled senses of the more backward classes very rough and painful shocks have to be used in teaching them the elementary lessons of their life. We all, in our time, have stood where they stand and learned our lesson as they are doing; if we do not now suffer as they do, it is because we have learned their lesson in earlier lives; our minds are now awake and active, and can learn at less expenditure of pain. In the meantime, they *are* learning; and not one spark of good which may be struck out of them in the rough hammering they undergo but has its results for their benefit in future lives. Whatever good seed they sow, they will reap its fruit to the full; and for ourselves we can say no more.

As regards the differences between those on our own level or near it, we say that *these* are purely our own work. There is no good or evil done in one life but bears its appointed fruit in joy or sorrow in another. If one is happier than another in this life, it is because he has *given* more happiness in his previous incarnations; if he desires the fruit of a noble and joyous life in his next incarnation, he must sow the seed in good and kindly deeds here. There is no other way—"God is not mocked; that which thou sowest thou shalt reap." And is it not a nobler and more wholesome doctrine—better for ourselves and better for society—to believe this, and live accordingly, than to look for some undeserved "pardon" or "grace" to enable us to escape the consequences of our faults, whilst leaving the mischief they have done to others to run its course? If we clearly understand that we can never, by any forgiveness of God or man, be made happy as long as there is a single human being suffering through our fault, is not this a sufficient motive for good living, even without those higher ones our doctrine furnishes to those who are already unselfish enough to appreciate them?

So much for man's past and present; what of his future? This depends on the Powers above, and his relationship to them. We have said that there is a higher Self, which passes from life to life, which has worked upwards through the kingdoms of nature to the complete human form, and is at this stage ensouled by that very Divine Life whose steady pressure has driven it so

far on its upward way. But what is this Divine Life? Is it what is commonly known as a Personal God—a Being with the passions, even the worst passions, of a man; a God who is angry with his creatures; who is impatient with the weakness of his own work; who is jealous of every word and thought of theirs which is not in his praise, and vindictive to all transgression of his arbitrary commands beyond the ingenious cruelty of the worst merely human tyrant? Is it, again, the amiable, good-natured, imbecile King Log of another school of theologians—one who "has no enemies; he is too good to have any!"—who looks on helplessly whilst men do just as they please? It surely must be evident to every reader that neither of these conceptions is possible for one who takes our view of the universe. In such a world as we believe in—a vast organisation throbbing everywhere with the pulsations of the One Life, rising ever higher and higher on the irresistible tide-wave of the out-pouring of the Divine Spirit in a progress, a development, which has absolutely no bound nor limit whatever—endless as the Divinity itself—there is no room for any Being at once so high as to be able to influence man's fate, and yet so low as to be still subject to love and hatred, to be pleased or offended by man's actions or words. Surely when we ourselves have already so far advanced as to see before us in the near future a time when *we* shall be beyond such things, we ought no longer to attribute them to our God. Long before Christianity took its present shape the thoughtful East knew this well. *Their* God Incarnate must "know neither love nor hate," but be "alike to all"; His calm watchfulness over human progress through the ages, "beholding alike the evil and the good, sending His rain on the just and on the unjust" (as was said by a Western writer who had not forgotten entirely the Ancient Wisdom). To a true "God"—one so far above *our* best as to deserve our worship—"good" and "evil" are words without meaning; like "pain" and "pleasure" they are matters of the lower plane which concern Him not at all. They are but the nurses which help to bring up His infant children to the point where He can take them in hand Himself and teach them the way upwards.

This, then, is the future which lies before mankind: to grow

continually into "the measure of the stature of the fulness of God"—nothing less. Our "sin" is the hanging back, the clinging to the child's pleasures, the looking back to the "City of the Plain," to the "fleshpots of Egypt"; our "repentance" the putting all these behind us to follow steadily the guidance of the power within us which makes for good; our "salvation" the deliverance from all the desires of the lower nature which hold us back; from the pleasures of the beast in this life, from the selfish hopes of a joy hereafter which others may not share; from the fear of any Hell which our own weak yielding has not made for ourselves, and from which we cannot rise when our growing strength and wisdom, growing through and by means of our suffering, shall enable us to choose and hold to the better part, which shall not be taken from us.

Ah, but (you will say) all these abstractions are so cold—we cannot live without the *human* love of Jesus; that is our only comfort as it is our only hope. My friends, you deceive yourselves, you cling to your conception of the love of Jesus, *not* because you love Him, but because you have a feeling that therein is something you can claim as your very own, separate from anyone else; something you can *appropriate* (to use a word which is a very favourite one with the theologians of the school of which I am thinking). It is pleasant—to your lower nature—to feel that He loves you, and not the people you meet in the street; to feel that in the general shipwreck and starvation *you* have a secret and sufficient store of food which will not fail you. Do you again say: "No, it is *not* a happiness to us that others fail to obtain the salvation we have gained; we should like that all were as we—we could almost find in our hearts, like St. Paul, to wish to be anathema to God for our brethren's sake." It is good, my friends, to hear it; good to know that so many really mean it; but if so, how are you going to be happy in your Heaven? Are you, charitable, sympathising, Christian men and women of the twentieth century, to sit (as Abraham in the parable) and have Dives for ever crying out to you for water, "being tormented in this flame," and for ever refusing—and be *happy* because it is God's will? *Is* your faith really strong enough for that?

No; if that be your feeling, you must come to us to learn that you may be a good Christian, according to the Christianity taught by Jesus, and *not* believe these horrors; to find comfort and consolation in knowing that the love of the Great Ones goes out to the lowest and most sinful even as to you, that They are never angry, or jealous, or impatient with the slowest and the weakest, but that all shall come at last to the goal of their long pilgrimage, for God's love can never fail of its desire.

But for those who hug their own private and particular "salvation" to their hearts as a miser his treasure (and there are many) what can we say but that this, and this only, is the "unpardonable sin." It is not Christianity, and it is wholly false and mischievous. Men are not "under the wrath of God," nor are they "saved" from it by the merits of any Saviour. Jesus came to seek and to save, indeed; but by teaching the ignorant and putting the fire of His own strong life into the hearts of those who were fainting in the hard and almost desperate struggle to save themselves; and as in Judea two thousand years ago, so it is now, that wherever there is a soul needing light and help the Divine Saviour is close at hand. But the salvation is not to take us to Heaven, but to help us to get free from ourselves and to make of us good soldiers in the army of God—whether on earth or anywhere else, what matters?

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

REINCARNATION

"IF we view the changes and chances of mortal life, it would seem that at times some part of the truth has been seen by the ancient prophets or interpreters of the Divine intention in the tradition of the sacred mysteries and initiations, who have declared that we are born to pay the penalty of crimes we have committed in a former life."—CICERO, *in Hortensio, Frag.*, p. 60 (Lobeck, p. 796).

THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURE OF MICHAEL QUARME

SEEING that in these days there is an evil spirit abroad in the land, whereby men are made to doubt of those things which their fathers have known to be true, I, Michael Quarme, being now well stricken in years and soon, beyond doubt, to give an account of the works done by me in the body, think it well to set down in all soberness and truth an account of that which I have seen and do know. For I am loth that my children's children should be scoffers and unbelievers. In these latter days men are beginning to doubt that the good people of the moor, and the gods the heathen folk worshipped, do live; and this seems to me to be very grievous; for if the young begin to question on such matters as these, as like as not they'll question next on serious matters touching their salvation, to wit, the teachings of the Scriptures, and of other beliefs necessary to the health of a man's soul.

The thing which I purpose to tell befell in the year when the soldiers of King James fought and conquered the men of the Duke of Monmouth, who was, some affirm, the rightful king of this land, being born in lawful wedlock. At that time I had control of the farm and lands of my good father; he being bed-rid and my elder brother dead.

It came to pass one day that I was on the moor whereon stand the Dawns Mên and the great Menêg which marks, they say, the grave of a ruler of the ancient folk who are gone; who ruled in Lyonesse that is lost beneath the sea. I was looking for some sheep which were strayed, and was near giving up the chase of them, when I saw a man watching me from behind a rock; even as I wondered whether he were a sheep-stealer he rose up and ran to me, crying my name. I saw then who he was,

and saluted him with all respect; for he was Mr. Anthony Pendennis, the son of a great gentleman of our country. When Mr. Anthony's mother died he was but a few weeks old, and I some days younger than he. Therefore my mother was begged by Mr. Anthony's father to nurse his babe with her own; this my mother was very willing to do, and the child loved her, so that when he was grown and could run and walk, he would be often at our farm, and would call her "mother." One day when he fell and cut his hand, my mother took me and scratched me sharply with a flint and drew the blood; then she mingled it, his and mine, so that the blood-bond might be between us, and he and I be held thereby. This Mr. Anthony knew; therefore, when he saw me he was glad, because he was in great straits. He told me he had fought for the Duke, and when his men were scattered he fled on his feet to his own land, thinking that he should be safe among the Cornish folk, and that none would seek him there. But there was a gentleman of those parts, one Mr. Joseph Trevose, who loved the lady Mr. Anthony loved; and this lady, unlike my Loveday, was one who desired to set fierce anger between men, and bitter rivalry; than which there is no more mischievous desire can enter a woman's heart. And this I bid my granddaughter, Temperance Carhaze, to note, for Heaven hath made her comely, but, God help her, of no very subtle wit. There be some who think it well a woman should have a poor wit, but I hold differently. Because if she be good, she'll make good use of her wit, like my own Loveday; whereas, if she be bad, whereby I chiefly mean cold-hearted, vain, and avaricious, then it is little matter whether she have wit or lack it, she may give the very Devil himself lessons in mischievous doings.

Mr. Joseph Trevose being out of his right senses with wrath and jealousy, pursued Mr. Anthony; and brought with him soldiers as far as Cornwall to hale him back to Devon, where they held a very grievous and bloody assize. Even now, he was on his track; but Mr. Anthony's friends meant to bring a boat just before sunrise to the cove by Porthskerrow Head, to take him to France and to safety.

He was now seeking a place where he could hide from Joseph Trevose, who was tramping the moor with his soldiers

in search of him. I, knowing well every inch of the moor and of the shore, led him to a little cave in the face of the cliff, where the choughs and gulls were wheeling and calling. There I bade him stay, well knowing that no man who did not know those parts would ever find him; and, I bless God, there was none of our country who knew the moor, would have helped to sell a Cornishman to the hangman, even though he deserved to be hanged.

Having left Mr. Anthony to wait for the night and his boat, I went back over the moor. Two miles from the shore, by the great Menêg stone, I met Mr. Joseph Trevose and his soldiers. I did not try to escape them; I held on my course. It may be I had in those days a fierce and a sinful pride; for I would not turn aside nor hide from a man such as he, who would betray one of his blood and people to foreigners from London.

He saw me and shouted to me. The soldiers halted, and I came towards him. When I had come, and he knew me (for all of our parish knew the blood-bond held twixt me and Mr. Anthony) he asked me whether I knew where my foster-brother lay. Now, I use not to lie to any man, and I held this man in too great scorn to care or heed what he could do to me. I knew there was no power in him nor in his men to make me speak what I did not choose to tell. I answered him shortly, asking why he put that question to me.

"I put no question to you, Mr. Quarme," said he, "I say you know where the man lies."

"Indeed, sir," said I smiling, which made him very wrath, whereat I smiled the more, "You are a gentleman, to speak plainly, of more wit than honour, and there's no chance for a plain fellow to deceive you."

"Where is he then?" said he.

"I leave that to your wit to find out," said I. "You'll need no help from me—nor get it if you did."

He was angry, but not very angry; because he felt sure he had Mr. Anthony safe; he never dreamed he could not make me speak, for there on the moor, away from my own people, he could deal with me as he chose. He put his pistol to my head and said he:

"Won't your wit condescend to help mine now, Mr. Quarme?"

"No," said I, "I'll see you to the Devil first."

He lowered the pistol, and his hand shook with rage. I laughed. "You've had your head turned by notice from your betters," said he. "You'll tell me where he hides before I've done with you."

"I shall tell you," said I, still laughing, "if you can make me."

"I shall try," said he.

"Good luck to you," replied I, mockingly; whereat he struck me across the face with his whip, and called the men to bind me.

Then he began to try whether he could wring the truth from me; he did not succeed, whereat he grew very wrath and cursed me for an obstinate fool. I spare to tell of the means he used to make me speak, because this tale will fall into the hands of my granddaughters who love me; it is not fit that young maids, who are, or should be, tender of heart, should be grieved and affrighted by hearing of the cruelty and villainy of men. After he had tried all means of torture that he or his men knew, he cried out angrily:

"You are a fool, and your blood shall be on your own head. You shall bide here the night and think of this matter at your leisure. To-morrow you shall tell me where he lies, or you shall hang from that tree."

He pointed to the only tree on the moor, a wind-twisted oak, dead and bare of leaves.

"To-morrow," said I, as well as I could speak, for I was nearly fainting, "it may be I shall tell you."

I meant that Anthony Pendennis would have sailed for France by that time, and Joseph Trevose could do as he chose. I meant to tell him, too, before I died, though herein in my age I see I was wrong, what I, and all honest Cornish men, thought of a man who would betray one of his own people to the soldiers, and to this London Justice who was come to hang and burn the people of the West.

They tied me fast to the tree, three paces from the Menêg,

and there they left me. Trevose shook his fist at me as he went. He knew no one would find or rescue me, for there was no man of that country who would go near the Menêg in the dympsies, and much less in the dark. I, being left there, faint and spent with pain, tried to think of and repent all that I had done amiss in my life; for I could not see but that I should surely die. And I thought of Loveday Trelawny, who was my sweetheart then, and afterwards my wife; and indeed I had thought of her from the first. I did not want to die and leave Loveday, but I knew that death is better than dishonoured life; and there is nothing shames a man so much, in my judgment, as a broken bond. In truth I knew there was little joy I should have of Loveday if I came back to her safe, with a tale of a broken blood-bond and a betrayed brother. I do not think any man who loved Loveday Trelawny would have dared to be a coward or a traitor. God have her soul in His keeping, as I make no doubt He hath.

I saw the light go, and the sea grow dark. I saw the dusk, like a purple-clad giant, stalk over the moor; I saw the stars a-twinkle, and the moon float like a little silver boat in the dark hollowness of the bent sky. Where the sun had gone down the sky was dim green. Then it grew very dark, and the green was gone. I heard the sound of the water drawing and sucking on the rocks; and the rustle of the heather in the wind.

I sighed; the cords cut my arms, and I ached sorely in every limb. I heard a sound like hounds passing over the moor; and the ground shook as though with the stride of horses at the gallop. The air began to live; it whispered and rustled with a sound of low voices. Then I saw pale lights flit past me, and my heart grew like water in my breast. I shut my eyes awhile and sweated for fear. At last I opened them again, because I thought I heard laughter and the sound of harps a-twang.

There were lights sweeping orderly all over the moor; some were apple green, and some were yellow; some shone like the sky at noon, and others were purple, glowing as though they were the soul of the heather, if heather have a soul; some were rosy like the clouds when the sun rises, or like apple blooth. Soon I saw that they did not move in a disordered rout, but they

swept in a measure round the grey Menêg, gliding ever smoothly to and fro.

On a sudden my heart it leaped into my mouth, for a great glowing light had sprung up on the Menêg; I shuddered and shook as one with the ague; truth! I do not count it shame to own that I was in a great fright.

Upon the Menêg, standing in the light, I saw a man, if man he was. I know he could have been no man save in seeming, but one of the Gods whom once the heathen worshipped at that very stone. For these Gods, men say, ruled all the little people, the "good folk" of the moor, the pixies, the knockers, and the people who live in the sea-caves and play in the spray, as my grandmother hath oftentimes seen them do. These Gods of the people who are gone ruled, so she said, gods lesser than themselves; and sometimes men see them still.

The man who stood upon the stone wore, so it seemed, a linen tunic to the knee; his feet and legs were bare, and from his feet upwards there flowed a many-coloured flame that wrapped him like a garment and streamed far up above his head, pointed-wise. From his shoulders fell a green mantle, clasped with red gold. In his hand there seemed to be a branch of a tree in blooth; it was covered with snow-white flowers, and the sweet smell from it and from his garments came towards me on the wind. His body was less gross and earthly than ours; it seemed to give forth light of its own nature and power.

Even as I looked he came from the Menêg and moved towards me. I saw the lights wheel and turn and follow after him as though he drew them. He passed within three paces of my tree; he halted and lingered while one might draw a breath, looking on me. Now his eyes, unmoving and unwinking, were wonderful to see, like a deep pool of water holding mysteries in its breast that no man may know. Though he looked at me, and kindly, and though I perceived he knew why I was tied thus, he looked on me merely as one who passes by to deal with matters of great import. Even as a man, bent on the king's service, might linger and stoop to pluck a struggling insect from the dust, so he; for as he lingered but a moment the bonds fell from me, and I was free. I fell forward; fell on my knees at

his feet; and if, as a Christian man, I did ill in this, yet I humbly hope I may find mercy; and the rather that I could not have stood up even if I would. I fell; and perceived that he passed on and went over the moor eastwards towards Devon. It was like the passing of a river of light; for all the trooping lights turned and followed him, streaming over the moor in his wake.

Then I, giving thanks, rose up and fled to the place where Anthony Pendennis was hidden; at dawn he took me with him in the boat, and I abided in France till Trevose died of smallpox three years after my flight. When he died I returned to my own land and wedded Loveday, and saw, with her, my children's children.

Now, when I hear men say, as there be many who say, that the folk of the mist and the Gods of the people who are gone are not, and never were, there is both mirth and sadness in my heart, because I know what I know. There be those who tell us the old Gods live and are devils, at enmity with God our Father! But this I make bold to doubt, though I have heard it from godly and learned folk; because I believe he who freed me loved that a man should be true to his brother and to his pledged bond; and therefore he set me free, to live and wed with Loveday. Moreover, I am mindful how he went, followed by the lesser lights, a stream of glory in the darkness over the moor, and I cannot doubt that he went about his appointed work, set for him by the law of God, Whom good men and angels serve alike in great humility.

MICHAEL WOOD.

"THE instructors in the mysteries say that the soul suffers punishment, and that we return to life here to meet the punishment of our grievous offences."—IAMBLICHUS, *Protr.*, viii. 134.

THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXVII., p. 535)

CHAPTER IV.

The Growth of Thought. Observation and its Value

It will be gathered from what has already been said that one element in clear thinking is accurate observation. We have to begin this work on the physical plane, where our bodies come into contact with the Not-Self. We climb *upwards*, and all evolution begins on the lower plane and passes on into the higher; on the lower we first touch the external world, and thence the vibrations pass upwards—or inwards—calling out the inner powers.

Accurate observation, then, is a faculty to be definitely cultivated. Most people go through the world with their eyes half closed, and we can each test this for ourselves by questioning ourselves on what we have observed while passing along a street. We can ask: "What have I observed while walking down this street?" Many people will have observed next to nothing, no clear images have been formed. Others will have observed a few things; some will have observed many. It is related of Houdin's father that he trained the child in observing the contents of the shops he passed, walking along the streets of London, until he could give the whole contents of a shop-front which he had passed by without stopping, having thrown over it a mere glance. The normal child and the savage are observant, and according to the extent of their capacity for observation is the measure of their intelligence. The habit of clear, quick observation lies in the average man at the root of clear thinking. Those who think

most confusedly are generally those who observe least accurately; except where intelligence is highly developed and is turned inwards habitually.

But the answer to the above question may be: "I was thinking of something else, and therefore did not observe." And the answer is a good one, if the answerer was thinking of something more important than the training of the mental body and of the power of attention by careful observation. Such a one may have done well in his lack of observation; but if the answerer has only been dreaming, drifting about aimlessly, then he has wasted his time much more than if he had turned his energy outwards.

This distinction must be taken as limiting the above remarks, for a man deeply engaged in thought will be unobservant of passing objects, turned inwards and not outwards. The highly developed and the partially developed need different training.

But how many of the unobservant people are really "deeply engaged in thought"? In most people's minds all that is going on is an idle looking at any thought-image that happens to present itself, a turning over of the contents of the mind in an aimless fashion, as an idle woman turns over the contents of her wardrobes or her jewel-box. This is not thinking, for thinking means, as we have seen, the establishing of relations, the adding of something not previously present. In thinking, the attention of the Knower is deliberately directed to the thought-images, and he exerts himself actively upon them.

The development, then, of the habit of observation is part of the training of the mind, and those who practise it will find that the mind becomes clearer, increases in power, and becomes more easily manageable, so that they can direct it on any given object much better than they had been able previously to do. Now this power of observation, once definitely established, works automatically, the mental body registering images which are available if wanted later, without calling at the time on the attention of its owner. A very trivial but significant case of this kind happened in my own experience. While I was travelling in America, a question arose one day about the number on the

engine of a train by which we had been travelling. This was not, in any sense, a case of clairvoyance. The number was instantly presented to me by my mind. Without any conscious action on my part, the mind had observed and registered the number as the train came into the station, and when the number was wanted the mental image of the incoming train, with the number on the front of the engine, at once came up. This faculty, once established, is a useful one, for it means that when things that have been passing around you have not attracted your attention at the time, you can none the less recall them by looking at the record which the mental body has made of them on its own account.

This automatic activity of the mental body, outside the conscious activity of the Jîva, goes on more extensively in all of us than might be supposed; for it has been found that when a person is hypnotised he will report a number of small events which had passed him by without arousing his attention. These impressions reach the mental body through the brain, and are impressed on the latter as well as on the former. Many impressions thus reach the mental body that are not sufficiently deep to enter into consciousness—not because consciousness cannot cognise them, but because it is not normally awake enough to notice any but the deeper impressions. In the hypnotic trance, in delirium, in physical dreams, when the Jîva is away, the brain yields up these impressions, which are usually overpowered by the far stronger impressions received by and made by the Jîva himself; but if the mind is trained to observe and record, then the Jîva can recover from it, at will, the impressions thus made.

Thus, if two people walked down a street, one trained in observation and the other not, both would receive a number of impressions and neither might be conscious of the receipt of these at the time; but afterwards, the trained observer would be able to recover these impressions, while the other would not. As this power lies at the root of clear thinking, those who desire to culture and control thought-power will do well to cultivate the habit of observation, and to sacrifice the mere pleasure of drifting idly along whithersoever the stream of fancy may carry them.

The Evolution of Mental Faculties

As images accumulate, the work of the Knower becomes more complicated, and his activity upon them draws out one power after another, inherent in his divine nature. He no longer accepts the external world only in its simple relation to himself, as containing objects that are causes of pleasure or pain to himself; but he arranges side by side the images representing them, studies them in their various aspects, shifts them about and reconsiders them. He begins also to arrange his own observations. He observes, when one image brings up another, the order of their succession. When a second has followed a first many times, he begins to look for the second when the first appears, and thus links the two together. This is his first attempt at reasoning, and here again we have the calling out of an inherent faculty. He argues that because A and B have always appeared successively, *therefore* when A appears B will appear. This forecast being continually verified, he comes to link them together as "cause" and "effect," and many of his early errors are due to a too hasty establishment of this relation. Further, setting images side by side, he observes their unlikenesses and likenesses, and developes a power of comparison. He chooses one or another as pleasure-giving, and moves the body in search of them in the external world, developing judgment by these selections and their consequences. He evolves a sense of proportion in relation to the likenesses and unlikenesses, and groups objects together by their prominent likenessses, separating them from others by their prominent unlikenesses; here also he makes many errors, corrected by later observations, being easily misled at first by surface similarities.

Thus observation, discrimination, reason, comparison, judgment, are evolved one after another, and these faculties grow with exercise, and thus the aspect of the Self as Knower is developed by the activity of thoughts, by the action and re-action continually repeated between the Self and the Not-Self.

To quicken the evolution of these faculties, we must deliberately and consciously exercise them, using the circumstances of daily life as opportunities for developing them. Just as we saw that the power of observation might be trained in everyday life,

so can we accustom ourselves to see the points of likeness and unlikeness in the objects round us, we can draw conclusions and test them by events, we can compare, and judge, and all this consciously and of set purpose. Thought-power grows rapidly under this deliberate exercise, and becomes a thing that is consciously wielded, felt as a definite possession.

Memory

In order that we may clearly understand what lies at the root of "bad memory," we must examine the mental processes which go to make up what is called memory. Although in many psychological books memory is spoken of as a mental faculty, there is really no one faculty to which that name should be given. The persistence of a mental image is not due to any special faculty, but belongs to the general *quality* of the mind; a feeble mind is feeble in persistence as in all else, and—like a substance too fluid to retain the shape of the mould into which it has been poured—falls quickly out of the form it has taken. Where the mental body is little organised, is a mere loose aggregate of the molecules of mind-stuff, a cloud-like mass without much coherence, memory will certainly be very weak. But this weakness is general, not special; it is common to the whole mind, and is due to its low stage of evolution.

As the mental body becomes organised and the powers of the Jîva work in it, we yet often find what is called "a bad memory." But if we observe this "bad memory," we shall find that it is not faulty in all respects, that there are some things which are well remembered, and which the mind retains without effort. If we then examine these remembered things, we shall find that they are things which greatly attract the mind, that the things that are much liked are not forgotten. I have known a woman complain of a bad memory with respect to matters that were being studied, while I have observed in her a very retentive memory with regard to the details of a dress that she admired. Her mental body was not lacking in a fair amount of retentiveness, and when she observed carefully and attentively, producing a clear mental image, the image was fairly long-lived. Here we have the key to "bad memory." It is due to lack of attention,

to lack of accurate observation, and therefore to confused thought. Confused thought is the blurred impression caused by careless observation and lack of attention, while clear thought is the sharply-cut impression due to concentrated attention and careful, accurate observation. We do not remember the things to which we pay little heed, but we remember well the things that keenly interest us.

How, then, should a "bad memory" be treated? First, the things should be noticed with regard to which it is bad and with regard to which it is good, so as to estimate the general quality of adhesiveness. Then the things with regard to which it is bad should be scrutinised, in order to see if they are worth remembering, and if they are things for which we do not care. If we find that we care little for them, but that in our best moments we feel we ought to care for them, then we should say to ourselves: "I will pay attention to them, will observe them accurately, and will think carefully and steadily on them." Doing this, we shall find our memory improve. For, as said above, memory is really dependent on attention, accurate observation and clear thought; the element of attraction is valuable as fixing the attention, but if that be not present, its place must be taken by the will.

In this, as in everything else, a little practice repeated daily is much more effective than a great effort followed by a period of inaction. We should set ourselves a little daily task of observing a thing carefully, imaging it in the mind *in all its details*, keeping the mind fixed on it for a short time, as the physical eye might be fixed on an object. On the following day we should call up the image, reproducing it as accurately as we can, and should then compare it with the object and observe any inaccuracies. If we gave five minutes a day to this practice, alternately observing an object and picturing it in the mind, and recalling the previous day's image and comparing our picture with the object, we should "improve our memory" very rapidly, and we should really be improving our powers of observation, of attention, of imagination, of concentration; in fact, we should be organising the mental body, and fitting it, far more rapidly than nature will fit it without assistance, to discharge its functions

effectively and usefully. No man can take up such a practice as this, and remain unaffected by it; and he will soon have the satisfaction of knowing that his powers have increased, and that they have come much more under the control of the will.

The artificial ways of improving the memory present things to the mind in an attractive form, or associate with such a form the things to be remembered. If a person visualises easily, he will aid a bad memory by constructing a picture, and attaching to points in that picture the things he wants to remember; then the calling up of the picture brings up also the things that were to be remembered. Other people, in whom the auditory power is dominant, remember by the jingle of rhymes, and, for instance, weave a series of dates, or other unattractive facts, into verses that "stick in the mind." But far better than any of these ways is the rational method detailed above, by the use of which the mind-body becomes better organised, more coherent as to its materials.

The Training of the Mind

To train the mind in any one direction is to train it altogether to some extent, for any definite kind of training organises the mind-stuff of which the mental body is composed, and also calls out some of the powers of the Knower. The increased capacity can be directed to any end, and is available for all purposes. A trained mind can be applied to a new subject, and will grapple with it and master it in a way impossible to the untrained, and this is the use of education.

But it should always be remembered that the training of the mind does not consist in cramming it with facts, but in drawing out its powers. The mind does not grow by being gorged with other people's thoughts, but by exercising its own faculties. It is said of the great Teachers who stand at the head of human evolution that They know everything which exists within the solar system. This does not mean that every fact therein is always within Their consciousness, but that They have so developed the aspect of knowledge in Themselves that whenever They turn Their attention in any direction They know the object to which it is turned. This is a much greater thing than the storage in the mind of any number of facts, as it is a greater thing to see any

object on which the eye is turned than to be blind and to know it only by the description given of it by others. The evolution of the mind is measured not by the images it contains, but by the development of the nature which is knowledge, the power to reproduce within itself anything that is presented to it. This will be as useful in any other universe as in this, and once gained is ours to use wherever we may be.

Association with Superiors

Now this work of training the mind may be very much helped forward by coming into touch with those who are more highly evolved than ourselves. A thinker who is stronger than we are can materially aid us, for he sends out vibrations of a higher order than we are able to create. A piece of iron lying on the ground cannot start heat-vibrations on its own account; but if it happens to be placed near a fire, it can answer to the heat-vibrations of the fire, and thus become hot. When we come near a strong thinker, his vibrations play on our mental bodies and set up in them corresponding vibrations, so that we vibrate sympathetically with him. For the time being we feel that our mental power is increased and that we are able to grasp conceptions that normally elude us. But when we are again alone, we find that these very conceptions have become blurred and confused.

People will listen to a lecture and follow it intelligently, for the time being understanding the teaching it conveys. They go away satisfied, feeling that they have made a substantial gain in knowledge. On the following day, wishing to share with a friend what had been gained, they find to their mortification that they cannot reproduce the conceptions which seemed to be so clear and luminous. Often they will exclaim impatiently: "I am sure I know it; it is there, if I could only get hold of it." This feeling arises from the memory of the vibrations which both mental body and Jîva have experienced; there is the consciousness of having realised the conceptions, the memory of the forms taken, and the feeling that, having produced them, reproduction should be easy. But on the previous day it was the masterful vibrations of the stronger thinker that shaped the forms taken by

the mental body; they were moulded from without, not from within. The sense of inability experienced on the attempt to reproduce them means that this shaping must be done for them a few times, before they will have sufficient strength to reproduce those forms by self-initiated vibrations. The Knower must have vibrated in these higher ways several times, ere he can reproduce the vibrations at will. By virtue of his own inherent nature he can evolve the power within himself to reproduce them, when he has been made to answer several times by impact from without. The power in both Knowers is the same, but one has evolved it, while in the other it is latent. It is brought out of latency by the contact with a similar power already in activity, and thus the stronger quickens the evolution of the weaker.

Herein lies one of the values of associating with persons more advanced than ourselves. We profit by their contact, and grow under their stimulating influence. A true Teacher will thus aid his disciples far more by keeping them near him than by any spoken words.

For this influence direct personal contact affords the most effective channel. But failing this, or in association with it, much may also be gained from books, if the books be wisely chosen. In reading the work of a really great writer, we should try for the time to put ourselves into a negative or receptive condition, so as to receive as many of his thought-vibrations as possible. When we have read the words, we should dwell on them, ponder over them, try to sense the thought they partially express, draw out of them all their hidden relationships. Our attention must be concentrated, so as to pierce the mind of the writer through the veil of his words. Such reading serves as an education, and helps forward our mental evolution. Less strenuous reading may serve as a pleasant pastime, may store our minds with valuable facts, and so subserve our usefulness. But such reading as is described means a stimulus to our evolution, and should not be neglected by those who seek to grow in order to serve.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A TRUE INCIDENT

A QUIET road, winding between gardens and under the shadow of trees. The good-night twittering of birds; the scent of lime-blossom, mignonette, and white roses, and over all, permeating all, the red and yellow of the setting sun.

Where is thy sting, O Death?

Involuntarily, again and again, the words, borne on their own triumphant music, seemed to escape from my soul. A gladness, like the red and golden sunlight, flooded my life. That day I had touched the Unseen, the Eternal; and the narrow prison of the seen, the temporal, had fallen at the magic of that touch. I was free with the freedom of the Sons of God.

Mine had been no uncommon history. Driven out by doubt from the beaten track of orthodoxy, finding no foothold for belief anywhere, I had fallen, at last, shrinking and shudderingly, into materialism. Then I endured life for duty only, for then:

What were life to such as I?
'Twere scarcely worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience e'er I die!

Someone told me of a man, himself once leader of an atheistical association, now a Swedenborgian, and able to communicate with disembodied spirits. He had given up holding *séances*, fearing to hold back, by an attraction to earth, souls that should be struggling upward. My pleading was urgent. "Only give me tangible proof of the existence of spirit apart from matter," I implored. I meant—and may have said—that for that end I would gladly have called up the devil, had I known how! Through all my life at that time echoed that cry from the "Everlasting No"—"Not even a Devil!"

I had my way. In broad daylight, in surroundings and under circumstances that made fraud or delusion impossible, we communicated with unseen intelligences, and in such a matter-of-fact way as ordinary men and women talk together. Common sense, goodwill, gaiety were there, as in conversations between friends. My friend controlled the sitting; his wife and daughter were the mediums. Intellect, and earnestness of purpose, were evident and prevailing. Beyond the reach of doubt I grasped the fact that spirit does exist apart from matter. Death was no longer "vacant darkness," I was a spirit living amongst spirits, and death was only an escape from the body. So Truth shone and glowed through my life, and I walked homeward, saying:

Where is thy sting, O Death?

* * *

In the twilight of dawn I lay, looking through my garret window towards the east, watching the grey sky grow lighter.

Suddenly I was conscious of spiritual life filling the air; of not being alone. I cannot explain how I was conscious of it, only at a given moment I knew what the moment before I did not know; I lay very still, glad, and waiting for what might happen. Suddenly again a nameless, formless horror—unspeakable sin, loathsome temptation, came close to me. Darkness filled my mind; a hideous thought possessed me; I was powerless against it. In terror I cried aloud to the intelligences I had felt around me before, praying them to close about my bed, to keep the Evil One away. I felt them closing round me, but the evil was nearer still, stinging my soul with vile suggestions. In a frenzy of horror I cried out again to the spirits about me: "Drive out that evil fiend, in love or in wrath. Give me peace."

A cold blast blew through the garret. I drew my breath shudderingly, and felt the life ebbing away from me so fast, that I wondered if I should be dead before the strife between good and evil was ended. I felt my lips quiver and my mouth fall open. My hands unclasped nervelessly, my breath came in fluttering, choking gasps, my limbs were palsied, and a shiver ran through me as the chill of death. Then I lay cold and still,

conscious only of an awful dread, and of the strife of spirits over me.

Suddenly, once more, I knew that the shapeless horror was gone. I was alone again to my own consciousness. Life came flowing back into me. With difficulty—*jerkily*, I remember—I closed my mouth.

What it all was, or meant, I cannot say. But it is a true incident of my life. Is it an example of the risk at which we force the development of faculties which we are not yet trained to use with safety—the faculty of cognising spiritual life, good or evil, where recognition of the latter may mean crime, insanity, or death? Other after results, some good and some bad, came from the opening of the door into Spiritualism. But, to me, the whole experience was worth the cost.

A. M. F. C.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Beanstalking of a Metaphysical Jack.

Knowledge, Belief and Certitude. By F. S. Turner, B.A. (Lond.). (London: Swan Sonnenschein; 1900.)

This is a book on the value of human knowledge and the limits and goal of all intellectual enquiry. The author has writ himself out very large. He has read a great deal apparently; then, in order to learn how to think (and he really makes a most sincere and determined attempt to do so) he has recourse to pen and paper. He marshals in everyone who has philosophical fame from Kant and Hegel to Bradley and Bosanquet, hoping to be thus infected with their intellectual vitality; for his mind was, as he modestly remarks in the Preface, in a dense fog when he began, a state which lasted, we presume, until he had finished the first six chapters.

After that a glimmer of light comes, the unwonted excitement of which seems to upset our author's mental balance, and makes him suddenly imagine, now become joyfully confident, that he is the

chosen agent of the Infinite to reveal a perfectly new truth in a perfectly satisfactory manner to all other poor ignorant human beings.

It is only fair to the author to say that he certainly does show signs of trying to think. But he thinks in jerks and the meaning of his long paragraphs is often equivocal. Here and there are short and really pithy sentences, like welcome sign-posts on a long road with many turnings. For instance, on "Judgment" (p. 230): "If a man thinks at all he constitutes himself a judge"; or again (p. 442): "Knowledge is consciousness raised to a higher power."

At the end of the road you are welcomed into a sort of Haven of Rest belonging to Mr. Turner, who with "joyful confidence" explains to you that he thought the length of the road was the chief beauty of it.

The conclusion which constitutes his Haven of Rest is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it is not worked out sufficiently or powerfully enough expressed to give pleasure to those who have also come to it by their own roads.

"Beauty and awfulness belong to the reality" (p. 404). This is good, but we are suddenly dropped into bathos by a description of a "spirit with a soundless voice who *whispers* in unutterable tones," while the author presumably becomes its writing medium. The spirit was doubtless interesting enough on its own plane; the only mistake was the writing. It teaches that: "The ultimate knowledge of reality is the knowledge of being." This is the last word of the work; it is the Quaker's ultimate, it is the raw result of every independent soul when it makes its first attempt to climb the magic bean-stalk of its own mind.

Amateur mental gymnastics are generally undignified, and sometimes dangerous. We cannot consider every Jack who has just climbed his bean-stalk, a guide for every other Jack. The tendency of these isolated climbers is to overrate their own work, and to justify the scorn given them by the priest, who has to say so often: "My dear sir, your intuition is a priceless gift, but it is not a guide for *anyone else* but yourself, until it has been disciplined."

Cheerfully climbing his bean-stalk, Mr. Turner exclaims (p. 57): "Thus knowledge is not altogether unknowable." "Observe, I climb!" is what he means; but his phrase is neither true nor untrue, it is nonsense. Another hoist and we hear: "That knowledge is a relation of subject to object is a commonplace, but it is seldom noticed that it is also a relation of subject to subjects." We have always

understood that as soon as a subject is known in relation to and by another subject it is called *object*. It may be a "commonplace" that this relation is called knowledge, but it is a very abstruse truth nevertheless, and brings us very near the deep bottom of all metaphysics; to the theorem that the subject, *i.e.*, the focus of self-consciousness, is eternally one, that it is the ultimate unity. As soon as any subject knows relations with another subject, it knows that subject *as object*. That is the general use of the words.

Further on we hear of the author's distrust of the generalisations of scientists, and his fears that the immortality of the soul may be imperilled. These are praiseworthy feelings, but they are many years behind time. More than fifteen years ago Karl Pearson said: "To consider the universe capable of explanation on the basis of matter and force is to endeavour to explain it by obscure terms, and is, therefore, utterly unscientific. . . How absurd then to say that modern science would reduce the universe to a dead mechanism." And does not Haeckel say (in *Monism*): "It is just as inconceivable that any of the energy of our spirit should vanish out of the world, as that any other particle of matter or energy should do so."

Then again, Mr. Turner finds Wundt unsatisfactory and too dubious in his confession of faith as regards the soul. Yet Wundt has been called "the greatest of modern apostles of the soul." And it is just because Wundt realises the depth of the problems concerning the life of the soul, that he keeps them outside of the tabulated facts of psychology.

Wundt's theory of "apperception" leaves the loophole necessary for all who would go forth to investigate the spiritual life, and it is in the *facts* of *this* life that modern psychology has refound the soul.

However, "Knowledge is believing the infinite Being." Thus far Mr. Turner takes us and there he stops, suggesting many other questions, but leaving them unanswered. He believes that his "new conception" will prove helpful and "become a germ which in other minds will take root and bear fruit."

It may be so, and let us hope that an attempt as honest and sincere as this, though it be not quite so luminious or original as the author thinks, may perhaps be some help in preparing a certain class of minds for better things to come.

A. L. B. H.

An Enquiry into the Birth Legends of the First and Third Gospels

Our Records of the Nativity and Modern Historical Research: a Reply to Professor Ramsay's Thesis. By James Thomas. (London: Swan Sonnenschein; 1900. Price 6*s*.)

The scope of this interesting volume may be gathered from the following paragraph on p. iv. of Mr. Thomas's Preface:

> Most people are aware that for many years there has been controversy as to the possibility of reconciling with historic fact that definite reference to a Roman census demanding the attendance of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem, which is found at the commencement of the second chapter of the third Gospel; and as a work by Professor Ramsay, of Aberdeen, quite recently published, has offered an elaborate explanation of Luke's passage, based upon particulars afforded by some of these papyri [recent discoveries in Egypt] as to Roman procedure in the matter of registration for taxation purposes in Egypt itself, thus bringing Egyptology to bear on the vexed question, it is permissible to enquire how far this novel defence of the Evangelist's historical accuracy will bear the strain of examination and criticism.

As anyone familiar with the results of historical criticism into the birth-legends may suppose, Professor Ramsay's *apologia* of the prologue of the third Gospel is found totally unable to bear the strain. Mr. Thomas devotes the major part of his work to a thorough and impartial examination of every scrap of "evidence" which bears, however remotely, on the main points in Professor's Ramsay's thesis, and we are left where we were before the papyri were unearthed, and with as little hope of ever discovering history in manifest legend. Indeed, as Mr. Thomas well remarks, there is no *Life* of Jesus. There is an account of the year or so of His public ministry; but of the thirty years preceding it there is nothing but the wonder-stories of the nativity, which not only outrage the historical sense, but are also mutually contradictory.

The most interesting part of Mr. Thomas's volume is contained in the concluding chapters, where he treats of the more general problems connected with the subject of Gospel-compilation and evolution of dogma, and gives a very able and lucid summary of the rise of Christianity from the historical standpoint.

In reading this latest volume on the subject of the origins we were mainly conscious of two impressions.

In the first place we had constantly before us the picture of the

old-fashioned believers who had grasped at Professor Ramsay's positive Yes to his question *Was Jesus born at Bethlehem?*—as drowning men will at a straw. The avidity with which this scholar's thesis had been welcomed, revealed the latent unrest and the desperate straits of those who would still press their Christianity into mediæval moulds.

In the second place, as Professor Ramsay had appealed to History, we appreciated to the full Mr. Thomas's reply: To History shalt thou go. But at the same time we could have wished that he should not have treated the whole question of the rise of Christianity solely from this standpoint. Our views on the matter are sufficiently well-known to our readers to need no repetition. And when we say that Mr. Thomas leaves out of account the inner mystical element in the development of the Christ-faith, we see in him one who has not yet appreciated perhaps the main factor in its evolution.

G. R. S. M.

An Early Christian Haggada

The Life and Confession of Asenath the daughter of Pentephres of Heliopolis, narrating how the all-beautiful Joseph took her to wife. Prepared by Mary Brodrick from Notes supplied by the late Sir Peter le Page Renouf. (London: Philip Wellby; 1900.)

Whenever we see the name of the late le Page Renouf, we wonder when his literary heirs and assigns will see good to complete his admirable edition of "The Book of the Dead," of which some half dozen parts, reprinted from the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, appeared prior to his decease. The subscribers have been left entirely in the dark, and do not even know whether this distinguished scholar completed his MS. ere he departed into the Tuat.

For this disappointment the publication of his "notes" on the legend of the "all-beautiful Joseph" will not compensate us. Nor is it easy to understand of what these notes consisted, for Miss Brodrick presents us simply with a noteless translation, and a very brief preface absolutely void of critical note of any sort, and that too when it is just the date and evolution of this religious romance which interests us. The original is written in Greek, and we have amongst other ancient versions one in Syriac written in the sixth century. This is practically all we are told on the subject; Miss Brodrick has

apparently published the story for purely literary reasons, and the style of the narrative is decidedly good.

It must be well-known to our readers that in the Jewish Talmud there are many pious narratives (supposed to be based on oral tradition and written for purposes of edification) in which the scanty details of the lives of great personages in the Old Covenant documents are expanded and much new matter added. This pious romance-industry was continued without break by Christian writers, and in the story, not of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, but of Joseph and Potiphar's daughter, we have a religious novel in which Christianity and Judaism triumph over the "false gods" of Egypt. From a critical point of view, such a story is an interesting example of the utter lack of the sense of history on the one hand, and on the other of the literary apotheosis of what the late Professor Max Müller called the "dialogic process," whereby fiction is transmuted into history.

In any story of Egypt, magic and marvels had of course to play an important part, and this element of the narrative is presumably based upon material that was already in circulation in the folk-lore and mystery-myths of the time. In all probability the narrative was written either by a monk who lived in an atmosphere of such marvels, as we can learn from the lives of the Fathers of the Desert, preserved in Coptic, or by a member of some mystic community, who combined folk-lore legends, biblical and apocalyptic narratives and the psychic and spiritual experiences of his brethren into a literary effort of no mean skill. Of this our readers can judge for themselves by reading the following quotation. Asenath, smitten with love of Joseph, has pitched her gods out of window, and for seven days humbled herself with fasting:

And on the eighth day the cocks did crow and the dogs did bark. And Asenath looked at the window which was towards the East, and behold the morning star, and close to it the heavens were divided and a marvellous light appeared. And when Asenath saw it, she fell on her face among the ashes, and behold, a man came down from heaven and stood above her head and called her by name: but by reason of her terror she answered not. And he called her a second time: "Asenath, Asenath." And she answered: "Here I am, O Lord, who art thou, tell me?" And he said: "I am Prince of the house of God and the Captain of the Lord's host. Arise, and stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee." And Asenath raised her head, and behold the man was like in all things to Joseph, his robe and crown and royal staff. His countenance was as lightning, his eyes like the rays of the sun, and the hairs of his head even as flames of fire. And when Asenath saw

him she was smitten with fear and fell upon her face, but the angel comforted her and raised her, and said to her: "Lay aside that black vestment of goat's hair which thou hast put on, and that girdle of thy sorrow and that hair-cloth from thy loins, and shake the ashes from thine head, and with fresh water wash thy face and thine hands, and array thyself with thine ornaments, and I will speak to thee." And she made haste to adorn herself, and came back to the angel. And the angel said unto her: "Remove the veil from thy head, because thou art a virgin. Be comforted and rejoice, O Virgin Asenath, for thy name is written in the book of the living, and shall not be blotted out of it for ever. Behold, from this day thou hast been renewed and made alive, and thou shalt eat the bread of blessing and drink the cup of incorruptibility, and thou art anointed with the sacred unction. Behold, I have this day given thee to Joseph as his bride, and thy name shall no longer be called Asenath, but 'City of Refuge.' For Penance [? Repentance], which is the daughter of the Most High, has prevailed in prayer with the Most High."

And when Asenath asked the angel what his name was—he answered, "My name is written by the finger of God in the book of the Most High and all things which are written in that book are inscrutable, nor is it meet for mortal man either to hear them or to speak them."

And Asenath, as she held the hem of his vesture, said "If now I have found grace in thine eyes, sit now a short while on this couch whereon no man hath yet sat and I will prepare for thee a meal." And the angel said "Bring quickly." . . . And she put before him bread and sweet wine. . . . And the Angel said "Bring me also an honey-comb," and she was sorrowful because she had none. But the angel said to her, "Enter into thy cellar and thou shalt find a honey-comb upon the table." And she found a comb as white as snow with most pure honey, and the odour of it was fragrant. And Asenath said, "My Lord, I had no honey-comb; but thou spakest with thy sacred mouth and it was there; and the odour of it is as the breath of thy mouth."

And the angel smiled at the understanding of Asenath and stretched forth his hand, and touched her head saying: "Blessed art thou, because thou hast flung away thine idols and hast believed in one God; and blessed are those who come to my Lord in penance, for they shall eat of this honey-comb which the bees of God's Paradise have made from the dew of the Roses of Eden. And it is eaten by all the Angels of God and they who eat of it shall never die." And he stretched forth his hand and brake a small particle from the honey-comb, and he himself ate it, and the rest he put into the mouth of Asenath; saying unto her "Lo, thou has eaten the Bread of Life and art anointed with the holy unction, and from this day henceforth thy flesh shall be renewed and thy bones be sound and thy strength unfailing; thy youth shall not be turned into old age, thy beauty shall not fail; but thou shalt be as the city of those who have recourse to the name of the Lord God Almighty, the Everlasting King." And he

stretched out his hand and touched the honey-comb which he had broken and it became whole as it had been before.

Then did he trace a line upon the honey-comb from East to West and then from North to South, and the lines upon the comb became as blood. And many bees of snowy whiteness and with purple wings came forth from the comb; and they surrounded Asenath and made a honey-comb in her hand. Then the angel said, "Go ye to your place"; and they flew away Eastwards to Paradise. And the angel said, "So shall all the things be which I have spoken to thee this day." And he touched the honey-comb, and fire went up from the table and consumed the honey-comb, but the table was not injured. And the fragrance produced by the fire which consumed the honey-comb was of indescribable sweetness. And Asenath said unto the angel, "My Lord, there are seven virgins who were brought up with me from my infancy—they were born in the same night in which I was born. I will call them and thou shalt bless them, even as thou hast blessed me." And he bade them to be called and he blessed them saying, "The Most High God bless you and be ye as the seven columns of the City of Refuge." And Asenath commanded that the table should be removed; and when she was about to put it away the angel disappeared from her eyes. And when she turned back she saw as it were a chariot with four horses rising Eastwards into Heaven.

This is the gem of the whole story, to which the rest is but a setting. It is but a thinly disguised story of the Sophia, and the whole atmosphere is one of the Gnosis. It must at least be admitted that these *romanciers* were wonderful story-tellers, while the student of hidden things will easily credit that the inspiration of such "mythoi" came from a light-realm where soul speaks to soul in drama-language. We could easily parallel every phrase of the above quotation from other works, canonical and uncanonical; but we do not therefore believe that the workmen who turned out such artistic narratives were mere weavers of patchwork. They had a plan and purpose of their own, as the fragments of the Gnostic and Apocryphal Acts testify, and at the same time their work allows us an interesting peep into the workshop of the canonical documents.

The English dress of our document is pleasant to look upon; excellently printed in large bold type, paper good and binding artistic; and we congratulate Mr. Wellby on his first appearance as an independent publisher.

G. R. S. M.

Plotinus and the Gnostics

Plotins Stellung zum Gnosticismus und kirchlichen Christentum. By Carl Schmidt. Texte und Untersuchungen, N. F. v. 4. (Leipzig: Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung; 1900.)

Much has been written concerning the influence of Greek thought, and especially of Plato, on the evolution of Christian theology, and much concerning the influence of Christian doctrine on the development of later Platonic philosophy. And indeed it is true that between the two there was a common meeting-ground of vast extent, and had it not been for the extremists on both sides we might have had peace and goodwill instead of combat. But perhaps it was all otherwise designed and the opposition was intended for some good purpose.

Philo Judæus, the Gnostics, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, are all Platonists, so to say; their Judaism and Christianity is superimposed upon a philosophic basis. We know how violently the subsequently orthodox fathers fought against philosophy and condemned it in every shape, and how strenuously they endeavoured to evolve a dogmatic Christianity that exaggerated every point of difference and found its greatest joy in every belief that would cut it asunder from the general religion of mankind. Into this fortress of dogma philosophy could naturally find no entrance; it could make friends only with those of wider view and more liberal love, and could, therefore, sun itself only in the spacious courts of the Gnosis. But the greatest of the Gnostics were not only philosophers, they were also mystics and seers of the mysteries. In this they did not differ from other communities of the time, such communities as those of Philo's Therapeutæ, whom we see through Jewish eyes, or the schools of the Egyptian Gnosis, whom we know only in Greek translation. Thus we have Judæo-Grecian schools of the Gnosis, Græco-Egyptian schools of the Gnosis, and Christian schools. In the Trismegistic literature we have the same basic teaching as in the Philonean tracts and the Christian Gnostic works; the doctrine of Hermes—the Greek view of Egyptian tradition—is Philo without the Old Testament, and Valentinus and the rest without the historic Christ. Here all is simpler and more sober, unhampered by historic dogmas, a direct appeal to reason and to the heart.

Now, as a rule, the term Neoplatonism denotes the movement of which Ammonius Saccas was founder, and Plotinus the coryphæus, that is to say, it dates from the earliest years of the third

century A.D. As a matter of fact, however, the Hermetic school runs right up to this period, and is contemporaneous with (and in our opinion prior to) the Christian Gnosis. That which differentiates the Hermetic school, which is thoroughly Platonic, from the earliest Neoplatonists is that the former had a secret teaching, or rather its higher doctrines were not graspable by the empirical reason, but were only realisable to the mystic vision of the initiated disciple. And when we say the Hermetic school was thoroughly Platonic, we are speaking according to the dictates of general prejudice, for we should rather say that Plato is thoroughly Hermetic, for we hold that he was taught the fundamentals of his philosophy by "Hermes," a name common to all the initiators in Egypt.

Again, when we imply that the Neoplatonists had no secret teaching, we are not quite correct, for Ammonius bound his pupils by an oath of secrecy, and Plotinus only published his lectures after others had broken the oath and were publishing what he considered erroneous views on philosophy.

There is, however, a marked difference between the Hermetic treatises and the Enneads of Plotinus. The former, though marked with lucidity of thought and clarity of diction, are not for the most part purely philosophical disquisitions appealing to the intellect alone; they break forth into ecstatic utterances, they explain the nature of vision, and the means whereby a man frees himself from the prison of the body and, gaining the freedom of the inner world, beholds at last his Lord and Master, the Mind of Wisdom. The Enneads of Plotinus, though also aiming at the same end, and at times most marvellously suggesting in the refined terminology of philosophic thought the same possibilities, which are so much more plainly and graphically set forth in the teachings of the Thrice-greatest, for the most part remain on the ground of sober philosophic reasoning.

Plotinus is a philosopher first and a mystic afterwards; "Hermes" is a mystic first, and confines philosophy to the lower grades of his school. The mysticism of Plotinus is very difficult to grasp, and his way is beyond the reach of all but the very few; the philosophy of "Hermes" is simpler and his mysticism far more attractive and helpful; still it also is not for everyone.

Plotinus, therefore, naturally glorified Plato above all others, and though he must have been acquainted with the Hermetic treatises, he evidently preferred Plato's mode of mind to that of the writers of these treatises, although (as we think) they drew from the

same sources as Plato himself. What then must have been his indignation to find that there were people who boasted that they could penetrate further into the essence of things than the great genius of philosophy, Plato, his beloved master!

This brings us to the consideration of Dr. Carl Schmidt's most interesting treatise. Already in his admirable edition of the Coptic Gnostic works contained in the Codex Brucianus this distinguished scholar had dealt with the treatise of Plotinus to which Porphyry had given the title "Against the Gnostics." In his present essay Dr. Schmidt returns to the subject and deals with it in greater detail. The essay before us consists of ninety pages of most careful work, and like all the contributions to the series, *Texte und Untersuchungen*, presents us with the fruits of the ripest scholarship of Germany. "Against the Gnostics" has hitherto remained a *crux* for all who have dealt with the subject, for though certain names of Gnostic writers are given us by Porphyry in his Life of Plotinus, we have been hitherto unable to control his statements in any way owing to our lack of information in the sources of Gnosticism hitherto accessible. Schmidt has noticed the identity of one of these names with a name mentioned by the compiler of the Untitled Apocalypse in the Codex Brucianus, and by this help and some very minute work on the vague information of the late hæresiological Church Father Epiphanius, has for the first time thrown light on this obscure phase of Gnostic history. He has, moreover, carefully analysed the treatise of Plotinus and critically examined every detail in the Life of Plotinus which could throw light on the subject. The result is a most interesting study, though naturally one of great difficulty and far beyond the scope of the general reader.

It is generally supposed that about this time Gnosticism had been swept off the face of the earth by the triumphant forces of orthodoxy. But this is not the case, and there is much evidence to show that it still persisted, and for many years afterwards in many forms reappeared in the pages of history. The most interesting point in the present connection, is to notice that there were many Gnostics in the circle of Plotinus. They were on terms of great affection with the distinguished Egyptian who was the acknowledged head of the revived Platonic school; the brotherhood of philosophers were friends and lovers, but there were differences of view among them, and many discussions, so much so, that the master himself had to intervene and deliver a lecture on the subject. We have here

evidence that the Gnostic view was one of great strength, which could not be lightly set aside. And indeed, in our opinion, the treatise of Plotinus does not set it aside, for according to the view we hold, Plato did not penetrate so far into the essence of things as did the Gnosis. The great Athenian had another task to perform; his task was to clear the way, by his dialectical method, for the contemplation of the transcendental verities of the knowledge of things that are. He removed erroneous views, but did not distinctly formulate the verities with which he put the purified intelligence in contact. Perhaps it was best to leave the matter there; perhaps he had no commission to go further. We do not know; but this we believe, that the Master who illuminated the Gnosis was greater than Plato, and His disciples were quickened to much daring in their endeavours to penetrate into the essence of things. It was then quite natural that Plotinus would resent their claim to transcend his master Plato, and that he should endeavour to prove that their points were not well taken. The principal point on which Plotinus insists, is that the "world" is beautiful and good; this apparently in opposition to the Gnostic position that the "world" is evil and that we should flee from it. We need not here point out the means to reconcile the two views. Gnostics and Platonists were both striving for the same end, their morals were the same, their efforts were equally strenuous; their intellectual differences were rather questions of terminology than of fundamental principles. The most interesting point, however, is the omission of any hint of Gnostic claims to any historical basis for their views, the controversy is purely philosophical, and is, moreover, conducted with the greatest courtesy.

If then the school of Plotinus was intimately acquainted with Gnostic ideas and Gnostic writings, the question arises: Did Plotinus and his school know of the New Testament writings? To this we must answer: In all probability, yes. We know that Porphyry criticised orthodox Christianity at great length, and we have every reason to suppose that he consulted his master Plotinus on the subject. The criticism of the orthodox position, however, in all probability was not a bone of contention between the Gnostic members of the school and the Platonic, for the Gnostics were themselves equally critical of the orthodox Christian views, and only came into conflict with the orthodox Platonic views on certain points of philosophy.

But we have already drawn out this notice to too great length, and must conclude by thanking Dr. Schmidt, not only for a valuable

contribution to the literature of Gnostic research, but also for his courtesy in sending us a copy of his essay. May we soon have to thank him again for the edition of the new Gnostic Codex on which he is engaged, and for which we are waiting with such impatience.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist for January. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott details his visit to Burma in 1890. He seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his tour, and reports that "the Burmese are a loveable people, and a manly, self-respecting, albeit awfully lazy people." He rejoices that all the monks, even the highest, retain the simplicity of the yellow robe, in this so different from the Japanese; and quotes the historian Mr. Scott, as saying "Religion pervades Burma in a way that is seen in hardly any other country." Mr. A. E. Webb continues his paper on "Theosophy and Socialism," in which he makes a vigorous assault upon Democracy (not understanding that there is a place and time in the line of development for this also) and sets up for our admiration the legislation of the Spartan Lycurgus. Many thanks, Mr. Webb, but no—we had rather not! Dr. Marques concludes his lecture on "Universal Brotherhood"; and S. Stuart gives a long and serious study of the "Great Year" of the ancients, resulting in the conclusion that a Manvantara lasts for the respectable period of 466,560,000 years, of which very nearly the half is still before us—surely a very sufficient time in which, without haste and without delay, we may attain our destined goal. N. C. Bisvas would draw us back to the old belief of the "Moon's Influence on the Animal World"; whilst from an interesting paper read at the XIIth Oriental Congress at Rome, 1899, by Roma Lister, we find that the belief in Baetyles (small stones which give oracles—mentioned by the early Christian apologist Arnobius, without a word indicating doubt of their efficacy) is still in full force amongst the Italian peasantry. G. L. Simpson writes on the "Potentiality of the Will," and the number is concluded with "Life Portraits," by Hope Huntly. As a supplement we have the official report of the twenty-fifth Convention of the Theosophical Society at Benares.

The Prasnottara, after instructions for visitors to the Convention, continues "Thoughts on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*," "Caste Confusions," and Mrs. Besant's lectures on the Emotions.

Ârya Bâla Bodhinî announces that Colonel Olcott has now trans-

ferred it to the editorship of Mrs. Besant, and that it will henceforth be edited, printed, and published at the Hindu College, Benares, under the title of *The Hindu College Magazine*. After some useful Notes and Comments (where, however, an unlucky misprint makes the author say he can *not* place Kṛishṇa in the front rank of the spiritual lights which lead to salvation), "Hindu Ideals" are continued, then the *Shrî Gîtâ Ratnamâla* and "Rules of Life"; a very practical paper by Satish Ch. Ray, entitled "Our Young Men"; an extract from Mrs. Besant on "Mastery of the Self"; and finally, a story from the old American *Path* concludes a good number.

Central Hindu College Magazine, No. I. Here we have the result of the transfer. It opens with a set of paragraphs under the general heading of "In the Crow's Nest"; we presume to avoid interfering with our own Watch-Tower. Mrs. Besant brings forward the "Order of the Golden Chain" as assisting "every reader of the *C.H.C. Magazine* to become a friend to all creatures." B. Keightley speaks of "School Boy Ideals"; Heliodore tells a story of a dull student to whom the Gods revealed that learning was only to be gained by hard study and not by prayers; C. H. Johns adds a little science; J. C. Chatterji a pleasant morality on Pilgrimage; A. C. Lloyd furnishes a story of English school life, which, as it seems to us, is calculated to make Hindu boys glad that *their* school is not like that; and the intervals are filled up with homœopathic doses of Carlyle. Altogether, the C.H.C. is to be congratulated on its new Magazine. It is, as might be expected, free from the weaknesses of the past, and promises to be a really valuable aid in the education of Hindu youth.

Theosophic Gleaner, December and January, 1901. In an interesting paper by Jehangir Sorabji, entitled "How a Hindu trains his Mind," we have an explanation of what seems the meaningless repetition of a word or phrase for many thousands of times, so familiar in the Eastern methods of instruction. He says: "From the day the disciple is taken in hand the mental training is of the most rigid kind. At first come persistent, perpetual repetitions, to shake out of the mind its superabundant, aimless energy. By degrees this mechanical process gives way to intellectual exercise, when the mind must follow the sound and the sound must follow the mind. Lastly, when utterance ceases, mental repetitions necessitating the highest strain on the mind; for here also the inaudible voice must follow the mind, and *vice versâ*, give it full evolution, and teach it how to separate

itself from the transitory, and be at one with the Eternal." The remaining contents of this number are: "The Coming Avatâra"; "Balzac a Mystic"; Dr. Marques on "The Medicine of the Future"; "An Electric Creed"; "Sufîsm and Science," etc. In the January number we have a curious and interesting paper by G. E. Sutcliffe, undertaking to show the existence of two new planets, named by him Adonis and Vulcan; "Twenty-Five Years of Theosophy"; "The Heart of Existence"; "The Inward Truth"; "Spirituality and Psychism"; and "The Claims of Vedânta."

The chief interest to us of the *Dawn* lies in its reproduction of the conversations of Râmkṛishṇa, under the title of his "Gospel"—a word which may repel some Christians, who would find nothing to which to object if they would only read; they are the utterances of an uneducated man, but of one of keen mother-wit, who saw clearly and loved devoutly; much like our own St. Francis and many another saint (known and unknown) of our Western world. Serious and learned articles are furnished by the Editor on Shelley's "Spiritual Philosophy" and the Vedântic "Theory of Illusion"; and some wise and kindly sayings of Sir Geo. Birdwood on the "Mission of Hindu Art" should not be overlooked.

From Madras we have two numbers of the *University Magazine*, a purely "College Journal," as it announces itself, and of local interest only. A somewhat similar production is the *Students' Friend* from Bombay. The *Brahmavâdin*, January, on the contrary, is thoroughly Indian, after the school of Vivekânanda; and has much to say about "Vedânta Work" in Paris and New York. Also received: *San Mârga Bodhinî*, *Siddhanta Deepika* and *The Indian Review* for December. This last contains a very appreciative summary of Mr. Horrwitz's paper on the "Ideals of East and West," recently published in our own pages.

The Vâhan for February has a short correspondence on the fate of savage nations, in which Mr. Sinnett points out that "that which is dying out is the mode of expression for souls on the physical plane which negro and such other races represent," and that this is a very good thing for the souls in question. A rather needless number of answers to a question as to the First Cause almost fills up the space devoted to the "Enquirer."

Bulletin Théosophique, in addition to its official matter, includes answers to questions. A. Ostermann, speaking as an eye-witness, gives a very favourable account of the reception of Dr. Pascal at the University of Geneva by crowded audiences.

Revue Théosophique, January, opens with "The Reality of Brotherhood," by Mrs. Besant; followed by translations of C. W. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance* and of *The Doctrine of the Heart;* E. M. Mallet treats of the "Theosophy of Tolstoi"; an enumeration of the great men who have mysteriously disappeared, beginning with Romulus and ending with Tannhäuser, is taken from *The Gleaner*.

Theosophia, January. The original contents of this number are the continuation of J. van Manen's translation of the *Tao-te-King;* a lecture by C. W. Leadbeater, at the Amsterdam Lodge, on the use and development of the astral body; and a paper by J. W. Boissevain, on the Indian Trinity. Translations from H. P. B. and Mr. Sinnett complete the number.

Sophia begins its ninth year in a new and more convenient form and with a pleasant looking cover of brown and blue, in the design of which the inevitable snake is not too prominent. We should, however, prefer the Svastika with the *right* hand raised, which is the correct way for "White Magic," though it is often wrongly drawn, even in the seal of the Society. After an interesting Editorial, which we should like to transcribe but for the fear of our own Editor before our eyes, we have Mrs. Besant's Lecture at the Convention. Next José Melián begins a study on "Free Will"; J. X. H. treats a letter published in the *Figaro*, signed by Jukhantor, Hereditary Prince of Cambodia; and Dr. Viriato Diaz-Perez commences the ever-welcome subject of "Mysticism amongst the Moslems." The new departure is distinctly one on which we may sincerely congratulate our Spanish brethren.

Dev Vâhan for January opens with the summary of our December number; and after the questions from our own *Vâhan* continues the translation of the "In Memoriam" papers published here at the time of H. P. B.'s death—this time Mrs. Besant's. Col. Olcott's correspondence with the Leipzig Society follows.

Teosofia continues Signora Calvari's papers on "The Earth and Humanity in their relations to the Solar System," and translations from C. W. Leadbeater and Dr. Pascal. The January number has a pleasant letter from Mrs. Lloyd, with a full account of Mrs. Besant's new establishment at Benares.

Teosofisk Tidskrift for October, November and December, 1900, have extensive translations from Mrs. Besant and G. R. S. Mead, with a very fair proportion of original matter in prose and verse.

Philadelphia for December contains a eulogium of H. P. B. by

M. P. Muñoz; a short paper on Bhakti Yoga signed X.; "Deluges," by P. Dewar; "Recent Discoveries in Babylonia," by H. de Castro; translations, "The Sixth Principle in Man," from *Le Spiritualisme Moderne*, Baraduc's "The Vibrations of Human Vitality," with illustrations from photographs, and a long study upon Râma by Edouard Schuré.

In the November number of *Theosophy in Australasia* Mr. Hynes concludes his "Bird's-eye View of the Theosophical Movement" with a "Look Ahead," ending cheerfully with "lasting peace and satisfaction." W. A. M. also ends his series on "Theosophy and Civilisation"—thoroughly good and practical work, though we hardly agree with him that a satisfactory theosophical ideal is likely to be obtained from Mr. Leadbeater's "Ancient Peru and Chaldæa" and "a close study of history." That is not how ideals are gained. In the December number W. G. John has a thoughtful paper headed "The Ancient Wisdom"; E. C. T. gives *his* answer to the old question, "Why I believe in Theosophy"; K. Castle has "Christmas Thoughts," whilst Miss Edger furnishes "Thoughts for New Year," and J. M. Davies speaks well of "Indifference"—of course in our own Pickwick—ahem, I beg pardon—Indian sense.

The December number of the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* is the last which bears the "Lucifer" figure on its cover. The new volume starts in a simple but neat green envelope. The more important articles are "The Progress of the Soul," by B. W. Dennes Meers; "The Great Quest," by E. Richmond; "Differences," by Dr. A. Marques; and "The Influence of Music on the Inner Nature," by Ernest Nichol, Mus.B.; whilst for lighter reading we have the ending of "The Magic Speculum," "Prince Kohinoor," and "A Visit to Ghost Land," by F. M. Parr.

Also received: *Theosophischer Wegweiser; Modern Astrology; Metaphysical Magazine; Mind; Notes and Queries; Monthly Record* and *Animals' Guardian;* and *Light.* The number of this last for February 9th, contains a very fair and full account of Mr. Herbert Burrows' lecture on "Spiritualism and Theosophy," delivered at a meeting of the London Spiritualist Alliance on January 18th, and the discussion which followed. We cannot but congratulate all concerned on the good temper and mutual consideration with which everyone seems to have spoken, and express our hopes for the future maintenance of this tone of mind.

W.

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