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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Heresy in High Places

WE have not quite recovered from it yet. For many years we have been a reader of *The Athenæum*, not because we sympathised with the standpoint of its omniscient reviewers, but because their standpoint was the very antipodes of our own in just those very things for which we cared most. We read it as a wholesome discipline, as perhaps, with the exception of *The Times* and the old established scientific journals, the best representative of conservative thought in periodical literature. It was our weekly tonic; for an hour or two in every hebdomad of days we could breathe the atmosphere of exact and inerrant knowledge; we were told precisely what was possible and what was absolutely impossible. We learnt that Theosophy was not only outside the pale of polite consideration, but beneath the notice of any self-respecting critic; as for "occultism" in any shape or form, it was relegated to the limbo of proved fraud or neuropathic self-deception. What then is our surprise to find a reviewer in *The Athenæum* (March 9th) taking up the cudgels on behalf of this despised "occultism" and belabouring the self-sufficiency of a professor of modern psychology.

PROF. JASTROW, whose book (*Fact and Fable in Psychology*) is being criticised, is anxious to dissociate himself from students of psychical research, while claiming as part of the field of psychology, hypnotism, automatic writing, crystal-gazing, and shell-hearing. To psychical research he would relegate "the disputed and mysterious," while he would apparently class hypnotism and the rest among "explicable phases of mental phenomena," and claim them as part of psychology. This is an ungracious and ungrateful proceeding, for, as *The Athenæum* points out, it was the Psychical Researchers who "brought most of these things, derided ten years ago, to the notice of psychologists"; and we might add that it was the Spiritualists and members of the Theosophical Society who brought them in the first place to the notice of the Psychical Researchers. The review proceeds:

Psychology and Psychical Research

> If crystal-gazing is not "occult," as when a girl at a tea-party, a stranger to you, describes minutely the scene or person in your mind, adding circumstances unknown to you, which inquiry proves to be correct, then we do not know what is "occult." Now the professor admits crystal-gazing, but with the occult he will have nothing to do. He is willing to contribute to a "Co-operative Psychological Investigation Society . . . . which shall, however, keep far removed from any phase of the transcendental or occult." But he is deep in the occult already, for he has admitted crystal-gazing, which is so far "transcendental" that the gazer frequently (in our experience) "transcends" the limitations of time and space. Prof. Jastrow can only escape from this dilemma by saying that our experience is false, the result of imposture or credulity, or "imagination." But to establish his opinion he would need to examine our evidence and make experiments with our seer or seeress.

Whew! Think of it! *The Athenæum* talking of "*our* experience," and printing "imagination" in inverted commas, and putting forward its own evidence, and seer or seeress.

* * *

BUT we have not done yet. What our own writers have urged in and out of season for a quarter of a century, and what has been invariably contended by every unprejudiced investigator, at last stares us in the face from the unblushing pages of *The Athenæum*,

What is the "Occult"?

as though it had been its familiar language all along. The number ought to have been printed on pink paper, we should have thought. But, to be serious, for it is a serious matter for public opinion when the representative of a large class of its most influential thinkers casts the weight of its authority into the scale. To the question: What is the "Occult"? *The Athenæum* replies:

> It is only the hitherto unexplained. Fifty years ago, and much less, hypnotism was "occult." It was not to be dealt in, was under the ban of science. A committee of the French Academy of Medicine reported favourably on clairvoyance in what we now call hypnotic conditions. The report was burked. In 1840 the Academy "refused, from that time on, to give any consideration to questions relating to animal magnetism." How many phenomena were, in 1840, grouped under the name of "animal magnetism." But now they are not occult because men have gone on carefully studying that which, being "occult," they were not to study.

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Having thus shown that "a thing called 'occult' to-day and damned is accepted to-morrow," *The Athenæum* proceeds to demolish what is left of Professor Jastrow's position. For the present, however, we must not expect too much from all this. The recent deaths of Professor Sidgwick and Mr. Myers have forced general opinion to pronounce some judgment on their work in the field of psychical research; it has not been able to sum up against the utility of their labours. But that general opinion should yet have grown enlightened enough to appreciate the life-long labours of others who suffered daily martyrdom in mind and body in defence of this same "occult" long before the Psychical Research Society was born, is too much to expect. This must be left to the future, when "new" discoveries will prove the truth of ancient statements. Meantime *we* can give honour where honour is due, without waiting for the official word of command.

Our Honours' List

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The enormous amount of travelling which the most active of our Theosophical pioneers have to undertake exposes them to far more risks than is the lot of the ordinary mortal. Several of them can tell of grave dangers narrowly escaped in their journeyings

By the Favour of the Gods

for the sake of the work they love so well. Two recent incidents of this nature may perhaps interest our readers.

Writing from Calcutta on February 21st, our invaluable colleague, Mrs. Besant, informs us that she had just escaped what might have been a very serious railway accident. The engine ran off the line and charged an embankment. Only shakings and bruisings resulted however, her share of which was a cut and bruised right arm. This came on top of other mischances, for she was still suffering from one badly sprained ankle owing to a fall, and from another highly inflamed from a poisonous bite. Her only complaint, however, seems to be that she missed her lecture!

Another of our greatest travellers is our venerable President-Founder, who early in January left India, *via* Yokohama, for a lengthy tour in the United States. He sailed from Yokohama on the Pacific Mail steamer "City of Rio de Janeiro," which struck a rock in a dense fog in the Golden Gate, and sank with the loss of 120 lives, on February 22nd—the worst disaster known on the Pacific Coast for many years. None of us when reading of this terrible accident had the slightest notion that the "City of Rio de Janeiro" was precisely the boat which our President had taken; if we had known this, we should have spent many an anxious hour scanning the papers for his name. It must have been an immense relief to those of our members in America who knew, to have seen heading the list of those who left the vessel at Honolulu on "stop-over tickets," as their papers call them, the name of H. S. Olcott.

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The Ancient Capital of Elam

We have already presented our readers with an account of the most recent archæological discoveries in Egypt and Crete—discoveries which fundamentally revolutionise all existing scientific hypotheses on Greek and Egyptian origins, but which so strikingly confirm the views of some Theosophical writers. We have now to add to these wonderful discoveries the account of a most valuable "find" in Western Persia, which among other facts of great value brings back to the memory of the world a monument which may be regarded as not only the longest, but also the oldest

known Chaldæan inscription. From several accounts we select that of *The Standard* of January 14th:

The important "Mission Scientifique" despatched by the French Government to Western Persia, which has been engaged for some five years in the exploration of the ancient Elamite Capital of Susa, has now completed its work, and the results are being published by the firm of Leroux and Co., on behalf of the Ministry of Public Instruction. The direction of the work was entrusted to M. Jacques de Morgan, formerly Director of the Gizeh Museum, who was assisted by his former colleagues, MM. Jequier and Gautier, while the Assyriologist of the Expedition was Father V. Scheil, who has had considerable experience of explorations in Babylonia. The ruins of Susa consist of two tumuli, the larger marking the ruins of the Achæmenian acropolis, the smaller the site of the palaces of the Elamite Kings destroyed by Assurbanipal, King of Assyria, in B.C. 640. The Achæmenian ruins were very carefully explored by M. Dieulafoy in 1884-86, and the antiquities now decorate the Susanian rooms in the Louvre. The work of the French Expedition in the smaller mound has been most successful; and the results have far exceeded expectations. The excavations have revealed evidence of the vast antiquity of the site, extending far back into pre-historic times. The remains of no less than five settlements were found upon the sites, including two cities, the latest being that destroyed by the Assyrians. The lowest settlement was but a few feet above the virgin soil, but pottery of remarkable fineness, decorated with figures of birds, and resembling that of the pre-historic settlements of Egypt, was found. In the upper settlements, enormous numbers of flints, which had formed the teeth sickles similar to those used in Egypt, were discovered—a proof that the Susanian plain was then, as in later times, a great corn-growing district. In the first city the remains of numerous buildings were found, built of brick, and resembling the lowest strata of the Chaldean ruins at Nippur, and dating, therefore, about B.C. 4000, but no trace of inscriptions was discovered.

In the Elamite city proper, extensive remains of palaces and temples were traced, while the names upon the bricks show that the buildings go back to about B.C. 1800. From the amount of cinders and charred wood, it was evident that this was the palace destroyed by Assurbanipal. The walls are of kiln-burnt brick of bright colour, those facing the interior being inscribed, so that the walls are covered with lines of writing. Along the walls were many fragments of enamelled bricks, bearing inscriptions or decorative patterns, also portions of bricks from panel scenes of men and animals. This mode of decoration was already familiar to us in its highest style in the Persian palaces discovered by Dieulafoy in the adjacent mound. In the larger rooms the bases of columns were found; but from the ashes and cinders it is evident that these rooms had been roofed like the Persian *apadanas*, of which, no doubt, they were the origin. The most important discovery, however, made in this palace was that of a large number of

inscriptions of early Babylonian Kings. The claims made by Sargon of Akkad and his son Naraın Sin, B.C. 3800, to have conquered and ruled in Elam, have been dismissed by a certain ultra-orthodox school of Orientalists as unhistorical. Yet in this palace a large ınonolith, bearing an inscription of Naram Sin recording his war in Elam, was found; also a long inscription of a King of an earlier dynasty, Manishtisu. This is a most interesting revelation, for the inscription is over six hundred lines in length, written in very archaic style, and is the longest as well as the oldest Semitic inscription from Babylonia. The tradition of this Semitic dominion over Elam in the thirty-ninth century B.C. no doubt led the writer of the Genealogies in Gen. x. to class Elam among the Semitic races. The inscriptions both of Elamite and Babylonian Kings discovered in the excavations have been carefully copied and published by Dr. Scheil, and will add a new chapter to the history of Western Asia. The discoveries at Susa show how rich a field there is for exploration in Western Persia—and all the plains round are covered with mounds—while at Mal Amir there are distinct traces of an ancient city of the Anzanian Kings. It is to be hoped that the work so successfully begun will be continued, as it is in these regions of Elam that we shall find the beginnings of Chaldean civilisation.

We do not, however, believe that the hope of the writer will be realised. The beginnings of Chaldæan civilisation, according to occult tradition, are too far back in time to be traced physically. History, which can be verified physically, has almost reached its furthest limits, and in this as in so many other things, physical science is face to face with an impassable barrier, which she must be content to recognise as the limit of her domain. To cross it she must take to herself wings and leave the earth.

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The Central Asian Sea

THE report of the transactions of the meeting of the Linnean Society, held on December 9th, 1900, speaks of a most interesting botanical find which affords remarkable evidence for the former existence of the "Central Asian Sea" spoken of by Theosophical writers. The shores of this Sea are supposed by them to have nursed the first nucleus of the Aryan race. The Kwen Lun Mountains must have formed an extensive portion of its S.W. shores. On maps two and three of Mr. Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis*, in which are recorded the general results of the investigations of some of our psychically endowed colleagues, a connection by water is shown between the

Asian Sea and the Mediterranean. The report to which we refer runs as follows:

Dr. A. B. Rendle, F.L.S., exhibited specimens, including leaves and fruit, of Grasswrack (*Zostera marina*, L.), recently found by Capt. H. P. Deasy, near Yepal Ungar, in the Kwen Lun Mountains, at an altitude of 16,500 feet. The plants were not growing in this remarkable locality, but were preserved in a bed ten to twelve feet thick on top of and interspersed with which were strata of blue clay. The broken leaves and sheaths of which the specimens consisted were dry and brittle, but showed no alteration, the internal structure being as perfect as in the fresh plant. As the country is geologically unknown, it is impossible to estimate the age of the deposit. It probably formed the bed of a salt-lake. There is one in the neighbourhood; and Capt. Deasy is of opinion that the whole district formed at one time a large salt-lake. The specimens were very dusty, but microscopic examination of the dust revealed nothing beyond particles of sand and a few small brown objects, apparently spores of some kind. Capt. Deasy states that he saw similar growths in a lake in the same district, but was unable to procure specimens. This occurrence of *Zostera marina* in the heart of the Asiatic continent, and at so great an elevation, is of special interest. The plant, so far as known, is purely marine, occurring plentifully on our own coasts, and throughout Europe, on the Atlantic shores of North America, and in North-east Asia. It has not previously been recorded from an inland lake, though an allied species, *Zostera nana*, L., occurs in the Caspian. Whether its existence in the Kwen Lun range has any relation to the Tertiary marine deposits which connect the Mediterranean area with the Himalayas is matter for conjecture. There seems to be some evidence for the existence of *Zostera* in Upper Cretaceous and Tertiary times; at any rate several species have been described from fossils resembling the rhizome of the plant, found in Central European beds.

* * *

The Chinese Discovery of America

Some time ago a paragraph was published in our pages describing some strange finds in Mexico, such as a statue of the Buddha, which clearly proved communication between China and America in ancient times. It is now stated that some ancient documents recently looted at Pekin prove that the Chinese discovered America 1000 years "B.C." ("Before Columbus"). We append a selection from a number of cuttings which have reached us on the subject.

Chicago, Ill., *November 14th.*

The *Chicago Times-Herald* publishes the following despatch from Washington: The archives of Pekin have given up a secret which may lead to

the solution of a mystery that has baulked every student of American archæology since the Western Hemisphere was first visited by Columbus. There have been found in the ancient Eastern capital records that prove conclusively that a landing was made on this Continent by the Mongolians in the year 499 A.D., centuries before the Genoese Admiral was born, and before the acceptance of the theory that the earth is a globe led the wise men of Europe to seek a new world in the West.

The story is that five adventurous missionaries sailed from the eastern coast of China, crossing the Pacific and skirting the Fox Islands, and finally sighting the western coast of the American Continent. They turned southward and proceeded along within sight of the shore until a landing was made in Mexico, opposite the Peninsula of Yucatan.

Here a number of temples were erected in the name of their own god. There is little doubt that these same edifices are described by De Charney in his book, *Buddhist Temples*. This interpretation of the Frenchman, while close to the mark, missed by a margin the real authorship of these evidences of an unknown civilisation.

The supposition is that the Chinese who landed on our Continent at that time instilled the natives with their wisdom in craft and the ruder arts to such an extent that there resulted a people of peculiarly high development. Be that as it may, the records found in Pekin will not be contradicted and must remain as *prima facie* evidence of the courage and thrift of the Chinamen.

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MONTEREY, MEX., *November 16th.*

The report that American officers have unearthed ancient records in Pekin showing that the Chinese discovered America 1,500 years ago, and erected temples in Mexico, has aroused the greatest interest among the scientific men of Monterey and throughout this country. The Chinese temples alluded to are in the State of Sonora, on the Pacific coast. The ruin of one of the temples was discovered near the town of Ures in that State about two years ago.

One of the large stone tablets found in the ruins was covered with carved Chinese characters, which were partly deciphered by a learned Chinaman who visited the ruin at the request of the Mexican Government. This Chinaman made the assertion that the ruins were those of a temple which had been erected many centuries ago by Chinese.

It has been claimed that the Indians of the State of Sonora are descendants of these early Chinese settlers. They possess many traditions and characteristics of the Chinese. If the report of the finding of the records in Pekin shall be verified, an expedition will go from here to explore further the ancient-temples of Sonora.

THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN RUSKIN

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXVII., p. 511)

ii. We will now turn to the second division—the moral and ethical teaching; though, as already said, it is hardly possible to draw any definite line between this and the religious aspect. (1) The first point to which we shall direct our attention seems to belong as much to the one as to the other—this is Ruskin's endorsement of the Law of Karma. Upon this point he speaks with no uncertain tone, recognising it as the law of life in all its aspects. Thus he says:

> And He has set above the souls of men on earth, a great law or Sun of Justice or Righteousness, which brings also life and health in the daily strength and spreading of it, being spoken of in the priest's language as having "healing in its wings"; and the obedience to this law, as it gives strength to the heart, so it gives light to the eyes of souls that have got any eyes, so that they begin to see each other as lovely, and to love each other.*

And again:

> The seeds of good and evil are sown broadcast among men, just as the seeds of thistles and fruits are: and according to the fruit of our industry and the wisdom of our husbandry, the ground will bring forth to us figs or thistles. So that when it seems needed that a certain work should be done for the world, and no man is there to do it, we have no right to say that God did not wish it to be done, and therefore sent no men able to do it. When the need for them comes, and we suffer for the want of them, it is not that God refuses to send us deliverers, and specially appoints all our consequent sufferings; but that He has sent, and we have refused, the deliverers; and the pain is then wrought out by His eternal law, as surely as famine is wrought out by eternal law for a nation which will neither plough nor sow.†

In both these passages we see unmistakably the recognition

* *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 117. † *A Joy for Ever*, p. 175

of the great Law of Justice, and of the inevitable results which must ensue according to man's obedience or disobedience, as also of the harmony which the following of this law will produce. Just as plain and direct is his declaration as to the responsibility of nations with regard to the condition in which they may find themselves. Thus he says:

> The stuff of which a nation is made is developed by the effort and the fate of ages; according to that material, such and such government becomes possible to it, or impossible. Whatever other form of government you lay upon it than the one it is fit for, necessarily comes to nothing, and a nation wholly worthless is capable of none.*

And the following passage brings into prominence the relation between the race and the individual, and the responsibility of the latter with regard to the former:

> One thing only you can know, namely, whether this dealing of yours is a just and faithful one, which is all you need concern yourself about respecting it; sure thus to have done your own part in bringing about ultimately in the world a state of things which will not issue in pillage or in death.†

But perhaps the most striking passages are those having a directly individual application; thus we read:

> No human actions were ever intended by the Maker of man to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. . . . No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and an unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* best, nor how it is likely to come to pass.‡

And in his letters to working men he says:

> If you are not happy, you, or somebody else, or something you are one or other responsible for, is wrong; and your first business is to set yourself, them, or it, to rights. Of late you have made that your last business; you have thought things would right themselves, or that it was God's business to right them, not yours. Peremptorily it is yours. Not, observe, to get your rights, but to put things to rights.§

Once more:

> It will much help you, if you would make it a practice in your talk

* *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 261 † *Unto this Last*, p. 61.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 7. § *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 331.

always to say you "deserve" things, instead of that you "have a right" to them. . . . Such accurate use of language will lead you sometimes into reflection on the fact that what you deserve, it is not only well for you to get, but certain that you ultimately *will* get, and neither less nor more. . . . The joined and four-square truth is that every right is exactly rewarded, and every wrong exactly punished; but that in the midst of this subtle, and to our impatience, slow retribution, there is a startlingly separate or counter ordinance of good and evil, one to this man, and the other to that—one at this hour of our lives, and the other at that—ordinance that is entirely beyond our control; and of which the providential law hitherto defies investigation. . . . Setting this destiny, over which you have no control whatever, for the time, out of your thought, there remains the symmetrical destiny, over which you have absolute control—namely, that you are ultimately to get—exactly what you are worth. And your control over this destiny consists, therefore, in simply *being* worth more or less.*

In connection with the last quotation, we must remember that Ruskin does not accept the doctrine of reincarnation; or at least there is no mention of it, neither is it implied, so far as I know, in his writings; that doctrine might perhaps have thrown some light upon "the law which defies investigation," as also upon another point mentioned elsewhere, where he says, speaking of workmen who get drunk, and have no appreciation of the beautiful, whether in nature or in books:

They were a Fallen Race, every way incapable, as I acutely felt, of appreciating the beauty of *Modern Painters*, or fathoming the significance of *Fors Clavigera*. But what they have done to deserve their fall, or what I had done to deserve the privilege of being the author of those valuable books, remained obscure to me.†

Theosophical teaching might have shed a little light on this obscurity. We who believe in the pre-existence of man, and his evolution through a vast series of lives, can recognise in this destiny over which we have no control whatsoever, simply the result of our own past—the web we ourselves have woven during our long pilgrimage. One other passage I may quote as showing Ruskin's recognition of the beneficial effect of a belief in Karma; he says:

Human conduct is not likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrongdoing in a moment redeemed, and that the sigh of repentance, which purges

* *Ibid.*, pp. 254, 255, 256. † *Ibid.*, p. 211.

the guilt of the past, will waft the soul into a felicity which forgets its pain: than it may be under the sterner, and to many not unwise minds, the more probable apprehension, that "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—or others reap—when he, the living seed of pestilence, walketh no more in darkness, but lies down therein.*

(2) Next let us notice the importance which Ruskin attaches to the motive lying at the root of action, declaring that nothing done with the hope of reward, or for any personal end, is to be looked upon as virtue; that all really good work must be done for its own sake, and not with a view to its results; a principle which we shall surely all recognise as one of the first requisites in the attempt to live a truly Theosophic life, and which is laid stress upon in all our ethical writings; in the words of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*:

Thy business is with the action only, never with its fruits; so let not the fruit of action be thy motive, nor be thou to inaction attached.

So Ruskin says:

Virtue does not consist in doing what will be presently paid, or even paid at all, to you, the virtuous person. It may so chance; or may not. It will be paid some day; but the vital condition of it as virtue, is that it shall be content in its own deed, and desirous rather that the pay of it, if any, should be for others.†

It cannot matter to you whom the thing helps, so long as you are content that it won't, or can't help *you*. . . . Help anyone, anyhow you can; so, in order that the greatest number possible will be helped; nay, in the end perhaps, you may get some shelter from the wind under your charitable wall yourself, but do not expect it, nor lean on any promise that you shall find your bread again, once cast away. . . . Keep what you want cast what you can, and expect nothing back, once lost or once given.‡

The same principle is brought down to the consideration of artistic and literary work, in connection with which we may take these two passages, wherein he shows the incompatibility of the performance of good, honest work with the hope of making it pay, or even of receiving due recognition. In reference to art he says:

Believe me, no good work in this world was ever done for money, nor while the slightest thought of money affected the painter's mind. Whatever

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 17. † *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 46.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 371, 372.

idea of pecuniary value enters into his thoughts as he works, will, in proportion to the distinctness of its presence, shorten his power.*

None of the best head-work in art, literature or science is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his *Iliad*, or Dante for his *Paradiso?* only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs. In science, the man who discovered the telescope and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon; the man who invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died of starvation, driven from his home. It is indeed very clear that God meant all thoroughly good work and talk to be done for nothing.†

And he gives it an intensely practical and personal application in these strong, plain words:

With all brave and rightly-trained men, their work is first, their fee second—very important always, but still *second*. But in every nation, as I said, there is a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly, the fee is first and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is between life and death *in* a man; between heaven and hell *for* him. You cannot serve *two* masters: you *must* serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil; and not only the Devil, but the lowest of devils—the "least erected fiend that fell." So there you have it in brief terms: Work first, you are God's servants; Fee first, you are the Fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him who has on His vesture and thigh written "King of kings," and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written "Slave of slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.‡

(3) We come now to the great central teaching of Theosophy in its social and practical aspect—that of the Universal Brotherhood of Man, and the principles of love, justice and service, that should guide us in our relations with each other. We find that this is also the central principle in all Ruskin's social and moral teaching; we can hardly turn to a single page without finding traces of it, and whole paragraphs might be brought forward in illustration. I have tried to select a few of the most forcible passages, and it needs no words of mine to show how thoroughly they are in accordance with all that Theosophy teaches on this point. Thus he brings out the fact of the

* *A Joy for Ever*, p. 115. † *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 57. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 42

mutual interdependence of nations and ages in the following words:

Independence you had better cease to talk of, for you are dependent not only on every act of people whom you never heard of, who are living round you, but on every past act of what has been dust for a thousand years. So also does the course of a thousand years to come depend upon the little perishing strength that is in you.*

We, as we live and work, are to be always thinking of those who are to come after us; that what we do may be serviceable, as far as we can make it so, to them as well as to us. Then, when we die, it is the duty of those who come after us to accept this work of ours with thankfulness and remembrance, not thrusting it aside or tearing it down the moment they think they have no use for it. . . . For be assured, that all the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself: but we are all intended not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great, white, gathering snowball higher and higher, larger and larger, along the Alps of human power.†

I do not know anything more ludicrous among the self-deceptions of well-meaning people than their notion of patriotism, as requiring them to limit their efforts to the good of their own country:—the notion that charity is a geographical virtue, and that what it is holy and righteous to do for people on one bank of a river, it is quite improper and unnatural to do for people on the other.‡

Be assured of this, sense in human creatures is shown, not by cleverness in promoting their own ends and interests, but by quickness in understanding other people's ends and interests, and by putting our own work and keeping our own wishes in harmony with theirs.§

In the next passages Ruskin directs our thoughts to the obligation of mutual service which this mutual dependence upon each other brings, giving us in the first two his idea of what a Christian nation is.

I believe that no Christian nation has any business to see one of its members in distress without helping him, though perhaps at the same time punishing him; help, of course, in nine cases out of ten, meaning guidance much more than gift, and therefore interference with liberty.‖

All land that is waste or untidy, you must redeem into ordered fruitfulness; all ruin, desolateness, imperfectness of hut or habitation, you must do away with; and throughout every village and city of your English

* *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i. p. 46. † *A Joy for Ever*, p. 80.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 94. § *Ibid.*, p. 235. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 160.

dominion, there must not be a hand that cannot find a helper, nor a heart that cannot find a comforter.*

Our hearts have been betrayed by the plausible impiety of the modern economist, telling us that "to do the best for ourselves is finally to do the best for others." Friends, our great Master said not so; and most absolutely we shall find that this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourselves; but it will not do to have your eyes fixed on that issue.†

It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict? Not so. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relation of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. . . . It is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost. This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority that is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibilities of it, as it is the helm and guide of labour, far and near . . . for it is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain.‡

This question of the responsibility towards others which wealth confers, is further enlarged upon from a slightly different aspect in another passage from the same work, which runs as follows:

If you are a young lady, and employ a certain number of sempstresses for a given time, in making a given number of simple and serviceable dresses —say seven; of which you can wear one yourself, and give six away to poor girls who have none, you are spending your money unselfishly. But if you employ the same number of sempstresses for the same number of days, in making four, five, or six beautiful flounces for your own ball-dress—flounces which will clothe no one but yourself, and which you will yourself be unable

* *Crown of Wild-Olive*, p. 202. † *Ibid.*, p. 110. ‡ *A Joy for Ever*, p. 145.

to wear at more than one ball—you are employing your money selfishly . . . in the one case you have directed their labour to the service of the community, in the other you have consumed it wholly on yourself. . . . You may answer: "we do no wrong in taking their labour when we pay them their wages; if we pay for their work, we have a right to it." No, a thousand times no! The labour which you have paid for, does indeed become, by the act of purchase, your own labour, you have bought the hands and time of those workers; they are, by right and justice, your own hands, your own time. But have you a right to spend your own time, to work with your own hands, only for your advantage? much more, when, by purchase, you have invested your own person with the strength of others, and added to your own life a part of the life of others? . . . It would be strange, If at any great assembly, which, while it dazzled the young and the thoughtless, beguiled the gentle hearts that beat beneath the embroidery with a placid sensation of luxurious benevolence—as if by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort had been first given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent; it would be strange, I say, if for a moment the Spirits of Truth and of Terror, which walk invisibly amongst the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts, and show us how, inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the falling breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street—they who wear it have deliberately entered into partnership with Death, and dressed themselves in his spoils! Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angels *do* see—on those gay, white dresses of yours, strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you know not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted that no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves.*

And in another place we read:

Consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant: the cruellest man could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfolded. Raise the veil boldly; face the light; and if as yet the light of the eyes can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace, shall be "unto this last as unto thee."†

We notice further that Ruskin looks upon the service of

* *Ibid.*, p. 57. † *Unto this Last*, p. 173.

others as a *right*—something which is due to every man—that, in short, true service is *justice*, for he says:

> The one Divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice, and it is the last we are even inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice! "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater, it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But—you can't have the top without the bottom—you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not at first charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him, and you will come to hate him.*

> People of moderate means and average powers of mind would do far more real good by merely carrying out stern principles of justice and honesty in common matters of trade, than by the most ingenious schemes of extended philanthropy, or vociferous declarations of theological doctrine.†

> You say that everybody ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them! Ah, my friends! that's the gist of the whole question. *Did* Providence put them in that position or did *you?* You knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain content in the "position in which Providence has placed him"! That's modern Christianity! You say—"*We* did not knock him into the ditch"! We shall never know what you have done, or left undone, until the question with us every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing, during the day; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian, as to acknowledge the maxim of the poor half-way Mahometans: "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."‡

If we ask what Ruskin's idea of justice is, he tells us himself in these words:

> True justice consists mainly in the granting to every human being *due* aid in the development of such faculties as it possesses for action and enjoyment.§

How perfectly all this is in harmony with the principles and teachings of Theosophy we must all recognise; but I may just quote one or two passages from Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Sociology" bearing upon the subject. We have seen how Ruskin declares it to be the duty of a wise man to take care of fools; see how this same sentiment is expressed in the article referred to:

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 52.
† *A Joy for Ever*, p. 209.
‡ *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 56.
§ *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 163.

We have learned that a man must not use his muscles to plunder his neighbour; we have yet to learn that he must not use his brains to the same end. It is no more right to trample on others because we are cleverer, smarter, shrewder than they, than in the days that are called barbarous it was right for a man to use his strength to rob, to crush, to enslave.*

And again:

The family, not the chartered company, is to be the ideal of the State; the discharge of duties, not the enforcing of rights, is to be the keynote of the individual life. . . . In the family the heaviest burdens are borne by the elders, and not by the children; the youngest are carefully trained, tenderly guarded, shielded from trouble, anxiety and undue strain. If food run short it is not the children who are first stinted; if anything be lacking the elders bear the suffering and strive to let the children feel no want. Their greater strength is regarded as imposing on them responsibilities and duties, not as giving the right to plunder and oppress.†

We may notice the way in which Mrs. Besant here speaks with regard to *duties* and *rights*, and the spirit of Ruskin's writing all through is the same—he tries to impress on all whom he addresses a recognition of the duties incumbent on them, and not of the rights they might claim; this point has been already emphasised in some of the passages quoted; and he says further:

For my own part, I do not trouble myself much about these rights, never being able to make out any single one to begin with, except the right to keep everything and every place about you in as good order as you can.‡

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MARYON JUDSON.

* THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for June, 1898, p. 300.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 303, 304.

‡ *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 238.

"SOME have declared that Time is the wisest of all things, but the Pythagorean Parôn said that on the contrary Time was the most ignorant, for owing to it men lose their memory."—ARISTOTLE, *Phys. Ausc.*, iv. 13, 90.

FROM THE GATES OF DEATH

WHEN Mrs. Dalston persuaded her daughter Irene to marry old Mr. Copplemere, a wealthy city man who could have bought up the aristocratic Dalstons, root and branch, and never missed the money, the girl yielded, only on condition that her would-be husband should know all about her love affair with Harry Lethbridge.

It was only fair, she urged, that Mr. Copplemere should know that she had no love to give him, and that she herself would cheerfully have married Harry and shared his poverty had not their respective relatives come between them.

Mrs. Dalston soothed her daughter by specious promises; but, having no lack of worldly wisdom, she reserved the information which Irene had begged her to impart, and Mr. Copplemere married in ignorance of the fact that his wife had had a lover before himself.

Mr. Copplemere was too pompous and self-sufficient a man to interpret at all literally the "loving and cherishing" he had vowed to his young wife in the marriage service, and the girl lived a lonely and loveless life enough in the great gloomy house to which she was brought as a bride. Mr. Copplemere was satisfied if his wife made a sufficiently handsome appearance at the head of his board on the occasions of his stiff prosy dinners given to pompous city magnates, and he took care that she should be well supplied with rich dresses and jewellery.

If it could have been mentioned to him—it would never have occurred to him without suggestion!—that his young wife could possibly remain unsatisfied after the magnificent diamonds he had bestowed upon her, he would have opened his cold grey eyes in astonishment. He was fully satisfied with his matrimonial bargain. His wife was fresh and young and lovely, and graced his dull entertainments wonderfully well, and he wanted nothing more.

Little wonder that Irene sometimes dreamed of days gone by when life held something more for her than was contained in that dull, handsome house! Little wonder if her thoughts wandered to someone far away whose eyes had been always full of love when he looked at her!

It was only when Irene fainted away when Harry Lethbridge's name was mentioned among the killed in one of our smaller wars, that Mr. Copplemere's eyes were opened to the fact that he was not the first man who had adored Miss Dalston. The discovery changed his cold satisfaction in Irene to a bitter animosity; and even the chilly friendship which had existed between husband and wife flickered and went out.

The advent of the baby was a turning point in Irene's life. If it had not been for him she would probably have followed Harry; but the tiny face against her breast, the wee fingers clinging to hers, drew her back to life again. The child crept into the void in her heart and filled it full.

Her baby was all in all to her. He was a pretty child, strong and healthy, fair and blue-eyed; and from the first the love between mother and child was intensely strong. During the time of the boy's babyhood the husband and wife were almost separated. Except that she played her part as hostess Mrs. Copplemere shared very little of her husband's life. Sometimes for weeks they did not meet.

Naturally Irene clung to her child, and he repaid her by a passionate devotion to his "pretty Mammie," as he called her.

From a baby he was always perfectly content with her. His favourite trick was to wind his fingers among her hair, and, so soon as he woke in the morning and climbed from his cot into her bed, his warm little hand would creep round her neck, and his little fingers tug at her loosened hair. It was all sweet to Irene —even the tugs, which often hurt her. He was her boy—her own, and she lived only for him.

When the boy was three years old Mrs. Copplemere had a dangerous illness. For many days she was lying very near the borderland, and the doctors were discreetly silent on her chances of recovery. During the whole of the time the child refused to

be parted from her. He lay beside her on the bed, his arms round her neck and his little fingers in her hair; and many a time when they thought her gone, she rallied at the sound of the child's voice.

Mr. Copplemere in vain objected to the boy's presence. The doctors shook their heads and would not take the responsibility of his removal.

"She clings to the child. If she comes through at all it will be for the boy," they said. And for the child's sake Irene struggled back to life.

"You're going to live, Mrs. Copplemere," the doctor said one day, looking down at her with a smile, adding jocosely, "You couldn't leave your boy, could you?"

"I think," Irene answered, kissing the child's soft cheek passionately, "that I should come back from the gates of death if my boy called me!"

She was never very strong after this. Mr. Copplemere, as though he had discovered that he should miss something if his wife's girlish figure faded out of his life, affected a stony sort of reconciliation.

It was not in him generously to forgive her love of another man, and to set himself to win her trustful affection. He did not unbend in the slightest to her; but he expected her to be grateful and loving to him.

As he slowly made the discovery that he had lost altogether what place he might once have made for himself in her heart, and that the child was all in all to her, a resentful feeling rose up in him that took shape in sneers and scoffs at the child.

"I don't like nasty old farver," Raymond confided to his mother, and though she hushed him when he spoke, perhaps the child's words found an echo in Irene's heart.

Raymond had just passed his fifth birthday, and was a sturdy boy for his age. Fair-haired and clear-skinned, with beautiful blue eyes and a rosy little mouth showing his little white teeth, he was the picture of health and beauty.

He stood by his mother in the drawing-room one day. He had been busy with his engine—he had a passion for engines—but he had tired of it and crept up to his mother.

"I like to stroke your soft cheeks, Mammie," he said caressingly, as his fat, hot little hand went to and fro on Irene's delicate face.

"Do you? Why, darling?" his mother asked.

"They're so soft," he responded thoughtfully and lovingly, "and they're joined to your eyes—your pretty eyes."

"What do you mean, silly boy?" Irene cried laughing; but Mr. Copplemere cut in, in a contemptuous tone:

"What nonsense that boy talks! Time he went to school; he's getting a regular mother's boy!"

Both mother and son started and looked up. Neither of them had known that Mr. Copplemere was in the room.

"He must go to school," he repeated. "A good boarding school will be best."

"You wouldn't send him to a boarding school—away from me," Irene said, with a quivering lip, holding the child fast. "He's only a baby yet!"

The boy stood silent; but his little hand crept round his mother's neck and rested in her hair.

"You spoil him," Mr. Copplemere said gruffly.

"I don't think I do. I love him; but *love* doesn't spoil a child. He is perfectly obedient, and he does little lessons with me. John! You wouldn't—not yet?" Her appealing voice quivered and stopped.

"Well, well! we'll see," Mr. Copplemere said, hastily, as he left the room. The mother drew her boy closer, but a new fear had fallen on her life.

A few days later Irene was taken ill. There was a great confusion in the house, and much coming and going of doctors and nurses. Little Raymond was kept in the nursery and told that his mother was very ill. He begged piteously to go to her, but was refused permission.

Mrs. Copplemere lay on her pillows, very white and still, and the doctors had already informed her husband that all hope was over.

"I want—my boy," she said, feebly. "Where is he?"

The doctor looked at the husband. Mr. Copplemere shook his head. "He would only disturb her. He is so rough," he

said, and though the mother's beseeching eyes pleaded for a last look at her passionately loved child, and though her pallid face was full of anguish, her last request was refused. She died with that anguished, beseeching look on her face, and, when she had been made ready for the grave, and Mr. Copplemere stood beside her rigid form, the look was still there.

Little Raymond, in the nursery, was told that "Mammie" had gone away. This he sturdily refused to believe, asserting with quivering lip and tears in his eyes, "She wouldn't go wivout me! She wouldn't go away and never say goodbye."

He did not make any fuss when the nurse in charge scolded him for his unbelief, but applied himself to his engine, and presently the nurse left him alone while she went down to the kitchen to get something she wanted. The kitchen was warm, and there was company there. The nurse stayed on talking and forgot the child all alone upstairs.

The rest of the house was very still. Mr. Copplemere was shut up in his study. The servants were gossiping over their tea.

Little Raymond, in pursuance of his private plans, shunted his engine into the station in the corner, rose from his lowly seat on the floor, and quitted the nursery to go to his mother's room.

It was very still in the room, and the blinds were drawn down.

"Mammie!" he said, quaveringly; but there was no reply.

He advanced to the bed, and pulled down the sheet that hid the white face.

Ah! Mammie *was* there after all!

The bed was a high one and, from old experience, Raymond knew that he could not scale it without a chair.

He fetched one and laboriously climbed on to the bed.

"Mammie!" he said again; but, for the first time in all his experience, Mammie's eyes did not open at his first whisper of her name.

He smoothed her cold face with his warm little hand, but still she did not stir.

"Mammie's asleep," he said softly. "I'll sleep wiz her."

He pulled the sheet further down in order to creep in beside

her as was always his wont, and then he saw, with great indignation, that folded in his Mammie's arms was a tiny baby.

"A strange baby wiz my Mammie!" he exclaimed, jealously. "Mammie don't want dis, do you, Mammie?"

Getting no reply he proceeded to take command of the situation.

"Mammie's asleep, but I know she don't want dis baby. *I'm* Mammie's baby! I won't be unkind to a little strange baby, but, you know," addressing the tiny thing, "you can't stop in *my* Mammie's arms!"

With considerable trouble he lifted the small corpse and laid it on the other side of the bed.

Then, with a sigh of content, he nestled down beside his dead mother.

Presently the utter silence and the awful cold struck a fear into the child's heart.

"Mammie!" he sobbed, "Mammie!"

His little hands stole across the dead woman's neck and nestled in her hair, but still she did not turn—his Mammie, who was always so warm and soft and loving!

His pitiful wail grew louder and more passionately pleading; "Mammie, won't you look at me? Your own boydie! *Mammie!*"

A servant passing the room shivered at the cry and took the tale downstairs.

The other servants listened and shivered; but no one cared for the task of going up to take the child away.

His last cry—piercing and shrill and burdened with unutterable childish anguish—rang through the house, and then there was silence.

"He's quiet now," said the nurse uneasily. "We'd better let the master know when his dinner's taken away."

So the footman, when he went to remove his master's untasted meal, hesitatingly informed him that Master Raymond was in the mistress's room.

With a muttered imprecation on the stupidity of the servants, Mr. Copplemere rose, and bidding the man attend him with a light, went upstairs.

At the right of the disarranged bed with the chair beside it

Mr. Copplemere strode angrily forward, but suddenly stopped and caught at the back of the chair to steady himself.

It was not the sight of the child curled up there close to his dead mother's form with his little hand firmly locked in her curling hair that unmanned him. That he had come prepared to see. Nor was it the sight of the dead baby lifted from its place. It was quite conceivable that the boy, so jealously devoted to his mother, should have done that. But it was the fact that *the dead woman lay on her side*, a position into which the child's strength could never have moved her, and that her arm was round her boy and her cold face pressed on his, and that that face, at first so anguished, was now peaceful and content.

The sight so unnerved Mr. Copplemere, that he had to summon up all his resolution to aid him as he put out his hand to draw the boy away from his mother's arms.

"I wouldn't touch him, sir," said the man who had come up with the light. He turned a white face on his master as he tremblingly laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Why! what do you mean?" asked the master.

"I'd leave them, sir! He'd never have been happy without his mother and I think—I think she's come back from the gates of death to fetch him."

Mr. Copplemere leaned over to look hastily into his boy's little face and his hands dropped to his sides.

WAEN WARLEY.

MEMORY

"'Twas Memory first of all who did bestow upon mankind the concord of the Muses and every instrument the Muses use. Had it not been for her, naught could be kept for long or ever come to light. 'Tis Time that wears things out by its forgetfulness and hides them from our sight. All arts and oracles and laws and all the things that have been done are kept for men by Memory."—"ORPHEUS," quoted by JOHANNES DIACONUS, on HES. *Theog.* 943.

DANTE AND THE ANCIENT WISDOM

Mi ritrovai per una silva oscura.

I.

THE "gloomy wood" in which Dante thus discovers himself to the readers of the *Commedia* (Divine Comedy) is a symbol of human life. But the symbol of a wood will serve for his art as well as for his theme, albeit the wood will suggest, to all lovers of that art, through that underworld of woodland gloom, gleams of ethereal sunshine in which the spirit bathes, and flashes of well-nigh blinding light in which the soul stands self-revealed. It is not, however, of his art any more than of his theme that I dare directly to speak. My hope is simply to point out most tentatively the existence, in the art as well as in the theme, of a clue which will, I believe, at some no distant day, unravel what has hitherto proved the "*inextricabilis error*"—those winding and tangled paths of his consummate wisdom—which has hitherto baffled all interpretation. For to me, and surely to many other readers at once of Dante and of this REVIEW, it has long seemed simply inexplicable that pages so rich oftentimes in illumination of remoter and darker paths in literature and philosophy, have never yet shed one ray of light upon the *chef-d'œuvre* not only of Mediæval but of Modern Wisdom in the West. And let me say at once that I conceive Dante to be a master-builder of that Wisdom in Christendom, and the *Commedia* to be the supreme creation of that Wisdom there in the kingdom of art. The *Commedia* I say, because it is to the *Commedia* that we turn as the supreme manifestation of Dante's genius. But the *Commedia* is like a wood for other reasons than its gloom or its lights. It is like a wood, too, because of it may we truly say what Browning has said of the whole soil of Italy:

> A footfall there
> Suffices to upturn the germinating spices.

And it is the thought of this hidden yet germinating fragrance that I desire to suggest, and on which I would fain insist.

II.

I must, however, tax the patience of my readers with another simile before I can get to my point. The *Commedia* suggests a wood by its gloom, its light, its fragrance. And we have Dante's own example on our side.

But I called him just now a master-builder, and another symbol of his art will help us to present and represent more clearly the purpose of this paper. That symbol is a cathedral. We have a poet's example for it too, the example of a poet whose sympathy with his master was greater than the service he rendered him. I speak of Longfellow and his version of the *Commedia*. And here I give his sonnet, prefixed to the *Purgatorio*, as a plea for the symbol which has suggested itself independently:

I enter and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine,
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

Yes, the cathedral! In entering the *Commedia*, it matters not where, I always feel as I felt the other day on entering the wicket at the west door of Chartres. The gloom, the lights, the fragrance of the wood, they are all there; something yet more primeval, too, as of rocks in some bygone inland ocean! But something else, surely, is there, too, which surpasses these in mystery; that Spirit of Man, which has moved on the face of these waters, and shaped the chaos into kosmos! And assuredly no appreciation of Dante is possible, unless we keep

this double aspect of his work perpetually before our eyes. On the one hand the primeval stuff, as of virginal rock and vegetation, the stuff of Human Nature,* out of which his mighty vision was wrought. On the other hand, the marvellous "*ordonnance*" of the workman's controlling art, which has found for every fragment of that rock and every form of that growth a place, where it shall live for ever in that temple of the Human Spirit which the *Commedia* was truly designed to be.

III.

It is wilful blindness to these two great fundamental facts about Dante's creation (that it deals with the basic principles of Human Nature, and represents them in a mirror of consummate art), which has plunged its interpretation into a sea of troubles. Commentators of every age have taken neither of these facts seriously enough. Let me put it for a moment in another way. They have failed to push back their investigations to the source from which the fiery stream first issued in the volcano of the Man's psychic and spiritual experience. And they have equally failed to recognise that this fiery stream of self-consciousness has been so absolutely mastered by the Artist, as to assume the flexibility of molten metal in the founder's hand, and to be moulded at his will into a thousand forms, with reflection of his individual spirit, and the expression of matrices which are entirely his own. His creation, I say again, is a work of absolute fusion, absolute transformation. Yet they have taken the moulds which he employs (only to throw them at last away) for the substance of his thought, while they are but its vehicle. I might cite only the greatest mould of all, through which his whole thought has passed, the mould I mean of Mediæval theology (though there are many others—the moulds of Pagan mythology, of Scholastic and Ancient philosophy, of Universal and Contemporary history); this they have taken for the ultimate meaning of his work, instead of for what it really is, the mere vessel and vehicle of his supreme message, which is a message about Man, as his spirit conceived him.

* "*Subjectum est Homo*" is his own account in the Dedication of the *Paradiso* to Can Grande.

It is impossible to emphasise too much the value of that canon of criticism which bids us distinguish between the Life and the Form in the case of Dante's creation. I will, therefore, reassert it in yet another form, at the risk of growing tedious, by insisting that while all true art is an alembic, Dante is supreme among the poets in this method of transmuting the elements with which he works. Or, to put it yet again in another form, I will ask his readers to bear me out in saying that everything he handles "suffers a sea-change into something rich and strange," and I will repeat that the interpreter's mind must (to borrow another of Shakespeare's phrases), "like the dyer's hand," be first subdued to those elements in which the poet has worked, I mean the elements of self-knowledge.

IV.

But I believe that we shall do better to resume our symbol of the cathedral and the wood if we are to appreciate the relation of the point I seek to raise to the whole fabric of his art and thought. Architecture, too, is an alembic in many ways. Its fascination is due to the fact, which as yet we dimly grasp, that in it are fused the elements of structure, symbol, and beauty. The Gothic cathedral is a supreme example of this fusion.

A hundred years ago aisle and vault in the cathedral were held to represent forest avenue and roof; people who felt the fascination of Gothic building thought that it must arise from the imitation of Nature's work in the forest, translated into stone, both in point of structure and ornament. We are coming now to recognise that the undeniable analogy between the two rests rather on the identity of those organic principles which underlie the work of those builders in the kingdom of nature, and these builders in the kingdom of art. It is the existence of these underlying principles in the fabric of Dante's art, and their identity with the facts of Human Nature, as Theosophists understand them, that I seek to indicate. May I put it in this way? Theosophists are learning to recognise the existence of organic principles in the Wood of Life, and interpreters of Dante must learn to recognise the existence of them in his art. The symbol of the cathedral helps us just because it enables us to realise that the deeper the

art, the deeper must be our search for the Life.* Who of us has not found in a cathedral crypt the answers to problems which otherwise seemed insoluble—answers both about its structure and its ornament? It is so here, and yet the illustration falls far short of the truth. Dante's work is architectural in many senses besides those of which we have already taken count, but chiefly in this: that one dominant purpose controls every part of the design, every detail of the decoration. There is nothing else in literature resembling its external unity. I am not now thinking of the *Commedia* alone. That is indeed the supreme manifestation of his Genius, and into its anthropomorphic sculpture, if I may carry on the illustration, he has ultimately wrought the most exquisite refinements of his thought. But the *Commedia* is unintelligible, as all his votaries are agreed, apart from the study of those buttresses which he openly built to support and explain that structure in the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito*, and the *Canzoni*—we might add in the *De Monarchia*, the *De Volgari Eloquio*, and his public letters, indeed in every authentic line which we possess from his pen. The whole structure, I say, of his writings hangs together as closely as the works of Plato, of Aristotle, or the most systematic of modern philosophers. The unity of Dante's *Opera* is indeed more remarkable than the unity of Goethe's single lifelong creation, *Faust*. And the fact which I seek to emphasise is, first of all, that a true interpretation of his art requires us to hold in our minds at one and the same moment, so far as may be, not only each *terzina* in the *canto*, each *canto* in the *cantica*, and each *cantica* in the trilogy of the *Commedia*, but each of these wonderful Commentaries in which he has left us himself the key to a true interpretation. This task has been externally attempted by those who have set before them in our own century an exhaustive interpretation of his work, and in the hands of De Witte and Scartazzini and our own Wicksteed, it has yielded wonderful results. And yet to quote the confession of Scartazzini, the most encyclopædic of them all, the enigma still awaits its Œdipus.

* I am working, the Theosophical student will observe, on the lines which Mrs. Besant has so ably laid down as a canon of study in science—I mean on the lines of her distinction between the Form and the Life, a canon of criticism as significant in the study of art as in the study of science.

Here, then, I would plead for a method which shall be not less comprehensive, but less external. I ask that the poet shall be left more to be his own interpreter. I ask that he should be considered more as a creator and less as an encyclopædist. I ask that he should be regarded as a creator from the materials with which every true poet builds, of Nature's facts within his own experience. And I need not remind even the most superficial reader that these facts in his case, if his data are anything at all besides machinery, are the facts of Human Consciousness far beyond the range of commonplace.

V.

Briefly, then, the method for which I plead is this, that the interpreter should seek in the crypt of Dante's cathedral, I mean in the interior and fundamental principles on which the poet has raised the fabric of his vision, for the key which lies buried there. The illustration may still serve. At Chartres, that typical cathedral, structurally speaking, of arrested Gothic, there are said to be traces of no less than six churches, the oldest of which is a Celtic shrine dedicated to Druidic rites, and once bearing the inscription "*Virgini parituræ*," so the mediæval chroniclers record. Above there rises the noblest church in Christendom, if we look either to the decorative work which still stands in its glorious glass, or the structural beginnings, which still attest what the unfinished fabric was intended to become. Herein Chartres is a fit symbol of the *Commedia*. Decoratively, the *Commedia* is still the most beautiful production of Italian literature. Structurally, if Pope was right in saying that the proper study of mankind is man, it still represents a design which has never been completed in the literature of Italy or of any other country. From Leopardi to Annunzio, in our own century, Italians at least have shown themselves conscious of Dante's primacy in thought as well as art.

But there is another element in literature, as Theosophical students are aware; there is that element, unfathomed and unfathomable by what we nowadays call the intellect, by what Dante called the rational soul: that element, to which German metaphysicians to-day have given the name of Under-Conscious-

ness, and which a prince of Anglo-Saxon *littérateurs* called the Over-Soul, is at the root of art as well as of life. "Art begins," as Emerson has said, "farther back in man"; farther back we may add, perhaps, than the instincts of decoration or structure. "A true announcement of the law of Creation, if a man were found worthy to declare it, would carry art up into the kingdom of Nature, and destroy its separate contrasted existence." It is there, in the kingdom of Nature, that Dante's art originates, in that Wisdom which is Nature's counterpart. Once discovered in the crypt we can track it, I believe, through the building, though, like the masonic symbols in architecture, it has left but a serpent's trail wherever it has passed, in that "unknown perfume" of which Longfellow and Browning sing.

Perhaps Theosophists may pardon such a symbol of Wisdom, anyhow it will convey the impression that I must be content at present to leave with the reader, that the clue in the gloomy wood, of which I began by speaking, is that permanent but evasive presence of the Poet's own soul, to leave which behind is the essence of true art.

At some future time I hope to point out how this "unknown perfume" of the Ancient Wisdom clings alike to the structure and to the decoration of the *Commedia*.

S. UDNEY.

THE whole theology of the Greeks is the child of the Orphic mysteries, for Pythagoras in the first place was instructed in the mysteries of the Gods by Aglaophāmus, and in the second Plato received his entire knowledge concerning them from the Pythagorean and Orphic writings."—PROCLUS (quoted by LOBECK, p. 723).

FUTURE LEARNING

AT the present stage of Theosophy it is inevitable that almost all students and members of the Society should have been associated in earlier life with some one of the many religious denominations of the country, and should have derived their conceptions of man and his future from the conventional ideas known as "orthodox." Very few persons enter the Society whose minds have not been suffused with the dominant thought around, and this is of course wholly diverse from the teachings of the Wisdom Religion. It is therefore, a very frequent phenomenon that such minds, unconsciously ripening for Theosophy, should have at different times encountered perplexities or problems not explained or explainable by their traditional belief. Not from any sceptical spirit or from any conscious dissatisfaction with the existing creed, their thought detects difficulties or senses questions which arouse speculation and inquiry. When they come into Theosophy these are fully met, for the abounding light which the philosophy throws on the whole range of topics concerning man, meets the difficulty and answers the problem. It would be a most interesting matter to collect these various cases and to illustrate the value of Theosophy as a solvent for such perplexities, though a full collection would be impossible. I have thought that one single case in my own experience may have some interest and may illustrate the point which I make. Of course, all conventional belief holds that man is on earth but once, that his total equipment for the hereafter consists of such evolution as he may have attained in this one incarnation, and that he enters upon his future career with no other fitness than that which he may have acquired here. Now a serious difficulty used to present itself to my mind. It is of course conceded that the whole future existence is to be a prolonged course of improvement; knowledge, wisdom, goodness, and power being con-

tinually on the increase, man ever learning more of truth, though, like the asymptote to the hyperbola, never completely reaching it. But with only such an outfit as that attained in one life, how is it possible that such progress could be large or satisfactory? We have as yet no conception of other methods of reaching truth than through the exercise of human intelligence and reason; nor can we without assistance conceive of a wholly different mode of advance. In the rapid evolution of mind during the late half century one necessary consequence has been that all learning more and more differentiates itself into departments. Science is ever more and more divided into sections, each becoming more complicated and more profound. Students find greater and greater impossibility in pursuing other lines of thought than their own speciality, the only divergence being collateral sciences which touch upon or pervade their own. A student of medicine, for example, needs knowledge of chemistry, but both medicine and chemistry are so vast and deep that no time can exist for astronomy, mathematics, or physics. Now why should not this be the case to an even greater degree in the future state? It is no doubt a fact that very many hindrances to research will be removed. The denizen of the next world will be freed from his physical body, freed therefore from the sickness, weariness, the necessity for repose which so often interrupt his work, and the entire freedom from such hindrances will be an enormous gain; but this is offset by the enormously increased area of truth which post-mortem conditions must open. It is doubtless also the fact that human powers may well expect vast augmentation, existing ones being increased and new ones being added; but this is offset by the fact that the closer touch with realities which must occur in a less physical world necessarily discloses intricacies and complications and subtle problems which are imperceptible here. What, then, is the outlook for the attainment of knowledge in the hereafter? Can it be anything else than an enlargement of present processes, the tools and the material being indefinitely increased, but confinement to certain departments being even more peremptory and the acquisition of anything like a universal knowledge being even more impossible? The enlarged student would meet an enlarged world, and

the partial learning so inevitable here would become even more partial then.

This has often seemed to me a somewhat depressing fact for the future. There would seem no hope of anything like that rounded knowledge which one would wish to conceive of as a fitting attribute to a mind in eternity, and there would appear but an endless prolongation of the earthly methods, which are so partial, so incomplete, so often leading to erroneous results, and so rarely conferring entire certainty. But is this view of the future just? It necessarily falls upon our contracted experience and limited forecast, but is there in fact nothing richer and more hopeful than the view imposed by existing conditions?

Theosophy solves this question in the most exhilarating way. It disposes of the limitations which make so discouraging the thought of future learning, and substitutes an altogether different method for the attainment of truth than that with which we during incarnation are alone acquainted. It does this in three ways.

First, it supplies the truth of reincarnation. But this by no means signifies only that during successive lives a man acquires more and more of fact and, therefore, enters the future with a larger capital than could be acquired in one life. It signifies that in the steady evolution of a whole being through a long series of earthly existences there gradually ripens, if the process be normal and as contemplated, a perception of, and an interest in, states of consciousness above the sensuous. As perception extends to the reality of conditions beyond material, to the realisation of an unseen world richer than the present, of the possibilities of soul development and of spiritual function, there comes about both a desire for these higher attainments and a provision for their acquisition. In due time the lesson is learned of conscious projection on to other planes than the physical and the mental, by reason of that provision of the scheme of things by which a being ripe for it is granted entrance into regions closed to sense, and the evolving nature is made at home, by gradual steps, in the loftier worlds beyond earth. His rounded evolution includes not only more human learning but the acquirement of the faculties and powers which make him equally an inhabitant

of all planes. Hence when incarnations have done their full work, when he has learned all that is to be learned through contact with material life, and when, therefore material life has no longer a claim or a profit, he enters upon the next world with full equipment for all its demands and all its possibilities. In this first respect Theosophy, therefore, meets the difficulty I have suggested.

Second, it gives an accurate account of the nature and functions of the human mind. The ordinary conception of man's nature is that embodied in the analysis of St. Paul, namely, into body, soul and spirit—an analysis good so far as it goes but not complete. In its more searching division Theosophy proclaims the seven principles, showing the distinction between the temporary and the enduring parts of the man, clearly distinguishing between what is transient and what is essential. It explains how that for the perception of the material world and for the operation of that on lower planes, there exists, on a lower stratum than that of the higher, a spiritual principle, the lower mind and that this, as essential to its operations, has a physical brain by which and through which the lower intelligence functions. But above this is the higher mind, which sheds only a partial light through the lower, and this higher mind is superior to and not dependent upon the contracted operations of ordinary reason, and does not have its operations conditioned by a physical brain. When death comes, body, brain, and lower mind disappear in time, and the freed individuality thereafter functions on its own plane and with its own powers. This being so, no future learning needs for its acquirement a brain or that lower form of mind which we know as "reason" and which concerns itself with comparison and with ratiocination, but is remitted to the higher enduring individuality, which has its appropriate organs. And here again we see that Theosophy solves the suggestive difficulty by showing that the supposed limitations do not exist, and that we are not at all in our future career to gain our capital of knowledge and wisdom through the slow processes necessitated on earth.

Third, Theosophy indicates what is the new organ for the vision of truth. It is *intuition*. This is a seeing into, an in-

stantaneous perception of reality, an instant cognition of the actual—not a slow process of reasoning, not a balancing of considerations, not an uncertain grasp of probabilities, but a direct, accurate, searching sight of the thing as it is. Tools and implements and processes have dropped away, and the liberated soul, using only powers inherent in its own nature, gazes straight upon, into, and through Truth, perceiving reality and flooding its being with the immediate light which knows no mistake or distortion. There is a striking passage in the *Bible* which precisely illustrates this. The Apostle says that: "Now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face." This is it exactly. By our present vision the truth is through the medium of the mind. But that medium is never achromatic, it is always more or less discoloured by prepossessions, convictions, and prejudices. Nor is it free from inequalities which distort the view and confuse the outlook. Anyhow, it is a medium, and any medium is an interposition between the beholder and the reality. So, then, all our present gaze upon fact is through this distorting glass, but future learning will be face to face, the soul and the topics it gazes upon being brought into immediate contact, the learner and the subject separated by no intervention. Hence the method of future acquirement will be the simple turning upon a topic the soul's eyes, and instantly is perceived through this faculty of intuition the exact truth desired. Intuition has taken the place of reason, instant perception has supplanted slow argument, and uncertainty has been succeeded by assurance. And here again we see not only that no present limitation will inhere in the method of future learning, but that the old tools are taken away and a new and perfect one is in their place.

It is one peculiarity of Theosophy that it does not insist arbitrarily upon even the most unquestionable facts, but that it endeavours to make all things clear and reasonable to the student, most particularly endeavouring to establish their probability by showing their analogy with admitted facts. In this matter of future learning it does so not less than in every other sphere. Notice the analogy in each of the three matters I have mentioned. It is but partial, but it is suggestive.

First, as to physical acts. Nothing is more marked in physical functions than the translation of conscious and deliberate acts into unconscious and automatic ones. All bodily movements have to be slowly learned in childhood, each being the subject of long and deliberate care until they operate of themselves and without attention. The most common, although the most unnoticed of these, is the act of walking. Instead of being the simple thing many suppose, it is really a most complicated and delicate process, involving a constant accommodation of muscles and balance to the shifting centre of gravity, and, if it did not become automatic, would require a continuous amount of sustained attention which would make impossible any other thought. But its constant practice gradually makes it an entirely self-adjusted affair, releasing attention for other things, and we never concern ourselves with the movement of walking unless in insecure places or on slippery ground. Now the point is that very gradually and through repeated performances the physical apparatus works automatically in the important functions of life, and that consciousness is no longer concerned with it. This points to a state of things where instant, thorough, and perfect operation takes the place of one which exacts time, is only partial, and is but incomplete. May we not expect analogous evolution on still higher planes?

Second, this, too, is the case in the mental region. Like the physical, all mental acts are at first slow and deliberate, but by incessant repetition become rapid and unconscious. One of the best illustrations, which combines with it, however, a like experience on the physical plane, is that of reading. When we read a sentence the eye necessarily takes in each letter and each word, as also that combination into a sentence which conveys a meaning. Although not a letter, a syllable, or a word escapes vision, the process is so instinctive and so rapid that we do not notice it. More than this: inasmuch as a word is but the symbol of the idea, and as a combination of words into a sentence involves an extended meaning much more expanded and also intricate, it is evident that the mind in instantly grasping the thought conveyed by the sentence has really undergone the process of sensing every word, and combining their united meaning into a definite

whole. Yet, unless there is some confusion or unusual profundity in a sentence, in which case conscious thought is necessary to extract the meaning, the mind at once grasps with an instantaneous perception the whole bearing of the connected words. Automatic action has succeeded to a slow and complicated process. And here, again, we may infer a further development by which the process of reading itself may be dispensed with and some simpler, quicker mode of communication be made possible to more evolved intelligences. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that an Archangel might infer a whole inorganic universe from the contemplation of a pebble.

Third, there is an analogy in the moral sense. In early youth, and even in maturer years, moral judgments are often conflicting and uncertain. This is partly because the moral sense is as yet developed but imperfectly, even by comparison with the intellectual. Our perception of right and wrong is not immediate, and there are so many collateral and confusing influences that we are often unable to make sure of moral judgments. Nevertheless it is true that as men follow conscience and are ever on the alert for truth and right, there is formed a tendency towards a more accurate perception of where right lies. Steadily there increases a readiness to apprehend instinctively what is just and fitting, and, as this further evolves, the slow process of perpetual comparison is dispensed with and the soul responds instinctively to the presence of moral considerations. Then judgment on moral problems becomes instantaneous, the dictum as to right instantly presenting itself, the light of reality pouring freely upon moral questions. And this experience on the three planes again suggests that in a higher region still there may be one analogous, an automatic action superseding a slower process.

All these three analogies point to a condition of things in the abiding ego when lower and feebler methods have been surpassed and when intuition shall take the place of reason.

Picture, then, to yourselves in some faint way a highly-developed man in the spiritual sphere. He obviously has no physical body; he has not even the mental body, but dwells in the causal body, the enduring and glowing Augoeides. Movement to any other part of the universe is instantaneously possible.

Space is annihilated by a mere act of will. But so also is time. He gazes at any portion of the Âkâsha which it may be his pleasure to see, and reads the imperishable records of past events. Thus the tangible universe is at any moment open to him. Yet not less so is the intangible. His knowledge, his power of thought, his acquaintance with cosmic design, with cosmic processes, and with human motive, his perception of universal Law and of Divine mysteries, his undimmed memory —all are to us inconceivable. But there are, there ever must be, facts, problems, intricacies, still to be known. He does not ratiocinate upon them, he draws no inferences, he pursues no lines of thought. He simply looks at them and understands them. Some complication is encountered for the first time, some distant or recondite phenomenon in the limitless realm of truth. No research or speculation is needful; intuition is used at once, and the thing is known.

From this it might seem that omniscience had been attained, and that there was nothing more to gain. Not so. Knowledge of the *manifested* Deity may in ages be his, but there is ever the *unmanifested* still. Who can sound the depths of infinity? Far as the most developed being can penetrate into the Divine, there must yet be mysteries beyond:

> Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
> Veil after veil behind.

Only eternity can be adequate to the perception of infinity, and eternity is endless, as is infinity.

The substitution of a wholly different method of mental and spiritual advance in the hereafter is one illustration of the universal displacement which Theosophy gives to the old "orthodox" conceptions of human evolution. Yet it is only one. In fact, the very word "evolution" is such a displacement. It means a wholly diverse doctrine and process. It connotes another origin to humanity, another course, another system, another goal. If one cannot say that it is in all respects more consolatory, it is certainly more bracing, because true to fact, and more ennobling, because conducting to grander heights. And it does not shirk perplexities, it explains them. In this present matter of the means to future progress, it not only discloses

the way in which that occurs, the *only* way in which it can adequately occur, but it removes that weariness and hopelessness felt by every intelligent soul which looks out upon the future from the view-point of conventional ideas. What a wretched equipment for eternal pursuits is a slightly-improved temporal apparatus! How feeble is a finitely-enlarged mind for an infinitely enlarged sphere! But this disheartenment vanishes when we are shown the actual adaptation of means to ends, the new provision for the new needs. Nor is the consideration without a reflex influence on our present state. Mind is a tool, and we often feel its inadequacy and its limitations. Yet each exercise of it thins the wall between it and the intuition which lies behind and is making ready to function when the wall has gone. Flashes of sudden insight come at times to the thinker, the moralist, the aspirant. They presage the perpetuity of the endless day. They affirm the Theosophic doctrine that every human experience is but preparatory, a little contribution to that outfit which shall in its season expand to the limitless requirements of a limitless existence. "Now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known."

ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

THE MYSTERIES OF BACCHUS

"HITHER from shrines most holy do I come . . . . Chaste is the life I lead since I became initiate of Ida's Zeus; partaking of the same feast of Zagreus in the night, eating His flesh and pouring forth His blood, to Mother on the mount my hands upraising, I have been purified and bear amid the Pure the name of Bacchus. Clad in white robes I speed me from the genesis of mortal men, and never more approach the vase of death, for I have done with eating food that ever housed a Soul."—EURIPIDES, *The Cretans* (Fragment), "Chorus of Initiates" (Text, LOBECK, p. 622).

THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 77)

CHAPTER V.

CONCENTRATION

FEW things more tax the powers of the student who is beginning to train his mind than does concentration. In the early stages of the activity of the mind, progress depends on its swift movements, on its alertness, on its readiness to receive impacts from sensation after sensation, turning its attention quickly from one to another. Versatility is, at that stage, a most valuable quality, and the constant turning outwards of the attention is essential to progress. While the mind is collecting materials for thought, extreme mobility is an advantage, and for many, many lives the mind grows through this mobility, and increases it by exercise. The stoppage of this habit of running outwards in every direction, the imposition of fixed attention on a single point—this change naturally comes with a jar and a shock, and the mind plunges wildly, like an unbroken horse when it first feels the bit.

We have seen that the mental body is shaped into images of the objects towards which attention is directed. Patañjali speaks of stopping the modifications of the thinking principle, *i.e.*, of stopping these ever-changing reproductions of the outer world. To stop the ever-changing modifications of the mental body, and to keep it shaped to one steady image, is concentration so far as the form is concerned; to direct the attention steadily to this form so as to reproduce it perfectly within itself is concentration so far as the Knower is concerned.

In concentration, the consciousness is held to a single image; the whole attention of the Knower is fixed on a single point, without wavering or swerving. The mind—which runs

continually from one thing to another, attracted by external objects and shaping itself to each in swift succession—is checked, held in, and forced by the will to remain in one form, shaped to one image, disregarding all the impressions thrown upon it.

Now when the mind is thus kept shaped to one image, and the Knower steadily contemplates it, he obtains a far fuller knowledge of the object than he could obtain by means of any verbal description of it. Our idea of a picture, of a landscape, is far more complete when we have seen it, than when we have only read of it, or heard it described. And if we concentrate on such a description the picture is shaped in the mental body, and we gain a fuller knowledge of it than is gained by mere reading of the words. Words are symbols of things, and concentration on the rough outline of a thing produced by a word descriptive of it fills in more and more detail, as the consciousness comes more closely into touch with the thing described.

At the beginning of concentration two difficulties have to be overcome. First, this disregard of the impressions continually being thrown on it. The mental body must be prevented from answering these contacts, and the tendency to respond to these outside impressions must be resisted; but this necessitates the partial direction of the attention to the resistance itself, and when the tendency to respond has been overcome, the resistance itself must pass; perfect balance is needed, neither resistance nor non-resistance, but a steady quietude so strong that waves from outside will not produce any result, not even the secondary result of the consciousness of something to be resisted.

Secondly, the mind itself must hold as sole image, for the time, the object of concentration; it must not only refuse to modify itself in response to impacts from without, but must also cease its own inner activity, wherewith it is constantly re-arranging its contents, thinking over them, establishing new relations, discovering hidden likenesses and unlikenesses. This imposition of inner stillness is even more difficult than the ignoring of outside impacts, being concerned with its own deeper and fuller life. To turn the back on the outside world is more easy than to quiet the inner, for this inner world is more identified with the Self, and, in fact, to most people at the present stage of evolu-

tion, represents the "I." The very attempt, however, thus to still the mind soon brings about a step forward in the evolution of consciousness, for we quickly feel that the Ruler and the ruled cannot be one, and instinctively identify ourselves with the Ruler. "*I* quiet *my* mind," is the expression of the consciousness, and the mind is felt as belonging to, as a possession of the "I."

This distinction grows up unconsciously, and the student finds himself becoming conscious of a duality, of something which is controlling, and something which is controlled. The lower concrete mind is separated off, and the "I" is felt as of greater power, clearer vision, and there is evolved a feeling that this "I" is not dependent on either body or mind. This is the first dawning consciousness of the true immortal nature, and the horizon widens out, but as though inwards, not outwards, inwards and inwards continually, illimitably. There unfolds a power of knowing Truth at sight, which only shows itself when the mind, with its slow processes of reasoning, is transcended. For the "I" is the expression of the Self whose nature is knowledge, and whenever he comes into contact with a truth, he finds its vibrations regular and therefore harmonious with his own, whereas the false jars him and causes a jangle, by its very contact announcing its nature. As the lower mind assumes a more and more subordinate position, these powers of the Ego assert their own predominance, and intuition—analogous to the direct vision of the physical plane—takes the place of reasoning, which may perhaps be compared to the physical plane sense of touch.

When the mind is well trained in concentrating on an object, and can maintain its one-pointedness—as this state is called—for some little time, the next stage is to drop the object, and to maintain the mind in this attitude of fixed attention *without the attention being directed to anything*. In this state the mental body shows no image; its own material is there, held steady and firm, receiving no impressions, in a condition of perfect calm, like a waveless lake. Then can the Ego shape that mental body according to his own lofty thoughts and permeate it with his own vibrations. He can mould it after the high visions of the planes beyond his own, that he has caught a glimpse of in his own highest moments, and can thus convey

downwards and outwards ideas to which the mental body would otherwise be unable to respond. These are the inspirations of genius, that flash down into the mind with dazzling light, and illuminate a world. The very man who gives them to the world can scarce tell in his ordinary mental state how they have reached him ; only he knows that in some strange way

. . . . . the power within me pealing
Lives on my lip and beckons with my hand.

Consciousness is wherever there is an object to which it responds

In the world of form, a form occupies a definite space, and cannot be said to be—if the expression may be pardoned—in a place where it is not. That is, occupying a certain place, it is closer to or more distant from other forms also occupying certain places in relation to its own. If it would change from one place to another, it must cross over the intervening space ; the transit may be swift or slow, rapid as the lightning flash, sluggish as the tortoise, but it must be made, and it occupies some time, whether the time be brief or long.

Now with regard to consciousness, space has no existence. Consciousness changes its state, not its place, and embraces more or less, knows or does not know of that which is not itself, just in proportion as it can or cannot answer to the vibrations of the not-selves. Its horizon enlarges with its receptivity, *i.e.*, with its power of response, with its power to reproduce vibrations. In this there is no question of travelling, of crossing over intermediate intervals. Space belongs to forms, which affect each other most when near each other, and whose power over each other diminishes as their distance from each other increases.

All successful students in concentration re-discover for themselves this non-existence of space for consciousness. A true Adept can acquire knowledge of any object by concentrating upon it, and distance in no way affects such concentration. He becomes conscious of an object, say on another planet, not because his astral vision acts telescopically, but because in the inner region the whole universe exists as a point ; such a man reaches the Heart of Life, and sees all things therein.

It is written in the Upaniṣhads that within the heart there

is a small chamber, and therein is the "inner ether," which is co-extensive with space; this is the Âtmâ, the Self, immortal, beyond grief:

> Within this abide the sky and the world; within this abide fire and air, the sun and the moon, the lightning and the stars, all that is and all that is not in This [the universe]. (*Chhândogyopaniṣhat*, VIII. i. 3.)

This "inner ether of the heart" is an ancient mystic term descriptive of the subtle nature of the Self, which is truly one and all-pervading, so that anyone who is conscious in the Self is conscious at all points of the universe. Science says that the movement of a body here affects the farthest star, because all bodies are plunged in, interpenetrated by, ether, a continuous medium which transmits vibrations without friction, therefore without loss of energy, therefore to any distance. This is on the form side of Nature. How natural then that consciousness, the life side of Nature, should be similarly all pervading and continuous.

We feel ourselves to be "here" because we are receiving impressions from the objects around us. So when consciousness vibrates in response to "distant" objects as fully as to "near" objects, we feel ourselves to be with them. If consciousness responds to an event taking place in Mars as fully as to an event taking place in our own room, there is no difference in its knowledge of each, and it feels itself as "here" in each case equally. There is no question of place but a question of evolution of capacity. The Knower is wherever his consciousness can answer, and increase in his power to respond means inclusion within his consciousness of all to which he responds, of all that is within his range of vibration.

Here again physical analogy is helpful. The eye sees all which can send into it light-vibrations, and nothing else. It can answer only within a certain range of vibrations; all beyond that range, above or below it, is to it darkness. The old Hermetic axiom: "As above so below," is a clue in the labyrinth which surrounds us, and by a study of the reflection below we can often learn something of the object above which casts that reflection.

One difference between this power of being conscious at any place and "going to" the higher planes is that in the first case

the Jîva, whether encased in its lower vehicles or not, feels himself at once in presence of the "distant" objects, and in the second, clothed in the mental and astral bodies, or in the mental only, travels swiftly from point to point and is conscious of translation. A far more important difference is that in the second case the Jîva may find himself in the midst of a crowd of objects which he does not in the least understand, a new and strange world which bewilders and confuses him; while in the first case he understands all he sees, and knows in every case the life as well as the form. Thus studied, the light of the One Self shines through all, and a serene knowledge is enjoyed which can never be gained by spending numberless ages amid the wilderness of forms.

Concentration is the means whereby the Jîva escapes from the bondage of forms and enters the Peace. "For him without concentration there is no peace," quoth the Teacher (*Bhagavad Gîtâ*, ii. 66), for peace hath her nest on a rock that towers above the tossing waves of form.

Wandering Minds

The universal complaint which comes from those who are beginning to practise concentration is that the very attempt to concentrate results in a greater restlessness of the mind. To some extent this is true, for the law of action and reaction works here as everywhere, and the pressure put on the mind causes a corresponding reaction. But while admitting this, we find, on closer study, that the *increased* restlessness is largely illusory. The feeling of such increased restlessness is chiefly due to the opposition suddenly set up between the Ego, willing steadiness, and the mind in its normal condition of mobility. The Ego has, for a long series of lives, been carried about by the mind in all its swift movements, as a man is ever being carried through space by the whirling earth. He is not conscious of movement; he does not know that the world is moving, so thoroughly is he part of it, moving as it moves. If he were able to separate himself from the earth and stop his own movement without being shivered into pieces, he would only then be conscious that the earth was moving at a high rate of speed. So

long as a man is yielding to every movement of the mind, he does not realise its continual activity and restlessness; but when he steadies himself, when he ceases to move, then he feels the ceaseless motion of the mind he has hitherto obeyed.

If the beginner knows these facts, he will not be discouraged at the very commencement of his efforts by meeting with this universal experience, but will, taking it for granted, go quietly on with his task. And, after all, he is but repeating the experience voiced by Arjuna five thousand years ago:

> This Yoga which Thou hast declared to be by equanimity, O slayer of Madhu, I see no stable foundation for it, owing to restlessness; for the mind is verily restless, O Kṛishṇa! it is impetuous, strong and difficult to bend; I deem it as hard to curb as the wind.

And still is true the answer, the answer pointing out the *only* way to success:

> Without doubt, O mighty-armed, the mind is hard to curb and restless; but it may be curbed by constant practice and by indifference. (*Bhagavad Gítâ*, vi. 35, 36.)

The mind thus steadied will not be so easily thrown off its balance by the wandering thoughts from other minds, ever seeking to effect a lodgment, the vagrant crowd which continually encircles us. The mind used to concentration retains always a certain positiveness, and is not readily shaped by unlicensed intruders.

All people who are training their minds should maintain an attitude of steady watchfulness with regard to the thoughts that "come into the mind," and should exercise towards them a constant selection. The refusal to harbour evil thoughts, their prompt ejection if they effect an entry, the immediate replacement of an evil thought by a good one of the opposite character—this practice will so tune the mind that after a time it will act automatically, repelling the evil of its own accord. Harmonious rhythmical vibrations repel the inharmonious and irregular; they fly off from the rhythmically vibrating surface as a stone that strikes against a whirling wheel. Living, as we all do, in a continual current of thoughts, good and evil, we need to cultivate the selective action of the mind so that the good may be automatically drawn in, the evil automatically repelled.

The mind is like a magnet, attracting and repelling, and the nature of its attractions and repulsions can be determined by ourselves. If we watch the thoughts which come into our minds, we shall find that they are of the same kind as those which we habitually encourage. The mind attracts the thoughts which are congruous with its normal activities. If we then, for a time, deliberately practise selection, the mind will soon do this selection for itself on the lines laid down for it, and so evil thoughts will not penetrate into the mind, while the good will ever find an open door.

How to Concentrate

Having understood the theory of concentration the student should begins its practice.

If he be of a devotional temperament, his work will be much simplified, for then he can take the object of his devotion as the object of contemplation, and the heart being powerfully attracted to that object, the mind will readily dwell on it, presenting the beloved image without effort and excluding others with equal ease. For the mind is continually impelled by desire, and serves constantly as the minister of pleasure. That which gives pleasure is ever being sought by the mind, and it ever seeks to present images that give pleasure and to exclude those that give pain. Hence it will dwell on a beloved image, being steadied in that contemplation by the pleasure experienced in it, and if forcibly dragged away from it will return to it again and again. A devotee can then very readily reach a considerable degree of concentration; he will think of the object of his devotion, creating by the imagination, as clearly as he can, a picture, an image of that object, and he will then keep his mind fixed on that image, on the thought of the Beloved. Thus a Christian would think of the Christ, of the Virgin-Mother, of his Patron Saint, of his Guardian Angel; a Hindu would think of Maheshvara, of Viṣhṇu, of Umâ, of Shrî Kṛiṣhṇa; a Buddhist would think of the Buddha, of the Bodhisattva; a Parsi of Ahura-mazda, of Mithra; and so on. Each and all of these objects appeal to the devotion of the worshipper, and the attraction exercised by them over the heart binds the mind to the happiness-giving object. In this

way the mind becomes concentrated with the least exertion, the least loss of effort.

Where the temperament is not devotional, the element of attraction can still be utilised as a help, but in this case it wil bind to an Idea and not to a Person. The earliest attempts at concentration should always be made with this help. With the non-devotional the attractive image will take the form of some profound idea, some high problem; such should form the object of concentration, and on that the mind should be steadily bent. Herein the binding power of attraction is intellectual interest, the deep desire for knowledge, one of the profoundest loves of man.

Another very fruitful form of concentration, for one who is not attracted to a personality as an object of devotion, is to choose a virtue and concentrate upon that. A very real kind of devotion may be aroused by such an object, for it appeals to the heart through the love of intellectual and moral beauty. The virtue should be imaged by the mind in the completest possible way, and when a general view of its effects has been obtained, the mind should be steadied on its essential nature. A great subsidiary advantage of this kind of concentration is that as the mind shapes itself to the virtue and repeats its vibrations, the virtue will gradually become part of the nature, and will be firmly established in the character. This shaping of the mind is really an act of self-creation, for the mind after a while falls readily into the forms to which it has been constrained by concentration, and these forms become the organs of its habitual expression. True is it, as written of old:

> Man is the creation of thought; what he thinks upon in this life, that, hereafter, he becomes. (*Chhândogyopaniṣhat*, III. xiv. 1.)

When the mind loses hold of its object, whether devotional or intellectual—as it will do, time after time—it must be brought back, and again directed to the object. Often at first it will wander away without the wandering being noticed, and the student suddenly awakes to the fact that he is thinking about something quite other than the proper object of thought. This will happen again and again, and he must patiently bring it back

—a wearisome and tiring process, but there is no other way by which concentration can be gained.

It is a useful and instructive mental exercise, when the mind has thus slipped away without notice, to take it back again by the road along which it travelled in its strayings. This process increases the control of the rider over his runaway horse, and thus diminishes its inclination to escape.

Consecutive thinking, though a step towards concentration, is not identical with it, for in consecutive thinking the mind passes from one to another of a sequence of images, and is not fixed on one alone. But as it is far easier than concentration, the beginner may use it to lead up to the more difficult task. It is often helpful for a devotee to select a scene from the life of the object of his devotion, and to picture the scene vividly in its details, with local surroundings of landscape and colour. Thus the mind is gradually steadied on one line, and it can be led to and finally fixed on the central figure of the scene, the object of devotion. As the scene is reproduced in the mind, it takes on a feeling of reality, and it is quite possible in this way to get into magnetic touch with the record of that scene on a higher plane—the permanent photograph of it in the kosmic ether—and thus to obtain very much more knowledge of it than is supplied by any description of it that may have been given. Thus also may the devotee come into magnetic touch with the object of devotion and enter by this direct touch into far more intimate relations with him than are otherwise possible. For consciousness is not under the physical space-limitations, but *is* wheresoever it is conscious—a statement that has already been explained.

Concentration itself, however, it must be remembered, is not this sequential thinking, and the mind must finally be fastened to the one object and remain fixed thereunto, not reasoning on it but, as it were, sucking out, absorbing, its content.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE GOSPELS' OWN ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES

THE intellectual activity which has manifested such a remarkable development during the last three or four centuries among Western nations, has not only yielded remarkable results in every domain of exact investigation, but has added countless new facts to our common store of knowledge. In reviewing, however, the history of these eventful years and the mental conquests achieved by the application of the scientific method, no fact is more striking than the dearth of positive additions to our spiritual knowledge. In every other branch of human knowledge "new discoveries" have been made; in religion alone, as far as its facts are concerned, we are where we were before science came to our aid.

It may have been thus designed, and that we have to pass through the lesser mysteries of intellectual development before we can approach the contemplation of the greater. It may be that it is necessary that a more exact knowledge of the facts of nature is required before we can proceed to a more exact knowledge of the soul and of the Divine.

It will be observed that in the above we have spoken of the "*facts*" of religion, of "*positive* additions" to our spiritual knowledge, and of a "more *exact* knowledge" of the soul and of the Divine. We do not mean to say that there are no facts upon which to go, but that there has been no addition made to them by the science of exact observation. So far it has not been occupied with the facts *of* religion, but rather with the facts *about* religion; it has so far devoted its energies to an analysis of the facts about religion, that is to say, to the assertions of religionists, in order that it may clear the way to a better understanding of the actual facts of religion, the real nature of the experiences and emotions which form the ground of its existence.

For in every effort of the mind to arrive at greater certitude it must be that it should pass through the natural phases of the "turning of the wheel"—or to be more precise, of the involving of its sphere into its centre and its re-evolution in a higher phase. It must pass from the "Everlasting No," through the "Centre of Indifference" to the "Everlasting Yea," as Carlyle has it. So far the results of scientific investigation in the domain of religion have been negative, not positive. But who shall say that this is not a good and a decided gain, when we reflect that in all endeavours towards more exact knowledge and the purification of the mind, the most difficult task is to get rid of erroneous preconceptions and opinions? If the windows of the mind are encrusted with impurities, how shall we ever be able to obtain an unimpeded view of the sun of truth.

Now the present seems a favourable opportunity for passing in review the main results of this purificatory process as applied to the mind of Christendom, the only area of religion at present, we may remark, in which we can detect any sure signs of genuine effort in this direction. It is a purification of the *mind*, be it noted, with which we are dealing, and the only subject with which we can at present deal exactly in so marvellously complex a subject as religion. The purification of the heart is another matter, and upon this it would be overweening presumption for any mortal to pass judgment; He who sees the heart alone, has this in His keeping.

The present seems a favourable opportunity for such a review, because in the first place there is behind us a full century of painstaking investigation inaugurated by the scholarship of Germany, and in the second place the results of this century's labour on the basic documents of general Christendom have just been summed up in two works in the process of publication, which are intended as the standard books of reference for all Protestant teachers of religion in the English-speaking world. These two works are *The Encyclopædia Biblica* (London; A. & C. Black), and *A Dictionary of the Bible* (Edinburgh; T. & T. Clark).

The reason for the simultaneous publication of two works covering practically identical ground will not escape the discern-

ing reader. The former represents the standpoint of so-called "advanced" criticism, the latter, generally speaking, gives us the position of more "moderate" opinion.

Both are the work of well-known scholars, and even the "moderate" position shows an enormous advance in biblical scholarship and more liberal views when compared with the view-point of such a standard book, for instance, as Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. Both number among their contributors the best American as well as the best English scholars. But *The Encyclopædia Biblica* is rendered especially valuable by welcoming in addition the co-operation of the flower of continental scholarship; and this in no faint-hearted manner, for at least the half of its contributors are professors in the most important chairs of theology in Germany, Switzerland, and Holland.

It is well known that their predecessors led the way in biblical research, and that the present holders of the chairs of scientific theology have ever since kept in the forefront of enlightened criticism. Indeed, until some twenty-five years ago, when Robertson Smith so brilliantly fought for critical liberty in this country, really independent research was impossible, and English biblical scholarship had owed its origin not to the pure love of knowledge, but to a defensive and conservative league organised by the genius of Lightfoot, and made strong by his fine scholarship and unwearied labours against the inroads of so-called "German theology."

But now-a-days all this is being speedily changed; so rapid is the progress which is being made in every field of biblical research that it is a commonplace to note how that views once considered "advanced," or even "dangerous," are now held by not only the moderate party, but even by pronounced conservatives. Indeed, the views of Robertson Smith himself, who was so bitterly attacked by the conservatives of a quarter of a century ago, are now considered quite moderate by the advanced wing of criticism.

But while great strides have been made by many towards complete independence in the domain of O.T. research, there is still a general hesitancy in applying the same canons of judg-

ment to the N.T. documents, although year by year greater boldness is shown by many, and entire independence may be said to have been reached by a few.

It follows, therefore, from what has been previously said that though both the new dictionaries make for progress and are valuable contributions to our biblical knowledge, *The Encyclopædia Biblica* is the more progressive, and that though this may be considered as "advanced" to-day, in another twenty-five years it will most probably have to be classed as indicative of "moderate" views compared to the standpoint of the next generation. In this we do not mean to say that on *some points* conservatism may not be eventually justified; it may very well be so, but generally speaking, nothing can now prevent the unhesitating on-march of uncompromising investigation into the claims of those who have declared that they were in possession of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, of the religion of the great Master of Christendom.

In this review we shall confine our attention to the present position of criticism in its labours on the four documents which are claimed to be the main authentic narratives of the Life and Teachings of the Christ. To bring out the main points of this position, we shall for the most part base ourselves on the admirable summaries and carefully-documented expositions of the two scholars to whom the article on "The Gospels" in *The Encyclopædia Biblica* has been entrusted. This article consists of sixty-nine pages, each of two closely printed columns; the descriptive and analytical part is written by the Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D., and the historical and synthetical is contributed by Dr. Paul W. Schmiedel, Professor of New Testament Exegesis at Zürich, who is also responsible for an article of some thirty pages on "John."

At the outset, we would remind our readers that the enquiry is mainly with regard to the historical authenticity of the documents known as the our canonical Gospels; whatever the results of that enquiry may be, we are bound to face them boldly, and in prosecuting this enquiry we shall not be wise to start with a mass of presuppositions and prejudices based on early training, but simply with an earnest desire to get at the truth of

the matter. For ourselves we have no fear of the results, whatever they may be, because we do not base our belief in the mastership of the Christ or in the basic truths of religion on any special documents, but on a general study of the history of religion, and on a consensus of evidence as to the marvellous exaltation of feeling and thought wrought by the inner impulse given to things religious in the Western world by the compelling presence of the Master of Christendom.

For convenience of reference we shall use abbreviations of the names Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, to distinguish the four documents under discussion; but it should be understood that this does not prejudge the question of the authorship.

First, then, to take up the main features of the question of internal evidence as to origin afforded by the documents themselves, as set forth by Dr. Abbott. Of these four writings the first three so often agree in subject, order, and language that they are regarded as taking a "common view," and are therefore called Synoptic, and the writers Synoptists.

Of the Synoptists it is found in general that Mk. exhibits the Acts and *shorter* Words of the Lord; Mt. a combination of the Acts with *Discourses* of the Lord; Lk. another combination of the Acts with the Discourses, with a further attempt at chronological order. The matter common to Mk., Mt., and Lk is known as "the Triple Tradition"; the matter common to Mt. and Lk., but absent in Mk., is called "the Double Tradition."

A critical study of the matter of the Triple Tradition leads to the conclusion that in this "Mt. and Lk. borrowed (independently of each other), either from our Mk., or more probably from some document embedded in our Mk."

The present edition of Mk. is to be generally distinguished from this "embedded" document by the frequent substitution of "he said" for "he says," or by the substitution of more definite, or classical, or appropriate words and phrases. It is especially remarkable that Mk. quotes no prophecies in his own person, makes no mention of Christ's birth or childhood, and gives no account of the resurrection, for the proof that Mk. originally terminated at 16.8 is admitted even by conservative critics.

The "simplicity and freedom from controversial motive"

of Mk. is regarded by Dr. Abbott as "characteristic of Mk.'s early date," and so, also, is the rudeness of Mk.'s Greek. Mk., we are also told, "contains 'stumbling-blocks' in the way of weak believers" omitted in the other Gospels, and this also is considered to point to its antiquity. We have here the general grounds for the now most widely held hypothesis of the priority of Mk., but these phenomena may be explained on quite different grounds, as we shall see in the sequel.

In passing to the Double Tradition (matter common to Mt. and Lk. but absent in Mk.), we must notice that there are two subordinate double traditions, namely the matter common to Mk. and Mt. and to Mk. and Lk., which considerably complicate the problem as will be seen later on. As to the Double Tradition proper, in general the Acts of the Lord are confined to the details of the Temptation and the healing of the Centurion's Servant, while the Words, or rather Discourses, of the Lord are very differently arranged by Mt. and Lk. The *exactly similar* passages are for the most part of a prophetic or narrative character. This Double Tradition contains the Parables, none of which, roughly speaking, find a place in the Triple Tradition.

We next come to the question of the introductions of Mt. and Lk., dealing with the nativity and infancy. These differ entirely from one another but for a citation of a fragment from Is. 7. 14, which, in Hebrew, runs: "A young woman shall conceive and bear a (or the) son *and shall call* his name Immanuel." In other respects Mt. and Lk. altogether diverge, even in the genealogies, which, however, have this much in common, that they trace the descent of Jesus through Joseph and not Mary. We are further told that "there survive even now traces of a dislocation between them and the Gospels into which they are incorporated." This seems to confirm the tradition of Clemens Alexandrinus that "those *portions* of the Gospels which *consist of* the genealogies were written first," that is, prior to our Mt. and Lk. The genealogies deny the miraculous conception, Mt. and Lk. assert it, basing themselves not on the Hebrew of Isaiah but on the Septuagint Greek translation: "The virgin shall be with child, *and thou* (*i.e.*, *the husband*) *shalt call* his name Immanuel."

The conclusions of Mt. and Lk. treat of Christ's resurrection,

and so does the appendix to Mk., but the genuine Mk. does not do so, breaking off abruptly at 16.8, "for they were afraid."

In the matter of both the introductions and conclusions Dr. Abbott points out impartially the historically irreconcilable statements of the Synoptists, as indeed he does throughout, in treating each heading of his subject, but for details we must refer our readers to the article itself.

With regard to the post-resurrection utterances of Jesus, Dr. Abbott sums up his statement of the case with the following weighty words: "We are warned by our knowledge of the various accounts of Christ's revelations to Paul that we must accept none of them as necessarily representing the actual words of Christ himself, though (in various degrees, and subject to various qualifications) they may be regarded as revelations to the Early Church, conveyed, during the period of manifestations, to this or that disciple, in the same way in which the vision and the voice were conveyed to Paul at his conversion."

And summing up his analysis of the testimony of Paul, our earliest historical witness to Christianity, Dr. Abbott further declares that these facts lead to the following general conclusions:

"(*a*) Words recorded as having been uttered by Jesus may really have been heard in the course of a 'vision.' (*b*) Words recorded as uttered in a 'vision' may have been heard in the course of a 'trance.' (*c*) The alleged occasion of utterance may really be a confusion of two or even more occasions. (*d*) Some of the words may have proceeded not directly from Jesus, but indirectly, through an inspired speaker."

In these pregnant sentences, we are of opinion that Dr. Abbott has put his hand to a key that will unlock many a puzzle of the early days. More than this, he has pointed to a factor not only of importance, but, in our opinion, by far the most important of all in the development of Christian tradition, literature and dogma. It is, therefore, all the more surprising that the contributors to this otherwise admirable *Encyclopædia* have left the enormous field of mystic Gnostic tradition entirely untilled; indeed, but for a very brief and absolutely useless article on the Gnosis by Jülicher, whose name is not known to any bibliography of writers on Gnosticism, there is no informa-

tion of any kind on the subject, and the new *Encyclopædia* has to hide its diminished head when confronted by the painstaking work done a generation ago by Lipsius, Hort, and Salmon in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*.

Turning now to the Single Traditions of the first and third Synoptists, Mt. seems to have been primarily intended for Jewish writers. Among many considerations which point to this conclusion the most striking is the stress laid on prophecy; this tendency is revealed by the frequent repetition of the phrase, "in order that it might be fulfilled as it is written"; the mind of the writer is dominated by this presupposition, to which he makes all else subservient. In treating of the internal evidence as to date, Dr. Abbott tells us that though some difficult and obscure passages may lead to the belief that Mt. has in some cases preserved the earliest single tradition, yet other far clearer passages indicate "a time when the Eucharist had so long been celebrated in the Church as materially to influence the general traditions of the doctrine of the Christ"; that is to say, there is no positive evidence of any kind.

As to the Single Tradition of Lk., the dedication speaks of the "many" written accounts already in circulation. Lk., moreover, writes in his own name, a peculiarity among the evangelists. He dedicates his work to a certain Theophilus, who, if not an imaginary "God-beloved," would appear to have been "a patron, a man of rank." The "eye-witnesses and ministers of the word" have "delivered" their testimony and passed away. The "many" who had "attempted to draw up a formal narrative," were clearly not "eye-witnesses," nor were they, in the opinion of the writer of our Third Gospel, successful in their task, they had not "traced everything up to its source," nor written "accurately," nor yet "in order." As a corrector in the Triple Tradition, Lk. is a linguistic purist, but in his introduction his narrative takes an archaic and Hebraic turn, facts which, one would think, point conclusively to two hands. The key-note of Lk.'s doctrinal characteristic as compared with Mk. and Mt. is that redemption is for "all the peoples, a light for the revelation of the Gentiles." As to internal evidence of date, Lk. describes the fall of Jerusalem (A.D. 70) as the result of a siege and capture;

this is also to be seen (but less clearly) in Mk. and Mt. Beyond this there is no clear internal evidence which can fix a date-limit.

Summing up the general evidence as to Lk.'s position historically, Dr. Abbott writes: "Although Lk. attempted to write 'accurately' and 'in order,' yet he could not always succeed. When deciding between an earlier and later date, between this and that place or occasion, between metaphor and literalism, between what Jesus himself said and what he said through his disciples, he had to be guided by evidence which sometimes led him right but not always." This judgment of how Lk. treated his literary material is based not only on faults of commission, but also on "Lk.'s absolute omission of some genuine and valuable traditions"—where we may point out that a totally different construction might be put on Lk.'s silence, and the deduction drawn that *he* at anyrate did not consider them "genuine and valuable."

The Third Gospel is evidently a favourite with Dr. Abbott, for he writes: "Every page of it shows signs of pains, literary labour, and good taste. It is by far the most beautiful, picturesque, and pathetic of all the Gospels, and probably the best adapted for making converts, especially among those who have to do with the life of the household. But, if bald bare facts are in question, it is probably the least authoritative of the four."

But it is just the facts which we are at present in search of. Now it is interesting to notice that Marcion (*cir.* 140-150), the first known critic of Gospel documents, preferred a Gospel in many things resembling Lk.'s account, but excluding his introduction and conclusion. Marcion rejected every other Gospel-account as utterly erroneous, including in every probability our Mt., Mk., and Jn. Marcion's judgment, was therefore, the exact antithesis of Dr. Abbott's opinion as to the historicity of Lk. Marcion may of course have been in error; but the main point of interest for the student of history is that the Marcionite view gained an enormous following, perhaps the half of the then Christian world. This fact proves conclusively that at this period there were no *provable* historical facts to which to appeal; it was all, even at this early date, a question of opinion.

Let us now turn our attention to the Fourth Gospel. In its

relation to the Triple Tradition "it will be found that Jn. generally supports a combination of Mk. and Mt., and often Mk. alone, against Lk."; "he very frequently steps in to explain, by modifying, some obscure or harsh statement of Mk., omitted by Lk."

In relation to the Double Tradition, the discourses in John have almost for their sole subject the Father as revealed through the Son, and lie outside the province of the precepts, parables and discourses of Mt.-Lk. For Jn. Jesus is Truth itself, and not a teacher of truth as with the Synoptists. Jn. never speaks of "praying," but of "asking" or "requesting."

Jn. in relation to the Mt. and Lk. introductions is apparently negative. He speaks of Jesus, *the son of Joseph*. In relation to the Mt.- and Lk.- conclusions and Mk.-app., in Jn. "proof" is entirely subordinated to "signs" or spiritual symbolisms. Moreover "there is a curious contrast between the personal and as it were private nature of Christ's last utterances in Jn., and the public or ecclesiastical utterances recorded by Lk., Mk.-app., and the last verses of Mt."

In relation to Mt. and Lk.'s Single Traditions, if we are to suppose Jn. had them before him, he treats them with the greatest freedom. Dr. Abbott, however, is so convinced that Jn. had our three Synoptists before him, and not only their respective common matter, that he thinks Jn. may be used as "the earliest commentary on the Synoptists." But the relation of John to the Synoptists may be otherwise explained.

Turning now to the Fourth Gospel as a Single Tradition, we first seek for internal evidence as to authorship. The text states that "the disciple whom Jesus loved" is the witness and writer of "*these things*," and adds "and *we* know that his witness is true." But the text of the appendix where it refers to the witness as writer ($20._{24}$) is uncertain.

As to the evidence from names, Jn. may be shown "to write mostly from biblical or literary, not from local knowledge." Jn. uses numbers in a symbolic sense, and his "quotations" from the O.T. are condensed and adapted to the context. Though Jn.'s style is simplicity itself, his method is exceedingly artificial, but quite natural to any one bred amid Jewish and

Alexandrian mystic traditions. For instance, "the thought of the perfect 'seven' pervades all Jn.'s highest revelations of the divine glory."

It is also to be noticed that the Fourth Gospel does not contain the Synoptic "repent," "repentance," "forgiveness," "faith," "baptism," "preach," "rebuke," "sinners," "publicans," "disease," "possessed with a devil," "enemy," "hypocrisy," "divorce," "adultery," "woe," "sick," "riches," "mighty work," "parable," "pray."

The Prologue is based on ancient traditions of the Wisdom —the Logos-doctrine. We have always, however, ourselves considered that this was taken bodily from a more ancient writing. Jn. is characterised by the teaching of the spiritual doctrines of the Bridegroom, of the mystic Water, and mystic Bread of Life, and especially by the grandiose conception of the Light and the Life. With regard to the greatest of all the miracles, the raising of Lazarus, omitted by all the Synoptists, Dr. Abbott, basing himself on the demonstrable acquaintance of Jn. with Philo's symbolical method, says: "He might well think himself justified in composing a single symbolical story that might sum up a hundred floating traditions about Christ's revivifying acts in such a form as to point to him as the Consoler of Israel, and the Resurrection and the Life of the World. For with regard to such miracles in general, Dr. Abbott believes that "marvellous cures (and not improbably, revivifications) were wrought by the earliest Christians, as indicated by the Pauline Epistles, by indirect Talmudic testimony, and by early Christian traditions. There, are signs, however, of very early exaggeration arising from misunderstood metaphor."

After dealing with the peculiar symbolic views of John as to the Passover and Passion, Dr. Abbott concludes: "Thus, amid mysticism and symbolism, as it began, ends the Johannine life of Christ." Its only historical value, apparently, lies in "correcting impressions derived from the Synoptic Gospels."

So ends Dr. Abbott's analysis of the Gospels in search of the internal evidence they afford as to their nature, date and authorship. The main features of their peculiarities, mutual relationships and composite nature, have been brought out; and we have seen how

little information they afford as to their authorship and date. The whole matter, as we see, is very gently dealt with and there is a studied moderation of view. But Dr. Abbott's preliminary analysis is only the breaking of the ice as we shall see in the sequel Our next paper will take up the external evidence as to these four interesting documents.

G. R. S. MEAD.

ON THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Know Thyself.

THE diagrammatic scheme which illustrates this article has already been brought forward under the title of "The Ladder of Life" in the January number, 1899. For the general principles on which it is constructed the reader is referred to that article, since these are essentially unchanged, and many points there given cannot be repeated here for lack of space. But in some instances better terms have now been found to denote the particular quality of conscious activity which corresponds to the vibration of the several kinds of matter indicated by the diagram. Further, the three uppermost circles, which denote the triple centre of individual being, energy, and consciousness in the Eternal, are placed together. The diagram is simply an elaboration of the archaic symbol, the cross within the circle, which represents both the macrocosm and the microcosm, the universe and man. The circle symbolises manifestation, the vertical line spirit or life, the horizontal line matter or form. So in the diagram, which merely multiplies the symbol seven times, the circles represent human manifestation on the seven planes of nature; the vertical arrangement indicates the life-ray pouring into the several lower vehicles from the Eternal Centre; and the horizontal divisions denote the seven sub-planes of the matter of each plane which go to make up the corresponding vehicle,

Vehicles and their Combinations	Powers: Passive	Powers: Active
V. of Omnipresence	The One Existence	Being
V. of Omnipotence	Bliss	Creative Energy
V. of Omniscience	Nirvanic All-Consciousness	Omniscience
The Christos	Beatific Vision	Beatitude
	Devotion	Ecstasy
	Compassion	Rapture
V. of Understanding	Buddhic Wisdom	Comprehension
The Reincarnating Ego	Insight	Inspirations
	Intuition	Convictions
	Abstraction	Principles
V. of Thought	Ideation	Cognitions
The Emotional Nature	Acute Perception	Appreciations
	Higher Feeling	Emotions
	Feeling	Passions
V. of Impulse	Sensibility	Instincts
The Desire Nature	Acute Sensation	Tastes
	Organic Sensation	Appetites
	Massive Sensation	Wants
V. of Action	Stimulability	Movements
The Dense Body	Assimilation	Nutrition
	Absorbtion	Digestion
	Existence	Being-Reproduction

This arrangement of the planes and sub-planes in horizontal sections is the only way of keeping them distinct in a two-dimensional diagram. In reality, of course, both the planes and the corresponding vehicles of consciousness interpenetrate each other, and occupy the same space. In the same way the life-ray, indicated as shining down through the series of vehicles, really pours out from a centre in space round which the interpenetrating vehicles are built; from this centre of force vibrations ray out into each vehicle, and produce characteristic manifestations of life in the corresponding kind of matter. This centre of the life-energy we call the vital, instinctual, mental, and divine spark, according to the vehicle in which it is manifesting itself.

The over-lapping of the circles denotes those sub-planes of the matter of one vehicle which, when vibrating, cause harmonic vibrations to occur in the corresponding sub-planes of the next up or down the chain. It will be seen that the three higher sub-planes of one gear in with the three lower of the next; the central sub-plane of each vehicle is thus left to form a bridge in the matter of which the life-ray energises purely in the mode characteristic of the vehicle in question. Some of the reasons for this arrangement are given in the "Ladder of Life" article with respect to the astro-physical region and may be summed up as follows.

The first physical ether permeates every individual cell in the body, and by its vibration causes each cell to move and perform its special function. When this first ether is set vibrating by the vibration of the molecules of all the cells which make up the whole body, this etheric vibration is passed on to the second ether and here causes a harmonic vibration in the astral body, and a massive sensation results. Now we are told that such a massive sensation occurs even in the vegetable world, in which the astral body is most rudimentary; hence it is probable that only the first astral sub-plane is engaged in producing a massive sensation. But the body is also divided into organs and systems. When molecular vibrations arise in one or other of these, apart from the whole, the third physical ether is required to convey the organic sensation to the second astral sub-plane, and so

differentiate it from the massive sensation belonging to the body as a whole. Further, when the organs of special sensation are caused to vibrate a further differentiating medium is required, and the fourth or atomic ether will vibrate together with the third astral sub-plane. We have thus the whole body, the several organs, and the single cells of the sense organs as the sources of molecular vibration, and the corresponding three higher ethers as the connecting links between the three lower astral sub-planes, in which part of the astral body the centres of sensation we are told exist. Further Mr. Leadbeater tells the writer that he believes that this theoretically necessary arrangement is what actually occurs in nature.

Another group of indications are to be found with regard to the astro-mental or kâma-mânasic overlapping, the region of emotion. They are these.

On studying the descriptions of after-death states, it is evident that those egos which first function on the fifth sub-plane of the astral, afterwards find themselves on the first sub-plane of the heaven-world; this indicates, since the ego is unchanged, that these sub-planes are linked as bases for consciousness, and that while the desire-body persists the consciousness functions on the fifth astral, but when that body disintegrates the consciousness continues to function on the first devachanic sub-plane. In the same way the sixth astral and second devachanic sub-planes are, we are told, largely occupied by religionists; those who desire material glories on the astral, those who simply love on the devachanic. Now, no pious soul at this stage of evolution has reached impersonality; hence in all the elements of desire and love will co-exist, and when desire is exhausted on the sixth astral, love has its perfect expression on the second devachanic sub-plane. The same selfish and unselfish characteristics are found in the inhabitants of the seventh astral and third devachanic sub-planes. These macrocosmic indications point to a corresponding linking of the sub-planes in the microcosm, since the material basis of vibration is the same in both; consequently this triple over-lapping in the diagram can be accepted with very considerable confidence. From the side of the evolving consciousness also, this arrangement permits a complete

evolutionary sequence of conscious states to be worked out. If the experiment be tried of attempting to do this with an overlapping between the highest physical and lowest astral, or the two higher physical and two lower astral sub-planes, it will be found to be impossible. Thus theory unites with both practice and clairvoyant observation in confirming the system adopted. The strong distinction drawn between the three higher subplanes of the mental plane and the four lower, also points to a marked difference in the activity of these ranges of matter as bases of consciousness, this will be referred to further on.

The principles which lie beneath this system are three. *First*, that the four lower vehicles in which life energises are characterised by four distinct qualities, action, impulse, thought and understanding. *Second*, the phases which occur at the overlapping parts of the several vehicles, share the characteristics of both vehicles concerned, appetites being partly physical etheric vibration or movement, partly astral impulse or instinct. So emotions are partly astral instinct, partly mental cognition. So convictions are partly abstract mental cognition, partly buddhic comprehension. *Third*, the life-ray cannot function in physical matter till the lower four sub-planes are gathered round it and form its vehicle, while the three higher ethers are the medium by which the life-energy reaches the dense body. This is the case with the amœba, which is made up of solid, fluid, gaseous, and etheric matter, just as much as the human body. This fundamental fact must be the case with each vehicle in turn, since they are all moulded on the physical body. Therefore, really each vehicle consists of all seven sub-planes of the corresponding plane of matter, and thus the etheric double and dense physical are one, the etheric and dense astral are one, the etheric and dense mental are one, the etheric and dense buddhic are one. Each of these vehicles is linked in sequence to those above and below, and all are developed from below upwards around the ray of life which is always pouring down from the Eternal Centre.

Such are the principles which are indicated by the diagram; they will be supported by many reasons which will occur to the student of Theosophy, especially if he will bear it in mind when

reading or reflecting. The whole great theory can be built up in the mind when it is used as a scaffolding, and much clarification of thought will result. The writer speaks from experience; but it is necessarily impossible to refer here to the hundreds of hints scattered through theosophic works, the many questions put to those who "see," the numbers of considerations drawn from science, philosophy, and experience, which have gone to satisfy his mind as to the theory. He can only indicate the leading features and recommend it as comprising all the planes and sub-planes of nature on the form-side, and an unbroken sequence of states of consciousness on the side of life. It seems to furnish a complete gamut on which life plays its wondrous tunes, and to correctly represent occult psychology so far as he can understand it. It will be found also to furnish a psychological key to elucidate and interpret much that is obscure in mystic writings. However, it must stand or fall before the bar of reason; if it represents a side of truth it cannot fail to be useful, if not it will go the way of all illusions.

The Vehicle of Action

It may be asked: How can a sphere divided into seven sections represent so vastly complicated a structure as the physical body? If we go back to the original germ-cell from which the body is developed, it *is* a sphere, and is made up of solid, fluid and gaseous matter, and interpenetrated by the ethers. The curves of the surface of the adult body are also all parts of spheres. But the different sorts of matter and ether are distributed throughout the body, not ranged in layers as in the diagram. Very true; but they are so arranged to indicate the path of the vibrations from the solid matter to the fluid and molecular or gaseous, and thence to the ethers, and from these, by harmonic vibration, to the astral and other vehicles. However perfectly these varieties of matter are mixed up in nature, this vibratory sequence is always the same, from the denser to the less dense; hence, diagrammatically, they may be properly arranged in layers.

The physical body is called the vehicle of action, because all action, both internal and external, implies movement on stimu-

.ation, and this is the fundamental characteristic of the life-ray working in the physical vehicle. The lowest sub-division represents the solid matter in the body, the presence of which is necessary to physical existence; were it absent we should sink into the earth like rain; hence a modicum of "dust" is essential to the make-up even of the soaring genius and the transcendent saint. Solid matter is the basis on which the evolution of consciousness reposes, and life working in it is the ultimate manifestation of the stability of the One Existence. But solid matter is the basis also of all the activities of the body summed up in the word being; hence existence is the passive side and being the active side of the presence of life in this form of physical matter.

On the fluid sub-plane absorption is the power evolved, for all matter taken in to build up the tissues is first brought into the fluid state; absorption in activity is summed up in the word digestion with all its multifarious details. On the gaseous step, the matter already absorbed is built molecule by molecule into the substance of the tissues, and also confronted with oxygen and decomposed, energy so being set free; actively these complex processes are summed up by the word nutrition. The first etheric sub-plane interpenetrates the cells of the body, conveys the life-currents to them and carries heat. It also vibrates in response to a stimulus from without or from within, and this vibration permeating the individual cells causes them to move and fulfil their various functions. So the body moves as a whole from place to place, or its limbs move in the activities of life. So the organs of digestion move, so the individual cells move, and thus all functions are performed. But this first ether, belonging to the individual cells, when caused to vibrate passes the vibration on to the second ether and this vibration awakes a harmonic one in the dense matter of the astral body.

The Vehicle of Impulse

This, the astral body, is best understood by analogy with the physical. It is generally called the desire-body, but it is also the body of aversion; the word impulse implies both attraction and repulsion, and is perhaps less invidious, so it is to be preferred. The life-ray working in this vehicle is characterised by impulse, just as in the physical body it is characterised by

movement or action. As vibrations arising in the dense body, or reaching its sense organs from the outer world, cause the interpenetrating ethers to vibrate, so these same vibrations passed on to the dense astral body arouse its power of sensibility, and cause an impulse of attraction or repulsion in response to the sensation. This reflected back on to the dense body as an instinctive impulse causes that vehicle to move towards or away from the original external stimulus; or to make movements to rid itself of the cause of any inharmonious molecular vibration arising in it as a whole, or in any of its organs. Such instincts, developed in the sub-human period of evolution, are directed to the preservation of the individual life, or to the propagation of the species; without them physical existence would tend to cease. Consequently, they are essentially good in themselves. Massive sensation arises in the astral body in response to molecular vibrations arising in the physical body as a whole; when these are harmonious the massive sensation is pleasant, when jarring it is painful. In harmonious vibrations, the primary wants, corresponding to the several sub-planes of matter in the body, are caused by want of food, water, air, or heat, for the amœba requires these as much as the human organism. The corresponding sensation follows the molecular vibration, and instinctive movements result; by these movements the wants are supplied or life ceases. But in our complex bodies, these wants are referred by the mind to the organs concerned, and the sensations of hunger, etc., though really massive, since the whole body wants the food, are classed as appetites. These being absent the massive sensation we experience is that of being generally well or generally ill, this last ranging from "general *malaise*" to "general collapse." The organic sensations arise further when any organic system requires exercise, and impel to the corresponding action; they also arise when the molecular vibrations in any organ are inharmonious, this is internal pain existing apart from the organ of touch. Both massive and organic sensations then bring inharmonious conditions of the physical vehicle into consciousness as feelings. When all is going right we feel the "joy of life"; it is a pleasure to exist. Did we treat our bodies perfectly rightly this state would be permanent, and we should have put an end to

pain. Then the astral vehicle would manifest in the lower world the bliss, just as the physical vehicle manifests the stability of the One Existence.

The acute sensations are caused by the etheric vibrations of the external world stimulating the ethers in the organs of special sense, and being harmonically passed on to the astral centres. The impulse to exercise these senses results in what we call our tastes. It will now be plain that sensation is caused by a joint vibration of the astral and physical vehicles, and that it has the characteristics of both combined; it is partly a vibration or *movement* of the etheric double, and partly a vibration or *impulse* of the astral body. This, since we desire pleasant sensations, is marked the desire nature in the scheme. It is evident that the acute sensations are very different from the organic ones, which should be always absent. Acute sensation is the real function of the balanced astral body, and its fine vibrations are blurred when inharmonious sensations or pains are allowed to exist. It is impossible to see or hear with perfect precision if the brain is being shaken by violent pain, or agitated by jarring vibrations caused by misuse of any organ, or by imperfect fulfilment of any organic function. To play ducks and drakes with the physical body is to incapacitate it as the organ of acute perception and expert action, the two most important functions for which it is brought into existence. But the sensations to be felt must pass over the astral bridge, in which pure instincts inhere, and so reach the mental body.

A. H. WARD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE Mysteries of Father Liber (Bacchus) are concerned with the purification of the soul.—SERVIUS, *ad. Georg.*, ii. 389.

THE TELLER OF DROLLS

Sir Richard Rosvean was thirty years old when, in the opening years of the nineteenth century, he succeeded unexpectedly to the title, and assumed the position of landlord, ruler, and general disposer of the affairs of Ruan by the Pool, Cornwall.

He was a man who possessed in a marked degree the power of extracting the beauty and poetry which lurk in the ugliest things, and making them as though they were not! In his society the sea became a large reservoir for the better conservation of the more costly kinds of fish, and the whole social fabric a machine for providing perfectly appointed houses and well-cooked meals at rigidly regular intervals for the upper classes. This was the effect produced by the external man on the consciousness of his neighbours.

As a matter of solid fact this external man did not by any means manifest the qualities of all the mental and moral machinery that went to the building of the person known as Sir Richard Rosvean. He had a very strict sense of honour, a high courage, physical and moral, a nice sense of the duties imposed upon him by his position, and a sincere desire to do those duties. He was a born ruler, in so far that it was natural to him to administer affairs, govern, plan, and dispose of the business of his subordinates as seemed good to himself. He failed partially because he had a rather keener sense of his own rights than of the necessities of his people. He also failed because he was constitutionally unable to see another person's mental and emotional position if it was alien to his own.

Thus he was by no means the man to understand the peasantry amongst whom his lot was cast. He missed their spirit as wholly as Ulian Penaluna caught it. Ulian Penaluna was, as his name indicates, a Cornishman. It was perhaps true to say of him that he was so fatally able to feel and see as others

felt and saw, that he had no "sticking place" for his own mental attitude on any given subject. Because he had a vivid imagination, a poet's power of dream and abstraction, a sense of dramatic fitness, and a picturesque power of expression, he was a very fit mouthpiece to voice the grievances of the voiceless. He was mentally saturated with the genius of the people amongst whom he was born, and from whom he sprang; yet he was not altogether of them. He was permeated by the legends of the old land; thrilled through every fibre by her beauties; the beauties of the soft fleecy fogs that hung ghostlike about her dark headlands; the glow of colour of her waters, of her purple moors, of the golden glory of the withering bracken with which she decked herself so soon as the fiery breath of autumn made the ripe hedges of the whole west country burn with the light of hip and haw, red guelder-rose berry, and scarlet rowan and crab-apple.

Ulian loved the land and its people; the cry of every bird that called over the grey rocks and purple heather was as the voice of a friend to him. Always, from early boyhood, he had responded thus to beauty; from the day when he wept publicly in Ruan Church, because the Vicar, who had a delightful voice, was reading the lament of David over Jonathan, to the day when he shocked Farmer Trevose, who was grumbling at the presence of "them beastly weeds" in his cornfields, by dreamily replying:

"It's odd how flowers seem to grow where they'll look best."

Ulian was then eighteen, and very big and powerful for his age, a fact which probably preserved him from having his ears boxed by the indignant farmer. Ulian hated mining and disliked fishing, so that he had adopted a curious calling which was well known in Cornwall in the eighteenth and in the early part of the nineteenth century.

He was a "teller of drolls," a wandering story-teller, roving the whole West country as far as Somerset; going from farm to farm, from village to village, from fair to fair; calling at the houses of the gentry and penetrating always to the servants' hall, and sometimes, on winter evenings, to more distinguished company; he was present always at "geese dancings" and "furries"; sometimes he did a little farm work, broke a colt,

or helped with the hay, but commonly he earned food and bed by his "drolls," which were not necessarily as "droll" as their name.

Ulian Penaluna's father lived in a cottage on a patch of silver-grey sandy ground, where yellow poppies, sea holly and sea pinks grew. It was by the river, close to the ford. The river was swept by a tidal wave; the current was strong, the sands dangerous, and the ford still more so. Sir Richard Rosvean, a public-spirited man, resolved to build a bridge. In order to prevent people from crossing the ford he fixed upon that particular spot for the site of his bridge. To build the bridge he must pull down the cottage where the elder Penaluna lived. He went in person to inform him of this necessity, and to offer compensation. Penaluna was a bee-keeper, a skilful herbalist, and a physician to the sick beasts of the neighbourhood. He was a gentle old man, with a refined method of speech and a very simple and courteous manner. He was steeped in the lore of the country, and he looked at his landlord in horror.

"Your honour will surely never do that, sir," he said respectfully, but with unfeigned dismay. "You've come here lately, Sir Richard, if you'll forgive me saying so; else you'd never dream of bridging the river *here*. There's not a woman, nor man neither, but'll be stark mazed with fear."

"'Mazed with fear! What are they afraid of?"

"It's the Water Dog's Ford, Sir Richard."

"What do you mean?"

"The river claims two lives a year here, sir. Two people a year are always drowned in the ford."

"I should think so! It's very dangerous. I wonder there aren't more."

"They say, sir, that after Dame Tredennis's son was drowned two hundred years ago, she built a bridge, and there came an awful sickness that swept half the village away. The people pulled down the bridge; and they do say they drowned a young maid here to stop the plague. But a mile or so up stream, Sir Richard, wouldn't interfere with the ford."

"Bless my soul! I *want* to interfere with the ford. Penaluna, you're too intelligent to wish me to heed the ignorant

pagan superstitions of the people. You have given me an overwhelming reason for building on this site. When they see that no disaster follows, I shall have uprooted a childish superstition."

There was a "geese dancing" in the village three weeks later. Ulian Penaluna came home to ply his calling thereat. He found the village fairly convulsed with horror. Their landlord, their squire, an authority against whom there was no appeal was about to bridge the stream and bring upon the whole community the unspeakable terrors of the Water Dog's wrath.

Already the ghostly ship, the unfailing portent of disaster, had been seen to sail at sunset over the land, from the river mouth to the grey lichen-splashed Menêg on the moor. The women were more ready to mourn and shriek than to dance in the village streets; the men were mad with the rage born of great dread. Public opinion was at white heat; the village was a seething cauldron of fear, anger, and rebellion. The people were wild, fiery, and fierce, a lawless race, and terror acted on them as a spark on gunpowder. Sir Richard Rosvean, used to the sober-minded, law-abiding peasantry of a quiet village in the Midlands, knew nothing of the forces and passions with which he was playing. He knew "the people were discontented," owing to their "idle superstitious fears"; it was for him to show them they were wrong. He did not know that they were ripe for murder and arson from sheer terror of the unseen.

Ulian Penaluna entered the village; there were no drolls, no "three men songs," no revelry at that geese dancing, only fear and rage rising gradually to fever heat. The droll-teller felt the fire of their passion till a like flame responded in him. He did not fear the Water Dog so much as he feared the sullen devil which was waking in the eyes of the men, lashed and spurred by the terror of their women. Ulian loved the village and the villagers even as he loved the whole Western land, and he saw trouble ahead for those whom he loved. Swayed by their passions, moved by their terrors, he scarcely contributed to the peace of the people; indeed, he responded so fiercely that they appealed to him to be the spokesman who should turn aside this evil from the village. Therefore Ulian Penaluna went the next day to see Sir Richard Rosvean, and was admitted. Standing in

his presence he earnestly, and indeed eloquently, for it was his trade to put his thoughts into words which should move, begged that the work might be stopped, and the bridge built higher up the stream. Sir Richard's reply was curt; he had been offended by the sullen glances and ungracious manners of the people.

"Who are you?" he said sharply. "Spokesman for these foolish people?"

"My name is Penaluna."

"O, you're the droll-teller. I know your father. Don't take it ill when I say you've wasted time and breath this afternoon. I chose that site carefully—firstly, upon the advice of the architect; secondly, because it will prevent the people from using a dangerous ford; thirdly, because I found I could eradicate a mischievous superstition by choosing that place."

"You will do something more. You'll repent your choice if you persist in it."

"Have your—employers commissioned you to threaten me?"

"No. But you are threatened by your own actions. If you do this, there'll be a riot."

"Present my compliments to the ringleaders, perhaps you are one, and tell them there are barracks at Plymouth; since I'm a magistrate I need not trouble any of my neighbours to read the Riot Act for me."

"You call yourself a friend to this village! You're its enemy. You act from sheer love of oppression."

"Take care, young man," said the other coolly. "Whether you mean to be impertinent, or whether lack of education prevents you from seeing that you're officious and offensive, I don't know. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. Good-morning."

"You mean to build the bridge there?"

"I do."

"Then it'll be destroyed, and you'll be lucky if this house isn't burned, too."

"In that case you and your friends had better offer yourselves on the Water Dog's altar, if you wish to escape penal servitude. Arson is rather a serious offence, remember. Good morning!"

"Don't say I did not warn you."

Rosvean bowed; his eyes were contemptuous, but they were also very angry.

Ulian Penaluna walked to a stretch of moor, whence he could see the river and the village. His soul, since he had seen this man, was shaken with a curiously violent passion. Rosvean had had power to move him more than any with whom he had yet come in contact. He saw him purely through the mental spectacles of Ruan by the Pool. He saw him as the peasants saw him; but with a strange personal agitation, for which he could not account, added to the impersonal indignation. To him, for the moment, Rosvean ceased to be the well-meaning man, above the average in power and purposefulness, which he really was. In Ulian's vision he loomed as a tyrant, an insensate oppressor, a man who was about wilfully and wantonly to make shipwreck of the village.

"He does this from the pure lust of power," he said between his teeth. "He is a cast-iron block, a pig-headed fool, he—he—"

Words failed him in the contemplation of Rosvean, who was thinking about him very little, save that he was vexed a man so obviously his inferior should have been able to move him as much as he had done.

Matters were really as serious as the droll-teller said. Ulian, with less force and intellect than Rosvean, had his finger on the public pulse; his power of sympathy made him see what the other missed. If the bridge were built there would be rioting, destruction of property, loss of life, Bodmin Gaol for half the parish. This Ulian saw; and he gradually wrought himself to a passionate longing to avert this village tragedy.

"To think that one man can do this harm to a village-full," he thought, bitterly. "If he were gone—"

He did not know whether the impulse came from within or from without himself.

"If he were gone—" There was one way he might go, and if, because he went that way, Ulian followed him by an equally violent death, what then? He should save the village; he should "die for the people." He lay there and thought; until feeling

and passion made murder seem like self-sacrifice. He rose and walked quickly to his father's house. The old herbalist was out; Ulian went in and found what he wanted, an old Spanish dagger. He put it in his pocket and began to walk to Rosvean's house. There were pine woods round the house; Ulian walked quickly through them. He hardly felt his limbs, they moved so quickly and lightly. He became conscious that there was something in his action which needed alteration. It was not a moral doubt; it was a feeling that he was making a wrong move in the game. He reached the opening of the wood, where there was a gate. A man was standing there in the darkness of the pines. Ulian mechanically followed the courteous usage of the Cornish peasantry, he said: "Good night!"

"Rosvean," said the stranger quietly, "sees only one point at a time, where you see a hundred. He holds his views strongly, and he sees too little. You see too much for your strength. Help his weakness with yours, and make of them a single power. You are about to do what you tried to do before. It did not answer then, and it will not answer now."

Ulian started. "Who are you?" he cried. "In the name of God, who are you?"

"Good night!" said the stranger gently; he walked through the open gate out of sight. Ulian sprang after him, but he was gone. Stunned as he was with surprise, he did not relinquish his purpose. He walked more slowly towards the house. There was a lawn of old turf, with cedars upon it; it was separated from the path by a sweet-briar hedge in which was a gate. On the gate a girl child was swinging, her fair hair blowing in the wind. It was Chesson Quarme, Rosvean's twelve-year-old niece, his sister's child, and his own god-daughter. The child jumped from the gate. She knew Ulian.

"You shall come in," she cried. "You shall tell Uncle Dick and me a story. Uncle Dick!"

Rosvean sauntered across the lawn, and stopped, frowning. The lovely incense of the sweet-briar hedge went up to heaven between the two men. Penaluna was vaguely conscious that one could not do murder in the presence of a child.

"What do you want?" said Rosvean.

"I came to see you."

"On business connected with your visit of this morning?"

"Yes!"

"Then I do not choose to hear it. Good evening!"

"No, no!" cried the child. "I want him to come in and tell us a droll."

"Rosvean shook his head. The child rose on tip-toes to hold him round the neck.

"Yes, Uncle Dick; do, Uncle Dick. You must!"

"Must I, Chesson?"

Rosvean looked down at her and smiled. Ulian saw the smile as it lit the man's eyes, and curved his mouth. The droll-teller thought suddenly that here was an untried means of bettering the situation. What if he put before Rosvean the fears of the people in the form of a "droll." If he failed, there was always—the knife.

"One tale," he said, pleadingly. "Let me tell Miss Quarme one tale. It may be better for me, better for you, better for us all, if I tell it."

Rosvean's eyes met his; slowly as though under compulsion he answered:

"This one tale if you wish it, Chesson."

He spoke to the girl. He sat down under the cedar; and the child perched herself on the arm of his chair. The droll-teller stood within three paces of him, his eyes on the little girl.

"Once," he began, "once, long ago over the sea there ruled a king."

He paused; his words seemed to be dragged slowly from him; it seemed to him as though he were not voicing the fear and anger of a mere handful of villagers to a little local ruler; he seemed to be no longer the humble tale-teller, but a far greater man, voicing the agony and injuries of a whole people.

"He was a just man. Yes! *just*, as he saw justice. Yes! he was surely just and honest. He was a ruler; body and soul a ruler. To govern was as natural to him as to breathe. He desired the good of his people. Yes, yes, *that* I see clearly. He was a great soldier, too, a conqueror. He conquered and held tributary another nation. A people of a different genius, of a

different race, having other traditions, other customs, other gods. He sought to rule them by his own people's laws. The laws were good, but alien to the thoughts of the other race. And this king set over the people to govern them a man of their own nation, whose heart beat as theirs; whose thoughts were their thoughts, whose gods were their gods. And this man honoured the king as a great strong man; nay, more, he *loved* his conqueror."

The droll-teller's voice trembled; it well-nigh broke. Rosvean leaned forward; his eyes were startled, the drops were on his brow; it was knitted. He looked almost frightened.

"He saw," went on Ulian, "that it was well his people should be ruled by this great man; a man with clean hands and an honest heart. The land had been a Republic; popular ruler after ruler had risen, and been bought, and bribed, and sold. But this new ruler earnestly desired that the king should look through the people's eyes, and feel with the people's heart. And he would not. He would not understand; till at last, seeing, or thinking he saw, that worse would befall the people, that man conspired against his master's life, to place himself on the throne. Not that he wished for power. God be my witness, he did not wish for power; he was not born to rule. But he saw the people's needs and he loved them."

The droll-teller spoke rapidly, passionately, as though he defended himself. Rosvean never took his eyes from his face. Chesson sat, round-eyed, on the grass.

"That plot was betrayed, and the man was arrested and brought to be judged by the king. When he pleaded the people's cause, the king said: 'The laws are good, the fruit of the wisdom of our wisest. These people would have lived in peace, but you, outwardly my servant, have conspired against my life and my rule, that you might grasp the sceptre for yourself. You are a a traitor!' And the other cried angrily: 'What would you have? I was no ruler, but your slave to administer a law that maddened the men of my race. Such a slave must submit or conspire. I chose the last.' 'And you failed,' said the other. 'And having failed, shall die.'"

Rosvean leaped to his feet and caught Ulian by the arm.

The eyes of both met; they stood, the one man grasping the arm of the other. Ulian's breathing seemed to have well-nigh stopped; Rosvean's was quick and uneven.

"And you did die?" he said hoarsely.

"At sunrise," said Ulian in a whisper, "Just as the sun rose. The sand was pink; and the trees—in a line—over there —you remember—."

His voice died away in a long sobbing breath.

"And therefore," said Rosvean, his own voice very distinct but very low. "Since you died thus, you came here to kill me."

Ulian Penaluna did not seem to hear. Rosvean looked at him for a few seconds.

"Come in," he said at last. "We cannot talk before the child. We will try to understand this."

He made Penaluna enter the house.

"I do not know what I have been saying," began the droll-teller faintly. "I came here to —"

"To kill me. I know that."

"It seemed better to do that, and die for it, than— There'll be a riot, and ruin for half the village."

"Not necessarily. Sit down and let us talk. I will tell you what you have been saying."

Slowly he repeated the words down to his own exclamation and Ulian's answer.

"Do you remember?" he said in a whisper.

"Yes!"

"So do I."

There was a pause.

"If we are mad," said Rosvean, "we will try to learn from our madness. As you spoke this thing it seemed to be true; it seems to be true now. Long ago you tried to make me understand, and died because you failed. Try again to-day, will you?"

Ulian tried again. He told of the people's agonised fear, of their prejudices, their beliefs, their customs. Rosvean listened.

"You know them," he said musingly. "Beyond a doubt you know them. Now will you try to understand me equally well, if I explain my views, and what I wish to do."

He spoke so gently, so courteously, with such willingness to explain, such a desire to be understood, that he brought the tears into his listener's eyes. Rosvean began to explain. Ulian's eyes kindled.

"All that you want to do is good," he cried eagerly. "If it were done slowly, carefully; if you made them see."

"*You* might make them see, if you will work with me. You, who have their confidence and to whom they listen. Tell them I am not an ogre. I want to help them."

"May I tell them you will build that bridge up stream?"

"Y—yes," said Rosvean slowly. This was very distasteful to him, but he had seen past and present as by a flash of light, and he was shaken by the sight. "Yes. Tell them I will build up higher, Ulian."

* * * *

Now a year afterwards, when there was peace in Ruan by the Pool, and the bridge stood a mile up stream, Sir Richard Rosvean rode across it with his bailiff and agent, who was as his own right hand; nay! despite the difference in birth and station, well nigh as his brother.

"We were surely mad that night," said Rosvean. "If it were more than a delusion, I should have to give my life for yours, or you must take mine."

"Surely not; if that which you did was just."

"True," said Rosvean. "But if I felt—then, as I felt that night, I was angry enough to *wish* your death. It was a personal rage against you."

"I think we were not deluded. But whether you give me your life freely, or I take it unwillingly, it will be given or taken in love, not hate."

"That is true. Therefore, I suppose it matters little either way. But if it must be, I wish it might be the first."

And this wish was granted to him two years later, when the river was in flood, and the Water Dog claimed many lives of Ruan by the Pool.

MICHAEL WOOD.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Platonic Symposium

The Meaning of Good: A Dialogue. By G. Lowes Dickinson, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. (Glasgow: Maclehose and Sons; 1901.)

Eight Englishmen, mutual friends, are gathered together on a holiday in Switzerland; they are drawn into a discussion on the meaning of Good, and Mr. Dickinson reports their arguments and criticisms. Since the days of Plato many have adopted the dialogue form of philosophic exposition, but few have really succeeded; the adoption of this form in the present instance, however, is justified, for the endeavour is not to present a dogmatic view of the subject, but to allow the mind to play round it from various and often antagonistic points of view. It must be admitted that the arguments are at times somewhat dull, or rather will be thought so by the ordinary reader, and that one welcomes with gladness the sallies of wit or humorous bursts of indignation which too occasionally besprinkle the pages. Nevertheless the dialogue is highly instructive, and deserves careful consideration, especially by those who are very sure they know what Good is. The great art of the book lies in the fact that it describes the actual state of affairs—the clash of opinion among ordinary thinking men and the great uncertainty as to the purpose of life. The protagonist (Mr. Dickinson himself) throughout the dialogue shows a slight leaning to rhapsodising, as he calls it; to put forward occasionally something positive in all the uncertainty, and finally, when the argument has arrived at nothing in particular, and it is clearly seen that the reason cannot decide the matter, he recounts a mysterious experience, which he says has never ceased to affect his thoughts and life. This experience is a very curious dream, "if dream it was." He describes how that, under the influence of an anæsthetic, he leaves his body and becomes "more conscious." Some details of the dream are so very well sketched that we cannot but think the writer has actually experienced some such state of inner consciousness. He sees a vision of cosmo-

genesis and anthropogenesis; he hears the harmony of the spheres, and feels the throbbing of the life of the world. We are tempted to quote at length from these fourteen fascinating pages devoted to the dream, but it would be fairer to Mr. Dickinson to refer the reader to his interesting book.

The important point for us is that the first step towards any assurance that there may be a solution of the mystery, lies in the direction of an extension of consciousness; not that there is any solution intended even by so fair and instructive a vision as that described in the dialogue, but the sight of it gives hope that a solution may be reached, and that it presupposes the idea of identification with the life of all things, with the mind of the universe, and the will of Deity.

G. R. S. M.

An Excellent Manual of Neo-Platonism

The Neo-Platonists: A Study in the History of Hellenism. By Thomas Whittaker. (Cambridge: The University Press; 1901. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*)

We have read this excellent work with immense interest and pleasure. It is by far the best general work on Neo-Platonism which we have read in any language, and we sincerely congratulate Mr. Whittaker on the success he has achieved in treating so difficult a subject, not only with a clarity which shows his thorough grasp of the material, but with a sympathy which allows him to enter into its spirit. We most cordially recommend it to our fellow students.

It goes without saying, however, that there still remains much work to be done on this brilliant period of revived philosophy during the closing centuries of Græco-Roman civilisation. Above all we require translations of the masterpieces of these high thinkers—translations from the pens of men who understand their thought and who can clothe it in vigorous and fair English. The partial translations of Thomas Taylor, upon which the general English reader has to depend entirely, are difficult to procure, most crabbed and inelegant in style, and frequently miss the meaning of the original. We have no words of blame for the brave soul of Thomas Taylor, who a century ago fought single-handed the good fight. He did far more than could be rightly expected of one man; but he had his limitations. To-day he simply whets the appetite and leaves us desiring more.

Mr. Whittaker's book supplies us with an excellent introduction to Neo-Platonism and summarises the main features of the doctrines

of the masters of the School. We now need faithful versions of the original treatises. For we hold that this kind of so-called "Platonism" is not of merely antiquarian interest, but that the spirit of it will revive when similar conditions reappear; new forms will doubtless be found in which to clothe the spirit that lay behind "Platonism" and "Neo-Platonism," but true idealism will never cease in the world while man evolves. As Mr. Whittaker says: "Neo-Platonic thought is, metaphysically, the maturest thought that the European world has seen. Our science, indeed, is more developed; and so also, with regard to some special problems, is our theory of knowledge. On the other hand, the modern time has nothing to show comparable to a continuous quest of truth about reality during a period of intellectual liberty that lasted for a thousand years. What it has to show during a much shorter period of freedom, consists of isolated efforts, bounded by the natural limitations of its philosophical schools. The essential ideas, therefore, of the ontology of Plotinus and Proclus may still be worth examining in no merely antiquarian spirit."

No, the experience of such high minds in their search for inner truth will never be out of date for the majority of us. We may set their science of outer phenomena on one side, but their science of the soul and of the mind is not as yet surpassed by any modern speculators.

The weak side of Mr. Whittaker's treatise is, as might be expected, the obscure question of "theurgy," which played so prominent a part in the "exercises" of the School after the days of Iamblichus. We sympathise with him, for it is indeed a difficult matter for a mind shaped purely on philosophical lines. Nevertheless, we have learned this much of philosophy as well, that there are many ways whereby man can approach the gods and God. The way of pure thought, in the Plotinian sense, is the most difficult path of all, and none but the very few can in any way strive along it. Others must seek less difficult means of approach. Among these other ways, ceremonies and exercises, without and within, find their proper place; and we should be on our guard lest our personal dislike for any of these methods should lead us to an unphilosophical denial of their utility for others.

G. R. S. M.

Tolstoy's Anarchism

Resurrection: A Novel. By Leo Tolstoy. (London: Simpkin Marshall and Co.; Cheap ed., 6*d*.)

This is a melancholy book, for more reasons than its author was aware of. It is always a sorrowful spectacle when a great artist in his later years is led to betray his art—the one true reality *to him*, for what he considers his principles; when Cruikshank wastes his talent on Temperance cartoons, Ruskin writes Political Economy, or Tolstoy falsifies his observation, his naturally keen artistic intuition, for the sake of inculcating his views on the New Testament. The hero and heroine of this book are not human creatures at all, but only wooden dolls under cover of which he may speak his mind; and the pity is that no one can know this so well as the artist himself; it is a deliberate prostitution of his art, not in the least to be excused by the fact that he has come to believe he has something more important than art to give the world. Any Russian of his views could have written *Resurrection*—the inspired painter has come down to daubing "eikons" for the village churches, or caricatures for the elections.

Perhaps all may not be sensitive to this artistic fault. Many may, and will, reply that his talents cannot be better used than for pointing a moral; that it was his *duty* to waste them (if waste it be) to help to set right the evil around him. He has already in actual fact laid down the pen for the spade; and this book is only the same sacrifice in another shape—the deliberate sacrifice of the higher powers to the lower work which is the sum and substance of the new Gospel of Tolstoy, but to us the Great Heresy, the Unpardonable Sin. Let us, however, for the moment pass this question, and see how he has treated his problem.

The problem itself is better set forth by Tourguenieff, who in such tales as his *Virgin Soil* treats it in the purely artistic way, as the calm recorder of facts and not as the impassioned advocate of any side whatever. For us, it is easier stated in our own Theosophical terms. There is in Russia a vast mass of peasantry, mainly belonging to the fourth root race, and not to our fifth. A very curious illustration of this is given in *Resurrection* by the stress which is laid (as in all other Russian stories) on the horrible smells amongst which the peasants live undisturbed. Heine once described the works of a popular novel writer of his time as "positively *stinking* of bread and cheese and beer"; what *Resurrection* stinks of is not so easy to say in print, nor

is this the only point in which its "realism" is rather too strong for ordinary English readers. But if we remember the statement which has been made that smell is precisely the sense developed by the fifth-race, we have at once the explanation of the fact, and the key to the problem. For the puzzlement of the Russian writers is the gulf which lies between the peasants and the higher classes. The tragedy of *Virgin Soil* is that one of the educated minority, resolving to give his life to raise the down-trodden peasants, finds, on making the attempt, that they have nothing in common upon which he can work—that in spite of similar origin and common religious faith they receive him with uncomprehending suspicion and his work is an utter failure before it is well begun. And Tourguenieff, the conscientious artist, blinded by no illusions of passion, is relentless—his hero must die, the gulf *cannot* be bridged from that side. It is only by the efforts of the best men *of the peasant class* that the rest can be helped, not by the pamphlets and speeches of students of the Universities. Such is the lesson he has to teach; as I have said, they are of two distinct races and cannot mix. They are *not* brothers—only cousins, and that far removed.

But the unselfish devotion of so many of the higher race to the hopeless task, has raised a new complication. The arrangements of society and law are based upon the supposition that criminals belong to the lower and less sensitive race; but the unsparing activity of the police against the Nihilists has filled prisons and penal settlements with men and women of the most refined and sensitive natures, upon whom the discipline works as pure brutality—*barbarous* cruelty in the fullest meaning of the word. It is a similar case to the old slave times in America; you could make a negro into a mere chattel—treat him as an animal; but when you come to the *mixed* race—men and women as white as yourselves—and treat *them* as brutes also, slavery is doomed altogether and its fall is only a question of time. The outrage to human nature is too great to be endured. It is against this state of things that Tolstoy has written his book; we mistake it altogether if we treat it as a novel—it is a polemical treatise. The whole power of the great writer is devoted to the picturing of the evil done by the Russian police system, not only to the sufferers under it but to those who carry it out; and (as I have said) the indictment is drawn with the most unflinching realism. The heroine is a woman of the streets, whose "resurrection" is accomplished by the resolution of the man who originally seduced her to follow her to Siberia and marry her,

whilst *his* "resurrection" is that by reason of this self-sacrifice he is found worthy to receive Tolstoy's new gospel.

What this is we know already. It is at least a simple one. Let there be no more law, no soldiers and no police; then the "poor but virtuous people" will have no one to worry them, and the kingdom of God will have come. Briefly, anarchy. It would not be hard solemnly to denounce this, with due parade of texts of Scripture and doctrines of Political Economy; easier still to make fun of it. Neither attitude befits a student of history, for the matter is a very serious one. True, that this is Count Tolstoy's view is a matter of small consequence to any but his few disciples; but what is a matter of serious thought for all who have an interest in the world's movement is that he is but putting into distinct words the meaning of a blind, confused undercurrent of the world's tides, which is just now coming more and more to the surface, and threatening to engulf the progress of the ages and bring back "Chaos and Old Night." There must be no mistake or doubt about it—it means a deliberate return to Barbarism; the "flesh pots of Egypt" once more chosen instead of the arduous and dangerous struggle towards the Promised Land. The backward and unprogressive races, who are still the vast majority (even in so-called civilised countries) are everywhere, as in China at the present moment, growing impatient of the whip and spur with which we have been trying to drive them forwards, professedly for *their* profit, certainly for *ours*. We, the higher progressive races, are on our trial. We have not raised them to our own level; but that is no crime, it was not and is not possible to do this. Our fault is that we have tried to force our civilisation upon them, for our own selfish ends, whilst all the time only too conscious that we have failed to make out of it a life worth living for themselves. But to go back for an ideal life to the physical comfort and mental stagnation of the Indian ryot or Russian peasant as he might be if unvexed by tax-gatherer or policeman is only possible to an enthusiast with a new interpretation of Scripture. And it is of all things most important for us distinctly to separate ourselves from such teaching. *Our* hope is of a new state of things, in which the evils of modern civilisation, evils which arise from our individualisation, may vanish as the whole world learns once more its unity and solidarity. But this can only arise as a development of the old, not upon its ruins. The lawyer, the soldier, and the policeman, will fall away naturally when there is nothing to go to law about, no enemy to resist, and no class who live

at the expense of others, either by trade or rapine. But as long as the present organisation of society and the passions it has developed continue unchanged, to attempt to abolish the force which prevent these passions from tearing it to pieces, can only result in the utter destruction of the civilised world, the loss of all the gains of the last 2000 years and the ruin of all our hopes of bettering the condition of the human race for thousands of years to come.

A. A. W.

Science and the Soul

The Soul of Man. An Investigation of the Facts of Physiological and Experimental Psychology. (Cloth, 6*s*.)

Whence and Whither. An Inquiry into the Nature of the Soul, its Origin and its Destiny. By Dr. Paul Carus. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trübner and Co., Ltd.; 1900. Cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.)

From the pen of the indefatigable Dr. Paul Carus come two more books, both treating of a subject which bulks largely in the studies of our readers. Dr. Carus himself says: "The psychological problem is the centre of philosophy," and "in our soul, if anywhere, must be sought the key to the mysteries of the cosmos." With these, and other like excellent sentiments, greeting us in the preface to the first of the two works (which is a second and revised edition), we took up the volumes with expectations which we do not feel have been altogether fulfilled, and yet we have read both books with interest and pleasure—for, like all Dr. Carus' works, they are eminently readable. But all the time we feel as though we were watching the author in breathless pursuit of something which hovers just beyond his reach. We come across sentences which almost make one shout "Now he's got it," or emphatically declare "He can't miss the point *this* time"; but—he does. And the thing that is eluding him, the missing link, is just that which Theosophy could supply. But that our philosophy teaches us a wiser way one could almost grieve to see so clever a thinker grasp so much, see so clearly, and yet miss the vital point. It is like watching some strong swimmer beaten back from the surf-girdled shore, only we know that in the long run he is bound to reach it.

In *The Soul of Man*, the author has set himself the task of bringing together all the leading facts of physiology, anatomy and

psychology, and presenting them to the reader in their connection one with the other, and in their relation to religion and ethics. It is a pretty big programme but it has been, on the whole, worthily attempted, especially so far as the presentation of the facts goes, for Dr. Carus has brought together the results of some of the most recent researches in the several branches of science with which he deals, presents them succinctly, and embellishes his pages with illustrations to the extent of 182 cuts and diagrams drawn from numerous modern sources. From this point of view alone the book is worth the attention of those whose inclinations or opportunities do not make them close students of physiology and anatomy. Out of all the array of facts Dr. Carus draws many useful minor inferences, but it is when he comes to deal with the larger conclusions that his insight fails him. There is one protest which must be emphatically made against the inclusion of some statements based on the brutal vivisectionary experiments of Goltz, and others. The chapter on "Localisation" is sadly disfigured by these assertions; the general argument gains nothing by them, they prove nothing, but they suggest that the real science of the soul will long elude the seeker who works even partially with such untrustworthy tools.

In the chapters entitled "The Nature of Soul Life," "Central and Peripheral Soul," "Psychology and Religion," and "The Soul of the Universe," Dr. Carus chiefly sets forth his theory, which—in brief—it would not be unfair to call the "Dethroning of the Ego." The following extracts present a fair summary of the author's conclusions and illustrate our criticism of his book: "The peripheral soul is the separate psychical activities of the constituents of an organism; the central soul is the product of their common activity. The peripheral soul is the foundation upon which the central soul stands, or rather it is the ground from which it grows. . . . The central soul was born in its present abode. . . . The central soul rises from the peripheral soul. [There is no difference in kind but only in degree we are told.] The former [central soul] being taken away, the latter may continue to exist; but we see no possibility for the central soul to exist, if its foundation, the peripheral soul, is withdrawn. . . . It is not *we* who make our thoughts think, but our thoughts are thinking, and their thinking is sometimes accompanied with consciousness. Therefore, we should say, as Lichtenberg proposes, 'it thinks,' just as we say, 'it lightens,' or 'it rains.'" Mrs. Besant in her article on "Thought-Control" in the

February issue of this REVIEW, exposes the fallacy of this half-truth. And yet Dr. Carus can also write of Nature that "being a law unto herself and being a living power, she naturally makes li e grow according to law, *i.e.*, she organises in living organisms. Living organisms, therefore, can truly be said to be created in the image of the living cosmos. They are microcosms and can be looked upon as revelations of the macrocosm, of the immeasurable All. This is the more true, the higher an organism is, and most of all it is true of man. We cannot doubt that there is a scientific truth in the words of Moses, when he says: 'So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him.'"

On the Soul of the Universe we read: "Using the word soul so as to signify the formative factors of the various forms that have been evolved and constantly are evolving and re-evolving; we are naturally led to the conception of a soul of the universe. The soul of the universe we call God. . . . The idea of a world soul as the formative factor of the world is unobjectionable in science as well as theology, but a world soul conceived as cosmic consciousness, is not only an unproved, but also a fantastical assumption. . . . God does not die with the break-up of a solar system. The formative power of the universe will prove itself active again and again. It is a living presence, indestructible and eternal."

Dr. Carus does not attempt to reconcile these mutually opposed statements, a study of the philosophy of Bruno would show him that the immanence and transcendence of Deity can be rationally held, but it is only fair to Dr. Carus to add that he maintains that "a closer acquaintance with the modern solution [*i.e.*, his own] of the problems of soul-life shows that instead of destroying religion they place it upon a firmer foundation than it ever before possessed."

In *Whence and Whither* we have in reality a sequel to the previous work. Here Dr. Carus' conclusions are set forth, and here the results of the author's study of Eastern scriptures—Buddhism pre-eminently—become evident, but here again we read with interest and conclude with Tennyson:

> That each who seems a separate whole
> Should move his rounds, and fusing all
> The skirts of self again, should fall,
> Re-merging in the general Soul,
> Is faith as vague as all unsweet.

And although Dr. Carus writes much worthy and beautiful senti-

ment, with which we shall all agree, and although he maintains that by his theory "we can impart to life a significance that is beyond the intrinsic meaning of the moment, and, being the revelation of imperishable ideals, possesses a worth everlasting," we write "not proven" as our verdict on his case. With his deductions as to life and conduct we could have no quarrel—they are altogether admirable—but while, for a Clifford, a Bradlaugh, a Carus, it may be that from such premises life works out to noble ends, the mass of humanity will figure the same premises out to the old result, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

We do not know that we are in all cases inclined to accept Dr. Carus' translations of Goethe—from whom there are many quotations—as superior to those renderings which have become familiar, but that is a minor point. There is one item which theosophical readers should especially note in perusing these books. Dr. Carus attaches precisely an opposite and reversed meaning to the words individuality and personality from those to which we are accustomed, and when he writes of the relative permanence of the personal over the individual it has a curiously topsy-turvy effect.

E. W.

Gleanings from the Buddha's Sowing

The Imitation of Buddha. Quotations from Buddhist Literature for each day in the Year. Compiled by Ernest M. Bowden, with Preface by Sir Edwin Arnold. (London: Methuen; 1901. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Ten years ago we reviewed the first edition of this useful little collection and are now pleased to inform our readers that it has reached its fourth edition, being further rearranged and revised. It is pleasant to notice that four editions have been called for in ten years; but our old objection to the title still continues. It offends the susceptibilities of the lovers of the *Imitatio* and is not a good title in itself, for no wise teacher desires a pupil to copy another, but rather that he should grow of himself towards the thing he is to be.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

In the February *Theosophist* Colonel Olcott describes his journey to Australia to settle the Hartmann difficulty. Those who are not familiar with our literature may not be acquainted with the case, and it is one which should not be forgotten. A certain Mr. Hartmann had died, and it was found that he had left all his property, worth about £5,000, to the Theosophical Society and not a penny to his children or his brother, to the great scandal of the neighbourhood. The Colonel, on ascertaining the facts, declined to take advantage of the bequest; and with grand indifference to all legal difficulties in the way, made the property over to the rightful heirs; thereby gaining a reputation for himself and the Society worth more than the money ever could have been. The result of the whole transaction he sums up as follows: "When I went to Australasia we had three weak branches in that part of the world. When I left there were seven good ones, amongst whose members were thorough-going mystics and Theosophists, from whom I then expected much, and who have not disappointed me."

The number also contains a lecture by Miss Edger, "The Conditions of Progress." Mr. Webb concludes his article on "Theosophy and Socialism," in which he brings out clearly the essential point of the question—that no socialistic scheme has as yet been formulated which provides for the needful progress of the race—that all tend to stereotype and keep back, and are (as a politician would say) essentially "reactionary." A. Fullerton speaks on the "Study of Theosophy." Next comes Mr. Stead's article on his visit to the Parisian seeress Mme. Mongruel. Her vision of the position of things during the siege of the Pekin legations seems to have been wonderfully accurate, and her prognostications of a general war, European and Asiatic, for the end of this present year, are only too likely to be fulfilled. Mr. Stuart concludes his paper on the "Great Year of the Ancients," and J. Kṛishṇa Shâstri gives the due Indian colouring with an introductory article on the *Râma Gîtâ*.

Prasnottara (January and February) contains the Report of the Indian Convention, and the continuation of the papers on "Shṛî Kṛishṇa," "Emotions," and "Stray Thoughts on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*."

The Theosophic Gleaner for February publishes Mr. Sutcliffe's lecture entitled "Two Undiscovered Planets," whilst P. D. Khandalvala treats of "Moses and his Mission" according to the

revelations of Fabre d'Olivet, and Kannoo Mal's paper on the Vedânta is reprinted from *The Ideal Review*.

Central Hindu College Magazine for February contains a paper by Bertram Keightley, expounding the Monitorial system of English Public Schools, a modification of which is to be introduced into the College; and one by Mrs. Besant setting forth the reasons for refusing admission to married students in very clear and forcible style. In addition to these there is much of interest of more local character.

The Dawn (December, 1900), has an article on the "Arts and Industries of India," by S. J. Tellery. His point is the very practical one that what India wants is not Schools of Art to train skilled workmen, but work for the vast number of skilled workmen who already exist.

From *The Brahmavâdin* for February we take a pithy saying of Râmakṛishṇa, "Men always quote the example of Janak Râja as that of a man who lived in the world and yet attained spiritual knowledge. But throughout the whole history of mankind there is only this solitary example. Do not think yourself to be a Janak. Many centuries have rolled away and the world has not produced a second Janak." To Miss Noble's project of a school for girls in India we must wish every success.

Also received: *Siddhanta Deepika*, and the *Indian Review* (February).

The Vâhan (March) contains answers to questions how best to train ourselves to work for others; the choice of evils; the portion of the organism in which memories of the past are stored; and the old grievance of "devachanic illusion," etc.

Revue Théosophique Française (February) in addition to translations, contains the first of Dr. Pascal's lectures to the University at Geneva, and a touching little account of a spring festival of a Pagan tribe in Russia.

Theosophia (January) has translations from H. P. B.'s "Claims of Occultism," and "A Note on Éliphas Lévi," the continuation of J. v. Manen's translation of the *Tao-Te-King*, C. W. Leadbeater's lecture to the Amsterdam Lodge on the "Use and Development of the Astral Body," and a paper by J. W. Boissevain, entitled "The Indian Trinity."

Dev Vâhan (February) continues Frau von Ulrich's "Religion and Theosophy," the usual summary of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW and questions from *The Vâhan* follow, also the reprints of the funeral notices of H. P. B., the Address of Colonel Olcott at the Benares Convention and a paper by R. Schultze on Spinoza.

Teosofia for February continues Sra. Calvari's "The Earth and Humanity," and has translations from Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Ethics," Dr. Pascal's *Reincarnation* and Mr. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance.*

Sophia (February) contains Mrs. Besant's "Secret of Evolution," the continuations of Dr. Diaz-Perez' interesting paper on Moslem Mysticism, of J. X. H. on "Two Civilisations," and of D. José Melián's "Free Will": ending with a portion of *The Idyll of the White Lotus.*

Teosofisk Tidskrift (January and February) is not so dependant on translations as many of our magazines. With the exception of one from Mrs. Besant and Léon Cléry's "What is Theosophy?" which has appeared in our own columns, all is original prose, verse and stories.

Theosophic Messenger (January and February) is mainly occupied with Mr. Leadbeater's lectures and the Colonel's coming visit. A heading of one of the former is worth preserving: "An Eastern teacher has enumerated as the four great stumbling blocks to success for Europeans: want of thoroughness, want of perseverance, want of cheerfulness, and want of charity."

Philadelphia (February) has an original article by Carlos M. Collet, on "The Supernatural, Miracles and Mysticism"; also *Light on the Path*, with an introduction, with translations from Mrs. Besant, Dr. Pascal, Mr. Sinnett, and Mr. É. Schuré, furnish the remainder of a good number.

Theosophy in Australasia (January) opens with a paper by Dr. Bailey entitled "The Joys and Sorrows of the Atom." A very elaborate and useful synopsis of all that has been said as to the possibility of reconciling the existence of Chance with the doctrine of Karma is begun; whilst W. A. M. takes up the kindred subject of the "Relation of Forgiveness of Sin to Kârmic Retribution," a matter on which there is still much to be said. Perhaps what is most needful just now is to define somewhat more clearly what each party means by "forgiveness of sin," and what the "sin" is which is to be forgiven. The report of what seems to have been a very successful Convention makes the main portion of the rest of the number.

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine for January and February keeps up its enlarged form and its lively character. The more serious part of it includes a handy series of contrasts between popular religion and Theosophy, by Dr. Marques; "The Influence of Music on the Inner Nature," by Mr. Ernest Nicholl, of Hull; "Union

and Unity," by A. Fullerton; "The Successive Lives of the Soul," by A. Blech; and a paper entitled, "On taking Life as it Comes," by Mrs. Hooper, who does herself much injustice by describing it as "the wisdom of a fool." The New Zealand Convention seems to have been as great a success as the Australian.

We have also to acknowledge with thanks: *Modern Astrology; Light; Review of Reviews; Metaphysical Magazine*, containing an interesting article on that most Theosophical of books, Balzac's *Seraphita; Human Faculty* (Chicago); *Humanity; Monthly Record* and *Animals' Guardian; Notes and Queries; Neue Bahnen; Theosophischer Wegweiser.*

Also of pamphlets: *Malabar and Its Folk* (Natesan and Co., Madras, 1 rupee), by T. K. Gopal Panikkar, B.A., an interesting little study of the manners and customs of the natives, and of the improvements attempted by the English Government; *A Message from the Old to the New Century* (1*d.*, J. Freeman, 81, Wellesley Road, Croydon); *The Mission of Modern Spiritualism*, by J. Scouller (3*d.*, the Author, 147, Grove Lane, Camberwell); and *The Solar System*, a reprint from *Notes and Queries*, Manchester, New Haven.

Corrigendum

In the article "Planes of Consciousness," in our last number, the author desires to make the following correction. For the sentence (p. 41, ll. 19 ff.): "it would not seem so difficult to think that thought requires a *plane* to itself which we cannot think upon the physical plane, and such-like absurdities."

Read: "it would not seem so difficult to think that thought does not require a *plane* to itself other than the physical plane, whilst it is unnecessary to suppose that thought requires a *plane* to itself, and that we cannot think upon the physical plane, and such-like absurdities."

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