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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Anupâdâka

Since H. P. B. spoke of the Âdi and Anupâdâka Tattvas (see *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 498), students have searched for some mention of these in extant Saṁskṛit works. The Âdi Tattva is rather vaguely mentioned in the *Devî Bhâgavata* and its commentary (Bk. vii., ch. 32), but the Anupâdâka has so far defied research. The following statement, which we owe to our esteemed contributor, Bâbu Bhagavân Dâs, is made up of extracts taken from a work not generally available, dictated recently from memory by a blind Paṇḍit—Paṇḍit Dhanrâj—some account of whom was printed in the *Prashnottara* of 1897, and quoted therefrom in this Review. The Paṇḍit says that he studied the work under a Paṇḍit living in the Terai, on the boundary between Nepâl and British India, who has the MSS. of this work and of a large number of other ancient and valuable Saṁskṛit works on philosophy, science, and the scriptures.

The Saṁskṛit of the work dictated by Paṇḍit Dhanrâj is archaic and difficult to follow, but it is less so than that of many extant Upaniṣhads, or even of parts of Manu. The public may

ere long hear more of the work from which this statement has been compiled.

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"FIVE sense-organs are now known. Two others are yet unknown. The reason is this: As said before seven Manvantaras make a Mahâmanvantara; while two Manus make a Manvantara. Ṣhṛishti (the world) develops gradually through these cycles. Corresponding to these cycles is the evolution of successive sense-organs. In our particular Brahmâṇḍa (world-egg) the current Manvantara is the fourth and the reigning Manu is the seventh, as common Itihâsa (history) tells us. And with each Manvantara there takes place the development of one element and its corresponding sense-organ."

The Testimony of an Unpublished Treatise

Then follows a reference to an infinity of other worlds, where the order of development of the elements and senses is different, where senses and elements themselves are different, etc. Returning, the work proceeds:

"By the end of the fourth Manvantara, five senses and corresponding elements and attributes have appeared. The other two elements, Mahat and Buddhi, are latent; their time has not come yet. Before the end of the Manvantara, however, the attributes (qualities, Guṇas) of these two will have become (more or less manifest). . . . An element becomes manifest and known only when it developes its proper attribute and there is also developed a proper sense-organ to sense that attribute. The absence of the proper sense-organs is the cause why Mahat and Buddhi are not known. This is why the Buddhi Tattva is also called the *Âdi Tattva.* It is the foremost. When it is complete all is complete. The Mahat Tattva is similarly called, also the *Anupâdâka*, because it has no 'Upâdâna,' which means the act of taking,' 'receiving,' 'sensing,' and no 'Upâdâka,' which means 'receiver,' 'receptacle,' 'holder,' 'sense.' . . . In the sixth Manvantara the Anupâdâka Tattva comes into full play; it developes its attribute fully, and a sixth sense-organ is also born there. So in the last Manvantara, the Âdi Tattva manifests fully; and all the seven attributes and seven senses are perfected."

The writer goes on to quote an unknown Veda text which declare that the names of the sensations corresponding to Anupâdâka and Âdi Tattvas respectively are "Pravṛita" and "Samvṛita," as "smell" of the earth, "taste" of water, etc. The "sense-organ" corresponding to the Anupâdâka Tattva is the "Hṛid" (the heart); to the Âdi Tattva, "Bṛihan-mânasa"; when the Bṛihan-manas is developed, the worlds of Kâmaloka and others come within experience in the same way as the known worlds of the now current-senses; on the birth of the Hṛid-sense there results knowledge of the Liṅga-sharîra, etc. On the further perfecting of these knowledge of the Kâraṇa-sharîra, etc., is gained . . . . The development of these in oneself by practice directed by knowledge is Yoga.

Thereafter comes a statement that these common or uncommon senses *all* belong to the world of "Illusion," and do not constitute the Eternal; and then there is a brief discussion as to what is the difference between the experiences of the common and the uncommon senses, since in dream and Suṣhupti we appear to have already got some experience of the latter.

Further we learn: "Because of the intimate relation between Gñâna (cognition) and Karma (action) to each organ of sensation there corresponds an organ of action. Hence to correspond with the seven senses there are seven organs of action. . . . . But when these last two senses are yet so rare it is not useful to speak of the last two organs of action."

* * *

Babylon the Great

YEAR by year we are recovering long-buried relics of history, and any day may bring us the news not only of the entirely unexpected but even of the totally unsuspected, or even absolutely denied. And now we have got at the true Babylon at last, if we are to believe the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail* (May 3rd):

Reports have just reached here of the extraordinarily successful results of the German exploration party on the site of ancient Babylon.

Dr. Koldewey, the leader of the expedition, declares that the description of the city by Herodotus is right in the main facts, but quite wrong as to its extent.

According to Herodotus, Babylon was as large as Paris, London, and Berlin combined. As a matter of fact, its real dimensions were equal to about one-fifth of the superficial area of London.

The walls of Babylon, Herodotus says, were of enormous size and thickness. This is not so, as the German archæologists have proved.

The principal town was on the left bank of the Euphrates. It was built in the form of a triangle, the sides of which measured $4\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres. It was surrounded by still traceable walls. The diameter of the city was about 15 kilometres.

Much excavation has been accomplished with the happiest result. Several buildings have been unearthed which are easily located in the Bible. One of these is the Kasr, or palace of Nebuchadnezzar. This is identical with the Schuana of ancient Scriptures. The New Year's Day procession for the Temple of Marduk started from this point, and the King was obliged to accompany it on pain of the forfeiture of his throne.

The principal Babylonian temple, Amran, identical with the Egasila of the Scriptures, has also been discovered; also the road between Egasila and the citadel or palace of Schuana, called Ai-Bur-Shabou.

Imgur Bel and Nimiti Bel, the great Durani of Babylon, are not walls, as had been thought, but bastions,

The Babylon of the Bible is distinctly not the city, but the fortified palace or citadel of Nebuchadnezzar.

The hill Babil is probably the ruins of the celebrated hanging gardens of Semiramis. The Tower of Babylon probably stood near the Temple of Marduk, on the spot now known as the hill Sikkurat.

Many extremely interesting finds have been made, proving the extraordinary richness, elaboration and plenitude of detail of the decoration of the palace.

Certain reconstruction and restoration will be reverently carried out under the direction of Dr. Koldewey, who expects to be many years at work.

* * *

Tolstoi's Reply

SOME months ago we printed the sentence of excommunication fulminated against Count Leo Tolstoi by the Holy Synod of the Orthodox Catholic Church. Then, if ever, was he smitten, and smitten cruelly in every limb. To this smiting he now replies, and replies vigorously. What then becomes of his doctrine of non-resistance? In this, as in much else, he is entirely inconsistent. For instance, it is well known that his followers refuse to submit to military service; whereas the great authority on whom he bases himself, has declared: "If any man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." We should, therefore, imagine that, to be consistent, he would not only urge his disciples to submit to the laws of their country, but would even urge them to show themselves more willing and better soldiers than the rest. In his reply, Tolstoi not only resists, but resists with blows which are as severe as those with which he himself has been smitten. The following is the summary of his answer by the Paris correspondent of *The Times* (May 1st):

Count Tolstoi's reply to the Holy Synod's decree of excommunication is a long document filling two columns of to-night's [April 30th] *Temps*. This decree, he says, is illegal or intentionally ambiguous; it is arbitrary, unjustifiable, and mendacious. Moreover, it contains a calumny and constitutes an incitement to wicked sentiments and acts. Count Tolstoi takes up all these points, justifying them one by one. He says finally: "I have not repudiated the Church because I had revolted against the Lord. I repudiated it, on the contrary, because I wanted to serve God with all the force of my soul." He goes on to say that for more than a year after having studied the dogmas of the Church he submitted its prescriptions to a sort of experimental test by the constant practice of the orthodox form of worship, with the result that

he discovered that "the teaching of the Church is theoretically a cunning and injurious lie, and practically a compound of coarse superstitions and sorcery, under which the sense of Christian doctrines disappears utterly." He repudiates the charges of promoting a propaganda of his own views.

He admits that he denies the whole creed of Christianity considered as theology—the incarnation of Jesus Christ, the Trinity, the Immaculate Conception, etc., but he does not deny "God the spirit, a unique God of love, the principle of all things." He believes not in the Christian Heaven and Hell, but in the immortality of the soul and man's moral responsibility. He repudiates the Sacraments, and gives in detail his reason for so doing. He replies to those who accuse him of sacrilege for his description of the ceremony of the Lord's Supper, and, expressing himself with passion, he says: "If the Christ who drove the money-changers from the Temple were to return to-day and to see what is done in His name, he would certainly, with far greater and more legitimate wrath, fling far the banners, crosses, cups, tapers, and icons—all the instruments of their sorcery, all that helps them to direct men away from God and His teaching." He ends with a long and eloquent description of the God of love, Whose will is that we should all live according to the law of love as the condition of bringing real fraternity into a planet torn by dissensions. The final passage is really beautifully expressed:

"It may be that my beliefs offend, afflict, or scandalise some persons it may be that they disturb or displease; but it is not in my power to change these beliefs any more than it is possible for me to change my body. I must live and shall be obliged to die—and before long—yet all this interests only myself. I cannot believe otherwise than I do believe at the moment when I am preparing to return to this God from whom I came. I do not say that my faith has been the only incontestably true faith for all times, but I do not see any other simpler or clearer, none which responds better to the requirements of my mind and heart. If suddenly there should be revealed another faith, better capable of satisfying me, I would adopt it at once, for truth is the only thing that is of importance to God. As for returning to the doctrines, from which I emancipated myself at the price of so much suffering I cannot do so. The bird that has taken its flight can never return to the shell out of which it came."

* * *

The "Heathen"

THE inane and complacent orthodoxy of missionary fanaticism, that the "heathen" of all sorts and kinds, wherever and whenever found, "in his blindness bows down to wood and stone," is slowly but surely being undermined even in the hot-beds of the mission cult. That such utter ignorance of religion could have persisted for so long is almost incredible, and even yet it is but the thin

end of the wedge which dire necessity is driving into the thick heads of fanatical self-complacency. The "thin edge," however, is beginning "to bite" and even bishops are helping to swing the hammer. Thus at the recent anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the Bishop of Ripon, in seconding the adoption of the report, said (*The Times*, May 1st) :

> A hundred years ago the missionary problem seemed much simpler than it was now seen to be, people lumping all "heathen" religions together and painting them all black, without inquiring whether there were any degrees of blackness. The Christian world had now discovered the enormous difference between, for instance, the belief of a cultured Hindu and the crude fetishism of an African tribe. The study of facts had given rise to greater intelligence in missionary work. One of the great ghosts that haunted our grandparents had now been laid by the same spirit of determination to get at the facts—he referred to the idea that there was something discoverable called "natural religion," getting rid of the necessity for "revealed religion." Christianity had shown its vitality by surviving in all its simplicity and potency, reappearing age after age as clear as ever, in spite of men's efforts to confine it within Jewish or mediæval robes. He wished a concordat could be arrived at enabling all Christ-loving men to work together, realising which points were fundamental and allowing others to drop into a secondary position.

Even so it is only a question of "degrees of *blackness*" as it would seem! There is also still the suggested claim of monopoly in "revealed religion" and the further presumption that the form of faith of the speaker and hearers is the "simplicity" of Christianity. Dr. Boyd Carpenter is one of our most broad-minded clerics, but perhaps his audience somewhat hampered him.

* * *

The "Double"

STORIES of ghosts and accounts of psychic experiences are becoming such good "copy" that hardly a day passes without some reference to the matter in the daily press. In a long article on the subject by Mr. Andrew Lang in *The Morning Post* (May 4th), science is twitted with her nervousness on the subject in the writer's most entertaining style. The article contains some good stories of the "double," or instances of "false appearances of living people," as Mr. Lang phrases it.

> Of these I give instances, on first hand information from witnesses known

to me and of good character. The first is the case of a clergyman, son of a gentleman who, *de son vivant*, was Provost of Edinburgh. The son happened to fall asleep in a room of his club in Princes Street. He dreamed that he was late for dinner, that he walked rapidly home (about three-quarters of a mile), let himself in with his latchkey, ran upstairs, and looking down from the landing, saw his father looking up at him. He then awoke in his club glanced at the clock, and saw that it was nearly midnight. He therefore walked home, saw light in the house, tried his latchkey, but found the door locked. His father let him in, and said, not without severity, "What is the meaning of this? You let yourself in a quarter of an hour ago. I heard you go upstairs, I went into the hall, you looked down at me from the landing, and then, what became of you? I locked the house door." His son told his dream—and there was the puzzle! He was good enough to write out the story for me, attested by his mother, Lady ——, the father being dead. There is a parallel and well-known story, recorded by the dreamer, in the end of the Eighteenth Century. He dreamed, at Gloucester, that he visited his distant home, had some difficulty in getting in, went into his parents' bedroom, found his mother awake, his father asleep, and told his mother that he was going on a long journey, which he was not. Presently he received a letter from his father full of anxiety. His mother had seen and heard him, as in his dream. But it may be argued that the mother and son only dreamed the same dream by chance—which does not apply to the Provost of Edinburgh. He was awake and annoyed.

The other case is that of a lady very well known to me, who, being ill at a distance from her home and in great pain, seemed to herself to be walking down a corridor of her own house, past the door of a room used by her daughters and the servants' room. She was delighted at being free of her pain and with her own people, but woke to the unpleasant reality. The hour was just before eleven at night. At the same time her two daughters and three maidservants, who were sitting up, heard the lady's well-known footstep and the rustle of her dress pass their doors. They all searched the whole house, vainly, of course; the servants fearing that their mistress was dead (they were unaware of her illness, which was sudden), while the ladies suspected the entrance of a female tramp. All five witnesses signed a careful account of the incident.

Now here are cases of what people call "hauntings," a visual appearance, and the usual sound of footsteps and rustling of drapery. Friends of the respectable old theory will say that by accident the moment for Mrs. L—— and Mr. B—— to have a vivid dream happened to be the moment for Sir A——, B——, two Miss L——'s, and three maidservants to have corresponding hallucinations, though they never had any others. That seems "jolly thin," as the man says in "The Liars."

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THE latest marvel of telephony is Herr Poulsen's "telegraphone." It is an instrument for recording telephone messages,

The "Telegraphone"

music, etc., for reproduction. It differs from the phonograph, however, in that the vibrations of sound, instead of being imprinted on some soft substance, such as wax, "induce variations of magnetism in a steel wire." *The Globe* (April 26th), in its "Echoes of Science," informs us that:

This is done by connecting a microphone, or telephone transmitter, in circuit with a battery and a tiny electro-magnet of peculiar shape, having a steel wire travelling past its pole. On speaking to the microphone, the sound is translated into electrical vibrations in the circuit, and these induce corresponding variations of magnetism in the wire. By a reversal of the process, the magnetism of the wire can induce corresponding electrical waves in the circuit, and these in a telephone reproduce the original speech. We spoke a part of the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," into the telegraphone, and found it reproduced with marvellous perfection. The telegraphone has a great advantage over the phonograph in making the record by magnetic induction, which does not impede the action of the recording parts. There is a disposition among practical men to continue in the way of routine, and regard such a novelty with disfavour, calling it a "toy" as long as they conveniently can. Bell's telephone was a mere toy to such-like wiseacres, who cannot, or will not, see the man in the child. It appears to us that the telegraphone is a practical instrument, not a plaything, and that sooner or later it will come into use. Probably the Americans will not be the slowest to adopt it.

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The Mukden Library

We have on several occasions referred to the treasures of the Mukden Library which the fortunes of war have now made accessible to western scholarship. The following paragraph from the St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Globe* (May 16), will therefore be of interest to our readers.

The Russian Imperial Academy of Science has requested the Berlin Academy to recommend a savant of acknowledged ability to undertake the leadership of the expedition which Russia is about to send to Mukden for the purpose of arranging and classifying the many treasures contained in the famous Mukden Library. It appears that after having already conveyed several cases of these manuscripts to St. Petersburg, the Russian Government has given up the idea of annexing the whole of the Library, and intends to take possession only of the most valuable manuscripts and works, which will duly be presented to the Library of the Imperial Academy of Science.

PLOTINUS ON LOVE

Introduction

The treatise on Love, which is now offered to the reader, I believe for the first time, in an English dress, is the fifth book of the third Ennead of Plotinus. It is largely a development of the views upon this subject expressed by Socrates in *The Banquet* of Plato, and includes a profound and beautiful interpretation of the myth respecting the birth and parentage of Love, which is there placed in the mouth of the prophetess Diotima. I quote from Sydenham's translation of *The Banquet.*

"At the birth of Venus, the Gods, to celebrate that event, made a feast; at which was present, amongst the rest, Plenty, the son of Counsel. After they had supped, Poverty came a-begging, an abundance of dainties being there, and loitered about the door. Just then Plenty, intoxicated with nectar (for as yet wine was not), went out into the garden of Jupiter, and oppressed with the load of liquor that he had drunk, fell asleep. Poverty, therefore, desiring through her indigence to have a child from Plenty, artfully lay down by him, and became with child of Love. Hence it is that Love is the constant follower and attendant of Venus, as having been begotten on the birthday of that Goddess; being also, by his natural disposition, fond of all beauty, he is the more attached to Venus herself on account of her being beautiful."

With the Platonic Diotima, love is not a God, but "a great dæmon." Plotinus, in the following treatise, regards love under the three aspects of God, dæmon, and passion. It will become evident, however, as we proceed, that the apparent diversity of these views implies no real antagonism. Even as beauty, which is the object of love, is essentially one and the same in all things, changing only in appearance with the changing conditions

of its manifestation; so, beneath its multiform aspects, love subsists identically, owing its apparent inconsistencies to the varying nature of its objects and the degree of purity with which it is exhibited. However diverse its manifestations, they may always be referred to one or other of the three general aspects enumerated by Plotinus: love is either divine, or dæmonic, or passionate. As a God, it subsists causally; as a dæmon, characteristically. As a passion love may be said to subsist rather in seeming than in truth, being, as it were, but an image of the true love, applied to objects which are, themselves, but images of true beings. Whatever of pure and unselfish is mingled with this passion, belongs to a higher order, is true, and consequently immortal. But the passion itself is mortal, like the objects which excite it; it belongs not to the pure soul, but to the animal nature, which is inseparable from body.

These three aspects of love correspond, therefore, with the three constituent parts (if we may so term them), of the human soul.* The divine love corresponds with divine intellect, which, in its particular manifestations, becomes, as it were, the summit of the individual soul, although, universally, it is an essence higher than soul, being the source of its existence, and the medium which unites it with the supreme Good. Plotinus, therefore, says of intellect that it is both a part of ourselves, and something to which we ascend (Ennead i. 1, § 13). The dæmonic love corresponds with the rational soul, which is characteristically the man, endowed with free will, and capable of identifying himself either with the intellectual summit of the soul, or with the lower animal nature. The passion which is called love answers to the irrational soul, or animal nature, which acts by means of the organic body, and is consequently mortal, although it may be said to subsist potentially in its immortal source, the rational soul. Thus in every stage the soul is accompanied by love, which shares its limitations whilst aiding it to overcome them. For it is the peculiar office of love to

* The human soul, however, is *one* and not three, since these three parts or faculties are not separate principles, but emanate one from another. The rational part, which is characteristically the man, by looking upward identifies itself with intellect, by looking downward, with sense. It proceeds from intellect, of which it is a discursive and particular development, and produces sense, by which it is correlated with the sensible world.

exalt its servants. If we follow it in truth, we must needs rise from the passionate to the dæmonic love, from things of sense to things of the soul. Yet even here the goal is not attained. "The Dæmons are self-seeking,"* and desire particular goods. It is only when we have surpassed even the dæmonic stage, it is only when our dæmon is a God, that we reach the universal Love, which unites us no longer with this or that particular good, but with the Good itself. In his essay upon Love, Emerson beautifully describes it as "a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames."

But as the rational soul is characteristically the man, so is the dæmonic essence the characteristic essence of love; and hence it is that Plato calls love "a great dæmon." It will therefore be necessary for us to inquire somewhat particularly what is meant by dæmon and the dæmonic nature.

All grades of existence, from pure Being downward to matter, which may be said to exist only by the participation of another nature, are connected by an indissoluble bond. Every degree, between the First Cause of all and the material subject of all manifestation, has as its principle the degree immediately prior to it. Thus, nature is derived from soul, and soul from intellect, which is the next hypostasis (or substance) after the First Cause, and one with Being itself. Throughout the worlds, intelligible and sensible, no break is possible in the continuity; for since the One which we denominate First Cause is indeed the cause and sustainer of all things, any break in the gradual succession would imply the severance of an effect, or of a series of effects, from the cause by which and in which alone it has its being—in one word, its annihilation. Therefore, between any two grades which are not directly conjoined, there must needs be an intermediate grade assimilated by its summit to the higher, by its extremity to the lower, and thus allied to and connective of both. This mediation, or connection, is the peculiar office of the dæmon, and in

* Emerson, *Initial, Dæmonic, and Celestial Love.* The reader will find in this magnificent ode much help towards the understanding of Plotinus.

it consists the very essence of love, which is the strongest of all bonds. Love, therefore, is the prototype of the whole dæmonic nature.

The highest, or celestial, love connects the intellectual nature with the Good itself, or God. This love is not properly a dæmon, nor is it such love as exists on a lower and less universal plane—love which implies a want not wholly satisfied, nor ever, on that plane, wholly to be satisfied. For the celestial love is eternally united with its object; it is universal and not particular, and we, whenever we are able to rise to it, transcend our particular limits, and become universal also. It is this highest love which Plotinus indicates by the expression "Dæmon itself" (αὐτοδαίμων), signifying that it is not *a* dæmon, but a God, the source and principle of all dæmonic essence.

In his notes to *The Banquet*, Thomas Taylor gives an interesting extract, on the subject of love, from the Commentary of Proclus on Plato's *First Alcibiades*. A few sentences from this extract may here be fittingly introduced:

"There are different properties of different Gods: for some are artificers of wholes, of the form of beings, and of their essential ornament: but others are the suppliers of life, and are the sources of its various genera: but others preserve the unchangeable order, and guard the indissoluble connection of things: and others, lastly, who are allotted a different power, preserve all things by their beneficent energies. In like manner every amatory order is the cause to all things of conversion to divine beauty, leading back, conjoining, and establishing all secondary natures in the beautiful; replenishing them from thence, and irradiating all things with the gifts of its light. On this account it is asserted in *The Banquet* that Love is a great dæmon, because Love first demonstrates in itself a power of this kind, and is the medium between the object of desire and the desiring nature, and is the cause of the conversion of subsequent to prior natures. The whole amatory series, therefore, being established in the vestibule of the cause of beauty, calls upwards all things to this cause, and forms a middle progression between the object of love, and the natures which are recalled by love. *Hence it pre-establishes in itself the exemplar of the whole dæmoniacal order,*

obtaining the same middle situation among the Gods as dæmons between divine and mortal natures."

In some sense, every intermediary between a lower and a higher nature may be said to fulfil the office of a dæmon relatively to the natures which it connects. More strictly regarded, however, the dæmons are, as Proclus says, the link which connects the mortal nature with the divine. Their office is "to interpret and transmit to Gods the things which come from men, and to men the things which come from Gods; of men the prayers and offerings, of Gods the commands and returns for the offerings. Being intermediary between both, the dæmonic nature fills up the gap, so that the universe itself is bound together by it. . . . God is not mixed with man, but by means of this dæmonic nature all intercourse and converse between Gods and men take place, both in waking and in sleeping."*

The dæmon, therefore, is said to partake of matter, inasmuch as it is not, like a God, an essence self-sufficient and filled with divine perfection, but represents the desire, and consequently the want, of something beyond itself. For we must remember that matter does not necessarily imply body. Matter is potential existence, which becomes actual existence only by the accession of form; and this form may be either sensible or intelligible. All things possess something in common, as well as something which is peculiar to each and distinguishes each from the others. That which is peculiar to each is its form, whether it be a form purely intelligible, as that of goodness, virtue, soul; or a form in the more usual sense of the word, *i.e.*, a corporeal image of intelligible form. But wherever form is, there also is that which receives form, the matter which is common to all things.† The block of stone, quarried from the mountain-side, is potentially the statue: it is matter relatively to the statue, but not matter simply or absolutely, since it possesses already the form of stone. Absolute matter is the absolutely formless; it has no definite being apart from the form which defines it; yet it is not form, but indispensable to the manifestation of form, as darkness is indispensable to the manifestation of

* Plato, *The Banquet*, § 28. † See Plotinus, Ennead ii. 4, § 4.

light. Thus matter, regarded simply, is merely a potentiality and a deficiency, and thus the dæmonic nature, inasmuch as it implies both the potentiality and the want of something beyond itself, is said to partake of matter.

I know not where we shall find a more scientific exposition of the nature of the dæmon, or "guardian angel," which accompanies each one of us during this mortal life, than in the book which Plotinus has devoted to this subject (Ennead iii. 4). One might suppose that the dæmon which presides over our life is that part or faculty of the soul which is especially active within us. But it is not so. It is we ourselves who act; in other words, we identify ourselves with whatsoever part of us is for the time in activity. Our dæmon is that part or faculty of the soul which is next above the active part, and from which the latter immediately derives its life and energy. The dæmon is rational, where the life is sensuous; intellectual, where the life is rational. In short, whatever rung of the ladder we may have reached, our dæmon is still a step higher. Were it otherwise, it could no longer be the connecting link between ourselves and the divine nature, which, as we have said, it is the very essence of the dæmon to be; since, in such case, it must be either too far above to influence, or too low to elevate us.

These dæmons, therefore, are "many and of all kinds,"* and each man chooses his own according to the life he leads. It is evident, also, that he changes his dæmon as his life ascends to a higher or sinks to a lower level. The dæmon presides without acting. Its presence is felt in that inward monitor which we term our conscience, but the dæmon is more than conscience. It is both within us and above us; an ideal which we have not yet the power to realise. As we rise to the realisation, our ideal rises with us; that which was our dæmon becomes ourself, *i.e.*, the active part of our soul; and a higher dæmon now presides over us.

It follows that, as Plato says of love, our dæmons are neither mortal nor immortal, considered simply. They are immortal in relation to the universe, mortal (as dæmons) in relation to the individual soul. For the soul, ascending higher and

* Plato, *The Banquet*, § 28.

higher, rises from dæmon to dæmon, becoming ever more universal in its scope, until it has passed beyond "the flickering dæmon film," into the region of eternal being, where it lives as the Gods, "who have Truth for their mother, and nurse, and essence, and nourishment."* Then its dæmon—if we may still so call the power which unites it with the Good—is no longer strictly a dæmon, but a very God, celestial Love itself. This is, perhaps, the meaning of Iamblichus, when he declares that the soul, although possessing in a less degree than dæmons the eternal nature of an equable life and energy, is yet, by the good will of the Gods and by the light which it receives from them, enabled to advance beyond the dæmons, into a higher order, which Iamblichus denominates the angelic.†

That the soul changes its presiding dæmon as it advances from stage to stage in its ascent to the intelligible world, is evident. The question remains, whether it be possible for such a change to take place during the course of a single life on earth. Plato seems to have held that during the whole of one life the dæmon remains unchanged. Plotinus, though he nowhere expresses himself quite definitely on the subject, was perhaps of the same opinion. Proclus asserts positively that to one life one dæmon is assigned; but he disputes the doctrine of Plotinus that our presiding dæmon is that part of the soul which is immediately superior to the active part, and declares that from such a doctrine it must needs follow that the same person may have many dæmons in a single life; "which," says he, "is of all things the most impossible." We must leave the question unanswered. If we allow that the doctrine of Plotinus does indeed point to the conclusion expressed by Proclus, we may still hesitate to assume that this conclusion involves an impossibility. Yet we must remember that a change in our presiding dæmon would imply a corresponding change in the activity of the soul transcending any ordinary measure of progression or of retrogression. It is to be effected, not by a nearer approach to our ideal, but by a total change of ideal.

The dæmon, it was said, is within and above us. It is indeed within and above the whole of nature. Wheresoever a

* Plotinus, Ennead v. 8, § 4. † *De Mysteriis*, ii. 2.

mortal nature exists, there too is the dæmon which renders its existence possible by connecting it with its divine source. When, therefore, Socrates speaks of dæmons as the sons of Gods,* his meaning is easily to be apprehended. And the dæmon to whose admonitions in his own case he so often alludes, what is it but the intellectual summit of the soul, presiding over the active rational part, and keeping it, so long as it heeds the warning, constant in the path which leads to divinity? When, also, it is asserted that the souls of the good who have departed this life, become dæmons, although this may not be simply true, it is true nevertheless, as probably most of us can testify, in relation to those whom they have left on earth, and whose lives they continue to influence for good.†

Moreover, though dæmons are indeed, as Plato affirms, of many kinds, and therefore are not in all cases "loves," yet it is certain that they are all akin to love, and to be referred to love as their prototype; since the connection which they establish implies not merely the dependence of the lower nature upon the higher, but its affinity thereto as to the cause of its existence, and the desire for that which is above, which, whether conscious or unconscious, is the inevitable consequence of such affinity. And lastly, inasmuch as every intermediary from one point of view necessarily holds apart what from another point of view it conjoins, we find that the word "dæmon" is derived from the verb δαίω, I divide. This etymology naturally suggests those influences to which the appellation of evil dæmons has been given, and of which, in fact, the operation seems rather to divide from the good than to connect with it. But since that which we call evil has not a universal and essential, but only a relative, subsistence, the evil dæmon, as such, cannot be said to exist substantially, after the manner of the good. Neither is the evil

* Plato, *Apology*, § 15.

† So Hesiod sings of those who lived in the Golden Age:

"And, when the Earth had hid them, Jove's will was,
The good should into heavenly natures pass;
Yet still held state on earth, and guardians were
Of all best mortals still surviving there,
Observ'd works just and unjust, clad in air,
And, gliding undiscover'd everywhere,
Gave riches where they pleased; and so were reft
Nothing of all the royal rule they left."

Works and Days (Chapman's translation).

dæmon external to ourselves, being, indeed, but a perversion of the good dæmon, as lust is a perversion of love. Yet the etymology has a wider significance than may be at once apparent. The same influence that tends to exalt a soul in a certain stage of its development, may, in a higher stage, become an obstacle to its advance. For example, the love of sensible beauty, though surely in its place an elevating influence or good dæmon, may become an evil dæmon to him who will not look beyond the sensible manifestation, but is content to accept it as an end in itself, instead of using it as a means to the attainment of the beauty which is divine and eternal. In truth, however willing we may be to halt, it is impossible for us to do so. If we do not endeavour to rise above our level of to-day, we shall find presently that we have sunk to a lower level. Nay, the highest dæmon must become at length a cause of division between us and the Good, if, having reached its height, we fail to pass beyond it into the pure realm where

> Every fair and every good,
> Known in part or known impure
> To men below,
> In their archetypes endure.*

As a supplement to the treatise on Love, I add the following extract from Plotinus's book *On the Good or the One* (Ennead v. 9).

"That our good is there [in the world above] is shown clearly by the love which is cognate with the soul, in accordance with which love is [represented as] married to souls in pictures and in myths. For since the soul is other than God, but comes from God, it loves Him of necessity; and when it is there its love is celestial, but here [in this world] it becomes common (πάνδημος). For there indeed is Aphrodite celestial, but here she becomes common, being as it were prostituted. And every soul is an Aphrodite; and this is intimated by the story of the birth of Aphrodite, and of Love born together with her. The soul, then, in its natural condition loves God, and wishes to be united with him, as a maiden of noble birth with a noble love. But when, having fallen into generation, it has been, as it were,

* Emerson.

deceived in its wooing, having taken in exchange another and a mortal love, it runs riot in its absence from its Father. And again, loathing the excesses into which it has fallen, it purifies itself from worldly desires, and returning towards its Father, is well affected. And those to whom this affection is unknown, may judge of it from earthly loves, [if they consider] what it is to obtain those things that one loves the most, and that these beloved objects are mortal and injurious, and that the love of them is a love of appearances and subject to change, since its object is not that which is in truth beloved by us, neither is it our good, nor what we are seeking. But there [above] is the true object of our love, with which it is possible to be indeed united, participating in it and so possessing it; since this is not [like the objects of earthly love] enveloped externally with flesh. And whoso hath seen it, knoweth what I say,—that the soul hath then another life, in which it continues to progress, having already advanced towards [the true object of its love] and taken part therein, so that, being thus disposed, it knows that the Choir-master of true life is present with it, and it has need of nothing more. On the contrary, all else must be put away, and in this alone must it stand, and become this alone, cutting off all the other things that lie about it; that we may haste to go forth from hence, and be grieved when we are bound to the things of this world, in order that with the whole of ourselves we may embrace Him, and have no part in us with which we do not lay hold of God. There, then, the soul may see both Him and itself, as far as it is permitted to see; may see itself glorified and full of intelligible light, or rather itself a light, pure, unburdened, free from heaviness, having become, or rather being, a God. Then indeed, its light is enkindled, but if again it gravitate downwards, it is as if quenched."

WM. C. WARD.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MADAME SWETCHINE*

Airelles

Let our lives be pure as snow-fields where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.

The mind wears the colours of the soul as a valet those of his master.

There are souls which, like the pontiffs of the ancient law, live only on the sacrifice they offer.

What is resignation? It is putting God between one's self and one's grief.

Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages —they have learned to understand and to be understood by all.

That mysterious stone on which Jacob reposed was faith. Let us, too, sleep on its breast and our future greatness will be revealed to us.

There are words which are worth as much as the best of actions, for they contain the germ of them all.

The injustice of men subserves the justice of God and often His mercy.

Goodness consists in a knowledge of all the needs of others and all the means of supplying them which exist within ourselves.

It is by doing right that we arrive at just principles of action.

Let us . . . . strive unceasingly to ascend from the effect to the cause within. Let us deny the involuntary theory, reject that of accident and accuse none but ourselves.

By becoming more unhappy we sometimes learn to be less so.

We expect everything and are prepared for nothing.

Silence is like nightfall. Objects are lost in it insensibly.

We are rich only through what we give, and poor only through what we refuse.

No two persons ever read the same book or saw the same picture.

Thoughts

The fact that God has prohibited despair gives misfortune the right to hope all things, and leaves hope free to dare all things.

Our relations with God are such that our obstacles are all means.

The events of life are a sacred text on which the mind may ponder and comment. How can we fail to follow with attention and respect—yea, often

* See "The Life of Madame Swetchine," in the last number.

with gratitude and rapture—the chain of circumstances which has accomplished a *thought* of God.

There can be no little things in the world, seeing that God mingles in all.

Prayer . . . . . is an hour of outpourings, which words cannot express, of that interior speech which we do not articulate, even when we employ it.

Prayer is the inner man. It is the Ecce Homo, uttered to God.

Salvation is a dual work; as in the incarnation there is implied a God and a man—divine grace and human effort.

There is by God's grace an immeasurable distance between late and too late.

Each one of us has a formidable personal foe.

The root of sanctity is sanity. A man must he healthy before he can be holy. We bathe first and then perfume.

God has entrusted man with the raw material. He creates the world and gives it to man to finish.

When two conflicting truths are brought face to face, we must accept neither. We must tell ourselves that there is a third withheld among the secrets of God which, when revealed, will reconcile them.

There are souls of every age and every clime which are contemporaries and compatriots.

Immortality! if a man had it not, his soul would miss not merely the future, but the past, for these two are correlative.

Let my terrace face the East! There is a mysterious affinity between this fancy of mine and my decided taste for the dawn of excellent things.

Providence has hidden a charm in difficult undertakings which is appreciated only by those who dare to grapple with them.

Misfortune has few riddles for him who believes that the sole design of Providence is the perfecting of mankind.

The hidden good in the soul of a sinner would reconcile me to the guiltiest.

If we would be equal to difficult undertakings we must prepare for them long beforehand.

Often we may say: I have deserved to err. I have deserved to be ignorant.

Let us shun everything which might tend to efface the primitive lineaments of our individuality. Let us reflect that each one of us is a thought of God.

Everyone must find out for himself the key to the riddle of life. It is of no use to have it told. Some do not hear; others misunderstand it.

We must do everything for others, if only to divert our minds from what they fail to do for us.

By entering into the thought of another we reconcile him to our own,

The ideal of friendship is to feel as one while remaining two.

Years do not make sages, they only make old men.

We are all more or less like spiders—stretching out a web made out of our own substance.

If you speak truth with moderation, separating its substance from all alloy of human passion, you are not to blame for the opposition it may encounter. But if you strain it, if you wrest it from its sacred impassibility —you are responsible for the revolt which it excites and the consequences which may ensue.

I can understand contempt for action. Contempt for men I do not allow myself to feel, and I find no trace of it in Holy Writ. Who is the man whom we despise to-day? One whom we may be forced to admire to-morrow. By God's grace the most abject of His creatures may rise to the rank of a celestial force. In the depth of every human soul there is a power of reaction, reparation and rehabilitation which transcends the utmost limits of evil.

Time is the shower of Danaë. Each drop is golden. Youth is a sort of temporary divinity.

Only that which is to be used is purified, only the iron which is to be wrought is beaten, only the wound which we would heal is probed.

Age—when all around is lost in shadow, that peak visited by the sunbeams shines with the gathered brightness of a long life and shows from afar like a watch-tower.

Death, the veil of immortality on this side the solemn passage, tinged by the fires that are to come.

If death were only the blossoming of life . . . . the sublime flower of that plant whose spreading roots underlie the earth, old age would be the apogee of life. . . . for, as saith the Apostle, death merely clothes us with immortality. . . . . Our last twilights are nearer than any others to eternal light.

The perfection of a soul grows ever more radiant as the spiritual principle absorbs all others.

To wait for God on the strength of His word, to taste at once the charm of mystery and the great joy of certainty; to discern across a golden twilight the brightness of the uncreated light! . . . I collect myself, O my God, at the close of life as at the close of the day. The last thoughts of a heart that loves Thee are like those last, deepest, ruddiest rays of the setting sun. Make me to grow and keep my green, and climb like the plant which lifts its head to Thee for the last time before it drops its seed and dies.

On Resignation

Truth, alas! can never disavow sorrow—she who came to sound its depths and show its purpose, and who also knows so well the dignity to which it lifts the soul of man, and the fruit it should bear therein.

All verities . . . Religion presents them to us in the light of sisters, who have an equal right to the paternal inheritance, who are destined always to support, and never to injure one another.

Yes; she is proud and worthy this resignation of the bowed head and bended knee.

There is no more sovereign act than that whereby we resign our freedom.

If . . . the heart, while yet wrapped in its thick veil of flesh, begins to catch glimpses, under the gross exterior of things, of the mind which created them . . . if it perceives the ruling Power . . . if . . the evil days whereof man's earthly pilgrimage is composed, begin to seem like a prelude to an unending life—what consequences ensue, what teachings flow from these primary truths? . . . Things begin to share . . . . the intelligence of persons.

The pyramid whose broad base is the precept, but which rises and contracts by degrees into a mere point, is an image of the perfection and consummation of counsel.

The Master is benevolent and mighty, . . . the creature capable of education. . . . . This world assumes the aspect of a vast school.

God considers this transitory being, man, only in his relations with immortality; and if he arms him as a warrior for a time, it is only to enable him to conquer that kingdom of heaven that "suffereth violence."

Virtue, like knowledge, may be acquired only by a sequence of experiences and by lessons, the first condition of whose utility is their repetition . . . . the mysterious paths whereby a good Providence has led him to himself.

Slowly . . . is regeneration accomplished in the human soul. It is this very grief of yours which, freeing you from the bonds of self, will become the soul of your devotion—which is already bearing you to the realms of peace and freedom.

A great physician (Stahl) has said: "The soul makes her own body." We may say with equal truth: "The soul makes her own sorrow."

Far more than we are disposed to believe, we feel as we think, and it would be hard to estimate how much we increase the power and intensity of our own troubles by interesting ourselves in them, insisting that we do well to bewail them, feeding them by the imagination and indulging them through the refinement and susceptibility of our hearts.

From the rank of masters our enemies have descended to that of instruments.

Plato cried: "Oh my friends, there are no friends." I say: "Oh, you who suppose yourselves my enemies—you are not my enemies." Human levity, far more than human malignity, is the cause of all those sinister effects which we think to explain by hatred only.

We explain all things by malevolence, but to measure this malevolence

by the magnitude of the evil we endure, is another of the illusions caused by our preoccupation of self. . . . How would it surprise us to find that the *arrows which pierce us were shot at random*, and *that not merely no remorse, but almost no thought* has been given to the moment which has caused us to undergo a thousand torments. Ah, how much light is spared to the evil-doers, that they may not be as culpable as they are senseless.

Of all the mysteries of this life the deepest is the entanglement of destinies.

The possible range, the immediate effect, the remote consequences and the reaction of our faults—of all these we are profoundly ignorant.

We represent here the problem of living in one world, with the instincts of another; and the question is—how the child of eternity shall find the way to his royal home. All else is secondary.

Thus man—starting from a point, firm and indisputable, because it is within him and is reproduced without exception in all his kind—misses his way . . . . because he neglects the star which might have guided him safely.

That which constitutes spiritual age has naught to do with the number of the years.

Yield up that secret, smarting grief which the instinct of a passionate bitterness would fain make the heart's lost idol.

For him who loves and follows thee, O my God, grief, a phantom of man's raising, does not exist. . . . There is naught but love, hope, joy, submission and sacrifice. Grief is vanquished as well as death.

Nothing is too little or too abject for God to raise and purify. In His severities it is not *vengeance*, which is expressed here below.

If the lyre within accords ever so imperfectly with the divine diapason, what delicious calm . . . in harmonious equilibrium between all powers of our being! What freedom, how rich and beautiful the world—to our serene and unembarrassed gaze!

It is hardly to be supposed that we imagine something which neither has been nor ever shall be. It would be creation outside nature. "The angels," says St. Gregory the Great, "carry their paradise with them wherever they are sent by God, because they never cease to be united to him." This is the secret of lasting joy.

In that spiritual realm, that domain which none but yourself can penetrate, you have only yourself to conquer.

Prayer, which is both spiritual and emotional, is the manifestation of the two men, whom the best of us bear within. The one represents too often the unweakened opposition of nature, the other springs to the eternal spaces.

Almsgiving is prayer, penitence, sacrifice, endurance, submission—all alike pray. Every conscientious meditation on our faults, every effort at amendment, every conquest over self, is prayer.

Oh why is not love more beloved!

The will of my God be mine and continue till my latest breath to initiate me into the secret of Thy growing delights.

MEDITATIONS*

Man must have his destination, his end—this end cannot be of an inferior nature to Man himself, for every end necessarily excels the means which are subordinate to it.

A RUSSIAN.

A VISION OF THE PAST

IT was the evening hour, just after sundown. The warm colours in the sky had almost vanished, leaving a cold grey tint o'er land and sea, though still bright and silvery near the horizon.

The scene before me is the shore of a mediæval town, on an island in a Northern sea. A ruined wall surrounds the town, and ancient gateways give entrance to it. On the side nearest the sea the wall is very massive; its straight outline is broken here and there by small square towers. Outside the wall, for some distance along the shore, it is almost like a garden; trees and shrubs flourish, the grass grows quite close to the rocky beach, and in convenient nooks and sheltered spots benches are placed.

On this evening of early autumn two friends, both women, were strolling slowly along the path which runs close under the ancient wall; they were in deep and earnest conversation, the shorter of the two leaning upon the arm of her companion. They walked thus for some distance, far out along the shore; then, turning, they seated themselves on a bench where they had an uninterrupted view of the silver-grey sea, which tossed and broke in impatient wavelets not far from their feet. Close behind them, in the background, stood a quaint and curious little tower built into the wall, and ever and anon the rising wind seemed to

* Selected and translated by L. T. B., by permission of the Comte de Falloux. London: Nayes et Cie.

fill the air round it with murmuring voices, as it pierced its way through the broken apertures, almost giving an impression of moans of anguish or distress.

The friends were silent for some moments. At last Doris, the elder of the two, a lady with large expressive eyes filled with a melancholy tenderness, turning to her companion said softly: "Darling! our wish has been fulfilled, so often have we longed to be here together; this, our last evening, has been to me so full of meaning, though maybe the saddest. Oh! what a joy our meeting has been, what a week of union of heart and interchange of thought. Shall we ever forget it? To part so soon, perhaps never again . . . . . But this is foolish, and I am ungrateful. Maia, dear one, promise me one thing ere we part and thousands of miles divide us! If from this earthly life you should be called away to enter on a life beyond, promise that you will come to me. Let me feel, let me know that our souls are capable of holding that communion which belongs to the love that endures beyond the grave. It is ours for ever, beloved, and I, in my turn, I will promise you the same."

Maia looked into the sweet, earnest face of the speaker, and reading there the intensity of her affection, gave the required promise. Then, continuing, she said:

"But, Doris, surely you could never doubt that we must find one another again; for in the past our destinies, our lives have been united. Many, many times have we met. Love and soul-sympathy such as ours—those tokens whereby we recognised each other instantly in this life—what were they, if not the memory of our souls? I know you feel this, too, and believe it; and I—Oh, Doris, at this moment, now that clear, bright light is fading, and the evening gloom is stealing up, I am conscious of a strange and overwhelming sense of familiarity with this scene. Near to this hour, some time, we were here together, long ago. Listen, Doris! to that *dreary chant*, that *sad, sad voice!*"

And the fitful gusts once more swept round the little tower, rising higher, louder, until the air was filled with one long moaning note, rising and falling, telling of grief and lamentation, of an anguish indescribable.

A silence fell upon the friends; a mist seemed to surround them, and then . . . . .

The scene seemed to change; yet it was the same spot. The shore was rough and uneven; the town-wall compact and unbroken save where the stone-masons were still at work upon the little tower just freshly built; a narrow flight of steps leading up into the one small cell, which had no opening other than the door-way.

Two maidens were standing on the path a few yards from the tower, watching the workmen. One was tall and fair, with hair of a golden colour falling in two long plaits far below her waist, her head covered by a tightly-fitting coif of dark blue velvet bordered with silver, from under which some short curls strayed negligently on to her pale brow, almost veiling the large serious grey eyes. Her companion was somewhat shorter, with dark brown hair, and eyes like a summer sky; she was robed in white, with a cap of white velvet embroidered with gold.

The girls stood with their arms supporting one another, crouching close together, their young faces filled with despair, almost terror. They appeared to be listening as if in expectation, their beautiful sad eyes turning ever in the direction of the western gate. A sound of voices in the distance . . . singing, a wailing, dirge-like melody! Clang! The boom of a great bell, as if tolling a funeral knell.

The maidens shuddered, clung closer to one another, and sobbed wildly. "Freya!" moaned the white-robed girl. "They come, they are bringing her. O God! 'tis horrible!! Is there no help; no mercy? Can we do nothing? Our darling friend, our playmate, our Elsa, so sweet, so good, to die like this! They cannot! No! they cannot carry out their awful purpose. Oh! Freya, Freya, have men no hearts, no compassion, that they can bear to look upon a scene like this?"

And in her agony of grief the frantic girl shrieked aloud. But Freya, with streaming eyes and trembling limbs, whispered hoarsely: "Hush! Mãrta, hush, my dear one, we must pray, pray God that death will come quickly."

The two girls fell on their knees, and with clasped hands and lips moving in earnest supplication, they awaited the ap-

proach of their unhappy sister. The strains of a solemn chant were heard. Nearer and nearer, moving slowly along under the wall, the awful procession came in sight. It was headed by a band of monks, shrouded and cowled in black, chanting dismally as they went, carrying a large white cross. After these came the Burgomaster in his robes of office, preceded by a herald. And then the town councillors, walking two and two. In their midst they partly supported the wretched Elsa, condemned to this terrible fate because through her love for King Waldemar—who came to her father's house disguised as a merchant—she had been led to reveal the secrets of the wealth and strongholds of her island home. The town had been sacked and plundered. The Danish king had sailed away with the treasure; but faithless he had proved to Unghanse's daughter, whom he had promised to carry with him. The town folk, wild with rage at the loss of so much wealth, suspected some one had betrayed them. And then it was remembered that during the three days of pillage and ransacking, a little white kerchief had been seen fluttering over the portal to Unghanse's court yard, and that his house had remained untouched, escaping the general devastation. Thus, upon enquiry, all was discovered. The unhappy maiden —heart-broken at Waldemar's desertion—confessed what she had done. She was dragged before the Council, of which her father was a member, and by one and all she was condemned to be immured alive in the old town wall.

And now the tower is reached; the fragile figure, robed in black, with long fair hair flowing unbound over the shoulders, slowly and unsteadily mounts the rough stairway. On the last step she turns, and with pallid face and streaming eyes takes her last look out over the sea where the sun is slowly sinking, bathing the ghastly scene in a wondrous crimson glow, out over the rocky shore where in childhood she loved to ramble, and then down on the kneeling crowd at her feet—monks, councillors, ay, even on the stern and rigid face of her own father.

The silence is broken only by the sobs of the women and the low boom of the billows on the shore. At last, stretching out her clasped hands in supplication, she fixes her eyes with a mournful, beseeching tenderness on the uplifted agonised faces

of the two friends Mãrta and Freya, and in broken accents speaks her last request. "Give me your prayers, my sisters; pray Heaven to be merciful, to shorten my suffering."

Then, turning quickly, the wretched girl was seen to fall senseless on the floor of her dark and narrow tomb. At the same moment the maidens Freya and Mãrta sank down unconscious in the awestruck crowd.

* * * * *

The mists had cleared; the scene was solitary save for the presence of the two friends still seated on the bench. A chastened sadness filled their faces as they gazed wonderingly at one another in the twilight. Each knew that it was recognition—that sorrowful record, now so deeply graven on the memory of their souls. The spell of the solemn scene was around them still—too deep for words; so in silence the friends arose and wandered back to the town.

The wind had almost sunk to rest, but now and again on its wandering breath a faint low wailing note was wafted from the vicinity of the "Jungfru-tornet"—the "Maiden's Tower."

FREYA.

THE stupid man by studying the phenomena and laws of heaven and earth becomes sage; I by studying their times and productions become intelligent. He in his stupidity is perplexed about sageness; I in my freedom from stupidity am the same. He considers his sageness as being an extraordinary attainment; I do not consider mine so.—From the Tâoist classic, *The Harmony of the Seen and Unseen.*

THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN RUSKIN

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 224)

(3) THIS idea is further dwelt upon in connection with the last point we shall notice—the question of Education: what its aim should be, the means by which this aim may be furthered, and the evils of the present system. Take the following passages, as showing what Ruskin considers should be the aim of education, and how the education of the present day fails to carry it out:

Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. . . . It is not teaching the youth of England the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers; and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work: to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept and by praise—but, above all, by example. . . . For the continual education of the whole people, and for their future happiness, they must have such consistent employment as shall develope all the powers of the fingers, of the limbs, and the brain.*

There are three immaterial things, not only useful, but essential to life. No one knows how to live till he has got them. They are Admiration, Hope, and Love. Admiration—the power of discerning and taking delight in what is beautiful in visible form, and lovely in human character; and necessarily striving to produce what is beautiful in form, and to become what is lovely in character. Hope—the recognition by true foresight, of better things to be reached hereafter, whether by ourselves or others; necessarily issuing in the straightforward and undisappointable effort to advance, according to our proper power, the gaining of them. Love—both of family and neighbour, faithful and satisfied.†

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 185 and p. 195. † *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 96

But he also impresses upon his readers that right action is not a sufficient aim for true education, unless it is accompanied by right thought; it is not enough to teach men to control their actions—they must also be taught to control their thoughts; for thought is a power in the world, the influence of which is not always recognised as it should be. So he says:

> The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the the right things, but *enjoy* the right things; not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.*

> All enmity, jealousy, opposition, and secrecy, are wholly and in all circumstances destructive in their nature, not productive; and all kindness, fellowship, and communicativeness are invariably productive in their operation—not destructive; and the evil principles of opposition and exclusiveness are not rendered less fatal, but more fatal, by their acceptance among large masses of men; more fatal, I say, exactly in proportion as their influence is more secret.†

> The utmost point and acme of honour is not merely in doing no evil, but in thinking none; and teaching that the first, as indeed the last, nobility of education is in the rule over our thoughts.‡

This importance of right thinking, and the power of thought generally, is a principle recognised by all Theosophists. Mrs. Besant, in her lecture on Thought-control, speaks as follows:

> It is by no means necessary for the affecting of the minds of others, that a man should put his thoughts into words. Nor is it necessary that his thought should show itself in action, so that his example may become potent for good or for evil . . . although he does not come into contact with people personally, although he does not reach them by written or spoken words, he has a power which transcends either the force of example or the forces of speech or of tongue, and sitting alone and isolated from men, so far as the physical world is concerned, he may be exercising a force potent for good or for evil—may be purifying or fouling the minds of his generation—may be contributing to, helping, or hindering the progress of the world—may be raising his race a little higher, or depressing it a little lower.§

Ruskin further points out the mistake which, in his opinion, is made in the education of the present day, by encouraging competition amongst the pupils, and especially by the practice of competitive examinations. He says:

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 76.
† *A Joy for Ever*, p. 136.
‡ *Fors Clavigera*, vol ii., p. 15.
§ *In the Outer Court*, pp. 45 and 46.

All that you can depend on in a boy, as significant of true power, likely to issue in good fruit, is his will to work for the work's sake, not his desire to surpass his schoolfellows; and the aim of the teaching you give him ought to be, to prove to him and strengthen in him his own separate gift, not to puff him into swollen rivalry with those who are everlastingly greater than he; still less ought you to hang favours and ribands about the neck of the creature who is the greatest, to make the rest envy him. Try to make them love and follow him, not struggle with him.*

How many actual deaths are now annually caused by the strain and anxiety of competitive examinations, it would startle us all if we could know: but the mischief done to the best faculties of the brain in all cases, and the miserable confusion and absurdity involved in the system itself, which offers every place, not to the man who is indeed fitted for it, but to the one who, on a given day, chances to have bodily strength enough to stand the cruellest strain, are evils infinite in their consequences, and more lamentable than many deaths.†

"Invidia," jealousy of your neighbour's good, has been, since dust was first made flesh, the curse of man; and "Charitas," the desire to do your neighbour grace, the one source of all human power, glory and material blessing.‡

All this is thoroughly in harmony with Theosophical principles, and with the ideas put forward by Theosophical writers. Madame Blavatsky, in *The Key to Theosophy*, points out in very plain language the two great evils of modern education, namely, the encouragement of competition rather than mutual help, and the training of memory rather than that of the power of thought; and she brings forward as the object of *real* education, the cultivation and development of the mind, self-reliance and independence of thought, together with unselfishness and altruism. Miss Edger also, in her lecture on "The Theosophic Life," draws a similar distinction between the mere training of the memory, and real education, the training of the intellect; she says:

Mere information lasts but for one incarnation; the only thing that can be built into the causal body, which alone persists from life to life, is the result of experience in the form of faculties, knowledge of right and wrong, and tendencies of character. Thus true education consists in the using of the information gained, for the development of the reasoning power; the

* *A Joy for Ever*, p. 178. † *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 168.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 140.

building of mental faculty by constant systematising and correlating of facts, and deductions therefrom of general principles.*

And, to quote Mrs. Besant once more, in her "Bases of Education" she says:

The teacher's aim must be not to make a successfully-crammed candidate for examination, but to help the individual life to unfold symmetrically, developing its powers harmoniously and with balance, cultivating the reason in preference to the memory, training the powers of observation, comparison and judgment, more than that of memorising and reproducing statements of facts.

And again:

We should gradually purge education from its competitive element, eliminating this especially in the older classes. The cleverer pupils should be taught to aim at raising the average of their class, at helping on the weaker and less capable boys, at carrying them on with themselves rather than triumphing over them. They should be trained in mutual helpfulness, in regarding their class, their school, their college, as a large self of which they are part, the honour and welfare of which are dear to them. To raise its credit in the eyes of the world should be their stimulus to well-doing rather than the gain that well-doing brings to them personally.†

Ruskin brings forward as one of the chief means by which the objects of real education are to be attained, the recognition of the greatness and the virtues of those superior to ourselves, and the taking of the best and greatest whom we know, as ideals.

The only constant and infallible test of progress is that you wonder more at the work of great men, and that you care more for natural objects. You have often been told by your teachers to expect this last result, but I fear that the tendency of modern thought is to reject the idea of that essential difference in rank between one intellect and another, of which increasing reverence is the wise acknowledgment. You may, at least in early years, test accurately your power of doing anything in the least rightly, by your increasing conviction that you never will be able to do it as well as it has been done by others. . . . To be greater than the greatest that *have* been, is permitted perhaps to one man in Europe in the course of two or three centuries.‡

Exactly in the degree in which you can find creatures greater than yourself to look up to, in that degree you are ennobled yourself, and in

* *Indian Tour Lectures*, p. 67.

† THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, September, 1899, pp 65, 70.

‡ *A Joy for Ever*, p. 230.

that degree happy. . . . All real joy and power of progress in humanity depend on finding something to reverence, and all the baseness and misery of humanity begin in a habit of disdain.*

A man's happiness consists infinitely more in admiration of the faculties of others, than in confidence of his own. That reverent admiration is the perfect human gift in him; all lower animals are happy and noble in the degree they can share it.†

Referring to the decoration of schoolrooms, which Ruskin suggests should consist of the portraits of great men, and the representation of their deeds, he says:

How can we sufficiently estimate the effect on the mind of a noble youth, at the time when the world opens to him, of having faithful and touching representations put before him of the acts and presences of great men—how many a resolution, which would alter and exalt the whole course of his after life, might be formed, when in some dreamy twilight he met, through his own tears, the fixed eyes of those shadows of the great dead, unescapable and calm, piercing to his soul; or fancied that their lips moved in dread reproof or soundless exhortation?‡

And he tells us also that the increasing loftiness of our ideals is the mark of our progress:

I believe the advance from the days of Edward I. to our own, great as it is confessedly, consists *not so much in what we have actually accomplished, as in what we are now enabled to conceive.*§

All students of the ethical works of Theosophical writers will at once recognise the thought of the transforming and ennobling power of an ideal, as one that is constantly dwelt upon, and urged upon the aspirant as one of the chief aids towards the realisation of his aspirations. Mrs. Besant has worked it out beautifully in her lecture on "The Building of Character," where she quotes from the Upaniṣhads:

Man is a creature of reflection; what he reflects upon that he becomes.

Again from St. Paul:

We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.

To which we may add Patañjali's maxim:

The mind . . . is changed into the likeness of that which is pondered on, and enters into full comprehension of the being thereof.

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 177.

† *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 169.

‡ *A Joy for Ever*, p. 130.

§ *Ibid.*, p. xii.

Mrs. Besant concludes with the words:

> The aspirant will contemplate day by day the ideal that he has builded. He will fix his mind upon it, and constantly reflect it in his consciousness. Day by day he will go over its outline, day by day he will dwell upon it in thought, and as he contemplates, inevitably will rise up within him that reverence and that awe which are worship, the great transforming power by which the man becomes that which he adores, and this contemplation wil essentially be the contemplation of reverence and of aspiration. And as he contemplates, the rays of the Divine Ideal will shine down upon him, and the aspiration upwards will open the windows of the soul to receive them; so that they shall illuminate him from within, and then cast a light without, the ideal shining ever above and within him, and marking out the path along which his feet must tread.*

Enough has, I think, been brought forward to show how largely Ruskin's belief and thought are permeated with those teachings specially recognised and brought forward by Theosophists. The consideration of Ruskin as a man forms no part of the intention of this paper; yet perhaps a few words upon this aspect may not be out of place; for a man's ideas cannot be entirely separated from his life, and the question might naturally be asked—Has he in his own life carried out the principles so strongly insisted on in his writings?

Nothing is easier than to bring charges of fanaticism and inconsistency against a man who tries to raise the ideal of humanity, and both have been brought against Ruskin. With regard to the first, a certain amount of fanaticism must almost inevitably enter into any attempt to bring into prominence principles diametrically opposed to those generally recognised in social life; every reformer has been in some sense a fanatic; he has at least appeared such to those who have not shared or even understood his aims and aspirations. But the charge of inconsistency is one which we would not wish to rest upon any whom we admire. That there may have been some inconsistencies in Ruskin's life is quite conceivable, since we are dealing with a human being; but looking at some of the best known facts of his life, we cannot fail to see an attempt to carry out the teachings he so earnestly impressed upon others.

This is shown by the fact of his withdrawing from circulation

* *In the Outer Court*, p. 85.

Modern Painters, and others of his artistic works, because he found the public more engrossed by his beautiful language than by the principles enunciated, and by his resolution "to write no more beautiful paragraphs," but to put simple truth plainly before his readers.

The same sincerity and earnestness are evinced in his throwing aside the narrow, evangelical religion inculcated in his childhood, and held sacred in early manhood, because he found it utterly inadequate to explain the state of the world around him, and altogether irreconcilable with it.

There are also facts to show that he endeavoured to put into practice the socialistic principles he advocated; for we find that he devoted the greater part of the wealth inherited from his father to the benefit of his poorer relatives, and to the carrying out of various philanthropic schemes; he also tried to bring himself into touch with those looked upon as lower in the scale of society, by working beside them, gaining practical experience of the difficulties and hardships of manual labour, and inducing those who were his pupils and looked to him for guidance, to do the same.

These things show him to have been sincere and earnest in his convictions, whether or not his attempts may commend themselves to the judgment of others; and after all, it is not so much what a man has accomplished that determines his worth of character, as the ideal he has kept before him and the efforts he has made to reach it. Ruskin's ideal, as set forth in his writings, was nothing less than the establishment on earth of a kingdom of righteousness, wherein shall prevail laws of justice, love, and altruism, and where the service of humanity shall be recognised as the service of God. No one can study these writings without being the better for it, and feeling in himself some desire to help in the establishment of such a kingdom; and we may well fix our mind upon the light and truth which the writer has endeavoured to shed upon life and human nature, content to overlook anything in his life that may seem to us to fall short of the standard he has set up.

That life is now over, the noble spirit has passed to its rest, and the tongue that spoke so eloquently of the dignity, the

duties, and the responsibilities of human life, is now silent in the grave. Yet the influence of that life will still be felt, and the words that fell from those lips will still bring to the hearts of many the earnest desire to live more worthily, and the courage to fight against the evils we see around us. Thus "he being dead yet speaketh." Let us listen to his words, try to recognise the good he has accomplished, to accept thankfully the truth he has placed before us, and in the words of Mrs. Besant, let us be hero-worshippers

> not as seeing no fault in those we admire, but as seeing most the good in them, and loving that; letting the recognition of the good overbear the criticism of the fault; loving and serving them for what they are to men, and throwing the mantle of charity over the faults which they may commit in their service.

MARYON JUDSON.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE SYNOPTICAL PROBLEM*

THE question of "tendency" in the Synoptic writers is of first importance, for, as Professor Schmiedel says, "tendencies of one kind or another" are acknowledged by even the most conservative critics. Especially to be noticed is Mt.'s repeated appeals to Jews to prove from the O.T. the Messiahship of the Christ, prefaced by the words "in order that it might be fulfilled as it is written." Equally remarkable is the polemic carried on in Mt. against the Scribes and Pharisees; while in Lk., in striking contrast to Mt., many of these speeches are addressed to the people in general. This and numerous other points show that Lk. had Gentile interests in view. But what is the special tendency of Mk.? From the small number of discourses of Jesus incorporated by Mk., it is concluded that he attaches less im-

* See the articles, "The Gospels' own Account of Themselves" and "The Outer Evidence as to the Authorship and Authority of the Gospels," in the last two numbers.

portance to the teaching than to the person of Jesus. We would rather say that the peculiarity of Mk. (or rather of the "embedded" document in Mk.) is the story of a *designed* life.

Further, "each evangelist in his own way is influenced by, and seeks by his narrative to serve, the apologetic interest"; already much was disputed. Another strong tendency, manifested by all three writers, is the political—" the desire to make the Roman authority as little responsible as possible for the death of Jesus."

Now, as we have seen in our last paper, the traditional view regards Lk. as being of a specifically Pauline character, but this "widely accepted view" can be maintained "only in a very limited sense."

It is true that in Lk. we find the rejection of the Jewish nation, but beyond this general position, no distinctly Pauline doctrine; on the other hand Lk. preserves and favours a distinctly Ebionitic tradition. The poor are blessed simply because of their poverty, the rich condemned simply because of their riches; other sayings and parables also breathe the same atmosphere. Now the Ebionim (or Poor Men) were the most ignorant of the earliest followers of the public teaching, who, it would seem, saw in the Master a sort of socialist leader; for we cannot really believe that He taught so crude and immoral a doctrine as here represented. The Ebionim formed one wing of the Judaising party with whom Paul contended. It is, therefore, exceedingly difficult to understand why if Lk. were a follower of Paul, he should have selected part of the most pronounced tradition of the opposing party to incorporate in his Gospel.

But more important than any special tendencies which may be detected in the individual writers, there is to be noticed a common tendency to set forth a document that should serve the interest of a nascent catholicity, that is to say, a view that might be accepted generally.

Passing next to a review of the principal hypotheses which have been put forward as tentative solutions of the synoptical problem, Professor Schmiedel characterises the very simple hypothesis of "a primitive gospel handed down solely by *oral tradition*"—so that eventually there came to be formed a "fixed

type of narrative" in Aramaic, the vernacular tongue of the contemporaries of Jesus—as an "*asylum ignorantiae*," contradicting all the facts of criticism, if it be held to account for *all* the facts. Nevertheless the hypothesis of oral tradition, or rather oral traditions, as *one* of the factors to be taken into account, must be held to contain "an essential element of truth."

The next most simple hypothesis is that of *borrowing*, where we have to "put aside all idea of any other written sources than the canonical, and must keep out of account as far as possible the idea of any oral sources." Of the six imaginable orders only three continue to be seriously argued for: Mt., Mk., Lk.; Mk., Mt., Lk.; Mk., Lk., Mt. It is, however, to be remarked "that every assertion, no matter how evident, as to the priority of one evangelist and the posteriority of another in any given passage will be found to have been turned the other way round by quite a number of scholars of repute."

Summing up the evidence, Professor Schmiedel concludes that "the borrowing hypothesis, unless with the assistance of other assumptions, is unworkable." The result of this investigation into the labours of criticism seems to us to indicate that the three Synoptic writers were contemporaries and familiar with one another's design, but did not borrow one from another, the "borrowing" was from other written sources of which they made use.

We next come to the hypothesis of a single original *written* gospel; this is open to the same objection as a single original oral tradition, only that "it explains the agreements in our gospels better, their divergences in the same proportion worse."

The next hypothesis to be considered is that Mt. and Lk. use an *original* Mk., that is to say a Mk. in one and the same form, but different from the one we now possess.

It is very evident that Mt. and Lk. do not use our Mk., though they use much material contained in our Mk.; but we could never understand why this phenomenon could be explained by postulating an original *Mk*. There is certainly in Mk. an "embedded" document; but the embedded document, so far from being an original Mk., is used freely in common by Mt. and Mk. and Lk., and may, therefore, be said to be equally em-

bedded in all three. Whether this embedded document can be the Mark-gospel of Papias is impossible to determine, but our Mk. is in all probability not Papias's Mk., though the misunderstood statement of Papias probably brought about its christening.

We pass next to the theory of the *Logia* (spoken of by Papias) as a probable source for Mt. and Lk., that is to say of the common material (discourses and parables) used by Mt. and Lk., but not found in Mk., for in this they cannot be said to borrow from each other, seeing that in addition to general agreement "the passages exhibit quite characteristic divergences."

Now it is first of all quite conjectural whether by Logia Papias meant simply Sayings or Sayings mixed with Acts-narrative. In the second place, although Professor Schmiedel thinks that Papias was acquainted with our canonical Mt., there is absolutely no proof of this, and, on the contrary, Papias's statement as to *his* Matthew makes it as certain as anything can be in this vexed question that it was *not* our Mt., for the Logia-collection of *his* Matthew was a single document and written in Hebrew. It is absolutely certain that our Mt. as it stands was not written in Hebrew, though some of its sources may possibly have been *originally* written in the classical language of the Jews (Hebrew), or in the vernacular (Aramaic). But upon this point there is a great divergence of critical opinion.

Indeed in this connection nothing can be proved as to Papias's Matthew-Logia; all that is stated at present is that demonstrably there was another source common to Mt. and Lk. besides the source common to all three Synoptists. This so-called theory of two sources, we are told, "ranks among those results of Gospel criticism which have met with most general acceptance."

But the more advanced critics are not satisfied with the assumption of only one source for the matter common to Mt. and Lk. but absent in Mk., for the divergences between them are so great, that if there were only one source, then one or other of these evangelists, or both, must have treated the source with "drastic freedom." This is especially evidenced by the Ebionitic tinge of the Logia in Lk. A close consideration of this phe-

nomenon leads to the conclusion that other sources, at any rate as far as Lk. is concerned, have to be postulated.

Moreover the "original Mk." or the "embedded document" theory no longer stands in its original simplicity; for sources are being searched for in this and not without success, and the belief is fast gaining ground that in Mt. 24, Mk. 13, and Lk. 21, for instance, there are the remains of an ancient fragment of an apocalyptic character. The passage is quite alien from Jesus' teaching as recorded elsewhere, but closely related to other apocalypses of the time. "It will, accordingly, not be unsafe to assume that an apocalypse which originally had a separate existence has here been put into the mouth of Jesus." This fragment is known to criticism as the "Little Apocalypse."

Other minor sources, also, have been conjectured, of which we may specially mention Scholten's so-called anonymous Gospel found in certain passages of Mt. and Lk., and the book which is held to be cited by Lk. under the title of "Wisdom."

The parallels also adduced by Seydel from the life of the Buddha "are in many places very striking, at least so far as the story of the childhood of Jesus is concerned, and his proof that the Buddhistic sources are older than the Christian must be regarded as irrefragable."

We do not, however, believe that in this matter there was any outward borrowing or use of any written or oral sources, but that the outer similarities were produced from *inner* causes.

But "the synoptical problem is so complicated, that but few students, if any, will now be found who believe a solution possible by means of any one of the hypotheses described above, without other aids. The need for *combining* several of them is felt more and more." Professor Schmiedel then proceeds to give some interesting "graphic representations," or diagrams, of some of these combinations, which are not too complicated, as put forward by some of the best known critics, and then proceeds to test their sufficiency to explain the problem, finding that they all break down on some points.

He then proceeds to an investigation of the very complicated subject of "sources of sources." This investigation points to so many new phenomena to be taken into consideration, that

it practically puts out of court most of the hypotheses hitherto put forward as to origin, and leads to far-reaching consequences. We cannot, therefore, do better than append some of the most striking inferences which Professor Schmiedel draws from the present position of advanced gospel criticism :

"The first impression one derives from the new situation created is, that by it the solution of the synoptical problem, which appeared after so much toil to have been brought so near, seems suddenly removed to an immeasurable distance. For science, however, it is not altogether amiss, if from time to time it is compelled to dispense with the lights it had previously considered clear enough, and to accustom itself to a new investigation of its objects in the dark. Possibly it may then find that it has got rid of certain false appearances under which things had formerly been viewed. In this particular instance, it finds itself no longer under compulsion to assign a given passage to no other source than either the logia, or to original Mk., or to some other of the few sources with which it had hitherto been accustomed to deal. The great danger of any hypothesis lies in this, that it sets up a number of quite general propositions on the basis of a limited number of observations, and then has to find these propositions justified, come what may.

"On the other hand, signs have for some considerable time not been wanting that scholars were on the way to recognition of the new situation just described"—as, for instance, the hypothesis of a Proto-, Deutero-, Trito-Mk., and the like. And even those critics who are satisfied with the simpler hypotheses have to reckon with the probability "that writings like original Mk., or the logia, whether in the course of transcription, or at the hands of individual owners, may have received additions or alterations whenever any one believed himself to be acquainted with a better tradition upon any point. The possibility is taken into account, in like manner, that canonical Mk. in particular does not lie before us in the form in which it lay before those who came immediately after him; possible corruptions of the text, glosses and the like, have to be considered. Another element in the reckoning is that already our oldest MSS. of the gospels have latent in them many examples of transference from

the text of one gospel into that of another, examples similar to those which we can quite distinctly observe in many instances when the T.R. [our present received text] is confronted with these same witnesses. . .

"Lastly, scholars are beginning to remember that the evangelists did not need to draw their material from books alone." There was a large mass of oral tradition and legend floating about which they could each utilise according to their pleasure. From this most interesting and instructive sketch of the present position of the synoptical problem we pass to the consideration of the credibility of the Synoptics.

At the outset Professor Schmiedel laments the unscientific way in which this question is for the most part handled. "Thus, many still think themselves entitled to accept as historically true everything written in the gospels which cannot be shown by explicit testimony to be false. Others pay deference at least to the opinion that a narrative gains in credibility if found in all three gospels (as if in such a case all were not drawing from one source); and with very few exceptions all critics fall into the very grave error of immediately accepting a thing as true as soon as they have found themselves able to trace it to a 'source.'"

From such fallacies we have to free ourselves in the outset of any independent historical investigation. Two opposite points of view should guide us in treating the leading points in the synoptic gospels. "On the one hand, we must set on one side everything which for any reason, arising either from the substance or from literary criticism, has to be regarded as doubtful or wrong; on the other hand, one must make search for all such data as, from the nature of their contents, cannot possibly on any account be regarded as inventions."

According to this canon of judgment the two great facts that we are bound to recognise are that Jesus had compassion on the multitude and taught with authority.

On the other hand, the chronological frame-work "must be classed among the most untrustworthy elements in the gospels"; nor is the case any better with the order of the narratives.

Again "the alleged situations in which the recorded utter-

ances of Jesus were spoken can by no means be implicitly accepted."

As to places, "in the case of an eye-witness the recollection of an event associates itself readily with that of a definite place"; this is not borne out by our gospels. As for persons, "neither the names of the women at the cross, nor the names of the twelve disciples, are given in two places alike."

Again, "several of the reported sayings of Jesus clearly bear the impress of a time he did not live to see."

As to the important question of miracles, even the stoutest believer in miracle must have some doubt as to the accuracy of the accounts. After adducing the evidence, as he does in every case for every one of his assertions, Professor Schmiedel writes: "Taken as a whole the facts brought forward in the immediately preceding paragraphs show only too clearly with what lack of concern for historical precision the evangelists write. The conclusion is inevitable that even the one evangelist whose story in any particular case involves less of the supernatural than that of the others, is still very far from being entitled on that account to claim implicit acceptance of his narrative. Just in the same degree in which those who came after him have gone beyond him, it is easily conceivable that he himself may have gone beyond those who went before him."

As to the very contradictory accounts of the resurrection, the controlling view of the whole matter is the fact "that in no description of any appearances of the risen Lord did Paul perceive anything by which they were distinguished from his own, received at Damascus." As to the conclusion of Mk. 16, 9-20, it is admittedly not genuine, and should it be found that, according to the lately discovered Armenian superscription to this appendix, it was written by Aristion, "a very unfavourable light would be thrown on this 'disciple of the Lord,'" as Papias calls him.

We come next to what Professor Schmiedel considers absolutely credible passages as to Jesus.

There are five passages about Jesus in general, and four on the miracles of Jesus, which the Professor takes as the "foundation pillars for a truly scientific life." The first five are as follows: "Why callest thou me good? none is good save God only";

that blasphemy against the "son of man" can be forgiven; that his relatives held him to be beside himself; "Of that day and of that hour knoweth no one, not even the angels in heaven, neither the Son but the Father"; and "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Professor Schmiedel thinks that these passages prove "not only that in the person of Jesus we have to do with a completely human being, and that the divine is to be sought in him only in the form in which it is capable of being found in man; they also prove that he really did exist, and that the gospels contain some absolutely trustworthy facts concerning him."

The four selected passages from the miracles are as follows: Jesus emphatically refused to work a "sign" before the eyes of his contemporaries; Jesus was able to do no mighty work (save healing a few sick folk) in Nazareth and marvelled at the unbelief of the people; the feeding of the 4,000 and 5,000 is to be interpreted spiritually, for Jesus refers to this in a rebuke to the disciples concerning their little understanding ("How is it that ye do not perceive that I spake not to you concerning *bread?*"); so also in the answer to the Baptist that "the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, and the *poor have the gospel preached to them,*" the same spiritual sense is implied.

On these selected passages Professor Schmiedel bases his view of Jesus; but if we are not content with so limited a view of miracle-possibility, and would accept miracles of healing as well, then "it is permissable for us to regard as historical only those of the class which even at the present day physicians are able to effect by psychical methods—as, more especially, cures of mental maladies."

But even if we grant (as we are quite willing to do) that the origin of some miraculous narratives is to be traced to figurative speech and of others to the influence of O.T. prophetical passages, we are no more prepared to seek their whole origin in misunderstood metaphor or interpretations of prophecy than to call mythology merely a disease of language. Nor are we prepared to admit Professor Schmiedel's selection of test-passages as the "foundation-pillars of a truly *scientific* life" of Jesus,

unless by "scientific" we are to understand solely the present limited field of scientific research, which notoriously has nothing to tell us of the soul and its possibilities. But it is just the facts of the soul (its nature and powers) which constitute the facts of religion, and which alone can throw any real light on the inner side of the origins, or explain the standpoint of the writers of the Gospels. It is here, then, that the "higher criticism" breaks down; it is invaluable in its own domain, but it is as yet utterly incapable of explaining the inner side—the most important side—of the evolution of Christianity.

Professor Schmiedel applies his view of Jesus also as a test of the Sayings, and after pointing out the historical and critical difficulties which surround every other class of sayings, continues: "It is when the purely religious-ethical utterances of Jesus come under consideration that we are most advantageously placed. Here especially applies the maxim that we may accept as credible everything that harmonises with the idea of Jesus which has been derived from what we have called the 'foundation pillars' and is not otherwise open to fatal objection."

It must be confessed that this is a poor result of all our investigations, to reduce the grandiose conception of the Master to such *bourgeois* proportions. It is almost as paltry as the "*cher maître*" of Renan. Still this is the general tone of mind of the present advanced critic, and so long as he will look at the "facts about religion" solely through the eyes of modern scientific limitations so long will he exclude many of the most important "facts of religion."

But to return to the safer ground of a further consideration of the authors and dates of the Synoptic writings and their most important sources. Professor Schmiedel is of the opinion that it was not till the middle of the second century that the word "gospel" came to mean a book. Linguistically considered, the traditional titles "Gospel according to Matthew," etc., so far from meaning "the written Gospel of Matthew" (or still less the "written Gospel based on communications by Matthew"), mean simply "Gospel history in the form in which Matthew put it into writing," etc. The original writings bore no superscription at all,

Reviewing the evidence as to the attribution of the substance of the Lk. document to Paul, Professor Schmiedel comes to the conclusion that "it is only an expedient which the church fathers adopted to enable them to assign a quasi-apostolic origin to the work of one who was not himself an apostle."

Equally so suspicion attaches to the statement that the gospel of Mk. rested on communications of Peter. "In short, all that can be said to be certain is this, that it is in vain to look to the church fathers for trustworthy information on the subject of the origin of the gospels."

Moreover, as to whether the Mark of Papias was the author of "original Mk.," this is a pure matter of opinion, for we do not possess original Mk. "Should original Mk. have been written in Aramaic, then the author cannot be held to be the author of canonical Mk." But we may suggest that there is a high probability that the original common document in Mt., Mk. and Lk. may have been written in Hebrew, and not Aramaic, and this irrespective of the question of *its* sources.

As to the First Gospel, the authorship of the apostle Matthew "must be given up" for many weighty reasons. "All the more strenuously is the effort made to preserve for Matthew" the authorship of the Logia. But even here there are many difficulties to contend with, as we have seen before.

As to dates. Certain passages strongly tend to establish an early date for the Logia as found in Mt. By early date is meant prior to A.D. 70 (the destruction of Jerusalem), the only means we have at all of establishing a criterion. But even this claim for the early date of certain Logia preserved by Mt. cannot be definitely established.

With regard to the story of the Magi, a Syriac writing ascribed to Eusebius of Cæsarea "makes the statement, which can hardly have been invented, that this narrative, committed to writing in the interior of Persia, was in 119 A.D., during the episcopate of Xystus of Rome, made search for, discovered and written in the language of those who were interested in it (that is to say in Greek)." Those who would assign an earlier date to Mt. than 119 A.D. accordingly suppose the late addition of an "appendix" referring to the Magi. But the simplest hypothesis

we should think, and the most natural one, is to make A.D. 119 the *terminus a quo* of canonical Mt.

With regard to canonical Mk. we have no data whatever for fixing its date, except the deduction from the contradictory results of critical research on the borrowing-hypothesis, which to our mind clearly indicate that the Synoptic writers were contemporaries.

As it is "quite certain" that the author of Lk. was also the author of Acts, and as the author of Acts "cannot have been Luke, the companion of Paul," Luke cannot have been the author of the Third Gospel.

Now, the author of Lk. is definitely proved to have been acquainted with the writings of Josephus, and this would assign the superior limit, *terminus a quo*, or earliest possible date of Lk., to 100 A.D. There is, however, nothing certain in all this, and nothing to prevent a far later date. In brief, in our opinion, the statement that all three Synoptics were written somewhere in the reign of Hadrian (117-138 A.D.), seems to be the safest conclusion.

Now, it is generally assumed that the credibility of the gospels would be increased if they could be shown to have been written at an earlier date, but this is a mistake. "Uncertainty on the chronological question by no means carries with it any uncertainty in the judgment we are to form of the gospels themselves. . . . Indeed, even if our gospels could be shown to have been written from 50 A.D. onwards, or even earlier, we should not be under any necessity to withdraw our conclusions as to their contents; we should, on the contrary, only have to say that the indubitable transformation in the original traditions had taken place much more rapidly than we might have been ready to suppose."

Thus does Professor Schmiedel shatter the false hopes of those who imagined that because Professor Harnack had recently modified his opinion on some points of hypothetical document chronology, all the old positions were restored to them intact!

Our next paper will be devoted to the Fourth Gospel.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 206)

CHAPTER V.

THE STRENGTHENING OF THOUGHT-POWER

WE may now proceed to turn our study of Thought-Power to practical account, for study that does not lead to practice is barren. The old declaration still holds good: "The end of philosophy is to put an end to pain." We are to learn to develope and then to use our developed thought-power to help those around us, the living and the so-called dead, to quicken human evolution, and to hasten also our own progress.

Thought-power can only be increased by steady and persistent exercise; as literally and as truly as muscular development depends on the exercise of the muscles we already possess, so does mental development depend on the exercise of the mind already ours.

It is a law of life that growth results from exercise. The life, our Self, is ever seeking increased expression outwardly by means of the form in which it is contained. As it is called out by exercise, its pressure on the form causes the form to expand, and fresh matter is laid down in the form, and part of the expansion is thus rendered permanent. When the muscle is stretched by exercise more life flows into it, the cells multiply, and the muscle thus grows. When the mental body vibrates under the action of thought, fresh matter is drawn in from the mental atmosphere, and is built into the body, which thus increases in size as well as in complexity of structure. A mental body con-

tinually exercised grows, whether the thought carried on it be good or evil. The amount of the thought determines the growth of the body, the quality of the thought determines the kind of matter employed in that growth.

Now the cells of the grey matter of the physical brain multiply as the brain is exercised in thinking. *Post-mortem* examinations have shown that the brain of the thinker is not only larger and heavier than the brain of the ploughman, but also that it has a very much larger number of convolutions. These afford a much increased surface for the grey nervous matter, which is the immediate physical instrument of thought.

Thus both the mental body and the physical brain grow by exercise, and those who would improve and enlarge them must have recourse to regular daily thinking, with the deliberately chosen object of improving their mental capacities. Needless to add that the inherent powers of the Knower are also evolved more rapidly by this exercise, and ever play upon the vehicles with increasing force.

In order that it may have its full effect this practice should be methodical. Let a man choose an able book on some subject which is attractive to him, a book written by a competent author, containing fresh strong thought. A sentence, or a few sentences, should be read slowly, and then the reader should think closely and intently over what he has read. It is a good rule to think twice as long as one reads, for the object of the reading is not simply to acquire new ideas, but to strengthen the thinking faculties. Half an hour should be given to this practice if possible, but the student may begin with a quarter of an hour, as he will find the close attention a little exhausting at first.

Any person who takes up this practice and follows it regularly for a few months will at the end of that time be conscious of a distinct growth of mental strength, and he will find himself able to deal with the ordinary problems of life far more effectively than heretofore. Nature is a just pay-mistress, giving to each exactly the wages he has earned, but not an unearned farthing. Those who would have the wages of increased faculty must earn them by hard thinking.

The work is twofold, as has been already pointed out. On

the one side the powers of consciousness are drawn out; on the other the forms through which it is expressed are developed; and the first of these must never be forgotten. Many people recognise the value of definite thinking as affecting the brain, but forget that the source of all thought is the unborn, undying Self, and that they are only drawing out what they already possess. Within them is all power, and they have only to utilise it, for the Divine Self is the root of the life of each, and the aspect of the Self which is knowledge lives in everyone, and is ever seeking opportunity for his own fuller expression. The power is within each, uncreate, eternal; the form is moulded and changed, but the life is the man's Self, illimitable in his powers. That power within each is the same power as shaped the universe; it is divine, not human, a portion of the life of the Logos, and inseparate from Him.

If this were realised, and if the student remembered that it is not the scantiness of the power but the inadequacy of the instrument that makes the difficulty, he would often work with more courage and hope, and therefore with more efficiency. Let him feel that his essential nature is knowledge, and that it lies with him how far that essential nature shall find expression in this incarnation. Expression is, indeed, limited by the thinkings of the past, but can be now increased and made more efficient by the same power which in that past shaped the present. Forms are plastic and can be re-moulded, slowly, it is true, by the vibrations of the life.

Above all, let the student remember that for steady growth, regularity of practice is essential. When a day's practice is omitted, three or four days' work are necessary to counterbalance the slipping back, at least during the earlier stages of growth. When the *habit* of steady thought is acquired, then the regularity of practice is less important. But until this habit is definitely established, regularity is of the utmost moment, for old habit of loose drifting re-asserts itself, and the matter of the mental body falls back into its old shapes, and has to be again shaken out of them on the resumption of the practice. Better five minutes of work done regularly, than half an hour on some days and not on others.

Worry—its Meaning and Eradication

It has been said truly enough that people age more by worry than by work. Work, unless excessive, does not injure the thought-apparatus, but, on the contrary, strengthens it. But the mental process known as "worry" definitely injures it, and after a time produces a nervous exhaustion and irritability which renders steady mental work impossible.

What is "worry"? It is the process of repeating the same train of thought over and over again, with small alterations, coming to no result, and not even aiming at the reaching of a result. It is the continued reproduction of thought-forms, initiated by the mental body and the brain, not by the consciousness, and imposed by them on the consciousness. As over-tired muscles cannot keep still, but move restlessly even against the will, so do the tired mental body and brain repeat over and over again the very vibrations that have wearied them, and the Thinker vainly tries to still them and thus obtain rest. Once more automatism is seen, the tendency to move in the direction in which movement has already been made. The Thinker has dwelt on a painful subject, and has endeavoured to reach a definite and useful conclusion. He has failed and ceases to think, but remains unsatisfied, wishing to find a solution, and dominated by the fear of the anticipated trouble. This fear keeps him in an anxious and restless condition, causing an irregular outflow of energy. Then the mental body and brain, under the impulse of this energy and of the wish, but undirected by the Thinker, continue to move and throw up the images already shaped and rejected. These are, as it were, forced on his attention, and the sequence recurs again and again. As weariness increases irritability is set up, and reacts again on the wearied forms, and so action and reaction continue in a vicious circle. The Thinker is, in worry, the slave of his servant-bodies, and is suffering under their tyranny.

Now this very automatism of the mental body and brain, this tendency to repeat vibrations already produced, may be used to correct the useless repetition of thoughts that cause pain. When a thought-current has made for itself a channel—a thought-form—new thought-currents tend to flow along the same track, that

being the line of least resistance. A thought that causes pain readily thus recurs by the fascination of fear, as a thought that gives pleasure recurs by the fascination of love. The object of fear, the picture of what will happen when anticipation becomes reality, makes thus a mind-channel, a mould for thought, and a brain-track also. The tendency of the mental body and the brain, released from immediate work, is to repeat the form, and to let unemployed energy flow into the channel already made.

Perhaps the best way to get rid of a "worry-channel" is to dig another, of an exactly opposite character. Such a channel is, as we have already seen, made by definite, persistent, regular, thought. Let then a person, who is suffering from worry, give three or four minutes in the morning, on first rising, to some noble and encouraging thought: "The Self is Peace; that Self am I. The Self is Strength; that Self am I." Let him think how, in his innermost nature, he is one with the Supreme Father; how, in that nature, he is undying, unchanging, fearless, free, serene, strong; how he is clothed in perishable vestures, that feel the sting of pain, the gnawing of anxiety; how he mistakenly regards these as himself. As he thus broods, the Peace will enfold him, and he will feel it is his own, his natural atmosphere.

As he does this, day by day, the thought will dig its own channel in mental body and in brain, and ere long, when the mind is loosed from labour, the thought of the Self that is Peace and Strength will present itself unbidden, and fold its wings around the mind in the very turmoil of the world. Mental energy will flow naturally into this channel, and worry will be of the past.

Another way is to train the mind to rest on the Good Law, thus establishing a habit of content. Here the man dwells on the thought that all circumstances work within the law, and that naught happens by chance. Only that which the Law brings to us can reach us, by whatever hand it may outwardly come. Nothing can injure us that is not our due, brought to us by our own previous willing and acting; none can wrong us, save as an instrument of the Law, collecting a debt due from us. Even if an anticipation of pain or trouble come to the mind, it

will do well to face it calmly, accept it, agree to it. Most of the sting disappears when we acquiesce in the finding of the Law, whatever it may be. And we may do this the more easily if we remember that the Law works ever to free us, by exacting the debts that keep us in prison, and though it bring us pain, the pain is but the way to happiness. All pain, come it how it may, works for our ultimate bliss, and is but breaking the bonds which keep us tied to the whirling wheel of births and deaths.

When these thoughts have become habitual, the mind ceases to worry, for the claws of worry can find no hold on that strong panoply of peace.

Thinking and Ceasing to Think

Much gain of strength may be made by learning both to think and to cease thinking at will. While we are thinking we should throw our whole mind into the thought, and think our best. But when the work of thought is over, it should be dropped *completely*, and not allowed to drift on vaguely, touching the work and leaving it, like a boat knocking itself against a rock. A man does not keep a machine running when it is not turning out work, needlessly wearing the machinery. But the priceless machinery of the mind is allowed to turn and turn aimlessly, wearing itself out without useful result. To learn to cease thinking, to let the mind rest, is an acquisition of the greatest value. As the tired limbs luxuriate when stretched in repose, so may the tired mind find comfort in complete rest. Constant thinking means constant vibration; constant vibration means constant waste. Exhaustion and premature decay result from this useless expenditure of energy, and a man may preserve both mental body and brain longer by learning to cease thinking, when thought is not being directed to useful result.

It is true that "ceasing to think" is by no means an easy achievement. Perhaps it is even more difficult than thinking. It must be practised for very brief periods until the habit is established, for it means at first an expenditure of force in holding the mind still. Let the student, when he has been thinking steadily, drop the thought, and as any thought appears in the mind turn the attention away from it. Persistently turn away

from each intruder; if need be, imagine a void, as a step to quiescence, and try to be conscious only of stillness and darkness. Practice on these lines will become more and more intelligible if persisted in, and a sense of quiet and peace will encourage the student to persist.

Nor should it be forgotten that the cessation of thought, busied in outward activities, is a necessary preliminary to work on the higher planes. When the brain has learned to be quiescent, when it no longer restlessly throws up the broken images of past activities, then the possibility opens of the withdrawal of the consciousness from its physical vesture, and of its free activity in its own world. Those who hope to take this forward step within the present life must learn to cease thinking, for only when "the modifications of the thinking principle" are checked on the lower plane can freedom on the higher be obtained.

Another way of giving the rest to the mental body and the brain—a far easier way than the cessation of thinking—is by change of thought. A man who thinks strenuously and persistently along one line should have a second line of thought, as different as possible from the first, to which he can turn his mind for refreshment. The extraordinary freshness and youthfulness of thought which characterised William Ewart Gladstone in his old age was largely the result of the subsidiary intellectual activities of his life. His strongest and most persistent thought went to politics, but his studies in theology and in Greek filled many a leisure hour. Truly he was but an indifferent theologian, and what he was as a Greek scholar I am not competent to say; but though the world cannot be said to be much the richer for his theological pronouncements, his own brain was kept fresh and receptive by these and his Grecian studies. Charles Darwin, on the other hand, lamented in his old age that he had allowed those of his faculties to atrophy by disuse, that would have been concerned with subjects outside his own specialised work. Literature and art for him had no attraction, and he keenly felt the limitations he had imposed on himself by his over-absorption in one line of study. A man needs change of exercise in thought as well as in body, else he may suffer from mental cramp as do some from writer's cramp.

Especially, perhaps, is it important for men engaged in absorbing worldly pursuits, that they should take up a subject which engages faculties of the mind not evolved in business activities, related to art, science or literature, in which they may find mental recreation and polish. Above all, the young should adopt some such pursuit, ere yet their fresh and active brains grow jaded and weary, and in age they will then find within themselves resources which will enrich and brighten their declining days. The form will preserve its elasticity for a much longer period of time when it is thus given rest by change of occupation.

The Secret of Peace of Mind

Much of that which we have already studied tells us something of the way in which peace of mind may be ensured. But its fundamental necessity is the clear recognition and realisation of our place in the universe.

We are part of one great Life, which knows no failure, no loss of effort or strength, which "mightily and sweetly ordering all things" bears the worlds onwards to their goal. The notion that our little life is a separate independent unit, fighting for its own hand against countless separate independent units, is a delusion of the most tormenting kind. So long as we thus see the world and life, peace broods far off on an inaccessible pinnacle. When we feel and know that all selves are one, then peace of mind is ours without any fear of loss.

All our troubles arise from thinking of ourselves as separated units, and then revolving on our own mental axes, thinking only of our separate interests, our separate aims, our separate joys and sorrows. Some do this as regards the lower things of life, and they are the most dissatisfied of all, ever restlessly snatching at the general stock of material goods, and piling up useless treasures. Others seek ever their own separate progress in the higher life, good earnest people, but ever discontented and anxious. They are ever contemplating and analysing themselves: "Am I getting on? do I know more than I did last year?" and so on, fretting for continual assurances of progress, their thoughts centred on their own inner gain.

Peace is not to be found in the continual seeking for the gratification of the separated self, even though the gratification be of the higher kind. It is found in renouncing the separated self, in resting on the Self that is One, the Self that is manifesting at *every* stage of evolution, and in our stage as much as in every other, and is content in all.

Desire for spiritual progress is of great value so long as the lower desires entangle and fetter the aspirant; he gains strength to free himself from them by the passionate longing for spiritual growth; but it does not, it cannot, give happiness, which is only found when the separate self is cast away and the great Self is recognised as that for the sake of which we are living in the world. Even in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy, and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are ever seeking happiness for themselves.

We are the Self, and therefore the joys and the sorrows of others are ours as much as theirs, and in proportion as we feel this, and learn to live so that the whole world shares the life that flows through us, do our minds learn the secret of peace. "He attaineth Peace, into whom all desires flow as rivers flow into the ocean, which is filled with water but remaineth unmoved—not he who desireth desire."* The more we desire, the more the craving for happiness—which is unhappiness—must grow. The secret of Peace is the knowledge of the Self, and the thought "That Self am I" will help towards the gaining of a peace of mind that nothing can disturb.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

* *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, ii. 70.

THE FOOL AND THE FOLK OF PEACE

As fishes playing in a pond covered over with reeds and scum cannot be seen from outside, so God plays in the heart of a man invisibly.—RÂMA KṚIṢHṆA.

SOME centuries ago, before the Folk of Peace hid themselves quite away from men, there lived "out over" in the purple West a good man who had a great gift for prospering in his worldly affairs. He took to wife a very pretty lady, and when he had been married a year a son was born to him.

On the day of his child's christening he walked through his rich meadows beside a brown gurgling Devon stream, full of spotted trout, and fringed with cress, and becka bunga, and pink-flowered, silky stemmed "custards and cream."

As he walked thus he saw a stranger sitting on one of his gates. Now this grieved him, and he went quickly to drive the trespasser away. He had with him a very savage, fearless dog; but when they were within a few yards of the gate this dog fell to howling, and raced homewards with his tail between his legs. Then the good squire stood still and looked.

On the gate was sitting a slim, pale-faced, bright-eyed maiden, clad all in green; her flaxen hair fell thickly on her shoulders, round her head was a wreath of glossy, shining heart-shaped leaves pulled from the hedge, and stuck with bunches of white clover. Her bare feet dangled from the gate; they were very white and delicate. In her hand was a twinkling, peeled wand cut from a hazel tree.

Now directly the squire saw her he knew he had to do with nothing mortal, but that she was a maiden of the Folk of Peace. But he was a sturdy fellow with a nice sense of his own rights; and the gate was his, for he had bought the wood and paid for the making. So he said, but civilly:

"I suppose, madam, you know you are trespassing?"

"Dear sir," said the maid, slipping from the gate—and they say that where her milky feet touched the earth there grew up the pale fire of cowslips, which do not grow in Devon save by magic arts of witches, faeries, and the like—"I crave your pardon; I am come to bring a christening gift to your son."

"O madam," said the delighted squire, "these fields are all at your ladyship's service, and so, I am sure, are the gates."

"Which, sir," said the Lady of Peace, "will you choose as the gift of our people? Shall we give to your son a silver mug which will always be full of good ale, or a thrifty wife when he shall grow to manhood, or shall we cause him ever to see all the world of men, women and things as they really are?"

Now, the squire was a most wary man; but even he, with all his constant and deep sense of the villainy of his neighbours, was sometimes over-reached. "If a man have a cup that is always full of good ale," he thought, "of course he will always be a-drinking; now, I do not desire my son to be drunken more often than is needful for good company's sake. A thrifty wife is good; but if he see all men and women as they are, no huzzy can fool him, and he can choose for himself. I accept," said he aloud, "your ladyship's third gift."

"Give me your hand, dear sir," said the Lady of Peace, "and lead me to the babe's cradle."

The squire, fearing a little lest she might ring him about with a faery circle and make him dance with her till the crack of Doom, bowed and obeyed. Her hand was cool, and as soft as thistledown. The squire led her to the house, where the babe lay and wailed—and wailed—and wailed. Never was known such a crying child, said the old nurse. The Lady of Peace bent over the cradle, she kissed the child lightly on lips and eyes; the little one's wailing ceased as her lips touched him. Then the faery maid whispered in the child's ear, and whisk! she was gone, like the flame of a blown out lamp. The baby lay quietly in his cradle; from that hour he never cried, and seldom laughed.

The child grew up to be a well-grown healthy lad; but he was, nevertheless, a very great disappointment to his father, the good squire. For soon it became apparent to everyone,

that so far from seeing men and the world as they were, that was the very last thing he did. He was foolish enough to declare that no one saw them at all as they were, but only their reflection, like trees mirrored in clear pools. He was quite unable to form a just judgment of anyone, which was shown by the fact that his opinion of people was always different from those formed by his father and other people of sober and practical minds. So far from being suspicious and keen-witted and able to drive a good bargain, as his father had hoped, he was—as his grieving parents said—a perfect fool. And the squire would have abused the Lady of Peace roundly, only it is never safe to speak ill of those Folk, because they have the "receipt of fern seed," and walk invisible; so that one can never abuse them in comfort, as though they were one's absent friends.

At last the young man grew always to be regarded, and finally spoken of habitually, as "the fool"—a name which he seemed to be perfectly willing to accept. When he was twenty-two years old, his father, past his patience, altered his will, left his money and lands to his younger sons, and turned the oldest out to seek his fortune, praying fervently that the rougher side of life might put wisdom and clear insight into one who was as yet so far astray.

So the fool wandered away all alone, and after many months he drew near to London, which was then a much smaller, and perhaps a merrier and more conscienceless London than it is to-day. He came as far as Hampstead, and walked over the Heath, which was then houseless and almost roadless. It was the golden close of a summer day; the hills towards Harrow were wrapped in shimmering bluish haze; silver-boled birch trees grew on the heath then, as they do to-day; the fool wandered amongst them, and among the gorse and brambles, the wild rose and crab-trees, until he struck the coach road to London, and walked along it, townwards.

While he walked thus he met a masked man, riding a good horse, and this man rode towards him, and drew a pistol, crying:

"Give me what money you have about you, or——" and he levelled his pistol.

Then the man, whom they called the fool, smiled, and

answered mildly: "I have no money, sir, else it should be at your service, if you have need."

Thereat the other laughed, and lowered his pistol, saying: "I thank you for your charity."

He then dismounted from his horse, and led it, walking and talking with the fool, who seemed to surprise him much. The fool told him how he had been driven from home, because owing to the fairy's gift, he could not help seeing all men as they were. Then the other plucked the mask from his face, and the fool saw a man still young, and very comely, yet worn and pallid, with fierce eyes, and reckless bearing. This man seemed to marvel at the fool more and more, and he begged him to lodge with him at an inn in London whither he should steal warily at nightfall. And the fool said he would do so.

Therefore this man led him by foul and evil streets to a low sordid tavern by the riverside, where thieves and violent robbers and wanton women abode. And there the fool too abided, only that each day he walked into the country, and gathered the herbs he had the skill to know, and sold them to men who had need of such things, to make of them remedies for divers maladies. And there, day by day, he gathered to himself friends among those evil people. They were amazed at his ways, and, wondering at them, loved him after a while. For he was always gentle and kindly; besides these people knew, however vaguely, and with whatsoever indifference, that they looked upon the world awry. Therefore being themselves consciously evil and ignorant and of low repute among men, they were less able to perceive the folly of the fool, than were the wise and excellent persons of his own country, who were moreover very shrewd and able to rely upon the evidence and keenness of their senses in judging men and things.

The man who had brought the fool to dwell at the tavern, talked often with him; he marvelled at him more and more, and at last he told him how it came to pass that he had fallen so low as to be a robber on the highway, for he was a man of wit, and of gentle birth.

Once he stood high among his fellows, and had served his country honourably. He was then in the confidence and

service of a great man, who was his friend, benefactor and leader; who had, moreover, gained for him a certain post at court. Now the man was ambitious and desired fame and wealth. He was selfish, as selfish as personal desires must make all men—no more and no less. He was careless of life; that is to say, he lived after the standard of the average men of his world; his hands were not wholly clean, his eye was not single. Some day he might perhaps be a great patriot; within him were the germs of the power of ruling and planning for the weal of others. But the day when these powers should bud and blossom and be made manifest in him, was not yet. Nevertheless he had not been guilty of that treachery of which he was finally accused—an accusation which lost him his place, and made him an outcast for the rest of his life. Moreover, the great and powerful man, his former friend and benefactor, who accused and ruined him, knew of his innocence, and the accused man knew that he knew it.

Bitterness was in the heart of the ruined outcast, because he knew he had been sacrificed to a great and powerful man's fancy for a light woman. He knew he had been ruined and disgraced by the false friend and leader whom he loved and trusted, and for whom, despite all self interests, he had worked loyally; he knew he had been ruined because he, the younger and the comelier man, stood in the way of his friend's wanton love. And though life was stripped for him of all he valued, he was glad to live still, because he hoped to be revenged, and that was why he was very cunning, and careful lest he should fall into the hands of the law, and be hanged for his lawless actions.

One night he returned to the foul tavern just as the sky began to grow pale, and he met the fool on the dark stairway; for he was about to go forth from the city into the fields, before the sun rose. The man laid his hand upon the fool and led him to the low-roofed room where he abode when he returned to his hiding-place, after his wanderings. Then he bolted the door, drew the curtain from the window, and let in the faint dusky light. He stood before the fool—they could scarcely see each other's faces—and laughed.

"You, who see men as they are," he cried, mockingly, "read me my heart to-night."

"It is very sore," said the fool. "There is wounded love and friendship in it, and shame, and thwarted ambition. These things clothe you as with a garment, so that no man may see you, save through the power of the Folk of Peace."

His friend did not seem to hear nor heed his words.

"I hold him in the hollow of this hand," he cried. "I can ruin him, as he ruined me. But his ruin will make more stir; it will be bitterer than mine."

Then he showed to the other letters, robbed from a coach he had stopped, the coach of a great lady. And these letters, given to his enemy's enemy, might with a little twisting, a little shuffling, a little bribery and false swearing, be so used as to ruin the great man and fling him down from his high place. His rival, a dishonest man, fired with the lust of power alone, false to his friends, false to his king, false to his country, was coming to the foul tavern that day to meet the ruined man, and take these papers, and wreak for him his vengeance on his former friend and leader.

Now it was a time of strife and war; a time of crisis in the history of this land, and strong men were sorely needed. Both the fool and the ruined man knew this.

"If you do thus will you not cripple your country in her need?" said the fool. "He will be ruined."

"As I was ruined."

"He will be cast unjustly from his place."

"As I was cast."

"This man who hates him will have his place, and will sell his own honour and his country's with a light heart. You tell me he whom you would destroy is fit for his place, and honest; though, urged by an evil passion, he betrayed you, he would not sell his country."

"And I am neither fit for his place nor honest?" said the other bitterly. "I am neither—you, who see men as they are—I am neither? Is that what you mean? If you can't make it, you ought not to break it!"

The fool smiled.

"That was not in my thought," he said.

"Then it is in mine," said the other gloomily. "He is the

man for the country's need; though I loathe him, as once I loved him, I admit it. And, God knows, whatever I have been, whatever I have done, I have never been a traitor."

"By the power of the Folk of Peace," said the fool, "it is given me to perceive the promise and the power of the Real in all men; thus I think of them ever, even as they abide in the Land which is Real. Now the thing which is, yonder—so they tell me—is that which shall be here. The power of the yet unborn in Time will be upon you this night, and you will not do as you purpose."

"I purpose it," said the other angrily. "Hinder me if you can."

"Your shadow purposes," said the fool. "And, though men call me dreamer, O my friend, I do not fight with shadows. Wherefore should I? The sun shines otherwhere in the heavens, and the shadow flits, and where there was shade, there is sun."

"Have I not freewill?" cried the other, stamping his foot in anger.

"Not here," said the fool. "But yonder—so they say."

"Because you have spoken with me courteously," said the ruined man, "because there was never scorn in your eyes, nor false pity in your soul, my heart cleaves to you. You shall say what you will. But you shall not thwart me in this. You must stay here, a prisoner, till the man is come and gone."

"I will stay here willingly," said the fool. "The place to me is full of peace; and, to my thinking, it is even beautiful."

"Your fairy godmother leads you wide of the mark," said his friend bitterly.

The fool sat patiently in the bare room, where the light was yet dim, but waxing stronger; he spoke no word of warning, nor rebuke, nor pleading. At last his companion spoke again to him.

"When I am beside you, O friend," he said, "there is a voice that cries from you to me, in a tongue I do not know; and a voice within me cries in answer in a language I cannot understand. But the calling of it strikes through me, and shakes my heart, so that it quivers with a strong desire—for what I know not. Only the things about me grow as the shadow of a dream, and only the crying voice is real."

Still the fool uttered no word. After a while the man spoke once more, and his voice was changed, so that it might have been another who spoke rather than he.

"What must we do?" he asked.

"It is for you to speak that word," answered the fool.

The man stood by the window and watched the pale arch of the great sky; at last he drew forth the papers he had stolen, and burned them on the hearth.

"And now," he said, "we will go—you and I."

They went forth together; and when the great man's enemy came to the place he found an empty room, and on the hearth some black ashes. But the two friends were walking away from the city, over green meadows full of marsh marygold. Thus they walked and talked during many hours, and the land seemed to both of them to be very fair. At night they came back to the foul tavern by the water side; and as they passed through the darkened streets, the fool said:

"This also is very good."

"To me it is not so," said his friend. "But you behold it, doubtless, through the gift of the Folk of Peace."

"It is so," said the fool.

The next day the ruined man was dead. He was stabbed to the heart in a brawl, as he sought to save a child from the violence of a drunkard. Soon no one remembered him, save the fool, who never forgot anyone, though he rarely spoke of them. He still dwelt in the foul place whither the dead man had led him; one amongst those who lived there begged him, even with tears, to remain. Therefore he remained, until he died there at a great age. During all his long life he never showed by word, nor by sign, whether or no he knew those amongst whom he dwelt to be great sinners. But they say that all those sinful folk, as he dwelt there, heard the voice cry to them, but never in a tongue they knew. And the same voice, sometimes faint, sometimes loud, cried in their souls in answer, until the day came when to these also the world grew to be as the shadow of a dream, and only the crying voice was real.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE MEANING OF MUKTI

PERHAPS it is not wrong to assume that the question, "What is Mukti" (Moksha, Nirvâṇa, Liberation, Freedom)?—is not yet happily possessed of an answer which, if it may not yet have passed into the condition of a platitude and a truism, is at least that of a cut and dried fact which can be unhesitatingly put forward by a satisfied majority to a questioning minority.

Of course there are some who have quite made up their minds that it cannot be answered at all. They are happy. They have got a negative Mukti—freedom from doubt and search, and heart-burning and brain-tasking—in matter-of-fact practice, even while denying the possibility of it in theory. Some have never felt even the need for asking that question, much less for attempting a solution. They are happier still, at least for the time being, till that relentless craving Question, in its bare and fearful primeval form, seizes them in this or a later life. Some others have so far made up their minds that they declare that it is not to be answered *yet*, but *will* be answered after they have got through a few hundred births, and a few million years, and have attained to the condition of a Deva, or of a Planetary Logos, if not of the Solar Logos Himself. They are comparatively well off too. Their patience and power of waiting bring to them the satisfaction that is brought to some only by the direct answer itself.

But there are others to whom it is impossible thus to wait; to whom the question is an ever-present nightmare; who must solve it now, or suffer agony; who think that if man, able to formulate and understand and feel the pressing burden of the question, cannot answer it *now* after passing through the whole first half of endlessness, there is no hope of his being able to answer it after he has lived through an infinitesimal fraction more of that endlessness, a few millions or a few billions of years

more. Surely their interests should also be looked to! For their sake let us make an effort to understand what Mukti is and means.

Perhaps the best way to begin will be to go back to the condition in which a man first feels the desire for Mukti, and carefully analyse that condition. It may be that that very preliminary examination will yield us what we want. What *does* a man want when he wants Mukti? Surely he wants something; and if so, that something is in all probability definable. And if we can get at such a definition, it may be that we shall have found what we want.

We find that under certain conditions human beings (not to talk about other and unfamiliar persons) suffer from a peculiar kind of melancholy and disgust with the world, and a general want of interest in all things, and that this mental condition is not always explicable by bad livers and disordered stomachs, but that sometimes this morbid condition of mind supervenes on the best physical health. If questioned, with a view to the elucidation of the psychic disturbance, they answer: "We do not understand the world and its mysterious ways! Men live and die like veriest worms and insects! What is death? What is life? To know that what we most prize and cherish and hold near and dear is snuffed out of existence in the winking of an eye, like an unprotected lamp-flame by a breath of air—this makes us miserable. This want of certainty, of permanence of life, the constant feeling that our labours and ourselves will die without warning, without fail, ruthlessly—this destroys all our interest in life. Can you show us a way whereby we and those we love, the whole suffering world, can escape from fear of the relentless jaws of this ever-present Death? You say that the Limited needs must perish, that it is born of Death and ends in Death? Are we then limited or unlimited? Are we only the physical or other subtler bodies that needs must perish, or are we different and of the Essence of the Eternal? Satisfy us if you can, and give us deliverance from doubt and fear."

Such is invariably the questioning answer of one thus questioned. He does not want to become a Deva, a Logos, an Îshvara. Nay, on the contrary, he commiserates them; he

pities their short-livedness; he sympathises with them in their sufferings and burdens; for the standpoint which he, all unconsciously yet to himself, has assumed, is the standpoint of the Nitya, the Permanent, the Pûrṇa, the Full, the Infinite, the Eternal; and from that standpoint what are Logoi and Îshvaras? They too are limited, part of the Anitya, the Impermanent, and if so, what do a few years or a few billion years more or less, a few feet or a few billion miles more or less, matter? If limited, They die. The questioner is now craving absolutely for the Unlimited, not for a little more of the Limited. What does Râma say to Vasiṣhṭha? Not that he wants to become Brahmâ, or Viṣhṇu, or Mahesha, but that even They die and pass away, and that his soul is the more shaken with unlimited disgust of the Limited.

Evidently to one in this mood it is not much use holding out hopes of a condition of glorified pleasures (and, by logical certainty, of glorified pains also), which shall last a few billion years and extend over a few billion miles. Does that condition come to an end at all, or not? If it does, he will have none of it. He wants Absolute Infinity. Surely it is of no use endeavouring to compromise with anything less. Truly nothing that is less than the Eternal, "nothing that is out of the Eternal can aid you." He wants peace of mind, certainty of immortality, not size and power. A human being, an elephant, a whale, have indefinitely larger size and power than an ant. Have therefore the man, the elephant, the whale, such peace of mind, such assurance of immortality? The earth-orb, the sun-globe, are indefinitely larger and longer-lived than a human being. But all the facts available point certainly to the conclusion that the earth-orb and the solar-globe must perish. Raise the Solar Logos to the billionth power, Îshvara of Îshvara of Îshvara to the billionth degree, how does *that* bring you any nearer to Absolute Infinity and Eternity than you are *now* and *here*? Multiplication of the Limited by the Limited will not yield the Unlimited. The Unlimited is a fact apart. It stands *opposed* to the Limited, *everywhere* and *always*. Turn your face away from the Limited, and the Unlimited stares you in the face; you cannot avoid it then, but you must turn your face away. You

may peer and blink with the intensest eyes in the direction of the Limited, be it idol, or ensouling Deva, or Îshvara of Solar System. You will never find what you are in search of—or perhaps are not in search of, for if you really were, then surely you would know where to look for it.

See then that this Peace of Mind, this freedom from pain, this Mukti, this freedom from the feeling of limitation and freedom from nothing else and nothing less than the whole of limitation that you are dying for, is not to be found in any mere *expansion* of consciousness, in any expansion of knowledge and power, which by some is supposed to be Mukti, but only in a complete reversal of what you know as your ordinary consciousness, in a complete summation and shutting up of all knowledge and power into *a point*, wherein all the universe, past, present and to come, is held in seed in all completeness, and no need left for any exercise of knowledge or power. Such "summary" is not an abolition of the world-process, of the Limited, but only an *explanation* of it, and in such explanation, such understanding of the principles, the mechanism, of the universe, of the place in it of yourself and of all things else, lies the peace of mind, the assurance of immortality, for which you have been searching.

A mere expansion of consciousness, a gaining of sense after sense till we have completed not seven but seven hundred, will not help us when the fearful Doubt of our own deathlessness is on us. Indra suffered from that Doubt, ruler of the heavens though he was. Viṣhṇu-Keshava, an Îshvara by birthright in this world-system, suffered it and pondered: "Who am I?" and "What is all This?" and "Why?" and "Whereto?"—and He was instructed by a Higher. You may read the story in the *Devi Bhâgavata.*

My consciousness was expanded to the extent of about five pounds of matter when I was an infant. It has now expanded to nearly two hundred pounds at middle age. Am I any nearer Mukti because of that fact? Shall I be any nearer when it shall have expanded to two hundred quadrillions or quintillions of pounds, or tons for the matter of that? The expansion of consciousness is the expansion of the Limited; it takes place by

Love (which consequently plays such an important part on the White Path) and Karma, and not by Mukti, even as contraction of consciousness takes place by Hate and the appropriate Karma.

There is nothing recondite and mysterious in the nature of the expansion of consciousness which may give grounds for hoping that, if the process is persisted in for a sufficiently long time, there may arise from it that which we are seeking, and which is the very opposite of what the process implies, *viz.*, a sudden abolition of the limits of consciousness instead of a mere further pushing away of them. This expansion of consciousness is a fact as familiar and commonplace as hands and feet, if to be commonplace and familiar is to be intelligible, as is so often believed implicitly. The process, in one aspect, *viz.*, that of a gradual and successive growth of knowledge and power in the same individual, has been eloquently described by Mrs. Besant in *The Ancient Wisdom*, and again lately in the March number of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, in her article on "Thought-power and its Control." All education is in part such expansion. A Jîva takes up a new subject of study, a new line of livelihood, a new department of life and mode of existence, and forthwith a new world is opened to him, and his consciousness flows out into, and becomes co-extensive with, and assimilates that new world. In its other aspect, of (comparatively) simultaneous communion, we find other illustrations. Take the case of an ordinary Government. The consciousness of an officer in charge of the police administration of a sub-district is co-extensive with the police affairs of that sub-district; that of another in charge of its revenue administration is similarly co-extensive with its revenue affairs; and so with a number of other departments of administration side by side in the same sub-district. Again there are larger districts made up by numbers of these sub-districts, and still larger divisions of country made up of numbers of these districts. At each stage there are administrative officers whose consciousness may be said to include the consciousness of their subordinates, exclude those of their compeers, and be in turn included in those of their superiors. The more complicated the machinery of the Government, the better the illustration will be

of inclusions and exclusions and partial coincidences and overlappings of consciousnesses. At last we come to the Sovereign, whose consciousness may be said to include the consciousnesses, whose knowledge and power include the knowledges and powers of all the public servants of the land, who is in touch with them and feels and acts through them all constantly. An officer promoted through the grades of such an administration would clearly pass through expansions of consciousness. (It may be well to note here in passing as bearing on the question of the relation between Mukti proper and expansion of consciousness, that even as the most complex and delicately organised and perfect system of government, *i.e.*, of offices, all that is regarded as great and glorious and admirable and impressive of power, is but the merest means to the simple well-being of the subject, so is all that portion which is looked upon with awe and mystery in the Hierarchies that truly govern the world-systems, but the means to Life, life proper, the interplay between self and not-self, at any and every stage in these world-systems.)

The so-called immediacy of consciousness is not very apparent in this illustration. Let us take another, after noting that in strictness there is no such immediacy. Consciousness of the particular, the limited, necessarily deals with time as with space, and the time element is always a definite element, however infinitesimal it may be in any given case. The word "immediacy" in such cases has only a comparative significance, as is apparent from the fact that the time of transmission of a sensation from the end of a nerve to the seat of consciousness, has been distinctly and definitely calculated in the case of living organisms. If such is the case as between a Jîva and its own physical body, we need not expect any more literal immediacy in any other relation. Now to the other illustration.

Two friends may be so intimate with each other, husband and wife and members of a joint family should love and be in rapport with each other so much, that they have a "common life," a "common feeling," a "common opinion," a "common consciousness." The expansion of consciousness in high spiritual conditions need be nothing dissimilar. *Why* should it be dissimilar? Only because we feel that what is familiar is not

wonderful, does not excite emotion, appears to be easy and not worth having? On the contrary, let it be well laid to heart, that whatever is patent to us is every whit as marvellous and great as what is latent. If the highest spiritual condition that we talk of, or think of, were really quite dissimilar to our present life, if there were really a break and a discontinuity in nature, then we should never be able to talk of, or think of, that condition. This "expansion of consciousness," then, is not mysterious and recondite in nature, however unimaginably great and endless in degree, and so, understanding its nature, we may distinguish it from that of Mukti technically.

To know the Universal Self; to know the universal not-self; to know the relation of incessant mutual negation (implying an incessant previous false identification) between them—this, this alone, this by itself, is technically Mukti; for after such knowledge the feeling of being limited, which was oppressing us internally, which was making a limited, and, therefore, death-ruled individual of our Unlimited Being, disappears. We may place limitations on the word "know," if we like. That will not alter the essence of the fact. We cannot say, we cannot prove, that Mukti is anything else than such knowledge and *by* such knowledge. We may say, such and such an one does not know, and therefore is not Mukta (liberated). But we cannot say that he knows and is yet not Mukta. If he knows imperfectly, then it will only follow that he is imperfectly Mukta, and nothing else.

And who shall decide that such and such an one knows or does not know? The outward physical marks described by Kṛishṇa in the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* are those of the ordinary good man, only greater in degree. And this identity of outward marks arises from the fact that no Jîva can know the knowledge that gives and is such Mukti, without having passed through the true Vairâgya; and no Jîva that has passed through the true Vairâgya has got left in him the germs and roots of vice, for that cycle. He may have, and often has, left in him the branches and twigs of vice, but they are now on the certain road to death, and his future progress on the Right-hand Path, though it may be slow, is certain.

The only outward physical indications of non-realisation are

"evil ways." But "good ways" are not a certain index of the contrary, for they may not be based on the consciousness of the Identity of all Selves. When a man acts in an evil way he acts selfishly, *i.e.*, under the (instinctive) impulse of the consciousness, and for the gain of himself as a limited separate self, identical with a certain mass of the not-self, *viz.*, his physical body, his possessions, etc. When a man acts in a "good way" he acts unselfishly, *i.e.*, under the (instinctive, *or deliberate and recognised*) impulse of the consciousness of his own self, enclosed in a physical body, as identical with another self, enclosed in another, and so acts for the gain of this other self.

Where the consciousness is instinctive, there is Bandhana (bondage). Where it is a deliberate recognition of the unity of all selves, there is Mukti.

It may be pointed out here that there is no such thing as absolute Bandhana or absolute and complete Mukti. The two are relative to each other clearly, and this means that the two go together and are never to be found the one entirely apart from and independent of the other; in metaphysical technicality, when two things are in an indissoluble relation of opposition, each implicitly contains within itself its opposite. Thus, the *predominance* of the consciousness of unity makes Mukti, as the *predominance* of the consciousness of separateness makes Bondage. Complete abolition of the consciousness of either one, were it possible, would result in the sleep of Pralaya, and not in Bandhana or Mukti. It is this fact which makes possible and explains the lapses of Muktas, stories of which abound in the Purâṇas, and which at all gives ground for grading Muktas into high and low degrees. The Jîvas in whom the changed condition of consciousness which constitutes Mukti is more and more permanent are the Jîvas who have progressed and advanced greatly from the turning-point, and are generally, but not accurately, exclusively called "Muktas"; those in whom it is less permanent, in whom the remnants of the old not-self are not yet under complete control, and struggle up strongly now and again, are the imperfect Muktas (if such an expression be allowable) who would often be denied the title of Mukta altogether. Yet the essential constituent of Mukti, the changed condition of consciousness,

the reversal of the point of view, is exactly the same in both cases.

The fact is that we have, most of us, been so long accustomed to think of Mukti as something supernal, distant, vast and dim, and utterly glorious and out of reach, that it takes our breath away if one says: "So and so that we can touch and feel and see is Mukta." But truly there is no mystery and marvel here. It equally takes our breath away if one says seriously: "Behold! this creeping, crawling worm *is* a piece and a part of the Infinite Life!" We repeat with ease the Sanskrit shloka that the Manas, the mind, is the cause of bondage and of Moksha, but we repeat it with an irrelevant unction, as a piece of misty poetry, to be relished as productive of a vague emotion and not as a scientific fact to be believed in literally in concrete cases. And truly it may be useful not to believe in concrete cases too readily; for all of us know that while it is good and wise to believe in the existence of psychic powers, it is wholesome not to believe at once any and everyone who cries aloud publicly: "I am a prophet and a great worker of miracles." So it may be and is very desirable not always readily to believe one who comes and declares: "I am Mukta"; indeed, on the assumption that vanity is dead with Vairâgya, the man who really understands and knows has no motive to take the initiative in such a matter, and cry from the house-top: "I am a Mukta!" Indeed, if one did so, the safer presumption would be that he was not a Mukta, but very much the reverse, and very much in the bonds of vanity. At the same time it is by no means desirable or correct to believe that because a man of flesh and blood is living an ordinary life, and is not possessed of any psychic or spiritual powers, therefore it is impossible for him to be a Mukta. Many are the instances in the Purâṇas of such. Janaka the king is not spoken of as possessing any psychic or spiritual powers, although he is the Mukta *par excellence;* Tulâdhâra was only a grocer and nothing more besides being a Mukta.

There is little connection, and no inseparable connection, between Mukti on the one hand, and psychic, spiritual or superhuman powers on the other. The one is not a necessary index of the other by any means; often, indeed, of the reverse. But

of course it is true that certain grades and offices of the Hierarchies that administer the worlds are manned only by Beings who are Muktas (in the sense of Tulâdhâra the grocer, and Janaka the king), and are also possessed of vast powers, powers even of creating and destroying worlds and systems. Certain other grades and offices are, at the same time, manned by Beings who are not Muktas, but only possessed of powers, and lamentable mismanagement not infrequently is the consequence, it would seem.

The result of all this is that, while the word "Mukti" should be confined to that knowledge of the Universal and Unlimited, the Nitya, as opposed to the Limited, the Particular, the Anitya, and of the exact relation between these two, between the Self and the Not-self, which necessarily comes to every Jîva at the turning-point from the Pravṛitti-mârga (the Path of Action and engagement, the downward arc) to the Nivṛitti-mârga (the Path of Renunciation, the upward arc), and without which knowledge there is never any *real* turning,—all other compounds of the word Mukti with other words (*e.g.*, Jîvan-mukti, Videha-mukti, Kaivalya-mukti, Sârûpya-mukti, Sâlokya-mukti, Sâyujya-mukti, Sâmîpya-mukti, etc.) should be regarded as indicating grades and stages of consciousness, wherein the Jîva combines the primary universal knowledge, which, and which alone, constitutes Mukti, with other superhuman but *particular* knowledges, expanded consciousnesses, high powers and reaches, which can be attained only by efforts long-continued and immense, but are always limited, temporal, particular, not having anything to do with the Eternal, the Unlimited, the Infinite.

It is common now in Theosophical literature to say that there are limitations at every stage; that the consciousness, at a certain stage, does not go beyond the earth-sphere; at another higher, beyond the connected planetary chain; at yet another, beyond the solar system; and so on endlessly; and yet that the Jîvas at all these stages are "Muktas." What does it mean? "Mukti" is a thing of many kinds and sorts? If it were, then truly it will not serve the purpose of the "melancholy-stricken" questioner with whom we started. Mukti ought not to be a thing of comparisons, of grades, of relations. It is something

absolute. What is of comparisons and grades and relations is of the Limited and therein is no Peace. What is the common element which causes the title of "Mukta" to apply to all these beings; what are the differences that distinguish them? The common element is the knowledge of the exact relation between the Self and the Not-self; and remember that these two words exhaust, finally and completely exhaust, the whole of the Universe. The differences are differences of stretch and extent of knowledge of the details, the particulars, of limited portions of the Not-self.

How shall I repeat and reiterate sufficiently that the Universal Self, the Âtman, the ancient Puruṣha, and again the Universal Not-self, Anâtman, Prakṛiti, are *not* hidden, *not* mysterious! They are here before us, behind us, if we will only see. Truly the "I," "I" that everyone speaks of, *is* the Âtman. The "This," "This," that everyone speaks of, *is* the Anâtman. Let us not insult them by disbelief and hesitating doubt that the so simple can be so deep; let us not stultify ourselves by vainly imagining that we are commonplace and of the vulgar, and have no share in the Eternal and the Supreme. This reason-less imagining of our own bitterness has been and is the cause of our bitterness. Why should we think that the "I," the mere "I," is *not* the Supreme? It *is* the Supreme. And when we think that it is not the Supreme till we have enclosed it in the sheath of an Îshvara, when we think that the "I" cannot be the Supreme till it is some million miles long and broad, and some million years old, and possessed of the power of acting in some ways that are unfamiliar to us, and, therefore, great and wonderful, then we only debase the "I" and do not glorify It; we diminish Its stainless Purity and Perfectness, while fancying, all vainly fancying, that our vague and dim and hazy emotion, taking its root and rise in the Limited, is beautifying and glorifying It.

The "I," the "Âtmâ"—this is Its nearest name; this is the whole of It. Do not give It any attributes. Attributes are of the Limited, not of the Unlimited. The very nature of the Unlimited is *negation* of all particulars, of all limits. Do not let us persist in thinking that It is *some thing* against all that our reason tells us that It is *not some thing*. It is merely because the

Jîva, so long accustomed to live in the Limited, *cannot* cut away entirely its mental connection with it, because even through its Vairâgya, its disgust with the Limited and the perishing, a subtle attachment to the Limited on which it has so long nourished itself persists, that it will not readily take the pure "I" at its word, but will hang back to think that it is an "I" with some particular attributes, glorious and great.

O Jîva that so believest, the relentless question—why, and how, and whereto, this world-process, why this prisoning of the Jîva midst incessant pains and pleasures, what the relation between the Changing and the Unchanging, Death and Immortality, Being and Non-being?—will come to thee and harass thee again and again till it becomes sun-clear that the "I," the "I" that thou and I talk about and quote every day and every hour of our lives, is verily the Supreme; that its only definition is and shall be "The opposite of all not-I," though we defined it for a thousand or a thousand thousand years; that this is the definition that would be given, if it could speak, by the animalcule of which hundreds may be discovered by the microscope in a drop of water, as also by the Logos of a world system the limits of which cannot be traced out by a telescope; that the difference in their definitions would be not in the meaning of the "I," but in the denotations of the "not-I"; that while the animalcule would oppose the "I" of his definition to the tiny not-I that he was aware of, the Îshvara would oppose it to the not-I constituted by the vast and wondrous contents of His system; that finally, Mukti consists only in a satisfactory answer to this nightmare questioning, which answer is as capable of being put into human words as the question itself, and that it consists in nothing else.

There is no cause for disbelief, no cause for wonder and surprise, that a common human being should be Mukta. He most needs to be a Mukta to be freed from his burden of miserable doubt; and if he may not be so freed, who else need be? A Mukta is a harmless and powerless being enough; his *only* difference from another ordinary Jîva is that in him the "I" recognises itself as separate from, as the negative of, the not-self, and as identical with all selves. To think and believe that the "I" is "a body," "a mass," "a piece of the not-I"—this is Bondage.

To think and believe otherwise—this is Mukti. To say "I am This"—is Bondage. To say "I am not This"—is Mukti.

The Jîva that has never *felt* his bondage, the animal that lives his vigorous life and never thinks and feels that he shall be otherwise, he is not in bondage and requires not Mukti. Medicine is for the suffering, and not the whole. It is only the human being, and he too at the middle stage, near the turning-point of his cycle, that *feels* his bondage and so becomes capable of Mukti at all. After he has attained to Mukti and passed on to stages higher than the human, Bondage and Mukti both again practically disappear, except as memory. His life and life-work proceed by the Law of Duty, and without reference to Bondage or Mukti.

Thus then, Bondage is a mental fact, a Doubt; and Mukti too is a mental fact, the solution of that Doubt; nothing more, and yet everything for the peace and happiness of the Jîva. The Truth is not complex, for the complex is of the *many*, and that is of Mâyâ, the untrue; the Truth is simple, and the whole of it is contained in the three simple words, the I, the not-I (This), and the negation (of the not-I by the I). These three words, if carefully pondered over, explain and answer all the question and sub-questions, and explain how change illusively appears within the Changeless; and so explaining and answering they confer Mukti.

BHAGAVÂN DÂS.

WHEN by Self's truth, indeed, which serves him as a lamp, a man here on the earth at-oned, beholds the truth of Brahm; knowing the God unborn, immoveable, of every substance pure, from all bonds he s free.

Surely is He the guardian of the world as long as time shall last, the lord of all, in every creature hid; in whom the seers of Brahm and powers divine are all conjoined. Thus knowing Him one cuts the bonds of death.—SHVETÂSHVATAROPANIṢHAD, ii. 15, iv. 15.

THE VENGEANCE OF HEAVEN

It was a cold, dreary day in mid January and the snow lay thick upon the house-tops and in the gutters. On the pavements of the great city men and boys, blue-faced with the intense cold, had been early at work clearing a path for the feet of busy city men who would presently be astir, whilst the thick grey sky foretold a promise of more to come ere long.

I was threading my way along the busy thoroughfare on foot, for I had taught myself long ago to believe that the walk was good for me, and when one is not very rich one is apt to think twice on the subject of 'bus fares. At the corner of Chancery Lane I was accosted by a beggar, clad in miserable rags and with a face blue with the cold. Usually I do not give to professional beggars, preferring rather to relieve that poverty which does not spread abroad its woes from the house-tops; but to-day, as I was about to pass on unheeding, something in the man's appearance arrested my attention, why I could scarcely tell, and I paused to give him a second glance. He was still young, probably under twenty, and but for the hunger and poverty that had pinched his face and hardened his eyes, he might have been accounted a handsome man. But it was not that which had struck me, nor was it the wretchedness of his appearance, for that, alas! was common enough, there were hundreds such within half a mile from where I stood; but it seemed to me that there was something vaguely familiar in the expression of the wild, dark eyes that met my own—beast's eyes, ferocious and untamed, that threatened me the while his more trained voice whined out a pleading request for help.

"Why don't you work?" I asked him. "A young fellow like you ought not to be begging your bread like this."

"Can't 'elp it, guv'ner," he said shortly. "'Tain't my fault—I ain't never 'ad a chanst to work all my life; I've tried over'n

over agin but I can't manage to keep anything 'cos I ain't strong enough. Look there"—and coughing violently he spat up a quantity of blood which made a deep crimson stain upon the piled-up snow in the gutter. "Every winter soon as it's cold I gets took like that, an' all the world's agin a pore deliket chap wot can't earn 'is bread honest. Can't you spare us a copper, guv'ner?"

I felt in my pockets, but found to my regret that the only money I had about me was a sovereign which, as it happened, was not mine to give, even had I been so disposed. I was annoyed at my thoughtlessness in coming out so badly supplied, for it would be awkward for myself, besides the fact that I was really anxious to help the poor young fellow. So I told him I had nothing to give him that day, but that if he should be in the same place at the same time the next morning, I would bestow a shilling upon him. With the look of an unbeliever, forced into his scepticism by the bitter experiences of a lifetime, the beggar turned away, and was lost to sight amid the busy crowd, while for the time I forgot him in the cares and work of a day in the great city.

As it happened the next morning I was obliged to be at the office at a much earlier hour, and it was not until I was on my homeward way in the evening that I remembered the promise I had given and then broken. Then I was sorry enough, but as it was too late to repair the fault, I could only hope to see him again on the following morning, and dismissed the incident from my mind so far as it was possible for me to do so. But I did not see him again until a night or two later, and then he was past my help, past any human aid, in fact, and it came about in this way.

I was returning late from the City, and instead of keeping to the main thoroughfares, anxious to reach home as quickly as possible, I struck into a side street, little frequented and badly lit. Some way down it, however, I came upon a small crowd collected round something that lay upon the pavement under a lamp, a crowd composed of the usual medley of errand boys and idlers, and headed by a policeman, whom I accosted, anxious to learn what had happened.

"Man frozen to death," was the brief answer, and then looking over his shoulder I beheld the face of the beggar whom I had promised to help, only that it was thinner and whiter now even than before, and the eyes in the flaring gas-light seemed to stare into mine with a look of reproach, fixed and ghastly enough to haunt me for the rest of my life. Then I turned away shuddering with the horror of the thing, and reproaching myself bitterly as I went that I had not taken more trouble to keep my promise, busy though I had been, had not raised a finger to save this fellow creature from a cruel death by exposure and want of nourishment. I asked myself also, with a bitter cynicism, why such things should be—whether a God, great and just as I had been taught to believe He was, could stand by and see such inhuman injustice done to one of His own created children, nay, more, could work such injustice Himself, for surely a worker of miracles might have put it into the heart of some rich philanthropist to seek out and rescue this poor sufferer? "He had never had a chance," so he had told me; therefore was it for any fault of his own that this cruel fate had been his? was it not rather visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children—the thoughtless selfishness of those who, in all probability consumptives themselves, had brought into the world weakly children to inherit or contract the same dreadful disease that lurked in their own systems? And perhaps they had gone unpunished! I told myself that it would be no uncommon instance of divine injustice were this really so, and in the bitterness of my heart, and partly also to cover my self-reproach, I mocked the God in whom I felt I could no longer believe, and cried in my soul that there was no justice in heaven and little enough upon earth, whilst these things could be.

But that night, as I lay upon my narrow couch, I dreamed a dream, and yet it was not quite a dream, but rather a retrospect, a vision of the past, and in it I lived again the life that had been mine nigh upon two thousand years ago, and which I had forgotten whilst in the heaven-world I had been sleeping the long sleep of oblivion, though perchance as a babe upon my mother's breast I may have had glimpses into the long ago. Had this been so, however, the bustle and hurry of this life had long ago

blotted out all recollection of a past one, and it was only now in my vision that everything returned to me in a sudden rush of memory—those stately towers and bridges, those grey-leaved olive trees clothing the distant hills, and the fair blue skies that smiled upon the lovely City of the Tiber as she was in the zenith of her youth and fame, nearly two thousand years ago, when the Cæsar reigned within her palace walls and when I, a humble citizen, dwelt in her and loved her with a passionate devotion that returned to me now as I stood once more within her crowded streets and watched the idle, pleasure-loving throng roll by me. There they were, all the old familiar faces, centurions and soldiers with bare arms and swarthy faces, nobles decked with bracelets and with wicked, sensual eyes and lips, lovely women borne hither and thither on cushioned litters, fanning themselves with their peacocks' feather fans and ogling the handsomest and richest amongst the Roman youths who passed them by. Rome, the greatest city in the world, and yet already beginning to crumble into dust beneath her cloak of luxury and vice! The Rome I had known so long, so long ago that I had forgotten her utterly in the new life I was leading in another great city, and yet one not half so lovely nor so beloved. The tears rose to my dreaming eyes as I realised that I, of all mankind, was privileged to behold her once more as she had been before the days of her fall.

But the scene changed, and suddenly the gay and crowded streets had vanished and I stood instead in the great tribunal hall, before a gilded throne surrounded by nobles and soldiers, a throne on which was seated, reclining on his cushions, a man handsome and in the prime of life, but with a devilish cruelty depicted in the lines of his face; and as I looked up, his wicked eyes met mine, and I gave a sudden start; for the eyes are the windows of the soul, and from his there looked forth the soul of the frozen beggar, though how I knew that this was so, I cannot tell.

"And now," he said in a low, mocking voice, "having settled those dogs of Jews we will dispose of this fellow—a worthy who will not pay his taxes and who smites down the officer of the law who comes to claim them. What hast thou to say, dog, to the charge that is brought against thee?"

I answered nothing, knowing well that I was guilty, yet thinking of the sick wife and crying babes whose pitiful condition had maddened me to do this thing.

"Ha! he answers not!" cried the fiend with his cruel smile. "Well, take him away and do unto him as thou hast been commanded to do unto these last; they shall be thrown together to the lions, and we will see which the beasts prefer. That will be amusing I think, my friends?"

He turned to the nobles beside him, who expressed their approval in mocking laughter and ribald jests. Then I was led away chained between two other men—Christians—and the gates of the gloomy prison closed behind us.

Yet once again the vision changed, to find me this time in the grim arena, that mighty circus with the sanded floor wherein, in the name of the gods, such horrible things were done. Above me smiled the pitiless blue skies, and all around me, rising tier above tier, were the inhuman wretches who had come to gloat over the spectacle of our bloody end; for I was not alone, some score of Christians, men, women, and children, were kneeling round me, raising their last prayers to heaven for strength to meet the death that they were about to die for their faith, and for mercy for their souls when they should have left their earthly tenement.

I alone stood apart, praying neither to the God of the Christians nor to the gods in whose worship I had been brought up, but thinking rather of the wife and babes from whom I had been torn, and cursing the fiend who had condemned me to this horrible death, the man whose punishment I now knew to be not disproportionate to his crimes.

And then, as the doors of the cages swung back, and with a savage roar the great lions rushed towards us, I looked up and met the evil eyes of the tyrant who watched me from his throne —the eyes of the beggar whom I had seen for the last time that day, who had died alone and friendless, even as I had died two thousand years ago and was now to die once more in my vision.

And then I awoke from my trance to find that another day of snow and ice had dawned, to remember that the Cæsars were long ago dead and gone, that Rome had fallen from her glory,

and that men were no longer thrown to the lions by cruel tyrants, at least in this western world of civilisation.

But my lesson was learned, and I no longer mocked at the mercy and wisdom of God, for I knew that there is justice in heaven, and that it shall be meted out to men according to their deserts—to the merciful much mercy, and to the evil-doer, evil such as he has done unto others.

A. SYLVESTER FALKNER.

The Becquerel Rays

THERE is a very interesting article in the *Daily News* of April 20th, treating of "Mighty Atoms," that now most absorbing of all physical subjects, and evoked by a recent lecture of Professor J. J. Thomson's at the Royal Institution. Science is surely nearing the end of her physical "anabasis," and before long the foremost of her advanced guard will shout: "The sea! the sea!!" After mentioning the demonstrated impossibility of ever detecting the "atom" by physical sight, the writer proceeds:

There are, however, other methods of inquiry than those of the senses. Unfortunately, they are mostly of such a nature that it is hopeless to try and explain them in popular language; the mathematical expressions of which they chiefly consist are quite unfitted for publication. But it may be said that the student of molecular physics can feel the atom trembling in the grip of his analysis with as much certainty as Adams and Le Verrier felt the undiscovered planet Neptune at the end of their exquisite calculations. Such researches, of course, have to start from observations, and they generally find their origin in curious out-of-the-way facts that do not seem to fit in with the ordinary theories. Neptune was discovered because Uranus refused to move exactly as the *Nautical Almanac* said that it ought to do. Lord Rayleigh was led to his brilliant discovery of argon because the specific gravity of nitrogen did not come out quite right in his long series of experiments upon it. So we may say that the curious theory which Professor Thomson has put forward has its rise in some odd and trifling observations which were made, without leading to anything, a generation ago. It was noticed that if a coin or a sheet of print was shut up for a number of days at a short distance from a piece of white paper a faint image —like a "spirit-photograph"—might be left on the paper. No rational theory of this singular phenomenon—or, at least, none that seemed rational

to the early Victorians, was put forward. The only one seriously offered was treated with nearly as much derision as would have been a theory of the so-called "spirit-photographs," which should attribute them to the actual presence of ghosts whom the camera alone could detect. This was Séguin's hypothesis, that all bodies were constantly giving off infinitely small particles which dashed in all directions, and might, under suitable conditions, leave such images as had been observed. Unfortunately, Séguin spoilt his case by extending his hypothesis to explain gravitation, which has hitherto been fatal to the reputation of all the philosophers who have had a try at it. Lately, however, the ingenious and beautiful researches of M. Henri Becquerel, which were recently crowned by our own Royal Society, have shown that Séguin was very near the truth. M. Becquerel and his followers have shown that many substances—printing-ink is notable among them—are constantly emitting rays which are capable of affecting photographic films without the help of ordinary light. The phosphorescent substances which are so familiar to us in match-boxes for use at night furnish extreme cases of such radiation. Compounds of the rare metal, uranium, are particularly active in this way, and the method of studying such radiations has led to the discovery of two new metals, radium and polonium, which excel all other elements in their radiating power. It is not too much to say that the work done in this new branch of physics during the past five years may one day be regarded as among the most important of all the new departures in science by which the nineteenth century helped us to understand the world we live in.

The really interesting thing about these Becquerel rays is the explanation of their nature, first definitely expressed by Professor Thomson, which, if it turns out to be valid, will alter our fundamental conceptions of the constitution of matter. His theory is that the Becquerel rays are not waves in the ether, as it is supposed that light-waves and heat-waves and the electrical waves that are used in wireless telegraphy must be, but actual streams of matter thrown off from the surface of the bodies which emit them. The same theory is applied to the kathode rays, which are produced when an electric discharge is passed through a tube exhausted of air, and which in turn seem to generate the well-known Röntgen rays. But the particles of matter which are thus thrown off cannot possibly be the kind of matter with whose existence we are all familiar from the chemistry that we learn at school or read in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The atom which Dalton placed among the chief concepts of science about a hundred years ago was so named—ever since Epicurus—because it was assumed that it could not possibly be divided into smaller parts. But many trains of reasoning go to support Professor Thomson's hypothesis that the "corpuscles," as he has called them, which appear to form the kathode, or the Becquerel rays, are almost infinitely smaller than the supposed atoms can be. It is impossible to give any intelligible idea of their size; the mind is incapable of dealing

with such notions as that involved in M. Becquerel's statement. For example, that in one particular experiment the efflux of material is such that one milligramme would disappear from the radiating body in about a thousand million years. One can only think of the symbol of eternity in one of Grimm's stories—the mountain a mile square and a mile high, which a sparrow has to carry away, at the rate of one journey in a thousand years, before the first second of eternity is passed. Among the extraordinary results which may follow from this theory, if it be proved, is the suggestion that these corpuscles are the atoms of some primary matter of which all our diverse "elements" are built up. If that be so, the alchemists who insisted that lead could be transmuted into gold were right in theory, though their practice was rather wild. It may be a long while before this particular conclusion bears what Bacon called fruit, and perhaps at present it need not be expected to convulse the money markets.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Later Deeds of Râma

The Uttara Râma Charita of Bhavabhûti. Translated into English by T. K. Balasubramanya Aiyar, B.A., with a Critical Introduction and a Summary of the Story as contained in the Râmâyana. (Trichinopoly; 1901.)

This is a fair translation into English prose of perhaps the most famous drama of Bhavabhûti, who stands second only to Kâlidâsa on the roll of fame of India's dramatic poets.

The story or plot of the drama turns upon the hapless Sîtâ's repudiation by her husband Râma, in consequence of the baseless calumnies cast upon her purity by evil-minded people, after Râma had rescued her from the power of Râvaṇa and brought her back in triumph to Ayodhya.

This is not the place to repeat, even in barest outline, the touching story, nor to attempt any literary criticism of its dramatic embodiment by Bhavabhûti. English prose is far too inadequate a medium for such an attempt to have even a semblance of fairness; but let us hope that some day a poet with the power and sympathy of a Sir Edwin Arnold will do for this and other masterpieces of the Sanskrit drama, what Sir Edwin has done for some of the most beautiful and noble episodes of the Mahâbhârata. Then the English

public will be put in a position to appreciate works of dramatic power and beauty in no way inferior to those of their own greatest poet, Shakespeare.

In such a notice as this we can only say a few words upon the work of the translator, Mr. T. K. Balasubramanya Aiyar. In his short Introduction of twenty-two pages, he first gives us a brief but clear outline of the main technical rules and conventions governing Sanskrit dramatic composition, then a summary of what is known about the author, coupled with some remarks on his style and his other extant works. This is followed by a sketch of the argument of the play itself, and the Introduction concludes with a sketch of the characters of Râma, Sîtâ, and the three Princes who figure in the play. An Appendix follows the play itself, giving in outline the story upon which the play is based, as found in the Râmâyana.

As to the fidelity of the translation I am not competent to judge, but the English is less defective than is often the case in such attempts as this. The poetry of the original, of course, has almost wholly evaporated, but that is almost inevitable with a rendering into such a medium as English prose. Indeed, none but a real poet could hope in any way to succeed in producing a really satisfactory version, and a prose rendering is at all events better than an inferior verse one.

Finally, we may feel glad to see work of this sort being done in India, for it will surely prepare the way for those more perfect renderings which will some day, it is to be hoped, be at the disposal of all lovers of noble poetry.

B. K.

Earthquake and Eclipse

Carlo Lano. By M. Reepmaker. (Paris: P.-V. Stock; 1901. Price 3 *frs.* 50.)

A NEW book by Mynheer Reepmaker begins to be as recurrent a phenomenon as the return of spring, but unlike that monotonously inclement season, Mynheer Reepmaker's industrious imagination continues to bring us fresh surprises.

Tender-hearted readers will quail before the tragedy of *Carlo Lano.* The hero, whose patriot father died in prison through the treachery of a fellow-revolutionist, is deceived by his mistress, betrayed to death by his friend, assassinates his king and perishes on the scaffold amidst the execrations of an ungrateful people. His *fiancée* goes

distracted and flings herself from a cliff, and the whole is concluded with a volcanic eruption, which devastates a metropolis and its neighbourhood. The final sentence may well run, "*Permettez-moi de baisser le rideau.*" It was time.

As for his handling of these sombre materials, the author shows a noticeable advance in story-making. The first and most important quality of a story is to be interesting, and this, his latest, is by far the most interesting of Mynheer Reepmaker's stories. Its thesis needs no commendation; it is, in the words of the author, "*justice pour tous les hommes.*" He has spared no pains to make his hero winning and sympathetic. It is, perhaps, from a desire to concentrate the limelight upon this central figure that he has allowed his other characters to become somewhat shadowy.

The high-priest's address, though set in the way of the story like a rock in the course of a river, is an admirable little epitome of Theosophical ideas, but we hope that its dark prophecies of the domination of the yellow races and the downfall of Europe will not be received as a Theosophical creed.

Carlo Lano may be confidently recommended to those who like to take their tonic in a sugar coat.

A. L.

"Shaṅkara's" Commentary on the Upaniṣhads

The Aitareya and Taittirîya Upaniṣhads with Sri Sankara's Commentary. Translated by S. Sitarama Sastri, B.A. Published by V. C. Seshacharri, B.A., B.L., M.R.A.S. (Madras: Natesan and Co.; 1901.)

The feature of this series, of which the present is the fifth volume, and to which we have already drawn our readers' attention on several occasions, is the translation for the first time into English, or indeed any other language, of "Shaṅkara's" Commentary on the twelve principal Upaniṣhads. For this generally thankless task we for our part owe Mr. Seshacharri and his colleagues many thanks. It is a great gain for English reading students of the Upaniṣhads to have these commentaries rendered accessible to them in a form that is more rapidly perusible than the original, unless of course one happens to be a highly proficient Sanskrit scholar. It is a great gain, not so much for what the commentary teaches us, as for the fact that we now can see at a glance what it does teach. For, for our own part, we are not prepared to allow the freedom of the Aupaniṣhada teaching to be

cramped into the systematised doctrinal limits of one particular school. It requires comparatively little knowledge of Indian thought for a scholar of comparative theosophy to assure himself that the schoolmen who wrote these commentaries were far inferior to the Riṣhis who sang the sounding shlokas of the originals. In the commentary we miss the fire and swing of the text, and cannot but feel that inspiration was far from the writers of the Bhâṣhya. As in all other cases, the period of commentary is a period of decadence. Few, even in India, we should think, would ascribe such mechanical interpretations, such apologetic exegesis in the interests of the single Advaita view, to the great genius of Shaṅkara.

The translation of the commentary, however, is well and faithfully performed. As to the translation of the text, we can see no general improvement on existing versions; indeed, in some respects the version falls short of those we already possess. In many truncated phrases we detect the "sincerest form of flattery" of the version of J. C. Chatterji and ourselves; but whereas in our translation infinite pains were taken to give a fair English dress to the beautiful original, and to preserve the spirit and "swing" of the inspired writers, the present version of the Aitareya and Taittirîya is, for the most part, commonplace, halting, and entirely modernised. The difference is identical with that which exists between the style of phrasing of the Authorised Version and of the everyday language of some recent attempts at Bible translation which leave the sacred text shorn of every grace and distinction. Further, be it remarked, the text of the Upaniṣhads is in itself archaic and not modern; therefore a modern rendering gives no idea of the nature of the original phrasing. This has been well preserved for the most part by Deussen in his German version, and any translation of the original that has any pretensions to be more than a "crib" must pay the greatest attention to the literary form into which the Shruti is rendered. For this we want a poet as well as a paṇḍit, but as no poet will trouble much with "Shaṅkara's" Commentary, and the commentary is necessary to the scholar, we again thank Messrs. Sitarama Sastri and Seshacharri for their labours thereon.

G. R. S. M.

"THE UNKNOWN PHILOSOPHER"

The Life of Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, the Unknown Philosopher, and the Substance of his Transcendental Doctrine. By Arthur Edward Waite. (London: Wellby; 1901. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

MR. WAITE, who has already done so much to make accessible to the mystically inclined English-reading public the lives and writings of Alchemistical philosophers and Neo-Hermetic and Neo-Kabalistic students, is to be congratulated on his most recent volume, in which he makes the "Unknown Philosopher," Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, exceedingly well known to his readers. With the exception of Penny's translation of *The Theosophic Correspondence* there is nothing of Saint-Martin's in English, so that Mr. Waite fills, and fills well, one of the many *lacunæ*, or rather "great gulfs," which have to be bridged in every direction in our English literature of mysticism.

It is not, however, so much for the choice of his subject, as for the way in which he has treated it, that we have to congratulate our author. In Mr. Waite we have, on the one hand, a scholar of his subject who is keenly alive to the necessities of a thoroughly scientific literary criticism, and on the other a writer who is entirely sympathetic to all that is good in a sane mysticism. Such men are the proper historians of the Saint-Martins, the Böhmes, the Swedenborgs, and the rest.

Again, Mr. Waite has done well not to overload his pages with direct translations; he for the most part summarises and paraphrases, and so gives the substance of the writings of our somewhat prolific mystic, presenting an excellent review of his ideas and covering the whole field. Above all it is pleasant to see how our author almost entirely rescues Saint-Martin from the mists of a theurgic obscurantism and restores him to the light of a high-intentioned mysticism which looks for the realisation of its ideal to a direct inner illumination of heart and mind. He, therefore, is opposed, though courteously, to the view of the present Neo-Martinist groups in France, and looks to the permanent value of the transcendentalism of the "Unknown Philosopher," rather than to the transient and questionable processes that may in early life have occupied Saint-Martin's attention, under the powerful influence of Martinez de Pasqualez and his physical methods. Nevertheless, there is no trace of impatient polemic in Mr. Waite's treatment of the subject, and nothing can be more praiseworthy than the impartial way in which he endeavours fairly to

state opposing views, and this especially when he has to point out the differences between the positions of Saint-Martin and of the orthodox Catholic Church.

We can, therefore, cordially recommend this book to those of our readers who desire to know perhaps as much as need ever be generally known of Saint-Martin. Whether or not our philosopher belonged to a fully conscious group of workers, consisting of such men as St. Germain, is not touched upon by Mr. Waite. There is no accessible evidence on the subject, and we doubt whether any at all exists; for such things would not be written, but would belong to the innermost secrets of the lives of such men. Those who are conscious enough to understand in the present will have the means to discover it in the past; for the rest it would be the mere gratification of a vulgar curiosity, which could make no good use of a few isolated scraps of unrelated information.

We may mention here that Mr. Waite has completed an exceedingly instructive treatise on the Kabalah, dealing with the history of its tradition and its main doctrines. We have read most of it in proof, and are anxious to see its speedy publication. Unfortunately, owing to the failure of a firm, the publication has been annoyingly delayed, but hopes are entertained that the Theosophical Publishing Society may acquire the rights of publication. There is great need of such a book in English, and we can say beforehand that it is well done. Meantime, we thank Mr. Waite for his *Life of Saint-Martin*, which in addition to its other merits is well printed in bold type and nicely got up.

G. R. S. M.

Böhme's Dialogues

Dialogues on the Supersensual Life, by Jacob Behmen. Edited by Bernard Holland. (London: Methuen and Co., 1901. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book is one of those rare treats, which come only too seldom in the world of *belles-lettres*. The best thing in the world is a small but complete manual of instruction that will lead the seeking soul to the certainty and the joys of the mystic life; and when it is written by a world-renowned seer and given out with scrupulous beauty of arrangement by a sympathetic editor, what more can the soul and eke the eyes of man desire?

There is a curious point raised in the Preface, when the editor

compares the evolutionary views of our times with Behmen's view. Evolution, says Mr. Holland, may be "the *time-form* of attraction" —a most suggestive expression. We may be realising now that it is a natural law initiating that process of *raising man* out of Nature, which Behmen preached in his day as with the solitary voice of one crying in the wilderness. That which this secular mystic taught in the middle ages is taught to-day by the scientist.

It is as if mediæval faith was still cast in the mould of the *downward* cycle, in which, as in all ancient faiths, the aim is to unite a *God with a man.* This aim, as Neander has remarked, is the leading characteristic of all Eastern faiths. In the West, the newer age has for its religious ideal to unite *man with God*, and its watchword is Evolution.

The Church in Behmen's day, of course, laid exclusive stress on the God who came down to save—a God, condescending in human form, sent from a distant Omnipotence, who gave blessings and conferred priceless privileges on those who propitiated Him by constant conformity to His inspired commands.

Now the plan of salvation advocated in these Dialogues is to be begun within, in the soul of each man, wherein lies the Divine essence itself, struggling upwards to its source. There is then, in the mystical correspondence brought about between the soul and God, a "desire of union on both sides."

Behmen thus may be said to discover and describe a natural law in all its complex and beautiful workings, inspiring others by his wonderful grasp on the hidden problems of mind to work *with* this law, and to allow in full and conscious self-surrender this process to be completed in themselves.

He speaks as the spring might speak to the flowers, as a poet might speak to children, and if we will listen, he speaks as only the children of light can speak to us who are the children of this world.

He says that not only do the Gods come down to soothe and to save, but that the sinner himself may arise from the dust and put off his rags. "Then art thou as God was before Nature and Creature."

There has been no sublimer or completer expression of man's divinity, than these few words: "Thou art that which God then was; thou art that whereof He made thy nature and creature. Then thou hearest and seest even that wherewith God Himself saw and heard in thee, before ever thine own willing or thine own seeing began." Thus speaks the Master to the Disciple (Dial. I.).

But one might as well try to give an adequate idea of these Dialogues by extract and eulogium as of the *Imitation of Christ*. They will always remain caviare for the multitude. There is, of course, the doctrinal Christian mould in which they are set that must be allowed for by the Unitarian, and there is the ultra-mystical standpoint which will not be congenial to the masses of the orthodox. But if you have ears to hear, this little book may perchance teach you all that you have need to know. If you cannot receive it, it may be to you but a stumbling block, the babbling of a lunatic.

A. L. B. H.

Theosophical Essays in German Translation

Beiträge zur okkulten Wissenschaft: Essays hervorragender ausländischer Autoren. Uebersetzt von Ludwig Deinhard. (Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke und Sohn; 1901. Price 1.80 *mk.*)

Our industrious colleague, Herr Ludwig Deinhard of Munich, has made a good selection for his *Contributions to Occult Science*, and has sandwiched the brightly written sketch of Mons. Léon Cléry, which appeared some months ago in *La Revue bleue* and was translated into our pages, between two essays of Mr. Sinnett and Mrs. Besant. The author of *The Growth of the Soul* is drawn upon for a chapter on "Occult Science," and our co-editor for her paper on the "Secret of Evolution." The translations read smoothly, and the book is well printed.

The main point of interest, however, is the adoption by Herr Deinhard of a new term in place of the horrible "astral" which disfigures so many thousands of pages of our literature. Our learned colleague, Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, has suggested the epithet "spontal" as covering the ground of voluntary activity or motivity. The Latin *spontalis* exists, though it is of rare occurrence; it signifies "voluntary," and would thus very well distinguish the voluntary from the involuntary movements of the body, and consequently the source or medium of this spontaneity. It is certainly, in our opinion, superior to the term "astral" (for we know no word that is worse than the latter), but it of course suffers from unfamiliarity. The "spontal body" will sound strange to ears accustomed to more familiar terms; nevertheless it is worth attempting to abolish, not only the word "astral" from our nomenclature, but also in this connection the term "body." Heaven send us a poet soon to give us

some natural terms; there is no more beauty in Sanskrit compounds than there is in Græco-Latin hybrids when they appear in an English, French or German context. The "âtma-buddhic sheath," or any such expression, will never make poetry or even harmonious prose; and where the Beautiful is not, the True also falls short.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

In the April number of the *Theosophist* Colonel Olcott gives a full account of the first European Convention held in London, July, 1891, not long after H. P. B.'s death. The situation was an anxious one, and in his address the Colonel strives to emphasise a point which is as important now as it was then. He says: "Our efforts should be to spread everywhere amongst our sympathisers the belief that each one must work out his own salvation, that there can be no progress whatever without effort, and that nothing is so pernicious, nothing is so weakening, as the encouragement of the spirit of dependence upon another, upon another's wisdom, upon another's righteousness. It is a most pernicious thing and paralyses all effort." The union of the previously existing British and European Sections into what is now the European Section, and the lamented death of Miss Pickett only ten days after her instalment as Principal of the Sanghamitta School at Colombo fill up the remaining portion of the "Old Diary Leaves" for this number. Miss Edger's lecture on "Surmounting the Obstacles to Spiritual Progress" receives less than justice, being reproduced from incomplete notes, written down from memory. Mrs. Bell concludes her valuable paper entitled "Into a Larger Room," dealing with the enlargement of our mental horizon by the conception of Reincarnation. Mr. S. Stuart concluded his summary of "Ancient Theories as to the Origin of the World." A thoroughly practical paper is that of Jehangir Sorabji on the "Conquest of the Flesh," pointing out that "the difficulties experienced in the struggles after the Higher Life, in the oft-recurring despondencies which create desolation in the heart, bereft of one single ray of hope to shed its dim light in the gloom of the wearied and worried soul, are mainly attributable to the love of the lower personality." A curious and interesting account of the manner of the coronation of a King in ancient India is given by Judge P. Sreenevas Row in a paper read before the Adyar Lodge; G. K. Sastry continues his translation of the *Râma Gîtâ;*

and No. II. of Mr. Trimble's paper on Poseidonis, with a "Zoroastrian's" account of "The Fire Temple in its Esoteric Aspect," complete an interesting number.

In the March *Prasnottara* the Proceedings of the Convention are continued, and an unsigned article deals with the subject of the marriageable age for girls.

The *Central Hindu College Magazine* for April continues Mrs. Besant's series "In Defence of Hinduism," with a paper entitled "The Worship of the Gods." B. Keightley contributes "Schoolboy Ideals" and "Science Jottings," whilst "Michael Wood" begins a new story.

In *The Theosophic Gleaner* for April the more important contents are "The Two Great Force Currents," positive and negative, good and evil, by P. D. Khandalvala; a valuable paper by W. J. Walters, on "T. S. Branch Work"; and one by B. B. Kanga on the "Age of Zoroaster."

The Dawn for March contains a plea by the Editor, reinforced by a reprint of an article by the late Professor Max Müller, for Education instead of Examination—a desire which every thoughtful man who has had any experience of examinations will heartily re-echo.

The Indian Review for April has much that is interesting. Perhaps the paper which has most to say to us English is Jnan Chandra Chatterji's "The Century and Young Bengal." His summing up of the characteristics of the present generation is that there is in it "a conspicuous want of vitality. . . The morality of Young Bengal of to-day is on the whole superior to that of the generation previous. . . . But that is not enough. The life, the ardour, the enthusiasm for a noble cause which distinguished the earlier generations have become all but extinct. . . . And with education opening up their minds to comforts and refinements unknown before, the inability to secure them makes them unhappy and discontented; and, above all, deprives them of that feeling of self-respect which is at the root of all self-improvement. Hence it is that though they are all *respectable* men in a certain sense, they are tending every day to degenerate into *little* men." A careful observer in Europe will say the same; it is not peculiar to Bengal, nor to this generation. Sixty years ago Beranger saw men growing smaller and smaller, till at last there arose a "Man—who popped the whole race into his pocket!" Is it to be so?

The Ceylon *Buddhist* comes to us "Edited by C. Jînarâjâdâsa,"

bearing evident tokens of our old friend's scholarship. We congratulate *The Buddhist* on its new editor, but are more inclined to condole with him. When two editors meet, they do not grin, like the Augurs—very far otherwise.

Also from India, *Siddhanta Deepika*, *San Mârga Bodhinî*, and *Brahmavâdin*.

In the May *Vâhan* a question as to the statement of one of the Upanishads that "Whoso knows Brahman, by no deed soever is his future bliss harmed," receives the very common-sense answer from "G. R. S. M.", that if we find anyone committing "heinous crimes" we may at least be certain that *he* does not know Brahman. Other questions are as to the existence of a Personal Devil; the right way of dealing with vermin, large and small; and the "modern woman problem."

Revue Théosophique, April, though an interesting number, has by way of original matter only the second of Dr. Pascal's very successful Geneva *Conférences*.

Theosophia for April contains (besides translations from the English) the continuation of the *Tao Te King*, by J. van Manen; "Some Misconceptions about Death," Mr. Leadbeater's lecture to the Amsterdam Lodge; "Some Occult Phenomena in Java," by van der Velde; and "The Fourth Dimension," by J. J.

In *Teosofia* for April the Editor begins a study entitled "An Italian Hermetic Philosopher of the Seventeenth Century." The other articles are translations of Mrs. Besant's "Some Problems of Ethics" and Dr. Pascal's "Reincarnation."

Sophia for April, besides translations from Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power" and *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, has a serious article upon "Homœopathy and its Dilutions," by Don José Melián; the conclusion of "Two Civilisations," by J. K. H.; and an account of a singular relic from Costa Rica, by D. Tomás Povedano.

We have also received *Teosofisk Tidskrift* for April, and No. 2 of our young contemporary the Antwerp *Théosophie*.

The Theosophic Messenger for April announces that Col. Olcott will be present and preside at the American Convention. Our European Section will be represented by Mr. Leadbeater.

Theosophy in Australasia, March, contains Mr. Leadbeater's valuable Chicago lecture on "The Unseen World," with an appeal for enlarged circulation, which the magazine well deserves, and which we hope will be successful.

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, March and April, contains, amongst other matter, Mr. Leadbeater's lecture, "What Theosophy does for us," delivered at Buffalo; an ingenious set of anticipations for "The New Century," by W. G. John; and "Theosophy Applied to the Education of Children," by Helen House.

Dev Vâhan for May has an interesting account of the legend of the destruction of Atlantis current amongst the Guarani Indians. The usual analysis of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, questions from the *Vâhan*, and the reprint of the obituary articles on the death of H. P. B. form the remainder of the number.

Also received: *Modern Astrology; Star Love*, by the Editor of Zadkiel's Almanack; *Theosophischer Wegweiser; Notes and Queries; Mind; Light; Practical Psychology; Monthly Record; Humanity; Review of Reviews.*

Pamphlets: *Reports of the Rangoon Theosophical Society;* these are exceedingly cheering reading and highly creditable, not only to the two European members who started the work but to the natives who have rallied round them; Bilia, "*Non oltre la Scienza e la Fede*," a reprint from an Italian magazine in which Mrs. Besant's writings are treated as being opposed to the orthodox faith, but with a personal respect and moderation of language which might be profitably studied by her English opponents. From the Free Age Press, Christchurch, Hants., we have three 3*d*. tracts by Tolstoy, *Demands of Love and Reason, The Meaning of Life*, and *The Root of the Evil.* Also *The Doctrine of Reincarnation, its Scientific Base*, by J. Scouller, 147, Grove Lane, Camberwell, 3*d.;* and *Lock and Key, or Reincarnation*, by our old friend, C. George Currie, D.D. We are glad to commend this little work to our readers; it is not a mere rehash of the ordinary statements on this subject, but an account of how the writer himself attained his conviction of its truth; and when an educated and thoughtful man will tell us this we are always glad to listen, even should the subject be less interesting than the all-important question of Reincarnation.

A.

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