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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

The Hypothesis of Continuity

IT is always of interest to a student of Theosophy to notice any work done in the fields of purely scientific research which at all tends to confirm or elucidate those views of the universe surrounding him which he himself is inclined to hold on the strength of evidence other, though perhaps no less cogent, than that which appeals to the normal scientist.

Quite recently there have been two such pieces of work put before the public, both significant and suggestive, both calculated to encourage the occult student, and strengthen his hopes that ere long orthodox science will have advanced considerably nearer to some of his own particular ideas.

The first of these is an article from the pen of M. A. Müller upon the Hypothesis of Continuity, which appeared in the Astronomical Section of the Paris *Revue Scientifique* for March 16th, 1901.

Those who are sufficiently interested in the subject to care

to make themselves acquainted with the "why and wherefore" of M. Müller's views, and with the reasoning by which he leads up to and illustrates them, must be referred to the article itself, which is readily obtainable. Any summary or attempt to brief such a condensed exposition as his, must inevitably lead to misunderstanding and distortion. For that reason I shall rather try to outline his theory in my own way as I understand it, leaving those who care to do so, to go back to the original.

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The Orders of Ethers

To begin with, M. Müller holds that a single medium fills all space, indeed *is space*, speaking accurately, and thus he comes very close indeed to the standpoint of the Stanzas of Dzyan. Now, although this one universal Space is really perfectly continuous, yet just as in mathematics one considers a continuous quantity as made up of an infinite series, whether convergent or divergent, of finite, small, discrete quantities, so M. Müller conceives this one universal medium as consisting of an indefinite number of "orders" or "series" of "atomic" or "molecular" ethers. Thus at one end of the scale he considers the solar system as a single complex molecule surrounded by an ether, the physical constants of which, in relation to the distance separating the solar system from its nearest neighbour and to the diameter of the system, are of the same orders as those which obtain in the case of the ether of another order surrounding, say, the complex molecule of air, in relation to the size of that molecule and its distance from its next neighbour. Now this last ether is that with which ordinary modern science is at present so much engaged. But in reality it does not matter how many "orders" or "series" of ethers we may need to take into account, since the relative magnitudes remain the same. Thus in M. Müller's view an ordinary molecule of air, or water, is a miniature solar system, the distances between its component units and their magnitudes being strictly analogous to those between the Sun and its surrounding planets.

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THERE is of course much more that is interesting in M. Müller's

speculation, but one cannot help being struck with the way in which his series of ethers, gradually decreasing (or increasing) in the size of their units, resembles the actual structure and relations of the four etheric sub-planes of our physical matter as described to us by those who can see them, and how completely his view fits in with the whole Theosophical conception of the various planes and sub-planes of matter both within our own system and in the larger universe in which our system itself is but a molecule.

Science and Occultism

Of course such views as those of Müller are still far from being "accepted science," but he claims for them the ability to satisfy the demands of our present day science more fully than the usual hypothesis that molecular matter is constituted by a series of local vortices or distortions in the continuous ether. From the occult standpoint, it may be noted, however, that both the hypothesis of M. Müller and the more usual vortex one, each contain an element of the truth. For the ultimate "atom" or unit of any plane seems to be essentially constituted by a "vortex" in the matter of a higher plane, while the sub-planes of the plane are built up by series of molecular ethers closely resembling those required in M. Müller's theory.

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THE second piece of work which claims special notice in these pages deserves mention not only on account of its intrinsic importance and far-reaching significance, but also for other reasons. The latest researches of Prof. J. C. Bose of the Presidency College, Calcutta, whose outcome keenly interested a large audience at the Royal Institution on Friday evening, May 10th, not only stand out as a worthy continuation of investigations which have already won high honour for Prof. Bose, but they demonstrate that the Indian intellect is far from being as hopelessly sterile in the region of original research, even in the domain of pure physics, as some of the harsher critics of our Indian friends would have us believe. In the present instance at any rate Bengal has produced an original worker of no mean calibre, even measured by western standards.

An Indian Savant

But to pass to the subject matter of Prof. Bose's latest work. The following paragraphs, taken from an admirable descriptive report of his lecture which appeared in the *Electrician* for May 17th, will serve to give our readers some idea of the nature and scope of the researches upon which he has been engaged:

Muscular Response to Stimulus

Prof. Bose's researches (observes the writer) carry us further than the domain of theoretical and applied physics, into the regions of physiology and chemistry. They lead to the discovery of an universal action underlying certain phenomena in both living and inorganic matter. If we take a piece of living muscle and pinch or twist it, or in any way subject it to stress, there is a contraction in the length and an increase in thickness of the muscle, which may be accurately indicated by a diagram drawn by mechanism actuated by the muscle itself. The cessation of the stress is followed by recovery of the original condition of the muscle; and a subsequent similar stress produces an exactly similar diagram. When rapidly intermittent stresses occur, the diagram consists of a serrated curve, the cessation of the stress leading again to recovery. If the frequency of the stresses is increased, a point is reached at which the muscle exhibits persistent steady contraction until the stress ceases, this condition being known as tetanus. Extreme temperature produces a condition known as heat or cold rigour, the muscle giving no appreciable response to mechanical or electrical stimulus; and there is, for each particular species of muscle, a definite temperature at which a maximum of response arises from any given stimulus. When the condition of rigour is approached, not only is the response less vigorous, but the recovery is slower and more lethargic. Drugs exert a modifying influence upon the response; stimulants induce a more violent response and more prompt recovery; depressants diminish the activity; while poisons destroy the power of response altogether. Certain drugs act as stimulants when administered in one proportion and as depressants when administered in another proportion. When, moreover, instead of living muscle a piece of living nerve is investigated, a perfect parallelism in the character of the response and of the recovery is observed; but in the case of nerve the response takes the form of an electric current between the injured or excited portion of the nerve and the normal portion, instead of, as in muscle, a mechanical change of length. The effects of repeated mechanical or electric stimulus, of temperature, of stimulating and other drugs, etc., are perfectly similar to those produced in muscle; and curves corresponding in every characteristic with those for muscle are drawn when a galvanometric record of the response is made. Dr. Bose exhibited a large number of these diagrams, in which the characteristic responses to definite forms of stimuli were indicated. Physiologists are thoroughly acquainted with these nerve and muscle response-diagrams, the occurrence of which in connection with

any given organic tissue is held by them to be a distinctive evidence of physical life in the tissue.

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Inorganic "Nerves"

We pass now to the second subject, so to speak, in Dr. Bose's symphony —the response of matter that is inorganic, and, therefore, non-living. When a piece of wire is placed in a galvanometer circuit and one end of the wire is momentarily subjected to mechanical stimulus, as by twisting or tapping it, an electrical response takes place in the form of a current between the injured or stimulated end and the normal end of the wire. This response is indicated by a movement of the galvanometer needle, the amount of the deflection being definite in relation to the intensity of the mechanical stimulus. A convenient form of the apparatus for measuring and recording such responses consists in a vessel containing water into which two similar wires dip, one of the wires being fitted with a torsion head to allow of a measurable and graduated twist being applied to it. Experimenting with the apparatus included in the circuit of a galvanometer, Dr. Bose found that the response and recovery curves obtainable from it correspond in the closest possible degree with the physiological curves obtained from living nerve and muscle. It is scarcely necessary to re-state the entire series of operations by means of which characteristic curves may be obtained. Suffice it to say that repeated stimuli produce a series of response-curves which, on increasing the frequency of stimulus, merge into a true condition of tetanus; that changes of temperature produce, in extreme limits, a lethargy precisely analogous to rigour, and exhibit a condition in which the response is most marked at a definite temperature, depending on the nature of the wire; that certain drugs injected into and uniformly diffused through the liquid in the apparatus give rise to astonishing increase in the violence of the response—analogous, indeed, to alcoholic intoxication—while other drugs act as depressants, and still others as poisons. Again, there are certain drugs which act as stimulants when injected in a certain proportion and as depressants when administered in another proportion; while it is also found that the "killing" action of the poisons can be arrested by the timely injection of a fluid antidote. One of the most virulent of these poisons is corrosive sublimate, known as a powerful poison also in the organic world. The essential and most important fact in connection with these investigations is the extremely close agreement between all the diagrams obtainable from living tissue and those obtainable, in analogous conditions, from the inorganic substances experimented upon by Dr. Bose. So close is this agreement that expert physiologists are unable to distinguish between the two sets of curves. Carrying the matter still further, Dr. Bose has investigated the response of inorganic matter to light and other forms of electromagnetic radiation. He exhibited an artificial eye, the interior mechanism of which was such as to enable it to give an electrical response

to radiation of every description, whether ordinary light, or Hertzian or Röntgen rays.

* * *

In concluding his lecture Prof. Bose made an apt and eloquent reference to the ancient Indian doctrine of that underlying unity of the One Existence at the root of all plurality and phenomena which is the central core of the teaching of the Vedas and Upaniṣhads, and pointed out how completely his own researches tend to establish and verify this teaching experimentally.

The Value of the Theory

And it is in this respect especially that the larger and deeper significance of Dr. Bose's work lies for the student of philosophy. For the man of science its value is incontestably great, but for philosophy still greater. The work he has done forms a great step to a full demonstration of the existence of a basic unity of nature and activity underlying all forms of manifestation. And though probably on the one hand the materialist will welcome these results as breaking down the hitherto impassible barrier in character between so-called "living" and "dead" substance, yet the Theosophist will see in them only a fuller demonstration of his own fundamental principles, and far from feeling that this proof of the identity in character of the reaction to similar stimulus on the part of metals and of living muscle or nerve tends to reduce the universe to a dead mechanism, he will on the contrary rejoice that the realm of so-called "dead" or inorganic matter has thus been annexed to the world of life and shown by experimental evidence to exhibit the same fundamental reactions to stimulus as those which have hitherto been regarded as evidence of the presence of life. For to the Theosophist life is everywhere, naught in the universe is truly dead. One is the root of all, one is the life in all, one is the law which rules all and guides each individuated particle of that mighty life ever onwards to fuller and more perfect expression of its inherent divine attributes.

B. K.

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The idea of reincarnation or recurrent palingenesis as the only

Reincarnation in Modern Philosophy

hypothesis which in any way accounts for the facts of human existence, is spreading so rapidly among thinking people, that we are not surprised to find that it has at length invaded the precincts of official philosophy. Professor Spitta of Tübingen, whose reputation as a psychologist stands very high, and who has already written a work on psychology considered as a science, based upon investigations into the phenomena of sleep and dreams, and impulse, now comes forward with a work dealing with moral and religious phenomena. In this work Professor Spitta adopts the idea of reincarnation. The *Athenæum* (June 8th) in a review on this recent work, *Mein Recht auf Leben*, says:

> Although he confesses that speculation regarding the content of the idea of immortality is idle, he seems to be strongly in favour of some form of metempsychosis, as affording, doubtless, a natural channel for the fulfilment of endless duty. Nay, he expressly states that in the moral and religious faith in a return or rebirth of the individual, he perceives a doctrine which illuminates every relation of human life, a point of vantage which enables a man to take up his true position in regard to nature, and to make him feel that it is subject to him.

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Pure Theosophy

On May 30th and 31st a very important movement was launched by the inaugural meetings of "The International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers," held at Essex Hall, London. The object of this Association is "to open communication with those in all lands who are striving to unite pure Religion and perfect Liberty, and to increase fellowship and co-operation among them." With such an object every member of the Theosophical Society will join willing hands. The meetings were presided over by the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, of Oxford, who in the course of a very remarkable address, which we would gladly reproduce in full did our space allow, summed up the chief doctrine of pure Religion and perfect Liberty in the following words, as printed in *The Enquirer* (June 1st):

> The faith which thus reposes on God as the Author and Upholder of the world, the Creator, Sustainer, Guide, Inspirer of man, will draw unfailing guidance from the great historic religions. It will find in them the highest organised expressions, under the forms of race and time and country, of

man's enduring relation to the Eternal. It will recognise with undying gratitude its debt to those prophet souls who have flashed light into dark places so that all might see, and given personal shape to the highest spiritual truths. But it will not insist that Christ shall be its centre any more than Plato. Religion can have but one object, the everlasting God; one centre on which it rests immovable, the infinite Spirit in which we live and move and have our being. Let us indeed join willing hands with those who may firmly maintain their own communion with their risen Lord, but can yet recognise that for other souls there are divers ways within the Father's grace.

* * *

The Ghosts of Karnak

THAT, as we have repeatedly remarked, ghosts are good copy, is evidenced once more by an article in *The Globe* of May 31st, quoting from an interesting paper, contributed by the famous Egyptologist Maspero to *Le Temps*. Long ago we learned that some of our *savants* in things Egyptian were not such sceptics as their public pronouncements would lead us to suppose, and that too with regard to things more interesting than ghosts. From the account of the chatty paper intended for the public we take the following as a specimen, calling attention to the last sentence.

In Egypt the ancient gods are not dead nor are they driven into exile They still inhabit their old haunts, but they have changed their nature and become demons. From time to time they celebrate their ancient rites with all the pomp and ceremony of old days. More than one belated fellah has seen a mysterious procession going from Karnak to Luxor. A troop of horsemen heads the cavalcade, and then comes a king riding on a white horse and surrounded by foot guards. He is followed by a number of women, who are carried in litters. In the rear come more soldiers and a confused mob of people. These shadows march on silently, looking neither to the right nor to the left; but if the watcher cries out "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," the whole procession vanishes in a storm of wind. Once or twice a year the ancient sacred lake of the temple of Ammon is illuminated and a gilded dahabieh circles round it. It is rowed by golden statues, and the cabin is full of furniture also made of gold. Anyone who likes may go on board and seize as much treasure as he likes, provided that he does not utter a sound. If the adventurer says a word, everything disappears, and he finds himself in the water, and has to make his way out as best he can. Only M. Mariette is said to have succeeded in this exploit.

THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 344)

CHAPTER VI.

HELPING OTHERS BY THOUGHT

MOST valuable of all the gains made by the worker for thought-power, is the increased ability to help those around him, those weaker ones who have not yet learned to utilise their own powers. With his own mind and heart at peace, he is fitted to help others.

A mere kind thought is helpful in its measure, but the student will wish to do far more than drop a mere crumb to the starving.

Let us take first the case of a man who is under the sway of an evil habit, such as drink, and whom a student wishes to help. He should first ascertain, if possible, at what hours the patient's mind is likely to be unemployed—such as his hour for going to bed. If the man should be asleep, it would be all the better. At such a time, he should sit down alone, and picture the image of his patient as vividly as he can, seated in front of him—picture him clearly and in detail, so that he may see the image as he would see the man. (This very clear picturing is not essential, although the process is thereby rendered more effective.) Then he should fix his attention on this image, and address to it, with all the concentration of which he is capable, the thoughts, one by one and slowly, which he wishes to impress on his patient's mind. He should present them, as clear mental images, just as he would do if laying arguments before him in words. In the case taken, he might place before him vivid pictures of the disease and misery entailed by the drink-habit, the nervous breakdown, the inevitable end. If the patient is asleep, he will be drawn to the person thus thinking of him, and will animate the image of

himself that has been formed. Success depends on the concentration and the steadiness of the thought directed to the patient, and just in proportion to the development of the thought-power will be its effect.

Care must be taken in such a case not to try to control, in any way, the patient's will; the effort should be wholly directed towards placing before his mind the ideas which, appealing to his intelligence and emotions, may stimulate him to come to a right judgment and to make an effort to carry it out in action. If an attempt is made to impose on him a particular line of conduct, and the attempt succeed, even then little has been gained. The mental tendency towards vicious self-indulgence will not be changed by opposing an obstacle in the way of indulging in a particular form of it; checked in one direction it will find another, and a new vice will supplant the old. A man forcibly constrained to temperance by the domination of his will is no more cured of the vice than if he were locked up in prison. Apart from this, no man should try to impose his will on another, even in order to make him do right. Growth is not helped by such external coercion; the intelligence must be convinced, the emotions aroused and purified, else no real gain is made.

If the student wishes to give any other kind of thought-help, he should proceed in the same way, picturing his friend, and clearly presenting the ideas he wishes to convey. A strong wish for his good, sent to him as a general protective agency, will remain about him as a thought-form for a time proportionate to the strength of the thought, and will guard him against evil, acting as a barrier against hostile thoughts, and even warding off physical dangers. A thought of peace and consolation, similarly sent, will soothe and calm the mind, spreading around its object an atmosphere of calm.

The aid which is often rendered to another by prayer is largely of the character described above, the frequent effectiveness of prayer over ordinary good wishes being due to the greater concentration and intensity thrown by the pious believer into his prayer. Similar concentration and intensity would bring about similar results without the use of prayer.

There is, of course, another way in which prayer is some-

times effective: it calls the attention of some superhuman, or evolved human, intelligence to the person for whom it is offered, and direct aid may then be rendered to him by a power surpassing that of the offerer of the prayer.

Perhaps it is as well here to interject the remark that the half-instructed Theosophist should not take alarm, and refrain from giving to a friend any thought-assistance of which he is capable, by the fear lest he should be "interfering with karma." Let him leave karma to take care of itself, and have no more fear of interfering with it than of interfering with the law of gravitation. If he can help his friend, let him do so fearlessly, confident in the fact that, if he can do so, that help is within his friend's karma, and that he is himself the happy agent of the Law.

Helping the so-called Dead

All that we can do for the living by thought we can do even more easily for those who have gone in front of us through death's gateway, for in their case there is no heavy physical matter to be set vibrating ere the thought can reach the waking consciousness.

After death is passed through the tendency of the man is to turn his attention inwards, and to live in the mind rather than in an external world. The thought-currents that used to rush outwards, seeking the external world through the sense-organs, now find themselves blocked by an emptiness, caused by the disappearance of their instruments. It is as though a man, rushing towards an accustomed bridge over a ravine, suddenly found himself stopped by the bridgeless gulf, the bridge having vanished.

The re-arrangement of the astral body that quickly follows on the loss of the physical body further tends to shut in the mental energies, to prevent their outer expression. The astral matter, if not disturbed by any action of those left behind on earth, forms an enclosing shell instead of a plastic instrument, and the higher and purer the earth-life that has ended, the more complete is the barrier against impressions from without, or emergence from within. But the person thus checked as to his outward-going energies is all the more receptive of influences

from the mental world, and he can therefore be helped, cheered and counselled far more effectively than when he was on earth.

In the world into which those freed from the physical body have gone, a loving thought is as palpable to the senses as is here a loving word or tender caress. Everyone who passes over should, therefore, be followed by thoughts of love and peace, by aspirations for his swift passage onwards through the valleys of death to the bright land beyond. Only too many remain in the intermediate state longer than they otherwise would because it is their bad karma not to have friends who know how to help them from this side of death. And if people on earth knew how much of comfort and of happiness is experienced by the wayfarers to the heavenly worlds from these truly angelic messengers, these thoughts of love and cheer, if they knew the force they had to strengthen and console, none would be left lonely by those who remain behind. The beloved "dead" have surely a claim on our love and care, and even apart from this how great is the consolation to the heart, bereaved of the presence that gave sunshine to life, to be able still to serve the loved one, and surround him on his way by the guardian angels of thought.

The occultists who founded the great religions were not unmindful of this service due from those left on earth to those who had passed onwards. The Hindu has his Shrâddha, by which he helps on their way the souls that have passed into the next world, quickening their passage into Svarga. The Christian Churches have Masses and Prayers for the "dead." "Grant him, O Lord, eternal peace, and let light perpetual shine on him," prays the Christian for his friend in the other world. Only the Protestant section of Christians have lost this gracious custom, with so much else that pertains to the higher life of the Christian man. May knowledge soon restore to them the useful and helpful practice of which ignorance has robbed them!

Thought-work out of the body

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We need not confine our thought activities to the hours which we spend in the physical body, for very much effective work may be done by thought when our bodies are lying peacefully asleep.

The process of "going to sleep" is simply the withdrawal of the consciousness, clad in its subtle bodies, from the physical body, which is left wrapped in sleep, while the man himself passes into the astral world. Freed from the physical body, he is much more powerful as regards the effects he can produce by his thought, but for the most part he does not send it outwards, but uses it within himself on subjects that interest him in his waking life. His thought-energies run into accustomed moulds, and work on the problems that his waking consciousness is busy in solving.

The proverb that "the night brings counsel," the advice when an important decision is to be made "to sleep on it before deciding," are vague intuitions of this fact of mental activity during the hours of slumber. Without any deliberate attempt to utilise the freed intelligence, men gather and harvest the fruit of its labour.

Those, however, who seek to steer their evolution instead of allowing it to drift, should consciously avail themselves of the greater powers they can exercise when unimpeded by the weight of the body. The way to do this is simple. Any problem needing solution should be quietly held in the mind when going to sleep; it must not be debated on, argued over, or sleep will be prevented, but, as it were, simply stated and left. This is sufficient to give the required direction to thought, and the Thinker will take it up and deal with it when freed from the physical body. The solution will generally be in the mind on waking, *i.e.*, the Thinker will have impressed it on the brain—and it is a good plan to keep paper and pencil by the bed to note down the solution immediately on waking, as a thought thus obtained is very readily erased by the thronging stimuli from the physical world, and is not easily recovered. Many a difficulty in life may be seen clearly in this way, and a tangled path rendered open. And many a mental problem may also find its solution, when submitted to the intelligence unweighted by the dense brain.

Much in the same way may a student help during the hours of sleep any friend in this world or in the next. He must picture his friend in his mind, and determine to find and help

him. That mental image will draw him and his friend together, and they will communicate with each other in the astral world. But in any case in which any emotion is aroused by the thought of the friend—as in the case of one who has passed on—the student must seek to calm it ere going to sleep. For emotion causes a swirl in the astral body, and if that body be in a state of strong agitation, it isolates the consciousness, and makes it impossible for mental vibration to pass outwards.

In some cases of such communication in the astral world, a "dream" may remain in the waking memory, while in others no trace may appear. The dream is the record—often confused and mixed with alien vibrations—of the meeting out of the body, and should be so regarded. But if no trace appear in the brain, it does not matter, since the activities of the freed intelligence are not hindered by the ignorance of the brain that does not share them. A man's usefulness in the astral world is not governed by the memories imprinted on the brain by the returning consciousness, and these memories may be entirely absent, while most beneficent work is occupying the hours of the body's sleep.

Another form of thought-work that is little remembered, and that can be done either in or out of the physical body, is the helping of good causes, of public movements beneficial to mankind. To think of these in a definite way is to start currents of aid from the inner planes of being, and we may especially consider this in relation to

The Power of Combined Thought

The increased force that may be obtained by the union of several people to help a common object is recognised not only by occultists, but by all who know anything of the deeper science of the mind. It is the custom, in some parts at least of Christendom, to preface the sending of a mission to evangelise some special district by definite and sustained thinking. A small band of Roman Catholics, for instance, will meet together for some weeks or months before a mission is sent out, and will prepare the ground where it is to work by imaging the place, thinking of themselves as present there, and then intently medi-

tating on some definite dogma of the Church. In this way a thought-atmosphere is created in that district most favourable to the spread of Roman Catholic teachings, and receptive brains are prepared to wish to receive instruction in them. The thought-work will be aided by the added intensity given to it by fervent prayer, another form of thought-work, fired by religious fervour.

The contemplative orders of the Roman Catholic Church do a large amount of good and useful work by thought, as do the recluses of the Hindu and Buddhist faiths. Wherever a good and pure intelligence sets itself to work to aid the world by diffusing through it noble and lofty thoughts, there definite service is done to man, and the lonely thinker becomes one of the lifters of the world.

A group of like-minded thinkers, such as a group of Theosophists, may do much to spread theosophical ideas in their own neighbourhood by agreeing to give a fixed ten minutes a day to thinking on a theosophical teaching. It is not necessary that their bodies should be gathered in one place provided that their minds are together. Suppose such a group decided to think about reincarnation daily for ten minutes at a fixed time for three or six months. Powerful thought-forms would then throng the selected district, and the idea of reincarnation would come into a considerable number of minds. Enquiries would be made, books on the subject would be sought for, and a lecture on the subject, after such a preparation, would attract an eager and interested audience. Progress, out of all proportion to the physical agencies employed, is made where earnest men and women combine in this mental propaganda.

Conclusion

Thus we may learn to utilise these great forces that lie within us all, and to utilise them to the best possible effect. As we use them they will grow, until, with surprise and delight, we shall find how great a power of service we possess.

Let it be remembered that we are continually using these powers, unconsciously, spasmodically, feebly, affecting ever for good or ill all who surround our path in life. It is here sought to induce the reader to use these same forces consciously, steadily and

strongly. We cannot help thinking to some extent, however weak may be the thought-currents we generate. We *must* affect those around us, whether we will or not; the only question we have to decide is whether we will do it beneficially or mischievously, feebly or strongly, driftingly or of set purpose. We cannot help the thoughts of others touching our minds; we can only choose which we will receive, which reject. We must affect and be affected; but we may affect others for their benefit or their injury, we may be affected by the good or by the evil. Here lies our choice, a choice momentous for ourselves and for the world:

> Choose well: for your choice
> Is brief and yet endless.

ANNIE BESANT.

THE WIDER TOLERATION

"IT is the inward attitude of our minds that is really important and not the outward circumstances of our lives," writes Mrs. Corbett in her wise and useful little article "Society and Solitude," in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for October.

Yet it would seem as if the circumstances of our lives are continually modifying the inner attitude of our minds, for these outward circumstances of our own lives afford us the means of observing the lives of other people, and if we enter upon the study of human life from the point of view of the Wider Toleration, the more we see of other people's lives the better chance there is of our coming to suitable conclusions with regard to the faults and defects as well as the nobleness and loveliness of our fellow creatures. And for this study we require, not a head well stored and enriched with statistics, not a grand far-reaching retentive memory, not patient astute research, but simply a wide-open loving heart, that sees evil but is not able to feel that it is *all* evil, that beholds vice but does not believe that it is nothing more than vice, that can even look on cruelty, and pity more the oppressor

than the victim, remembering the words "needs be that offences come but woe to that man by whom they come."

We know only a little and we judge from that little; when we know more our judgment becomes less severe, and knowing all, if that were possible, there is no judgment that we dare deliver.

As we all develop and progress according to law, the present life of each one of us, however contemptible it may appear, is evidently the product of law as regards each ego, and therefore the most suitable and the right one for the onward move as regards this one life.

Frivolity and triviality are the only masters that can teach us at certain stages of our progress. How can we be quite sure that what seems to us onward progress is always progress onward?

The wise man attends to himself in the matter of defects, and regards in others only their virtues, for he holds that his judgment is more to be trusted when he notes what is lovely and of good report, than when he enters the more densely mâyâvic region of the unlovely. In the one case it is his Higher Self that moulds his judgment, and in the other the whisperings of the lower mind are his guide. The more we practise the Wider Toleration, the more attentive must we be to our own position, the more firmly must we plant our feet on our own spot on the battle-field, otherwise we may begin to extend the Wider Toleration to ourselves and our own failings and fall again into the completer darkness.

If "the proper study of mankind is man," the more people we know the better. It is good to know people in all grades and ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest—"all grades of beings with distinctive marks" (*Bhagavad Gîtâ*, xi. 14). It is true that in one sense, in knowing one we know all, but that sort of knowledge where we perceive One in all and all in One, is chiefly for our best and highest moods and moments, and we only reach those moments through the lower stages of work-a-day sensations.

Instead of being eager and ready to classify people and define them as frivolous, trivial, morose, unsocial, etc., it is wiser,

as Mrs. Corbett suggests, to pause and consider whether we may not be mistaken before we hasten to decide that the trivial, the frivolous, the morose, the unsocial, are in a worse plight as regards their spiritual evolution than are the serious, the earnest, the jovial, and the social.

We shall sometimes discover that people are the very reverse of what we had thought them to be—that is to say, better than we had thought; for we need not be careful at this moment about cases where we have found people below the standard we had assigned to them; that is a peculiar blunder of our own, and brings its own pain, the pain of a shattered ideal. But finding that we have misjudged either in one direction or the other ought to point to us the water-mark of our own fallibility.

What is it that stifles the Wider Toleration? It is stifled by a habit—the habit of cheap and easy criticism. What is it that we criticise? Our criticism cannot go beyond personalities, for does not the Lord reside in the innermost of each and all of us? Shall we presume to criticise Him!

This complicated bundle we call a personality, may call forth our aversion to another by such inadequate causes as a trick of speech or an awkward manner, by the cut of a garment, the curl of a finger or the shade at the end of it. Or when, covering all these with our charity, we go a little deeper and consider mental dicta, we hold ourselves more than justified in feeling convinced that these are wrong, when in reality all that is wrong in them is, that they are only the opposite of what we think is right.

We enter a room, we see who is there, and we know that we have been an object of discussion; we perceive that it is approval and we assume that they have realised the good that is in us, and our good immediately gains in bulk and weight; approval (at this stage) is happiness, and happiness means warmth, and life, and energy. We must rise to this approval, be worthy of it; we dare not let them think they have made a mistake. The good has been created, and it shall not die. Here is the work of the Wider Toleration.

But if it is the other way, if it is disapproval?

Ah! then we do not expand, we shrink and become less;

this is the first sensation, and the second is antagonism, and dislike perhaps; or it may be pity is around us or indifference, all of them deprived of love, of warmth, and leading to nothing or at most to a narrow toleration.

Then comes the danger of cliques. As part of the machinery for carrying out an undertaking, even a great undertaking like the Theosophical Society, cliques may be useful, making points and centres, but they can never form a basis of spirituality, more likely are they to produce spiritual short-sight, and they will surely arrest progress in some one direction and weaken the effect of the higher teachings, unless they are cliques formed for the special object of sending out ripples of love to those outside the clique itself.

If the higher teachings of Theosophy, with the "doctrine of the heart," are to travel no farther than the head, if they are to lodge always in the brain, we can know nothing of the Wider Toleration, and while we exhaust the mental energy and fret the nervous system for the sake of untying metaphysical knots, we might also find it well to be replacing the habit of criticism by the habit of approbation.

The arid atmosphere of criticism and depreciation of personalities dries us into mummies and shuts us into coffins of our own manufacture. Better too much light than so much gloom, better too much warmth than too much chill, better too many smiles than any frowns, better arms too wide outstretched than shoulders turned the wrong way.

Is this the gospel of gush? I think not. If all is Mâyâ let us have the brightness of Mâyâ; if all is Mâyâ, let us turn every fiend we come across into an angel, every irritating fellow student into the most soothing companion, so that we may move along surrounded by our own glorious company, which we have made out of the materials at hand by means of the "divine alchemy." One seems too humble for our taste, we place the flower of his humility in our bosom; another too proud, we make a garland of his pride and deck ourselves withal. Hard, very hard! but not more so than bringing the materials together to shape a picture, a book, a statue; and when our alchemical labours are accomplished, we have achieved a work that requires

no publisher, nor any advertisement, nor need we correct the sketch; we have created a light that shines round about us and may blend with other similar lights till they reach to the very Logos and help to illumine the world.

Let us fling wide the gates of sympathy, let inclusion replace exclusion, let in the light and warmth. Let us not be like hired servants with our unfriendly reticences and secretive ways, let us be in this respect less "British," cast off that cowardly shrinking from comment. We do not like to be discussed. Why not? Let us turn our cheek to the smiter, the blow will recoil on himself; he will not like it, and smiting will come to an end and perhaps love will come in its place.

Toleration, wide or narrow, is after all not much to brag about; suffering fools and sages with equal gladness is more, even though we may err as to the fool, for it means the kindling of light and warmth between man and man.

To refuse a smile is like refusing a penny because you believe the beggar in the street has plenty of pennies at home hoarded away; but if you give him the penny you may teach him generosity, for we know that the Divine resides as fully beneath that personality as beneath the personality of those most dear to us; we should see "all beings without exception in the Self and all in Me" (*Bhag. Gîtâ*, iv. 35).

If we should say to the willow tree: "Why do you have all your branches so straight and lanky and thin? and why cannot you keep your leaves on a little longer like the oak and the beech? and then you would not look such a miserable object in the winter. You would look more presentable and prosperous, more as if you belonged to the forest instead of to the puddles you love to be near."

The willow will reply: "I have heard that One is the going forth of the whole universe and likewise its dissolving" (*Bhag. Gîtâ*, vi. 76).

LOUISA WILLIAMS.

THE FOURTH-GOSPEL PROBLEM*

THE whole tradition of the apostle John's residence at Ephesus is based on the assertions of Irenæus, who thus endeavours to establish his claim that he (Irenæus) was in direct contact with an apostolic tradition. In his very early youth, says Irenæus, he had known Polycarp, who, he claims, was a direct disciple of the apostolic John. This latter assertion of Irenæus is called into serious question by many scholars.

Turning to the evidence of Papias (about 140 A.D., or as Harnack would have it 145-160 A.D.), we are confronted with the enormous difficulty of his assertion that at his time two "disciples of the Lord," Aristion and John the elder, were alive, and this too following his reference to another John, a "disciple of the Lord," mentioned in a list with other well-known names of apostles, who had passed away.

We have seen that the only way out of the difficulty which Dr. Abbott can suggest is to expunge the words "disciples of the Lord" after the names of Aristion and John the elder; how does Professor Schmiedel, in his article on "John," overcome this difficulty? Papias distinctly says that his interest was to hear from the followers of the elders what they could tell him of what the elders had said about what certain "disciples of the Lord" had said. These "disciples of the Lord" were dead and Papias did not think much of either what was stated about them in books, or what certain writers declared they said. Papias believed that he would better get at the truth of the matter by direct oral tradition. This in addition also to what he had already gleaned in early life directly from certain other elders. But there was an additional confirmation of the

* See in the last three numbers the articles: "The Gospels' own Account of Themselves"; "The Outer Evidence as to the Authorship and Authority of the Gospels"; and "The Present Position of the Synoptical Problem."

nature of the "commandments given by the Lord to faith," for these same elders who had formerly known certain "disciples of the Lord" who had passed away, also knew of certain living "disciples of the Lord," namely Aristion and John the elder. Now in this connection "elder" cannot refer to age, but must refer to office. The second John is an elder, but further and beyond that he is distinguished as also being a "disciple of the Lord." In our opinion, as we have already said, this term signifies a grade, and marks out this John as enjoying the direct inspiration of the Master *after his death.*

How does Professor Schmiedel overcome this difficulty? Of the phrase "disciples of the Lord," he writes: "This expression has been used immediately before, in the stricter sense, of the apostles; in the case of Aristion and John the elder, it is clearly used in a somewhat wider meaning, yet by no means so widely as in Acts 9.1, where all Christians are so called; for in that case it would be quite superfluous here. A personal yet not long-continued acquaintance with Jesus, therefore, will be what is meant. Such acquaintance would seem to be excluded if Papias as late as 140 or 145-160 A.D., had spoken with both." Professor Schmiedel, however, thinks that Papias's words refer to an earlier time than the period when he wrote his book; but even so, we shall have to reckon with the new evidence that Aristion is perhaps the writer of the *appendix* to our canonical Mk., in which case the date leans forward again. Again Professor Schmiedel's assumption that Papias knew Aristion and John the elder personally, is based on a translation of the text peculiar to himself and out of keeping with the construction of the sentence. Otherwise, as he well sees, there are two intermediate links between John the elder and the apostles. We, therefore, prefer the straightforward meaning of Papias and the extended meaning of the term "disciples of the Lord."

Now Papias, in a fragment preserved by late writers, asserts that John the apostle suffered martyrdom, "was put to death by the Jews," whereas the "John" of Irenæus is said to have died of old age at Ephesus. Irenæus, of course, would have it that this Ephesian John was the apostle; but no other ecclesiastica writer of the second century knows anything of the residence

of the apostle at Ephesus. In the Fourth Gospel, on the other hand, it is "presupposed" that John is not to die a martyr's death, whereas the Gnostic Heracleon, about 175 A.D., confirms the martyrdom of John the apostle.

How then are these contradictory assertions to be reconciled and the "gross carelessness on the part of the leading authorities for ecclesiastical tradition" to be excused? As we have already seen from Papias, there were two Johns, the apostle and the elder, both "disciples of the Lord." John the elder may have resided at Ephesus. These two Johns have been confused together in the most unhistorical fashion by those who sought for an apostolic origin for the Fourth Gospel.

Now in the N.T. there are no less than five documents officially ascribed to the authorship of the apostle John. Of these five two only need engage our attention in the present enquiry. It is now claimed by the canon that the apostle John wrote both the Fourth Gospel and also the Apocalypse. On the other hand, no book of the N.T. has suffered such vicissitudes of acceptance and rejection as the Apocalypse, so that from the earliest times doubt was cast on its apostolic origin. But not only this, the differences of style between this document and the Fourth Gospel are so absolutely divergent that even the most uninstructed reader can detect them freely with the most superficial inspection.

In considering the authorship of the Apocalypse we must first of all proceed on the assumption that the book is a unity. "The spirit of the whole book can be urged as an argument for the apostle's authorship" on the ground that it is in entire keeping with the Synoptic description of the "son of thunder." Its eschatological contents, Jewish-Christian character, its "violent irreconcilable hostility" to enemies without and false teachers within, its fiery prophetic utterances, all testify to the justice of this by-name; still the writer does not call himself an apostle, but only a minister of Christ.

On the other hand, the technical erudition and skilful arrangement of the writer are hardly consistent with the synoptic description of John as a poor fisherman, and with the Acts' designation of him as "an unlearned and ignorant man." Above all

we should expect "a livelier image of the personality of Christ" from an eye-witness. And finally the Apocalypse speaks of the twelve in "a quite objective way," without the slightest hint that the writer is one of the twelve. These difficulties are lessened, however, if we assume that John the elder was the author and not John the apostle.

But even so we are not out of the wood, for it is no longer possible to hold that the Apocalypse is a unity, and critical research has demonstrated that it is in its simplest analysis a Jewish apocalypse over-written by a Christian hand. The question thus becomes far more complicated; was the apostle or the elder the over-writer or original author of any part of it? The only hypothesis that can hold water in this connection is the *possible* authorship of John the elder of the Letters to the Seven Churches.

After reviewing the radical differences of language and spheres of thought of the two documents under discussion, the Apocalypse and Fourth Gospel, Professor Schmiedel concludes: "The attempt even to carry the Gospel and the Apocalypse back to one and the same circle or one and the same school . . . is therefore a bold one. It will be much more correct to say that the author of the Gospel was acquainted with the Apocalypse and took help from it so far as was compatible with the fundamental differences in their points of view. On account of the dependence thus indicated it will be safe to assume that the Apocalypse was a valued book in the circles in which the author of the Gospel moved, and that he arose in that environment and atmosphere."

To this we cannot altogether agree; it may be that the Apocalypse was a valued book in the circle of the writer of the Gospel because of its apocalyptic character, but it is manifestly certain that the writer of the fourth Gospel did not arise in the intolerant and unloving "environment and atmosphere," of the compiler and overwriter of the Revelation.

Turning now to the Fourth Gospel itself, the method of enquiry adopted by scientific research centres itself upon the question of this Gospel's historicity. "In proportion as tradition concerning the authorship is uncertain, must we rely all the

more upon this means of arriving at knowledge." The most important line of research is that of comparison with the three synoptic writings, but here it has to be remembered that we must not begin by postulating a higher degree of historicity for the synoptists, all we can legitimately do is to discover the differences, and then ascertain which is the more preferable account, and finally enquire whether the less preferable can have come from an eye-witness.

To take the fundamental differences in order. The powerful personality of the Baptist in the synoptics in Jn. becomes a mere "subsidiary figure introduced to make known the majesty of Jesus." The scene of the public ministry of Jesus in Jn. is very different from the synoptic account; equally so is the order of the principal events in the public life. The miracle-narratives in Jn. are "essentially enhanced" beyond those of the synoptics, and Jn. adds new and more astonishing narratives; moreover Jn.'s miracles can always be more easily explained symbolically. But perhaps the most important difference of all is that relating to the date of the crucifixion; moreover Jn. does not mention the celebration of the last supper, but preaches the mystical doctrine that the Christian "passover" was the sacrifice of Christ on the cross. Further "the difference in character between the synoptic and the Johannine discourses of Jesus can hardly be over-estimated." As to Jn.'s representation of Jesus, it is always in harmony with the "utterances of the Johannine Christ," that He is the Logos of God. Nothing that would savour of an earthly origin or nature is recorded of Jesus. The author of the Fourth Gospel preaches the universality of salvation, spiritualises the eschatology and the "second advent." The sayings of Jesus regarding Himself assert his pre-existence from all eternity, and that He is the only Way and only Son of the Father; in brief He is identified with the Logos of the prologue.

This prologue Professor Schmiedel assumes to be written by the author of the rest of the work, but we are of opinion that it is from some other hand, and not only so but specially selected as an appropriate introduction, if not as a text upon which the leading doctrinal ideas of the Gospel are based. And this may explain the following contradictory views of the critics, for

Professor Schmiedel writes: "One might suppose it to be self-evident that the evangelist in his prologue had the intention of propounding the fundamental thoughts which he was about to develop in the subsequent course of the gospel." Whereas Professor Harnack's opinion is "that the prologue is not the expression of the evangelist's own view, but is designed merely to produce a favourable prepossession on behalf of the book in the minds of educated readers."

Now it is to be noticed that there is no positive teaching in the Gospels, or in the N.T. generally, as to the origin of things except in this proem. It is further to be noticed that just as the later followers of Plato specially singled out the *Timæus* for study and commentary, so did the most philosophical among the Christians (for instance, the Gnostics of the second half of the second century) single out this proem for commentary. The *Timæus* is evidently based on and compiled from fragments of more ancient writings, and we are of opinion that this also is the case with the proem of the Fourth Gospel.

But when Professor Schmiedel writes: "The perception that the prologue is deliberately intended as a preparation for the entire contents of the gospel has reached its ultimate logical result in the proposition that the entire gospel is a conception at the root of which lies neither history nor even tradition of another kind, but solely the ideas of the prologue," we are not quite certain that this is altogether the case. We rather hold that the prologue by itself was not the basis of the Gospel, but that the author was brought up in an atmosphere in which such ideas as those contained in the prologue were current, and that the prologue itself is a scrap of a lost document. We hold, further, that there was a distinct tradition of these ideas differing considerably from the synoptic tradition, though at the same time we do not deny the personal inspiration of the writer of the Fourth Gospel and his independent treatment of both the outer and inner traditions. This does not of course assume the historicity of the "Johannine tradition," but it assumes a mystical tradition of not only equal authority with the outer traditions, but of greater authority, in the mind of the writer of the "Johannine" document, than the view of the synoptists.

Professor Schmiedel, in summing up the comparison of Jn. with the synoptics, writes: "We shall be safe in asserting not only that the synoptists cannot have been acquainted with the Fourth Gospel, but also that they were not aware of the existence of other sources, written or oral, containing all these divergences from their own account which are exhibited in this Gospel." This seems to be the correct conclusion from the evidence; at the same time it must be remarked that though the writer of the Fourth Gospel was acquainted with the main materials used by the three synoptists, and treated them with the greatest freedom, and though the synoptists seem to have known nothing of the written or oral traditions used exclusively by Jn., that all this does not necessarily exclude their being contemporary writers.

As to the internal evidence for the nationality of the evangelist, "his attitude—partly of acceptance, partly of rejection—towards the O.T.," and his "defective acquaintance with the conditions in Palestine in the time of Jesus," lead to the conclusion "that he was by birth a Jew of the Dispersion or the son of Christian parents who had been Jews of the Dispersion." It has, however, been strongly argued that the writer could not possibly have been a Jew.

Now as the formal conclusion of the Fourth Gospel is to be found at the end of chap. 20, chap. 21 is "beyond question" an appendix, and moreover can be clearly proved not to have come from the same author as the writer of the rest of the book. The main purpose of the second half of this appendix is the "accrediting" of the document—a fact which shows that the authorship and contents were already called into question.

The authors of this appendix assert that it was a certain disciple whom Jesus loved who had written "these things," and that they (the authors) know that his "testimony" is true.

The Gospel's writer's own account of the author is that "he who saw it bare record and his record is true: and *that one* knows that he speaks true." The greatest possible ingenuity has been exhausted on these words so as to make them a statement of the writer concerning himself, but this is manifestly an impossibility. Finally, in the supposed other testimony as to

himself the designation of the unnamed disciple as "the disciple whom Jesus loved," speaks "quite decisively" against this assumption. In all of this, therefore, we have no certain fact as to authorship from internal evidence.

Passing next to the external evidence for the genuineness of the Fourth Gospel, Professor Schmiedel has of course to traverse the same ground which we have already reviewed in referring to Dr. Abbott's labours. This he does in a very full and scholarly manner, and in summing up his estimate of the evidence writes: "We find ourselves compelled not only to recognise the justice of the remark of Reuss that 'the incredible trouble which has been taken to collect external evidences only serves to show that there are none of the sort which were really wanted,' but also to set it up even as a fundamental principle of criticism that the production of the Fourth Gospel must be assigned to the shortest possible date before the time at which traces of acquaintance with it begin to appear. Distinct declarations as to its genuineness begin certainly not earlier than about 170 A.D."

It is quite true that nothing can be definitely proved beyond this; but, as we have already indicated, we are inclined to assign as early a date to the Fourth Gospel as to the synoptics, and attribute its later recognition, as compared with that of the synoptics, to the difficulty which the general mind always experiences in assimilating mystical and spiritual doctrine.

"If," however, "on independent grounds some period shortly before 140 A.D. can be set down as the approximate date of the production of the Gospel," then new importance is to be attached to a passage (5. 43) where Jesus is made to say: "I am come in the name of my father and ye receive me not; if another will come in his own name, him will ye receive." This is to be taken as a prophecy after the event, as is the case in thousands of instances in contemporary apocalyptic literature. Barchochba, claiming to be the Messiah, headed a revolt of the Jews in 132 A.D., which ended in the complete extinction of the Jewish state in 135 A.D.

Furthermore, in reviewing the nature of the external evidence as to the Gospels, Professor Schmiedel gives a valuable

warning to those who have to decide between the conservative and independent views on the matter. After citing a number of declarations of the Church Fathers (with regard to other writings) which are admitted by both sides to be fantastic or erroneous, he writes: "When the Church Fathers bring before us such statements as these, no one believes them; but when they 'attest' the genuineness of a book of the Bible, then the conservative theologians regard the fact as enough to silence all criticism. This cannot go on for ever. Instead of the constantly repeated formula that an ancient writing is 'attested' *as early as* by (let us say) Irenæus, Tertullian, or Clement of Alexandria, there will have to be substituted the much more modest statement that its existence (not genuineness) is attested only *as late as* by the writers named, and even this only if the quotations are undeniable or the title expressly mentioned."

After this declaration it is strange to find the learned critic adopting the statement of one of these Church Fathers on a most debatable point without the slightest hesitation.

We have already seen the strong mystical bias of the writer of the Fourth Gospel, and we naturally turn to Professor Schmiedel's exposition to learn his opinion on the relation of this Gospel to Gnosticism. He admits that "the gospel shows clearly how profoundly Gnostic ideas had influenced the author"; but on this very important subject Professor Schmiedel has no light to offer. He seems to accept the entirely polemical assertion of Hegesippus, as handed on by Eusebius, that "profound peace reigned in the entire Church till the reign of Trajan [98-117 A.D.]; but after the second choir of the apostles had died out and the immediate hearers of Christ had passed away, the godless corruption began through the deception of false teachers, who now with unabashed countenance dared to set up against the preaching of truth the doctrines of Gnosis, falsely so-called. There is no reason for disputing the date here given."

On the contrary, there is every possible reason for disputing not only the date, but every single item of the statements, as we have shown at great length in our recent work on the subject. Here again, as everywhere else in connection with the Gnosis,

the new *Encyclopædia* reveals its vulnerable side, as we shall endeavour to prove in our concluding paper.

As to the place of composition of the Fourth Gospel, Professor Schmiedel inclines to Asia Minor, as the easiest hypothesis; it is only on this assumption that we can explain how the Gospel could be ascribed to some John living there. But the strongly Alexandrian ideas of the Gospel are, in our opinion, somewhat against this, though of course Gnostic ideas, and very probably Alexandrian, could be current in Asia Minor. There is, however, nothing to prevent us referring the origin to an Alexandrian circle, and the carrying of an early copy of the document to Asia Minor.

But before leaving the subject it should be mentioned that the criticism of the Fourth Gospel, which has so far proceeded on the assumption of its unity (excepting, of course, the appendix and the prologue), is further complicated by hypotheses of "sources," and the question of interpolation. The question of sources, however, does not help us at present to an any more satisfactory solution of the problem; there may, indeed, be interpolations, "but if it is proposed to eliminate every difficult passage as having been interpolated, very little indeed of the gospel will be left at the end of the process."

With regard to the whole question of Fourth Gospel criticism Professor Schmiedel says that there is only "positive relief from an intolerable burden," when "the student has made up his mind to give up any such theory as that of the 'genuineness' of the gospel, as also of its authenticity in the sense of its being the work of an eye-witness who meant to record actual history. Whoever shrinks from the surrender can, in spite of all the veneration for the book which constrains him to take this course, have little joy in his choice. Instead of being able to profit by the elucidation regarding the nature and the history of Jesus, promised him by the 'genuineness' theory, he finds himself at every turn laid under the necessity of meeting objections on the score of historicity, and if he has laboriously succeeded (as he thinks) in silencing these, others and yet others arise tenfold increased, and in his refutation of these, even when he carries it through—and that too even, it may be, with a tone of great

assurance—he yet cannot in conscientious self-examination feel any true confidence in his work."

It only remains to add that, in our opinion, the same remarks with slight modification might be made with regard to by far the greater part of the synoptical writings as well.

But that such a poor answer as the one we are led to deduce from the general point of view of advanced criticism, will satisfy the question: "What think ye of Christ?" is and must be highly repugnant to those who not only love but also worship Him. What, then, are the grounds for this intuition of greater things, which refuses to sacrifice itself on the altar of "science"? Our next paper will be devoted to a general consideration of this question.

G. R. S. MEAD.

IS PAIN GAIN?

WHERE pain ends, gain ends.—ROBERT BROWNING.

To those who think often and seriously on the problems that life has to offer them, the question: Is pain gain? must often recur.

Pain seems at first sight such an unnatural and unnecessary thing, and so opposed to the harmony that should reign in a God-created world, that it might be considered to be an incongruous element in life, occasioning disasters and destruction, and to be avoided as far as possible, if not entirely done away with.

If we look for examples or instruction from the effects that the world around has on us, we find that most natural objects can and do give pleasure to mankind, and that pain seems, so to speak, out of order with our natural environment.

The sun, moon and stars, air with its freshness and its strength, water in its various manifestations, and the earth and

all its productions, are certainly causes of happiness to many and provide what have been called by Browning "the wild joys of living." And these simple physical pleasures sink into obscurity when compared to the subtler joys felt by those who enjoy beautiful scenery, and who can be made happy by sea and mountain, or simply sunshine, air and sky. Then we come to the innumerable satisfactions of human intercourse, varying between friendship and love, but with the same feeling of pleasure always underlying. The delights of music, art and literature must not be forgotten and the joy of creation felt by the artist, not to mention the intense pleasure resulting from all forms of development of power, especially brain power. And finally we arrive at those who find their truest happiness within their own spirit, and whose life of thought or devotion brings a satisfaction deeper than any that could be occasioned by sense pleasures, or sensations arising from external stimulation.

All who might be included in these categories may fairly be considered to be thankful for the fact of existence, and to rejoice they are alive, when they find that, as the same poet says, "the world means intensely and means good," and that "to find its meaning is their meat and drink."

Education and development will have been a pleasure rather than a pain to them, and they usually consider the world to be on the whole a pleasant dwelling-place. It is obvious that to such people pain must come as a most unwelcome guest, and would seem to be unnecessary and undesirable. All being so good, why should it be marred by the jarring of conflicting elements? Why cannot these harmless pleasures be enjoyed in peace? At all events, pain of any description should be avoided as far as possible, if this aspect of life be a true one, for life when painless is a good and satisfactory possession, producing pleasurable sensations to be enjoyed to the utmost possibilities. This happy condition, then, should be the common environment of mankind, as we have seen that the most natural everyday conditions are capable of producing great happiness.

How, then, can we account for the words that head these pages: "Where pain ends, gain ends," and for the fact that this sentiment is echoed again and again by poets, philosophers

and holy men of all countries? Strange to say, those who have advanced the furthest in spiritual development, preach most constantly this doctrine of the value of pain.

The ascetic doctrine that pain is an absolute benefit and a clear good to the person who feels it, is too well known to need repetition. There have been men and women in all religions who hoped to "gain heaven by making earth a hell," and who have lived lives of voluntary pain, believing it to be a high virtue which would bring them nearer to the Divine pattern. Even in the sober Protestant West, where asceticism of this type has been little favoured, a strong impression has prevailed among religious people that happiness is rather a dangerous thing, and that anything unpleasant is likely to be advantageous to the soul of the person involved. So much was this teaching disseminated, that many young persons who happened to have a natural healthy enjoyment of life, had a rooted impression that all good things were disagreeable. They believed from this unfortunate doctrine, that the religious life must of necessity be painful and wearisome, and have often been prejudiced against all spiritual life and teaching. Yet it is undeniable that some of the greatest teachers have seemed to hold the view that pain is a good and desirable thing, without which no progress in the religious life can be made. Others, again, have held that the mere fact of physical existence must be a hindrance to all such efforts, and the soul attuned to the harmonies of the higher life can feel little or no satisfaction in the earth-life of mankind.

This view, that when the soul's energies are focussed in the life of the spirit, pain and distress must inevitably follow to the lower nature, is by no means confined to the teachers of religion. Indifference to all earthly pleasures is looked on as a necessary equipment for mental development by many philosophers and learned men. These have often held the doctrine that any pleasure that could be enjoyed in this world, is beneath the notice of a serious thinker who is anxious to contemplate realities and fix his mind on eternal truths. We see the pessimistic views of such a man as Schopenhauer, who held that "this world is the worst possible of worlds," and the greatest of all philosophers, Plato, taught that the soul was enchained in the

body as in a prison, and that the release from this bondage was the best thing that could be hoped for it.

Evidently such men do not look on earthly life as a great privilege, nor think that "it means intensely and means good." They would probably not much care to find out its meaning, but prefer attempting to release their soul from the chains that tie it to the body and in this world. Even if they do not believe that "pain is gain," as some ardent religionists would think, they believe in the utter inadequacy of any sort of pleasure or enjoyment to satisfy a superior person. No real happiness can be found in the environment provided by life in this world.

The leading books of devotion of different religions carry out this same ascetic view of life. We find in such a widely read work as the *Imitation of Christ*, that sorrow and pain must attend the truly religious man from one end of life to another, and that he can only hope to obtain happiness in the world to come. Some glimpses of spiritual joys may keep him from utter despair in the woeful and wicked habitation in which he must dwell till happily called away to a better land.

In the *Voice of the Silence* we hear that the earth is a hall ot sorrow and as a dismal entrance to the valley of light; also that "the ladder by which the candidate ascends is formed of rungs of suffering and pain." But here the text is continued with more hopeful words: "These can be silenced only by the voice of virtue." That would seem to infer that the pain and suffering are not so much desirable in themselves as necessary contingents on the loss of virtue in a pilgrim on the narrow way, which might well be the case.

Some teachers have treated pain in this way as being desirable on account of its medicinal effects on the character rather than as having any virtue in itself. Shakespeare says, as we all know, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and Mrs. Browning well expresses this theory in her impassioned words:

> But woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God.

Though as a matter of fact it is doubtful if sorrow and pain *do* invariably turn the soul to higher things. Instances may be recalled where trouble has had a distinctly deteriorating effect on the whole character.

But the main point at issue is this: Is pain a real good in itself as some would seem to believe, or is it an accident upsetting the harmony of life?

We must face the fact that many great religious teachers seem to incline to the former view, which is often put forth with authority. Some have explained the matter by laying down that, though the higher nature may feel happiness when living the higher life, the lower nature must inevitably suffer in the gradual subjection to it. Another reason given is that no definite spiritual progress can be made without complete renunciation, which must of necessity be painful, involving, as it does, a possible loss of all earthly good. Here the question might be asked: Is renunciation necessarily painful, or may it appear to some as even desirable?

It is of course incumbent on all truly in earnest, in the same way that a soldier is expected to obey orders and suffer discomforts and hardships, if not wounds and death. But as a rule soldiers do not object to these concomitants of their profession, indeed they generally regard them with pride and satisfaction.

Would it not be the same with those who wish to lead the higher life, and who know how much less satisfactory material pleasures are than spiritual joys? If this be the case, these constant depreciations of this earth and the life that must be lived on it, are probably only relative, and might be put thus:

As a hall of sorrow, or as a dismal entrance to a valley of light, is anything that can be experienced here, however pleasant it may seem. Or, as a farthing rushlight to the glory of the sun, so is the best knowledge and intelligence of the man on earth to that of those who have reached spheres above. And the pleasure which men think they feel now, is as pain and sorrow compared to the happiness of the true life.

In the *Taittirîyopanishad* it is shown how small any bliss that can be enjoyed in this life is, when compared to that of beings of higher grades; each stage of development being a hundredfold happier than the preceding, until the final goal is attained.

The possible meaning in this and other similar devotional works, is that pain and sorrow are not good in themselves, but that

all earthly experiences, when seen from above, seem small and limited, if not actually stale, flat and unprofitable. The imagined mental suicide of all possible interests in life which seems so terrible to the beginner, but which he fears may be necessary if he is to advance in spiritual life, will simply resolve itself into a *change* to an immeasurably higher set of interests which will prove more satisfying in every way.

Should not a truly harmonious nature progress step by step in its development without necessarily experiencing any great pain? The usual changes from one state to another will duly occur with the slight natural griefs contingent on these changes in a healthy and well-balanced character. But the harrowing agony of remorse and shame, and the many other forms of misery that arise from wrong-doing, would never be experienced by such a nature. It would pass from one condition to another as easily as the well brought-up and well nurtured child passes from stage to stage of its education. The pleasures and occupations of youth are enjoyed at the right time and in the right way, and forgotten and cast aside as worthless when needed no longer.

Equally worthless will seem those things that form the happiness of the average person when he rises above them, as he must eventually do when he begins to evolve on higher planes. They will then drop off of themselves, and the ascetic who resigns them with such pain and distress, at a time when he may really have required some rest and recreation for the proper development of his character, will perhaps find himself no further advanced spiritually than, if so far as, the calm and well-balanced character who has enjoyed the pleasures of life and endured the pains, without undue consideration of either.

For he who is determined to follow the guidance of the Light within him cannot be deterred by any pain, or distracted by any pleasure, from whatever path on which that Light within him may lead him. But he does not seek pain as a good in itself, nor does he look on pleasure or happiness as a danger and source of evil. The higher must be sought as a matter of course, and there can be no need of finding this world weary and un-

satisfying before feeling the necessity of seeking possessions in another.

It is such a commercial idea only to seek the higher when the lower has failed to serve and can no more bring peace and happiness. Surely a noble soul could not be actuated by any such contemptible feelings and does not make bargains or exchange itself with the highest bidder!

The truth is that we "needs must seek the highest when we *see* it," and the renunciation that follows, whether it be in deed, or only in will, is such a matter of course that an awakened soul would be conscious of little or none of the struggle that many have thought ought to be a necessity.

The childish pleasures have served their purpose in development, as have equally the necessary pains and discomforts of life. Both will pass away almost unobserved with the advancement of the soul to the higher realms of nature, as its inner nature gradually unfolds. May we then believe that happiness is the natural state of the ego as it works its way through its many experiences, and will be found by those who understand the true secret of life; also that though pain should be met bravely when it chances to occur, it need not be sought on its own account or glorified with artificial values?

CAROLINE CUST.

THE single sense and thought of cosmos is to make all things, and make them back into itself again, as organ of the will of God, so organised that it, receiving all the seeds into itself from God, and keeping them within itself, may make all manifest, and then dissolving them, make them all new again; and thus, like a good gardener of life, things that have been dissolved, it taketh to itself, and giveth them renewal once again. There is no thing to which it gives no life; but taking all unto itself it makes them live, and is at the same time the place of life and its creator.—HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

THE EXCELLENT VERSATILITY OF THE MINOR POET

PETALS of wild cherry blossom were flying on a soft rush of wind that swept through the beech wood. Little bright sheathlets lay, brown and shining, at the feet of the smooth silver-green boles of the trees. The leaves, not yet rid of the silky soft fringes of their baby-hood, fluttered like little flags, and glowed like green flame; they were not yet thick enough to hide the misty blue sky, laced with feathery cloudlets. Light seemed to flow from the little leaves—the light of life, the life of springtime. The "fire of God" was aflame in the wood world; a green mist of colour was aglow in the very air that pulsed between the beech-tree boles. In every dell the bracken sprang up straightly, uncurling its brown heads to spread abroad the branches of its later summer greenery; the first blue-bells were there too, covering the ground with tender blue mist, and filling the air with an ecstasy of perfume that smote the senses with the pain that attends the inexpressible and almost intangible; for the soul of all joy, of all sweetness, whether of perfume, sight or sound, is ever hidden away in the heart of things, wherefore all that can be smelt, or seen, or heard, does but torment us with a deeper, eternally elusive longing.

On a bough a blue tit hung head downwards; and beneath the bough, half hidden in a crisp bed of last year's leaves, lay a child who watched the tit with half-shut eyes, and shook with a delight he did not understand, which was akin to pain. A queer, lonely, shy child, lying in a wood; trembling with a force which was trying to express itself through him. He was the motherless son of an old country vicar, who took scarcely any notice of him until the boy was old enough to read the books his father loved; who let the child "run wild" from sunrise to sunset, and after.

Those who commented on the matter, said it was very bad for a boy to have no young companions, and to dream alone, in a wood all day. This was true; but circumstances alter cases. The training, or rather the lack of any training from the world of men, happened to be just what this particular child needed; this was probably the reason he was placed where he was, to struggle through a short life alone. People were as shadows to the boy—shadows whom he greeted kindly, to whom he meekly submitted himself in much; for he was docile in most matters, partly because there were so few things of the outer world for which this queer child really cared. When the outer things were forced upon his notice, he observed all manner of traits in people which others did not see. But for the most part he did not live in the world of men at all, but in the life of the beech wood, and in the life of that which the wood partly expressed—a life after which he reached continually without knowing or finding it.

He lay in the withered leaves and quivered with the thoughts and dim sensations that came about him like living presences; a power, not his own, seemed to press upon the child, till the wood vanished from his eyes; it was as though the wide sky had suddenly stooped to the boy and engulfed him in a flood of quivering living light.

Vague longings, longings to express somewhat that lurked within and ever eluded him, compassed the child about; until at last the knowledge stole upon him that he could put a shadow of his thought into rhythmic words; words with a cadence that should tell of brooks and whispering leaves, and the songs and rustling of the birds in the beech wood.

It was about this time that the father saw that his child was not as other children; when he saw it he gave the boy no less liberty, but he bestowed upon him freely such knowledge as was his, and let him learn from the poets of past and present the power that lies in deftly wielded words.

So this boy, Fletewode Garth, lived in the quiet old vicarage house, surrounded by the beech woods and the meadows; and dreamed, and wrote, and read such books as his father possessed, which were less numerous than well chosen. His father, the

gentlest, simplest, most unworldly of men, never speculated as to his boy's future. Nor did the lad himself dream, as yet, of giving his thoughts to the world; of fame to be or of money making he never thought at all.

The day came (it was when Fletewode was twenty years old), that the mild old vicar, having finished his appointed course as pastor of Beechenfield, sat down peacefully to smoke and dose under the shade of a trellised Crimson Rambler in the vicarage garden; and there he fell asleep and never woke up again. Then it was found that save for the sum of £100 in the Bank, his son was left penniless; very well read in English literature, with much delicacy of taste in art and poetry, with such classical attainments as the old vicar had himself possessed, and with no other qualifications for making his way in the world—save genius. So that it is obvious he ran a very good chance of starving.

His father's cousin, a prosperous man of business, desired to do well by him. He offered to obtain for him a clerkship in the city. Fletewode thanked him; then he pointed out that he was very unbusinesslike, that arithmetic was not his strong point, in fact he was in the habit, when necessity arose, of adding up on his fingers; also that he wrote a very unclerkly hand. Moreover, he said: "I want to write about the things of which I think; and I believe that is the only thing I can really do well."

His relative regarded him as a fool, and did not take the trouble to hide the fact. Fletewode was quite unruffled by this, which annoyed his kinsman still more. There is nothing to be done with a person who does not mind what you think of, or say to, him; and it makes you appear as though you were of little account in his eyes. Fletewode's relative was unpleasantly conscious of this; nevertheless, he tried again to rouse the impracticable youth to a sense of realities; he asked him how he proposed to live. Fletewode replied that he possessed £100; he supposed he could live on that for some time; perhaps he should earn money by the things he wrote; he had not considered the matter deeply; and, after all, money was of secondary importance. To speak disrespectfully of other people's gods is unjustifiable; Fletewode's relative, very properly, cursed him in the

names of Worldly Wisdom, Business, and Commonsense; also he said he washed his hands of him, when he was starving in the gutter he'd come to his senses. Fletewode smiled like one who is occupied with more important questions, but lends a kindly ear to childlike babblings; then he went out to sit under the Crimson Rambler, where his father died; the crimson petals lay thickly on the walk, and in a crook of the thorny boughs a flycatcher was feeding a youthful family.

A week later Fletewode left the vicarage, and the roses, the beech wood and the birds, and went to London with a sheaf of manuscripts and a few books. At the end of a year he had written a great deal, but no one heeded him. Who was to be expected to turn aside from the press of life to see whether this shabbily dressed young man, who couched all manner of wild, mystical thoughts of God and humanity and nature in melodious verse, that made one think of the murmur of the wind through a perfumed wood on a June night—who was to take much trouble, I say, to see whether there was any truth in the words, or genius in the soul, of such a country lad as this?

At the end of a year the £100 was nearly gone; not that Fletewode had recklessly spent the whole of this enormous sum on himself, but he found (it is not an unusual experience) many people in the not too magnificent street where he rented a room who were poorer than he; these people looked upon him as a man of fortune, and they explained to him the duty of the rich towards the poor.

On a day in spring Fletewode Garth sat in his room and shivered with nervousness and hunger, while he faced the fact that he had but three shillings left.

Soon he would not be able to buy ink and paper; his work was beginning to suffer a little by reason of lack of food, and anxiety. It was for that reason the sheet of paper on the table before him was angrily torn across, and stained, moreover, with tears. He could not think; the halting of his brain, the blunting of his perceptions, were the keenest tortures life could bring a soul like Fletewode Garth. He had altered during his year of town life; the child-look, which had lingered in his eyes despite his twenty years, was gone. He was no longer semi-unconscious

of his surroundings and steeped in dreams of the things beyond. He was nervously, irritably, bitterly conscious of his world. Life—the seamy side of it—had made him look on the things men call the realities of existence; the ugliest, most sordid, most evil side of life. He had looked to some purpose, looked till his heart was sickened, till his brain was weary with pain and hopelessness. Looked, till the pressure of the sordid-seeming struggle without, and the strong constraining power of that mystic something within, a power which was laid on him despite himself, sometimes strained his nerves to breaking point.

Now, too, a dread had seized him. The sight of the world's sorrow had made him tremblingly anxious that his human comrades should hear him speak of the fairer things; of that which he felt to be true, which once had been the whole of life for him. For the first time he desired to comfort and to succour, and though he knew it not, this longing gave to his work the last touch it needed—the human touch, the power of speech from heart to heart.

Suppose, he thought, he died of poverty, and all he had written was swept away unread. Fletewode actually believed that it is possible to sweep out of existence, irrevocably and for all time, a thing which the world needs, or will need. Therefore he grieved; he had no personal ambitions, he did not mind obscurity or death, nor did he greatly mind suffering; but now, at last, he wished people to have the happiness that had vanished from his own life.

He got up with a sigh, took his hat, and went out. He was going to seek a possible patron. John Chalmers, a man whom he once helped with some of the vanished £100, told him "to go and see Scottie; Scottie might put something in his way."

John Chalmers was a clever man, who would have been a successful artist, save that he drank. He drew rather coarse cartoons for inferior comic papers.

"Scottie," on the other hand, was a prosperous person. He had a talent for inventing jingling refrains which "caught on" with the public; his comic songs, "patriotic" songs, and dance music were whistled by every street boy, and ground out by every piano organ in London.

Fletewode Garth reached the house of this prosperous man; it was a little house in the suburbs, with a lilac tree bursting into bloom in the small front garden. Mr. Scottie had lunched an hour before his visitor's arrival; but, being conscienceless in such matters, he lied and said he was famished, and luncheon was late. This he did because he knew Fletewode Garth was hungry; for, before he and the public had discovered his gift for tunes, he was a struggling provincial actor, stranded in South Wales by a decamping manager; wherefore he had tramped to the nearest large town, went forty-eight hours without food, and slept under a hayrick in a pelting thunderstorm; this invaluable experience caused him to send for Fletewode, and also caused him to perceive the signs of famine, and shape his lie in accordance with his observations. Now if some persons had refrained from that lie, it would have indicated in them a high regard for truth; but if Mr. Scottie had refrained from it, it would have argued lack of sympathy rather than morality; for he lied fairly often, and believed it to be necessary; therefore his untruthfulness to Fletewode was an act of unmixed virtue.

After luncheon he told his guest he wanted verses—up-to-date verses—to which he could attach tunes; his old friend, Farquharson, who used to write them for him, was dead; would Fletewode try to fill his place. It was pure philanthropy on the part of this patron of poetry; he could get countless jingles of the kind he needed; but he was sorry for the lad, whose white face, hollow eyes, and air of nervous strain, had touched him.

Fletewode said he would try. He went home, and thought for a few minutes. Then he drew from his memory a quaint country tale of his old home; he cast it into the form of a ballad. It was stirring enough; a story of love and heroism, of those elemental passions of the race which are always young, always able to grip the imagination. The next day he took it to his patron, who shook his head:

"My dear chap," said he amiably, "*This* won't do. I want something that will go down at the *Rag Bag*. Never been to the *Rag Bag?* Great Scott! How on earth can you write unless you know the world? I'll give you a pass. You go and see for yourself the kind of thing I want."

Fletewode went to the *Rag Bag;* at first the foolish vulgarity of the songs, the dull, sordid atmosphere of the place, wearied him. Then his mind, an ever-plastic machine, adapted itself a little; he began to take a sort of amused pleasure in learning the "trick of the thing." His cleverness began to prompt him; to show him how easily he could write rhymes much more pointed, much more witty, and considerably more harmful, than the majority of these coarse, imbecile jingles; his genius, which was the power beyond, held his mind back, and said: "Keep these powers holy for me."

Next day he went to see Scottie, and told him he did not care to do it.

"Why not?" said his patron, a little piqued.

"I don't care to wade in the gutter mud," said Fletewode irritably, and indeed, very rudely and ungratefully; but he was overstrung and tormented by various sections of his mental and emotional make-up pulling at him at once, and each in a different direction.

"What bosh!" said the other. "Gutter mud! Gutter mud be hanged! The people *want* it. Old Farquharson was as decent a fellow as ever breathed. You think the poor old chap has gone below, I suppose, because he wrote these things to keep his missus and the kids out of the workhouse? Well! Of all the beastly *cant*—"

"No, no, I don't mean that. It was all right for him."

"If you think you're a better fellow than old Farquharson was, my young friend, you're jolly well mistaken," said the other, strumming excruciatingly on the piano, for he was growing annoyed.

"I never said I was better. I never think, or care either, whether I am good, bad, or indifferent. Can't you see how hideously ugly these songs are? Jingling tunes and Bank holiday verses! They're like the smell of withered cabbages and naphtha lamps."

This was not very courteous to the kindly composer of the said tunes.

"Oh, well," said he, rather sharply, "as you please! Er—I'm rather busy, Mr. Garth."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Fletewode, starting and colouring. "I'm afraid I've been rude. I'm sorry. Good morning, and—thank you."

That evening he sat alone as usual, and tried to write his thoughts. He was cold and tired and half-starved. There was only a shilling left. He had written a sonnet, perhaps one of the most difficult forms of poetry, needing the greatest perfection of execution. He read it, sitting near the window, where a streak of the dying sunlight could fall on his numbed frame. The lines halted, they did not even scan; the thoughts were feeble, confused. His work was bad; it was fatally, irredeemably bad. He crushed the paper in his hands, fell on his knees on the floor, and rested his head on the seat of his one wooden chair. There are some agonies of the soul into which it is sacrilege to pry; this was one of them, we will not try to gauge it.

At last Fletewode stood up, went out, spent his last shilling on a meal, and came back penniless. That was no matter, to-morrow Scottie would give him five, perhaps ten, shillings.

He sat at the table and wrote; as he wrote he became absorbed in his work, he found himself laughing over it. When it was finished he read it through, he dropped it on the table, rested his head upon it and cried like a child. He had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and his life died within him for very shame. The dawn found him asleep in his chair, his head still resting on the paper.

The next day he sought his patron, apologised for his folly, was easily forgiven by the most placable and kindly of slip-knot principled men, and tendered his verses. The amiable Scottie took them, read, and chuckled over them appreciatively:

"You jolly young humbug!" he said with genuine admiration. "And you got a pass for the *Rag Bag* out of me to give you a tip!"

"Will they do—these verses?"

"Rather!" still chuckling. "I'll give you ten shillings for them—yes—I don't mind giving you ten shillings. They're very smart. *This* is your real line, you see; you'll get on now like a house on fire,"

"Give them to me. I'll polish them. They're in the rough. wrote them quickly."

"They'll do."

"Give them back, I tell you," said Fletewode irritably. "They might have been raked out of the Thames mud; but, even so, I won't let them go like that. I'll polish them. You shall have them to-morrow.

Scottie handed him the verses and a ten-shilling piece. Fletewode went home to "polish" his production.

He spread the verses out before him. From his window he could see stacks of chimney pots, their crudeness of colour mellowed by the picturesqueness of dirt lit by the benign influence of May sunshine. Through the open window floated the fluty call of a caged thrush, whose cage hung over a great heap of wallflowers on the stall of a greengrocer's shop.

Fletewode listened awhile, picked up the verses, dropped them, half raised his hands to his head, let them fall, and sat still. His limbs grew numb and heavy, then they vanished from his consciousness; all his life seemed to be focussed to one point, with a great eagerness and yearning, for what he knew not.

The room faded from his sight. Petals of wild cherry blossom, like faery cups fashioned from snow flakes, were flying through the air; the green of the beeches was like living flame; the wood was full of keen strong life. The birds were building; a wren flew by with thistledown in her beak; down by the little stream where marsh marigolds and water forget-me-nots grew, a kingfisher was flashing by; a blackbird was splashing and bathing in the shallows; over the cowslip-spangled meadow beyond, the rooks were flying, and the sheep bells' clang blended with their sober calling.

But there was a keener, swifter life in the wood than that of opening leaf and building bird. He had always felt its throbbing, but now it waxed perceptible to sight; it flowed like living light through the boles of the trees, they seemed to grow translucent; it thrilled in the air; through the shining vistas of the beechen woods, the gods and dryads of old legends came trooping; and the elfin peoples of the flowers and the air, of the water and the

moss-decked rock, made good sport in the flitting lights and shadows.

He cast himself, so it seemed, in the old hollow filled with the dead crisp beech leaves; their faint pungent smell and the delicate odour of the opening leaves were all about him in this strange old-new world. About him a presence wove itself; an unreal, most-real, compelling power, without him and within. He felt the pulsing of a stronger life smite upon his. And then, even as when he was a child, the inner and the outer world alike flowed away from him, the great sky seemed to stoop to him in a blinding flood of living light and wrap him round, and "there was neither speech nor language" only light—light—light—and again more light and keener life.

* * * *

The next day Mr. Scottie received a note which was left at his door. Out of it dropped a ten-shilling piece. On a sheet of paper was written:

"I can't do it, I've torn them up. To every man his work and his line; this isn't mine. I must do the work they mean me to do. If you say: 'Who are *they?*' I do not know. If through some fault of mine, or of the world's, I fail to do as I am meant to do, then let me go. There's no point in a man's keeping his body alive by making his brain grind out work for which it wasn't built. Better work with one's hands than that, till the hour strikes. That is what I shall try now, and wait results."

Mr. Scottie was greatly concerned, because his *protégé* had, as he phrased it, "gone dotty," and, being as kindly a creature as ever pursued the tasks appointed for him by his past, he took pains to find Fletewode. But Fletewode and his MSS. were gone.

A week later the gardener of a well-to-do literary man, a minor poet, received a shock. Within his master's grounds was a little clump of beech trees; they grew far away from Fletewode's old home, but they were fine trees, all bravely decked in their spring green, and at their feet grew bluebells. The gardener found a dead man lying face downwards in a bluebell patch, and beside him was a great bundle of papers tied up in a

scarlet and white handkerchief. The gardener gave the alarm; he carried the bundle to his master, and the dead man was laid in the harness room in the stables. There was no clue at all as to the identity of the man; the doctor discovered he had died of heart failure. The minor poet looked through the papers; he said at the inquest there was no clue in the bundle as to who the man was, there were only a few unimportant documents, he would pay the expenses of the poor young fellow's funeral.

Now the minor poet was an ambitious man, well known in the literary world. His ambitions were larger than his power of performance. He was well known among men of letters as a very good critic of other people's work. The day of the funeral he sat alone, and trembled in the throes of temptation. He did not understand the subtle mystic thought of the poems in the bundle, but he saw their marvellous beauty of expression. He appreciated keenly the lovely lilt and melody of the lines which seemed to ring out from the heart of a fairy haunted wood. The minor poet was not a very righteous man. Three beautiful little books emanated from his pen point, they were finally bound in white vellum and tied chastely with blue ribbons. Those books were widely read. The critics greatly praised the versatility of the minor poet, who had never written anything of that kind before; also they warned him—friendly-wise—against a tendency to mysticism, which ever saps the judgment and emasculates the intellect. The minor poet said he would never fall again into that snare, and indeed he never did do so. The thoughts enshrined within those poems struck strongly on the consciousness of four readers only. One was a foreign writer of romance, the second was a great preacher, the third a musician, and the fourth a man of science to whom the world hearkened when he spake. And the thought of these four men, and through them the thought of the world, was coloured for all time to come by the work of the minor poet; men who had not heeded that of Fletewode Garth, heard his voice gladly. Thus the wheel that none can stay rolled on, and the world, through the heart failure of Fletewode, and the ambition of an unrighteous man, received the message which it would not receive by other means.

For the hour had struck upon the clock of time when it was fit that it should hear, therefore its ears were opened.

But the problem for the wise is this: When sheaves are garnered what shall be the minor poet's share in the reaping?

MICHAEL WOOD.

GURU NÂNAK, THE FOUNDER OF THE SIKH RELIGION

THE history of India—using the term "history" in the somewhat narrow sense given to it by most modern writers—may be said to begin for us with Alexander's invasion of the Punjâb. Previous to that event there is but little which our modern authorities recognise as history proper, though of course something can be gathered from the Buddhist books on the one side, and from the *Mahâbhârata* and other works of Sanskrit literature on the other; and when both these sources of information have been thoroughly and critically explored—which is far indeed from being the case as yet—we shall probably know a good deal more than we do at present. It does, not, however, seem likely that such researches will upset our present conception of the general outline of events and tendencies, from the coming of the Buddha onwards, which as a rough outline, at any rate, seems fairly well established.

According to this sketch, we find that about the time of Buddha, *i.e.*, in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., there was established a powerful, coherent and stable Brâhmanical system in what may be called the Middle Land (Madhyadesha), *i.e.*, the rich and fertile district watered by the Jumna and the Ganges, extending as far east as Oudh and Allahabad, with the Himâlayas as its northern, and the Vindhyas as its southern limits.

This Brâhmanical system represents, according to the most recent authorities, the core, as it were, the very heart of the Âryan civilisation in India, in the form into which it had crystallised at the coming of the Buddha. And one of the best re-

cent writers remarks that "the history of the Hindus—so far as we know it—is a narrative of the attacks upon the continuity of that civilisation—that is to say, of attacks upon the Brâhmanical system of the Middle Land—and of the modifications and compromises to which that system had to submit."

The first of such attacks—essentially an attempt to do away with the caste system, the very foundation stone of the Brâhmanical supremacy—of which we have definite knowledge, was the movement initiated by the Buddha in the sixth century B.C. This movement is regarded by some weighty authorities as being in the main a religious uprising of the half-Brâhmanised tribes on the east of Madhyadesha against the supremacy of the Brâhmans and the caste system.

This view seems to receive some support from the close association between Buddhist psychology and philosophy and the Sânkhya system. For there is some ground for thinking that the Sânkhya was originally, at any rate, the product, not of the purely Âryan Brâhmans, whose tradition seems rather that of the Vaidic Vedânta, but rather of an only partially Âryanised people lying to the east of the great centres of Brâhmanical power, to whom the Vedas were by no means the infallible and all-sufficient revelation which the Brâhmans claimed them to be. At any rate, it is rather surprising to find that in our oldest exposition of the Sânkhya, dating as late as six or seven hundred years A.D., the Vedas are not invoked as demonstrative proof, nor is any attention paid to their teachings in the working out of the Sânkhya system.

In any case, the close relation existing between Buddhist and Sânkhyan ideas in the region of philosophy is undeniable; and although the latter has come to be accepted as one of the six orthodox schools, this is not the case with the former, for Buddhism still stands out in the controversial texts as a type of heresy, from the Brâhmanical standpoint. And although Buddhism and Brâhmanism flourished side by side for centuries, we cannot be blind to the fact that in its ignoring of caste Buddhism attacked a vital element in the Brâhmanical social structure. At any rate, although the Buddhist movement at one time was dominant throughout India, culminating in the various

Buddhist kingdoms about the beginning of our era, it gradually died away and ultimately melted into modern Hinduism about the eighth century A.D.

In the development of Buddhism, then, we can trace the history of an attack upon the Brâhmanical system from within its own fold—at any rate from within the sphere over which its influence was at one time, and subsequently again became, paramount. But it was not only assailed from within. Its power was rudely attacked from without by the warlike raids of non-Brâhmanical Âryans and other races from the West and North-West. Most probably such raids had already taken place time and again in that period of which no definite history has come down to us. But at any rate this we know, that beginning with the Greek invasion under Alexander, called the Great, who entered India in B.C. 327, followed by the inroads of the Græco-Bactrian empire and its successors, a continual series of such raids, settlements, conquests and colonisations may be traced onwards down to about the fourth or fifth century A.D., when a break seems to have occurred, to be followed by the Moslem invasion and conquest of India, which began with Mâhmûd of Ghazni in 1,000 A.D.*

Among the raiders who followed the Græco-Bactrian period must be mentioned the Scythian and Tartar hordes, who poured into Northern India in the first century B.C., and under Kanishka established one of the most powerful of the Buddhist empires. It was Kanishka, himself probably of Scythian blood, who held the fourth great Buddhist Council in Kashmîr in about 40 A.D., and laid the foundations of the Northern Schools of Buddhism.

These Scythian inroads are of special importance for the main topic of this paper, because it is believed by most authorities on the subject that the Jâts, the brave, hardy, self-reliant and warlike race of cultivators who form so large a part of the population of the Punjâb, are largely, if not entirely, of Scythian ancestry and represent the permanent settlements established by these invading tribes. And it is precisely these same Jâts who furnished a considerable majority of the recruits

* Moslem tradition narrates a first invasion of India in 664 A.D., shortly after the Prophet's death. But if it occurred it left no lasting results, or even traces, behind. Scind was invaded and conquered from Belûchistân in 711 A.D.

who built up the Sikh community in the later and more purely military phase of its history.

It is especially with the history of the Sikhs that we are here concerned, but the preceding very bare outline of the general history of Northern India in post-Buddhist times has been sketched, in order to give some idea, however vague, of the events preceding the Mahommedan conquest, the most important, far-reaching and penetrating of all the external forces brought to bear upon India and its great Brâhmanico-Hindu civilisation, until the establishment of the British power and the introduction of Western education during the century which has just drawn to a close. But to resume our preliminary sketch, Mahommed, the Prophet of Islâm, died at Medîna in 632 A.D., while the Chinese pilgrim, Hwen Tsang, was still on his travels in India, visiting all the Buddhist sacred shrines and places of learning, of which he has left us an admirable and most interesting account, which he who will may read in English garb in Trübner's valuable Oriental Series.

From Hwen Tsang's account, it is evident that Buddhism had already fallen into decay, and was losing its hold on the people. This was in about 632 A.D. Soon after began the Moslem raids into India, but in about 750 A.D. the Hindus rose and drove out those of their Moslem invaders who had succeeded in establishing themselves, and the land was freed from them for a century and a half. But in the year 1000 A.D., Mâhmûd of Ghazni established his power firmly over the Punjâb, and from thence onwards the wave of Mahommedan invasion swept ever farther and farther over the country, until, in 1526, Bâber founded the Mogul Empire at Delhi.

It is thus evident that the Punjâb and indeed a large part of North-western India were already inhabited by a population of exceedingly mixed blood, when the tide of Mahommedan invasion swept in successive waves over the country from about 997 onwards. And it must be remembered that the Mahommedan invasion itself brought with it many a stream of alien blood also, Arabs, Abyssinians, Persians, indeed almost every type to be found among the huge conglomerate of peoples and races which went to make up the empire of the Kaliphs, and the neighbouring Mahommedan states.

Once this is realised, it becomes clear that the original Hindu social and religious polity not merely of the Punjâb but of the great Hindu centre, Madhyadesha, itself must have been profoundly modified, as indeed there is ample evidence to show. But not only were these external forces at work, but, beginning from the great Buddhist movement onwards, there came into play internal forces also, working in the very heart of Hindu life and tending profoundly to modify its outward forms.

Now in Buddhism the most distinctive feature, as compared with other co-existing forms of Indian thought, was its complete ignoring of caste. Not that it seems as if Buddhism had waged any active, overt war against that system; but it simply and calmly ignored it and broke down its hold upon those who followed the teaching of the Buddha; though as time went on, the tendencies in human nature which are the real roots of every caste system asserted themselves here and there—as, for instance, in Ceylon—and brought about a tacit, but actual, if only partial, reinstatement of some features of the system.

It is this feature in Buddhism which leads me to refer to its influence in connection with that much later religious movement—the great Vaishṇava revival—which lies at the root of what subsequently became the Sikh religion.

Between 1300 and 1400 A.D. there arose in India a great, a very great religious teacher and reformer, named Râmânûja, the founder, or rather formulator, of the Vishiṣhṭâdvaita school of philosophy and its mighty, devotional Vaishṇava religious movement. Râmânûja seems not to have originated, but rather, as Shrî Shaṅkarâchârya did for the Advaita, to have re-formulated and infused a new life into one of the three great moments, or elements, of the old Upaniṣhad teaching. His system has now secured its place as one of the orthodox systems in India, but from what can be gathered of the life, teaching and action of its founder, it originally shared with Buddhism the decidedly unorthodox element of completely ignoring caste. Essentially and most deeply devotional in spirit, filled with that deep, all-embracing, all-absorbing Love to God, which is the keynote of this teaching, Râmânûja and his immediate disciples and successors could tolerate no barrier or obstacle which should shut out any living

creature from the knowledge and love of God. And thus from very force and fervour of religious devotion, the Vishishṭâdvaita movement wholly ignored caste as between the devoted followers of the Lord.

The tradition and influence of Râmânûja were worthily carried on by his disciple and successor Râmânanda, who in turn left a band of twelve great devotees to succeed him, known as the Bhagats, or Bhagavatas, the Devotees of the Lord, among whom are reckoned Kabîr—a born Musulmân—Ravidâs, Pipa, Jâyadev, the author of the lovely *Gîtâ Govinda*, the Indian Song of Songs, Sheikh Farîd, a Mahommedan Sûfî, and others.

It seems almost incredible to-day that among these twelve great saints and teachers, all clearly and unmistakably belonging to the same line of tradition and devotional inspiration as Râmânanda and his great Guru Râmânûja, we should find two Musulmâns. But such is the fact, and it shows how entirely the reality and the fervour of true religious life and inspiration had swept away all outer distinctions of caste, creed and even race.

It has been needful to touch upon this Vishishṭâdvaita movement of Râmânûja, in its devotional aspect, because the fundamental ideas, and indeed the whole teaching and inspiration of Guru Nânak, the founder of the Sikh religion, were drawn therefrom, and a full third of the *Âdi Granth*, the Bible of the Sikhs, is composed of selections from the writings of the twelve Bhagats, especially Kabîr and Nâmdev; and indeed to an impartial judge it would seem that these selections form the best and most telling portions of that volume.

At any rate it appears pretty clear that, judging by his own sayings and compositions, as well as from tradition, Guru Nânak derived his whole teaching from this movement and especially from the Bhagats. But this will become more and more apparent as we follow his career, to which we will now turn.

Although regarded as a direct Avatâra or Divine Incarnation by the Sikhs of to-day and even by those who came not so very long after his own time, the facts, so far as they can be gathered, hardly seem to warrant such a claim. Indeed, as will be seen shortly, there is nothing authentic known of him which —apart from the subsequent historical development of the Sikh

community—would mark him off very distinctively from Kabîr or any other of the Vaishṇava saints, or indeed from the many sincere and religious men following the ascetic life with whom India always abounds, and who were at that period even more numerous than at present. And his literary remains, as embodied in the *Âdi Granth*, are not comparable to what has come down to us from the mouth of Kabîr, Jâyadev, or Nâmdev. But it will probably be best, in order to enable the reader to judge for himself, to give in the first place a brief outline of his life, as gathered from the most authentic record available. This is not the current "Janamsâkhi" or Life at present circulated among the Sikhs, but a much older version, evidently the original upon which the later and current modern version was built up. The manuscript of this biography was discovered by Prof. Trumpp in the library of the India Office, whither it had been sent with other books and MSS. by Colebrooke. From its style and linguistic peculiarities Prof. Trumpp confidently assigns its composition to the time of Guru Arjûn, the fifth in the series of the Sikh Gurus and the compiler of their Bible, the *Âdi Granth*, or very shortly afterwards. Now Guru Nânak died in A.D. 1538, and Guru Arjûn occupied the *gadi* from 1581 to 1606; and hence the life of Guru Nânak with which we are dealing was most probably in circulation among the Sikhs within from sixty to eighty years after his death. But even this version, as will be seen, is by no means lacking in the element of miracle and marvel.

Nânak was born in April-May of the year A.D. 1469, in a village called Talwandi on the banks of the Ravi, the Hydraotes of the Greeks. His father's name was Kalu, by caste a Khatri, or Kshattriya, of the Vedi family or clan, a plain farmer who also held the office of *patwari*, or village accountant, in the service of the feudal lord of the village—Rae Bular, a Musulmân Râjpût.

According to the account here summarised, the whole Hindu pantheon appeared at his birth and announced that a great Bhagat or saint was born to save the world. Similar statements are, as everyone knows, invariably current about the birth of every great spiritual teacher, and this so universally that

I feel myself very confident that these stories are really expressions of the actual facts as seen on the subtler planes of Nature; but in how far Nânak was spiritually great enough for such a thing to happen, or how far the occurrence in question was supposed by his ardent disciples, in the fervour of their devotion, to have necessarily taken place in the case of their own Guru, in accordance with accepted precedent, is another question.

Little is told of his childhood, except that he did not play like other boys of his age, but was always occupied in his meditations on the Supreme Lord. At the age of seven, his father took him to a Hindu school to learn to read and write. He is said to have surprised the school master by his superior knowledge, the pupil at once beginning to teach his teacher, when the latter gave him a wooden slate, on which were the letters of the alphabet. This incident has its constant parallel in other cases, and seems to belong to what may be called the typical story-frame of the life of every spiritual teacher.

No details of his youth are given beyond a story that Nânak while herding his father's cattle allowed them to break into a cultivated field and destroy the crops. When the owner sued Nânak's father for the damage, Nânak denied his guilt, and when the field was inspected, it was found uninjured.

This story too is one of those very widely current *in all parts of the world* in the lives of the saints.

It is on record that Nânak married and had two sons, who are named, besides a daughter or daughters; but Nânak seems always to have led an unworldly life and got into much trouble with his family on that account.

Âpropos of this, a story, whose parallel can be found in the life of the Buddha and others, is also told of Nânak. One day Nânak lay down under a tree and fell asleep. By chance Rae Bular, the owner of the village, came past and noticed that while the shadows of the other trees had travelled round, that of the tree under which Nânak was sleeping had remained stationary. This caused Rae Bular to impress on Kalu, Nânak's father, who was angry with Nânak because of his dreaming and idle habits, that his son was a great man, and that he, the father, was exalted by having such a son; but these words made no impres-

sion on Kalu's mind, who, as the story naïvely recounts, only made answer "that the things of God only God knows."

So Nânak still went on always keeping company with fakirs, and was averse to any earnest labour or calling, so that he had constant trouble with his family, who even sent for a doctor, and finally considered him a lunatic.

At last his parents sent Nânak to his sister's husband, named Jairâm, at Sultânpûr, where Jairâm held an appointment in the commissariat of Nawâb Daulat Khân, who was favourably impressed with Nânak and took him also into his service, in which the saint gave complete satisfaction. At Sultânpûr Nânak was joined by a certain Mardâna, by profession a begging musician, of the Musulmân persuasion, who may be regarded as his first disciple and constant companion, figuring largely in all his subsequent life. After his day's work Nânak spent his nights with Mardâna in praising God, Mardâna playing on the rebeck and Nânak improvising verses to the tunes.

One morning he went to the canal to bathe. Whilst bathing he was transported to the divine presence (Vishṇu), where he received initiation as the Guru, a cup of nectar being presented to him with the injunction to proclaim the name of Hari on earth. After this he was brought back to the canal, whence he went home, where he was received with amazement, for the servant whom he left with his clothes on entering the water had run home on his disappearance and spread the news that he was drowned, although, when they dragged the canal, no trace of his body could be found.

After this, Nânak divided all he had among the poor, left his house and turned fakir. His first saying: "*There is no Hindu and no Musulmân,*" made much noise among the people, and he was summoned before the Nawâb Daulat Khân to explain his meaning. It was just then the hour of noonday prayer, and Nânak was seen to laugh when the Kâzi said his prayers. On the Nawâb questioning him why he insulted the Kâzi, Nânak replied that the Kâzi's prayer would find no entrance to heaven, because while praying the Kâzi's thoughts had been centred not upon God, but upon a new-born foal he had left in his courtyard, which he was fearing might fall into the well. On this the

Kâzi fell at Nânak's feet and confessed that what he said was true.

Up to this point, both the older and the later biographies coincide in substance, though the marvellous has naturally grown greatly in the later version, and its whole tone and style are far more exaggerated and much less simply natural. The later editor is incessantly striving to exaggerate everything into the supernatural, while the earlier version, though by no means lacking in the marvellous, is very much more sober and matter-of-fact.

But from this point onwards, when the wanderings of Nânak begin, the two biographies have hardly anything in common, and the later account diverges from the earlier to a quite irreconcilable extent. With the later account we need not concern ourselves, for it bears witness on every page to its own want of authenticity, but it seems worth while, in order to complete this brief outline, to sum up very shortly what the old biography has to say about the further life of Nânak, even though one cannot help feeling very doubtful as to how far the incidents narrated are founded upon fact.

His first wandering is said to have been to the *East*. There he came to a certain Sheikh Sajan, who had built a temple for Hindus and a mosque for Muhammedans. He received all who came to him most hospitably, but in the night, whilst they slept, he murdered them and plundered their goods. Nânak perceived clairvoyantly his character and crimes, proved his knowledge of them to the Sheikh, and convincing him of his evil life brought him to repentance. He also revivified a dead elephant, converted a band of Thugs and went through various other adventures. At the capture of Sayyedpûr he is said to have been made prisoner by the troops of Bâber, but attracted the attention of the Bâber himself by performing various miracles, and so gained his own release as well as that of the other prisoners.

The remaining incidents of this Eastern journey deal with Nânak's meetings and conversations with various fakirs and other classes of ascetics. Among others he met and wandered for some time with Sheikh Farîd, whose name has already been mentioned, and one incident of their intercourse may

be worth quoting from Prof. Trumpp's rendering of the old *Janamsâkhi.*

"The Bâbâ"—Bâbâ=Father, a term of respect, in this case it always means Guru Nânak—"the Bâbâ and Sheikh Farîd remained together one night in the jungle. Then came one servant of God there. Having seen (them) he rose and went home, filled a bowl with milk and brought it, towards the close of the night, having thrown four ashrafis (gold coins) into it. The Sheikh took his portion (of the milk) and left the portion of the Guru. Then Sheikh Farîd uttered this slok:

"'Those who wake obtain gifts from the Lord. At the the commencement of the night there is the blossom, at the end of night also the fruit.'

"The Bâbâ answered with the slok:

"'The gifts are the Lord's, what can he be prevailed upon? Some, though waking, do not obtain (them); some, who are asleep, he makes rise and meets (with them).'

"Then the Bâbâ said: 'Sheikh Farîd, move thy hand in this milk and see what it is.' When Sheikh Farîd looked there were four ashrafis; he dropped the bowl and went away. Then the Guru Bâbâ recited a sabd. Then the Bâbâ and Sheikh Farîd started thence. Then that man came and saw that the bowl was lying on the ground. When he lifted it up, it was of gold, and filled with ashrafis. He began to regret it and said: 'Those were wealthy faquirs; if it had come into my mind, I would have put in religion, so I have brought money and have got money.' He took the bowl and went home."

Nânak's second wandering is said to have been directed to the *South;* while his *third* was to the *North.* On this journey he is related to have visited Mount Sumeru, the seat of Shiva, and to have had a long discussion with Mahâdeva and the chief Yogins; but there is nothing in the account instructive enough to quote.

His *fourth* wandering is said to have been to the *West*, and to have included a pilgrimage to Mecca. On arriving at Mecca he laid himself down, and by chance stretched his feet (in the East a sign of disrespect) towards the Kâ'bah. The Kâzi Ruknu' ddin on seeing this reproached Nânak with irreverence towards

the house of God. Nânak replied: "Put my feet in that direction, where the house of God is not." The Kâzi turned Nânak's feet, but wherever he turned them, thither the Kâ'bah also turned. On account of this miracle the Kâzi kissed Nânak's feet, and had a long conversation with him in which he is of course made to be out-argued by Nânak.

The fifth wandering of Nânak is said to have been to Gorakhhatari, a place either unknown or fabulous; at any rate unidentifiable. Of this journey nothing is related except a conversation with the eighty-four Siddhas or perfect Yogins, who challenged Guru Nânak and exhibited their various wonderful powers. But Nânak rebuked them in verse, pointing out that all powers were the gift of God, and to one who possessed the favour of God, what did such powers matter, for true greatness is in the name of God alone.

The selection of Guru Nânak's successor, whose name was changed on succession to the guruship from Lahanâ to Guru Angad, is recounted in the following story:

"Then by the order (of the Lord) Gorakhnâth came to the Bâbâ and said: 'A wide diffusion (of thy name) is to be made.' The Bâbâ replied: 'O Gorakhnâth, if anyone will belong to us, you will see yourself.' Then the Bâbâ went out of the house and many people, votaries of the name, followed him. By the order (of the Lord) copper coins were laid on the ground; many people took the copper coins, rose and went away. When they went further on, rupees were laid on the ground; many people taking the rupees went away. When they went further on, gold muhars were laid down. Whoever had remained with him took the gold muhars and went away. Two disciples remained as yet with him. When they went further on there was a funeral pyre, upon which four lamps were burning; a sheet was spread over it (under which) a dead one was lying, but a stench was coming (from him). The Bâbâ said: 'Is there anyone who will eat this one?' The other disciple who was (with him) turned away his face and spat out, and having spat out walked away. Guru Angad alone came on, and having received a promise stood there and said: 'O Sir, from which side shall I apply my mouth?' It was said: 'From the side of the feet the mouth should be

applied.' When Guru Angad lifted up the sheet, Guru Nânak was lying there asleep. Then Gorakh pronounced the word: 'O Nânak, he is thy Guru, who will be produced from thy body.' Then his name was changed from Lahanâ to Guru Angad. Gorakhnâth departed and Guru Nânak returned to his house. Then the people began to repent very much. Those who had taken the copper coins said: 'If we had gone further we would have brought rupees,' and those who had taken the rupees, said: 'If we had gone further, we would have got gold muhars.'"

The account given by the older biography of the passing of Guru Nânak is as follows:

"The Bâbâ came to the bank of the river Ravi, he put five paisâ before Guru Angad and fell down at his feet;* this became known then among his followers. Then among all the society the intelligence was spread, that the Guru Bâbâ was in the house of Chânan; the society came to see him, Hindus and Musulmâns also came. Then Guru Angad, with joined hands stood before him; the Bâbâ said: 'Ask something!' Guru Angad said: 'Oh king, if it please thee, may that which was broken off from the society, be again applied to (its) skirt!' The answer was given to Guru Angad: 'For thy sake all are pardoned!' Then Guru Angad fell down at his feet. Then the Bâbâ went to a sarih-tree and sat down under it; the sarih-tree had become dry and became now green again, leaves and blossoms came forth; then Guru Angad fell down at his feet. Then the mother (the wife of Nânak) began to weep; brothers, relatives, all the followers began to weep. Then the society began to sing funeral songs; the Bâbâ fell into a trance. At that time the order was given and certain verses were made. Then his sons said: 'O father, what will be our state?' The Guru answered: 'Not even the dogs of the Guru are in want, you will get plenty of clothes and bread, and if you will mutter: "Guru, Guru!" the end of your existence will be obtained.' Then the Hindus and Musulmâns, who were votaries of the name, began to say, the Musulmâns: 'We shall bury him,' and the Hindus: 'We shall burn him.' Then the Bâbâ said:

* This was the initiation or appointment to the guruship; in later times, a cocoa nut was also placed before his successor by the departing Guru.

'Put ye flowers on both sides, on the right side put those of the Hindus, and on the left those of the Musulmâns. If the flowers of the Hindus will remain green to-morrow, then they shall burn me; and if the flowers of the Musulmâns will remain green, then they shall bury me.' Then the Bâbâ ordered the society that they should recite the praise (of God); the society began to recite the praises. . . . . Then the shlok was read: 'The wind is the Guru,' etc. When this shlok was read having taken up his feet he fell asleep. . . . . When they lifted up the sheet, there was nothing at all. The flowers of both parties had remained green. The Hindus took theirs and went, and the Musulmâns took theirs and went. The whole society fell on their knees. Say: Vâh Guru! In the Samvat year 1595, the tenth day of the light half of the month of Asû, Bâbâ Nânak was absorbed in Kartâr-pûr" (A.D. 1538).

Thus passed away the first of the Sikh Gurus, the founder of the community.

To sum up, the biography of Guru Nânak contains little that is specially remarkable. Indeed, *mutatis mutandis*, it might apply almost equally well to nearly every Hindu ascetic of the Vaishṇava movement about that time. Nor, as has been already observed, do the compositions of Guru Nânak, as handed down to us in the *Âdi Granth*, in any way stand out as specially instructive or illuminating. Indeed, Guru Nânak appears merely as one among the many ascetics in India about that time who left a body of disciples behind them, such for instance as Sheikh Farîd and Kabîr, both of whom have communities of followers existing at the present day. Hence in its early origin the Sikh movement has nothing to differentiate it from its many contemporaries, or to indicate its later political importance. Moreover as is abundantly evident from what has gone before, there was in its beginnings not only an utter and complete absence of the bitter hostility to Islâm and the Musulmâns, which became the keynote of the later Sikh history, but the community that gathered round Guru Nânak contained both Hindus and Musulmâns, both accepted and recognised as disciples, and apparently regarded as equally entitled to pay the last honours to their teacher.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

DHARMA, OR EASTERN AND WESTERN IDEALS

Read at the Conference of the Northern Federation, May, 1901

In bringing this question before the Conference for discussion, I wish especially to draw your attention to some of the most marked aspects of contrast between Eastern and Western ideals of duty, in order that we may consider in what respects, if any, it would be wise for us to adopt the view of these questions taken in the East, and in what respects, if any, it would be a better plan to continue to strive towards the ideals evolved by our own race.

Naturally the ideals of life and conduct prevalent in the Western world *appeal* to us more strongly. The force of custom is in their favour. They are the mental environment in which we have passed our childhood and youth.

And not only do they *appeal* to us more strongly, but the mere fact that they *are* the ideals of our own race would seem to suggest that they are more suited to our special line of development than any ideals can be which are not in touch with our method of evolution.

On the other hand we wish to study and to understand, as far as it is possible for us to do so, the methods and ideals by means of which other human beings are evolving, and to adopt any aspects of their various systems which seem likely to be of use to us.

We must steadily keep to our own work and our own methods, avoiding the imitation of others, and refusing to be turned aside by any authority, however high, with which our inner nature is not at one; but, at the same time, we must carefully avoid the narrowness which refuses to consider ideals and points of view that are new to us,

We must hold our own firmly in the inner centre, yet remain ready to change our plans, our aspirations, our line of work, at any moment.

We must become perfectly balanced and steady, yet at the same time acutely sensitive to all impressions proceeding from within or from without.

Now the first main point of divergence between Eastern and Western views of life, is the attitude taken with regard to independence of thought and action.

Roughly speaking, the Eastern seeks to avoid responsibility, the Western to undertake it. The old Hindu ideal of submission to bad rulers, bad parents, and unhealthy surroundings in general, is not one which commends itself to Western minds as desirable. Those persons in the West who act in this way are generally considered morbid and not particularly useful to society. They may be pious characters and holy people, so to speak, but they are not particularly helpful to the national life.

Mrs. Besant puts the Hindu view very forcibly in *The Story of the Great War* (p. 103). She says: "If we continue faithful and dutiful, the Gods see to our protection." But the Western ideal of conduct is not to disown responsibility in this way.

We think it our duty to set to work vigorously to protect ourselves, and those about us, and not to wait till something is done for us by the Gods.

No doubt the disbelief in the unseen world so prevalent in the West has been and is closely connected with this difference of opinion in regard to duty, but it is a question whether it accounts for it altogether.

The practical question, however, is: Which is the right attitude of mind for us at the present time?

Mrs. Besant says that "the old Hindu method worked out better for everybody concerned than the modern way of agitation and rebellion" (*Op. cit.*, p. 103). Perhaps this may have been so for Hindus in ancient India. Whether the statement is in any way applicable to modern life in the West is a subject to be considered. The question is a vital one, for upon it depends our mental attitude towards the whole of our environment.

The Eastern tendency is to emphasise the fact that our

present environment is the result of our past action, and must be patiently endured; the Western to lay stress on the statement, equally correct, that our environment can be improved, and the sooner we set to work with energy to improve it, the better for all concerned.

No doubt we find among Hindus examples of energetic action, and also in our own country many who consider submission to what they call the will of God as the highest virtue, but these are exceptions to the general mental tendency in both nations.

The question to be considered is whether the rebellious or the submissive attitude of mind is more helpful in furthering our evolution, and the more useful to our fellow-men. And when we begin to consider this question practically, we become at once involved in a large mass of detail, and in a crowd of individual cases, each of which has to be considered on its own merits. There seems to be no underlying principle which can be taken as a guide. Rebellion and submission seem to be equally right for one who is striving to act up to the highest that he knows; equally wrong for one who is acting upon impulse merely, and making no inner effort to serve the law.

When we are living in an environment which we feel to be unsuited to us, and the question arises: Shall we strive to alter it, or shall we accept it as a useful training to the soul? it is often extremely difficult to decide whether to adopt the Eastern or the Western ideal of conduct. Perhaps in many cases the best course is to adopt both—patience with present conditions, and an energetic effort to attract towards ourselves more helpful surroundings.

So far as to environment in general. Does not the same suggestion apply to incapable rulers, teachers and parents? Personally, if subjected to the authority of such persons, I should make some effort to escape from it as soon as circumstances would allow, and not regard submission as the only duty applicable to the case.

Another of the broad distinctions between Eastern and Western modes of thought is that in Hindu books our life on earth is frequently regarded as a condition altogether intolerable,

to be escaped from as soon as possible, while in the West we regard it as a state to be joyfully accepted and rightly used.

In the *Voice of the Silence* the earth is referred to as a "Hall of Sorrow" and the soul as a "weary pilgrim."

In *Light on the Path*, which I take to be more or less tinged with Western influence, we are told that the utterance of life is not a cry, it is a song.

It is true that there are passages in the writings of Western mystics which allude to this world as a vale of tears, but on the whole the current of Western thought at its best sets towards the joy of a healthy and harmonious life.

Perhaps it may be partly because the existence of the unseen world is less clearly realised here, that the life of the body, our daily physical life, is idealised instead of being despised.

But this ignorance of spiritual truth does not wholly account for the great difference in national ideals. Our most spiritual and intuitional writers set forth in stirring language the joy of life in harmony with nature and with law. Take the beautiful passage in Browning's *Saul*, which vividly describes the inner meaning of David's harp-playing; a passage much too long to quote here, but the keynote is given in the two lines:

> How good is man's life, the mere living how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy.

Here we have an expression of Western optimism at its best. Here is a view of life—unattractive, we may admit, to the mystic of any age or country, intent on temporarily withdrawing his attention from all aspects of physical life, in order to attain to a realisation of the life beyond—but still a view of life which embodies a high and noble ideal. And it is important to notice that the keynote is not selfish pleasure, but deep sympathy with nature and with life, from which happiness spontaneously comes.

The view of the English poet and the view of the Eastern mystic are of course, when carefully examined, not antagonistic but complementary. So far as we can learn, a time *does* come to every human soul when desire for union with the divine within becomes so strong as to overpower all desire of contact with the divine without. The soul is then apt to undervalue—or to speak

more correctly, to anathematise—that which for the moment no longer appeals to it.

In the East souls either really or apparently at this stage seem to abound. They appear to have taken possession of the natural life, so to speak, to have imbued it strongly with their characteristics, and to be treated almost with adoration.

In the West they seldom appear. When they do, we regard them with mild astonishment, and addressing them in the words of the immortal Sir Toby we ask: "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

Which of these methods of treatment for aspiring souls is wisest and most helpful it is hard to say.

There is something to be said for the Western method, because it tends to bring back into ordinary life those not yet strong enough for closer contact with the unseen, and at the same time in no way impedes the progress of the truly spiritual man.

The very fact that in the East so many impediments are removed from the paths of aspirants—that it is comparatively easy to live an ascetic life—would seem to bring with it a risk that souls should adopt the outer forms of the spiritual life without attaining to real spiritual knowledge.

It sometimes seems as though the spirit of mysticism now rapidly evolving in the West must necessarily be of a somewhat different nature from that which was suited to the ancient Hindus.

Earnest students here deliberately and persistently refuse to prostrate themselves in worship before any authority, however high. Are they wrong? This again is a most difficult question, and cannot be settled by any outward rule.

The same conduct which is in one man the result of obstinate pride, is in another caused by a clear inner perception of the true dignity of each human soul, *including his own*, and there are innumerable grades of motive between these two extremes.

Infinitely varied also are the motives of the Eastern ascetics who fall down mentally or bodily at their masters' feet. We have exemplified in this action every degree of nature, from the meanest and most grovelling disposition, full of selfish personal

fear, to the character marked by the unobtrusive virtue of true humility which all must respect.

The occultist we are told must learn to stand alone. This prostration before others wiser and better than ourselves may be for some a means to reach that state. To others it seems to be a beginning at the wrong end. It may be to many a noble expression of devotion to the Great Law, and its instruments of any grade, but others cannot so regard it.

True self-reliance and true humility are no doubt one in the inner centre, but to our outward view they often appear opposed. The problem is to reach the point where they are seen as one. Let me quote another great English poet:

> True dignity abides with him alone
> Who in the silent hour of inward thought
> Can still suspect and still revere himself
> In lowliness of heart.

An authoritative statement such as "this is the ancient rule" does not appeal to the typical Western mind. He must first be convinced that the rule is a universal one, not one applicable only to particular circumstances.

True, the laws of nature, and the laws made by higher spiritual beings than ourselves, cannot and will not be altered for our pleasure and convenience. Still, even the Law of Evolution itself must take into account the national characteristics, and even the individual characteristics, which are a part of itself, and have been brought into being by its ever-moving life.

Must not then mysticism, as it grows stronger in the West, necessarily adopt different methods and different rules from those used in the past in ancient India?

To me at least it seems more likely that the rebellious energy of the West is a force deliberately evolved by the Good Law to be employed for a useful purpose, than that it is an impediment in the way of spiritual progress.

S. CORBETT.

ON LOVE*

From the Greek of Plotinus

I.

Of love, whether it be a God or dæmon, or a passion of the soul; or whether it be in one aspect a God or dæmon, in another a passion, and what is its nature in each aspect—it is worth while to examine the thoughts of the rest of mankind, as well as all that have occurred in philosophy respecting these subjects; and above all, the opinions entertained by the divine Plato, who wrote much and often upon love, and who says that it is not only a passion which is born in souls, but also a dæmon; and hath related fully concerning its generation, how and whence it is produced.

Of the passion, then, of which we assign love as the cause, no one, I suppose, is ignorant that it is born in souls which long to be united with some beautiful object; and that this longing, in some cases, is felt by temperate persons who have become familiarised with beauty itself, but in other cases seeks its fulfilment in the doing of something shameful (αἰσχροῦ). But whence each love has its origin, it is our business hereafter to examine philosophically.

If one were to assign as the origin of love the desire of beauty itself pre-existing in souls, and the soul's recognition of beauty, and its relationship and instinctive comprehension of its affinity thereto, he would, I believe, hit the truth of the matter For the ugly (τὸ αἰσχρόν) is contrary both to Nature and to God. Nature creates in looking to the beautiful, and she looks to the determinate, which is in the series of the good; but the indeterminate is ugly, and belongs to the other series.† And Nature hath her

* See in last number the article "Plotinus on Love."

† Plotinus here refers to the series of contraries which many Pythagoreans regarded as the elements of the universe. These are the following: limit—unlimited; odd—even; one—many; right—left; male—female; rest—motion;

origin thence, from the good, and manifestly from the beautiful. But whatsoever one is led by and is akin to, he is drawn also towards the likenesses of this; and if we reject this cause, we shall be unable to say how and through what causes the passion of love arises, even in the case of loves of which the object is sexual intercourse. For even these wish to procreate in the beautiful; since it were strange if Nature, which desires to produce beautiful things, should desire to generate in something ugly. But to those who are moved to generate thus, it suffices to possess the beautiful in this kind: that, namely, which is present in likenesses and bodies; since the archetype [Beauty itself] is not present with them, although it is the cause of their love even of the beauty of this world. And by those who have risen from this lower beauty to a reminiscence of the supernal, the former is loved as a likeness of the latter; but to those who, from ignorance of the nature of their passion, have not arrived at this reminiscence, the beauty of this world appears true, and with such as are temperate the enjoyment of this beauty is without sin; but the lapse to carnality is a sin.

And by him whose love of the beautiful is pure, beauty alone is loved, whether he have arrived at that reminiscence or not. But he in whom another desire is mingled with his love of the beautiful—a desire, namely, of being immortal, as far as it is possible to mortality—he seeks the beautiful in the perpetually-producing and everlasting,* and, proceeding in accordance with nature, he sows and engenders in some beautiful object; sowing, indeed, with a view to perpetuity, but in something beautiful by reason of his own relationship to the beautiful. And, indeed, the everlasting is also related to the beautiful; the everlasting nature is that which is primarily beautiful, and the things that spring from it are all beautiful.

That, then, which hath not the will to generate, is more self-sufficing in respect to the beautiful; but that which longs to produce, wills to produce something beautiful in consequence

straight—crooked; light—darkness; good—evil; square—oblong. The good, or positive, series is constituted of the first element in each pair of contraries; the evil, or negative, of the second.

* "Generation is something which is perpetually-producing, and immortal in respect to mortality.' —*Banquet*, § 31.

of a want, and is not self-sufficient. Such a one supposes that he will produce something of this kind, if it be generated in a beautiful object. But such as will to generate lawlessly and against nature, though starting from a natural impulse, are carried astray; and slipping, as it were, from the path, they fall prone, not knowing whither love was leading them, nor the purpose of generation, nor the right use of a likeness of beauty; nor do they know what beauty itself is. Those, however, who are lovers of beautiful bodies, not for the sake of connection, but because they are beautiful; those again, who follow the love which is called mixed—that of women, namely—in order to perpetuate [themselves in their offspring]: both these, if they do not trip, are temperate, though the former are better. But these also worship the beauty of this world, and are content therewith; others, who have arrived at a reminiscence of the supernal beauty, worship that, yet without despising this visible beauty, which they regard as an effect produced by the other, and as a toy. These, then, are occupied with the beautiful without shame (αἰσχροῦ); but others even through the beautiful fall into shame; for indeed the longing for good often lapses into evil.

And these are the passions of the soul.

II.

But respecting the love which is accounted a God, not only by the rest of mankind, but also by theologians, and by Plato in many places, who says that Love is the son of Aphrodite, and that his work is to be the overseer of beautiful young people, and to move souls in the direction of intelligible beauty, or at least to strengthen the impulse towards the intelligible which is innate in them—respecting this love, above all, we ought to inquire philosophically. And now, too, we must take into account all that is said in the *Banquet;* amongst other things, the assertion that Love was born, not of Aphrodite, but of Penia [Poverty] and Poros [Plenty] at the birth-feast of Aphrodite. It seems, also, that the discussion will require that we should say something of Aphrodite, whether Love is said to have been born of her, or together with her.

First, then, who is Aphrodite? Next, how was Love born?

of her, or with her? or in what way do these statements—that he was born of her, and together with her—refer to the same [love]? Now we say that Aphrodite is twofold: the one celestial, whom we call the daughter of Heaven; the other, the daughter of Zeus and Dione, and the appointed overseer of marriages in this world;* but that the former is motherless, and beyond marriages, since there are no marriages in heaven. But she who is called Celestial, being the offspring of Kronos or Intellect, must needs be most divine Soul, who, directly proceeding pure from pure Intellect, remained on high, as having neither the will nor the ability to descend into this lower sphere, since she had by nature no downward tendency, being a separate substance [or hypostasis], and an essence which doth not partake of matter; whence it was said enigmatically that she is motherless.† Her, then, we should rightly call a God, not a dæmon, since she is unmixed with matter, and remains pure by herself. For that which proceeds directly from Intellect is itself also pure, inasmuch as it is strong in itself by its proximity to Intellect, and its desire and foundation are upon that which generated it, and which is sufficient to retain it on high. Hence [this divine] Soul cannot fall away, since it is attached to Intellect far more strongly than the sun keeps attached to itself the light which proceeds from it and shines forth around it.

Now following Kronos, or, if you will, the father of Kronos, Heaven‡, she directed her energy towards him, and became intimate with him, and by loving gave birth to Love; and with this Love she looketh towards him. And her energy fashioned

* Compare the *Banquet*, § 8. The distinction between the Celestial and the Popular (πάνδημος) Aphrodite is, however, older than Plato's time, and was recognised in the public worship of the Greeks. Xenophon tells us (*Symposium*, viii. 9) that the two Goddesses had separate altars, temples, and sacrifices. Both had sanctuaries at Athens; that of Aphrodite Pandemos was said to have been erected by Solon. Herodotus (i. 105) mentions a temple of the Celestial Aphrodite at Ascalon, "the most ancient of all the temples dedicated to this Goddess."

† The active element in the generation of the sensible world is the Reason which proceeds from Soul; the passive element is Matter, which receives the forms begotten, or manifested, in it by the Reason. In this sense Matter is denominated by Plato "the Mother and receptacle of that which is visible and in any way perceptible by the senses" (*Timæus*, § 24).

‡ Heaven here represents the first of the three hypostases, *viz.*, the One or the Good; Kronos, the second hypostasis, or Intellect. Aphrodite, the Soul, is the third hypostasis, proceeding from both the former.

[Love as] a substance and essence.* And the twain look thither, both the Mother and the beautiful Love which is born of her, a substance ever intent upon the beauty of another, and having its being in this, that it is a medium, as it were, between the desirer and the desired. Love is the eye of the desirer, enabling the lover through it to behold the desired object; but it anticipates [the physical sight], and, before it gives to the lover the power of seeing by means of the physical organ, is itself filled with the spectacle. It anticipates it, since it sees not in like manner by that in which the spectacle is fixed for him [*i.e.*, sees not by the physical eye], but enjoys the vision of the beautiful which escapes the physical sight.

III.

That love is a substance, and an essence proceeding from an essence—inferior indeed to that which produced it, nevertheless having an essential subsistence—it is not fitting to doubt. For the celestial soul was an essence born of the energy prior to it [*viz.*, the energy of Intellect]; a vital essence, belonging to the essence of real beings, which looks to that which was the First Essence, and looks with ardour. And this was the primary object of her contemplation, and she looked to it as to her own good, and rejoiced in beholding it; and the spectacle was such that the beholder preferred the vision to all else, so that by the pleasure (as it were) and intentness with which she regarded it, and the ardour of her beholding, she brought forth something worthy both of herself and of that which she beheld. Thus from that which energises intensely about the object of its vision, and from that which flows forth (so to speak) from the object beheld, Love was born, an eye filled [with vision], as it were sight and the object of sight united: its name (Ἔρως) being perhaps derived from this, that it hath its substance from seeing (ὅρασις); while the passion would take its name from this [substantial love], at least if essence be prior to non-essence. Yet the passion is called loving, although it is a love of some particular object, and cannot be called love simply.

Now the love of the higher soul would be of such a kind;

* The true, substantial love, as distinguished from the passion.

itself also looking upward, inasmuch as it accompanies that soul, and is born of her and derived from her, and is satisfied in contemplation of the Gods. And as we say that that soul which first shineth in heaven is separate [from matter], we shall deem this love also separate; although we certainly called the soul celestial [as if we regarded it as inseparable from the material heaven]. For even when we say that what is best in us is *in* ourselves, we deem it separate [from matter] nevertheless. Be it, then, that this love is there only where pure soul abides.

But since it was necessary that there should be a soul of this universe also, in conjunction with this now subsisted also the other love, as the eye of this soul, being born also of its desire. But this Aphrodite, being of the world, and not purely nor simply Soul, gave birth accordingly to the love which is in this world, and which now, with her, presides over marriages. And as far as this love also is possessed of the desire of that which is above, so far it moves also the souls of the young, and gives an upward bent to the soul with which it is conjoined, as far as she herself is naturally disposed to recall the memory of intelligibles. For every soul desires the good, even that which is mixed with matter and hath become the soul of some individual; since this also follows the higher soul and is derived from it.

IV.

Has then every soul a love of this kind in essence and substance? Why should the total soul, and the soul of the universe, possess love as a substance [*i.e.*, as distinguished from the passion], if it be not thus with the soul of every one of us, and with the souls of all other living creatures as well? This love, therefore, is the dæmon which they say accompanies every one, the love which is peculiar to each. For this it is which produces in us the desires which we experience when each soul hath natural longings, and brings forth the love which is in conformity with its own nature, and correspondent to its worth and essence. Let the soul, then, as a whole possess love as a whole, and each particular soul its own particular love. And inasmuch as each particular soul is related to the total soul, being not cut off from it, but comprehended by it, so that all souls are one; so also

each love will be related to the whole of love. Again, each particular love is attached to a particular soul, and that great love to the total soul, and the love which belongs to the universe is joined to the universe in every part of it. And further, this one love becomes many, and appears in every part of the universe, wheresoever it will, assuming various forms in its various manifestations, and showing itself at its own will.

We must conceive, moreover, that in the universe there are many Aphrodites, generated in it as dæmons together with love, and emanating from a total Aphrodite—many particular [Aphrodites] which depend on her, along with their appropriate loves; if indeed soul be the mother of love, and Aphrodite soul, and love the energy of soul striving for good. Since, then, this love leads every soul towards the nature of good, the love of the higher soul will be a God, which always conjoins the soul with that good; but that of the soul mixed with matter will be a dæmon.

W. C. WARD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE ATONEMENT OF ANTOINE DESPARD

"AH, Antoine! *cher* Antoine, it is not true! Thou wilt not desert me now, at this time! Thou canst not—only think of what is coming to us soon—think how I have braved my parents' anger for love of thee, and of what they will say if they learn the truth. Have pity on me, Antoine, and do not cast me off now, and surely the Blessed Virgin will reward thee!"

She knelt at his feet in the woodland path, the autumn leaves falling about her—a pathetic little figure in the costume of a Normandy peasant—and clutched at his knees with her two small hands, raising piteous blue eyes to his. But there was no pity or kindness in Antoine Despard's handsome, evil face; he took no heed of her pleading and cared nothing for her grief, for he had tired of this his last plaything, and she was now no longer any more to him than a cast-off shoe, or the very withered leaves

that he trampled under foot in the forest path. Even so he now trampled on that innocent, loving heart, and shaking off her clinging hands with a savage curse, he strode away through the trees, whistling a lively air as he went.

But as he left her her mood changed on a sudden, and she sprang to her feet with flashing eyes and panting breath.

"Take care, Antoine Despard!" she called after him, "take care, I say! You cast me off now, but one day you shall pay for this! It is not the first time—I know all about Babette and Marie-Rose, and I was a fool to think it would be different with me. It will not be the last time either—of that I am sure—but I say again, take care! The saints are watching you from the skies, and they see your evil heart; one day they will reward you as you deserve."

He only laughed scornfully and strode on without looking back. But surely she was right, and some unseen, avenging power was watching that forest tragedy—and remembered!

Antoine Despard was a woodcutter by trade, and lived alone in a tiny hut half buried in the forest; but there were long intervals during which he was absent from his work, and employed—so rumour said—in more lucrative, but less creditable business. He did not bear a good name in the neighbourhood, and knowing his evil ways, and black, ungovernable passions, the peasantry shunned and avoided him, though one or two young and foolish girls, carried away by his handsome face, and a certain wild charm of manner which he could assume at will, had, unknown to their friends, surrendered their hearts to him, and bitterly rued the deed. It was so with Térèse, an innocent child of fifteen, with a promise of future beauty, who had given herself to Antoine in preference to her other admirers, and had crept out evening after evening to meet him in some wild forest glade.

It was in the spring time, when the birds were singing and the forest flowers blooming, that Antoine had vowed to love her for ever; but now that autumn had come, and the forest had grown cold and desolate, his love had grown cold, too, and he had told her roughly to take herself out of his sight—he would have no more of her.

It was vain to appeal to his mercy—the man had no heart,

no conscience—he was simply a beautiful animal, cruel and dangerous to all who crossed his path, without scruples or principles, or any of the milk of human kindness; as well ask mercy of a stone.

So Térèse, sick with despair and terror, crept back to her father's hut, and there awaited the terrible day when her hard-featured step-mother must learn the truth. But that did not happen until later in the year, when autumn had given place to winter and the snow lay deep upon the ground, and then, when she had learned the truth, the step-mother showed no pity.

"What! thou hast been the mistress of Antoine Despard? Antoine, whom we all shun because of his wicked deeds! Antoine, who has the blackest heart in all Normandy! ungrateful one that thou art so to repay my tender care! Go then!—take away thy shame and seek thy lover in the forest—let *him* help thee, *I* will not! Go! and never let me see thy shameless face again."

She dealt Térèse a stinging blow upon the cheek and flung open the door of the little hut. The poor child threw one imploring glance towards her father, but he lay upon the settle in a drunken sleep; there was no one to take her part, and so, with a heavy heart, she went out into the snow and the darkness—away through the forest where the wolves were howling and where all sorts of danger, material and supernatural, lurked for her in the inky shadows—her footsteps leading her she knew not and cared not whither.

On, on through the night, while the moon soared high into the skies and shone weirdly down through the bare, interlacing branches, the same silver moon who had looked down on Antoine Despard's love-making in the balmy nights of spring, and as Térèse raised her tearful eyes to the great white disc she wondered where her lover was now, and whether he ever thought with regret of the evil he had done.

Suddenly she uttered a little cry of joy, for she had come out into an open glade, and there, before her, stood a tiny hut, evidently belonging to some wood-cutter or charcoal-burner, and whoever he might be he surely could not refuse her shelter on such a night. So she went up to the door and knocked timidly.

As a matter of fact the hut was Antoine Despard's, though

in the light of the moon Térèse did not recognise it, and Antoine himself was asleep inside, sleeping heavily, too, after a hard day's work, so it was not until the third knock that he awoke to the fact that somebody sought admittance. Then he stretched himself lazily and turned over in his bed.

"Ah bah! knock away!" he muttered, "I am not going to trouble myself to let you in."

So after ten minutes of knocking Térèse concluded that the hut was empty, and went away in bitter disappointment, to wander on and on through the long night and the chill grey dawn and the rosy sunrise; and at last, worn out with grief and fatigue, she lay down among the gnarled roots of a great oak-tree.

And there they found her the next morning—for she had walked in a circle and was not more than a mile from the village—frozen to death, and holding tightly in her arms the body of a little dead baby. A beautiful little waxen doll it looked as it lay there on the mother's breast, and the rough charcoal-burners shed tears over the two still forms stretched out upon the snow, and whispered to each other that it was like the statue of the Blessed Virgin and the infant Jésu in the little chapel.

* * * *

Twenty years later Antoine Despard still lived alone in his forest hut, still shunned by all who knew him, still evil of heart and unrepentant of his sins as ever. Time had not dealt very lightly with him, for, though he was as yet barely fifty years of age, hard work and evil living had left their mark upon his handsome face, seaming forehead and cheek with many a line, and powdering with silver the raven hair and beard. But age had in no wise softened his heart, he was more morose and uncivil to his neighbours than ever, and even the village *curé*, good Monsieur Dubois, met with no respect or politeness from this the black sheep of the little Normandy parish; indeed, Antoine had gone so far as to promise the priest a thrashing if he even so much as dared to knock at the door of his hut.

The twentieth winter after Térèse's death was a terrible one, and the poor peasants had hard work to keep the wolf from the

door—literally as well as metaphorically speaking—for packs of the hungry brutes, emboldened by starvation, came prowling round the village at night, carrying off poultry, sheep and even children, and the lord of the manor, the Comte de Merrimac, set a price on the head of every wolf killed in his forests. But Antoine Despard, whose mysterious business had brought him in an abundance of silver francs, had good food and to spare, and as he sat by his charcoal stove, his pipe in his mouth, he laughed to himself at the thoughts of what his poorer neighbours were suffering. Even the wolves had no terrors for him; when they came snarling about his hut he merely glanced at his gun, his axe and hunting-knife, and laughed again.

One night as he lay dozing on his bed there came a tap at his door. It was always an unusual sound to him, for by common consent his habitation was avoided by all who knew anything of him, and on such a night as this in the depths of winter and at a time when the wolves were the scourge of the whole country and made every road unsafe after dusk, who could be wandering in the forest? However it was no concern of his, and he prepared himself to doze again.

Again came the sound, and this time more loudly.

"Knock away, my brave fellow!" said Antoine to himself with a mocking laugh. "You will have to knock long before you enter."

But suddenly a woman's voice came to him out of the snow, clear and sweet as a silver bell.

"Antoine! Antoine Despard! Open to me, I pray you! Open quickly!"

Antoine started up in amazement. A woman wandering deep in the forest at this hour of night, and above all, knocking for shelter at *his* door though evidently knowing something of him! "Yet," he told himself, "women are all fools, and no doubt she has fallen in love with me like the rest. It seems to me that I have heard that voice before somewhere. I will open to her—perhaps she is young and charming—if not, it will be easy to drive her out again."

So he rose and unbarred the door, and as he did so it swung back slowly on its hinges, letting in a gust of wind. Then, by

the light of his tallow dip, he saw something that transfixed him with amazement.

On the threshold of his hut stood the tall, slender form of a woman, clad all in white of some soft material trimmed with snow-white fur, and wearing a cap of the same material upon her head. In the faint candle-light the hair that waved beneath her cap shimmered like pale gold, and her skin gleamed dazzling white, but her eyes were her most remarkable feature, shining with a strange radiance like two brilliant stars, and as she fixed them upon Antoine, a strange thrill of fear—the first, almost, that he had ever known—ran through him.

Half unconsciously he addressed her in awed tones and with more respect than he had ever shown to human being before.

"Mademoiselle has need of me? It is a bad night for mademoiselle to be out alone in these forests—cold and very dangerous. Will she not enter and take shelter in my poor hut?"

The girl uttered a low, musical laugh.

"Do not call me 'mademoiselle,' Antoine," she said. "I am but a peasant like thee, not a grand lady. Yes, it is a bad night, but I will not enter—instead, thou must come with me, for I have need of thee and am sent to fetch thee."

Another thrill of vague fear shuddered through Antoine's stout frame, chilling his blood and stiffening the hair upon his head.

"But—" he began in expostulation.

"Hush!" she said, laying an ice-cold hand upon his lips. "Come, I tell thee, and at once."

And much against his will, yet without another word, Antoine stepped out into the snow and followed her, not even staying to put on his fur-lined coat and cap, his snow-boots, or thick, bear-skin gloves. They crossed the glade and plunged into the deeper blackness of the forest, for to-night there was no moon, and only the stars sparkled down through the branches, winking rapidly as the mad north wind rushed by shrieking through the bare trees and sending blinding clouds of powdered snow from the branches down into Antoine's eyes and nose and mouth.

"*Diable!* it is cold!" he muttered, his teeth chattering and his face and hands stiff and frozen, as he plodded on after the tall figure of the woman.

She heard him and turned.

"Yes, it is cold," she said slowly, "*but it was on as cold a night that little Térèse perished just twenty years ago!*"

He started and shivered with fear; what could this stranger know of Térèse? She was not herself twenty years old! For a time there was silence save for the crunching of his feet upon the frozen snow—his companion made no sound as she went, seeming rather to glide than to walk—and the shrieking of the wind. Then there came to them on its blast a faint yet ominous sound, and Antoine trembled as he remembered that his gun and axe were left behind.

"*Nom de diable!* the wolves!" he cried. "Hark to their howling! Heaven or the devil save us if they hunt this way!"

"Yes," his mysterious guide answered, turning as before. "*Even so they howled on the night when the little Térèse was turned out into the forest to die!*"

"In God's name, woman, who are you?" he cried, now in desperate fear.

"Profane not that holy name, blasphemer!" she replied. "Thou wilt know soon enough—it is not yet time!"

And still they went on and on through the forest, the wind growing every moment shriller and more icy, till Antoine was almost frozen with the intense cold, and so weary that he could hardly drag his feet along the ground; and yet a strange power ever urged him on, keeping him on his legs when he would have fallen, and driving him after his guide as a straw is driven by the wind.

"Kill me now, if you like!" he cried to his guide at last. "But I can follow you no further."

Even as he spoke she stopped in the centre of an open glade, and bent over something that lay among the roots of a great tree.

"My little one! My pretty babe!" she murmured. "She still sleeps!" Then, turning to Antoine she continued, "See, is she not pretty, my baby? Look at her and see if she is not an infant to be proud of."

Impelled by a resistless force Antoine drew nearer, and gazed down upon the face of a sleeping babe which she held cradled in her arms.

"Who are you?" he cried again. "Devil—angel—mad-woman—to leave a child alone in the forest on such a night, to perish with cold or be devoured by wolves?"

"Alas!" there was unspeakable sadness in the mother's tones. "She has already perished with the cold—*on a certain night twenty years ago.*"

Antoine was trembling now from head to foot.

"Who are you? Speak and tell me or I shall go mad!"

Then a strange light shone in her eyes and she turned upon him a look that dazzled him as she answered:

"I am Térèse whom thou didst ruin and abandon twenty years ago, and who is sent to thee to-night by the Avengers who watch above. I warned thee, Antoine, long ago, yet thou wouldst not listen but continued thy evil course, and now the hour is come when thou must reap the harvest thou hast sown—when the wrongs thou hast committed on the innocent shall be avenged. The Avengers have decreed it and it must be."

As she spoke there was borne to them on the wind the far-away sound of a midnight bell, and the spirit-woman, raising a silver whistle to her lips, blew a long, shrill blast. A moment later the distant howling of the wolves came closer, and Antoine fell at Térèse's feet with a wild cry of terror, imploring her with piteous voice as she had implored him once long ago.

"You loved me once, Térèse. Oh! save me, save me from the wolves and I swear that I will live a better life!"

She gave a low laugh, half pity, half scorn. "It is too late now to amend thy life! That is for thee to do when thou shalt awake from the long sleep into which thou must enter to-night. I cannot save thee if I would—and those are not mere wolves! Hast thou ever heard of the *loup-garou*—the evil beast into which the souls of the wicked may enter at times? I see thou hast! Well, that yelling pack whose howls we hear more clearly each moment are the dread white wolves, were-wolves who hunt through these forests only at times—when the vengeance of the Lords is about to fall—and none may see them save those on

whom that vengeance is to be wreaked. They, like myself, are but tools in the hands of the Lords of life and death and it is not for us to decide thy fate. See! here they come!"

And at that moment the pack burst through into the open glade, their fiery eyes and sharp, white teeth gleaming horribly through the darkness, and circled round the two who stood side by side beneath the great tree, Antoine leaning against the trunk for support, and Térèse standing erect and queenly, her babe clasped to her breast.

"Come hither, Babette and Marie-Rose!" she cried, and two of the white-coated monsters crept to her side and buried their grisly muzzles in her dress. Then, turning to the trembling man beside her, she continued:

"These are two of the girls thou didst ruin long ago. They are old women now and they are not good old women either. Babette is a witch and a dabbler in evil magic, so the people say, and Marie-Rose is a baby-farmer. If they were good they would not be here in these hideous guises. But it is thou who hast made them what they are—but for thee they might have been good wives and mothers by now—is it not so, Babette and Marie-Rose?"

The brutes answered with a savage snarl, snapping their jaws at Antoine.

"Therefore, oh sinful man! thou art now to reap thy reward. The Lords have shown thee mercy too long; at last their anger has fallen on thee, and we—these brutes and I—have been sent to administer judgment to thee. Antoine Despard, prepare to meet thy fate like a man, if indeed there be any spark of manhood in thee; the hour of thy punishment has come!"

With a despairing shriek the wretched man fell upon his knees once more, and as he did so the two were-wolves, Babette and Marie-Rose, leapt upon him. In vain he cried aloud in his anguish for mercy and forgiveness. There was no pity for him, no help either human or divine, and none heard his cries save the wind that shrieked through the leafless trees and the shuddering stars above—they and the spirit-woman and the dread white wolves, who lapped greedily at Antoine Despard's life-blood as it rushed out in a crimson torrent over the snow.

A. SYLVESTER FALKNER.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Ancient Indian Ideals and Modern Hindu Degeneracy

Ancient Ideals in Modern Life: Four Lectures delivered at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Meeting of the Theosophical Society, at Benares, December, 1900. By Annie Besant. (The Theosophical Society, London and Benares; 1901. Price 2*s*. net.)

These lectures are addressed to Hindus and almost exclusively concern Hindus. Indeed, in reading them one almost feels as though he were assisting at a family gathering, where reproof is administered with so maternal a hand, that a stranger's presence seems little better than an intrusion. But our colleague would have for ever been untrue to her real nature could she have been content to stand quietly by with so many flagrant abuses around her, and have contented herself with singing the glories of a romantic past, in pæans of praise of the ideals behind the veils of what is best in Aryo-Indian tradition.

But what concerns modern India concerns also the British Empire, and what concerns the Empire concerns the world; further, in printing these lectures, they go forth to all and sundry as an invitation to assist at the family gathering, and not only to listen to what has been said, but also to remark on what has been heard.

In the first place, then, as it seems to me, Mrs. Besant is wise in perceiving that no sudden reform can be brought about in modern India. *Festina lente* must be the watchword, and, therefore, the practical suggestions she puts forward are marked with great moderation. Those, however, who are used to the drastic methods of reform in the West will perhaps regard them as too moderate; but then they do not live in India. These suggestions are made to the enlightened among the fathers of India, and are as follows:

1.—A resolve not to marry their sons before eighteen, nor to allow the marriage to be consummated before twenty; the first marriage (betrothal) of their daughters to be thrown as late as possible, from eleven to fourteen, and the second (consummation) from fourteen to sixteen.

2.—To promote the maintenance of caste relationship with those who have travelled abroad, provided they conform to Hindu ways of living.

3.—To promote intermarriage and inter-dining between the sub-divisions of the four castes.

4.—Not to employ in any ceremony (where choice is possible) an illiterate or immoral Brâhman.

5.—To educate their daughters and to promote the education of the women of their families.

6.—Not to demand any money consideration for the marriage of their children.

This is to form the thin end of the wedge which is to be driven through the walls of separation raised by pride and prejudice, not only between the Brâhmanical Hindus and the rest of the world, but also among themselves. With all of this we are all naturally in complete sympathy; but where I think that Mrs. Besant has treated the Hindu with scant justice is perhaps the very thing in which she feels she has shown him the greatest affection. Her four lectures are severally entitled: (i.) The Four Âshramas; (ii.) Temples, Priests, and Worship; (iii.) The Caste System; (iv.) Womanhood. In each, before she proceeds to deal with the crying abuses of modern Hindu degeneracy, she introduces the subject by an impassioned declamation in the historic tense of the glories of the ideals which she sees possible in these things. The consequence is that the contrast is so great that the present India appears to be almost past praying for. The ideal is so high that there seems no hope of its ever returning to it.

This unqualified glorification of the past would no doubt have been natural enough in a Hindu orator addressing the general populace; but these lectures were not addressed to the people, but to a picked audience of educated Hindus listening to one speaking a foreign language. This being so it would have been wiser, in my opinion, to have kept the distinction between ideals and actual history more clearly drawn, and not to have let it be assumed that the ideals were so fully and so largely realised by the India of the past, as the words of our orator suggest. The return to the glories of this past would then have seemed more humanly possible, and even improvements on it in some respects might have been seen to come within the scope of the future.

Moreover, the lectures would then have been more valuable to the wider circle of readers in the West for which they are now published. Students who are acquainted with history and comparative

religion, who are familiar with the criticism of the myths of Israel and of the legends of Christendom, will never accept the romance of India as actual historical happenings. They are bound to be consistent; they cannot believe in a favoured nation clause in the case of India any more than in the case of Jewry. They hold to the higher doctrine that God is no respecter of persons, no matter what any particular class of Gods may be.

Mrs. Besant, in her great love for all things Indian, regards it as a privilege to be born in a Hindu body; the unrepentant Mlechchha of the West will doubtless thank his Gods he is not so born, even if he know nothing of India but what he can read in our colleague's eloquent lectures. But above all things we are glad that Annie Besant herself was not so born, for had she been, there would have been no Annie Besant. Doubtless India had a great past, and there is much to learn from it; but India, as far as history goes, was not the world's spiritual teacher in any exclusive sense in which we can understand the use of the words. The Christian and the Jew, among others, make the same exclusive claim, and we cannot believe them, for to believe them would be to doubt the justice of Him who loves us all, whatever carcases we may inhabit. All of which our colleague has put elsewhere far more clearly than myself.

G. R. S. M.

India, Greece and Apollonius

Apollonius of Tyana: The Philosopher-Reformer of the First Century A.D. A Critical Study of the only existing Record of his Life, with some account of the War of Opinion concerning him, and an Introduction on the Religious Associations and Brotherhoods of the Times, and the possible Influence of Indian Thought on Greece. By G. R. S. Mead, B.A., M.R.A.S. (London and Benares: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1901. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

With this somewhat extensive title-page in lieu of preface Mr. Mead introduces to us his study of one of the most interesting personalities connected with the time when the Christian Church was newly founded, and before its theologians had elaborated the scheme which made it the sole Wisdom and its Founder the one and only Teacher sent from God. In the earliest times of Christianity this was not so,

and Christian writers could speak calmly and appreciatively of a later Teacher, whose knowledge was not drawn from the meagre records of the words of Jesus, and who went about the world on his Master's business without feeling it necessary to join himself to the Christian body. In the lifetime of the Christ His too eager disciples had come to Him reporting that they had met a strange preacher, and had bid him cease "because he followeth not us," and had been sternly rebuked by the Master for their ignorant exclusiveness; and the Master's lesson, "he that is not against me is with me," had not yet had time to be completely forgotten in practice, though written down in the Gospels.

This state of things was, however, soon changed. It was very natural for one who resented the new claim that Jesus had been the sole worker of "miracles," to point out that the "miracles" of Apollonius were as wonderful, and even better attested than those of the Christ, and from that time to this the name of Apollonius has been the mark of ignorant prejudice and misrepresentation; he has been used by Atheists as a means of attack upon Christianity and by the Christians has been treated as a diabolical imitation of Christ—one as far from his real mind as the other. Within the last fifty years the extension of our knowledge of the capabilities of the human mind when carefully trained has brought many of the wonders related of both within the range of ordinary experience; an enlightened Christian of the present day no longer dreams of appealing to the so-called miracles of Christ as sufficient evidence of the truth of His teaching, nor feels it necessary for his position to repudiate the possibility of other teachers having done the like. It has thus, for the first time, become possible for a writer to speak of Apollonius calmly, and to estimate his place in history, as Mr. Mead does in the work before us, purely by such facts as have come down to us, without the theological bias which has rendered all previous biographical attempts nearly valueless.

The titles of the Sections of the present work are sufficient to show that if we obtain much less information about Apollonius than we could desire, it is not from any incompleteness in the author's conception of his subject but from the lamentable lack of reliable information. He was not a public preacher, living a short life confined to one small country, and thus an easy task for a biographer, as was Jesus; he was a wanderer over the world for many years, the powers he possessed and the work he did quite unintelligible even to his companions, and

very little was known of him. The man who wrote his life lived long after his time and was hardly capable of making good use of the scanty material which had come down to him. After a valuable summary of what is known of the "Religious Associations and Communities of the First Century," and the connection of "India and Greece," intended to give an idea of the circumstances which surrounded Apollonius when he began his labours, we have a Section headed "The Apollonius of Early Opinion." Then follows the actual Life. Those of us who are acquainted with the earlier lives will miss in Mr. Mead's work the picturesque, if unintelligible, details of the visit to the Indian sages in Nepâl. We fear there is no doubt that he is correct in treating them as quite unreliable gossip, but we are sorry to lose them for all that. What grows up for us in Mr. Mead's treatment of his subject is not the picture of a mere worker of wonders, a Magician, but rather the imposing form of a true Adept, possessing the key to all secret learning, received everywhere with reverence, and giving his life mainly to putting new meaning and power into all the old religions and mysteries he found on his way. On his true relationship to the elder Teacher, as it is whispered amongst those who know, Mr. Mead has wisely kept silence; but the readers of the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine* may find in what is there said of Buddha and Shaṅkarâchârya a suggestion which will help them to at least a guess. To make of him a rival, an enemy of the Christ, is to fail entirely to comprehend his true position and to do a cruel injustice to both Teachers.

We heartily commend the book to our readers. It forms an indispensable portion of the history of the Christian origins—the subject which Mr. Mead has made his own, and which to many of us is, in spite of its obscurity, the most interesting study possible. The judicial impartiality with which the author has stated the case for his hero, never pressing anything to a conclusion which the established facts do not fully bear out, whilst eminently valuable in a historian, is sometimes a chilly virtue; but this time, at least, Mr. Mead has permitted so much of his real feeling to peep through the calmness of his words that we may feel it has been a true labour of love thus to try to rehabilitate to the modern reader one of the noblest and most mysterious figures amongst the teachers of the Ancient Wisdom.

A. A. W.

Shakespeare and Symbolism

The Messiahship of Shakespeare. By Clelia (Charles Downing). (London : Greening and Co., 1901.)

Beneath the snowy peaks of the mountains of Kâf, says an Eastern story, lies a lake whose depths cannot be sounded, whose surface mirrors with strange splendour the secrets of the sky. But he who lifts a handful of its waters and gazes long therein sees pictured there neither earth nor sky nor his own face. He sees only the reflection of his most accustomed thought.

Well might the lake of this legend be taken as an emblem of Shakespeare. Whatever the commentator's pet prejudice, the faddist's particular prepossession, the student's fondest fancy, Shakespeare, like Scripture, will furnish something to support it. His quarry seems to contain material for any edifice that the imagination may build.

Mr. Downing is well known as a careful and ingenious student of Shakespeare, and some of the theories he sets forth in his latest book cannot but interest any lover of Shakespeare or of mysticism. But we think he has not succeeded in proving his case.

Into the vexed question of authorship we need not enter. Whoever may have written the *Plays* and *Sonnets*, whether they were written by Shakespeare or through him, it is certain that the magnificent mind which produced them has given an education and an ideal to thousands, and it may well be that their author was acquainted with the full value of the gift he was bestowing upon posterity, that he knew the necessity for the work he was doing for the world. But to claim for him, as does Mr. Downing, that he presents himself as a "Messianic Personality," a "Reconstructor of Christianity," a "symbol of Christ," this, it seems to us, is to make an assertion too extragavant to require long consideration and too baseless to be sustained by any evidence from Shakespeare's writings. Indeed, Mr. Downing appears at times to hesitate between a willingness to modify his emblazonment, and an attempt at an even more amazing transfiguration. He says (Preface, p. xv) : "It is not, as far as I can discern, upon the suggestion of any supernatural or mystical hypothesis that he (Shakespeare) assumes these characters (of Pan and of Christ); he assumes them as an artist." But elsewhere he writes (p. 66) : "As Christ at his First Coming a carpenter, at his Second Coming was a play-actor, the theatre of Shakespeare becomes as sacred as the Church of Christ, and one with it." (!)

That Shakespeare is symbolical is not to be denied. What great work of art, we might say what work of art, is not? Every drop of water will mirror the sun; every creation of beauty will contain a truth that runs to the roots of being. But that Shakespeare consciously intended all his symbolism is an unnecessary assumption.

Tennyson said to a friend who asked him the meaning of one of his lines, "Whatever I write has seven meanings. Take whichever you prefer, or as many as you can." He would surely have admitted that he, too, had to take as many as he could. The maker no more than any one of his hearers can seize the full meaning of his song. Thus, though, as Mr. Downing shows, it is quite possible to derive from the *Sonnets* the history of a soul in search of the Ideal, thinking to have found it in mortal loves, twice disillusioned, finally retrieving it in the intelligible world, we are not obliged to conclude, we are hardly justified in concluding, upon the scant and slender evidence collected in *The Messiahship of Shakespeare*, that the poet designed this one of many significations, still less that he was recording his own spiritual experiences. Most of Mr. Downing's argument rests on a basis insubstantial and nebulous enough. Yet, however inconclusive his proofs, the speculations of a student so sincere, reverent and painstaking will not fail to arrest the attention of Shakespearian enthusiasts. The skill with which he marshalls, the subtlety with which he interprets, the quotations upon which he relies to establish his theories, make his book pleasant reading. The reader's pleasure, too, will not be marred by Mr. Downing's style. It is clear, simple and vigorous in the main. But why does he permit himself the occasional use of slang phrases, startlingly out of place in a serious criticism of Shakespeare? As for the not entirely unmusical but altogether mysterious verses which serve as prologue and epilogue to the book, we will not venture to rush in upon their "darkling turns."

A. L.

From The Upanishads

The Song of Life, By Charles Johnston. (Published by the Author; Flushing, N.Y.; 1901.)

This little booklet consists of a graceful rendering of Yajnavalkya's teaching to Janaka (from the *Bṛihadâranyaka Upaniṣhad*), and a finely expressed prologue, in which in mystic fashion is set forth the main teaching of the Wisdom with regard to the soul. We are glad to bring it to the notice of our readers. We, however, protest that the paper is pink, and the print dim! Eyesight is too precious a thing to trifle with in this way.

G. R. S. M.

The Hebrew Original of the Triple Tradition

Diatesserica, Part II. The Corrections of Mark adopted by Matthew and Luke. By Edwin A. Abbott. (London: A. and C. Black; 1901. Price 15*s*.)

A few months ago we had the pleasure of noticing the first volume of Dr. Abbott's great undertaking. In *Clue* specimens were given of error and classes of error of translation into Greek from the Hebrew of the Old Testament. The same phenomena were then pointed out in parallel passages in the New Testament, and the conclusion was reached "that parts of the Synoptic Gospels are based on translations from a Hebrew document." In the present volume Dr. Abbott continues with his painstaking task, and proceeds to enquire which of the three Synoptics is the earliest and which is the closest to the Hebrew original. By an exhaustive criticism of the Greek of the parallel passages of the Triple Tradition, that is to say of the material common to all three synoptical documents, Dr. Abbott concludes that "Mark" is the most literal translator, and also presumably the oldest, although this is not distinctly stated. Indeed Dr. Abbott is reluctant, and rightly reluctant, to draw any but the most transparently clear deductions, so that his main contention may not be weakened by the weight of subordinate considerations. In our opinion Dr. Abbott has made out his case. The common material used by the compilers of the first three Gospels—the ground of the Triple Tradition—is thus shown to be (i.) written, not oral; (ii.) Hebrew, not Greek; (iii.) classical Hebrew, not the vernacular Aramaic. To have established this is a triumph of linguistic scholarship.

The immediate "source" of the Triple Tradition is thus a Hebrew original, the detected errors and variants of translation arising from a *written* document, not from an oral tradition. We have thus won *one* step within the adytum of gospel-compilation. The questions of the "sources" of this "source" are outside the scope of Dr. Abbott's enquiry. But the main point for the general reader to remember is, that in the very highest probability Jesus in His public sayings spoke Aramaic, the vernacular language, in which alone the people could understand Him. These sayings were then in the document underlying the Triple Tradition translated into the classical Biblical Hebrew by the writer or writers of the designed life-story in which they were incorporated. Now the latest research in the field of textual criticism has come to the conclusion, by a comparison of Codex D, and the earliest Syriac and Italic versions, that the

original form of some of the sayings was far more graphic than the now canonical form, not only more graphic, but so to speak more homely. We can easily see how some of them lost part of their original vigour by translation into Greek and the removal of "stumbling blocks"—but when a large number of them is shown to have come through an intermediate translation into classical Hebrew as well, we are surprised that so much of the original power has been preserved,

We believe that Dr. Abbott has got his fingers on the main knot in the tangle of the Synoptical Problem, and therefore look forward with much interest to the concluding volumes of his scholarly labours.

G. R. S. M.

A Reincarnation Novel

The Love of a Former Life, or Through the Centuries. By Charles J. H. Halcombe. (London: Burleigh; 1899. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The theory of reincarnation has opened up an entirely new playground for the aspirant after literary fame through the bye-ways of fiction.

Unfortunately in this new ground every man threatens to be a law unto himself, because no one can come forward and say: *My* knowledge of the facts of reincarnation shows me that So-and-So could not, and would not, have acted in this manner with such experience as they had in former lives.

So the public comes and gapes and says: This is the new theory and the author is very up to date, so perhaps all our ideas of right and wrong want revising. If Smith really was such a villain in his last life, it is quite right to make Mrs. Smith a villain in this life, etc.

The book in question implies that a man has a right, not only to adore the wife of another man, a certain villainous Count, but also to confess his feelings at great length to the Countess. She at once explains that she remembers him perfectly as her husband in Pagan Rome, that they two were Christians and were cruelly parted on their wedding-day by a heathen rival, who is now the present Count.

In this life the good Christian husband is the brother of the Count, and fell in love at first sight with the Countess, showing how infallible the law is!

The author quotes Lord Avebury to the effect that: "Love at

first sight sounds like an imprudence, and yet is almost a revelation. It seems as if we were but renewing the relations of a previous existence."

This may be so. No doubt the mysterious chains of causation which bind us to live the lives we now live, though we often wonder at our own doings while we do them, must be—if we believe in the great Law of Cause and Effect—the explanation of many a passing storm of emotion which we simply have to "sit through," without knowing all the facts through which we brought it upon ourselves. But are we to give ourselves up as slaves to our own past, are we to go through life with the dead albatross hung round our necks—symbol of the most inexorable of fates, the slavery of a man to his dead hopes and his past mistakes?

The book is written in most indifferent English, interlarded with worse French.

A. L. B. H.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The *Theosophist*, June. "Old Diary Leaves" are occupied by the Colonel's account of his experiences with the French hypnotists. His view is that they have much to learn from us. He says: "The intelligent reader who ponders upon the power of a mesmeric or hypnotic sensitive to pick out a given object by her ability to detect the aura of a person impregnating it, will see how the whole of the Salpêtrière house-of-cards about the selection being due to the subject's exquisite perception of trifling physical peculiarities in the texture of the suggestion-impregnated paper crumbles when one realises that the detection is made by auric perception and not by physical sight or hearing. In fact, the recognition of the existence of auras gives the key to a large group of apparent hypnotic mysteries." The other articles are the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "The Unseen World"; Mr. Cattanach's thoughtful criticism, "Lessons from the Life of Anna Kingsford"; the conclusion of M. A. C. Thirlwall's "Hindu Morality, as outlined in the *Mahâbhârata*"; of G. L. Simpson's "Renunciation," and of F. M. Parr's "Matter and its Higher Phases"; whilst G. Kṛishṇa Sâstri continues his translation of the *Râma Gîtâ*.

Prasnottara, April and May, continues "Stray Thoughts on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*," and contains articles on "Suttee," "The Philosophy of Religion," by Prof. M. N. Chatterji, and on "Shri Kṛishṇa." If our

Indian friends could only understand how far too much has already been said about Kṛishṇa and the Gopîs and how thankful English readers would be to hear no more of the subject, the last article would hardly have been written. We are sorry to find from the "Activities" that the College has had to be closed owing to the Plague, though no cases have actually occurred amongst our own people; but we look enviously at the quiet courage of the announcement that "the dull season is coming, the oppressive heat will slacken our energies, and we cannot expect even half the work from our officers here during the time"!

Theosophic Gleaner, May, announces the foundation of a new Lodge in Bombay, apparently with the intention of carrying out amongst the Hindus the good work which the elder Lodge has done for the Pârsîs; D. D. Writer discusses "The Mysteries of Mind and Matter," and reproductions of papers by Mrs. Besant and Mlle. Blech, with the answers lately given in the *Vâhan* to a question bearing on the "Origin of Evil," complete an interesting number.

Brahmavâdin, for April. Swâmi Vivekânanda is always amusing even when not convincing, and his contrast of "East and West" is pleasant reading. What would our English Christian friends say to his announcement that "the first condition for religion is a strong physique, with iron muscles and steel nerves!"

From Thompson and Co., Madras, we have the first number of a new magazine, *The Ârya*, whose pages are, according to the editorial, "to be devoted as much to the dissemination of the grand principles of our religion as to the amelioration of the social and intellectual condition of our people." The contents of the number are well chosen for this purpose. Perhaps the paper which appeals most to English readers is one by J. M. Hora on "Haṭha Yoga." His defence of it as the natural introduction to higher things has much worthy of consideration; but the following extract will show the weak point, as it appears to us. He says: "There are few, very few (even in the Theosophical Society, good Sir) who have real panting for union, who burn to get to the Place of Peace. If we are honest with ourselves, most of us will have to admit that our aspirations, so-called, resolve mostly into desire for psychic experiences. . . . Why should not this desire be gratified if the wisher is fit morally? And Haṭha Yoga leads to a speedier gratification of this wish than the slow and more sure Higher Yoga." Have those who talk so glibly psychic experiences and the desire for them any idea of what is meant

by the "moral fitness," without which to open the senses to the astral plane is more dangerous than to step into a lion's den? Do they think that mere good intentions will save them?

Also from India: *Dawn; Awakener of India; Indian Review*, May *San Mârga Bodhinî; Siddhânta Deepika. Central Hindu College Magazine* not to hand.

In the June *Vâhan* replies are given to questions as to the attitude of Theosophy to the "Woman Problem," the possibility of a rebirth on another planet, the doctrine of Twin Souls, and the illusion by which we seem to feel pain at the actual place where the body is injured.

Revue Théosophique, May, contains Dr. Pascal's second Conférence at Geneva, upon the relationship of Theosophy with Science and Religion; a short paper by Blanvillain, entitled "The Beautiful, according to Theosophy," and translations from Subba Rao, Mrs. Besant, and C. W. Leadbeater.

The May number of *Theosophia*, besides translations, has a paper on "Self Control," read to the Amsterdam Lodge by H. Laau, and one of the various ways of treating the "Socialistic Idea," by P. P. Snoep. Our unwearied fellow labourer, J. v. Manen, contributes a summary of the "Present Condition of the T. S.," founded on the Adyar reports.

Der Vâhan, for June, forms the conclusion of the second volume of this magazine, and we regret that the Editorial notice is far from encouraging and has but little progress to report. There is only one thing to be done, to "keep pegging away on this line," if it takes our whole life, and this is the courageous resolution the Editor announces, undismayed by the lack of support received. The articles are the conclusion of the Guarani "Story of Atlantis," "The Human Soul in the Upaniṣhads," by Dr. Max Dressler. Follow the usual full abstract of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for May, and questions from the *Vâhan*.

Teosofia for May continues Sra. Calvari's "An Italian Hermetic Philosopher of the 17th Century," and translates from Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Ethics," Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance*, and Dr. Pascal's *Reincarnation*.

In the May number of *Sophia* we have the continuation of D. José Melián's treatise on "Homœopathy," a few lines on White Lotus Day, and translations from Annie Besant's "Thought Power," and Dr. Pascal's Conférences.

Philadelphia, March and April. In this number M. P. Muñoz treats of "A Prophecy yet to be accomplished"; A. Sorondo introduces an article by É. Zola entitled "What has the Nineteenth Century done for us?" and after a short paper by X. on the Purânas, we have a long one by Réné Caillé entitled "The Civilisations of Antiquity." Translations from Mrs. Besant and F. Hartmann and H. P. B.'s "A Bewitched Life," complete the literary contents.

Theosophy in Australasia for April contains, amongst other interesting matter, a paper by J. G. O. Tepper, on "The Sun, as the Source of all Terrestrial Life."

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, for May, has a further portion of Mr. Leadbeater's "What Theosophy does for us"; and the continuation of Helen Horne's "Theosophy applied to the Education of Children."

Also received: *Modern Astrology; Mind; Metaphysical Magazine; Notes and Queries; Monthly Record and Animals' Guardian; The Breath of Life;* and *The Light of Dharma*, No. 1, San Francisco. This new magazine is "published under the auspices of the Buddhist Mission, established in San Francisco, September, 1899, by the Buddhist missionaries sent from the Head Quarters at Nishi Hongwanji, Kyoto, Japan; to minister to the spiritual wants of their countrymen on this Coast and to take up the work of propaganda in the New World." This new venture deserves a word of acknowledgment and praise. It contains Col. Olcott's addresses to the Buddhist Mission given during his visit to California. There is, indeed, room for a vast and most beneficent propaganda of this most amiable of religions, and nowhere could it be more appropriate than where East and West meet across the Pacific.

Also the following pamphlets:

The Political Obstacles to Missionary Success in China, by Alex. Michie; *The Necessity for a Revolution in Education* (apparently by the total abolition of teachers and teaching), by Harold E. Hare, Clarion Co., 72, Fleet Street; and *True Spiritualism*, John Scouller, 147, Grove Lane, Camberwell, 3*d*. A.

An Interesting Thesis.—One of our colleagues in Holland let fall the following bit of interesting information in a recent letter. He writes: "At the Amsterdam University one of our members has just taken his doctor's degree in Letters after defending with success the following thesis: 'the Theosophical Movement which was founded by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and for which she suffered, is not valued at its high worth by the scientific world.'" Eleven professors were present at the "wrangle."

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