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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

NOT unnaturally the magazines and newspapers of this first year of the Twentieth Century have contained a good many forecasts of its future. Not a few attempts have been made, in several instances with great ingenuity and much skill, to depict the future condition of our social organisation, not by a simple effort of the imagination but rather on the basis of an accurate and careful analysis of tendencies and forces which are already perceptible. All this is well enough, and not without at least a passing interest, for, shamefacedly or openly, we are all interested in prophets and their predictions; but there is one feature common to all these prophetic attempts which is of interest to the readers of this REVIEW. It is the entire and complete absence, from each and all of these forecasts, of any *religious* moment. In not a single one that I have seen of the numerous forecasts and anticipations of what the Twentieth Century is to bring forth, has the question of the future of Religion been dealt with or, what is even more striking, the least tendency been shown to ascribe to Religion any active or important part among the dynamic agencies which are to shape our future.

It is just this marked neglect of religion, this tacit denial to it of any formative power, and its consequent ignoring, that make these prophetic attempts of the ordinary magazine writers of interest to the readers of these pages. What does this attitude mean, and is it true to nature and reality? The obvious answer which an unusually outspoken writer would most likely give, would I think be to the effect that, as a matter of fact, the really active-minded world of to-day has no vital, living belief in Religion at all and does not for one moment believe that it can have any great or important share in shaping the future destinies of our race.

Religion and
the Future

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THE future, he would say, is really in the hands of Science; Religion lives only upon Emotion and Respectability; Knowledge and Power are the creative forces at work in the world to-day and they are the mighty giants who will guide our destinies. And the curious thing is that not a few people, in their secret hearts, believe this to be true, whether or no they would admit the fact openly. Now as a matter of fact this view of Religion is fundamentally erroneous, and I think we have good reason to expect that of all the formative factors at work in the shaping of the future, there will be none which will play a more important or more far-reaching part than Religion—or, to speak more exactly, the Religious Instinct.

Science

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CAST a glance backwards upon the past, the historically known past, and what does it show us? Surely that the Religious Instinct in man has played in all countries and at all times an overwhelmingly important and powerful rôle in the shaping of human society and the history of civilisation. The whole history of Egypt was moulded, its civilisation coloured and formed, its polity created, by the power of this instinct in man. And the fact that its influence endured through at least six or seven thousand years in that ancient land of Khem, shows plainly how deep-rooted and how powerful that instinct needs must be. Chaldæa and Assyria, India, the Moslem Empire, the whole life

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and history of Christian Europe, exhibit at every turn its all-potent action. Look where we will in history, we see on all sides the most striking evidences of the power, the enduring, shaping, moulding force of this religious element in human nature. Has human nature then changed, that the prophets of to-day can thus ignore its undying religious aspect; or do they imagine that history and civilisation are moulded by forces other than those which arise in or play upon human nature?

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BUT perhaps it may be said that Science has changed all this. Science—the new God of the Age—with its critical analysis, its accurate observation, its patient accumulation of fact, has put knowledge into the seat of faith, fact into the place of belief. And—in the view of the materialist—Science having thus cut away the ground from under Religion, it inevitably follows that with the passage of time, the structure built thereon must crumble, and Religion fall. Lo! they cry, already Religion is dying; men no longer believe vitally in its hopes, no longer cling to its teachings. Its hour has struck, the future belongs to Science. But they forget human nature; they ignore the fact, already pointed out, that Religion is rooted in the nature of man, and though this or that intellectual form of Religion may be discredited, its root remains, and from that root in due time Religion will grow anew in a changed and more adequate form. Moreover, as Science itself enlarges its boundaries, it will in no long time be forced to recognise, to admit, to deal with and co-ordinate, those very facts in nature which are the essential reality around which Religion builds its temple and to which corresponds the Religious Instinct in the human heart.

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HENCE it follows that a prophet who should seek to foresee the fruit of these coming years aright, will need to take into account Religion, nay, rather he will find himself forced to assign to her a central and most significant part in the coming changes. For ere long Science will wed with Religion, and from their union will spring the germ of a new and higher form of human society, the dawn

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of a better and truer civilisation. For all civilisations are essentially the expression of human nature, and the many grievous defects of our own seem, to the dispassionate observer, in no small measure due to the conflicts which are still raging between factors and elements in man's nature which should work in unison instead of discord, in harmonious co-operation instead of jangling conflict.

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To this end our own Society is designed to contribute. Already it is proving the world over that this co-operation is both possible and practicable; a decade hence will see

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its power and the influence of its ideas and example far greater than they are to-day.

From its ranks will come the interpreters who shall help men to understand their own nature and to deal wisely therewith, so that the evolution of the race may proceed harmoniously and rapidly. For the future is neither to Religion alone, nor to Science alone, but to that spark of the Divine Life in man which includes all things, which is all things, which can know and can achieve all that the universe can offer, the heart desire, or the mind conceive.

B. K.

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MANY of our readers are alive to the importance of archæological research in Central America, and desire to know something more of that pre-Aztec civilisation which in

Copan and
Tical

its monuments bears so curious a resemblance to the ancient civilisations of Egypt and

Chaldæa. It may therefore be of interest to reproduce an article from *The Globe* of March 20th, which gives a sensible hint to archæologists concerning these mysterious ruins in Central America :

The recent explorations and excavations carried out, about, and in the great ancient city of Copan, in Spanish Honduras, have produced material of extraordinary interest, and in the circumstances it seems a pity that our own scientific investigators have not so far seen fit to bestir themselves in the matter. Of course, our American friends have had a good start, and have practically "got on the right side" of the Republican Government of Honduras for a sort of monopoly for exploring the ruins and taking away to the museums in the States all the portable statues, monoliths, and other

valuable remains of the long-lost people. But we have our own colony of British Honduras, where, according to the reports of officials and others who have penetrated the hinterland of the famous mahogany region, there are existing the ruins of great ancient cities, canals, roadways, fortifications, and other traces of the strange civilisation that existed apparently long before the time of the Aztecs who were subdued by Cortes. The work lately done at Copan on behalf of the Peabody Museum of Archæology attached to Harvard University gives us some idea of the value of these ruins, and it is held to be practically established that Copan must have been for a considerable period the capital of the formidable Mayan kingdom which held sway over what we know now as Yucatan, Honduras and Guatemala.

The first European visitor to Copan appears to have been Don Diego Garcia de Palacio, who in 1576, while on a journey from Guatemala to San Pedro, stumbled upon the place which Hernando Cortes had, half a century earlier, passed within a few miles on his famous march from Mexico to Honduras. Cortes was, in consonance with the policy he was pursuing at the time, scattering the natives before him in all directions. Don Diego Garcia was journeying through a partially settled country and could seek information as he passed along. It is curious to note that this officer's special report to the King of Spain—then Philip the Second—dealing with the ruins of Copan, which he seems to have closely and intelligently examined, is now preserved in the archives of the British Museum. From this report it is abundantly obvious that the ancient capital of the country had been in ruins for centuries before the advent of the Spaniards.

The ancient city lies upon the banks of the Copan River, and there are now exposed to view enormous temples, palaces, public squares, monuments, great terraces of masonry and pyramidal elevations, all bearing ornamental decorations after the fashion of the now more familiar ruins of Egyptian, Assyrian and other cities of the olden time. For the discoveries already made great credit is due to Mr. Charles Bowditch, a well-known liberal patron of archæological research, and most of the work has been carried out under the able personal supervision of Professor Putnam, the distinguished curator of the Peabody Museum. Professor Putnam, who is no mean authority, regards Copan as one of the greatest mysteries of the ages, and it is satisfactory to know that some progress is being made in the direction of deciphering or interpreting the inscriptions found on the monuments, tablets, and other relics. It is not so gratifying to hear that the early Christian missionaries had the unfortunate habit of destroying, so far as they could, all the written records that they found about the place, under the idea apparently that it was desirable, in the interests of Christianity, to remove all traces of the Pagan past from the sight of the natives among whom they were set to labour.

Close to Copan a very fertile tract of country was settled upon about thirty years ago by a party of pioneers from Guatemala, and from this

district large quantities of tobacco are now exported on mule-back, this being the only means of transit at present. But the settlement has had the effect of opening out the valley to travellers, and the photographic views of Copan already secured convey a good idea of what a magnificent and picturesque city it must have been in the distant past. The point to which it is now desirable to invite public, or at any rate scientific, attention in this country is the fact that, among the ancient cities now known to exist near our colony of Honduras, on the frontier of Mexico, is Tical, which, in point of size and magnificence, must have certainly equalled Copan. There is much affinity between the two places, although in the matter of defence works, aqueducts and ornamental surroundings, Tical would appear to have reached a superior stage before the time of the great decay. Tical lies away to the north-west of Belize, the capital and only port of British Honduras, and as a project is now afoot to run a railway across country from Belize to the Guatemalan frontier, the ruins ought soon to be easily accessible. It is anything but a difficult matter to reach Tical now, and it is only surprising that it has been left so long without serious examination. The whole distance to the Guatemalan frontier is only about seventy miles, and it is not far on from there to Tical, and although the country is naturally heavily timbered and generally clothed with obstructive vegetation, there are many rough roads running inland, and mules and bearers are plentiful and reasonable of hiring. There is a little danger from fever, as there is in all such countries, and, unfortunately, a short time ago, Mr. J. G. Owens, one of the leaders of an American excavating party at Copan, succumbed to an attack. But the risk is not practically great, as the writer knows from personal experience of both places, and with ordinary precautions, explorers may work at Tical with the same comfort and safety that they would meet with in Egypt, Arabia or Mashonaland.

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ON the opposite side of our globe, too, discoveries have recently been made by Dr. Stein, an account of which, quoted from the *Times* of March 30th, was given in the last number of the REVIEW. These finds seem to be of scarcely less interest and importance than those just mentioned, even though they concern a period which, in comparison with the hoary civilisations of Egypt and Chaldæa, is but as yesterday. Since however our knowledge of the history of civilisation in India and its relations with peoples and states beyond the Himalayas is almost infinitely less than our acquaintance with that of those far older empires, we may well welcome most heartily anything that promises to add even a little to our information upon the subject. At the least we may

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Buried Cities

expect some rude shocks to be administered to the *à priori* theories with which most orientalists have concealed their lack of definite knowledge, and these shocks, rude as they may be, will certainly be beneficial to Indian research, if only they disprove some of the many misconceptions and prejudices under whose influence the early students of Eastern history approached the subject. Some further details may therefore not be unwelcome to our readers, and we therefore quote the following from *The Standard* of August 12th :

Since about the year 1893 ancient documents in Indian characters have been secured at Kashgar, the capital of Chinese Turkestan, both by the Representatives of the British India Government and by the Russian Consul. Interest was further stimulated in these discoveries by the work of Dr. Sven Hedin in Chinese Turkestan. In 1898, Dr. M. A. Stein, of the Indian Education Service, applied to the Indian Government for assistance towards exploring these ancient sites, and in June, 1900, he proceeded to Kashgar by the route of Hunza and the Pamirs. Information obtained from native treasure-seekers at Khotan proved the existence of several ancient sites deserving of exploration. Winter with its severity put an end to the work in the mountains, and Dr. Stein then turned his attention to the ancient sites in the desert. Following certain indications furnished him by specimens previously obtained, he succeeded in the first place in excavating a large series of Buddhist temples and monastic buildings at a site some ten miles to the north-east of Khotan. The finds made there were of an important nature, comprising ancient manuscripts in Sanskrit, Chinese and an unknown language—the latter, however, being written in well-known Indian characters—Buddhist pictures on wooden boards, and numerous stucco sculptures of undoubtedly Indian style. The site is known as Dandan-Uilik. From there Dr. Stein proceeded to the Keriya district, and as the result of information he elicited he pushed on to an ancient site lying some six marches beyond the easternmost portion of the cultivated area. Unexpectedly rich results attended the excavations at this part. Amongst ruined dwellings, half buried under the sand, an abundant supply of epigraphical and other relics likely to prove of great importance to the student of Indian antiquity and of early Central Asiatic history came to light.

To decipher these records will require much time and labour, but already it can be seen that these tablets contain correspondence private and official. They are of varying sizes, and are well preserved for the most part. Some of them still bear the clay seal which was originally attached to them, and also the string with which the ingeniously-contrived wooden "envelope" was fastened. These seals possess a specific interest of their own, a number of them showing unmistakable traces of Greek art influence. One frequently recurring seal displays Pallas Athene, and on another there is a

seated Eros of good Greek workmanship. It may be safely asserted that so far no remains showing Greek art influence so clearly have been found further towards the East of Asia. Tablets containing memoranda, accounts, and similar matter have also been unearthed. In addition to the wooden tablets, a considerable number of Kharoshthi documents on parchment were found, affording strong evidence that, notwithstanding the evidently Buddhist and Indian culture of the inhabitants, there was no objection to the use of leather—necessarily regarded as an impure article by Buddhists of India.

The discovery of an Indian language in these documents gives striking confirmation to the old local tradition that the Khotan territory had been conquered and colonised a short time after the reign of the well-known King Asoka by immigrants from the north-western Punjab. At the same time, they also afford convincing proof of the early assertion of Chinese supremacy and influence at Khotan.

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WHEN the nineteenth century opened, men of learning, scholars, and even scientists, born, bred, and educated under the influence of the Mosaic chronology, looked back upon the birth of civilisation as a thing of yesterday, and scouted as empty legend all the widespread traditions recorded by their much honoured classical writers of civilisations, empires and peoples dating back for millenniums. So strong was this influence in every department of history, archæology and science, that it was not till quite the closing years of the century that these all-distorting and dwarfing preconceptions began to yield before the steadily accumulating masses of actual fact. Indeed, we may say that another fifteen or twenty years will be needed before men's minds are even fairly free from these ideas, and perhaps even two generations more must labour and pass away before the false theories and distorted views which were so deeply inbred in the early pioneers of modern archæology—to whom, nevertheless, be all honour for their arduous and unremitting labours—shall have ceased to cripple the wings of men's thought. Still the last ten years have proved so fertile in epoch-making and revolutionary discoveries in the realms of the past, that the younger generation of workers will find it hard indeed to realise how dense was the scorn, how infinite was the contempt, poured by the learned from all sides upon the first tentative efforts towards widening the horizon of the earnest and laborious students of man's past among the peoples of the West.

NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH

No doubt every one of us has read many articles and heard many addresses on the three objects of the Theosophical Society, most particularly the first—a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood. I have no recollection, however, of having ever heard or read a line upon the motto of the Theosophical Society, “There is no religion higher than Truth.” And yet this is one of the most significant of all possible sentences, containing a fact not less suggestive and potent than the one embodied in the first object of the Society. This sentence is the family motto of the Mahârâjâhs of Benares, and it has been adopted by the Theosophical Society as precisely expressive of its own spirit and its own mission.

The reason for thus emblazoning such a sentence on the banner of a wide-world society devoted to religious philosophy is this, that the universal tendency of all religions save one is to contradict it. Everywhere and under every separate system of belief, except Buddhism, the stream of influence flows steadily towards the subversion of religion in the interests of *a* religion. Like everything else, religion in humanity is the subject of evolution, developed under general laws, and exhibiting at certain stages recognisable phenomena. The tendency to consider some other religion higher than Truth will be easily understood if we consider the three successive stages wherein it arises and is manifested.

Theosophists thoroughly understand that all religions are in basis one, that there is a single fundamental truth which underlies all, that all are but variants of one common origin. In a valuable book published many years ago and now out of print, Morell's *Philosophy of Religion*, the author, after an exhaustive analysis of the religious sentiment, came to the conclusion that the final and ultimate resolution of that sentiment is

into a sense of dependence. This is the initial of all religion. But it implies some necessary corollaries. The sense of dependence implies a Supreme Being upon whom one depends, and the common dependence of all men implies a common origin and common interests. Hence the sense of dependence really involves a recognition of Deity and of human fraternity. But in no case can a mere sentiment, even with these inseparable thoughts, remain long by itself. It must combine with some distinctively intellectual propositions and thus become more or less a creed. You remember how Oliver Wendell Holmes so clearly shows that no man, and therefore no founder of a religion, ever holds truth in its pure and uncompounded quality. It is always mixed with the peculiarities of the individual mind, and the outcome is therefore not pure Truth but the Smithate of Truth, or the Brownate of Truth, a chemical compound of pure Truth with individual conceptions. The flag of every distinct religion shows this. The Mohammedan proclaims "There is one God and Mohammed is His prophet"; the Christian proclaims "There is one God and Jesus Christ is His only Son"; the Jew proclaims "There is one God and Moses was His spokesman"; the Hindoo proclaims "There is one Supreme Being and the Vedas are His disclosure"; and the Buddhist proclaims "There is one Supreme Being and Buddha was His manifestation."

The second step in the evolution we are discussing is that the distinctive tenet in each religion receives emphasis above the common matter which is the property of all religions. There is naturally little disposition to lay stress upon what everyone believes, and, therefore, the exponents of any particular faith inevitably uplift the part which distinguishes it from others. Very gradually, therefore, it comes to pass that this distinctive tenet receives almost exclusive attention, it being held out as the special revelation characteristic of the religion as the particularly true one, separating it from all other varieties of religious belief, and commending it to humanity as expressing the will of the Supreme. Hence we do not hear from Christians, Turks, Hindoos, Mohammedans, Jews, or Buddhists much of the fundamental basis wherein all agree, but much as to the specific belief which differentiates each from the rest. This second step in the

evolution of a religion is the source of three things—quarrels, missions, and persecutions. Discords inevitably arise when different people present their different beliefs as exclusive manifestations of the divine will, and when any sect is convinced that another sect is not only in grievous error, but is in direct rebellion against Deity, there must be a disposition to suppress it in His name. Hence the frightful history of religious wars, of assaults on personal liberty and violation of private right, the whole hideous narrative of intolerance, bigotry, and deliberate persecution. But this is also the prompting to missions, for obviously, if any sect possesses certain knowledge as to divine truth, it is a matter of plain duty to promulgate it to the world. Missions have their laughable side, for no one conversant with human nature supposes that the beliefs of any considerable number of adherents to any faith can be diverted to the support of an opposing one, but they have their more serious side. They enormously accentuate bitterness between variant creeds, and their tendency to secure support from the civil power is prone to involve political complications and to arouse national resentment. No better illustration of this could possibly be found than in the present state of things in China. But all over the world, even where there is no violent contention, it is the fact that all attempts to change by persuasion the existing beliefs of nations grow out of the supposition that these existing beliefs are erroneous, and that those which are to supplant them are beyond doubt true. Here we see in full operation the state of things reached in the second step of the evolution of a religion.

The third step is in the formation of the conception that Truth may be slurred in order to save the distinctive tenet. Religion is sacrificed to a religion. So important is deemed the special feature which differentiates one faith from others, that the property common to all is supposed to be properly abandoned in order that the vital part may be conserved. This is one of the most lamentable features of religious controversy, and it is illustrated in the history of almost every faith which is aggressive. In the Hindoo mythology there is the story of how the god misled a devout worshipper in order that certain desired things should be accomplished, the worshipper's faith and loyalty for-

bidding him to suppose that the instructions of Deity were other than sincere. The Jewish sacred books narrate how Jehovah, the Jewish tribal god, inquired of councillors how a certain purpose against the King of Israel could best be achieved. Various projects were rejected, but when one of the Council proposed that he should go forth and be a lying spirit in the mouth of the prophets of the King, Jehovah grasped at the suggestion and endorsed it. The lying spirit then spoke through the mouths of the prophets, the King in his faith suspected no deceit, he followed the advice given and was ruined. Several instances occur in the Christian New Testament. St. Paul emphatically denounces in his Epistles the practice of circumcision, asserting that if any man was circumcised Christ should profit him nothing. Nevertheless, when in fear that Jewish prejudice would affect certain local work to be done by Timothy, he avoided the danger by having Timothy circumcised. He thus went directly counter to his own emphatic teaching in order that the success of the new faith might be assured on that spot; in other words, he sacrificed truth to policy.

Still another and very marked case was where St. Paul wrote that he became all things to all men in order that by all means he might save some. This was virtually saying that he masqueraded in opinions not his own, when by so doing he could attract into the fold those of like views. But this was really both unfair and false, and an exact illustration of the matter I am mentioning, namely, the subordination of the spirit of truth to the spirit of propagandism, the sacrifice of the essential principle of all religions to the distinctive tenets of one.

Perhaps in the whole history of religions there has never been a more conspicuous illustration of this tendency than in the evolution of the Roman Catholic system of casuistry in order that the interests of the Church should be subserved before all else; and most ingenious questions were propounded in order to show how far devotees might go in implied or direct falsehood without formally repudiating the obligation to truthfulness. The aim was to secure a superficial adhesion to verity, while yet abandoning it in order to accomplish a gain at the time. In other words, the interests of a distinctive tenet of the faith were

to take precedence of the basis of all faith, and here again religion was sacrificed to a religion. Gradually arose the doctrine that the end justified the means, a most Jesuitical and pernicious maxim which has brought incalculable evil upon an organisation adopting it, has shockingly perverted the moral sense and the religious instincts, and has deposed all spirituality and all morals.

Now, against all this practice and all this tendency, the motto of the Theosophical Society is held up as a denial and a protest. Observe that it does not say that no principle or no policy is higher than Truth, though this is abundantly the fact, but that no religion is so. It is certainly the case that no principle is higher than Truth. No code of morals and no doctrine of action can possibly cancel the imperative obligation to adhere to fact. This obligation is in no way affected by a supposed direction from a superior authority, nor is it the least conceded that advance in spiritual things empowers to fraud. And it is eminently to the credit of the Theosophical Society, that in one of the most painful and distressing epochs of its history it remained faithful to its own motto. When a high officer of the Society undertook fraud in order to advance its supposed interests and his own influence, and when the refusal to condone this offence was to be followed by an enormous exodus from the Society itself, its authorities did not falter. They were about to expel from the organisation the offender, when he and his friends voluntarily withdrew in order that he should not be reached. Rather than tolerate imposture and forgery, even when professedly in the interests of true philosophy, the Society submitted to the loss of many of its old and cherished members. Through what we may well believe will be the long future and prosperous history of our beloved Society, there will always remain this striking instance of devotion to fact, this eminent illustration of how the motto of the Society is not a meaningless phrase, but a principle of action, and all future members may look back with satisfaction upon a trial to which conscience and clear judgment proved wholly adequate.

But it is not less true that no policy is higher than Truth. The effect of reality is embodied in the old commercial maxim,

“Honesty is the best policy.” And this in two ways. In the first place, it is true in ethics as in mechanics, that nothing is stronger than its weakest part. If there is a deception, an inadequacy, a subterfuge at any point, it is through that that weakness will inhere, and when in the many strange cominglings of forces which life presents a strain arises, then and there will the structure break. Undoubtedly deceptions do occasionally ensure temporary success, but never in the long run. There can be no absolute and sure security unless from unqualified reality. And in the second place, he who seeks the accomplishment of his wishes through any degree of falsehood or pretence is in constant danger, and in constant fear, lest the secret should come to light. Come to light it certainly must in the passage of time, and then follow confusion, shame, failure. Only he can face the future with utter confidence who knows that there is nothing to be revealed, no secret to unveil, no falsehood to appear.

But pre-eminently is it the fact that no *religion* is higher than Truth. There is no supposed Divine voice, no imagined celestial revelation, no conceivable call of duty, no possible prompting to the inner soul, which can overturn the relation of religion to Truth and make Truth rest upon religion. Reality is the test of heavenly as of earthly things, and only reality is sure. Now the Theosophical Society's motto directly contravenes some of the most cherished positions in the history of religions.

(1) It annuls the value of creeds and confessions. Every creed is a human interpretation of a supposed Divine communication. The communication is not certain, and the interpretation is not assured. To assert the positive verity of a doubtful understanding of a dubious message is to give religious sanction to an uncertainty, and thus to affirm that religion may be higher than Truth. Theosophy sees creeds as partial expressions of single phases of Divine fact, the embodiment of the conceptions of the age, and temporary, because sure to be outgrown as knowledge expands and spiritual vision approaches nearer the Deity.

(2) The Theosophical Society's motto condemns every form of religious antagonism, most especially every form

of religious persecution. Only that is true to any man which he himself believes to be true. He cannot force belief, and any profession of other than his real conviction is an hypocrisy. Hence, when one attempts by cajolery or threats or coercion to extort a profession which does not really express the belief within, one is virtually asserting that a false utterance is religiously preferable to a genuine conviction—in other words, that a pretence is better than a fact, or that there *is* a religion higher than Truth. Every attempt, then, to enforce vocal orthodoxy at the expense of hypocrisy is a virtual assertion that religion may be sacrificed in the interests of *a* religion, and against such assertion the motto of the Theosophical Society uplifts itself in protest. If it were universally adopted, some of the bitterest experiences of humanity would be ended and many of the saddest and most shameful deeds of churches and nations be rendered for ever impossible.

(3) And this motto is fatal, too, to every imposture in the name of Truth, every notion that good may be achieved through the practice of evil, every fancy that duty can ever call to deception as a pioneer to right, every fear that Truth is unable to protect itself unless buttressed with falsehood. But it does even more. It puts firm hands on the religious humbug in individuals, churches, and nations, and holds it up to the light and to contempt. Sternly it cries that if a man claiming to be devout is not honest and fair, and just and truthful, and kindly and philanthropic, his devotion is hollow and his claim a pretence. His creeds and his prayers and his ritualistic observances make him more objectionable than if he was avowedly bad. So with churches. It proclaims that so long as their systems raise their adherents not a whit higher than are the mass around, so long as they permit in their membership men whose lives defy the religious precepts on which all churches rest, so long as excommunication for fraud and corruption is unknown, these bodies are but whited sepulchres and should be stigmatised accordingly. So, too, with nations. If the national religion forbids war, looting, treachery, cruelty, and if the nation practises all these, its use of a religious name is an affront and an audacity. The Theosophic motto will have none of it. It tears away pretence,

repudiates sham, denounces humbug in every form, not merely because they are revolting, but because, when called religious, they are damnable.

But some will say that the practice of the Theosophical Society is not consistent with its motto, for while asserting that Truth is free to all, and that concealment or suppression is contrary to its nature, there is still an avowal that important facts are in reserve, only to be disclosed to such persons as are considered worthy. There is no inconsistency here, however. Truth is certainly free to every man, but how can any man grasp it if without the necessary faculties? The laws of chemistry, of mechanics, of mathematics, are not hidden from children, they are as open to children as to adults; but to the childish mind, undeveloped and uncomprehending, they are meaningless, incomprehensible. The facts of the Higher Self, the inner laws of evolution, the profundities of esoteric philosophy—all these are accessible to one man as much as to another, but of what avail if he has yet no evolved faculty which can sense them? The *possibilities* of evolving it, the *method* of doing so, these are as open and explicit as daylight.

Still, it will be urged, there are avowedly mysteries in the Theosophical scheme, mysteries only solved as men advance in interior power; and is not the repression of them inconsistent with that entire exposition of Truth which must, as a policy, be superior to any claim by religion? Is not Truth able to take care of itself? Undoubtedly; but what if in the exposition of a Truth to a mind as yet incapable of seeing it truly, the result inevitably is an error? Suppose a man's eyes to be affected by gross astigmatism; you hold before him a most accurately painted picture, correct in every line and curve; his impression of what he sees is wholly erroneous, lines, proportions and shapes being utterly wrong. If, knowing his infirmity and its effect, you insist upon placing pictures before him, you are *for him* not exhibiting a reality but inflicting a distortion. It is just so when esoteric truth is held up before mental eyes vitiated by ignorance, prejudice, passion, or self-love; the truth is not and cannot be seen, and the only impression given is false and misleading. To such a mental state you are not expounding a

mystery, you are imposing a delusion. And until the vision is rendered normal by long remedial process, no esoteric philosophy can result in anything but grievous misapprehension and perhaps serious harm. The great Teachers of the ages have always acted upon this fact, reserving the deeper truths of the kosmos and the soul for those who were elect because of fitness, not denying the existence of such truths or falsely describing them, but passing them by for simpler verities until pupils were ripe for the disclosure.

“There is no religion higher than Truth.” This is the motto to-day of an Indian Prince and of a small Ethical Society. But this is not, I believe, to be the description of it which will hold at the end of the century we are beginning. There is too much of vital fact within it, too much of a sound principle running through all human lives and convictions and affairs, too much, in terse expression, of a world-wide law, for it to remain permanently unknown or inoperative. The Society itself is steadily sending its influence through nations and literatures and faiths—not, indeed, growing largely in membership, but, which is better, leavening contemporary thought. Year by year spring out new indications of how Theosophical conceptions are colouring authorship and moulding the minds which read; assent to Theosophical teachings is a frequent fact, presaging a frank avowal. These teachings, so rational, so satisfying, so invigorative to the mind and soul, are rapidly spreading through an age which is ripe for them, and we may expect them to become more potent with every year in the twentieth century. *Reality* is the cry of the scientist, it is vaguely sensed in the longings and dissatisfactions of sincere religionists in the churches, it is seen by the high-minded as the necessary antidote to all the shams and abuses which pervade Church and State. Gradually there will form a conviction that hypocrisy, dishonesty, pretence, must be dislodged from all legislation and all creeds, and that only thus can justice and security be established. The essence of religion will be found in truth, fact; and no compromise or chicanery be tolerated as a substitute for reality. First, the general mind will fully see that there is no religion higher than Truth, no duty, no safety, no success outside of it; and then the

motto itself will take its place not only as a terse expression of a world-wide policy, but as the avowed principle of a reformed and progressive age.

ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

MEDITATION IN THE WOODS

THE morning is cool and lovely, the air slightly hazy, but the sun is dispersing the fog and beaming in through the cabin door on "Tommy," the cat, who is lazily purring to his heart's content as if there was nothing to trouble about in this wide world. There is a serene peacefulness in the atmosphere, such as you only feel during summer mornings when the air is neither so hot as to be oppressive nor so cold as to benumb the feelings, but you can draw a full breath with pleasure and with a sense of being in harmony with nature. It is curious what an influence temperature has on temperament; it proves the strong link between the physical and the psychic realms of human nature, and it also shows how much we are dependent on outer causes and environment, and how many thoughts and acts which we thought were the result of our character and mental status are really but the results of external stimuli. The landmark between temperature and temperament is therefore not clearly observable when our nervous system is subjected to some strain by an irregular temperature. How often does intense heat fire the blood and the brain into a state of high irritability, to be followed by a condition of languid indifference!

How true is the Indian saying that the human body and its nerves are like the chords of the Vîná; if it be tuned too high or too low it cannot give forth harmonious sounds. And there is no means in all this world to attune the nature of man to a more perfect pitch than close communion with nature, especially at times when nature herself is in a peaceful and happy state, and in a mood to conjure up all her infinite resources of suggestive melodies, all the wondrous charms that are hidden in her

bosom, ready to be poured out on a sympathetic spirit. She is like a mother with a boundless store of love and tenderness, ready to listen to all the sorrows and worries of her children, of all the living beings which make their home on her. And yet, how few seek solace in their troubles from their mother earth. Why do they not respond when nature invites to confidence and meditation ?

Do we ever notice how the gentle breezes bend the twigs of the willows and make the leaves vibrate in a thousand ways and tunes to correspond to the vibrations of our palpitating hearts, or how the giant firs and cedars stand as emblems of strength and ruggedness and admonish our faltering minds with strength of will and purpose ; how the babbling brook, running gaily through the deep of the gully, narrates to us stories of the long forgotten past ; how the earth was once a seething cauldron, glowing with an intense heat like the sun, and naught but salamanders and fire-spirits could dwell on her ; how, when she cooled during interminable ages, other earth and water-spirits took up their abode and began fashioning earth into curious shapes and forms, infusing life into growing vegetation, with a harmony of sound and colour, because where there is life there is a tendency to harmony ; how each individual plant began to grow up to fill its mission on earth, to beautify nature, to express to a sympathetic mind a certain thought, a thought to be meditated and pondered over in our minds ?

Have you ever felt that nature is like an open book for us to read, each flower, each leaf being a suggestion, an incentive to learn some new secret, some new story that is hidden away from the ordinary senses of man ? And if we try to read it with our inner senses, reverently closing our eyes and outer senses for a glimpse of an inner sight, how lovingly does not nature herself respond to our advances and fill our longing souls with her life-giving essence. We feel all the nature-spirits floating round us in the air, like a chorus of elves, singing a Grecian hymn of purification ; we notice the birds ceasing their twitter and listening with religious awe to the sounding of the deep inner chords of nature, and we feel ourselves strengthened and purified as if an angel had kissed our brow. And the sun peeps in to see what

is going on, and infuses our blood with new life and our hearts to overflowing. And all nature, both spirits and mortals, join in the chorus of glory to the great giver of life, to the immortality of the soul; and the brook recites its story how it was born in the bowels of the earth from numerous little rivulets, and sent out on its altruistic mission to give life and birth to countless seeds, which the wind scatters round, just as the high spirits who watch the welfare of this planet scatter the unborn souls into the soil of their mother's womb to be born into this earth.

Thus does the story of life and change (which we call death) proceed in our midst without our being aware of it, unless we open our eyes to it. And how much we lose by closing our minds to the inner workings of nature. How can we understand the beauty of life and growth, unless we observe its growth or listen to the music of living things? In the very sadness and troubles of our hearts, we find in nature an ever-consoling and comforting mother, ready to attune her sorrow to ours, her suffering to our own; because, just as a mother labours when her child is born, so does nature suffer from the disharmony produced by all the iniquitous and heart-rending thoughts and acts throughout the world. We have only to listen in the evening, after sunset, to the wind as it sweeps through the forest in a mighty sigh, unutterably sad; again we can hear the howlings of the wind, like the outbursts of an angry passion, or the destructive action of the fire, the destroyer of life, but also the purifier of the soul. We can hear the strife of animals and plants as they wage war on each other, crushing the life of one another to make room for their own individuality. But we can also feel the repose of nature, when all forms are adapting themselves for the reception of that wonderful thing—a living, sentient soul. Nature is like man—full of contrasts, full of tragedies, yet full of love and inspiration. She is a storehouse of poetry and latent spirituality, and she is ever inviting us to share her knowledge, to cull from her wisdom; and if we approach her in the right spirit, and earnestly desirous to learn what she can teach us, she gives us a gift which nothing else can impart to us so completely, namely, peace of mind.

AXEL R. WACHTMEISTER,

THE GOSPEL OF THE LIVING CHRIST

THE idea of the intelligent ordering of the inner life of general religion (without distinction of sects) by the Servants of the Divine Economy, is a conception which as yet is very little understood. To admit that all the great world-faiths owe their inner genesis to the carrying out of some great plan, and that their inner life is watched over and tended by Those who have in charge the husbandry of spiritual things, is possible only for one who endeavours to look round upon the whole religious world with equal eye.

It is very difficult for the adherent of one particular faith, or the devotee of one particular teacher, to embrace so wide a prospect, for in order to do so he has to change the focus of his gaze, and look beyond the present area which occupies his whole attention. To use a different mode of expression, and employ the language of contemplation—so far he has been “one-pointed,” with all his thought concentrated on his own particular faith-form or on the form of the teacher who is the object of his love and worship.

But, as we are told, there is a higher state than that of concentration on an object. When the power of concentration on an object has been mastered, the mind is ready for the practice of meditation. The concentrated mind is no longer centred on a special form or object, but left in its own-form unmodified by outer forms, attentive only to the reception of the spiritual ideas from within, and the limitless illumination of Him to whom it aspires by its love of the Good and Beautiful and True.

When this state of meditation has once been realised, no longer can any special form be singled out as containing the whole truth of the inner life; on the contrary the idea of a true catholicity is brought to birth, and it is possible to understand that forms even of apparently the greatest diversity are all in

their several fashions partial representations of the living ideas behind them.

It is, however, not to be expected that the human mind can easily assent to the abandonment of forms to which it has been accustomed for centuries, and by concentration upon which it has experienced the intensity of many a fine enthusiasm. It can only by degrees learn the nature of the grander enthusiasm for the Life within and the guiding wisdom of the Light from which the formless ideas are radiated—ideas formless in so far only that no form of human conception can contain them.

It is presumably the great difficulty of attaining to these wider views without falling into a state of pure indifference or merely contemptuous tolerance, which renders them distasteful to the religious enthusiast. He feels that what is most necessary in religion is a lifting force—something to uplift *him*; and because he finds that his belief in a certain form gives him the feeling of assurance, he imagines that this form will be equally efficacious for the rest of the world. He has not yet learnt the true secret of the power of the world-helpers—their willingness to help all men in the way most suited to *their* existing beliefs and their present state of development. In spiritual things as in more mundane matters, to help a man, otherwise than by simply ministering to his physical needs, we must speak his language and not address him in a foreign tongue. So is it that the spiritual helper does not impose some other form upon the devotee, but vivifies the highest form the devotee himself can think or feel. Even when a pupil is directly taught, he often still persists in thinking that the new form he has conceived is given and consecrated by his Master, whereas, in reality, it is his own limitation of his Master's power.

How long, then, will it be before the religious enthusiast will learn that the consummation devoutly to be wished is not the compression of all human souls into his own particular theological mould—a pitilessly mechanical process which would only result in the indefinite multiplication of the religionist's own self-limitations! The purpose of life is to live and develop, and the ways of growth are not only as numerous as the souls of men, but each soul can evolve in an infinite number of forms. It

follows, then, if we are enthusiasts for the wider life of religion, and are striving to gain a deeper understanding of the possibilities of our common human nature, that so far from falling into the error of being intolerant of the forms of the various religions, we should recognise that all serve their purpose each in its own way.

If a man finds greater comfort in one form than in another, it is surely because it is for the time more suited to him ; he will assuredly grow out of it naturally as he evolves, but until he discovers for himself its limitations, it is unwise to try violently to uproot the form, lest haply the life should perish with its vehicle. It is not thus, we are told, wise husbandmen treat the man-plant.

The problem, however, which has now to be faced in the Western world, is that the mind of Christendom, by its own natural growth, is fast outwearing the forms in which it has been encased since the official establishment of the so-called Catholic Church. It is being gradually recognised by the most enlightened minds among both clergy and laity that the old forms are being rapidly outgrown, and that already many of the official dogmas of the Churches are found to be a burden which the fast-developing intellect of the present day can no longer tolerate, and this not only because of the extended knowledge of the laws underlying natural phenomena and the processes of thought, but also because of the conviction that the law of evolution should hold good in every department of life, and can only be banished from the domain of religion to its lasting detriment.

Already efforts are being made to expand the meaning of many of the dogmas of the Christian Faith ; in other words, the life is bursting through the forms. New interpretations of old formulæ are being sought ; new definitions are being attempted. The time, however, is still far from ripe for a reformulation of the dogmas of Christianity which would be acceptable to all the Churches of Christendom. Nor, in our opinion, is this to be regretted ; indeed in the present state of affairs, the longer such a reformulation is delayed, the better will it be for the in-working life.

There is a potent idea which is endeavouring to impress

itself upon the undogmatic conscience, and some few are beginning to understand, however dimly, that the future of harmonious growth is conditioned upon the law of unity in diversity; so long as there is a chance of making this idea live among the many, it would be inadvisable to attempt again to bind large masses of religionists in the shackles of new formulæ, which though less galling to the intellect than the ancient forms, would nevertheless be limitations and boundary-marks of division, in so far that they must in their nature consist of attempts to show how the supposed ultimate principles of Christianity differ from the supposed ultimate principles of other world-faiths.

On the other hand, without forms distinctive religions would cease to exist, and as yet few religionists can do without them. As we have already seen, forms are only hampering when they are outgrown, or nearly outgrown; till then, they are not only helpful, but necessary. The forms of popular religion again, are not those which are helpful to the most advanced minds of the time, but those which are suited to the average intelligence of the faith. Forms too subtle for the majority are beyond their understanding, and therefore of little immediate utility for the mass of believers.

As then there is a new spirit abroad, a new life stirring, it would be unwise to let it crystallise too rapidly, even though it should shape itself on lines of great intellectual beauty. The longer the formulation of the new life is delayed, the fairer will be the outer garment it will eventually assume, for the religious mind craves something more than a form of purely intellectual beauty.

As we have seen, many of the ancient forms of dogma and tradition are being cast into the critical melting-pot and much of their substance is being lost in the process. The cause of this, as we have endeavoured to point out, is the unskilful test-method of our biblical alchemists. Too much of the precious metal is lost in the process; they must temper their intellectual fire, or they will before long reduce all to a *caput mortuum*.

Is it, we ask, their intention to eliminate entirely the mystical element from religion? Is it, further, really scientific to adopt a purely theological test, and reject a mass of early mate-

rial which an unscientific past has decreed to be heretical? This brings us to a consideration of that mass of early dogma, tradition and legend which is classed as Gnostic.

We have recently collected together the material in a volume entitled *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, hoping that some few at least might be interested in a subject which is usually considered so foreign to modern methods of thought. It has, therefore, been a pleasant surprise to find that the book has been warmly welcomed by many thinking men and women, who find in it evidence of the existence in Early Christianity of elements which they have learned to appreciate from their study of the other great religions of the world, but for which they had previously searched in vain in General Christianity.

The main purpose of the volume was to give the material and let the earliest philosophers and mystics of Christianity speak for themselves without angry interruption or contemptuous comment. It was, of course, to be expected that any writer who was bold enough to provide conditions in which the "arch-heretics" of Christendom could plead their own case, would meet with no approval from the adherents of "orthodoxy," and it was also certain that purely rationalistic critics would make merry over the ideas of the Gnostics and lament the labour bestowed on a (in their opinion) so unprofitable subject. But the mistake made by both these two extremes of belief is the assumption that in some way the writer desires to revive the ancient forms of Gnosticism. We have, however, no desire to put new wine into old bottles, even though the old bottles may have once contained some part of the original vintage of the "True Vine."

We simply say: There is a neglected field of Early Christianity, fragments of a faith forgotten for all these centuries; you who talk of "primitive" Christianity—how do you explain the Gnosis? You who profess to be scientific and impartial investigators of evidence, who refuse to be bound by the uncritical opinion of Church Fathers and the prejudiced decisions of Councils, how do you explain one of the most important factors (if not *the* most important) in the birth and early development of Christian dogmatic theology? For our part, we have endeavoured to show that a full consideration of the factors which go to

form the background of early Gnosticism modifies to an extraordinary extent the generally accepted idea of the origins of Christianity.

But the question may be asked, what is the good of these Gnostic ideas to us to-day ; what is the use of disinterring these relics from the lumber-room of a forgotten past ?

There are of course certain minds who, when they put the question *cui bono*, refuse to be mollified by any answer short of an explanation of the cosmic purpose of things ; we ourselves are content with lesser " goods," and reply that as the best of these Gnostics numbered among them the most philosophical and trained minds of Early Christendom, it is good to hear what they had to say about the Christ and to learn the nature of their faith in Him. If we can get a wider view of Early Christianity, we can take a wider view of the present state of affairs. The Gnostics, as we think, give us this wider view of the faith and liberty of the first centuries.

But, some may say, no doubt a study of the Gnostics is useful from a historical point of view, and we may even take an antiquarian interest in the various elements incorporated into their systems, but what is the good of their strange speculations to us to-day ?

To this we reply : The ideas of the Gnosis are not to be judged solely by the forms in which the Gnostics clothed them, any more than the general doctrines of Christianity are to be judged by the dogmatic formulæ in which they have been encased by the Church Fathers and the decrees of the Councils. The forms of the Gnosis which have been preserved, are to-day, we admit, mainly of antiquarian interest, even as are also the dogmatic formularies of General Christianity for many people. But even so, they are very interesting, for these Gnostic forms are found to preserve elements from the mystery-traditions of antiquity in greater fullness than we find elsewhere.

So far, however, from desiring to revive the ancient *forms* of the Gnosis or of any of the old mystery-traditions, we are strongly convinced that no good can come of any such attempt. It is as retrograde a process as that a human soul on reincarnating should try to revive some ancient personality of his instead of

growing a new one. You cannot live again in a corpse ; though you may do a little " black magic " by means of it.

We, therefore, look with little favour on the attempts of some people to found " Gnostic Churches " (as is being attempted in France), and of others who profess to revive the old mystery-forms. We might as well try to revive the form of some ancient civilisation, and so become mere monkeys of our past selves instead of endeavouring to perfect ourselves into some more beautiful semblance of the Divine order and its infinite possibilities. What is desirable is to study the past not in order to copy without alteration, but in order that we may recover the memory of the lessons of experience it had to teach.

If then we find a form of beauty in antiquity, the effort of an evolving humanity should be to fashion one of still greater beauty ; if we find in the past the record of strenuous efforts to draw towards the heart of things, the endeavour of the present lovers of God in man should be still more strenuously to strive towards the inmost depths of the Divine Wisdom.

Now it is the doctrine of the *Living* Christ which is the most powerful incentive to strenuous effort in the life of Christendom to-day. But how few of those who believe that He lives and watches over them, can tolerate the idea that the Buddha lives and watches too, that Kṛiṣṇa, and Zoroaster, and all the Great Ones who have lived and worked on earth for human good, live on and watch ? More difficult still to believe,—that not only does the Christ watch over Christendom, but that He pours out His help and blessing not only on all who love the Father of our common manhood, but also on all who strive for human betterment no matter what their religious belief or disbelief. And not only does the Christ do this, but all His Brethren join with Him in the common task. They are not limited by our theological and racial differences. Theirs is the task to gather up the power set free by these differences and garner it into the Divine treasure-houses to be used as opportunity affords for the common helping of humanity.

This spiritual alchemy whereby the apparently most antagonistic forces are transmuted for the common good is a marvellous mystery to contemplate. To take a single instance

from the past. It is well known that the philosophy of Greece summed itself up in the Later Platonic School and for three centuries strenuously resisted the victorious on-march of General Christianity. It was the last rampart walled round the ancient culture, and the gallant fight of its defenders against overpowering odds forms one of the most interesting pages of our Western records. Many no doubt will say that these men fought against the Christ and their efforts deservedly came to naught. Christianity triumphed and Paganism received its death blow. It was a moral victory for the world; ethics overcame metaphysics.

But such hasty generalisations will not satisfy the impartial student of history; for the philosophic life was based on high ethical endeavour, the Later Platonists were confessedly men of high morality. Their failure was owing to their inability to cater for the multitude and to foresee the needs of the new races which were to develop in the Western world.

On the other hand, we can hardly believe that the better interests of Christianity were served by those who fought so furiously against all culture and intellectual development, least of all can we believe that they were in this the true servants of a Master of wisdom. At this time the more tolerant elements of Christendom were themselves being fast swamped by popular clamour. They were rapidly sinking out of sight, to remain hidden till a brighter day when the flood should have subsided and the shining of the sun of tolerance should once more enable them to germinate.

But the most interesting phenomenon for the philosophic mind to contemplate in all this hurly-burly, is that on both sides we find men who were trying to live according to their best convictions, who were strenuously fighting for what they considered to be the highest truth, and for what they thought to be the best means for the general good. It is very evident, therefore, that the power that was working in them was the same power; the difference, the antagonism, was in the forms and opinions, not in the life and ideas. Not only so, but the strenuousness begotten by the conflict developed the individual combatants far more than they would have been developed if left to themselves.

And if the power in them was of the same nature, we can see that the good purpose of the struggle was the deeper self-realisation of those of the combatants who were absolutely honest in their endeavours.

The force that they thus expended was not lost; it was ingathered into the common store-house, to be used again for their and our continued benefit.

Those who watch over this, who are the Servants of the Divine Economy, were called by some of the Gnostics "Receivers of Light," and blessed is the man who is worthy to do such service.

Do we, then, really think that the Christ would reject the soul of a Plotinus, of a Porphyry, or a Proclus, merely because they rejected the forms which an Irenæus, a Cyril, or a Theodoret claimed as the only forms in which His wisdom could be expressed?

And if this be so, what of our own times? Do we imagine that the Christ looks with less favour on a Darwin, or a Huxley, or a Büchner, than on the modern champions of orthodoxy; or again on the other hand, that He rejects the mystics of to-day in favour of the "advanced" critics? We think not; He is wise and knows the needs of our general human nature too well to wish that any part of us should starve.

But think of the infinite patience of it all; the unwearied watching that no opportunity should be missed for giving help in any possible way the human mind and heart should require!

Surely we must not have a lower estimate of a Master of wisdom than we have of an ordinary noble soul! And who of us would not, if we could, give help to all without distinction of race or creed?

If it were possible that such ideas could permeate the general life of the world, what a marvellously glorious future would lie before us. No longer should we war with one another, but should unite together to overcome the common enemy—ignorance, so that we might enter into the true gnosis of our common nature, and set our feet together upon the lowest rung of the ladder of that expanded self-consciousness that mounts to Deity.

No longer should we be anxious to declare ourselves Christians or Buddhists, Vedântists or Confucianists, Zoroastrians or Mohammedans, but we should strive to be lovers of truth wherever it is to be found, and candidates for baptism into that Holy Church of all races, climes and ages, whose members have been aiders and helpers of all religions, philosophies and sciences which the world may have from time to time required.

G. R. S. MEAD.

“MOST MUSICAL OF MOURNERS”

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHELLEY'S “ADONAIŠ”

THE elegy of *Adonais* has few rivals. It stands midway between *Lycidas* and *In Memoriam*, more individual than the former, less personal than Tennyson's lament.

The best definition of the poem is found in its fourth stanza, where Shelley apostrophises Urania as “most musical of mourners”; for *Adonais* is a rhapsody of love and grief, poignant in pathos, illimitable in vistas of “the larger hope.”

Let us listen to the strains of this “most musical of mourners,” and find, perhaps, the key to some of his harmonious utterances.

What is the secret power which can thus turn mourning into music? The first few stanzas give a clue, which will be found by all who share in the sympathetic vibrations between the great heart of Nature and the hearts of her children—the unity of all things.

The poet weeps for his friend; the spirit of poesy swells his lament—the mental creations of him who looked on Intellectual Beauty and saw therein his vision of Truth—those impalpable yet vital

Passion-wingéd ministers of thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music,

All these unite with Nature and the poet to voice the lament over that precious casket which once contained the fair jewel of the soul of Keats. We are constantly reminded that the physical vehicle is but the casket of the soul, and therein lies the triumph of the apostrophe, "O Death where is thy sting," of which *Adonais* is but an exquisite elaboration. Before the close of the poem we feel verily and indeed that "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Yet, humanity being human, the friend mourns the earthly "passing" of his brother-poet. The idea of the physical dissolution of the beloved's body cannot but be painful in the acute stage of imaginative grief. With what refinement does the poet touch on this first "horror of decay."

He will awake no more, oh, never more !
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling place ;
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
 So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
 Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Here we have the twin-law of death and resurrection, or time and eternity, the everlasting ocean, mother of the ebb and flow of tide—One Force, One Life, in myriad manifestation.

The poem has been well described by Shelley's biographer, Professor Dowden, as "an impassioned hymn of immortality of that spirit from which man arises, in which he lives and moves, and to the blessed life of which he returns at last."

"This," some will exclaim, "is absolute pantheism!" But if the term "pantheism" implies or connotes the idea of One Existence only, and one Nature-Spirit, with no independent centres of consciousness, then Shelley was something beyond a pantheist. For, reading on, we come soon to a pantheon of poets. They hail the new-comer as one of themselves. They rise to greet him.

"Robed in dazzling immortality
 Thou art become as one of us," they cry ;
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,

Silent alone, amid an Heaven of Song,
Assume thy wingéd throne, thou Vesper of our throng."

Is not this an exquisite presentment of the heaven of the poet? How well, too, does Shelley express, through the principle of Love, that beatitude at the heart of all things which it is the highest function of the poet to express. It is always Love stronger than Death—birth conquering decay—and Love, even though "among the ruins," rises omnipotent, triumphant, in its strength. Hear how he describes the poet's conception of the Heart of the Universe :

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That *Beauty* in which all things work and move,
That *Benediction* which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst.

It is curious to remember, while reading this beautiful apotheosis of immortality, that Shelley was branded as an "atheist" while living, and even now there are those (I speak from experience) who speak of him with bated breath as "an eccentric blasphemer"!

Here we have the great theosophic principle of Unity. The One Mind manifest in earth and air and sea and man. And this idea is expressed throughout the entire poem. The seasons personate the emotions with rhythmic sway of grief and love. Thus in the first stormy hours of new-born Spring she is made to "grieve" for Adonais; in the gales which are a storm of sorrow she

Threw down her kindling buds,
As if she Autumn were.

And again, speaking of the universal benediction of Spring :

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death.

There is Death and Re-birth. "The leprous corpse" transformed to the laughing light of flowers,

This brief glance at *Adonais* is sufficient to show us the rich store of theosophic thought and imagery in the mind of Shelley, “the poet’s poet.”

Reincarnation is evidently the underlying idea in such lines as the following :

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven’s light for ever shines, earth’s shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colour’d glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

Throughout the poem, too, we see the personification of thought-forms and emotion-forms, as we might call them. Speaking of the lament for the dead poet, among those who mourn are

The passion-wingéd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks.

And again :

And others came. . . . Desires and Adorations,
Wingéd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Fantasies.

But we must not quote further. To any student of Theosophy who has not read this elegy of *Adonais* much is unknown of the poetic beauty of this philosophy, which to some of us is fascinating by reason of its mystery—eloquent because of its silence on some of the deepest sanctities of life. No world-panacea this, no “patent” key to unlock every door, but a hint here, a mystic meaning there; twilight where once was “blackness of darkness,” hope instead of despair.

Theosophy and the writer of *Adonais* are alike, inasmuch as their work is silent, yet musical. From the few for the many :

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

LILY DUDDINGTON.

THE REFORMATION OF HIS REVERENCE

THE Reverend Josiah Kegisley sat, pen in hand, very busily putting the finishing touches to his Easter Sunday sermon before he proceeded to commit its florid periods to memory as was his wont. Whilst preparing the "extemporary" orations for which he was so justly famous, he was generally in an extremely bad temper; this evening proved no exception to the rule.

His gentle helpmate's brow had a worried look of pain, and her willing hands were distinctly tremulous when she replenished his tumbler for the fourth time. But still her tender blue eyes seemed filled with affectionate and marvelling admiration of her husband and of all his works, and she smiled whenever she caught his glance.

Now there is no doubt the Reverend Josiah liked admiration even from a mere wife! Indeed, it was the breath of life in his nostrils, the balm of Gilead to his vanity, and the oil of gladness whereby his exceedingly irritable nerves were kept in working order. But this night he was making an extraordinary effort to astonish and admonish his congregation, a more ambitious bid for the approbation of his hearers than ever before, and instead of finding his wife's docile and unvarying note of admiration soothing, she kept putting him out of tune with the subject which filled his mind and dominated his thoughts.

"For Heaven's sake, Agnes, go to bed! It's enough to make a cat nervous to have you sitting there staring and staring at one, and then the infer . . ., I mean the annoying click of your knitting needles drives me crazy. How can I be expected to write fluently about the spiritual aspect of the Second Advent when one of the most earthly of earthly women keeps eyes like saucers fixed on my face? Do go to bed."

Mrs. Kegisley folded up her knitting and rose immediately to obey him.

"I'm so sorry, Josiah," she began, but he waved an impatient hand to silence her, and again bent over his desk.

His wife dutifully kissed the back of her husband's head—it was the only bit of him within reach—and wished him good-night.

Then she stood for a moment uncertain. "May I"—she spoke in a low, hesitating voice—"would you like me to lock up the brandy before I go, Josiah?"

The Reverend Josiah Kegsley turned sharply, an oath trembling on his lips, and his wife cowered before his enraged look.

"Will you go?" he thundered, pointing to the door, watching until it closed behind her.

"Women," he muttered angrily, refreshing himself with a large sip out of the glass at his elbow, "were created to be thorns in our side I suppose!" And continuing in thought: "I think this will do; so I'll begin to learn it off as usual. My memory *has* been a fortune to me, first in palming off sermons written by the Early Fathers as my own—by Jove! if the rabid Protestants of Manchester had only known it! Half the sermons they most appreciated were written by Roman Catholics, by the way! Now since my call to London I have got into the knack of writing for myself, and I am winning the biggest reputation for eloquence of any Nonconformist Minister in town. Well, I flatter myself this sermon will only tend to enhance my character for oratory."

He concentrated his mind upon the written pages before him, repeating each word in a whisper as he read it, stopping every now and then to practise appropriate gestures and impressive facial expressions before the mirror hanging opposite his desk, realising that this was equally important in his profession as the words to which his acting would give point; and the Reverend Josiah was a heaven-born actor!

Chance and fate had combined, in unholy alliance, to pitchfork him into the ministry of one of the most powerful Dissenting Churches. He had always been ambitious, and no other way had opened which would as easily enable him to rise from his original calling of ill-paid assistant to a three-farthing draper,

who existed mainly by perennial bankrupt sales. So Josiah, in search for pinchbeck notoriety and cheap relaxation, had become the chief among a band of worthy youths, all equally inspired, who, accompanied by a number of immature but deserving young women, and chaperoned by many anæmic spinsters of uncertain years, would attempt to render the lot of the outcast and undeserving poor more picturesque by much open-air preaching, praying, and hymn-singing to the accompaniment of an asthmatic and minute portable harmonium.

Whilst engaged in these laudable endeavours to elevate the multitude and instruct them in doctrines tending to "sweetness and light," young Kegsley began to interest himself in a pretty little Methodist with whom he often found occasion to share his hymn-book. Her father proved to be a retired grocer, grown select and sanctimonious from the smallest of beginnings and the sharpest of practice. He was also providentially extremely susceptible to respectful flattery judiciously applied, and soon Josiah Kegsley ceased to be a grub in the drapery line, disappearing for a time into the chrysalis condition appertaining to a Training College, thence to emerge before long a full-blown Reverend Gentleman, to whom the well-to-do retired tradesman was proud to be father-in-law.

Since his "ordination" Josiah's career had been a long series of triumphs. He was sufficiently unscrupulous never to neglect an opportunity, and conscientious enough not to go too far. Latterly, however, the clergyman had found his ideas were not so plentiful, his imagery so powerful as of old, and he had taken to giving his tired, overstrained brain a fillip by a liberal dose of alcohol. Certainly the treatment was very efficacious, for the time being, but Josiah knew he was running a great risk in resorting to it, for like the greater proportion of Nonconformist ministers he was supposed to be a strictly pledged teetotaller.

Once or twice this habit of flying to his spirit-case for spiritual ideas gaining rather a hold on him, had been within an ace of getting him into serious scrapes, but good luck more than good management had saved him, and Josiah strove to be most careful not to exceed strict moderation,

The night he wrote and re-wrote his sermon upon the Second Advent his sympathetic wife, who winked at his lapses from the teetotal standard, had refilled his glass more often than usual, and the fact was patent in the man and also in his work.

Not that the sermon was incoherent or absurd; far from it, he had never written a more powerful or striking discourse in all his life. But the brandy he had consumed crept into his brain, sending his thoughts surging and turning round the Book of Revelation until the prophetic picture he painted of the Last Day was absolutely diabolical in its vivid colouring.

Taking for his text the words, "And the dead—shall rise first," he had drawn in lurid imagery with burning words a picture of the rapidly emptying graves, of the living saints joining their risen brethren in the air, and with mighty shouts of praise ascending to Heaven. He exhibited in horrible contrast the stricken and forsaken earth, the sinful husband seeking vainly for his translated wife, the worldly mother weeping over her innocent children whom she could not find, and bursting into agonised prayers when it was useless to pray. The scared crowds rushing to their various minsters' houses only to find the pastor had disappeared, then sweeping in mad horror of what they could not understand to wholesale suicide in the awful struggle to escape the inevitable fate in store for the whole world.

"Yes, I think I'll make them sit up with that," murmured Josiah a little thickly. He rose, and with rather unsteady hands concealed the brandy bottle behind a secret contrivance in his writing table, carefully locking the drawer.

"There'll be a slap-up collection I'll lay anything, this Easter Sunday! Well, I certainly deserve it for I've spared no trouble in working out my idea."

He yawned prodigiously and taking the precaution of carrying his shoes in order to soften his stumbling steps, Josiah crept upstairs towards his dressing room.

When he went into the cosy little bedroom Agnes was fast asleep. Conscious that the effect of the brandy he had consumed was rather more visible than he liked, Josiah was extremely careful not to wake up his wife.

He blew out the light he carried and crept softly into his portion of the bed, finding the gratefully warm hot bottle in its flannel jacket handy to his chilly toes where Agnes had thoughtfully left it.

"She's not a bad creature when all is said," thought her husband appreciating the timely attention. "Certainly she looks after my comforts well enough!"

His weary head sunk into the downy pillow and before many minutes had passed the minister's sonorous snores resounded throughout the room.

Josiah was startled into wakefulness by a sudden ringing sound unlike anything his ears had ever heard before.

The prosaic Chelsea bedroom was illuminated by a most brilliant light, but even as the effulgent brightness filled the brain Josiah realised that he was gazing on the beams of no earthly sun.

Could it be that. . . . ? His hair stood on end, his flesh crept with sickening terror, his tongue hung paralysed between his gaping jaws!

Fear, so ghastly, so terrible, that his one conscious longing was for death, filled his mind, when his staring eyes took in the scene before him.

It was over before he could well realise the full significance of what had taken place and that he was alone.

For those brief seconds he had watched his wife, her face and figure shining and changed into angelic beauty, rise miraculously into the quivering, flooding beam of light and float upwards, ever upwards, until a shout louder than any clap of thunder the world had ever known rent the air; the light disappeared and he found himself shaking, quivering and helpless in the darkness.

Josiah sank into a swooning heap on the ground, and lay there until the morning sunlight crept into his room.

He raised his chilled body upright and painfully staggered to the window, drawing up the blind and looking with hopeless eyes out into the street.

There seemed very little change there, perhaps a few more

blinds than usual were left undrawn, and at some of the doors the servants could be seen gathered in gesticulating groups.

But the pastor knew what these things meant. The Day of Judgment had dawned on the world; Agnes had been taken from the Wrath to Come, and he was left!

He knew, before he went to make his tormenting certainty sure, that his children would not be in their cots in the night nursery. Even the little maid of all work, who had so smilingly and cheerfully obeyed his most unreasonable whims, even she had gone. He was the only living being in the house, and a brooding desolation filled the empty, echoing rooms.

Josiah dressed himself feverishly. He seemed to grow perceptibly smaller when he took up his clerical coat. What horrible fate was his; the only parson, he supposed, left on the earth, surrounded by every kind of bad character. He groaned in anguish, and fell prostrate on his knees, only to spring up again with a despairing cry. What avail prayers now, he remembered, when the Last Trump had sounded!

The ghastly horror chilled the marrow in his bones, and the wretched man clutched his hat, anxious to rush with mad energy from the awful loneliness of his so-lately happy home. The memory of his children's merry voices rang maddeningly in his straining ears; what would he have given now to hear the cheerful click of Agnes's knitting needles! This deathly stillness twisted his nerves and tortured his throbbing brain.

He wandered down the row of stuccoed Chelsea villas and out into the broad thoroughfare below. Here the 'buses ran to and from the City, and the pulse of London could be felt in the hurrying crowds to be met night and morning going and returning from their daily toil.

To his intense joy Josiah found plenty of people about, cabs and carts darted to and fro, and the bustling stage-carriages appeared to be running much as usual.

Josiah hailed the driver of an omnibus and mounting up on top, sat himself down just behind the coachman.

"Got no conductor on board to-day!" he said, his words coming out with a jerk, glad to hear the sound of his own voice again and to be near a living man.

"Nah," replied the driver, shifting his quid of tobacco, and skilfully missing an unconscious pedestrian's head by barely an inch. "It's one of the rummiest starts I ever see. Scarcely one blawsted Johnnie of 'em turns up. Say, Mister, you're a Devil Dodger, wot's the truth abaht larst night's hearthquake and no end of people having disappeared?"

"I don't know myself yet," replied Josiah, his knees quaking, his heart almost ceasing to beat. "I'm afraid it's the End of this Race, the Second Advent!"

"Second Advent! Wot race is that, Sir? Never 'eard tell of such a race. Is it a 'andicap? Must be a fine sight if all the people"

"It isn't a horse race! This is the Day of Judgment. Only the wicked are left on earth, all the saints have been taken up to Heaven," cried Josiah with deep earnestness.

The omnibus driver grew very red in the face and his feelings found vent in a string of blasphemies.

"'Oo are yer trying to git at?" he demanded. "You're wicked are yer? Well, yer looks like it and no daht knahs best yerself but me? Dammy, I ain't been wicked, I ain't never done nuffink, I ain't. Me wicked indeed, and a blawsted lot of pence-nicking footboard frights turned into tin-pot saints gorn up ter 'eaven, just 'cause they was considerate to fussy old women I suppose! Garn wiv yer," he drew his vehicle close to the pavement. "Off my 'bus yer go, my 'osses don't draw no blimey sky-pilot as don't know 'ow ter git there 'imself, accordin' ter 'is own showing."

Josiah crept down from the omnibus too utterly crushed to remonstrate. He was feeling terribly hungry too, and the sight of an open A.B.C. brought his physical needs acutely before him.

He entered the shop and ordered a cup of coffee and a scone, with a feeble voice, eating ravenously when the simple food was placed before him. Even in this place there was an uneasy air of disquietude. Very few attendants fluttered about, whispering to each other fitfully and keeping expectant eyes upon the door.

"I never knew them girls so late before," the clergyman heard the manageress murmur; "and it's the very ones too that

are always punctual ain't turned up this morning. Can it be true what they are saying—but surely—” she gave a look of relief when her anxious eyes fell on Josiah's dog collar, “there's a parson, so it can't be true.”

Afraid of being questioned the miserable minister shrank from the woman's glance, and hastily swallowing the last of his coffee, he paid his bill and hurried out into the street again.

He wandered down the Brompton Road, passing strings of weeping women, and haggard-eyed men. No children were to be seen, and there was a decided dearth of policemen. Wherever one was found he was surrounded by a gesticulating group, all pressing round and begging him to help in the search for lost children and vanished relatives.

Outside the Oratory Josiah encountered an enormous crowd swaying backwards and forwards like a troubled sea, its numbers swelled every minute by new arrivals. Like all vast collections of human beings, the frantic excitement in each breast was soon redoubled by waves of autohypnotic feeling sweeping contagious and irresistible over all. Grown men wept unrestrained like little children, women ran shrieking and tearing their hair out in handfuls, whilst over all the horrible din the monotonous voices of some half dozen priests sounded, as they stood bare-headed above the crowd, beating their breasts, and with piercing cry calling, “Woe! Woe! Woe!” incessantly.

Hardly knowing how he got there, Josiah soon found himself in the heart of the surging mass of humanity, his voice added to the uproar, his anguished soul giving poignance to that awful cry.

“Woe! Woe! Woe!”

“What shall we do?” cried a man near the minister. “What can we do? There are only left of the many priests belonging to the Oratory that mere handful, and they are half wild themselves with fear. Why, you are a minister! Go away!” he added with a wild scream. “Jonah! Jonah! You are a Jonah! All the clergymen who did their duty are gone. It's men like you, hypocrites, wolves in sheeps' clothing, that have brought this calamity on us. Jonah! Jonah!”

The minister hurried away, struggling to get free from the

seething masses of humanity who surrounded him, his hands pressed to his ears to keep out the gruesome sound of mingled screams and cries that filled the shuddering air.

He noticed that the doors of the public houses were swinging to an endless procession of white, frightened-faced humanity which scrambled and quarrelled fiercely to gain entrance. The Reverend Josiah, forgetful of his clerical costume, pushed and elbowed his way with the rest into the nearest tavern, and forcing himself up to the bar by sheer muscular strength, fumbled in his pocket.

"Six pen'orth brandy," he ordered, throwing down the requisite coin before the barmaid.

The girl placed the small glass of spirit in front of him with a laugh, the impudence of which sounded galling in the customer's ears.

"You're the sixteenth parson as 'as bin in 'ere for brandy this morning," sneered the damsel. "We'll mike a pile out of black-coats ter-day."

Josiah swallowed the dram, his face crimson with shame, and once more merged into the horrors of the open air.

The excitement seemed to be growing in the smaller side streets; church bells far and near rang out a mad tocsin and the numbers of those thronging the pavements increased every second.

Suddenly a new note was added to the pandemonium by the hoarse voices of the newspaper hawkers crying their wares with leather lungs.

"Spe-shul, Spes-shill! The latest news of last night's disaster. 'Orrible earthquake! Millions missing! Serious telegrams from Ireland!"

"Well," thought Josiah, "the newspaper offices are not depopulated, but I might have guessed no one would be missing to-day who ever had much to do with *them*."

He bought one of the freshly printed sheets, and turning into the Park sat down on a vacant seat to read the contents.

The paper in which he had invested proved to be one of the newer journals dealing largely in alliterative and double leaded headlines.

The copy in his hands was simply spotted all over with alarming titles. Evidently the geniuses of that office revelled in the general amazement which had overwhelmed the nation.

With hot, bloodshot eyes Josiah scanned paragraph after paragraph, taking in to the full the extent of what the sheet in his hand termed "A World-wide Catastrophe."

Telegrams from many parts of the globe all told the same tale of an unknown and awful sound, a flooding light, and myriads who had disappeared from off the face of the earth.

There were stories innumerable, well authenticated and witnessed, of people seeing for one brief second in that soul-displaying light, the faces of those they had loved, the deeply-mourned, the never-forgotten but long dead; yet the trembling minister searched in vain for any account of the subsidence and upheavals he had prophesied in his sermon would take place in the churchyards and cemeteries.

"Then there was something in the spiritualistic theory of the dead being all around us unseen," he whispered, "and in their having left off their bodies like worn-out clothes. If I'd only known! If I'd only known!"

A long and erudite editorial dealt with the phenomena from a quasi-scientific point of view, bristling with polysyllabic words, and making many references to "actinic light," the "X-rays," etc. Of course the whole matter was perfectly explainable, argued the editor behind the infallible "we" of journalistic anonymity, and the fanatics who were trying to place a religious significance upon a purely natural phenomenon must be not only derided, but rigorously suppressed. The reader had only to cast his eye down the two long columns of well-known names (published on another page) to see how little ground there was for these childish and hysterical alarms. These lists, prepared with the usual up-to-date energy of the *Daily Courier*, had been compiled by house to house visitation immediately after the earthquake amongst the best known incumbents of the largest Established and Disestablished Churches of London, and contained names which were of themselves a guarantee that the Saints had not been translated. Of course stress might be laid on indisputable facts—recorded in the news column—such

as the wholesale disappearance of the inhabitants of some charitable institutions, the entire vanishing of staff and patients from most of the hospitals, and the extremely scanty remnant remaining in many religious houses. Still it was a strong argument against the Second Advent theory—so said the paper—that the double column of ministers, including *all* the members of the Church Scientific Association, had professed themselves extremely sceptical of any such occurrence being possible at all, now or at any time. They explained the various texts of Scripture which heretofore had erroneously been supposed to prophesy such an event as purely allegorical.

The Reverend Josiah shivered, and bitter tears of unavailing remorse ran down his cheeks. He knew better!

Were any other argument necessary, the leader went on, it would be found in the fact that the two corybantic excrescences on the face of calm Religious Belief of the twentieth century, those anachronisms of Latter Day Crusades, "The Church Fire Brigade" and "The Salvation Navy," had root and branch been swept away; no trace of them could be found. Now no rational being in their sober senses could refer to these Dancing Dervish religionists as "saints." Ergo, it was not the saints who had de-materialised in the violent electric current following the recent atmospheric disturbances!

The parson turned with an angry and despairing shrug of his shoulders to the other columns. Everywhere his eyes met tales of terrible accidents, here of trains left without drivers or guards, there of signalmen—most patient and hard-worked of the thousands who labour in the service of humanity—vanished from their boxes. Bakers "were not," who a moment before had been toiling in the fetid bakehouses; men and women of all classes, those who could least be spared, were reported "missing."

The Reverend Josiah Kegsley dropped his paper, he felt his overstrung nerves were giving way. He threw himself lengthways on the bench and shut out the glaring sunshine from his eyes by laying his hat over his face, too wretched to care about his tramplike appearance.

His whole soul cried out for one touch of his vanished wife's hand, one glance at the baby faces of his children, but his out-

raged body had borne to the full its burden, nature came to his help, and sleep, deep and unconscious, fell suddenly upon him, bringing merciful oblivion.

The sun was disappearing when the minister awoke. He sat up and stared stupidly around him, wondering how he came in the midst of these whirling carriages and crowds of gaily dressed people.

The noise of advancing footsteps recalled him to present things; two well set-up military-looking men were approaching.

"'Pon my soul, I can't understand the matter," the elder of the two was saying. "The Barracks half emptied in one night! Why, it's wholesale desertion!"

"Perhaps the poor chaps have not got the fever out of their bones that this accursed campaign gave them. Really, Priestly, they have behaved like heroes all through the fighting—I won't believe they have deserted. It's only one more wonder added to last night's mysteries."

"But is it not only the 'unco guid' who are supposed to be translated à la Enoch?" replied the first speaker, a sneering laugh punctuating his words. "Now, my dear fellow, I put it to you, could you call a foul-mouthed Tommy a saint?"

"Poor chaps, they have borne enough hardships cheerfully lately, and done their duty manfully in the face of fearful odds often enough in South Africa to rank as saints. If this *is* the Day of Judgment I'd rather stand in their ill-fitting regulation boots than in my own shoes."

The speakers passed out of earshot, and once more the desolate minister roused his sluggish limbs into action.

From the evening papers Josiah gleaned that the world at large was beginning to get over the first effects of the shock.

Parliament had met that afternoon, but few members being absent from their accustomed places, and an exceedingly full House was at the time of publication still sitting, discussing a hasty measure which had been introduced to cope with the disorder and anarchy breaking out all over the United Kingdom

Josiah learnt from this same paper that business on the Stock Exchange and in the Law Courts had been carried on precisely in the usual manner. The Exchange Quotations

fluctuated fearfully, and there was a "General Second Advent Slump" in all securities, but the Markets were already recovering their tone and Bulling and Bearing went on as of yore.

Thinking it must be nearly time once more to refresh his starving body, Josiah continued his walk through Hyde Park and up Piccadilly. He chose a little-known restaurant in a side street, and after counting the money in his pocket, entered its doors. The place was very full, the company cosmopolitan and decidedly mixed.

Josiah could find only one vacant seat, and took it reluctantly, for two women were already seated at the table.

Their appearance was the reverse of prepossessing, and the minister glanced away with a shiver of disgust.

Hollow-eyed and sallow, their skins rendered hideous by the abuse of cosmetics now ten times more horrible without their nightly coating of paint, their untidy hair tumbled together anyhow, and an air of not caring for appearances about them which was indescribably revolting.

One, hoarse and almost inaudible from a severe cold, was speaking to her companion:

"You remember, Mary, don't you—Pollie, we called 'er, Mary Adams was 'er naime—you know, 'er as was billed as 'Magdalen Murillo.' Gawd knows she was a true pal to me! She and me 'ave lived tergether this two year back, me being delicate and all, I'd a starved in the streets, but fur 'er! She just stinted 'erself ter keep a little brother in an 'ome school all the time. Never 'ad 'im near us, mind yer! Well, as I'm a living sinner, larst night I wakes up to find Pollie standing in a blaze o' light by the bed." The girl's cough made her break off her narrative for a few seconds to clear her throat. "'Mother,' she was crying, looking up jest as if she saw someone, 'Mother, I've done my best for Bobbie, as I promised you when you lay dying, and wot I did wrong was done for his sake. Have yer really come fer me, Mother, dear?' With that Pollie flies up and disappears."

Her companion stared incredulously.

"No kid?" she enquired breathlessly.

"Gorspel truth," declared the other. "There's a many

gorn from our shop. The manager was blue with rage when they didn't turn up for rehearsal to-day."

"Wot'll be the end of it?" asked the second girl with a badly feigned laugh.

"Fire and brimstone, I suppose," whispered the still choking girl, "but ask the parson there, he'll know."

They both leered across the table at Josiah.

"I've a quid," cried the first, "let's drink a bottle of fizz apiece, and then —"

"Yes?" the hacking cough rendered her nearly speechless, "Yes, after that?"

"The river! I dursn't face any Judgment Day!"

The reckless words, spoken with convincing earnestness, thrilled the listening clergyman. He pushed back his own plate and rushed out of the restaurant. He, too, would end it, he would rid himself of the vile body that tied him to the earth, and send his naked soul out into the Unknown to learn the worst of what lay before him!

He hurried on, hardly noticing the streets through which his shaking legs carried him, past the National Gallery and Charing Cross Station, then along the Strand, mingling in the weeping scared crowds. At Exeter Hall he found a large Missionary Meeting was just beginning, held under the auspices of the Christian Commerce Civilisation and Conversion Society, a well-known philanthropic corporation which supplies corrosive German spirits, Bibles and other blessings to millions of benighted Chinese ignorant heretofore of such good gifts.

Josiah listened whilst the chairman, an unctuous-voiced, export wine merchant, his words pouring out in oily utterances, opened the meeting with prayer, drawing the Almighty's attention to the wonderful doings of his own little sect and all their society accomplished in comparison to other Churches, whom he assured the Most High only offered "lip worship."

The gladsome groans of his hearers whereby they applauded this effort of prayerful rhetoric were rudely broken into by Josiah.

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees," he cried. "Repent! Repent! But it's too late! The Day of Judgment is already here!"

"Put that man out, give him in charge," shouted the chairman, his dronings suddenly ceasing, and changing into ludicrous tones of spluttering rage; but Josiah was already half way down the stairs and reached the street before any of the astonished congregation could stop him.

He crossed the road and turned his face to the Embankment. The cup of his misery was full; he had resolved to die.

Josiah stood leaning on the granite walls guarding the indigo waters of the rushing river, silent and absorbed for some minutes, taking his last look on the dying world.

His teeming thoughts were interrupted by a distant sound of many voices, and the surging of tramping feet. Coming towards him from the direction of Blackfriars Bridge he could distinguish a mob of many thousand people. They carried flaring blood-red banners, and already the sound of their shrieks reached his ears.

"Fly for your life!" A well-dressed man, the blood streaming from some ugly cuts, passed him, and Josiah, almost without volition of his own, joined in the mad race. "All the devils of Hell incarnate are loose. Whitechapel has risen, and the scum of God's earth is abroad. The men, wild beasts rather, are murdering everyone they meet, and the women—unsexed furies—are pillaging and burning in their wake."

His breath came in sobbing gasps, but he still managed to make the minister who was following hard in his wake understand.

"Where are the police and military to stop them?" Josiah demanded, "surely *all* honest citizens"

"None are left. From the reeking dens and rents of the overcrowded East, a white-clad host flew upward last night, the poor, the starving, the outcast, and the unfortunate. Men wicked according to man's laws, who had loved their neighbours, women infamous by repute, in whom the spark of Divine Life had been kept alight by good deeds to the yet more wretched; those who had done their duty, who had lived the unselfish lives of the uncomplaining poor; those who had visited the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and those who had kept themselves unspotted from the miserly money-grabbing spirit of the age, not

one was forgotten, not one left behind! When the restraining influence of their presence was gone, the refuse that remained gathered into a foul wave of vicious fury and is now sweeping the streets before them. I can run no more," he stumbled and fell heavily into the gutter. "Save yourself, never mind me."

But Josiah Kegisley knelt down by the side of the exhausted man.

"I will not leave you," he said quietly. "We will die together."

"You are a clergyman," murmured the other, "can you say a prayer for us both? Is it too late?"

Josiah bent his head and clasped the fainting man's hand in his own, murmuring the prayer of the Dying Thief, then he rose, and standing before the wounded fugitive, he faced the howling mob, who, like a pack of wolves thirsting for blood, literally bayed at the sight of prey.

For what seemed an eternity he gazed at the rapidly nearing sea of evil, lustful faces, the hundreds of bloodshot, drink-bleared eyes burning into his own, foul breaths pouring from open, dripping jaws in stifling mephitic vapours.

They were upon him; clutching hands innumerable seized him, he was lifted high over the heads of the yelling crowd, expecting every moment to be rent in pieces by the straining claws fixed in every part of his body. Oh Heaven, the agony of that moment! Perspiration poured from him; would the bitterness of death never be past? . . .

The Reverend Josiah Kegisley lay flat on the broad of his back, his eyes still tightly bound by sleep, his mouth open and a series of alarming snorts issuing from his nostrils.

His wife could notice by the early morning sunlight which was stealing into the room, that his forehead was damp, and his body twitching.

"I am sure he will have a horrible nightmare. He always does when he sleeps on his back," she murmured. "Really I must try to rouse him! Josiah! Josiah, my love!" She shook the groaning man gently, "you are lying on your back, and snoring most frightfully!"

“What! What!” the minister passed his hand over his eyes once or twice. “Is that you, Agnes, my darling? Then the Second Ad . . . I was only dreaming! Oh, thank God, thank God!”

“You’ve been snoring most dreadfully for over half an hour, I thought you would have a nightmare,” remarked his wife. “It is time for me to get up now. You lie still for a little and I will bring you a cup of tea.”

About half past eleven that morning the Reverend Josiah Kagsley might have been seen coming out of a brother minister’s study, holding a signed pledge card in his hand, and wearing a very new piece of blue ribbon in his buttonhole.

The habitués of the Tin Tabernacle, where he officiates, still speak wonderingly of that Easter Sunday sermon, and the collection taken up thereafter, was indeed a record one.

The Reverend Josiah Kagsley is undoubtedly very kind of late to his wife Agnes, and allows her to look after all his creature comforts just as thoroughly as she may feel inclined. She brews him many cups of strong tea when he is preparing his sermons, and the hiding place in the writing table is empty!

ANDREW MERRY.

THEY asked Lukmān, “Of whom didst thou learn manners?” He replied: “From the unmannerly. Whatever I saw them do which I disapproved of, that I abstained from doing.”

Not e’en in jest a playful word is said,
 But to the wise ’twill prove a fruitful theme.
 To fools a hundred chapters may be read
 Of grave import; to them they’ll jesting seem.

(From the Gulistān of SHEKH SĀDĪ of Shiraz.)

A MARTYRED NATION

THE SLAVS AND THEIR ANCIENT CULT

THE story of a whole people martyred for their faith is one which has no parallel in history; it is a tale which has never been fully related. The story of that death struggle between the crude fanaticism of Christian Teutonic missionaries, that misrepresentation of the teachings of the Christ which came with fire, sword and misery as weapons, and the sweetest, the highest in conception of all the early barbarian religions, this story is at the same time one which, if followed closely, involves the study of a true "religion of light"; for beneath the poetic veils of Slav mythology and the cults of ancient Slav Gods lies hidden the universal wisdom-religion of the world.

As the storm of that battle of the creeds raged through centuries round the silent temples of the Slavs, drawing closer and closer yet to the Palladium of Arcona, the hot blood of a young race flamed up in rage and thirst for liberty. With that passion of anger came reprisals; the blood of enemies and of alien preachers ran in the Slav temples, bloody sacrifices were offered to the offended Gods in their insulted shrines.

Within five hundred years of the present time the stern form conquered, the victory was complete; the fair spirit of the ancient faith fled with the souls of its best defenders; all that remained of the old religion was a darkened ritual of the martyred people, a shattered tribe of slaves. Arcona had fallen. The Power was dead.

Before we seek among the symbols of this ruined worship for the shining of the one underlying truth which is the root and source of all worship, we must try to learn, by study of the testimony of eye witnesses and even of adversaries, who and what these slaughtered people were, this eldest branch of the green Slavonic tree.

The root of the Slav mythology was the teaching found in old Russia, in the country which lay the nearest to the East; nevertheless the story of the cult and of the fight for its defence is chiefly the history of the Baltic Slavs, now almost extinct. There was a kindred struggle in Russia, but there Byzantine influence took the place of Teutonic force; the sway of the great temples of Retra and Arcona was so mighty, and the fact that these Baltic Slav tribes died, one and all, for their faith is so heroic, that we shall tell at first only of their struggle with the Teutons.

Let us picture first the land in which they dwelt till the Teutons came with the cross and the sword, to fell the emerald forests which formed the only beauty of the cold, though picturesque, shores of the Baltic.

The country was rich in water,* sacred lakes, the foaming waves of the Péna River, the Oder, the Vista, the Varta, and many more; in the North, too, lay the grey, majestic sea. It was a rich country; one of its centres, Yumna (Volyn) was the largest city of its time (XIth century) in these parts. Adam of Bremen, the German chronicler of that century, says: "Yumna is, without doubt, the greatest of European towns; there live Slavs as well as Greeks and Barbarians. Foreigners, Saxons, are welcome to dwell there under the restriction not to spread the Christian creed. In that city one finds all that is curious and rare."

It was destroyed in the XIIth century, and Stettin took its place as the metropolis. Stettin was built on three hills, on the highest of which rose the temple of Triglav, the three-headed God—the Trinity's image. Stargard was also a great centre of national life.

Justice requires us to remark that the merchant inhabitants of these cities were not all peace lovers; especially is this true of them in the IXth century. They became sometimes "Kings of the sea," in other words, pirates. This was the case chiefly with those islanders of Fembra and Ruyana, who had before them the example of the Scandinavian Vikings.

* See "Papers on Slav Mythology," by Rosanoff and Milukoff in *The History of the Middle Age*. Moscow; 1898, Vinogradoff,

The basis of the national life of these Baltic tribes was the *iupa*, or blood-tie between many members of their community; it was called also: brotherhood. Its elder was called *joupan* or *knez*, which means prince.

Frank chronicles (Fredegard) tell us of a legendary prince of the Slavs, by name Samo, who reigned about the year 623. He appeared, no one knew whence, in the war with the Avaro, whose chief was named Bayan. This mysterious chief, Samo, helped the Slavs to victory and became their ruler, leaving, however, their princes as their tribal governors. His monarchy endured thirty-five years, but it broke up after his death, of which nothing is known, so that some historians are disposed to doubt his existence.

The early Slav families bore different names: Venetes, Ants, Amazoni, Galli.* All that district of Europe which overflowed with their tribes bore the name of Slavia, in which, like an isle in a vast sea, was enshrined their ally and kin Litwa, the old Lithuania of a different origin, but similar in faith.

Let us turn to old chronicles and to the writings of modern students to gain testimony as to the characteristics of this people of Slavia.

Helmold, a Christian priest who lived near Lubek in the twelfth century, who was an eyewitness of the general character of the life of the Slavs as a nation, and who was also unprejudiced and earnest, says "that he has convinced himself of the truth of the saying that there is no people on earth kinder and better to strangers than the Slavs."† The God of Retra was the god of hospitality.

The anonymous author of *Vita S. Othonis* says (p. 653, ed. Lud.): "In Pomerania and in the whole of Baltic Slavia there are no poor, no mendicants; when a man is ill or old his heir is made to look after him, which is ever accomplished with tender, humane care."

Humanity was coupled with purity. "They held," says Hilferding,‡ "that continence was dear to the gods." They

* Tatistcheff, *Russian History* (XVIIIth cent. edition).

† *Slav Chronicles* (785-1170) i. 83.

‡ *History of the Baltic Slavs*.

seldom took an oath, thinking it as much an offence to the gods as the breaking of the given word. They were particularly afraid to swear by the chief deities, and pledged themselves rather by the names of holy sources. Sreznevsky tells us that an alliance concluded at a well source was the most sure. They also swore by trees and stones; but as far as possible, they forebore to swear. All was open in the land, even most of the temples, though they were often quite isolated in the woods.

Ibn-Potylan, the Arab, tells us the Slavs never visited the sick, on the other hand, another Arab, Mas'oudy, bears testimony to the contrary, for he writes: "The sick were visited every day."

When the first Christian missionary, a Spaniard, Bernard by name, appeared in Volyn,* the priests and people to whom he preached in an unknown language of unknown things, through an interpreter, at first believed him to be mad; full of pity, they offered him a boat to return home. Thereupon he became very angry and obstinate; he seized a hatchet and began to destroy the sacred column placed near the shrine of Volyn. The spectators of this action, also angered, seized him, threw him down, and beat him. The priests intervened and took him out of their hands; they brought him to the previously offered boat, which was launched on the waves with jokes and ironical farewells (Ebbo, 36-38).

To these people, pure, brave and gentle, there came soon the self-styled followers and servants of the Master of Gentleness; they came to make the Cross known to them by its shadow only; what but the shadow could they bring who strove to do the work of love by the arms of hate? The Cross was, moreover, already a sacred symbol of the Slavs; the wise and tolerant Mas'oudy tells us that when the cast-off body of a Slav left his house for its last journey, the bearers, as they lifted the body over the threshold, made with the litter the sign of the Cross.

The unclouded childhood of the Slav race, the happy centuries passed under fatherly care, were at last ended. The struggle began. In the epoch of Carolus Magnus the first attempts at conversion to (so-called) Christianity were made; these were un-

* Hilferding, *History of the Baltic Slavs*

attended by the faintest success. The energetic Othon I. attempted to establish Christian missions among the Slavs; he even created bishops in Havelberg and in Branibar. These missions and bishoprics were the first to be destroyed when, in the days of his successors, the Slavs arose to shake off the hated yoke; they saw that the new preachers were arrogant and exacting; that the establishment of the new Church meant heavy tribute, slavery, unintelligible chaunts and preaching.

In the year 1000 they were free of it again, but not for long. A more ideal attempt at conversion was made, this time by a Slav prince; he had studied in foreign lands; he spoke to the people in their native language, and told them of the deeper Christian truths; up to the year 1066 he was successful; then the pagan priests used his devotion to the foreign cult as a means to render him an object of suspicion in the eyes of his subjects and fellow countrymen; he was killed in a revolt. From that time onwards the struggle was pursued, with varying fortunes; in 1168 a Danish fleet appeared at the doors of the island temple of Arcona, the Holy of Holies of all Slavia; and the shrine of Sviatovit was destroyed. Henry, Duke of Saxony, received from the Danes a share in the rule of the isle of Ruja (or Ruyana), the Rügen of our times; thus holding his hard hand pressed on the heart of the people, with Arcona in ruins under his sway, little by little he stopped the flow of life in the Slav land. For two hundred years more the throes of agony went on; wars had burnt and drenched the soil; the monks weighed down the joyous and keen intellect of the people; their bodies also had no escape. The chief of the province (the conquered Zverine tribe), Huntzelin, was ordered to kill and hang the Slavs without mercy. The miserable remnants of the nation were forced to migrate to Denmark and Pomerania where they were caught and sold as slaves.

German and Dutch colonists and monastical orders were called upon to cultivate the impoverished soil, and to raise the burned cathedrals on the ruins of pagan Slav temples. At last the struggle was truly at an end; the newly imported elements formed a new nation; and to-day scarcely a trace remains of this whole people who were condemned, tortured and killed for the crime of dauntless loyalty to their Faith. A RUSSIAN.

OF THE CREATIVE WAY

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. NIETZSCHE. BY A. A. W.

THUS spake Zarathustra :

Wouldst thou, my brother, go into Solitude? Wouldst thou seek the way to thine own Self? Stay awhile and hearken to me.

“He who seeks will most likely lose himself. All solitude is suspicious.” Thus speak the multitude. And for long thou, too, hast belonged to the Common Herd.

The voice of the Herd will resound within thee; and when thou art forced to reply, “I have no longer the same conscience as you!” it will be pain and grief to thee.

See, this common consciousness had its beginning in the pain of being separate, and the last glimmer of this common consciousness glows yet upon thy trouble.

Thou art resolved, nevertheless, to seek out thy trouble, which is the way to thy Self! First show me thy right and thy power for it!

Art thou a new Power and a new Right? A First Cause? A self-rolling wheel? Canst thou make the stars turn round Thee?

Alas, there is too much vain longing to rise; there are so many empty thrills of ambition. Prove to me that thou art not one of these mere wishers!

Alas, many great thoughts there are which are no more than bellows; they puff up and leave one emptier than before.

Free dost thou call thyself? Let me hear thy ruling Thought—not merely that thou hast thrown aside a yoke!

Art thou one who has a *right* to throw off the yoke? Many there are who have thrown away with their bond of service all that was of worth in them.

Free *from* what? What matters that to Zarathustra? Clear must thine eye show me *for* what thou art free.

Canst thou determine thine own good and evil, and hang thine own Will above thee for a Law? Canst thou be Judge over thyself, and the Avenger of this thy Law?

Terrible it is to stand alone with the Judge and the Avenger of thine own Law.

Thus will a star be cast out into the outer darkness, and to the icy breath of the Solitude.

To-day, thou Solitary, thou sufferest from the Herd; to-day thou hast yet thy whole courage and thy full hope.

But the time will come when thy Solitude will overpower thee; when thy pride will bow itself, and thy courage gnash its teeth. Then thou wilt shriek "I am alone!"

The time will come when thou wilt see thy nobleness no more, but thy meanness all too near; thy very greatness will frighten thee, like a ghost. Then wilt thou cry "All is false."

There are feelings which would slay the Solitary; if not, they must themselves die. Art thou strong enough to be their murderer?

Dost thou know, my brother, what contempt means, and how hard it is to be just to those who contemn thee?

Thou wilt force many to change their opinion of thee, and that they will all resent. Thou didst come beside them, and pass forwards; *that* they can never forgive.

Thou dost pass beyond them; but the higher thou climbest the smaller dost thou seem to the eye of envy. And one who soars above them is hated most of all.

Thou must learn to say: "How could such as they understand me? I *choose* their contempt as my fitting portion."

Filth and shame they cast at the Solitary; but, my brother, if thou wilt be a Star thou must shine upon them all the same!

And beware most of all of the good and righteous! They are always ready to crucify those who form their own standard of virtue; they hate the Solitary!

Beware also of Holy Simplicity! All is to her wickedness which is not simple; and she plays freely with the fire—and the stake!

And beware also of the impulses of thy Love! Too easily does the Solitary stretch forth his hand to those he meets.

To many, I would have him hold out, not a hand, but a paw—and that with claws outstretched!

But the worst enemy of all thou wilt meet will ever be thyself. And the way leads by thee, and thy seven devils in thee!

A heretic wilt thou be to thyself, and a wizard—a prophet, and a fool, and an unbeliever, and unholy, and a sinner!

Thou must *will* to burn thyself in thine own flames, how canst thou be made new, unless thou first become ashes?

Solitary, thou goest the way of the Creator: a God wilt thou make for thyself out of thy seven devils!

Solitary, thou goest the way of the Lover: thou lovest thyself, and for this very thing thou despisest thyself, as only Lovers can despise.

The Lover wills to create, because he despises. What knows he of Love, who is not forced utterly to despise what he loves?

Go, with thy Love, with thy Creative Power, into thy solitude, my brother; in time, but after long time, Righteousness will come, halting, after thee.

Go, with my tears, into thy solitude, my brother. I love him who must create something above and beyond himself, and thus brings his life to wreck.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

INTERCOURSE WITH THE HIGHER SELF.

EVERY one has his good day, when he finds his Higher Self; and true Humanity bids us judge everyone according to this, his good time, and not by the mere working days of servitude and darkness. But men differ much one from another in their dealing with their Higher Self; and many pass the rest of their lives as play-actors, in conscious imitation of what they were then. Many live in anxious fear of their Ideal, and would gladly deny it, for when it speaks, it speaks with authority. Moreover, it has the Spirit's freedom to come and go as it wills—it is often for this reason called a gift of the Gods; whereas, in truth, everything *else* is a gift of the Gods, but *this* is the true man himself.—F. NIETZSCHE.

THE SIKH GURUS*

6. *Guru Hargovind* (A.D. 1606-1638)

WE now enter on a period in the Sikh history where there is much obscurity, as the Sikh accounts concerning their later Gurus from Hargovind to Govind Singh are frequently contradictory among themselves as well as different from the accounts given by Mohammedan writers. This period of their history, therefore, requires a good deal of critical sifting, the materials for which are not as yet available. Hence the following account can be only a bare outline, based in the main upon Prof. Trumpp's sketch.

After the death of Guru Arjûn troubles arose in the Sikh community. Hargovind, Arjûn's son, was young, and his uncle Prithi-mall claimed the succession, and seems to have intrigued not a little at the court of Delhi to obtain the Emperor's support. His intrigues, however, appear to have disgusted the Sikhs, for Hargovind eventually obtained full recognition as the sixth Guru, and Prithi-mall is not even regarded as ever having held the office.

The transformation of the Sikh community from a body of religious devotees into a warlike and worldly organisation, which Guru Arjûn had begun, must have been considerably advanced at his death, as indeed we may infer from the fact of his having been able to take an active part in Prince Khusrau's conspiracy. But the death of Guru Arjûn at the hands of the Mohammedans, however it occurred, certainly inflamed their anger and fired their growing martial spirit, so that Hargovind found no difficulty in, for the first time, putting arms in the hands of his disciples *as a community* and of avenging his father's death upon Chandu Sah and the Mohammedans whom he held responsible for it.

* See in the last number "The Religion of the Sikhs."

Muhsin Fâni, the author of the *Dâbistân*, speaks of having himself known and corresponded with Hargovind, and of having been an intimate friend of his son, Guru Har-râi. Of Hargovind Muhsin Fâni tells us that he was a man of a warlike spirit, much addicted to hunting, kept eight hundred horses in his stable, and always maintained a strong band of armed followers round his person. He built the town of Hargovind-pûr on the Bisasa as a strong place of retreat in case of need, and though he seems to have revenged his father's death upon the Mohammedans, he nevertheless entered the service of the Emperor Jehangîr. But his conduct seems to have been irregular and he involved himself in many difficulties. Muhsin Fâni tells us that he appropriated the pay due to his soldiers, and on account of this and the fine which had been imposed on his father, Guru Arjûn, the Emperor Jehangîr sent him to the fort of Gwalior, where he was imprisoned for twelve years, till at last the Emperor, moved by pity, released him.

After Jehangîr's death in 1628, Guru Hargovind entered the service of the Emperor Shâh Jehân, but he soon seems to have left it and taken to a life of freebooting and plundering on his own account. Shâh Jehân sent troops against him, who took Râmdâs-pûr and plundered the Guru's property. The Guru fled to Kartârpûr, where he had a serious quarrel with Paindah Khân, a Pathân, who gained the ear of the Mogul authorities, obtained troops from them—it seems as though they were rather glad of a chance to strike a blow at the Sikhs and their Guru—and besieged Hargovind in Kartârpûr. The Guru, however, defeated the Imperial troops and himself slew Paindah Khân.

After this victory, Guru Hargovind moved to Bhagvân, near Lahore, where he seized some horses belonging to the Emperor, but on being pursued he fled to the hills, where he took up his abode with his eldest son, Gur-diltâ, who was living at Kirâtpûr (near Ânandpûr) with a notorious free-booter of the Panjâb, named Bâbâ Bûdhâ, who had become a disciple of Hargovind. Here some time later the Guru died, on March 10th, 1638, after having given the throne of the guruship to his grandson, Har-râi, the son of Gur-diltâ.

Guru Hargovind had five sons, Gur-diltâ, Altall, Teg-

bâhadur, Anî-râi, and Surât-mall. Teg-bâhadur was from youth up of a contemplative mind and did not care for anything ; like a madman he is said to have observed deep silence ; his four brothers were worldly-minded and continually quarrelling among themselves about the succession in the guruship. Their father was, therefore, much perplexed as to whom he could give the guruship and could not make up his mind. They say that one day at Kirâtpûr, the little son of Gur-diltâ came to his grandfather and climbed upon his lap. When the Guru began to fondle him, the little fellow, Har-râi, took off his grandfather's turban and put it on his own head. The Guru, who was not much pleased with his own sons, on seeing this rejoiced and thought within himself that he would give the throne to the boy ; by so doing the mouths of all the brothers would be shut and a stop put to their mutual jealousy. He therefore called together the society (of the disciples), put a cocoanut and five paisâs before Har-râi and bowed his head before him, saying : " Brother Sikhs, the Lord himself has put the turban of the guruship on the head of this boy, now no one has anything more to say about it ; whoever is my disciple, he shall consider Har-râi as his Guru, he will become a great, perfect saint." The society was much pleased with his decision, they bowed their heads before Har-râi, and also the four brothers (the sons of the Guru) remained silent, as none of them had the power to wrest the guruship from him.

By the time of his death, Guru Hargovind had carried the transformation of the Sikh communion, begun by Guru Arjûn, very much further, and had indeed given it a totally different appearance. No longer a body of quiet devotees and peaceful fakirs, he had changed his disciples (Sikh is the venacular form of the Sanskrit *Siṣhya* or disciple) into soldiers, and the Guru's camp resounded with the din of war. The *mâlâ* or rosary had given place to the sword. Guru Hargovind seems to have directed his plundering expeditions nearly always against the Mohammedans and the extortionate provincial authorities of the Mogul empire. We need not wonder, therefore, that his popularity fast increased among the ill-treated Hindu rural population, for at this time the Mohammedan invaders were mostly either actual soldiers under

arms or holding the position of landlords, zemindârs, local rulers, and so on. Hence to plunder them and give to the poor Hindu peasantry—as Robin Hood and many another famous outlaw have done before and since—naturally attracted to his camp every fugitive or oppressed man in the neighbourhood. For such comers were sure of a welcome without being over much troubled about religion; and the charms of a vagrant, free-booting life, with hopes of plunder, attracted numbers of the warlike Jâts, who willingly acknowledged him as their Guru, the more so as he allowed his followers to eat all kinds of flesh, excepting only that of the cow.

The home of the Sikhs now became the camp where the various heterogeneous elements were soon welded into a new community, by close contact and the influence of the same hopes and fears. Their expeditions and fights, however, were as yet on a small scale and partook mostly of a local character, and hence were hardly ever noticed by the authorities, who seem to have been either too short-sighted and indolent, or too powerless, to put a stop effectually to the concourse of such a turbulent and dangerous body.

7. *Guru Har-râi* (A.D. 1638-1660)

Guru Har-râi, the story of whose appointment to the *gadi* we have already quoted, seems on the whole to have borne out his grandfather's prediction concerning him. At all events, he was, according to all accounts, a wise and sensible man, and of a much more peaceable disposition of mind than his grandfather had been.

But when Dârâ Shikoh, the brother of Aurangzeb, came to the Panjâb, in order to make war against his brother, the Emperor, he sought the alliance of Guru Har-râi, who joined him with his Sikhs. When, however, Dârâ Shikoh had been beaten and killed, the Guru prudently withdrew from the seat of war and retreated to Kirâtpûr, sending at the same time his eldest son, Râm-râi, with an apology to Aurangzeb, who received him kindly, but detained him as a hostage at his court, thereby securing the peace of the Panjâb.

This entire incident, including the mission of Râm-râi to

Delhi, is passed over in utter silence by the Sikh writers, and we are dependent entirely on Mohammedan authorities for our knowledge of it.

Guru Har-râi seems to have had neither inclination nor calling for literary work. Not one verse from his pen is to be found in the *Granth*, nor did his reign leave any mark in the history of the Sikh community. He died in peace and tranquillity at Kirâtpûr in 1660, having nominated his younger son, Har-kisan, his successor in the Guruship.

8. *Guru Har-kisan* (A.D. 1660-1664)

Guru Har-râi had two sons, Râm-râi and Har-kisan. The Sikh tradition is that the Guru was displeased with his eldest son, because he made disciples of his own and worked miracles. Therefore, one day, when Râm-râi had gone away to visit his own disciples, Guru Har-râi declared his younger son, Har-kisan, his successor in the guruship before all the societies of the disciples. When Râm-râi heard of this, he was much vexed, but he declared before the Sikhs that Har-kisan was still a minor, on whom the small-pox had not yet broken out, but if he should get through the small-pox, then he might take the guruship.

This is the Sikh version ; the actual facts as gathered from the comparison of Sikh and Mohammedan records appear to be that, as stated above, Râm-râi, the elder brother of Har-kisan, having been sent to the court at Delhi by his father, Guru Har-râi, to make his peace with the Emperor, was detained there by him as a hostage, and later on not being on a good footing with his father, was passed over by him, and his younger brother appointed to the Guruship in his stead. When Râm-râi heard of his father's death and his brother's installation he complained to the Emperor and asked his decision. Aurangzeb was naturally only too glad to get an opportunity of interfering with the affairs of the turbulent Sikh community, and summoned to his court young Har-kisan, who reluctantly obeyed.

While at Delhi, Har-kisan was attacked by the small-pox, so that he was unable to appear at court. When the Guru became very weak, the disciples asked him whom they should

acknowledge as Guru after him? It is said that after some reflection he put five paisás and a cocoa-nut on the ground before him, and having bowed his head, said to the disciples: "Go, your Guru is in the village of Bakâlâ near Ânandpûr."

Guru Har-kisan died in 1664, and after his death disturbances broke out among the Sikhs as to the succession to the guruship. Râm-râi, the elder brother, was suspected on all hands and at last disavowed by all parties. So he went off to the hills and settled at Dehra-Dun, where he gradually collected a small body of disciples and founded a sect of his own, teaching his disciples not to bow the head before any one but himself, and not to worship any god or goddess but himself. He still survived in the days of Guru Govind Singh, with whom he frequently quarrelled, and by whom he was eventually excommunicated and cast out of the Sikh communion.

9. *Guru Teg-bâhadur* (A.D. 1664-1675)

After the death of Guru Har-kisan, a body of the disciples, obeying the dying injunctions of the Guru, went to Bakâlâ, where Teg-bâhadur, his uncle, resided, in order to pay their reverence to him as their Guru. But Teg-bâhadur at first refused to accept the guruship; for the Sodhis thereabouts had set up a Guru of their own, and Râm-râi also was raising claims to the succession. At last, however, Teg-bâhadur was prevailed upon to accept the Guruship, chiefly by the entreaties of his mother, and ere long he became generally acknowledged as the head of the Sikh community.

Teg-bâhadur then left Bakâlâ, where he had lived in seclusion, and removed to Mâkhorâl, near Kirâtpûr, which was afterwards called Ânandpûr, as being the residence of the Guru.

Some time after he left this place and, as the story goes, went on a pilgrimage to Patna with his wife and kindred, where he stayed for about five or six years. There Govind Singh was born and received his first education from the Pañdits of Patna, which deeply tinged his mind with Hindu ideas and religious conceptions.

It seems probable that Teg-bâhadur no longer felt safe in the Panjâb, where the spies of Aurangzeb kept a watchful eye

on the proceedings of the Sikhs, and therefore he resolved to leave the Panjâb altogether and to settle in the garb of a Hindu pilgrim in some populous place, where he could remain concealed and unnoticed.

The accounts differ very widely as to the subsequent events in the life of Teg-bâhadur, as, of course the Sikh accounts endeavour to conceal or explain away everything which might throw an unfavourable light upon him. For, according to the Sikh tradition, Teg-bâhadur was a saint, who, even after his accession to the guruship, remained an Udâsî (*i.e.*, indifferent to the world), and was wholly absorbed in devotion and meditation.

He is said to have been very fond of wandering about in the jungles with some disciples. On one of these wanderings, being near Agra, he fell into the hands of the Moslem officials and was sent to the Emperor Aurangzeb, at Delhi. There great efforts were made to convert him to Islâm, and when he stood firm they began to torture him. He managed to send a letter to his son, Govind Singh, at Ânandpûr, informing him of his hopeless state. Govind Singh answered with some consolatory verses, but could do nothing to deliver him. When no more hope was left for the Guru two of the Sikhs with him fled, and only one remained with him. Despairing of life, and being weary of the cruel treatment he had to suffer, he ordered this Sikh to cut off his head. He at first refused to commit such a crime, but when the Guru pressed him hard, he at last struck off his head with a sword. Teg-bâhadur died in 1675, when his son and successor, Guru Govind Singh, was only fifteen years old.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

MANY roads lead to the Inner Life, but one thing they all have in common: he who would tread any one of them must live for that which is within, not for that which is without. Whether he command armies or rule a nation, whether his dwelling be the cloister or the market place, whether in men's eyes he seem great or mean, a mighty power or an insignificant idler,—howsoever his lot be cast, let him live within himself, look within himself and love the divine life around him, because reflected in it he sees That which is Himself.—(A LITTLE KNOWN WRITER.)

THE SINNER'S REQUIEM

THERE is a place in a thinly-populated part of Ireland, whether north, south, east or west, I do not know, which was a great centre of worship of the Gods of the Celtic peoples.

When the first Christian monks came to Ireland and established their Faith there, their pious souls were grieved because the people put their salvation in peril by the worship of the Shee; therefore to compel them, or, as it were, delude them into heaven against their will, these good men set up a little lonely Church on the sacred hillside, so that the prayers and chantings of the Christian priests and the presence of the Holy Rood might banish the Pagan Gods, and the simple folk, coming to the accustomed places to pray to the Shee, might remain to supplicate the Virgin and blessed Saint Bride.

But it is said that the people worshipped the Holy Christ, and besought the Divine Mother for her prayers, and also offered worship in the same spot to Mannannan, son of Lir, Lord of the Waves, and to Brigit of the Eternal Fire, so that the ancient worship and the new faith joined hands in that place, and about it there reigned a great peace.

As years passed by the little Church fell into decay; at the time when the thing befell of which I purpose to tell, it was but a lonely ruin, on a quiet hillside covered with bog myrtle and aglow in summer time with purple flowers. The Church was roofed only where the altar once had been, and where a portion of the old Rood-screen yet stood. No prayer nor holy chant, nor word of preacher had sounded there for more than three hundred years.

Two miles from the hill there was a small village where the people were very poor. The only house that was not a mere

cabin was the little stone dwelling of the priest, which stood beside the church.

It was a very wild and stormy night in early autumn when this priest heard a sound at his door. It was as though some one had fallen against the panels. The priest rose up and listened: he heard without a little faint sobbing, like the ghost of a grief, or like the weeping of one so weary as to be well nigh past the power of weeping; sorrowful to that bitter point of heart-break, when one suffers and makes no sign, or even feigns joy, so unavailing has one found grief to be.

The priest opened the door and the wind rushed in and plucked at him fiercely; without he saw only the darkness, but as he opened the door he heard one hidden in that darkness draw breath sharply, even as one draws it when hands are laid, ever so gently, on a throbbing wound. He peered out into the shadows, and there he saw, on her knees on the wet ground—for the rain clouds were sweeping in thickly from the sea, and the waters were loosed from them—a young girl, barefooted like all girls of that country; bareheaded was she likewise, for her shawl was gone, and her thin garments were soaked through and through with the pelting rain.

This girl, when she saw the priest perceived and recognised her, bowed her head low, and low, and lower yet, sobbing fainter and ever fainter, till her sobs and her breathing were but a feeble thread of gasping, anguish-shaken sound; at last, well nigh lying at his feet, she pleaded with him in a voice hollow with weakness and weariness, with cold and hunger and great shame, that he would give her shelter there, as in the Church, but for one night.

Now Ireland has, as all men know, great cause for pride in the virtue and purity of her maidens. Therefore this girl, who had held her lover dearer than her honour, was outcast from her father's home. All the village cried out upon her when she went away with a stranger, for such a shame had not been known in the place for many a year; for months her name had been unheard in the home of her birth. Now, outcast, and deserted by one who had known neither how to hold dear his love, nor yet his honour, she came back to the spot where she had played and

laughed as a little child and as a young maiden ; in truth, she was still very young, having left her childhood but few years behind her.

The priest, speaking gravely but by no means harshly, bade her rather seek pardon and shelter in the home she had disgraced. And the girl, weeping very bitterly, told him she had been thither, and her father had bidden her, with curses, to begone, and die where she would ; and her mother had cast stones at her to drive her from the door. Therefore she came to the priest lest she should die, unshriven, in the storm, and her soul seek vainly for repose and pardon.

Then the priest pointed out to her the heaviness of her sin, and the evil example she had set to others ; he told her, moreover, that he would dishonour the sanctity of the church if he suffered her to shelter there ; as for receiving her into his house, to him was given a great trust, namely, to tend the souls of the young men and maidens of the village. Therefore if he, pledged to this holy service, gave shelter to such as she was, his power with evil doers would be lessened, since it would be held that he thought lightly of deadly sin. He bade her rise and return to her father and bear to him the priest's word, bidding him give his daughter shelter from the storm but for one night.

When he ceased to speak, the girl pleaded no more. She rose meekly from the wet earth, and knotted back the loose hair from her tear-stained face ; then, weeping no longer, but faintly smiling, and plucking vaguely with her fingers at her thin garments, she walked away into the darkness, and the priest shut the door.

But, having closed it, he was troubled, and feared lest he had done ill. He could not sleep, and at dawn when the wind lulled he went to the cabin of the girl's father ; he found that she had not returned there, nor could he find any trace of her. Then he was greatly troubled ; he feared lest she had lost her life in some desert place, with none to shrive her, and none to say a prayer for her parting sinful soul. He went forth and spent the whole day in searching for her. Now when evening came a very strange thing befell this pious priest who knew well every hill and valley of that country. It may be he was glamour'd of

the good people; but, in any case, he lost his way, and could not find the road back to the village. When it was quite dark, he found himself standing at the foot of the hill whereon was the little ruined Church.

As he stood there, men say, his eyes were opened, so that about the hill he saw a great light and beheld the "people of the Shee," the great Gods of old time. He saw beautiful and stately forms wrapped in light, shining most gloriously, sweep on their unchanged course about the hill, as though they watched a holy place; then, while he looked and marvelled the Church should have no power to drive hence the Shee, he saw that in the Church too was shining a great light; from the ruined walls he heard the sound of a wondrous voice chanting somewhat that seemed to him to be familiar; he listened, and listening recognised the prayers the Church ordains for the repose of the souls of such as are within Her Fold. He heard the solemn Requiem for the dead sung in the ruined Church, and many voices joined in the chant; down the hill there flowed a perfume, heavy and sweet, as of incense, and of those white garden lilies that mourners lay on the biers of their beloved. The chant grew fainter and fainter until it almost died; then it changed, and swelling forth again waxed strong and loud. It was no longer the chant of the Church for one departed soul; it was a great melody, a song of triumph and of victory for all the sons of God throughout the world; it was the hymn of a triumphant universe that filled the ears of the awe-struck priest; he heard it echo alike from within the ruined Church and from the trooping hosts of the holy hill. Then the sound died, the light faded; there was only the gurgle of a wee stream, and the whisper of the night wind through the bog myrtle.

The priest dared not climb the hill; he went home and passed the night in prayer. On the morrow he called the father of the outcast girl, and other of the villagers, and bade them climb the hill with him to the little Church. The day was very fine and warm and still; the last of the heather was glowing like purple flame in the sunlight.

The priest walked reverently, bare-headed, through the unseen hosts of the hillside; the men, marvelling, did even as

he did ; when he reached the threshold of the Church he kneeled and crossed himself, those who followed him did likewise.

The dead outcast lay in the ruined church, whither she had crept for shelter ; she lay at the foot of the Rood. The men and women of that country tell, in awe, even to this day, that hands, pitying, though not mortal, had closed her sightless eyes, had composed her limbs, had crossed her dead arms upon her sinful bosom ; they who had sung the Requiem for her soul's repose had also clothed her body for the grave in fine linen without a spot ; seeing these things, the people, in shame and penitence for their severity, gave her burial in the little plot without the Church, so that holy words and chantings float over her grave even to this day.

MICHAEL WOOD.

[NOTE.—I have been told, though how the truth of the matter stands I do not know, that this story is not without foundation in fact. The girl, outcast by her priest and her kindred, was found dead, robed for the grave, and “watched” by a light, upon a “fairy hill.”—M. W.]

COUNSEL in danger ; of it
 Unwarned, be nothing begun ;
 But nobody asks a Prophet,
 Shall the risk of a dinner be run ?

(HITOPADESA, Sir E. Arnold's Translation.)

THE GAME OF "FOLLOW MY LEADER"

A CONTINUED DIALOGUE ON DECK BETWEEN MRS. VAN DER WEYDE
AND HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, CAPTAIN X., A ROMAN CATHOLIC*

MRS. V. D. W.—But unless I believe the Truth to be true it isn't the truth for me! When you ask me if I believe Mrs. Besant I say, No—but I believe *in* her.

CAPT. X.—You mean that you believe she is sincere and only teaches to others what she really believes herself to be true? That doesn't make any of her statements true. Yet you agree with her, you follow all her extraordinary theories, not because she teaches them or you can prove any of them yourself. Then why? What was it started you on this road? Can you not give me a reason for the faith that is in you?

MRS. V. D. W.—I believe because I wish to. Because I hope from the bottom of my soul that even a fraction of it is true. Because it brings law and order out of what was before chaos; because it is a message of eternal Hope, a system that throws at least a gleam of light on the darkest corners of life and relieves one's heaviest fears.

CAPT. X.—To believe because you wish to believe is no reason at all.

MRS. V. D. W.—It is the only reason for belief. "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." You are a Holy Roman because the moment came when you wished to go over—and you went.

CAPT. X.—But I can show evidence that the Church has the Truth and that Truth is one. The Church all over the world speaks as one man. With you every member of the Society believes something different. It is a case of "*Quot*

* See in the last number the article "A Dialogue on Deck."

homines tot sententiæ” with you! Now *Catholic* logic, psychology, political economy, theology and philosophy all compose one indivisible whole. But with you, you think you can follow Spinoza’s philosophy, Mill’s Political Economy, Hamilton’s Logic, Green’s Ethics, and mortar it all up with a cosmogony and theology which you made yourself, and which I should call the heel-taps of Neo-platonism. Who is your leader?

MRS. V. D. W.—For myself I acknowledge none. “The sect that follows Truth has no Leader” says the Sûfi, author of the *Gulshân*. Truth is not a question of authority!

CAPT. X.—Then you belong to a sect by yourself; a sort of one-man-club no other members admitted. Supposing I wanted to join and insisted on agreeing with your particular mixture of ideas, what would you do with me?

MRS. V. D. W.—I should try and make you also live “self-poised—nor pine with noting all the fever of some differing soul.”

CAPT. X.—But it seems to me Theosophists do “pine with noting” each other, for you all fall upon each other like Killenny cats!

MRS. V. D. W.—Oh, there are always people in every society who love controversy and make night hideous with conversation. Personally, I prefer talking to an adversary like you, because you take my words as gospel for the time being. You see there is no other Theosophist on board to fall upon me if I am inaccurate, and if there were, I feel convinced a third would arise from somewhere to fall upon the second for saying accuracy was possible, or even desirable in a Society which has no dogmas.

CAPT. X.—It seems to me each member has to walk gracefully on a tight-rope by himself, and try and look as if he wasn’t afraid of being upset by the others. Now, I have an unerring guide in the Church, and I believe all it teaches. You have not that Guide, because you say there are some statements of Mrs. Besant’s which you do not accept. Yet you say she is taught by a Master-mind—hence her authority to teach you. To believe that she has this authority, and then to pick and choose what you will believe, is an act of intellectual suicide, for the only

ground of authority to teach is the knowledge of the Truth, and Truth exists independently of your knowledge of it, so granted the authority, you ought to accept everything from the authorised agent.

MRS. V. D. W.—I wish I could, but my capacity is limited. I believe a great many people stock themselves with accepted statements which they can't make any sort of use of, and find a great beatitude in so doing.

CAPT. X.—Then you make your personal belief a criterion of the truth?

MRS. V. D. W.—I don't say a thing is untrue simply because I don't or can't accept it. I keep a compartment in my brain for suspended judgments.

CAPT. X.—I should say that compartment is at present the main building of your mind, and somewhere put away in a tiny drawer are a few disused convictions!

MRS. V. D. W.—And with you, if you will forgive the retort, the main building is filled with demonstrated propositions, unassailable premisses and self-evident truths, and anything approaching a suspended judgment is in the litter-basket; then there is an inaccessible and quite unventilated archive full of mysteries which darken the whole interior.

CAPT. X.—Don't crush me! What does Mrs. Besant claim for *herself*?

MRS. V. D. W.—I believe that she claims experience of her own up to a certain point, supplemented with the experience of those who have had the same and further experience than herself.

CAPT. X.—I remember an excellent article she wrote in *The Nineteenth Century*, in which she divided authority into three classes, but I should very much like two questions answered about them.

Firstly: why in her division of all the believers in the continued life of man after death, does she frame her classes so as to exclude Catholics?

MRS. V. D. W.—It never occurred to me that she did.

CAPT. X.—Her classes were:

i. Those who believe on the authority of documents, and

the records of prophets and seers. ii. Those who believe on the authority of supposed denizens of the other world, including those whose documents have revelations from the other world.

MRS. V. D. W.—Well . . . ?

CAPT. X.—One moment! iii. Those who believe from their own experience, “to this class may be added: those who accept from them directly their first-hand testimony on various corroborative grounds satisfactory to themselves.” Catholics fall under none of these heads. I fancy she thinks i. or ii., or both catch us; as a matter of fact i. does most nearly, as we believe on the authority of a living teacher, the Church. Our religion would exist if every scrap of documentary evidence perished, and if the Bible had never been written. So i. does not hit us; ii. certainly does not apply to us, and iii. does not quite, as our teacher is not a human being but a divine Being—the Holy Spirit dwelling in the Church, the mystical Body of Christ, and preserving it from error. The act of faith consists in recognising this first-hand testimony on “corroborative grounds satisfactory to ourselves,” and the grace of God strengthens this into the certainty of faith which is on a higher level than even a metaphysical certainty. Then, how does Mrs. Besant reconcile her statement: “Man’s intellect demands satisfaction and refuses to be silenced by authority” with her class iii. ? Most people *must* believe on the authority, or through the experience of others, and those others must be merely human beings. Mrs. Besant is merely a human being, I presume, Mr. Sinnett is also merely human, isn’t he? Yet it appears to me that thousands have believed through his word that these superhuman teachers exist.

MRS. V. D. W.—You must remember that these two both give very definite working hypotheses to us and we each verify a little, however little, and so pass the great chasm from thinking it all hopeless nonsense, to seeing a vast though difficult field with traces of travellers preceding us across it :

Footsteps on the sands of Time.
 Footsteps that perhaps another,
 Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
 Seeing, may take heart again.

It is this which has suddenly awakened desires and aspirations, suggested possibilities and fired with new hope and untiring zeal so many weary of the squirrel-cage of materialism.

CAPT. X.—It must be then only for the few, because disembodiment by contemplation and virtuous living is not within the power of the great majority. Our system pans out better because it is for everyone on Divine authority pure and simple. I tried the "Path" on the advice of an occultist at Malta and found it too hard, and I also found that the virtues of the so-called occultist suffered on closer examination, and, in fact, faded away altogether in practice. As to Mrs. Besant's statement that the whole world agrees "*Non omnis moriar*," I quite concur; the rest of her paper is like Dante's *Inferno* to a Protestant. But I suppose it is all your Secret Doctrine revealed by Mme. Blavatsky.

MRS. V. D. W.—If it is the Secret Doctrine it is not put forward as a *revelation*. She distinctly said so, and italicised the word *revelation*, and she said she did not claim the position of "a revealer of mystic lore, now made public for the first time in the world's history."

All this lore of hers is found, as she says, scattered in some thousands of volumes embodying the Scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol and left hidden, century after century, by the laziness or ignorance of races. What the Theosophical Society tries to do is to gather the oldest tenets together out of every corner and to make them one harmonious, unbroken whole.

CAPT. X.—A fine *pot pourri* philosophy it would probably be! I have only got an elementary acquaintance with philosophy, and to cope successfully with such a jungle of philosophic thoughts as your society produces with tropical rapidity, would require a better man than myself. You seem almost to revel in contradictions and you escape what seems to me certain intellectual disaster by a use of words in a manner I have never before experienced. Mme. Blavatsky reminds me of a kaleidoscope more than anything else, in her peculiar ability to present the contents of her mind to one in totally different aspects, with hardly an interval of time and with no apparent effort! Candidly,

I don't think you have gained much by leaving the Anglican Church, if a person can be said to leave that invertebrate debating society. You have only left one Babel for another. Then, according to Mme. Blavatsky the Society of Jesus is run by Satan, and according to them it is plain that she is, perhaps unconsciously, an agent of the same power. She says the Jesuits expect their members to be corpse-like in their obedience, but she asks the same of her followers. They are to be channels, mere channels of these higher minds.

MRS. V. D. W.—In so far as the Higher Self approves, she says.

CAPT. X.—We have the same clause. A Jesuit may not and cannot be forced or even expected to obey in a case of flagrant offence to his conscience. He can refer always back of his superior, to a further superior, by private letters. I think this is the worst evidence against Mme. Blavatsky. Accusing another Society of Satanism. Besides there is no language more uncompromising than that used by the superior to a pupil in occultism. He is calmly told to destroy his personality and to surrender his will; not to mind how little he understands or knows what is going on because all the glory and power, etc., are on his higher planes.

MRS. V. D. W.—Ah, but then the superior being in this case is not a *mere* human being.

CAPT. X.—Of course you say that. We say the head of the Jesuits is the Church guided by the Holy Spirit. With you there is a human partner who makes a Jorkins out of a Mahâtmâ that no one has ever seen.

MRS. V. D. W.—I do not wish to exalt the occultists I know by running down the Jesuits. The two Jesuit fathers I know are dear old saints, gentle in manner, kind in speech, and genuine cultivated gentlemen. Then the prayers of St. Ignatius are so intensely beautiful, especially that one beginning: "O living light, O heavenly Sun, the source from whence proceed all those beams of light which illuminate the souls of the Saints—let me be engulfed and lose myself in Thee." This was not written by the "Brothers of the Shadow."

CAPT. X.—No, but then you might say that Satan uses good

men for his evil purposes. One thing I do know is, that they are not men whose judgments have been drugged, whose consciences have been destroyed, nor do they try to destroy the conscience of others.

MRS. V. D. W.—It is certainly not my experience of them. After a long argument, a Father once said to me, when I represented that I could not see that the whole Truth was in his Church: "Many shall come from the East and from the West, and if you are earnest in seeking truth for its own sake, be assured that you belong to the soul of the Church." And he also quoted the text: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." It struck me very much in view of what I have heard of their bigotry and intolerance.

CAPT. X.—I am glad to hear of it. And let me assure you, that I do not believe either that the Theosophical Society is Satanic in source and object, any more than the poor Jesuits. There is no undiluted goodness or evil in this world.

MRS. V. D. W.—Just so. "There is no order so holy, nor any place so secret that temptation may not enter."

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

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1. BEES wish for flowers; flies for what is putrid; good men desire virtue; bad men seek for blemishes in others.
 2. Day by day a thousand anxieties and a hundred fears influence a fool; they do not affect a wise man.
 3. O gain! do thou go to one in poverty—a rich man is full of wealth. O rain! do thou fall on dry land—the sea is full of water.

(Three Sayings from the DHAMMANITI.)

“ DHARMA, OR EASTERN AND WESTERN IDEALS ”

A REPLY

HAVING read with considerable interest the paper which appeared in the July issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, under the above title, I have felt impelled to offer a few remarks in further consideration of what is our duty with regard to the adoption of “ Eastern Ideals ” in the life and conduct of the Western twentieth century world.

The question is, as the writer of the paper points out, a vital one ; and for this reason I cannot but feel it to be regrettable that the impression left upon the mind of the reader is that from the writer’s point of view “ Eastern Ideals ” are not an altogether desirable importation into Western life ; and that, to quote the paper, they are Ideals which are “ not in touch with our method of evolution.” I trust it will be believed that I do not write in any spirit of hostile criticism when I say that, if the presentment of “ Eastern Ideals ” in the paper quoted were a comprehensive view of the ground which these “ Ideals ” cover, then, indeed, I can imagine that the students of Mysticism and Occultism in our midst would perforce have to adopt methods other than a doctrine of *laissez faire*, which bids them sit with folded hands and endure the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, with no attempt to end them.

I should like at this point to bring forward the definition of Dharma given by Mrs. Besant in her three lectures on the subject in 1898* : “ Dharma may now be defined as the inner nature of a thing at any given stage of evolution, *and the law of the next stage of its unfolding* ” [italics mine].

* *Dharma*, by Annie Besant, T. P. S., 1899.

Had the writer of “ Dharma, or Eastern and Western Ideals,” such a definition in her mind when she wrote “ Roughly speaking, the Eastern seeks to avoid responsibility ” ?

Surely such a view of “ duty ” does not teach men to avoid responsibility, but rather to seek to place responsibility where Theosophy teaches men to place all the rules that govern conduct, within the life instead of outside it ; thereby making of them a living law, spirit and not letter, progressive, vital truth instead of dead and crystallised dogma. It seems to me that to consider the Eastern Ideal of “ Inaction ” apart from the other aspects of the great ethical teaching presented to the Western world to-day by the agency of the Theosophical Society, is very much as if we were to dissociate one of the rules of some such system as the Nordrach Cure for Consumption from the rest of the treatment, and consider it apart from all those other rules which give to it its rationale. To describe the German treatment of Phthisis as “ walking about in rain or snow with no covering on the head ” would hardly, it seems to me, be a more inadequate presentation of its methods than is the summing up of “ Eastern Ideals ” as an escape from responsibility. And this (far as I am certain it is from the intention of the writer) is somewhat the effect of the paper referred to upon the mind of the reader.

It would seem, if we look more closely at them, that these “ Eastern Ideals ” are more than anything else an attitude of the mind of man towards his fellow man, himself, and the Divine Being who is his origin and his destiny ; and to comprehend the full scope of such an attitude, the student of ethics, of psychology, and of religion, must take into the purview of his research the various doctrines of Eastern Philosophy in their relation to one another as well as to the mind of the thinker. Inseparable in their application as in their effect are such conceptions as the doctrines of the essential unity of all manifested life ; of the evolution of the soul of man through reincarnation ; of that very esotericism of the old stumbling-block of “ free will and necessity ” which we have called Karma ; and lastly of that bold assertion of the relativity of Good and Evil to the stage of growth attained by the individual, which is summed up in the word

Dharma. And surely the question, which is said to be "a vital one, for upon it depends our mental attitude towards the whole of our environment," is not whether to import into Western modes of thought and action "an old Hindu method," which may or may not work out well for us to-day, but rather to endeavour always to discover (whether it be in the life of the nation or of the individual) first, the stage of evolution to which the life has attained, and secondly, the law of its further unfolding. Nor do I think that such a course would involve a morbid passivity or an avoidance of responsibility, but rather an action or an inaction springing from innate conviction and balanced motive, and therefore for us the "next stage," be its results upon the plane of visible action what they will.

While perfectly agreeing with the writer of the paper that "the rebellious energy of the West is a force deliberately evolved by the Good Law to be employed for a useful purpose," I think the point at issue is whether it is for *us*, as a pioneer nation, to employ it; or whether it has not had its day so far as we are concerned, and should be left to the younger peoples who are treading the path of evolution behind us, while for us the "next stage" should be the adaptation of our life to a further law of environment. A glance backward seems to convince us that it must be so; from the "submission" of primitive races, sunk in an indifference which cared nothing, or an inertia which dared nothing, we find the sequential development of strenuous effort and arduous endeavour which we have learned to regard as the characteristic of the Fifth Race in general, and of the Anglo-Saxon portion of it in particular. And this in its turn must be followed by a further development, unless we are to regard as a goal what is but a milestone on the road, and place a limit where limitation there is none.

The "submission" of knowledge and of self-control is a different thing from the dumb endurance of the downtrodden and oppressed; and the "next stage" for the man of an advanced grade of culture and development may be a passivity as far as outer action is concerned, which in the Russian peasant would simply mean the stultification and gradual atrophy of all the faculties that make a man. Passionate protest, frantic en-

deavour! surely these are as far from being "the law" at a given stage of development as were the dull apathy and sullen indifference that knew no stirring of revolt. Surely it is this recognition of the far-reaching, essential *relativity* of law to development, which is the "Eastern Ideal" that Theosophy is endeavouring to graft upon Western thought. To be "in" and yet not "of" is the law of every plane before it may be passed, and a further one gained; and to endure adverse circumstances, while standing apart from them in the inner chamber of the consciousness, is surely to begin the living of that life which is outside the limitations of time and space, the law of which shall make a man free. Truly "our environment can be improved, and the sooner we set to work to improve it, the better for all concerned," but the quickest way is to lift our *real* selves out of it, to escape from it as the butterfly from the chrysalis case, leaving it outworn and outgrown, a shell too small to hold the soaring thing that it has done its part in forming.

So much for our own environment; and for that of others? If we are responsible for it, if we are rulers, parents or teachers, then the "Eastern Ideal" shows us our Dharma clearly; for never in the laws of any nation has such stress been laid upon the responsibility of those in high places for the younger souls beneath them, as in the laws of the Âryan peoples of the East.

I have no space to do more than touch upon the Eastern view of the earth life as "altogether intolerable," to which the writer of "Eastern Ideals" takes exception; but again I think we have the clue to the trend of the quotations given by her in that basic conception of the *stages* of the soul's growth, so inseparable from all Eastern thought. From the "wild joys of living," from the delights of the purest sensuous perception or mental appreciation of nature and of that mysterious ensouling of nature which brings every man at some time in his life face to face with nature's God, there must be a transition to a further stage—a stage when the dawning spiritual faculties awake to the consciousness of that which is beyond the manifestation of the world of matter; and when for a time the very manifestation seems to obscure that which it was destined to reveal. Then the soul, no longer satisfied with "the deep

sympathy with nature and with life," becomes imbued with a divine unrest that urges him on to union with the Source of Life; and then for a time the "weary pilgrim" gropes in the "Hall of Sorrow" and the windows of the soul are blurred with tears.

And then again the next stage, the outcome of the two former, and impossible without them. And here the wider vision sees clearly and yet afar off the potential unity of the warring forces; the essential nature of the discord that is but harmony in the making. And then the "cry" is turned into a "song," and the ascetic becomes the lover of men; and even the clamour of earth's many voices does not echo inharmoniously in the serenity of such a soul. Not for many of us, either in East or West, is this the "next stage"; perhaps because we fear the dark portals of the Hall of Sorrow that must be traversed first, and linger in the sunlight which is dear to us on account of its familiarity.

And so to me it seems that the "Eastern Ideals" which it may or may not be the Dharma of this Western people to accept, embody a subtler and more far-reaching conception of responsibility, and wider and more vital faith in the divinity of the Self within, and a more loyal and unshrinking obedience to the inner voice, be its mandates what they will. Obedience to that inner witness which none of us are without, and a single-minded co-operation with its dictates; such is the liberty that can never be license, the reforming agency that can never be rebellion. With such an assertion of the Divinity of Man, is there any need for "Western Mysticism to adopt different methods and different rules from those used in the past in Ancient India?" But may we not rather believe that activities restrained by the enlightened and controlled volition from violent movement on the plane of the "actual" (?) are set free for an undreamed-of potency on the planes which lie beyond? and believing thus, may we not welcome with faith and hope the Eastern Idealism which, blent with Western Practicality, may form the law of the next stage of development for our Race?

E. M. GREEN.

CASTE IN EAST AND WEST

IN the July number of the REVIEW our friend Mrs. Corbett has "greatly dared" to question the assumption, common amongst our members, that our Western ideal of civilisation has to be remodelled upon the more or less historical ideal which Mrs. Besant has woven for us out of the stories of the Mahâbhârata. As a mortal enemy of all "orthodoxies"—Theosophical or other—I feel moved to take up my parable, and to suggest certain general principles which have not as yet been clearly stated by either party, but on which (as it seems to me) the decision of the whole question hangs.

There can be no doubt that the great division of the Four Castes is one founded in nature, and that in the West, as in the East, men and women come into the world with natural qualifications which mark them off from their birth as intended for Sudras, whose service to society can only be to labour for it; for Vaisyas, to trade for the supply of its needs; for Kshattriyas, to fight in its defence; or, finally, for Brâhmans, who, besides all this, are qualified for the higher office of its teachers. Nor do I believe that any Theosophist will raise a question that the most serious misfortune for any Society, Eastern or Western, is that "Confusion of Castes" of which so much is said in the Indian books. The great object of all systems of government must be so to arrange things that everywhere there shall be the right man in the right place; to find out who are born to rule and teach, and to set them to the work they, and they only, are qualified to perform. A government is not good or bad by reason of its *form*;—because it is an autocracy, or a democracy, or something between the two. Whatever form is chosen it is on the assumption (not always acknowledged or even understood, but always underlying all so-called *argument* for and against) that this particular form, at this particular time and place, is the one which

gives best prospect that the born rulers will come to the front and rule. Those who are convinced that all men are equal and that the majority is always right will, of course, object to this. To a democrat of the strict observance any kind of natural qualification for ruling is a sufficient reason for exclusion—the governing body only exists as an Executive, to carry out the decisions of the majority, simply to be the blind and faithful instruments of the popular vote. We need only look back to our own party history for the last twenty years to see what this comes to. But such an one cannot take up Theosophical principles without suffering a profound modification of his views. He must learn that men are *not* equal; that he himself is not the measure of all things, human and divine; that the fault of our modern Western society is not that he is prevented from ruling, but that his rulers rule him amiss, because they are not born to rule or teach, but are only what he himself would be in their place. A Theosophist, with Goethe, learns Reverence; but not (like St. Paul) mere reverence for “the powers that be,” no—from all who rule him he, of all men, is most strict in his requirement that these shall verily be those which “are ordained of God,” and has reverence and obedience for none other.

Now when Mrs. Besant tells us that in Ancient India these Castes were defined not by mere birth (though that is far less of an “accident” than is commonly believed), but by the spiritual power of the Rulers, who actually *saw* what each man was fit for and set him to do it, we have before us a very beautiful state of primitive society. As an arrangement for making the world happy and comfortable there could be nothing so good. Are we then to try to imitate it now? First and foremost, we *can't*—the Divine Rulers have vanished! Well, then, what is to take their place?

There can be but one answer to this question. We have been left to ourselves to struggle and fight, to do our best and our worst for all these thousands of years, that our individualities may, by degrees, be ripened from mere “sheep of the pasture” into *men*, strong, independent, self-sufficing, fit to be our own lawgivers and our own judges—let us say boldly and in a word, our own Divine Rulers! Nothing less than this is the meaning

of our evolution. We have, therefore, nothing to do with any longing to *return* to these primitive conditions of innocent childhood, though they have lessons for us which are not yet all learned. Our first business in life, as members of a Society, is to find out for ourselves to which caste we belong. The circumstances into which we have been born do not decide this, nor can our friends enlighten us. The question each must settle for himself is, "For which of these four ways of life am I naturally qualified? Which of them will bring out all there is in me to the best result?" This is not the same as asking "Which should I *like*?" Our friends and our surroundings constantly mislead us on this point; and the business of a real Educator is to help us to clear ourselves of these likes and dislikes and to find out what we are capable of and to strengthen us to resolve upon it as our due service to the world—in Indian phrase, our Dharma. So far from this being always what we should *like* to do, it is often a heroic effort—the labour of our lives—to bring ourselves to submit to the limitations of our physical and mental conditions; and instead of wasting our time in vain aspirations, to turn our hands energetically to "what they find to do." It is this view which Goethe explains and enforces in his ideal school in Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre. There, it will be remembered, there is no thought of the pupil's rank or wealth, of his parents' wishes for his future; the one aim of the organisation is that each lad shall be guided to find what is his talent, and helped wisely to develop it, whatever it may turn out to be. And this must be the ideal school of the Socialist and the Theosophist.

Now the practical point of all this is that the Dharmas of the four Castes are separate and independent ideals, impossible to be blended or harmonised; and that the danger of physical mixture of Castes, which was the danger before the eyes of the old lawgivers of India, has now been replaced by the far more subtle and dangerous temptation of confusion of their ideals (their Dharma) which now rages in East and West alike. Whatever the facts of the case may be, we may for our purposes take it on Mrs. Besant's authority that the intent and the final result of the Great War was the destruction of the Warrior Caste. Over

the greater part of India it has now vanished, or never existed; and who can fail to see that it is this very thing which is the degradation of India at the present time! The Râjput warrior is the only *man* left, and the most fatal symptom for India is that even he is succumbing to the temptations which are sapping the remains of life in the plains around him. The Sudra and the Vaisya have passed to the Brâhman without the bracing of physical and spiritual life which comes only from the warrior training, the order of evolution has been broken, to the ruin of everything. What seems needful, then, in India at the present time is not the further elaboration of the Brâhman type of goodness. There is already far too much Brâhman—even of good and devout Brâhman—in India, far more than is wanted. I don't like to say it, for fear of hurting the feelings of many whom I love and respect, but I think it is needful to say that, to my mind, the native regiment is a far more important aid to the regeneration of India than any number of Hindu Colleges. What is dragging down the youth of India is not that they do not believe this or that, not that they do not love this or that, but simply that they are not men enough to believe or to love *anything* to any purpose—as a writer in the *Indian Review* says, they are every day degenerating into *little* men. And daily prayers and theological lectures will not hinder this, in India, any more than they do in England. It is not amongst College Dons that we look for *greatness* of soul, good and useful as they may be; and it is not from them that their pupils learn it.

In Europe and America the chief delinquents in this matter of the confusion of Dharmas are the popular religions and national and private self-conceit. Buddha, as a Divine Teacher, had his lessons for each class—just so much religion for each as would develop him along his own line and give him his next step forward, whilst reserving for his own special disciples—the men who had left all to follow him—who had shown by this very devotion that (whatever their birth) they were true Brâhman—the complete instruction in the duties of the highest caste, the virtues of the Teacher and the Saint. To one who understands this, there is ample evidence in the Gospels that Jesus, also a Divine Teacher of the same eternal Wisdom which Buddha

knew, did the same. We have it distinctly formulated in the history of the young man who had great possessions. Jesus answered him as one living in the world and of the world, "If *thou* wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments." Then, when his ambition was not satisfied with this, came the test of his caste—what he was born to do. "If thou wilt be *perfect*—in Indian language, if thou art a Brâhman—sell all thou hast and give to the poor and come and follow me." From the foundation of the world there has not and never will be any other life for the Saint than this. But his failure to respond has been entirely misinterpreted by Christian Theology. The Master's words showed him that his aspiration was a vain one; that he was desiring a Dharma which was not his in that life; *his* salvation simply to "do his duty in the station of life to which he was called," leaving to those who were called by Jesus the sorrows and joys of discipleship. I much fear that my own beloved St. Francis is primarily responsible for the later confusion, for the setting up of the virtues belonging to the Brâhman ascetic as those necessary for the "salvation" of the labourer, the shop-keeper, and the soldier, which is the deep-seated foundation of the contempt of the modern man of the world for what he is led to believe is "religion," and also the root of the hardened and unlovely self-conceit with which the modern Evangelical looks down on a "world lying in wickedness." In his day Jesus rebuked a class who bound upon others a "burden which cannot be borne and which they themselves would not touch with one of their fingers." Our modern Pharisees are better in this last respect—they honestly put their own shoulders under the crushing burden of that higher Dharma which is not theirs, but the mischief they do is not diminished but increased thereby.

Our Theosophical principles should teach us better; but old habit is strong, and I greatly fear that in going for light to the East even the wisest of us are in danger of bringing back not that light upon our own errors which is never welcome, but merely the confirmation of our worst weaknesses, as happens usually to all consulters of Revelation, whether in a book or in actual life. For ourselves it seems to me that what the East has to recall to our minds is the fact which modern Christian

superstition has caused to be forgotten, that a man is not taught *his* duty by vain repetitions of texts or empty exhortations to unselfishness and altruism, but by honest and careful study of his powers. To a man whose nature is the warrior's what Nietzsche calls the "slave-virtues" are the worst of vices; the tradesman is not lawfully to be confused by the rules laid down for the use of those who have left all to follow the Higher Path; and for that largest class in England, as in India, who are by nature neither soldiers nor teachers, religion is not the study of mysteries but the simple doing our best to make ourselves and those around us happy, not passing by, however, the smallest help to rise from this lowly condition to the higher ranks in other lives. For, humble Sudras as we may be now, we are to be Kings and Priests to God hereafter; but this can only be, as the Indian books rightly tell us, by *adding* to the utmost perfection of the virtues belonging to our present lot the perfections of the higher state—not by neglecting our own duties for those of others.

In India the harm done by missionary effort has been precisely to aim at this confusion of Dharmas as the "one thing needful." A Hindu who becomes a Christian has "lost caste" in a far deeper and more serious sense than even those who excommunicate him can understand; and the more sincere his renunciation of Hinduism, the more completely are the foundations of his spiritual life broken up. Whether our own attempts to assist our Hindu friends have always kept this clearly in mind, and how far the possibility of a Hindu's "conversion" may be taken not as an isolated eccentricity, but as a symptom of serious decay in the deep roots of the spiritual life of those he leaves behind, are matters for the meditation of those whom they concern, but not for discussion in the pages of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE LATEST STUDY IN GNOSTICISM

Die Offenbarung im Gnosticismus. Von Lic. Theol. Rudolf Liechtenhan. (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht; 1901. Preis 4m.)

IN Herr Liechtenhan we have a new writer in the important field of Gnostic research, who comes forward with the equipment of a careful training in the labours of the great German authorities on the subject and with a fine vocabulary of the technical terminology of the schools. In the most correct fashion, with utmost precision of reference and quotation, our author sets forth to sort out and docket the main elements of the Gnosis as they appear in the very faulty record of the various Gnostic teachers, schools and groups. Herr Liechtenhan, however, seems to have little idea of the enormous difficulties of the task before him, and speaks with an assurance that must be attributed mainly to the confidence of early years. Still, we are glad to see that the whole known mass of material has been surveyed, and that the evidence of the Apocryphal Acts and Coptic Gnostic works has been accorded proper recognition. What we object to is that the polemical statements and "quotations" of the hæresiological Church Fathers, the bitterest foes of the Gnosis, are taken as being of equal weight with the direct evidence of the Gnostics about themselves, as seen especially in the Coptic Gnostic works, and that from the wording of the very short and contemptuous notices of the Fathers on some of the most important doctors of the Gnosis we should have deduced for us their attitude towards all the great problems of Gnostic theosophy. The new found *Gospel of Mary* has proved the utter unreliability of Irenæus, the coryphæus of hæresiology, in his quotations, and we can only regard the confident strokes of our author's pen, as he sketches in the attitude of a Menander, a Basilides, or of a Valentinus to this or that doctrine, as for the most part the scholastic copying of patristic caricatures, and not a painting from life. The main object, however, of Herr Liechtenhan's thesis is to prove that the Gnosis depended in all cases directly on "revelation." This, we should have thought, re-

quired no proof; to any with the slightest knowledge of mysticism this must have leaped to the eyes in every genuine paragraph of Gnostic scripture. We are, however, glad that the material has been treated from this point of view in the approved scholastic fashion. In dull, cold words, with the mechanical terminology of critical science, the point is amply proven. The fossil skeleton of the Gnosis is skilfully though partially reconstructed. Here and again, however, in the course of the essay, in some quotation from a hymn or prayer, we are reminded what the flesh and blood and life of the Gnosis were in reality in those early days of faith and freedom and illumination; and though we do not desire to see the Gnosis restored in any of its old forms we nevertheless regard it as somewhat solemn fooling for men of the modern schools to sit so complacently in self-appointed judgment on men and matters of which they have plainly no personal knowledge. Herr Liechtenhan treats the Gnostics from the standpoint of one who has the right and knowledge in every way to classify and put them in their places on every point, as a schoolmaster might correct and discipline a class of infants; in this, however, he simply follows his learned predecessors. But somewhere above there must be laughter at such a spectacle. True the Gnostics could not in the nature of things know so much of the outer world as we do today, but the life of their Gnosis, if not always its form, was *ex hypothesi* not of this world, even as was the kingdom of the Christ. It pertained to the inspiration of apocalypsis and vision, and was of so overpowering a nature *for them* that they thought this world a "nothing." This exaggeration on their part in some occult manner produces a similar exaggeration in the minds of their modern critics, so that in treating of the visions of the Gnostics their only doubt is whether such apocalypses were the result of pure invention or merely the outcome of self-deception. That there could have possibly been any reality behind never enters their consciousness. The only true "revelation" of the Christ, as they seem to think, is to be found in the canonical New Testament collection, and though the historical importance of Gnosticism is recognised, and efforts are made to treat the subject with apparent impartiality, the presupposition of heresy dominates the whole outlook, and it never occurs to the theological critic that if we want to learn more about Jesus and especially more about the Christ than can be gleaned from canonical scripture, it is to the Gnostics we must turn. The Gnostics did not reject the outer teaching; they simply supplemented it with an inner

tradition based as they claimed on the post-resurrection instruction of the Master Himself, or in any case evolved by the experiences of the inner life and the influence of His continued presence in the inner realms of being.

G. R. S. M.

A NEW PERIODICAL

Theosofisch Maandblad van Nederlandsch Indië, Orgaan van de Centraal-Indische Loge Semarang der Theosofische Vereeniging onder dee Zinspreuk "Het daghet in den Oosten." (Semarang: P. A. v. Asperen van der Velde. Yearly subscription post free for Europe: Guilders 5 = 8s. 4d.)

THIS is a new monthly paper in the Dutch language to serve Theosophical propaganda and study. Its title translated is as follows: "Theosophical Monthly for the Dutch Indies, Organ of the Central-Indian Lodge at Semarang, of the Theosophical Society, under the motto of the Lodge: 'It is dawning in the East.'" The first number of the first volume is dated July, 1901, and the magazine is published in Semarang (Java) by one of the most energetic members of the newly formed Semarang Lodge, Mr. P. A. van Asperen van der Velde. The paper is to be edited by some members of that Branch and is issued gratis to all the members thereof. It is very well printed, exactly the same size as the Dutch periodical *Theosophia*, and contains a substantial amount of matter in thirty-four large pages. From the contents of the first number it is naturally difficult to pronounce a well-founded opinion as to the quality and level the paper is likely to maintain, but at all events it may be said that this first specimen promises well for the future. After some introductory remarks by the Editors a short historical sketch is given of the formation of the Semarang Lodge and its achievements thus far, which—it may be said in passing—are very creditable indeed. It appears from this article that some forty members have already joined the Branch, and the majority of those members of the Dutch Section, hitherto mostly unattached, who are scattered all over the Indies, are amongst the number. Great hopes and intentions are entertained for the future.

Following this article there is an account of the first celebration of "White Lotus Day" in the Dutch Indies, showing how the new workers in the field thought it their duty to begin their efforts by paying a loving tribute to the great pioneer who inaugurated our movement.

Next comes a short note of the present writer as to the oppor-

tunities for solid and fruitful work for the realisation of the Second Object of our Society in Insulinde, taken from a private letter to one of the chief workers over there.

Notes on "The Theosophical Movement," then summarise aptly the items in recent Theosophical activity throughout the world, and after some "page-filling" sentences, etc., the main article of the issue takes twenty-four of the remaining pages to itself. It is a very interesting article translated from Professor P. Braun, and given as a lecture to the Semarang Lodge, its title being "The New Metaphysical Doctrine and its Practical Application." Mr. D. G. van Nieuwenhoven Helbach, the first President of the Lodge, is its translator. The last page of the number is filled with an enumeration of the contents of the various Theosophical magazines.

Altogether the whole thing is very creditably undertaken and set up. Printing and paper are quite European and even the usual Oriental abundance of printer's mistakes is wholly missing. It speaks well for the devotion and enterprise of our Indian colleagues that they have ventured to start such a magazine. Holland has now two fairly bulky magazines at its disposal for the dissemination of Theosophical ideas, one for the Motherland in Europe and one for its extensive colonies in the East. May both of them prosper and grow steadily alike in usefulness, solidity and success! A word of sincere appreciation is due to the sponsors of our youngest sister; she is by no means the slenderest in our rapidly increasing family.

J. v. M.

Two Undiscovered Planets: A Cause of Sunspot Periodicity; A Law of Repulsion; Eastern Light on Western Problems. By G. E. Sutcliffe. (Theosophical Book Depot, Hornby Row, Bombay. Price 1s. 6d.)

THIS pamphlet of sixty odd pages contains four exceedingly interesting lectures delivered by our colleague, Mr. Sutcliffe, to the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, and in addition a considerable body of figures and other data for accurate calculation which could not be given in an oral discourse.

In the first lecture Mr. Sutcliffe examines the available observational evidence for the existence of two intra-mercurial planets—the two "secret" planets of esoteric astrology—and explains the reasons why their existence has hitherto eluded definite establishment.

In the second he adduces evidence from the phenomena of sun-

spot periodicity in support of their existence; while in the third he examines the question as to the evidence for the working of some form of repulsive energy in the same connection. The last lecture is an exceedingly clever comparison and criticism of some of H.P.B.'s most startling statements in the *Secret Doctrine*, with various theories and utterances of scientific leaders like the late Lord Kelvin.

The pamphlet is well worth reading and careful consideration by those of our members who take an interest in the scientific side of things theosophical.

B. K.

From Poverty to Power, or the Realisation of Prosperity and Peace.

By James Allen. (J. Allen, Elm Croft, St. Saviour's Road, Bath. Price 3s.)

THIS is one of the books which give their author a vast amount of pleasure in the writing, and for those whose minds are duly attuned to them, there is also much pleasure and encouragement in the reading. "Be virtuous and you will be happy" is a text which, well and gracefully enlarged upon, as we have it here, will always be welcome and profitable for young people. They are just beginning to find out that to be virtuous is not so easy as it seems, that a struggle lies before them. Who can have the heart to find fault with one who cries out to them: "Only this one effort, well made and perseveringly maintained, and the Golden Gate will be passed, and thence-forwards Peace for evermore"? As time passes they will learn (if there is indeed any good in them) that to be virtuous is an even more pressing need when it takes away Prosperity and Peace, instead of giving them; and that to attain them only shows farther heights beyond to climb and more complete isolation from the crowd below. But Buddha and the Christ have taught us by example that we must not speak of these things before the time; for the simple householder and country-man, the domestic virtues which bring with them the Prosperity and Peace our author desires; for those strong enough to tread the higher path the "fire upon the earth"—the "sword" which shall separate a man from his father and mother and kin. I often think we ourselves are not sufficiently mindful of the fact that it was only to professed disciples, those who had already left all to follow their Master, that either Buddha or Jesus spoke of these higher paths. We cannot combine the two; if we, or those to whom we speak, are *not* of those few chosen souls (and which of us would venture the claim?) our object in view and our means of attaining it are not

theirs, and we should not trouble our consciences with our failure to do the Dharma which is not yet ours. Goethe's morality is the best, to find out what we *can* do, and do that with all our might, sternly repressing all waste of life and power in attempting what we should prefer, but for which we have not the gift. Aspirations for what is beyond us *may* bring profit in future lives, but their indulgence is ruin for the life we are living, and *that* is the only thing which at present concerns us. W.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

The Theosophist, July. "Old Diary Leaves" are occupied this month with Colonel Olcott's visit to Nancy and his investigations into Prof. Bernheim's practice of hypnotic suggestion. We should ourselves be inclined to speak more harshly than he does of the spiritual "vivisectors" who, simply to amuse a visitor, force an honest man to steal and a respectable young woman to entertain the idea of unchastity without repugnance. It is true we are assured that "the doctor then re-hypnotised the thief, told him to forget the "entire transaction, and forbade him to receive such a criminal suggestion again from anybody whatsoever," but that this process really did "kill in the germ any possible evil effect of the suggestion" we find it hard to believe without some better authority than the Professor's. To open the doors to the Powers of Evil is not so hard as to close them again; and we are not without fear that the Colonel was innocently "assisting" at a worse outrage than any cutting and carving of a helpless body—the butchering of a *soul* "to make a—Frenchman's—holiday!" The researches as to the effect of metals upon the hypnotic subjects are more innocent, but not of general interest. In the remainder of the number C. Kofel gives us an interesting *résumé* of Charles Johnston's article on "The Teaching of Rebirth in India," contributed to the *Ideal Review*, November, 1900; "What the New Thought stands for" is taken from the *Arena*, of January, 1901; then, after a collection of Bible texts bearing on the Brotherhood of Humanity, comes a noteworthy article on "Sickness and its cure by Witchcraft." Then follows the continuation of the *Râma Gîtâ*; "Socialism and Theosophy," by R. T. Paterson; and another translation from the Sanskrit, by G. Krishna Sastri.

Prasnottara, July, includes the continuation of "Sri Krishna," and of Mrs. Besant's Benares Lectures. A novel and valuable feature of this number is a chapter of questions with answers to them! one

being an explanation of how desires do not perish with what is usually known as the Desire-body.

Theosophic Gleaner, July, has a paper entitled "Jainism and Buddhism," read before the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, by N. A. ; Mr. Tepper's paper on "The Sun as the Source of all Terrestrial Life," Planetary Vibrations, by Mrs. Leo, and a note from *The Electrician* on Dr. Bose's valuable researches on Living and Non-living Matter. "Can the Disciple bear the Karma of the World?" is taken from the *Vâhan*. We are glad to find amongst the "Notes and News" that "a great religious revival movement is being set on foot amongst the Parsi community of Bombay," no less than to cause religious education to be given to all Parsi children as part of their school curriculum. But to undertake to teach religion to the children means to put life enough into the religion to burn away the modern corruptions and make it once more a religion which parents and children alike may respect and love; one of which they may be proud! It is useless to lay before children the dry bones of a dead religion. Do our Parsi friends quite understand this?

The Dawn, June. This magazine keeps up a high standard of excellence, and there are few articles not well worth reading. We think, however, that the Editor in "adapting" one of H.P.B.'s stories should have named his source, instead of leaving her as an anonymous "Seeress"—possibly he has the fear of the missionaries before his eyes. S. Ramaswami Aiyar energetically defends the Brahmins from the charge of priestcraft brought against them by Western writers.

The same may be said of the Madras *Ārya*. In the June number Prof. K. Sundarama Aiyar vigorously presses home the conclusion that whatever modern civilisation may be, it is at least not *Christian*, after the pattern of Jesus Christ; and the same text furnishes the subject of a long panegyric of Tolstoi.

Also received from India, *San Margâ Bodhinî* and *Indian Review*, July. In this last we have to acknowledge a long and highly laudatory review of *The Science of the Emotions*, published by the T.P.S. for our colleague Bhagavan Das. It is thoroughly satisfactory to have our own appreciation of the book so fully confirmed from outside sources.

The Vâhan, August, contains the discussion of questions as to how far our early life may be a guide to the knowledge of our previous lives; what kind of karma produces a novelist (but *does* karma pro-

duce novelists? this preliminary question none of the answers touch); a certain W. enquires whether it would not be wise to entirely eschew the Gospels as absolutely untrustworthy and misleading, and is answered (*not* according to his folly) by G. R. S. M.; a question often asked, but not always so satisfactorily answered as in the *Bulletin Théosophique*, from whence question and answer are borrowed, as to why our most ardent desire of enlightenment from the Masters so seldom meets response; and the number ends with an elaborate reply by A. A. W. touching the results of a child's death in infancy, and A. P. S. and others speak on the way to apply the Theosophical teachings to every-day life.

Owing, probably, to the editor's absence from town on a much-needed holiday, the European magazines are not to hand, excepting the Italian *Teosofia*, which this time is more than usually interesting. An article by E. Mancini on "Life in Matter" opens the number, and the subject is continued by Primo Levi in the next paper. The editor continues his "A Hermetic Philosopher of the Seventeenth Century"; there are also briefer notes of Dr. Pascal on Reincarnation, and Mrs. Lloyd gives an explanation of the Indian Suttee.

Theosophic Messenger, July, deals with the Convention, and gives a paper by Col. Olcott under the title "Theosophy: an Outline of its Teachings." The Index, this time, is of the "Seven Principles of Man."

Theosophy in Australasia for June is somewhat serious reading, the chief papers being "Theosophy and Science," H. W. Hunt; "Theosophy and German Mythology," H. A. Wilson; and a long and thoughtful discussion by W. G. John of "Death and Separation."

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, July. In this magazine "Far and Near," the representative of our own Watch-Tower, is always bright and interesting; the larger papers are "Dharma," by Marion Judson, and the continuation of Helen Horne's "Theosophy applied to the Education of Children," which contains many wise words, not the worst of which is the honest confession that "a fresh problem starts up and confronts you with wellnigh every child—a problem that often upsets all your previous calculations."

Also received—*Modern Astrology*; *Humanity*; *Monthly Record and Animal's Guardian*; *Mind*; *Metaphysical Magazine*; *Practical Psychology*; *Theosophischer Wegweiser*; *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau*; *Light*; *Review of Reviews*; *New York Magazine of Mysteries*.