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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Bigotry at Berlin University

IN our last number we referred to the exceedingly illiberal position which that deservedly famous Church historian, Professor Adolf Harnack, has lately assumed on the question of comparative religion. We are glad to see that this strange "reversion to type" on the part of a hitherto most liberal mind has been strenuously resisted by his colleagues at the University of Berlin. The following cable-dispatch from its Berlin correspondent to *The Sunday Record-Herald* (Chicago), of October 13th, will doubtless prove of interest to our readers in this connection.

BERLIN, October 12th.—Differences in the theological faculty of the University of Berlin threaten a clash in the German Evangelical church. The conflict has arisen between Dr. Adolf Harnack, retiring rector of the university, and Dr. Otto Pfleiderer, professor of religious philosophy, over Dr. Pfleiderer's proposal to introduce the study of comparative religious church history into the theological curriculum.

Dr. Harnack arraigns the project on the ground that it tends to elevate Islamism, Buddhism, Confucianism and other unorthodox beliefs to a level with Christianity. Dr. Pfleiderer retorts that the rector's position is incompatible with practical Christianity and out of tune with the liberal spirit of the age.

"Dr. Harnack insists that Christians have no concern with the progressive story of their faith, asserting that the Old and New Testaments are the fountains of all necessary knowledge," said Dr. Pfleiderer to *The Record-Herald* correspondent to-night. . . . "Such doctrine is narrow, bigoted and untenable. I do not claim that Christianity is insufficient of itself. What I mean to say is that in order to understand it better and nurse our loyalty to it we need to trace it from its remotest inspiration. We need to know what was the controlling spirit of other creeds, other peoples and other times. We cannot pass over lightly, as unworthy of our attention, the span of centuries that preceded our Christian era. . . .

"When one hears an eminent authority like Dr. Harnack uttering an alarming warning to German teachers to ward off comparative religious church history as if it were a pest, one may not unreasonably jump to the conclusion that the physician lacks confidence in his own prescription and that Christianity is scandalised at the bare suggestion."

Most of the younger theologians of the university side with Dr. Pfleiderer. Professor Gunkel, author of the standard German commentary on Genesis, is one of his strong supporters.

"I do not object to the study of non-Christian religions in their own place, but they are sacrilegiously out of place in a Christian theological department," said Dr. Harnack to-day. "Their exaltation to a level with the faith which came to us by direct interposition of God cannot be other than insidious. They have no more right to be taught alongside of Christianity than Sanskrit would have alongside of English in the faculty of modern letters.

"Another vital objection is the lack of men competent to expound the living, present Mohammedanism and Confucianism, as well as the past developments of these religions. The temptation is strong to exploit early conditions, to the exclusion of the dilapidated and unenlightened state in which the twentieth century exposes these ancient faiths.

"If non-Christian religions must be cultivated let Judaism be taught by professors of Hebrew, Buddhism by professors of Hindustani [*sic !*], Confucianism by professors of Chinese, and Mohammedanism by professors of Arabic. Christianity alone must be the specialty of Christian theologians."

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Reversion to Type

PERHAPS there is not a single member of the Theosophical Society who would hesitate for a moment to support Dr. Pfleiderer in his effort to prevent the field of theological study being narrowed down again to mediæval limits. If Professor Harnack had not pronounced so dogmatically that there could not possibly be any comparison between Christianity and other religions, that it stood by itself as the only revealed truth, we might almost have

seen in the last words attributed to him in the interview, signs of a greater liberalism than perhaps even Dr. Pfleiderer is prepared to adopt. Why should not the theological faculties at the chief centres of learning have Judaism expounded by a Jew, Brâhmanism by a Brâhman, Buddhism by a Buddhist, Confucianism by a Confucianist, and Mohammedanism by a Mohammedan, always, of course, by one learned in his faith and skilful in its literature? Why should they not? Do we wish to condemn without trial; do we want to be ever prosecuting counsel, jury, and judge rolled into one, as has for the most part been the case for so many years? If such elementary notions of justice and such love of our neighbours be "sacrilege," God save us from Dr. Harnack's "Christianity," for it has nothing to do with the love of the Christ. And to think that one who has written so learnedly on the "evolution of dogma" should revert to such mediæval dogmatism. And yet, is it so surprising after all, is it not a most common phenomenon with which the student of religion meets at every turn? Is it not ingrained in mortals?

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"In Glass Houses"

BUT why should *we* be surprised at the state of affairs at Berlin, as doubtless every member of the Society who reads this *is* surprised? Do we not know that the same tendency is hard at work among ourselves? Yes, among ourselves. To give a single instance. Of late we have received several communications from our colleagues in the United States lamenting a precisely similar state of affairs in some branches. We have only to change the terms and substitute "Theosophy" for "Christianity," and we have many imitators of Professor Harnack among us, and that, too, *in his least useful aspect.* Would that we had many in his most admirable character! It is sad to relate that efforts have been made to limit theosophical enquiry, to exclude lecturers who claim the right of freedom of criticism, to erect certain books into a canon of Theosophy. Should such unwise counsels prevail, we should become a sect, stagnation would inevitably follow and finally there would be the death of all our hopes. Is this our boasted liberty, this our love for all that lives, this our "no religion higher than truth"? Is the ocean of wisdom to be put into the

microscopic water-pots of "manuals" and the rest? Is science to be flouted as an utter ignoramus, philosophy to be set aside, and comparative religion tabooed in favour of some supposed new revelation? This is not what the writers of the books which such unwise enthusiasm would erect into a canon, have laboured to teach. Nor is such an attitude of mind a sign of true loyalty to the writers or a mark of real love and gratitude; on the contrary it destroys their influence, and prevents the good they are labouring to effect; it narrows the world-wide nature of Theosophy and its truly catholic sympathies down to the petty shibboleths of small conventicles that can only parrot pronouncements that they misunderstand. We have no intention of "throwing stones" at Professor Harnack personally, for whom we entertain a high respect; but we do protest, and that too in the name of what we hold to be Theosophy, against his calling his present uncharitable view of comparative religion a Christian view, if by Christian we are to understand a follower of the wisdom of the Christ. But we equally, nay a million times more strongly, protest against fostering the same tendency among ourselves. If we are so foolish as to shut ourselves in such brittle encasements, then not only the keen intellect of a Harnack, but the average intelligence of the ordinary "man in the street," will at the first cast shiver our dwelling into splinters and leave us homeless.

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Playing with New Forces

THERE seems little doubt but that we are on the eve of discoveries which will not only revolutionise all previous ideas of electricity, but which will afford us convincing proof of the possibilities of all those "occult" phenomena connected with the general idea of so-called telepathy. The discoveries of Messrs. Armstrong and Orling are of a nature so remarkable that we have no hesitation in devoting a considerable space to the reproduction of a most fascinating article about them, written by Mr. J. B. Atkins in *The Manchester Guardian* of October 19th.

At the end of a long afternoon's experiments, conducted by Messrs. Armstrong and Orling, I am keenly sensible of the most commonplace fact of life (one we are always in danger of forgetting) that we know little or

nothing. We know nothing of the forces which are called supernatural, and very, very little of the forces which we call natural. The experiments at which Messrs. Armstrong and Orling have been working for five years just lift the veil which covers the unknown forces of Nature. We were all brought up at school to think that the alchemists were fools, and that the elixir of life and the fountain of youth did not exist. After that we learned that Eldorado was a sham. Perhaps even the man who was at the electrical experiments this afternoon reserves the right to think so still, but at least he feels that the follies of those who groped after the unknown were not quite so foolish as he once thought. This afternoon I met men who had been playing for five years with forces the very existence of which were not suspected ten years ago; and if you ask these men what they have been playing with they look you in the face like a startled child and cannot give you a clear answer. Perhaps they do not know; indeed, in some cases they tell you that they do not know. Mr. Armstrong told me to-day that while he was experimenting a short time ago in his laboratory he found that one of his lamps, a wireless lamp in which was a strange mixture of metals and acids, remained lighted after he had stopped the current—the wireless current, mind. The lamp remained glowing with light for days—a detached lighted lamp without assignable cause for the illumination; then it went out, and he has never been able to hit again upon the odd accidental mixture of ingredients and circumstances which accomplished this surprising result. Enough at the moment to say that Mr. Armstrong is one of those who are tapping the vast ocean of the more subtle forces which Nature holds in her lap, and which will become known only under the industrious and ingenious pressure of generations.

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The Laboratories of Magicians

But who is Mr. Armstrong and who is Mr. Orling? Mr. Armstrong, I believe, is best known as the man who sold the patent of the Lee-Metford rifle to the War Office, and Mr. Axel Orling is a young Swede who is well known for his inventive genius in his own country, and who has been called "the Edison of Sweden." A youthful, self-contained, rather shy, but admirably polite man is Mr. Orling, with the distrait manner of one who seems generally to be thinking about six steps ahead of the argument to which he is nominally addressing himself. These men live a curiously remote life in the most solitary part of undulating and wooded Buckinghamshire. Imagine them in a country cottage, surrounded by many acres of their own ground, but possessing in these acres of typical English country not stables and beehives and glass-houses and poultry yards, but model torpedoes in watery ditches and railway signals and transmitting stations and receivers for wireless telephony. They are dreamers, these two, and they live not (if I may make this distinction for my readers which seemed perfectly clear to me) in the workshops of electricians but in the laboratories of magicians. They

cannot explain to you as much of what they are doing as the ordinary trained electrician can who is glib in the technical phrases of the conventional text-books. They just try and try, and sometimes tumble on the truth by an accident against which the more professional man would have guarded himself. Perhaps I can make the nearest approach to the generally intelligible description of all this vague experimenting in an infant science if I say that all Messrs. Armstrong and Orling's work is an expansion of the Marconi system. They do everything without wires. But while M. Marconi works through the air these inventors work generally through the ground. They believe that they have summoned to their aid the natural electric currents of the earth. They send a current into the earth, and behold! it reaches another point, perhaps two miles away, no weaker than when it started. You would think, of course, that it would radiate away in all directions after it had entered the earth. Perhaps it does; but it gets as good as it gives, somehow reinforcing itself from the earth. How is it done? Mr. Orling scarcely knows. No one knows. The system of transmission through the earth has this advantage, that it suffers no interruption. The Marconi system works splendidly over the sea, but when it runs up against a wood on the land it is half-ruined at once. Now the system which I saw to-day cares nothing for woods (of which there are plenty in Mr. Armstrong's country), and for the first time to-day, as I understand, outsiders heard the articulate inflexion of the human voice conveyed by wireless telephony through the ground. M. Tesla some two years ago sent a current through the ground without wires, which was strong enough to record messages by the Morse code. This I saw done to-day. I went into a small wooden house, where a spike was driven into the ground, and at the top of the spike was a telephoning apparatus. In a field 400 yards away was a similar apparatus unconnected with the other. I pressed a button four times in the wooden house while I held the receiver to my ear. Four taps, as an answer, sounded in my ear. I pressed the button seven times; seven taps sounded in my ear. That was the working of the Morse code, and M. Tesla had already accomplished as much; but more was to follow. Through the same apparatus—which of course is different from an ordinary telephone, and the design of which is the result of accumulated experiments—I heard the accents of the human voice rise out of the gronnd into my ear. The apparatus was certainly not working well—the ground, for one thing, was sodden with the rain—but still, after some preliminary and unintelligible muttering and buzzing, there came, faintly but still articulately, the words, repeated again and again, "Is—it—all—right? Is—it—all—right?"

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Now think what the development of this invention will mean. The transmission of the voice is vague and uncertain and may not be improved upon yet. But the Morse code messages are conveyed with apparent ease. Suppose this system were used in South Africa. It would be in the hands of scouts

Wireless Telephony

and signallers. Each signaller would drive his long spike into the ground and wait for his receiver to be affected by a friendly radiation. Without the brazen openness of the heliograph, news of the enemy would be flashed underground from column to column. In another generation we shall all be supplied with our little telephoning apparatus in a small box, for already Mr. Orling has the model of it at work. We shall wear steel patches on our boots, and these can be connected with the telephoning boxes by wires, and the steel patches will connect the wires with the ground. When we go out to meet a friend we shall, if I may put it so, stay where we are. The friend, too, will have his steel-shod boots and his box, and we shall talk to one another though separated by miles. "But," says someone, "will not all the many radiations running about destroy one another, or will not every message be open for all the world, with its receiving-box, to read?" Mr. Armstrong says not. It is true that in the late naval manœuvres every ship could intercept the wireless message of every other ship, and could read them, if it had the cipher; and it is true that in a fog one of our ships came within the sphere of a French ship and read all her messages; but all those things were under the Marconi system. Now Mr. Armstrong professes to have a new plan, which I have, for want of demonstration, to accept temporarily on trust. He has a plan for varying the pitch or tone in which his radiations are sent. There are 40,000 pitches or tones, and only like tones are able to take notice of one another. Unlike tones pass harmlessly by one another, neither regarding the existence of one another, nor impeding one another's progress. You might, of course, if you wished to read a message not intended for you, hit by accident upon the tone in which it was sent. But the chances would be 40,000 to one against you. It would be like trying to open a lock which will only yield to you when you have hit upon the right word out of thousands of possible combinations. In some future day, I suppose, we shall have our notepaper marked at the head, "Tone 3,512," or whatever it may be. Our friends will have to screw their wireless telephones up to that pitch before they can talk to us.

The next experiment has to do with the wireless control of torpedoes. In a ditch floated an "actinaut," as Mr. Armstrong calls his dirigible torpedo. Four or five hundred yards away one of the visitors pressed buttons according to the way in which he wanted the rudder of the torpedo to be turned. Every half minute, as he had agreed with us who stood at the ditch by the actinaut, he pressed a button. And, surely enough, every half minute the rudder wheezed and moved this way or that, as the torpedo lay idly on the water unconnected with the land by any visible means. Now, think again what the development of this invention might mean. If once it were perfected, all elaborate fortifications, such as those at Malta, would become obsolete in the winking of an eye. All that would be needed for defence would be a few skilful and highly vigilant men. Against invading ships they would direct a wireless torpedo. Our "submarines" would be without men. They would be torpedoes.

Another invention which Mr. Armstrong has is a filamented glass cylinder, which is lighted without wires. And yet another variation is a light fixed on a hill two and a half miles away from his house and unconnected with it. He presses a button at his house; the lamp glows on the hill two and a half miles away. He presses the button again; the light dies out.

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BUT is not all this marvellous new force simply what may be called a controlling power—that is to say, a power which may turn an index finger, work a telephone, and set in motion machinery that has its own driving power but which is not itself powerful enough to act as a considerable motive power? Frankly, I believe that this is so, so far as the experiments have gone. We have not got to the stage, nor within satisfactory sight of it, at which substantial machinery may be driven from a distance. An electrical expert tells me that the very circumstances in which the wireless radiations travel and the very medium through which they work forbid the achievement of high powers. The working of a telephone, for example, requires only a delicate and scarcely perceptible radiation. And yet Mr. Orling told me that already he is hopeful of reaching considerable motive powers without wires. He has a frail air-ship (which I did not see) that has been sent up, he says, to a height of a hundred feet or more by wireless radiations—and this experiment looks like a beginning. The most promising thing, as all admit, is that these experiments to-day were accomplished with a very low voltage, while M. Tesla has achieved his only with a particularly high voltage.

A Science in its Babyhood

This is a science in its babyhood. There were experiments to-day that were vague enough to be unconvincing. But Messrs. Armstrong and Orling may very well be left to themselves to go on discovering. For my own part, when I saw the rudder of that torpedo move in that singularly uncanny way and heard a voice speak to me from the ground, I felt that discoveries like these were not destined to expend their own radiations within the limits assigned by the covers of a modern text-book. There are colours within the dark interiors of the Egyptian Pyramids, I believe, which cannot be distinguished from one another by any known artificial light. They assume their differences readily enough under the eye when they are brought out into the light of day. By what light did the builders of the Pyramids distinguish them? Had they a light (unknown to us now) which was in such common use that no one thought of describing its composition any more than one would think now of saying what a book is? Is the alleged mystery of the "divining rod" to be explained by the unusually strong electrical radiations of some people being acted upon by the excellent conductive powers of water? These are only rambling questions. But we all ramble in the dark. I end as I began. The experiments which lie before us will perhaps for a time make the dark seem darker.

EAST AND WEST

THERE appears to be going on in the minds of many English Theosophists a good deal of consideration of eastern and western ideals. And as much of the discussion appears to circle round my own views, or supposed views, it may perhaps be as well that I should state those views clearly. This is not done with the idea of imposing them on any, but merely with a view to clarify one part of the discussion.

Certain fundamental principles appear to me to govern all sound opinions on national ideals, and it may be well to begin with a statement of these.

1. No past condition of a nation can be reproduced, for a nation cannot re-tread the path along which it has evolved. Principles can be re-established, but the application of them must be adapted to the new environment.

2. A national ideal to be useful must be in harmony with the national character, and must grow out of the national past. It must be a native of the soil, not an exotic.

3. Every nation has its own line of evolution, and any attempt to make it follow the line of evolution of another nation would be disastrous, could it be successful; but—as a matter of fact—any such attempt is fore-doomed to failure, because it clashes with the world-plan. The world exists for the evolution of the soul, and for this evolution varieties of experience are necessary. Races, sub-races, families, nations, like the two sexes, subserve evolution by their differences, and offer the variety of soil and culture which brings out the varied capacities of the soul. If they were reduced to a dull uniformity, their value as classes in the school wherein the soul is educated would be lost, and the soul would have one quality over-developed and another un-developed.

It is a necessary deduction from these principles that any

writer or speaker who is trying to shape the public opinion of any nation, should saturate himself with the past of that nation, distinguish clearly between root-principles and passing manifestations of them, identify himself in thought and feeling with that nation, and hold up before it the ideal which will appeal to all that is best in the national feeling, and vivify and strengthen all that is noblest in the national intelligence. He should seek to supply defects, to lop off excrescences, to moderate exuberances, but should always work within definite limits, not seeking to change its particular type, but to evolve that type to its highest possible expression. It follows, one may venture to remark, that when people of another nation read utterances addressed to a particular people, and not to mankind at large, it is reasonable to remember the special object of the utterances, and not to take them as though they were addressed to themselves.

For instance, we read in the September number of the REVIEW of an "assumption, common among 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*." If there be any such assumption, it seems to me to be founded on a fundamental misconception of the use of a "historical ideal." Such an ideal should be woven out of the principles on which a given nation had been successfully evolving, and is intended for that particular nation and not for others. Moreover, it is not intended, in weaving such an ideal, that the exact conditions of the past should be reproduced—see Principle 1—even in the nation to which the ideal is held up; but that the nation, recognising the principles which underlay a period of greatness, and the neglect of which accompanied its decay, may revive those principles, and give them such new expression as the circumstances of the time demand.

Let us take as an example the question of caste in India. It was an external recognition in a social order of the existence of four fundamental social types, great stages of evolution, through which souls pass in their development. The Manu of the Fifth Race based his social organisation of the eldest sub-race on a recognition of these stages. He guided the souls highly

evolved in knowledge and dispassion to take birth as teachers and priests, those highly evolved in power as kings and warriors, others as merchants and traders, the least evolved as artisans, labourers and servants. He marked out for each type its Dharma, or law of growth, by following which it might reach perfection. This organisation brought about a period of great splendour and prosperity in India.

As less evolved souls were born into this order, for their training and evolution, their imperfectly developed qualities could not sustain the admirable model instituted by the great Lawgiver, and so the castes degenerated, and their respective Dharmas were less completely followed. Further, there sprang up within them innumerable artificial sub-divisions, growing out of the spirit of separateness and exclusiveness, and caste gradually came to be regarded as a mark of social distinction, showing the consideration to be accorded to the members by society, instead of as a marking out of the nature of the service to be rendered by the members to society. Thus out of the base marriage of Caste to Separateness, instead of the true wedlock of Caste with Service, there sprang a huge and monstrous progeny of social evils, which preyed, and are still preying, on the life of India.

Now those who seek to build for India the foundations of a happy future may well wish to disentangle the principle of the fourfold order from the rubbish which overlies it in modern times, so that the nation may have the benefit of a national tradition, deep-rooted in its nature, and may thereby evolve in sober and orderly fashion, and avoid the social conflicts which threaten western civilisation. But this does not mean that they dream of grafting on western civilisation an unsuitable exotic eastern graft, or think that an institution suited to the genius of a particular eastern nation should be thrust on western peoples to whose genius it is unsuitable.

As Dr. Wells puts it very admirably, the duty of the westerner is to find out for himself into which of the four ways of life he has been born, and then try to walk in it. He may learn from the East that there are four distinct ways, and he may further learn the existence of Dharma, the law of growth on each of these ways. These general lessons he may truly learn

and be the better for them, much clarifying by these his views of life. But that does not mean that he is to transplant caste into the West. Caste is only one temporary manifestation of a root-principle in nature, and the man of the West is concerned with the root-principle, and not with one special and temporary manifestation thereof.

Another misconception that clouds many utterances in the West on eastern, or rather on Indian, ideals is that the Dharma of the Brâhmaṇa—the priest and teacher—is taken as that of the Indian generally, and the dispassion of the true Brâhmaṇa is regarded as a general characteristic of the nation. But this is by no means the case.

Misled by this idea, Dr. Wells remarks that "the native regiment is a far more important aid to the regeneration of India than any number of Hindu Colleges." It is true that the great caste of Kshattriyas was broken in pieces at Kurukshetra; but it is also true that India has ever had, and still has, within her borders, much of the best fighting material in the world. Her warrior races still hold their own side by side with the best troops the West can bring into the field, and their admirable courage, discipline and self-control have been lately praised by the Indian Secretary and by the General commanding in China. If the Indian regiment could regenerate India, she need never have degenerated. It is the lack of a *national* ideal and of a wide patriotism that has caused Indian degeneration; her regiments have fought for their provinces, not for their country.

I have seen the statement that "we conquered India by the sword and hold her by the sword." To make this true, two words —"of Indians"—must in each case follow the word "sword." India was conquered by her own sons siding with Britain against local hereditary enemies, State against State, and British astuteness used Indians to subdue Indians, and by playing off local jealousies against each other she conquered each State in turn. And so in the Mutiny. British rule was saved by great Indian chiefs, and it is they who still safeguard it, preferring English rule to that of their rivals. This does not derogate from British courage, but, however brave, a score of men cannot conquer hundreds.

It may be, however, that even "Hindu Colleges" are not useless in the manufacture of manly fibre. The other day I watched our College football team as it met a team of British soldiers, and though the lads were utterly overmatched in weight and skill, they fought to the end with vigour and undiminished "pluck," and are eager to meet the same team again. English public schools have a good deal to do with the formation of English character, and similar training here may not be useless.

To return to the main thesis of this article. We do not want Westerners to adopt eastern ideals, but merely to learn from them anything they have of use, and weave that, in suitable form, into their own type. And so we want Indians not to adopt western ideals, but to learn similarly whatever is useful in them and weave it into their own type. Our idea is not to make the Englishman a fifth-rate Indian, or the Indian a fifth-rate Englishman; but that each should maintain his own essential type, enriched, but not transformed, by what each may learn from each.

Souls that have had several successive Indian incarnations and are now embodied in the West will inevitably be drawn to the *forms* of Indian teachings, and find in them the spiritual expression most suited to their own idiosyncrasies. But this should not lead them to force on other Westerners, who have not shared their Indian experiences, the forms of Truth most congenial to themselves. But here, *in India*, the reverence shown to Hinduism by one of the "conquering race" is an important factor in leading Hindus to recognise the value of their own philosophy and religion; just as the recognition by Schopenhauer of the value of the Upaniṣhads did more to turn the mind of Young India to those priceless documents than the asseverations of a dozen Paṇḍits. Example goes further than precept here as everywhere else, and in the great work of rebuilding a nation no useful factor can be cast aside.

The work of Indian revival, however, would be hindered, not helped, by slavish copying of her ideals in the West, or by any foolish attempt to transplant them into a foreign soil. And what is yet more important, the use of East and West, as differing schools of evolution for the soul, would be seriously diminished if

they became too much alike, and no far-seeing person could wish to bring about such a catastrophe. But it is surely possible for the Theosophist, at least, to be wide-hearted and tolerant, and to value sufficiently his own western birthplace, if Westerner he be, without decrying the East.

ANNIE BESANT.

TRADITIONS AND ALLEGORIES

A STUDY IN THE PURÂṆAS.

THE Theosophical tradition is that the Earth is the child of the Moon; that the bulk of the mineral, vegetable, animal and human life now evolving upon the Earth is made up of Jîvas, called lunar Pitṛis, who, before coming on to this planet, reached a certain stage of development on the Moon in the lunar chain of evolution; and that a smaller, indeed much smaller, portion of that life, in the human kingdom, is made up of Jîvas, called solar Pitṛis (a somewhat misleading name, if the theories put forward below are at all plausible), who attained to a much higher stage of evolution in that lunar chain, who thereafter rested for a long while in a sort of lunar Nirvâṇa, and who finally re-incarnated into the terrene stream of life only at a very late stage—*i.e.*, after the less-developed Jîvas, the lunar Pitṛis, had, by active evolution on this earth, attained to a certain stage, when it became at all possible for the higher-developed Jîvas to associate with them in a more or less common humanity. As to whether this junction at a later stage has been repeated round after round in the life of our globe, or took place in it for the first time a very few, perhaps two or three, million years ago, at the end of the third root-race, on this point Theosophical tradition is yet rather vague.

Another item of that same tradition, not very defined and public, but positive, is that a very small number of Jîvas who are not lunar Pitṛis, and, strictly speaking, not even solar Pitṛis,

have come over from Venus for special purposes of watch and ward and guidance of the terrene evolution. These are said to be exceedingly advanced Beings who are, in a way, above the laws of evolution governing the solar and lunar Pitṛis; they are, in fact, the very administrators of those laws, though undoubtedly themselves subject in turn to the higher laws of a larger evolution, in much the same way as the officials of an ordinary world-government are exempted from the operation of certain laws which bind the general public, though they have other heavy duties and responsibilities of their own under other laws.

Lastly that tradition speaks, in a confused manner, of some relation between Mars and Mercury on the one hand, and the Earth on the other, for purposes of human evolution.

To people who have duly pondered over the precise significance of the words probable and improbable, natural and supernatural, familiar and wonderful, an explanation such as this of the state of things visible around us is much more probable, natural and familiar, even homely, than any others put forward by any people who love to believe that sobriety begins and ends with themselves. As a matter of fact there are some professed scientists even who, judging from their published views, should not, if differences of terminology were duly discounted, look with an altogether unfavourable eye on some such theories of life. Thus H. E. Richter endeavours to explain the origin of life upon earth by the theory of Cosmozoa, *i.e.*, the theory of the transmission of life germs from one heavenly body to another. To us, then, it may not be an altogether useless or fanciful occupation to try and amplify these Theosophical traditions by searching for cognate facts and hints in the Purâṇas and Itihâsas. The first task is to make a collection of such facts and hints. The next will be assortment, explanation and assimilation as far as possible.

On the subject of the birth of the planets, then, we find that the Paurâṇic tradition is that Budha-Mercury is, as stated expressly over and over again in the books, the son of Soma-Moon; that Bhauma-Mars is, as indicated by the name Bhauma, the son of Bhûmi, the Earth; and that the Moon has two parentages given to him in different places. The Moon is

the son of Atri, one of the Saptarṣhis, the Seven Ṛiṣhis, or the Great Bear; and again he arises direct from the Ocean when it is churned by the Gods and the Titans. Bṛihaspati-Jupiter is similarly the son of another of the Seven Ṛiṣhis, *viz.*, Aṅgirâh. Saturn-Shanaishchara, or, shortly, Shani, is explicitly born from the Sun by his second wife Chhâyâ, the shadow. Shukra-Venus is the son of a third of the Saptarṣhis, Bhṛigu. Finally, the Sun himself is the son of Kâshyapa and his consort Aditi, and thus only a grandson of a fourth of the Saptarṣhis, *viz.*, Marîchi, the father of Kâshyapa. His shape was improved by being placed on the whirling-wheel of his father-in-law Tvashtâ-Viṣhvakarmâ. By this account the Sun is only the nephew of some of the planets over whom he is ruling now by good luck, and by no means the eldest, or the eldest brother, of all of them. *The Secret Doctrine* describes him as swallowing up some of his younger brothers; it does not clearly and definitely describe his family-relationship with the planets now existing, which seem to have survived his breakfast.

It should also be noted that Budha-Mercury was born to the Moon from Târâ (a small star, literally), the wife of Jupiter-Bṛihaspati, under circumstances which do not enhance the reputation of any of the parties concerned. Partly in connection with this episode and partly because of another in which the Moon figured in an almost equally discreditable situation with reference to Ahalyâ, the wife of one of the primeval Ṛiṣhis, Gautama, he earned the curse of consumption under which he is fading and dying to this day. Ahalyâ possibly means the Earth as yet "unploughed" and "without defect." But there is no distinct statement upon this point in the available books. Indeed there is nothing to be found as regards the origin of the Earth-planet which is at all similar to the birth-stories of the other planets. The reason probably is that, as the matter was so much nearer home, facts related too openly might have revealed secrets, with undesirable results. Hence Kshiti-devatâ, the goddess of the Earth, remains mysterious.

The facts above enumerated cursorily are enough to show that there is Paurâṇic basis for the Theosophical statements, corrected and re-corrected, and yet left doubtful after all as they

are, as regards the relations of Mars and Mercury to the Earth and the Moon.

We may now pass on from the birth of the planets to some statements as regards the birth of life upon Earth.

We find that a great hierarchy of Prajâpatis, "Lords and Protectors of Progeny," and of Ṛishis, the "Attainers," those who have attained to Truth and Power, has presided over the evolution of Jîvas on this planet, as on others, from the very beginning of such evolution, that is to say, from the very earliest time when Jîvas first began to exist, as parasites, on and yet as separate from the mass of the Earth-globe considered as a giant living body, having an individual life of its own, ensouled by the Kshiti-devatâ. Such a hierarchy must, at first, clearly be composed of beings who attained to their present stage in other worlds than this.

Then we find certain great types existing side by side from the very beginning of this manvantara at least.

First, there are the Daityas, Danavas and Râkshasas, more or less similar to each other, and so fit to be classed together. These are described as mostly residing in Pâtâla and other lower regions, and in the Ocean, and occasionally emerging therefrom and spreading over the outer surface of the earth, and overpowering and subduing the humans and the gods for more or less long periods, till driven down again by the united efforts of the gods and the humans, Viṣhṇu, the Organiser of Life, always taking a leading part in such struggles. If we assume these to be early forms of semi-human and semi-animal creatures, somewhat of the nature of the animals now called antediluvian, but of course with a human intelligence, and also assume that this reference to Pâtâla, etc., means deep hollows and caves in the body of the Earth, which hollows may be literally like the fancies of the authors of *The Coming Race* and *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, then the statements begin to come into line with modern geological findings.

The second co-existing type is the human. This is said to have been presided over directly from the beginning of this manvantara by solar and lunar kings. The solar dynasty, for this manvantara, began with Vaivasvata Manu, directly born from

the Sun himself from his first wife Sanjñâ, " Name and Consciousness," the daughter of Vishva-Karmâ, the " World-architect." The lunar has a less simple beginning. Budha-Mercury, the son of the Moon, wandering upon the Earth, saw Ilâ, the daughter of Vaivasvata Manu, and married her as much as was possible under the circumstances, and from her was born Purûravâh, the handsomest man that the Earth has ever seen, for whose sake even Sarasvatî, the goddess of wisdom and learning, doffed her eon-long virginity for a while and got round her vow in that behalf by becoming a river—now lost in fact but remembered in theory as the Triveṇi of Prayâga—to embrace his beauty with her limbs of liquid limpidness at the times of his frequent baths. (The Triveṇi is the " triple-plaited tresses " of the goddess of the Earth, and consists of Gangâ, Jamunâ and the vanished Sarasvatî.) This Purûravâh was the founder of the lunar race of kings.

We are at liberty to make what we like out of this story; but the indication is that just as the one and the earliest line of the Divine Kings came to rule the Earth direct from the Sun or other planet mentioned under the name of the Sun for disguise, so another came from Mercury, after having had a course of evolution on the Moon. It may be that some of the most advanced solar Pitṛis went through a period of life and training on Mercury and then came on here to co-work with the Sun-kings and formed the lunar dynasty; or it may be that these were beings indigenous and proper to Mercury and came over only in charge of some lunar Jîvas who had gone on to Mercury, as will be mentioned later on.

A point to be noted here in connection with the remark that Budha married Ilâ as much as was possible under the circumstances, is that Ilâ was the son of the Manu and was named Sudynuna (which, by the way, is also the name of one of the many kinds of the Sun's rays, as described in the *Kûrma Purâṇa*), but by a certain pronouncement of Shiva and Pârvatî became Ilâ, a woman, and thereafter continued to alternate, for fixed periods, between femininity and masculinity. Theosophical students would be justified in reading into this incident the fact of the two-sexed condition of the humans in the early days. A

similar fact is stated as regards the primeval animals, as will appear in a moment. It should also be noted here that "Ilâ" means the Earth too, which fits in very well with the theory of Mercurials coming on to the Earth.

One feels inclined to begin to fancy here that the Mercurial evolution lies in the past and the Martian in the future. It is the preceding evolutions that give to succeeding ones their first guides. Besides, Mars, as said before, appears to be the child of the Earth. And there is very little mention in the extant books about Mars, which is in accordance with the custom of speaking more about the past than the future in descriptive and narrative works.

Returning to the various types, we find that the third type was the "animals," huge snakes, and buffalo and cow-forms, and vast birds and elephants, tortoises, etc., witness the stories of Takshaka and Vâsaki, Mahisha and Surabhi, Suparṇa and Aruṇa, etc., etc.

As to the gods, it is doubtful whether they should be regarded as a fourth type on a level and side by side with these three. Some stories seem to give them a location on Earth; others, and these are the more numerous, give them regions which make the earth-life a rather secondary matter in their existence.

It should be noticed that, confining ourselves to the present manvantara, all the above-mentioned types are descended from Kâshyapa and his different wives, side by side with each other, except the human. On the one hand the son of Brahmâ was Marîchi, one of the seven Ṛiṣhis as before mentioned; and, on the other, another son of Brahmâ was Daksha-Prajâpati, whose daughters numbered sixty. Of these thirteen were given in marriage to Kâshyapa and these thirteen are primarily responsible for the multifariousness of organic types now crowding the earth and the heavens. Of course contributions were made by other Ṛiṣhis and Prajâpatis also. Notably, the Râkshasas are the descendants of Pulastya, another of the Saptarṣhis; and some, the earliest, were even born direct from Brahmâ himself. But the bulk of organic types arises from Kâshyapa. There is detail within detail in these infinitely complicated and endless stories; but one fact deserves especial notice. While our present Manu is

the grandson of Kâshyapa and the son of Vivasvân, the Sun, the *human race* is by no means descended from him, but comes down mostly from the earliest, the first, Manu, Svâyambhuva (born of Svayambhûh, the "self-born" Brahmâ), and his wife, the "hundred-formed" Shatarûpâ, and is therefore, in some mysterious sense, older than the other types, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine* too. Other lines of descent of the human races were begun from time to time by other great human Jîvas, Râjarṣhis, King-Ṛiṣhis, also sprung directly from Brahmâ, *e.g.*, Kusha, the ancestor of the great Ṛiṣhi Vishvâmitra.

Of the animals also two sub-types are descended directly from Brahmâ; these are the monkeys and the bears, and these are the animals that, in Indian tradition at least, are the nearest to the humans and are most curiously mixed together even to this day in that tradition, so far as ways and habits, tree-life and fondness for human society and lasciviousness and sex-characteristics are concerned. Riksharâjâh, the primal progenitor and patriarch of the monkeys (though his name implies some connection with the bears also for Riksha means a bear), and Jâmbavân, of the bears, were both born from Brahmâ direct. The story of Riksha-râjâh is similar to that of Ilâ. He was alternately man and woman, and from him as woman were born Vâlî and Sugrîva, of the gods Indra and Sûrya respectively. From these two and from Jâmbavân, who, probably because of juniority, was subordinate to Riksharâjâh in the government of the animal kingdom, spread the vast family of the bears and the monkeys. The detailed story of this spreading is given in the *Râmâyana*, and fits in well with *The Secret Doctrine* statements as to the crossing of the humans and the animals at the end of the third race.

A question arises here. Apparently the lunar Pitṛis, in their various classes, pass, in the successive cycles of earth-life, through all the stages of evolution, elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal, etc., one after another, until they arrive at the human. What then is meant by the statement that man precedes the animals? This question could be satisfactorily resolved only if we had full details of the evolution of each class of Pitṛis from the beginning of the Terrene chain up to its end or at least up to date. In the absence of such details we can only assume pro-

visionally that while the human *type* pre-existed the *present* or very recent types of animals, which have appeared only since the beginning of this manvantara, through Kâshyapa and his wives, *other* types of animals and the lower kingdoms prevailed in the earliest times and preceded the human. Thus we read that in the early days of the Earth moving mountains existed and they were deprived of their means and powers of locomotion by Indra and his thunderbolt; that on one occasion the Vindhya mountain towered up so high, of set and spiteful purpose, to outvie the Himâlaya, that danger arose to the peaceful routine of the other heavenly bodies and the Ṛishi Agastya (the name of a star) had to move down from his position in order to bring his influence to bear on the wrong-headed mountain and induce it to prostrate itself out of respect for the Ṛishi, in an attitude which, under the promise extorted from him by Agastya, cannot be changed till Agastya himself moves up again and travels back the way he went. This same Agastya had on another occasion to interfere in the affairs of our Earth to drink dry the ocean. We also read that after Indra had lopped off their wings the hills and mountains, unable to move about, lay very thick all over the rock-bound surface of the Earth; and that king Prithu, from whom the Earth derives one of her most common appellations in Pṛithivî, and who the *Devî Bhâgavata* vaguely hints is going to be the Vishṇu of a future Brahmâṇḍa, flung these hills and mountains into the heaps that make up the great ranges of to-day, and so made the space of the plains for men to dwell in. We also read here and there of the great growths of the vegetable kingdom and their subsequent clearing by the humans; thus the primeval forests gave their daughter in marriage to the sons of Prachetas. Lastly some of the animals, *e.g.*, Riksharâjâh and Jâmbanân already mentioned, and the Dig-gayas, Varâhas and Kachchhapas, the great elephants and boars and turtles that "support the earth," also seem to precede Kâshyapa. Ananta, the endless serpent, too, who supports the Earth on one of his thousand hoods, in some accounts precedes Kâshyapa, though in others he is the child of Kâshyapa and Kadrû. Such stories seem to support the theory above propounded as to the humans pre-existing some but not all animals.

From the above very cursory survey it would appear that we have, generally speaking, two kinds of Jîvas on earth, (*a*) the Prajâpatis, Ṛishis and Rulers, coming from beyond the Earth, as office-bearers and guides of evolution, and (*b*) various types of humans, animals, vegetables minerals, and others, also coming in various batches and at different times, from the Moon and other places, but coming here for their own evolution and being in a sense more identified with the Earth. It may be that some portion of class *b* may consist of Jîvas of the very lowest and most incipient kind belonging to the Earth itself, properly, and differentiating out of the elemental substance of this planet, in which they have been locked up for vast ages, rather than coming over from any other planet. But the bulk of them would probably consist of the lunar and other Pitṛis, and the necessity for the lunar dynasty of Divine Kings may well lie in the fact that such a dynasty would possess some expert and specialist knowledge of these Pitṛis and would thus be of substantial help and use in co-working with the solar dynasty.

Into the midst of the evolving lunar Pitṛis, at about the middle, it would seem, of the third race, descended the stream of Gangâ. This stream seems to be the mass of the solar Pitṛis, though of course this is as much matter of theory and as much open to doubt as any other view put forward here.

It has been said before that a Theosophical tradition is that some Jîvas have come in from Venus. But the implication is that these Jîvas are highly advanced adepts, some indeed rulers of adepts, and so they could scarcely be part of such a stream and mass as is indicated by the story of the descent of Gangâ. At the same time the Paurâṇic accounts of these seem to connect the stream with the race of the Bhṛigus, the Ṛishis descended from Bhṛigu, the father of Shukra-Venus. The place on earth where Gangâ touched this planet seems to be Bhṛigu-prapâta, "the descent or chasm or gorge of Bhṛigu," or Gangâvatâra, "the descent or fall of Gangâ," a place or places identical with, or in the vicinity of, the Mânasa-lake which the Kailâsa-mountain, the dwelling-place of Shiva, or his manifestations or representatives on this earth, overhangs. The connection of Shiva with the descent of Gangâ is more widely known than that of Bhṛigu, but

the following facts will show that there is ground for believing in such a connection.

King Sagara of the solar dynasty may be roughly assumed as reigning about the middle of the third race. His name means "one born together with *gara* or venom." While he was still in the womb, his stepmother gave poison to his mother. He was born together with that poison and so was called Sagara, indicating by his name that earthly sins were beginning to stain the purity of even the solar race. Sagara in turn had two wives; and it is significant that one of these, Sumati, was the sister of the great bird Suparṇa, the other being the daughter of a human king. Both were childless, and Sagara retired with them to the holy forest where the Bhṛigu-Ṛiṣhis dwelt. Bhṛigu was pleased with their austerities and gave boons to the two wives, saying, "one of you will have sixty thousand sons and another only one, but this latter will be the ancestor of a long line of kings." The human wife chose the latter; the sister of Suparṇa the sixty thousand. The sixty thousand were later on destroyed by the wrath of the Ṛiṣhi Kapila, whom they insulted. The third descendant, Bhagîratha, of the other single son made great penance and austerities, in accordance with the advice of Suparṇa and of the Bhṛigu-Ṛiṣhis, in order to bring down Gangâ for the salvation of the sixty thousand lying in a vast heap of ashes all the while. Bhagîratha ultimately secured the grant of his wish from Brahmâ. But even thereafter a number of difficulties intervene in the accomplishment thereof. All new enterprises are naturally beset with difficulties in the beginning. The task of enlivening and leavening the dying and dead ashes of this Earth with a new stream of life from other worlds, may well be a task requiring preparation through the efforts of five generations of divine kings, beginning with Sagara, and even then meet with serious obstacles. Brahmâ tells Bhagîratha that the task is impossible without the help of Shiva. And Shiva is therefore separately propitiated by Bhagîratha—a Theosophical tradition tells us that Shiva gives the individuality as Viṣhṇu gives the organic life and Brahmâ the material form. In the story of Gangâ we find that the stream passes through the hands of all the three Gods, or rather, strictly speaking, through the hands

of Brahmâ, the feet of Viṣhṇu, and the head of Shiva. "Gives the individuality" does not mean "creates the Jîva." A Jîva cannot be created newly at all. It only means "brings over, or mediates, at the coming over of individual Jîvas from one world to another to inhabit the physical forms evolving on this latter." In the same way "gives organic life" means "gives manifestation and definite direction to vital functions" and not "creates vitality." So, too, "gives material form" does not mean "created matter" but only "shapes pre-existing matter."

From the above it appears that Bhṛigu and his race of Ṛiṣhis have been connected with the descent of this stream at every stage in the capacity of guides and counsellors.

We may turn for a moment to ask, as a side-question, whether it is possible that sixty thousand, as the number of Jîvas to be saved by Gangâ, is a clue to the number of the Jîvas that actually came over in that stream, or to the total numbers of evolving humanity, including all classes of Pitṛis. In recent Theosophical literature a statement has been hazarded (by Mr. Leadbeater) that the humanity with which an evolution is concerned numbers sixty thousand million Jîvas; and taking the figures of the living human population of this earth from current geographies it would appear that from one-thirtieth to one-fortieth of this mass lives in physical bodies at a time, while the rest occupy the roomier realms of the astral and mental planes. This may or may not be. There is nothing inherently improbable on either side. But of course definite and precise figures require a considerable amount of checking. At the same time it is very probable that the evolution of any single class of Jîvas deals with as definite numbers as the administration of any earth-government and civilised state.

As to the psychological nature of this stream we learn that Gangâ hurls her torrent with premeditated and proud violence on the head of Shiva to test the powers of the Conductor and, in case of failure, to carry him along with herself into Pâtâla, where another stream of her own has gone separately and with which our earth has apparently naught to do. But the Conductor is more than equal to the occasion. He flings broad the tangled forest of his locks and the whole volume of the waters

meanders in thin streaks therein for a whole year, as further preparation and maturation for beginning its open course of life upon the Earth, and then releases it. The violence of Gangâ and the proud response of Shiva duly stamp the stream with the Ahaṁkâra, the "individuality," that developes largely here. But there is something yet of defect. Released by Shiva, in its headlong course over the plains, the river disturbs the Ṛiṣhi Jahnu in his meditations and flings about his utensils of worship. Jahnu finds himself compelled to drink up the whole stream and mature it further within himself. It finally issues by the ever-repeated endeavours of the devoted Bhagîratha, and rolls into the vast hollows dug in the till then even surface of the Earth by the sixty thousand, where their ashes are reposing, and fills out into the oceans of life that now envelope the Earth.

Considering these stories in the sum, the theory which provisionally reconciles any apparent inconsistencies between the Theosophical and the Paurâṇic traditions may be stated thus. Before the close of the lunar evolution some of the lunar Jîvas, having mastered the lessons of that planet extra-rapidly, went off to Mercury, and others similarly to Venus, to progress further there. Those that went to Venus may be called the solar Pitṛis; those that went to Mercury may have another name—the *Devî Bhâgavata* and some of the Upaniṣhads mention seven classes of Pitṛis, *viz.*, the Kavyavâhas, Somas, Jamas, Aryamâs, Agnishvâttas, Barhishads, and Somapas. After the close of the lunar evolution, the bulk of the lunar Jîvas came over here as "lunar Pitṛis" and took up a place more or less in advance of the Jîvas belonging strictly to the Earth, *i.e.*, the Jîvas locked up in the elemental substance of the Earth, a stage that should be lower than the mineral apparently. Later on, when the proper time arrived, the Pitṛis that had gone on to Venus and to Mercury came on to the Earth to join their fellow-lunars and take their proper place in the Earth's evolution. They came over under the guidance respectively of some high Beings or Adepts from each of the two planets, these Beings having progressed to such an extent that they can be transferred or promoted from office to office in the general inter-planetary life of the Solar System and form part of, or be reunited into, the Primeval Hierarchy of Ruling

Beings, Prajâpatis, Ṛishis, etc. Mars and Mercury, one the child of the Earth and the other of the Moon, might also be supposed to belong, like Venus, to other chains, a Martian chain and a Mercurial chain, rather than to be parts of the Terrene chain of globes, and the Mercurial chain and evolution to be older and the Martian younger than our Earth's.

With these very provisional theories we may bring the present excursus of a sober fancy into the domains of tradition and allegory to a close.

BHAGAVÂN DÂS.

JESUS AND CHRISTIANITY IN THE TALMUD

FROM A JEW'S STANDPOINT

THERE are some passages in the Talmud concerning Jesus and Christianity which I believe will prove of great interest and importance to the readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Especially will this be so to those members of the Theosophical Society who, I am told, hold peculiar views regarding the date of the period of Jesus' existence.

But before we proceed with our main subject let us first of all understand what the Talmud is. The Talmud is a collection of documents which contain the legislation and traditions of the Jewish doctors, that are said to have been orally preserved from the primitive days of Moses onwards. Tradition says: "When the Torah (or written Law) was given to Moses on Sinai, the Oral Law, or the Law of the Mouth, was also committed to the memory of Moses, who in turn transmitted it to the elders in a similar form. Moses committed the oral traditions—the interpretation or key to the written Law—to his disciple Joshua; Joshua to the elders, the elders to the Prophets, and the Prophets to the Men of the Great Assembly" (*Avoth*, i.). From the Men of the Great Assembly to the destruction of the second Temple, these traditions underwent a great evolution; for not only were fresh

traditions added to the old ones with the advance of time, but foreign ideas were also introduced and cultivated in the Jewish mind, all, however, being so far orally transmitted.

After the destruction of the second Temple by Titus, Rabban Yochanan ben Zaccai, a disciple of Hillel, founded the great academy at Jamnia (70 A.C.) to which all the Jewish doctors flocked with the remnant of their disciples. The greatest names of the Talmud appeared from Jamnia, and the traditions were cultivated there with greater ardour than had been done while Jerusalem stood. But the entire dispersion of the Jewish race, after the resolute but disastrous attempt to create a new state by the valiant Bar-Cochba, rendered it absolutely impossible to continue the study of the Law orally. The Patriarch Yehudah I. perceived the danger of this great intellectual and social disaster to the race, and was the first doctor to commit the Mishnah to writing about the year 191 A.C. Numerous were the disciples of Juda, and they spread far and wide even to the depths of Babylonia, where they established the two renowned academies of Sura and Pumbeditha. Thus there arose a great literary activity, unheard of before or after in Jewish history, an activity the result of which Judaism feels to this day. These academies produced hundreds of rabbis and teachers, and every one of them had something to record in the name of their teachers or predecessors.

For five hundred years this activity continued, until the whole vast code of laws, ceremonies, customs, traditions, fables, legends, enigmas, sayings, superstitions, and natural truths were finally compiled and transcribed by Rav Ashi and Ravena in the year 500 A.D., under the popular name of "Talmud." This Talmud is designated the "Babylonian," to distinguish it from the Palestinian collection, which was compiled by R. Yochanan about the end of the fourth century, and is a fourth the size of the Babylonian.

The Talmud as a whole is divided into two great divisions (including both the Mishna, or the text, and the Gemara, or commentary); the Halacha, or legislation, and the Haggada, or the historical-philosophical-allegorical portion.

The common text of the Haggada, in the passages concern-

ing Jesus and Christianity, has suffered severely from the folly of the unscrupulous censor. Many passages have been expunged and spurious words substituted for the correct ones. Fortunately the Amsterdam edition is as far as we know complete, and there is also a small volume extant containing a collection of all the omissions.

Having introduced my readers to the Talmud, I shall now extract the passages which refer to Jesus and Christianity, and which will form the basis for the discussion to follow on the existence of Jesus and the development of Christianity from a Jewish standpoint.

1. The Tanaic Rabbis have taught: The right hand of a man should always allure when the left hand repels; not like Elisha, who repelled Gehazi with both his hands, nor like Joshua ben Perachyah, who repelled Jesus the Nazarene with both his hands. What happened to Joshua ben Perachyah? When King Alexander Janneus slew all the Rabbis, Rabbi Joshua ben Perachyah escaped to Alexandria in Egypt with Jesus. When peace was restored, Simon ben Setach [who was Queen Salome's brother] sent the following message: "From me Jerusalem, the Holy City, to thee Alexandria in Egypt. My sister dwells with thee [Joshua had been president of the Sanhedrim] whilst I am desolate." Joshua understood the purport of the message, and returned accompanied by Jesus. On the way they lodged at an inn, where they were particularly well treated by the hostess; Joshua said by way of praise: "How beautiful is this inn!" "Yes," answered Jesus, "she [the hostess] hath oval eyes." "O wicked one!" retorted his master, "dost thou engage in this?" . . . . . Joshua then excommunicated him at the blast of four hundred trumpets.

Jesus came daily to ask for pardon and to be received as a penitent, but was repelled on every occasion. One day he came whilst his master was reciting the Shema [when speech is forbidden], Joshua thought of accepting him and beckoned him to wait until he had ended his devotions. But Jesus, thinking he was again repelled, went away and committed an idolatrous deed.

Joshua ben Perachyah soon perceived the error he had committed, and grief-stricken he called upon Jesus to repent. But he replied: "I have it from tradition that whosoever sins and causes Israel to sin, is not urged to repent"; for he had bewitched, allured and caused Israel to sin.

Jesus then made the Law as if two laws, and the kingdom was converted to Christianity (Minoth). (*Sota*, 47. A.)

[Rashi, the greatest Jewish commentator, commenting on this passage, says that "the kingdom" means Rome, which ruled the world, and "was

converted to Christianity" means "those who follow after the error of him (Jesus) and his disciples were called Minim" (Christians).]

2. We have been taught that on the eve of Passover Jesus was crucified, and the public crier went before him forty days before he was brought out to be stoned for the crime of having bewitched, corrupted, and caused Israel to sin, and proclaimed: "He who knows any merit regarding him, let him come and testify"; but none were found. He was therefore crucified on the eve of Passover.

The Rabbis have taught further that Jesus left five disciples, namely: Mattai [Matthew], Niconi, Notzar, Bonai and Toudah. (*Sanhedrin*, 43. A.)

3. When Rabbi Eliezer ben Hyrcanos [60-120 of Christian era, one of the greatest sages of the Talmud, and brother-in-law of the Patriarch Gamaliel II.] was seized on the charge of being a Christian, he was brought before the judge for trial. The judge said: "Doth one so old as thou art engage in such worthless matters?"

Rabbi Eliezer answered: "I accept the true rebuke of the judge." The judge applied this admission to his own authority, whereas Rabbi Eliezer said it only in reference to the Father in Heaven. "Because thou hast admitted my righteous dealings with thee," continued the judge, "thou art discharged."

When Rabbi Eliezer came home, his disciples entered to console him on the misfortune of having been suspected as a Christian, but he would accept none of their consolation.

"Rabbi!" said Akiba [who was still at that time his disciple], "Permit me to say something which thou hast taught me." "Say on," he said. "Perchance thou didst formerly share a Christian opinion, for which thou hast now been charged as a Christian."

"Akiba!" said he, "Thou remindest me of an incident which once happened unto me. One day whilst walking in the upper market-place of Shepphoris, a man whose name was Jacob, of the village of Scheniah [in Galilee] and who was a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, accosted me. He said unto me: 'Thou shalt not bring the hire of an harlot or the price of a dog into the house of the Lord thy God [*Deut.* xxiii. 17]. Would it be right to use it for the purpose of making a privy for the high-priest?' I was silent. Then continued Jacob: 'Thus I have been taught by my master Jesus of Nazareth, "For it is gathered from the hire of an harlot, and they shall return to the hire of an harlot [*Micah*, i. 7]," that is to say, let impurity return to impurity.' I was delighted with this interpretation, and because of this I have now been accused of being a Christian" (*Avoda Zara*, 16. B.)

4. The Tanaic Rabbis have taught: When Rabbis Eliezer ben Pardo and Chanena ben Teradion [one of the ten martyrs executed by Turnus Rufus] were seized on the charge of being Christians, Rabbi Eliezer said to Chanena ben Teradion: "Happy be thou, O Chanena, for thou hast been seized on one charge, but woe to me that I have been seized for five offences,"

But Rabbi Chanena answered: "Happy be thou, O Eliezer, thou hast been seized on five charges and hast escaped [from Christian influence]; but woe to me that I have been charged with one offence and have not escaped. Thou hast been engaged in the study of the Law and charity, whilst I engaged only in the study of the Law—therefore hath punishment overtaken me." (*Avoda Zara*, 16. B.)

[The compiler of the Gemara, commenting on this incident, remarks: "As Rav Huna said, 'He who engageth in study alone, is likened unto one who denies the existence of the Deity.'"]

5. Aima-Salome, the wife of Rabbi Eliezer and sister of Rabban Gamaliel II., desired to expose the corruption of a Christian judge who enjoyed a reputation for integrity and impartiality. She conveyed to him secretly a golden lamp and asked him to order her brother (the Patriarch) to divide with her the inheritance left by their father Simon [who was slain at the destruction of Jerusalem]. But Gamaliel pleaded: "According to the law of Moses a daughter cannot inherit where there is a son." The judge replied: "Now that you have no country, the Law of Moses is abolished, and the Evangel is substituted, which makes no distinction between son and daughter."

The next day Rabban Gamaliel bribed the judge with a Libyan ass. When the case came on for further hearing, the judge said to the litigants: "The Evangel is given, which is the fulfilment of the Law of Moses, and it is written therein, 'I have not come to destroy, but to fulfil.'" (*Sabbath*, 116. B.)

6. At the death of Rabbi Joshua ben Chananyah, the Rabbis cried out: "Who will now defend our cause against the Minim?" (*Chagigah*, 5. A.)

[Rashi, the commentator, adds after Minim, "the disciples of Jesus, who reject the ordinances of the wise."]

7. The Post-Mishnaic Rabbis have taught: An animal if slaughtered, even according to the Jewish rites, by a Min [Jewish-Christian] is like an animal offered to idols. His [the Min's] bread is like the bread of a Cuthite [Samaritan] and his wine like that offered to idols. The books of the Law, the Prophets and Hagiographa which have been written by him, are like the books of magicians. (*Chullin*, 13. A.)

8. The books of the Minim [the Gospels of the Christians] are not to be kept from the fire on the Sabbath, but must be consumed on the spot with the names of God contained therein.

Rabbi Joses said: On a week day let the names of God be cut out and hidden away, and the remainder burnt. Rabbi Tarphon declared: May I be deprived of my children, if I do not burn them with the names of God!

If a man be pursued to death by a robber, or by a serpent, let him fly for refuge into a heathen temple rather than into the house of a Min; for idolaters sin unwittingly, but the Minim do so deliberately.

Rabbi Ismael said: If in order to make peace between husband and wife, the Law allows the name of God to be "blotted out" [to be placed in the bitter waters], how much more shall the books of these men be destroyed who stir up enmity and angry feeling between Israel and their Father who is in Heaven. To them the words of David may be applied: "Do I not hate them, O Lord, that hate thee? Am I not grieved with those who rise up against thee? I hate them with perfect hatred, I reckon them my enemies." (*Sabbath*, 116. A.)

9. Rav Nachman said: We hold that a roll of the Law that has been written by a Min, shall be committed to the flames; if by a Gentile, let it be concealed; if found in possession of a Min, and it cannot be ascertained whether he has transcribed it, let it be concealed; if found in the possession of a Gentile, some say let it likewise be concealed; others, that it may be used for reading. (*Gittin*, 45. B.)

10. A man must not carry or take from the Minim, he must not intermarry with them, and must not accept their cures for diseases.

Ben Dama, the nephew of Rabbi Ismael, was bitten by a snake. There came to him Jacob of the village of Scheniah, and offered to cure him [in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, his master (*Tosephoth*)]. But his uncle would not permit it, although Ben Dama offered to prove its legality from the Law of Moses, so he died without procuring help from Jacob the Christian.

"Blessed art thou, Ben Dama," cried his uncle, "for thy soul has departed in purity, and has not transgressed the ordinances of the wise." (*Avoda Zara*, 27. B.)

11. Rabban Gamaliel, whilst presiding at the academical Sanhedrim, said to the sages: Is there anyone present who is able to compose a blessing for Minim? Then Samuel the Little came forward and composed it [as follows]:

To the apostates let there be no hope; then shall all the wickedness perish in a moment, and all thine enemies speedily shall be cut off, and the kingdom of pride Thou shalt uproot speedily, and break and cast down and humble it speedily in our day. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, breaker of the enemy, and humbler of the proud. (*Beracoth*, 29. A.)

12. Mark Ukvah said: The voice of two daughters who cry from Gehenna, are they who exclaim, "Give, Give!" in this world, namely, Roman tax-collectors and Christians. [The former shout, "Give taxes"; the latter, "Give converts."] None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the path of life. A speedy death awaits those who return to Judaism from Christianity, for they expire from remorse.

13. Rabbi Abuhu [who lived in the third century and was a violent opponent of Christianity] said: The Shema was commanded to be repeated in a loud voice on account of the troubles caused by the Minim [Christians]

but at Neherdae in Babylon, where there are no Minim, they repeat the Shema to this day in a low voice. (*Pesachim*, 56. A.)

14. Rav Saiseth, who was totally blind, ordered his servant to place him in any other but the Eastward direction when he wished to pray, because the Christians did so. (*Bava Bathra*, 25. A.)

15. A certain Christian asked Rabbi Chanena: Now that your Temple is burnt, you cannot cleanse yourselves from your ceremonial defilement, you are therefore unclean, for it is written [*Lam.*, i. 9] "Her filthiness abides in her skirts." But Rabbi Chanena answered: Come and see what is written concerning them [the Jews]: "Who remaineth among them in the midst of defilement" [*Lam.*, xvi. 16]. [That is to say, even when Israel is defiled, the Shekinah dwells among them.] (*Yoma*, 57. A.)

At the first appearance, these passages which I have extracted from the Talmud seem to be a medley of absurdities, uninteresting and valueless; but in truth they contain a vast store of historical and controversial information regarding a period of great historical uncertainty. They are concealed in a cloak of obscurity, which, however, requires but a gentle touch to uncover them.

Let us first consider extract 1, and try to discover the meaning of the assertion that Jesus flourished in the days of Joshua ben Perachyah, exactly a century prior to his birth. A thorough investigation of the passage reveals its inconsistency, and it may easily be conceived that it has a feigned meaning.

The latter part, which tells us that Rome became converted to Christianity, betrays the unhistorical nature of the former, which asserts that Jesus was a desciple of Joshua ben Perachyah. For if Jesus had really lived in Ben Perachyah's time, the kingdom could not have become converted to Christianity. For in Joshua ben Perachyah's time the Romans were just beginning their conquests in the East, and were as yet absolute strangers to Judea and the Jews. It was only after the death of Alexander Janneus, when civil war broke out between his sons, Hyrcanos and Aristobulus, that Pompey and his legions entered Jerusalem. Therefore by the inconsistency of the passage, and by historical demonstration, we arrive at the conclusion that Jesus really flourished in Herod's and Hillel's time.

But why was Jesus thought to have existed in Ben Perachyah's age when he flourished a century later? What was the reason for this historical blunder?

The unknown scribe who wrote this passage must have been well versed in the Gospels, for he exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the Evangelists' traditions. The writer's intention was to suppress the fact of Jesus' existence in Hillel's time, because the Minim or Christians boasted themselves over the realisation of the supposed prophecy of Jesus, *viz.*, the destruction of Jerusalem. We ascertain this from extract 15, where a Christian brings forward the destruction of the Temple as the cause of Israel's defilement.

The writer then fixed upon the age of Joshua ben Perachyah for two reasons: in the first place in order that the Christians might not think the destruction of Jerusalem a consequence of its rejection of Jesus; and secondly, because the time of Herod coincided in events with that of Joshua ben Perachyah.

King Alexander Janneus slew all the Rabbis with the exception of Judah Tabbai, Simeon ben Setach, and Joshua ben Perachyah. Herod, in like manner, slew all the members of the Sanhedrim, with the exception of Shammai and Hillel.

The New Testament narrates the flight of Jesus to Egypt under the protection of his adopted father Joseph, which occurred in Herod's time. The writer of the Talmudic passage relates a similar story of Josuha's flight to Egypt, accompanied by his disciple Jesus.

Yet another coincidence! We are told in the Gospels that an angel appeared to Joseph and requested him to return with Jesus, "for they are dead who sought the young child's life." A corresponding message is forwarded by Simeon ben Setach to Joshua ben Perachyah, who returns with his disciple Jesus.

As far as I am able to judge, this tradition must have been created in the second century, at a time when polemical controversies were the order of the day between Jews and Jewish-Christians.

There is not the faintest doubt that the passage is a feigned one; but if any doubt remain on the subject I can still further strengthen my position by further evidence drawn from Jewish tradition and literature.

MOSES LEVENE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

[The subject treated of in Mr. Levene's paper, though of the utmost obscurity, is of very great interest to students of the origins of Christianity. I am, therefore, very pleased to offer the hospitality of our pages to one who can look at the matter from the Jewish standpoint. The matter, however, is not to be disposed of without further consideration, for the passages quoted have formed the ground of most bitter controversy, and the most contradictory propositions have been argued from them. When Mr. Levene's paper, therefore, is concluded I propose to write a series of articles on *all* the Jewish Jesus passages and stories, not, however, from a Christian standpoint as opposed to a Jewish standpoint, but as a contribution to an independent investigation of the Talmud statements and their mediæval developments, to discover whether there may possibly be any historical traces left in this strange legendary chaos.—G. R. S. M.]

THE ERA OF THE PRIMEVAL ZOROASTER

THERE is no more intricate and controversial subject among scholars of Zoroastrianism than the question of the era of Zoroaster, though perhaps to a student of Theosophy it is comparatively of less importance. The scholars of Zoroastrianism differ so widely with regard to the period at which Zoroaster existed, that if we were to take all the statements adduced by them as true of a single person they would lead us to believe that the person about whom such statements have been made was a purely mythical entity. One party relies on the Greek authorities, while the other on the Pahlavi. The discussions are all based on the assumption that Zoroaster is a single individual, to whom alone all the records found in the Avesta literature are referred. H. P. Blavatsky long ago treated the question far otherwise (*The Theosophist*, vol. iv., June, July, 1883), stating boldly that there was not one Initiate only named Zoroaster, but several, and that the name was a generic term or title rather than a proper noun,

"Between Zoroaster, the primeval institutor of 'sun-*worship*,'" she says, "and Zarathushtra, the principal expounder of the occult properties and transcendental powers of the divine (Promethean) Fire, there lies the abyss of ages. The latter was one of the earliest hierophants, one of the first Athravans (priests or teachers of 'fire'), while the Zoroaster of 'Gustasp' was living some 4000 years B.C. Indeed Bunsen places Zoroaster in Baktria and the emigration of the Baktrians to the Indus at 3784 B.C. And this Zoroaster taught, not what he had learned 'from,' but with the Brâhmans, *i.e.*, at Airyanam Vaego, since what is identical with Brâhmanical symbolism is found but in the earlier Vedas, not in any of the later Commentaries; so that it may be even said of the Vedas themselves, that though compiled in the land of the Seven Rivers, they existed ages before in the North."

Orthodox Pârsî opinion is also gradually approaching towards the above view. In the course of a conversazione held in honour of Professor A. V. Williams Jackson, of the Columbia University, Ervad Jivanji Jamshedji Modi is reported to have expressed the same view, that there was not one person named Zoroaster, but several.

The question then is: Which of the Zoroasters is it whose era we require to establish? Clearly it is the "son of Pourushaspa," mentioned in the Avesta.

In taking the Avesta authorities we find two native-places assigned to him; one account placing him in Rae, another in Atropatene. "To decide which of the two places," says the writer of the Introduction to the *Vendîdâd* (Sacred Books of the East, vol. iv.), "had the better claim to be called the native-place of Zoroaster is of course impossible. The conflict of the two traditions must be interpreted as an indication that both places were important seats of the Magian worship. That both traditions may rely on the Avesta is, perhaps, a sign that the Avesta contains two series of documents, the one emanating from the Magi of Raghi [Rae], and the other from the Magi of Atropatene. Which of the two places had the older claim is also a question hardly to be settled in the present state of our knowledge. Whether Magism came from Ragha to Atropatene, or

from Atropatene to Ragha, in either case it had its origin in Media."

Traditionally it is believed that Zoroaster was the son of Pourushaspa, who existed in the reign of Gustaspa. Gustaspa is said to have lived, as we have seen above, about 4000 B.C. We do not know definitely whether this date is reliable, or whether Pourushaspa and Gustaspa existed at two entirely different epochs, or whether the Avesta records mix up all the Zoroasters into one. Zoroaster, the son of Pourushaspa, as described in the 9th Hâ of the *Yasna*, may even have existed at an epoch prehistorical, as we shall presently see, for we may take him to be a person existing at a time contemporaneous with the submergence of Poseidonis ; or even earlier, in mid-Atlantean times.

In the 9th Hâ of the *Yasna* we read : "Who was the fourth man who prepared thee, O Haoma ! for the corporeal world ? What blessedness was given him ? What gain did he acquire ? Thereupon gave Haoma answer : He the holy, and driving death afar, Pourushaspa was the fourth man who prepared me for the corporeal world. This blessedness was given him, this gain did he acquire, that thou, O Zarathustra ! wast born to him, the just, in Pourushaspa's house, the Daeva's foe, the friend of Mazda's lore, famed in Airyena Vaegah ; and thou, O Zarathustra ! didst recite the first the Ahunavairya, four times intoning it, and with verses kept apart [(Pazand) each time with louder and still louder voice].

"And thou didst cause, O Zarathustra ! all the demon gods to vanish in the ground who aforetime flew about this earth in human shape (and power. This hast thou done), thou who hast been the strongest, and the staunchest, the most active, and the swiftest, and (in every deed) the most victorious in the two spirits' world. . . .

" Yea, I make my claim on thee that I may overwhelm the angry hate of haters, of the Daevas and of mortals, of the sorcerers and sirens, of the tyrants, and the Kavis, of the Karpans, murderous bipeds, of the sanctity-destroyers, the profane apostate bipeds, of the wolves four-footed monsters, of the invading host, wide-fronted, which with stratagems advance."

In the above Hâ various monsters are hinted at, such as the *aṣhmogh*, *mairya bizangra* and others, but as these do not now

exist, they are considered as myths, and the translators have tried to change the meaning of some of the original words. For example, the word *ashmogh* is applied at present to a man who purposely misrepresents or misinterprets religious doctrines, while its original meaning seems to be different. "A 'flying camel,'" says H. P. B., "is indeed too much for the most liberal-minded F.R.S. Nevertheless, the *Zohar*, which can hardly be expected to use the language of a Cuvier, was right in its description, for we find it called in the old Zoroastrian MSS. *aschmogh*, which in the Avesta is represented as having lost after the Fall '*its nature and its name*,' and is described as a huge serpent with a camel's neck. 'There are no winged serpents, nor veritable dragons,' asserts Salverte. . . . 'Grasshoppers are called by the Greeks *winged serpents*, and this metaphor may have created narratives on the existence of winged serpents.' There are none *now*; but there is no reason why they should not have existed during the Mesozoic age; and Cuvier, who has reconstructed their skeletons, is a witness to 'flying camels.' Already, after finding simple fossils of certain saurians, the great naturalist has written, that 'if anything can justify the Hydra and other monsters, whose figures were so often repeated by mediæval historians, it is incontestably the Plesiosaurus.'"*

Mairya bizangra is translated now as a "man of the nature of a serpent," or "murderous biped," but if *mairya* can be taken as a serpent, the phrase would mean a two-legged serpent or a dragon.

The reference to the existence of monsters hinted at above can be supplemented from the *Bundahish* (ch. xv.) also, wherein it is stated that, "as there were ten varieties of man, and fifteen races from Fravak, there were twenty-five races all from the seed of Gayomard; the varieties are such as those of the earth, of the water, the breast-eared, the breast-eyed, the one-legged, those also who have wings like a bat, those of the forest, with tails, and who have hair on the body." This account, occurring as it does immediately after the description of the progeny of the hermaphrodite Mashya-Mashyoi, may belong to a remoter period; but as it gives us some clue to imagine the monsters

* *The Secret Doctrine*, ii. 205, o. e.

of the Third and Fourth Races, it is considered advisable to add it here.

Now let us open *The Secret Doctrine* and glance at the Stanzas of Dzyan.

"31. . . . THEY *(the animals)* BEGAN TO BREED. THE TWO-FOLD MAN *(then)* SEPARATED ALSO. HE *(man)* SAID, 'LET US AS THEY; LET US UNITE AND MAKE CREATURES.' THEY DID. . . .

"32. . . . AND THOSE WHICH HAD NO SPARK, THE 'NARROW-BRAINED,' TOOK HUGE SHE-ANIMALS UNTO THEM. THEY BEGAT UPON THEM DUMB RACES. DUMB THEY WERE *(the 'narrow-brained')* THEMSELVES. BUT THEIR TONGUES UNTIED. THE TONGUES OF THEIR PROGENY REMAINED STILL. MONSTERS THEY BRED. A RACE OF CROOKED, RED-HAIR-COVERED MONSTERS, GOING ON ALL FOURS. A DUMB RACE, TO KEEP THE SHAME UNTOLD."

Commenting on the above, H. P. B. says: "The animals 'separated the first,' says Stanza 31. Bear in mind that at that period men were different, even physiologically, from what they are now having passed the middle point of the Fifth Race. We are not told what the 'huge she-animals' were; but they certainly were as different from any we know now, as were the men."

The Daevas and the monsters of the Avesta can thus be very easily compared with those of *The Secret Doctrine*. They cannot be taken as myths, simply because they do not exist now, but can be taken as facts in nature, as has already been proved as far as the geological and archæological branches of modern advanced science are concerned. Skeletons belonging to gigantic men and curious animals have been found, the like of which no longer exist on earth. If such men and animals once existed—a fact which cannot be denied—then the Avesta records cannot be pure myths, but hints of archaic facts.

The above condition of affairs is considered as corresponding to the Miocene period of modern science; and we are allowed to have a peep into the Mesozoic period also. "Deinosaurs," says A. R. Proctor, "which may be regarded as a connecting link between birds and reptiles, appeared and disappeared during

the Mesozoic era—becoming extinct, like other transitional types, within a comparatively short time, though the absolute duration of their existence on the earth may probably be measured by millions of years. The footprints of some of these creatures, which walked on their hind legs, were mistaken by the earlier geologists for the traces of gigantic birds; but although birds, and gigantic ones, appeared during the Mesozoic ages, the deinosaurs were not flying creatures. When we consider the enormous size of some of them, as the *Brontosaur*, whose feet left imprints a square yard in area; the *Stegosaur*, whose bony back plates were three feet across; and the *Atlantosaur*, the most massive of all known creatures, probably of all creatures which have ever existed (it seems to have been about 100 feet long and 30 feet high), we may regard the power of flying as not one which deinosaurs needed or were likely to possess."* Not only so; in Tertiary ages, *i.e.*, in a comparatively recent or later period, also, gigantic cetacean sea mammals, the ancestors of the whales, dolphins and kindred races of our own times, are said to have gradually taken the place of the monstrous sea-saurians of preceding ages. Why, then, should we dub the sacred records of nations myths?

Analogically we may say the human constitution must have been in proportion to the size of the other animals, as well as his power and capacity, holy or nefarious, and hence those who were holy were called the Pahilvas, and the nefarious, the Daevas.

"The Irânians have a reference," says *The Secret Doctrine*, "to the later Atlanteans in *Yasna*, ix. 15. Tradition maintains that the 'Sons of God,' or the great Initiates of the Sacred Island, took advantage of the Deluge to rid the earth of all the Sorcerers among the Atlanteans. The said verse addresses Zoroaster as one of the 'Sons of God.' It says: 'Thou O Zarathushtra, didst make all demons (*i.e.*, Sorcerers), who before roamed the world in human forms, conceal themselves in the earth' (*i.e.*, helped them to get submerged)."

It is clear enough now that Zoroaster, the son of Pourushaspa, may have existed during the period of the Atlanteans, and that the reference in the 9th Hâ of the *Yasna* may be to the later

*"The Stream of Life,"; an article in *Knowledge*, January 2nd, 1888.

Atlanteans. It remains to be seen, then, at what period the Atlanteans rose, fell and vanished. If we can find out at least an approximation we may place the holy son of Pourushaspa in that period. The maps given in the *Story of Atlantis* may prove very useful here, as they give us some idea about the rise, fall and submergence of the race of the giant-sorcerers.

	From years.	*Up to years.*
Map 1. Atlantis at its Prime	1,000,000	800,000
„ 2. Atlantis in its decadence after the main catastrophe	800,000	200,000
„ 3. Ruta and Daitya [Ratus and Devas of the Avesta]	200,000	80,000
„ 4. Poseidonis	80,000	9564 B.C.

We can thus place one Zarathushtra even as early as between the period of 800,000 and 200,000 years, as elsewhere we are told that "most of the later islander Atlanteans perished in the interval between 850,000 and 700,000 years ago, and that the Aryans were 200,000 years old when the first great 'island' or continent was submerged."* It is said that the main continent perished in the Miocene period.

We cannot assign him any period nearer than the above, as we shall see from other evidence. In the 9th Hâ of the *Yasna* quoted above Pourushaspa is said to have "prepared" Haoma before Zoroaster was "born"—born of Dugdure, which is said to mean Fish, and the symbolical Fish called Kara, which he invokes in the 19th Fargard of the *Vendîdâd*, "that lives beneath waters in the bottom of the deep sea," which preserves the White Haoma, the Tree of Life and Immortality,† round which the Fish circles. As to the esoteric interpretation of Pourushaspa, his father, we have not come across any scriptural explanation.

"We have no right," says H. P. B., in *The Theosophist* (vol. vi.), "to give out in this journal the correct number of years or rather of ages upon ages, since—according to the doctrines of the Secret Science—the first seeds of Magianism were sown by the hand of the Being to whose duty it falls to rear, nurse and guide the tottering steps of the renascent human races, that

* *The Secret Doctrine*, ii. 395, o.e.

† The word Haoma means various things; it means the Tree of Life, it is also the name of an Intelligence, as well as that of a person.

awake anew to life on every planet in its turn, after its periodical 'obscuration.' It goes as far back as the days of our local *Manvantara*, so that seeds sown among the first 'Root-Race' began sprouting in its infant brain, grew up and, commencing to bear fruit towards the latter part of the Second Race, developed fully during the Third into what is known among Occultists as the '*Tree of Knowledge*' and the '*Tree of Life*'—the real meaning of both having been, later on, so sadly disfigured and misinterpreted by both Zoroastrians and Christians."

H. P. B. may not have thought it advisable to give any figures in the earlier days of the Society, but subsequent assertions found in *The Secret Doctrine* lead us to come to certain conclusions. We suggest then, that Zarathushtra, the Son of Pourushaspa, belongs to the Third Root Race, and could not have lived later than 200,000 years ago. Of course this will appear as an audacious leap in the dark to many, but it has been taken in a natural way. Other Zoroasters may have existed subsequently; but the Son of Pourushaspa was the primeval ancestor of Pre-Aryan "Zoroastrianism."

N. F. BILIMORIA.

THOUGHT that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air.—LOWELL.

IF there is such a thing as demonstration people must condescend to investigate.—CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE MYSTIC ELEMENTS IN THE "LIVES" OF ST. PATRICK AND ST. BRIDE*

LET me now put forward my tentative theory with regard to these two Irish saints. I do not think, as some have thought, that they had no existence. It seems to me that this is extremely unlikely to have been the case. It is, however, a very extraordinary circumstance that it is impossible to obtain more definite evidence of the existence of Patrick; it is very strange that Bede is silent concerning him, while he mentions Palladius, whose mission failed.

Now my reason for laying stress upon this point is as follows. The Culdees, the British Church as a whole, was thought to be heretical by Rome.† It is *not* a fact, so far as I can see, that the Culdees were lax; though they, like the Essenes, had different orders in their ranks, some were married, some celibate. There are indications that some, at least, were considered to be of superior sanctity, and the lives of the whole body were commended even by their opponents. The fact that a presbyter of the Culdees had authority over men in the Church who did not follow the Culdee Rule, seems to denote the superior holiness of some among the body. The learning of the Culdees has been admitted; it is said that the monks of Iona were replaced by men of "less learning" and "more orthodoxy." Now the Gnostic communities, as Mr. Mead has frequently pointed out, were men of learning, differing in doctrine and practice from the less instructed communities of Christians; he has also shown that there was among these early Gnostic Christians a greater holiness of life, and a greater freedom of doctrine, than among their

* See the last number, "The 'Lives' of St. Patrick and St. Bride."

† Since it is not known when Christianity was introduced into these Isles, I cannot see why the British Church is not justified in claiming an equal antiquity, and possibly a purer and more mystical doctrine, than that of Rome, together with a greater freedom of belief.

successors. The Gospel of John, it has been said, is a Gnostic Scripture teaching the doctrine of the mystic Christ;* it was an attempt to build the teaching of the Gnosis into a framework of the legends of a mighty life which was lived here upon earth; to wit, the human life and incarnation of a great Teacher. It has, we know, been doubted whether He, the great Founder of the Christian Faith, ever lived and taught on earth. Contemporary historians are strangely silent respecting Him. We are told that the traditions concerning the life of the historical Jesus were used by certain pious writers as a background, or as a centre round which to write the story of the "Christ of the Mysteries," the Christ principle in the human soul. The same thing has been done in the *Pistis Sophia*.

In view of this practice of the Gnostics, it is to me an interesting and suggestive fact to find indications of what seems to me to be a like practice in Ireland. It does not make the figure of Saint Patrick less real because his life, the life of a great saint and evangelist, has been taken as a ground-work on which to build a mystic allegory of the soul.

I suggest then that Patrick's history is in the main true; that he did exercise a strong moulding force upon the early British Church in Ireland; that he received training where Gildas was trained, in the same mystical school, if not at the same place geographically.† I suggest it is also true that he was trained in Gaul and in Italy, that he there received that initiation or illumination symbolised as the vision of God on a mountain, or the receiving of the "little staff" of Christ.‡ He probably came, as other great souls came, to an already existent Irish Church of which Kiaran was a member; he was received by the learned Irish Christians as a man of knowledge, versed in the mysteries of the soul and the inner planes.§ He was also

* The unorthodox monks of Iona referred the origin of their heretical doctrines to John.

† I think there may have been an actual centre of learning at Nemthor; at the same time I believe the statements may also refer to that "Holy Tower" in which the soul of every mystic is "born."

‡ See in connection with this symbol *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, p. 222.

§ The Irish MSS. show a certain complexity of conception with regard to the nature of the soul. For example, in some Irish notes to the Calendar of Oengus the Culdee these words occur: "God and man are a decad, *i.e.*, the threeness of the Trinity, and the fourness of the body, air and earth, fire and water, and the three senses of the mind."

received by such of the Fili and Magi as had sufficient knowledge to perceive that the Wisdom which lay behind pure Christianity and pure Druidism was the same; that is to say, by such learned men of the old Faith as had at once real knowledge and pure and unselfish purpose in acquiring and applying it.

I believe, however, that when we are dealing with the written records of St. Patrick's life, we are dealing largely with allegory.

It is true the mark of St. Patrick's work endures, and therefore I believe he lives; but his "Lives" are strangely unreal considered as the record of events which took place on the physical plane in comparatively recent days. The birth and childhood of the Christian Church in Britain was cast in stormy and unsettled times; those were days of wars and tumults, of violent raids and depredations. It is very likely that a boy should have been torn from his parents in Britain and sold as a slave in Ireland. Nevertheless the account of his bondage in "four houses" sounds very much like an allegory. Take for example the already quoted statement respecting the "*z*eal of his service." If this be not allegorical, if it was not known to be so by the readers for whom it was intended, is it conceivable that it could, in any age, be set down as a fact to be believed?

Mark! it is not stated that a miracle was wrought; that Patrick, by illusion, appeared in four places simultaneously. Could any owner of a slave be absolutely unaware that his property belonged to, and *z*ealously served, three other families? But if the statement be an allegorical and figurative method of stating a fact, the case is altered. What if the bondage be the binding of the real man, the Christ within the soul, within the limitations of the bodies or of the planes of matter? If it be so, we shall find less difficulty in accepting the statement as to the perfect service in four households. "Yoga is skill in action"; the truly spiritual man should serve fully, freely, perfectly in any "household" wherein his service lies; nor should any service suffer, because another is performed accurately and thoroughly. The four houses suggest the same idea as that which we speak of as "the lower quaternary"; bondage in the house of a magician

suggests the thraldom of the soul in the world—mâyâ; it is the bondage of illusion, of illusory knowledge, of the lower psychism, of the lower mind; call it by what phrase we will we all feel the bondage in one form or another, even though some of us do not as yet realise that we feel it.

If we take point for point in the recorded lives of Patrick and Bridget I think we shall find accumulating proofs of their allegorical character. Both saints are enslaved by a magician. Bride converts her owner; Patrick converts the son and daughters of his master, who sees them consumed with heavenly fire. This seems to me to hint at the transmutation of the powers of the mind and of the emotional nature; it seems to symbolise the binding of them to the service of the spiritual man. Milcho consumes himself and his house with fire at the approach of his former slave, who returns gloriously after his vision of God "on the mountain." Is it not said that there is indeed a divine fire which burns that which is impure in the personality; is it not also said that the "house" of the individuality, the causal body, is "consumed" at a certain stage in the evolution of the soul?* Patrick is represented as having been made a swineherd;† Bride is a herder of cows, a "milk maid,"‡ she is sickened by the magician's food (the knowledge of the world) and he, in remorse, feeds the enslaved maiden on the milk of a white cow.§ Bride converts her master; in other words purifies the personality.‖ In the life of Bride there are many indications that the allusions to Christ are intended to imply a mystic spiritual principle in the soul, and not the great Christian Master. For example, take such a passage as the following: "This is the father of that holy

* It is said that the "causal body" vanishes when the ego gains its first experience of buddhic consciousness, at the first Initiation. It is after Patrick's vision "on the mountain" that Milcho consumes his house at the approach of his freed slave.

† I have commented already in previous papers on this symbolism of the swine and the swineherd.

‡ In a Gaelic Herding Chant she is called "the milk maid of the smooth white palms." In Mr. Whitley Stokes' translation of the *Amra* (*Revue Celtique*, vol. xx.) he notes the figurative use of language in these old MSS. For example, he says "milking in" is used to denote "instruction."

§ Compare also the old Irish symbol of the white "cow of wisdom" (Wilde).

‖ Bride is illegitimate. It will be remembered how this symbolism is used in the Grecian myths. The Gods are often born of the amours of Zeus with another than Hera (matter).

virgin, the Heavenly Father; this is her son, Jesus Christ; this is her fosterer, the Holy Ghost"; she is spoken of as "the Mary of the Gael," "the branch with blossoms, the Mother of Christ."

To return to the *Life* of Saint Patrick. If the *Confession* was written by him, I do not believe he intends to imply that he was twice enslaved. When he speaks of his second captivity I believe he intends to denote that more or less intolerable bondage from which we all suffer. It presses hardly or lightly according to the phase of consciousness through which we are passing at the time. Sometimes we forget the fetters, sometimes we feel and think of nothing else; but they are always there and, I suppose, always will be, till we reach the service that is perfect freedom. So again he writes a universal autobiography when he speaks of his "buffetings by Satan," from which he is delivered by the "power of the sun," the power of the Life of the Logos within his heart.

Patrick's miracles are told of many holy men; in them there are lacking the distinctive touches, such as appear in the stories of the wonder-working of Columba. For this reason, and for others, I think that Columba's *Life* is chiefly biography pure and simple. And in mentioning Columba I would remark, in support of my view of the allegorical aspect* of the history of Saint Patrick, that there is a most curious linking into a trinity of these followers of "Christ, the Head"—Patrick, Bride, and Columba. It is said that: "Between St. Patrick of the Irish, and Bridget and Columba, a friendship of love took place."† Now, the date of Patrick's birth is given as 372, and he died in 493, according to the *Four Masters;* Columba was born in 521. If these dates are correct they preclude the possibility of "a friendship of love" between Patrick and Columba on the physical plane, unless it be assumed that Patrick reincarnated in Columba's lifetime.

I do not, as aforesaid, deny the reality of the personality of Patrick, and I think it is quite possible that St. Bride also was a real personage;‡ nevertheless, I think their lives have been

* When I use the phrase "allegorical *aspect*," I do not imply that the Lives have no foundation in fact.

† *Book of Armagh.* So in the Gospel story are Peter, John, and Mary Magdalene specially honoured as immediate followers of the Lord.

‡ I feel less certain of this; the more so, because I think that Bride seems to be identical with a pre-Christian fire-goddess of the Irish,

used as a platform on which to erect another structure, to tell of a life no less true because it is universal—the common history of the mysterious inner unfolding of the Divine in man.

I. HOOPER.

FORGOTTEN ENGLISH MYSTICS—NO. II.*

"THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWING"

IN the Revelations of Mother Juliana we had a very beautiful specimen of what are known in the Catholic Church as "private revelations." There are many good souls, within and without our own Society, to whom it is a matter often of daily experience that such revelations have not ceased in our own day; souls who are consoled and comforted, as was Mother Juliana, by the visions of the Higher Truth shown them by Those who take an interest in their spiritual development. It must not, however, be supposed that these visions are, in themselves, to be anxiously desired by those wishful to enter upon the Path. They rather belong to the category of "milk for babes" than of the "strong meat" needed by serious fighters. As the Master said to the highly favoured Thomas, who was permitted to satisfy his doubts by laying his finger into the wounds shown on the risen Body: "Blessed are they who have *not* seen and yet have believed." And we are assured that when an aspirant succeeds in gaining entrance to the Path, the first test which lies before him is the blank darkness in which all these pass away, that he may learn to conquer by the strength of his own soul, without help and (as it seems to him in the darkness) without hope from without.

When this conquest is completely achieved, he will no longer receive revelations, but open his eyes and see for himself whatever he desires. This is another thing altogether. The "Prophet" of the Old Testament was but a man "to whom the Word of the Lord came"; his vision strictly limited to what

* See the September number, 1900

the Lord pleased to show him, unable to speak a word but those which the Lord might put into his mouth. But when (in the language of our books) a man has learned to stand, to hear, to speak in the presence of the Masters, he has become, like the Christ, one who "needeth not that anyone should tell him, for he knows their thoughts, and what is in man." But there is no way to this but through the darkness; and the main object of all writers on the spiritual life, to whatever form of religion they may happen to belong, is to give such guidance and comfort as is possible to souls struggling through this deepest of human tribulation to the daylight beyond.

I say, "to whatever form of religion they may happen to belong," for it cannot be too often repeated that in dealing with the ascetic life we are on a plane far above and beyond, not only sectarian differences, the differences between one and another form of Christianity, but even the differences between Christianity and all other forms of faith. In the presence of these fundamental verities of human and divine nature, Hindu, Buddhist and Christian speak identically the same language, teach the same, the one and only Path. The great Christian Saints of the sixteenth century (St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Peter of Alcantara, and many more) write with full knowledge and deep insight of the Dark Night of the Soul; but this teaching goes back in an unbroken chain through the Benedictines and the Greek mystics, to the anchorites of the Egyptian Desert; and they received it, in their turn, from the Buddhist ascetics who were their predecessors in the caves of the Thebaid and their masters in the spiritual life. I venture this positive assertion on my own authority; no one who knows anything of the Buddhist teaching can fail to recognise it in reading the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, and he will observe how little change Christianity made. St. Paul, St. Hilarion, and all the great Saints of the Desert, were "Buddhist" monks who had learned to say God and Jesus instead of Nirvâṇa and the Buddha; and when you find them ever complaining of the degeneration of their own companions from the glory of their Fathers, it is not to even nominally Christian Fathers that they are looking back with regret. In all time the official Church authorities have had the instinct of this, and have distrusted and done their best to dis-

courage the ascetic life, and many true Saints of God have ended their lives in the prison or on the scaffold, martyrs for the truth which all mystics know, that in the highest contemplation—the complete Union with the Higher Self—there vanishes away, not only the thought of the lower self, but every dogma of faith; nay, all remembrance of the Passion of Christ and the Atonement by His blood, all hope or dream of Heaven; *all* mere matters of the lower life, left behind in rising to God. It is the same in India and in Tibet: the Upaniṣhads, Shaṅkarâchârya, Âryasaṅgha, all teach the same doctrine. Nor could it be otherwise, for there never has been and never can be more than this one way upwards.

In pursuance of my attempt to interest my readers in the old English religious writers, our far too much neglected spiritual ancestors—I have this time chosen a little book, well known by name to those who take an interest in such matters, but seldom (I fancy) by more than its name: the *Divine Cloud of Unknowing*. Of course the title refers to the interior darkness which makes the neophyte's trial, the "Dark Night of the Soul" upon which St. John of the Cross has written so fully and so wonderfully; but I cannot help feeling also in the words a suggestion of the "Mr. Smith, Unlearner" of that (to me) most striking of modern mystic writings, "An Unfinished Communication," which forms one of C. H. Hinton's *Scientific Romances*. I don't know anything, in our times, of professedly religious or philosophical tendency which gives the feeling of so firm a grip of the Eternal Verities as this little story of Hinton's; it has been passed over by reviewers as simply unintelligible, as it doubtless is to many besides reviewers; but it is full of the highest truths to those who have eyes to see. For the "Divine Cloud of Unknowing"—the darkness which we make for ourselves intentionally, that the light may shine on us, is indeed to a large extent one of "Unlearning"; not a mere blank ignorance, but an active crushing down of all the lower soul thinks it knows.

The writer and the date of the book are both unknown to me. The Carthusians, indeed, claim it as the work of Maurice Chauncey (1513-1581), the sole survivor and historian of the Charterhouse monks of London, the first martyrs to Henry

VIII.'s passion for Anne Boleyn. It is a sorrowful and shameful history, how the saintly and well-beloved Carthusians were harried and worried to gain from them an opinion favourable to the divorce, and failing this were some of them put to death as traitors and the rest tortured and starved to death in prison; and this with the assistance and approval of some of the bishops and clergy who had already made their peace with the King by the sacrifice of their conscience. I should be glad to connect the book with these holy men, but cannot bring it down to so late a date. The language is that of at least a century earlier than Maurice Chauncey's time, though he may have revised or re-edited it. It was republished with exceedingly valuable notes by the same F. Augustine Baker to whom we owe the preservation of Mother Juliana, and whose own work, *Sancta Sophia*, may perhaps form the subject of another paper; but this edition has been inaccessible for many years, and my own copy is of a reprint in 1871, by the Rev. Henry Collins.

Many hundreds of books have been written on this subject since the *Divine Cloud;* but as being one of the earliest, it has the advantage that its language is fresh and its way of treating things original. Without a trace of the artistic beauty of some of Mother Juliana's writing, it is a simple, straightforward, English instruction of the reader in the method of concentration and meditation, as it might have been in the way to plough the fields or lop the trees. Not a bit of sentiment or fine writing—a sort of materialistic, Saxon speech which might hide from a careless reader the deep spirituality which lies below. The "work" of which our author speaks is, in modern language, the practice of Contemplation instead of Meditation. For us, a few words from the third volume of *The Secret Doctrine* (p. 581) will perhaps best put us on the track of his thought.

"In answer to a question on the seven stages of perception, H. P. B. said that thought should be centred on the highest, the seventh, and then an attempt to transcend this will prove that it is impossible to go beyond it *on this plane*. There is nothing *in the brain* to carry the thinker on, and if thought is to rise yet further, it must be thought without a brain. Let the eyes be closed, the will set not to let the brain work, and then the point

may be transcended, and the student will pass to the next plane."

Remembering, then, that all *thought*, strictly so-called, is of the lower brain mind, and has to be transcended, as a hindrance and a drawing down and back from that Higher Ego to which we aspire to raise our consciousness, we shall find no strangeness in the opening of our five hundred year old treatise. It begins thus:

"Ghostly Friend,

"That that I shall write concerning the inward work of thy soul towards thy God in prayer, is such as I conceive proper only to thyself, and to any others alike disposed with thyself in soul. My advice to thee therefore is as followeth:

"1. When thou retirest thyself for prayer think not beforehand what thou wilt after do, but lay aside all thoughts, as well good as bad.

"2. Choose rather to pray in the silence of pure spirit than in the pronouncing of any words, unless it be that thou find some special relish in the pronouncing of the words of thy prayer. And in such case regard not how many nor how few the words be, or of what nature they be, whether prayer properly so-called, or hymn, or antiphone.*

"3. In the raising up of thy mind to God, which is prayer, do not conceive of God after this or that manner . . . think not of His particular perfections, or of His works, but only of this, that He is as He is. Let Him be so, I pray thee, and make Him no otherwise.

"4. In the like manner, being to consider thyself, look not into any quality of thy being, but only conceive that thou art as thou art, without anything more; as if indeed thou saidst thus to God, 'That which I am, O Lord, I offer unto Thee, who art That Thou art. That that I am, I am in Thee. Thou only art being, both to Thyself and all!' Thus shalt thou be one with God, joined to Him in spirit, without any separation or scattering of mind. Thou shalt be one with Him in thy understanding,

* For in such case the words are recited as a Mantra, as the Hindus call it, or as the Hail Mary of a Catholic rosary, which are often used by a devout soul in the same way—as far as possible from the "vain repetition" wherein the words are said indeed, but do not raise up the heart to God.

by a blind naked faith wherein there can be no danger, and specially in thy will, by a feeling desire and love."

Let us note in passing that we have, as it seems to me, in this last line the point wherein the Christian dispensation has that advance beyond the Buddhist position, which by the laws of spiritual evolution it *should* have. It is true that the personal devotion and love which the bodily presence of the Buddha called forth in his disciples was not inferior (to say the least of it) to that of the somewhat thick-headed and hard-hearted Jewish fishermen towards Jesus; but whilst the devout modern Christian knows and loves the Logos better than the ignorant Galilean disciples ever did or could have done, the Buddhist of the later generations has made but a stone idol of his Teacher. He is satisfied with being "one with God in his understanding, by a blind naked faith"; but the being made one with Him "specially in the Will, by a feeling desire and love" is *ours*. That the uninstructed Christian calls it devotion to a Personal God and thus hopelessly confuses his theology does not prevent this from forming, as he dimly feels, the very essence of his religion. It is for us, who know better, to reverence his devotion, mistaken though it may be; and to fear lest words of ours should take from him what he has instead of leading him forwards to the heights in whose thin, clear air he could not yet breathe or live.

The next step is to make of this abstract contemplation a habitual life on the higher plane. Says our author:

"13. Therefore keep thyself whole and entire, unscattered and undivided, as far as thou canst do by grace and ghostly light, for continuance in this work. In this blind beholding of thy being, joined to God, shalt thou do all that thou doest, whether thou eat, drink, sleep, wake, talk or be silent, and so on, whatever it may be.

"14. If thou sleep in this blind beholding of God and of thy self in Him, thou shalt be free from all the noises and suggestions of the infernal fiend, the false world and frail flesh. The Enemy knoweth not how to assault thee, seeing he findeth thee only in spirit; thy senses and imagination, by which alone he can work on thy mind, being entirely shut and, as it were, dead."

But we are not yet upon the heights. All this is still of the

personality we have to transcend. Of the passage beyond thought, beyond the mind, as H. P. B. puts it, our author speaks thus (and I repent myself of what I said of him, for his words are beautiful as well as true) :

"22. Hear what our Saviour saith : 'Whoso will come after me' that is, to the Mount of Perfection, 'let him deny or forsake himself.' Now, how can a man more perfectly forsake himself and the world than by disdaining to think of any qualities of his being, so as to forget all things save the blind feeling of his naked being ?

"23. Yea, this blind feeling of thy naked being thou must in time forget also. For though in the beginning, by reason of the boisterousness and grossness of thy ghostly understanding, I wish thee as yet to clothe and wrap the feeling of God in the feeling of thyself, nevertheless my meaning is that afterwards, when by ghostly exercise thou art become more subtle in cleanness of spirit, thou then wholly strip and unclothe thyself of all manner of feeling of thyself (the lower self, as we call it) that thou mayst be able to be clothed with the feeling of God Himself. Now, when thou attendest to thy work, and seest and feelest that it is thyself thou feelest, and not God, then shalt thou be right sorrowful, evermore desiring to leave the woeful knowing and foul feeling of thine own blind being, and coveting to fly from thine own self as from a venomous serpent. Yet for all thy sorrow thou wilt never be able to escape, unless for some short time, and that but seldom, when it shall please God to let thee have only the feeling of Himself in abundance of love. And this naked feeling of thy blind being will ever continually press above thee and between thee and thy God, as in the beginning did the qualities of thy own being between thee and thyself. Then wilt thou think it full painful to bear the burden of thyself. Yea, Jesu help thee then, for then hast thou great need. For all other sufferings are as nothing compared with this."

Such, then, according to our author, is the sorrow which, as Solomon says, God has given to His chosen ones to be exercised therewith—the birth-throes of the new life; the suffering which no one who has attained to reach it would exchange for any joy, of flesh or spirit. I have left myself no space to enlarge on the

quaint practical hints with which the book is filled. To the author, as to all true Christian mystics, "sin" is but another name for the lower nature which betrays and delays us. We are bid to "have no special regard of any kind of sin, venial or deadly, this or that; for all sin is to us alike great (I mean in the time of this work) for so much as the least sin hindereth our spiritual peace and rest. Thou must have such an estimate of sin that thou feelest it a lump thou wotest not what, but surely *none other thing but only thine own* (lower) *self*. And, feeling it so, cry out upon it only, and say, 'Sin, sin, sin, out, out, out.' This ghostly cry is better learned of God Himself by experience than of any man by word; for it is best when it is in pure spirit, without any special thought or pronouncing of any word."

You perhaps smile; but have I not quoted enough to enable you to recognise one who knows and labours, one who can teach? Would not those in whom such teaching as his has fructified be acknowledged by Hindu or Tibetan saints as aspirants who are on the right way, and who shall in time attain? We cannot better part with our author than with his own last words: "St. Augustine saith thus, 'All the life of a good Christian man is nothing else but only a holy desire.' Farewell, my ghostly friend, with God's blessing and mine. And I beseech Almighty God that true peace, holy counsel, and ghostly comfort in God, with abundance of grace, may be evermore with thee, and with all true lovers of God in earth. Amen."

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

LE déplacement du christianisme de la région historique dans la région psychologique est le vœu de notre époque.—H. F. AMIEL.

THE ISLAND SHRINE

THIS is the story of a strange happening that befell in modern days. It sounds as though it came from some long past time. Nevertheless it may be that the springs whence the waters of life flow remain unchanged, so that, in the main, human nature is very much the same in all ages. Besides, this thing which I, the scribe who record it, do not wholly understand, came to pass in a strange country, little populated, little esteemed by men; a country wherein the faeries still dance, where the gods sometimes still show themselves to the eyes of those who love them.

In this land, a land of many waters, is the Secret Well, set about with the magic hazels of wisdom and poetry. Some say it is here, and some there; but in the end each man has to find it for himself, and can never tell the way, even to his dearest.

The western shores of this country of waters, this land of mountain and moor, of mist and stream, is broken by the strong sweep of the ocean tides. The coast is jagged into bays and headlands; little islands lie shining, green and still, like enchanted lands on the bosom of silver-grey waters; and the sea, in summer time when the winds are asleep, seems like a land-locked lake, because of the bending and jutting of the shattered coast-line.

On one of these little isles, a sacred place where the pious peasantry land with awe, a Saint of old time beheld the Vision of the Holy Grail, the Cup that heals and makes all men one. There is a tiny stone chapel on the isle, wherein the Saint saw the vision. The door thereof is shut; and a legend, still devoutly believed by the people, said that no man might open and enter, save he who was fit to see the same vision, and be blessed with the same illumination as that which came to the Saint.

The tiny grey chapel stood there waiting through the centuries for such an one to come. The peasants, when they came to gather samphire on the isle, murmured a prayer to the Saint, and ventured not so much as to climb from the sea-kissed rocks

to the little plateau where the thin dry grass stalks bent silently in the wind before the doors of the closed shrine. The village seer said that at night a light glowed about the isle, and shot up flame-wise from the chapel roof; and all day long four great angels watched, north, south, east, and west, about the chapel, guarding the place for the man who never came.

On the other side of the mountains on the mainland there was a lonely and very poor village, in which village a wonder befell. A man came there, with a voice like music, speaking words that compel the souls of men. He would not say whence he came, nor who he was, nor what his history; but he went to the village priest and called on him and the people to hear. He said that, being plunged into great mental darkness on the moor without the village, he perceived a vision; for he saw the Holy Mother, with her Babe in her arms, His Hands outstretched to the village, drawing all men unto Him. And then this strange man, speaking with authority, spake a wonderful message to all men, saying thus and thus shall ye do; and if ye do so, of a surety ye shall hasten the Day of the Lord upon this earth.

The knowledge of his words spread; many people flocked to the place to hear; and they said the reason he would not tell them who he was, nor whence he came, must be that he was a messenger come down from Heaven, speaking under high inspiration from above.

At last the rich as well as the poor flocked there to hear him, and people from other countries came also. He had many followers who believed in him, and yet more who listened and half believed. Some said he was mad and his followers deluded, but none doubted the purity and honesty of the man. A wealthy lady from another land built, in the little poor village on the moorland, a hall, grey granite without, and white marble within; in that still white shining place was a little marble dais, whereon the man stood daily and preached to the silent listening crowd. He lived in a little cot in the village, built of grey stone; a few of his closest followers built themselves cots like to it, so that they might be ever near to him. Thus he lived and preached during a whole year; then there seemed to fall upon him a great bitterness of soul. Only when he preached was he seen of the people. His

followers, listening in the stillness of the night without his door, could hear his voice praying like one who pleads for mercy, and broken with tears and groans.

When he taught the people his face was calm, and his voice was full of authority. But at last he ceased to preach, and for seven days he was seen of none.

Now the villages round were full of people who had journeyed far to hear him, and they grumbled sorely because they had come there in vain. Therefore one of his followers went to his cot, knocked thereat, and showed him the need of giving some message to the people. The man listened in silence; his face was very pale, his eyes were troubled and full of tears. The drops stood on his brow, and the hand wherewith he drew random lines on the table beside him, shook. In a very low voice, faint, hollow, like the voice of one humbled, anxious and sorrowful, he made answer: "Say to the people that to-morrow I will try to speak to them."

On the morrow, therefore, the white shining hall was filled with a throng of people, some of whom had come from over sea. Among them was a writer, a poet and playwright, from another country, who came thither rather to see the man, than to hear or live by his doctrine; for such men as he are tortured with an ever-present desire to know how souls are built, in order that they may expound the matter after their own fashion to the world at large.

This writer stood near the dais and watched the man as he came in slowly through the people, who made a lane that he might pass. He saw that his eyes were as those of one horribly tortured, groping, blind and puzzled, in a great darkness. He saw also that on him were the signs of that terrible fear of men from which only the over-mastering sense of the universal Life of God wholly frees us. He saw this man feared somewhat; feared it so much that he was sick at heart, and numbed with palsy. His body shook, his mouth twitched and trembled. But he was held in the grip of somewhat that forced him onwards through the people to the dais, whereon he mounted, and faced all his listening world. The writer, seeing these things, was very glad he had come thither. He was beginning to group man-

kind into two orders: those who chiefly regard compulsion from without, and those who mainly heed compulsion from within. Perceiving it to be hard for the second class to understand the first, and impossible for the first to understand the second, he desired greatly to be an onlooker and understand both. This he believed himself to be able to do; but the problem that puzzled him was this: "What is that which compels from within?' He began to hope that this man, whose soul had the power of speech, was so compelled, and would tell him of the matter.

The man stood for a long while with his eyes downcast; they were still fixed on the marble at his feet when he began to speak in a low weak voice. He told them it was well known to him that many believed him to be a messenger direct from Heaven; for a while, he said, he had suffered them so to believe, partly because they heard him the more readily, and also because he feared they might not hear him at all did they know the truth. "Thus," he said, "great darkness and sorrow have been my portion for many days; for I knew what you believed, and I saw myself a sinner, desiring to do well, and fearing to do ill, whichsoever way I turned. In very truth, I do not know why my life has been such as it has been, nor why I have done many things which I have done."

Then he began to tell them the story of the life he had lived, and the people stood amazed and dismayed. He told them he had been a wanderer in many lands; he had been a strolling player, and a soldier fighting for his own vantage, and sometimes in an unrighteous cause; many things he told them of his life, making it hard to believe he should have seen a holy vision, or have had a great illumination of the soul. At last, he said, there fell on him a great darkness and woe, and in that darkness shone a sudden light whereof he had told them. It was, in truth, upon the moor without the village the light dawned upon him. "Nevertheless," said he, "though in the thronging visions of my mind I have beheld the Holy Babe drawing all men unto Him, yet with fleshly eyes have I never seen this vision, as it has become known to me that many of you believe."

Then his voice failed, and he bowed his head upon his breast, while a whisper and rustle of dismay and anger swept through

the crowd. The writer only watched the man on the dais. He saw him raise his head and look at the people. Then he said in a low clear voice:

"From the Secret Well of Wisdom flow the streams of Truth; he who, at any cost to himself, or to the cause he love better than himself, will not guard them from pollution, poisons the very springs of Life. Therefore I have spoken to you this day the truth as I know it. By the paths I have trodden I have learned things that may serve you in kindred needs; also, I believe the vision I fashioned in my mind tarries in very truth in the hidden land whither I would have you fare. For this is truth: A light shone on me in my darkness. Though I have not come down from heaven, but have trodden the paths of earth, though no sign nor wonder was given unto me, yet in my soul the light shone."

Then he became silent, and waited as though to see what they would do. After a little while they began to go out. They went forth according to their natures; some went in pride, some in derision, some in anger, and some weeping; but all went out, because few, very few, are they who love to hear the naked truth on any matter. One by one they went away to talk of what the man had said to them of his life. It befell in after days that divers interpretations arose concerning his words.

Some said he confessed himself to be an impostor, or at least a self-deluded visionary; others said: "Not so, but he told the steps whereby he had toiled to a belief he fashioned for himself, which might be either true or false—none knew!" Others declared he was speaking of many long-past lives lived by him on earth, and these began to seek him again, after he had gone away. A few believed he was not speaking of himself at all, but spoke as one who saw one Life in all things, and himself as a part thereof, so that all the sins and virtues of the world were his. These people affirmed that the light which shone on him, shone also on them, and continued to shine, though fitfully, in their souls for ever. It is likely that all these views were partly true and partly false; however, they arose much later, after the man had gone away.

When he ceased to speak the people left him alone, save for

the writer, who stayed because he had so great a desire to know how souls were made, and what it was that compelled them from within.

At last the man stepped from the dais, but the writer dared not speak with him, because of a great wonder he had seen.

For when the man came in, he was in fear, and anguish, and darkness of mind; and while he spoke, the agony of his soul and his dread of the people seemed to torture him. But when he ceased to speak his fear was gone. His eyes were full of pity and power, like the eyes of a god; he stood upon the dais with so great a light in them, so profound a peace, so holy a patience, so unshakable a joy, that the writer feared to question him; therefore he let him go out, passing through the empty shining hall alone, and through the open gateway out of sight. When the writer came forth, he was gone. Then the writer was vexed with himself, and longed to speak with him if he could have found him; he reviled his own folly, because he knew that the secret of all learning and knowledge rests with a man himself rather than with his instructors; he knew that no man can be wise unless he have learnt to judge the ripeness of the hour, to hearken to the chiming of the clock of opportunity, and to the voice of his own heart. He longed fiercely to know why this man first feared, and then ceased to fear; moreover, he was puzzled because he questioned whether the man knew wherefore he acted as he did, either in the past of which he told them, or in the present which they saw that day. Thus the writer was driven to marvel whether all men were but playthings of a blind Fate; whether they were swept like dry leaves by autumn wind, before the onrush of a power not themselves, which made oftentimes less for righteousness than for unrighteousness. For it was known to him how a man may feel as though his sins, ay! and his virtues, are not his own, but powers that ebb and flow, that come and go, dropping from him as they list, and leaving but a slender thread of soul-life, shrinking and all alone, proclaiming feebly: "This is I; and not these flying powers, the echo of whose feet, drawing near and fleeing from me, sound strange and unfamiliar."

The writer, musing, roved away over the hills, in his hand

was a book. It held the wisdom of the wise Persian, woven into English verse by one who knew the magic of cadenced words that linger in the ear:

> But helpless Pieces in the Game He plays,
> Upon this Checker Board of Nights and Days;
> Hither and thither moves, and checks and slays;
> And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The writer read these words aloud. He lay upon the summit of a hill whence he could see the broken coast, the little isles, and the silvery, shining sea, that looked like a land-locked lake. The sky was so pale there was little colour in the water, only greyish-blue, shimmering silver-white at the surface, and hiding violet shadows in its bosom. It was a violet land, for all the hillside where he lay was clothed not only with bog myrtle, but with heather, ling, and other purple flowers. Feather-soft clouds trailed on the higher mountains, the sky was like the cup of a great flower; all the horizon was shadowy purple-violet fading into white-blue. The air shook and shimmered over the heather, where the bees droned softly; below sounded the voice of a little river. The isles and the sea, the sky and the mountains, yea! the purple, shining blossoms and the sound of the droning bees and bubbling water, knew the secret the writer craved; but they would not give it up. Wherefore he cast his book from him, lay on his face on the heather and prayed, though he knew it not, to the gods. Then he sat on a piece of grey rock and looked at the sun.

"I shall stay here," he thought; "I shall sleep here under the sky all night, and learn such things as may be learnt thereby."

So he waited till the sun set, and the bees went home. The sky grew dark, the stars came out, the life of day died as the sun dipped below the horizon line. There came a little time of waiting, then the lonely land began to live with the life of night. The writer lay on his back and looked at the sky. He heard the river-water, and the far calling of the distant sea; he heard the cropping of some cows on the hillside. And other sounds he heard whereto he hearkened, and learned many things formerly hidden from him.

At last he went to sleep. In his sleep he saw a little barren island; on it was a small chapel, with closed doors, and some rusty bells hanging in the crumbling tower. On the grass before the closed door there stood a man, all alone, standing as one who waited. The writer saw this; then he woke with the plash of rain. A rain storm had swept in from the sea, borne on the wind of dawn; the mountains were like cowled monks—silent hermits awaiting the Day of the Lord.

The writer rose and heeded not the rain, because he knew where the man was for whom he was seeking. He went down the hillside, listening to the rush of the water as it poured down every runnel, and plashed and spouted through the bog myrtle stems, into a dug ditch beside the road that ran by the river. All through the day the rain fell; at even the clouds swept away, so that when the writer rowed alone towards the Isle of the Saint, the water and the air were glowing with golden light, for the sun was setting in a clear pale sky.

The writer ran his little boat ashore on the white sand of the sacred island, and began to climb slowly to the chapel, nothing doubting but that he should see the man of whom he was in search.

On the smooth close turf, where the thin grass-stalks bent in the wind, with here and there the azure cup of a hare-bell, he saw him, standing quietly before the closed door of the chapel. When he saw the writer he smiled, and his eyes, which were very tired, but no longer fearful nor sorrowful, questioned him.

The writer saw that here was a man who would understand his desire to know, and indeed it seemed to him that this man would understand all desires, whether wise or unwise, so that in him was fashioned a link whereby to hold the prudent and the foolish, the sinner and the saint, close to each other in a common bond. Therefore he told him, without apology, why he had come.

"For I marvel," said he, "how such an one as you are to-day, ever strove for your own vantage. I marvel why you did many things whereof you spoke; chiefly I wish to know why—fearing the people as you did, and fearing, too, lest after your speech they should heed you no longer—you were yet impelled

to speak; and most of all I wonder why, having so spoken, and seeing all your work destroyed and all men leaving you, you feared no more, nor were troubled, but at rest? For I think these things were so."

The man was silent, and the writer did not break that silence. The sun dipped below the horizon, the sky glowed lurid red, the light faded, it grew darker, and still the man did not speak. At last he stretched forth his right hand, and took the book which the writer still carried, away from him.

"For much that I have done," said he, "I could have given you, as I thought, good reason even while I acted; but now I see that none of these reasons would have been the truth, for it was only when I stood before the people I knew why I had acted throughout the long-faded past. When I came into the hall, truly I was in some fear. It is also true that when all men left me I feared no more. But wherefore, O courteous stranger, ask me this, when the answer is here?"

So saying, he turned to the printed page, and handed the book back to its owner.

"Blind Fate!" said the writer. "Should it bring a man peace to know himself held in the grip of an unseen Power, even though he call it divine?"

The man smiled.

"O friend," he answered, "*I* am the Player. I bade this shadow do that which it thought it loved, and it obeyed in joy. I bade it do the thing it feared, and it obeyed in sorrow. The darkness and the light to me are both alike. Yonder there came a moment when I—the helpless pawn—knew myself the Player; though but for one moment, I, the Player, drew myself, the toiling pilgrim, to me. That moment passed, but the memory lingers; though the memory be blotted out in darkness, the truth lies hidden, waiting to be re-known of me, in that eternal Patience that endures. Therefore am I at peace."

Now as he spoke the writer became aware of his shadow stretching from his feet on the turf. The isle had been very dark, and there was no moon that night. Even as the writer wondered at the sudden light, he heard a sound echo over the quiet sea to the dusky mountains—the bells of the chapel were ringing

softly in the darkness. The writer turned to see what this might mean; then he saw the long closed doors were open, and the light which lit the isle was shining thence. The light was pale as moonlight, but within the chapel he thought the heart of it was rosy. Then he with whom the writer talked, turned from him smiling, and paced up the steps into the open door. The light shone about him as he turned, then the doors swung to. The isle was dark, but the bells rang on. The writer heard their tender calling as he rowed alone to the silent mainland. And there are some who say he heard their calling ever after, even unto the end of his life.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE REAL FRANCIS BACON

VERY few, if any, personalities associated with the history of this country, or of Europe generally, are so well worth study as that of the great genius—the intellectual giant—known to the world, or rather we should say very imperfectly known, under the name of Francis Bacon. For reasons which this article will set forth, students of Theosophical literature may be expected to take a peculiar interest in all that concerns Bacon, not merely because he must have been an abnormal personage, judging from the character of his genius and the channels in which it flowed, but also for the sake of the many hints that seem to connect him with the loftiest kind of occultism afloat in the world at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Many books have been written to support the contention that Bacon was the founder of what may be called modern Rosicrucianism. Profoundly erudite students whose work and conclusions must be treated with respect, believe that he was the author of the best known Rosicrucian tracts of the time, the *Fama Fraternitatis* and the *Chemical Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz*. It will be impossible in the course of this paper to go deeply into the evidence on which that idea rests, as there is so much matter of more immediate interest to be discussed, but as we get the whole array of problems connected with

Bacon arranged before the mind in order, we shall be forced to recognise that it is useless to ignore any one of them if we want to appreciate the general position intelligently. The study of Bacon's life and achievements will throw light that cannot be derived from any other source, on the origins of modern intellectual civilisation. Even those writers who most grotesquely traduce Bacon's character, describe him in exalted language as the author of the modern scientific method—the father of experimental research. But the conventional conception of him is altogether incomplete. He was assuredly an enormously greater genius than the conventional idea leads us to suppose, but, beyond this, he was so marvellously isolated in an age of such manifold "deficiencies," to use one of his own favourite words, that the Theosophic student will be driven to ask for some account of his appearance on the scene that shall account for this more satisfactorily than the hard-ridden theory embodied in the phrase the "accident of birth."

Before we can properly understand the personality of Bacon, a very large volume of information concerning him, that has only lately been brought to light, has to be assimilated, then we have to clear away a great mass of misapprehension concerning his moral character, and as a preparation for either undertaking we have first to deal with the proved but as yet unrecognised title which Bacon possesses to all the homage hitherto misdirected towards the memory of Shakespeare. For half a century the evidence that shows us Bacon as the real author of the Plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare, has been accumulating on our hands, and the world presents no more ludicrous illustration of the inertia of orthodoxy, than the dogged prejudice which still restrains the world at large in this matter, from rendering honour where honour is due. All earnest students of the subject feel certain that the Shakespeare myth must be dispelled eventually, but for multitudes of those who do not study it the Baconian "theory" is still regarded as a kind of literary blasphemy. Those who would transfer to the shrine of the real author the worship exhaled hitherto before that set up by mistake in honour of a merely respectable man of business, who had nothing to do with the creation of the great works issued in his name,

are treated as though they were desecrating a sacred tomb and robbing the dead. Those on the contrary who for three hundred years have been idealising Shakespeare as the author of the Plays still bearing his name, are the real robbers of the dead. They are the people who are denying his heritage to the rightful heir of the world's reverence.

The evidence establishing Bacon's authorship of the Plays could hardly be compressed into a dozen numbers of this REVIEW. A brief survey of its main headings may suffice, however, to guide those who grow interested, into the right channels of research. Orthodox biographers admit that all we know about Shakespeare could be written on half a sheet of notepaper. Born in an illiterate country town where a small minority only of the aldermen could write, of a father who did not belong to that minority, apprenticed to one of his father's trades at fourteen (no evidence that he ever went to school at all), he ran away from his native place at nineteen to avoid the consequences of a poaching scrape. So much is ascertained fact. On that is erected the edifice of superstition. It is supposed that he began at once on his arrival in London to write the Plays which have been regarded by common consent since, as the grandest achievements in literature. *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and some others, appear to have been acted just about the time the Stratford apprentice of nineteen first reached town. Within a few years some of the grandest of the tragedies made their appearance. Of all silly delusions that have ever possessed the public mind, the notion that Shakespeare could have written them, is one of the silliest. Why did it arise? Solely because in some of the later editions his name is put on their title-pages. At first they were published anonymously. It was only after he had knocked about the theatres for a few years and become known as a second-rate actor, that Ben Jonson seems to have arranged with him, on behalf of his revered friend Bacon, for the use of his name.

Why did Bacon wish to conceal his authorship? The question was easily answered, even before the most recent revelations have given enormously enhanced weight to the answer. Any connection with the theatre and stage players in those days was looked upon as degrading to a gentleman. Bacon was an aristo-

crat by birth though poor. He was aiming at legal preferment, at court favour, at political office. For him to have been known as a dramatic author would have been tantamount to social ruin. This is the clue to the habit he adopted of sheltering himself not merely behind a *nom de plume*, which would have left people inquiring who was the actual author, but behind the names of actual living men ready to assume the responsibility of authorship.

He knew well that there was no real degradation in such authorship, and that his literary work—"in a despised weed" (or disguise) to use one of his own phrases, would ultimately be appreciated, but appreciation could not be claimed in his own time.

The intrinsic evidence, as the Plays are minutely examined, which proves Bacon to have been the author is of enormous range. He kept a commonplace book (the *Promus*) in which he set down happy phrases, quotations, foreign proverbs in six languages! (Imagine the Stratford apprentice having acquired six foreign languages, including Latin and Greek, in a few years, in the intervals of picking up his living in the lower Bohemia of his period.) Practically all these entries re-appear in the Plays. Did Bacon copy them from the Plays? It is a feeble suggestion, for they served no purpose in his other literary work, but, anyhow, the date of the *Promus* is long anterior to that of many of the Plays. Eleven of them were first produced (apparently never acted) in the folio of 1623; published when Shakespeare had been dead seven years, but that is a trifling difficulty for Shakespeareans. They must have been collected after his death by friends! But Shakespeare Plays had a considerable money value. Why did not the "author" mention them in his will? He was a keen man of business and never hesitated to sue people who owed him a few shillings. He must have made away with the copyrights before he left London! Then he did not write them during the leisure of his retirement? And the people who bought the copyrights never turned them to account, never brought them out at the theatre, which was the way to make them pay, and only published them in a book fourteen or fifteen years after they must have bought them.

Identities of thought, opinion, style, expression, connecting

Bacon's avowed writings with the Plays, are innumerable. Ignatius Donnelly in his big book, *The Great Cryptogram*, gives hundreds of pages of them. The first volume of that book is a masterly epitome of the literary and intrinsic evidence of Bacon's authorship. Mrs. Henry Pott's edition of the *Promus* minutely justifies what was said above on that score.

Once the Baconian authorship of the Plays was firmly established as a fact in the minds of students, the question arose, did he himself tell the truth about them in any concealed cipher? Bacon, we all know, took a deep interest in ciphers. He writes about various kinds of cipher in his *Advancement of Learning*. Donnelly was convinced that he had discovered a cipher, and wrote his book mainly to disclose his idea. Perhaps he was right, but the cipher he describes is very elaborate and difficult to verify, and it does not tell any story of especial interest, beyond, of course, revealing the authorship of the Plays. But later on Dr. Owen, of Detroit, in America, discovered another cipher which told a wonderful story, but he did not explain clearly how he got at his results. Now at last we have a really satisfactory discovery by a lady who helped Dr. Owen at his work, and thus dropped upon an entirely new idea. This lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup, has published her discoveries in a book entitled *The Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon* (Gay and Bird), and this time we have the whole system plainly set forth. Great discoveries are sometimes the simplest. The Bi-literal cipher is identically the same as the one Bacon himself describes minutely in his principal essay on the subject of secret writing. The device is as follows: Every five letters in the overt text of whatever you may be writing or printing, represents one letter of the cipher. The place in the group of five of some unusual letter determines its value. Thus take any word of five letters for an example, say the word "write." As written that way, all the letters being of the usual kind it represents the letter *a* in cipher. If it is written thus, "writ*e*" with the last letter in italics, it would spell *b*. Thus, "wri*t*e," it would spell *c*; thus, "wri*te*," it means *d*, and so on all through the alphabet. Of course if the difference between the two kinds of type is too glaring the cipher would betray itself, but Bacon has used it pretty well all through

the early editions of the plays, and through his avowed writings, in application to italics alone. The Roman letters convey no cipher, but wherever an italic word occurs, the cipher story is woven in. The differences between the letters that represent one signal and those which stand for the other are very slight but discernible to painstaking care. Mrs. Gallup, well known to Baconians in this country, worked at her task with magnifying glasses till she nearly blinded herself, but the wonder and interest of the story told (which by the way, it is only fair to remember, confirms Dr. Owen's story) is a grand reward for the labour spent.

The limits of this article will only allow of a very brief epitome. Bacon it seems was really the son of Queen Elizabeth, who married Robert Dudley, afterwards by her favour the Earl of Leicester. The child was given to her devoted subjects Sir Nicholas and Lady Bacon, to be brought up as their child, for she never would acknowledge the marriage, being unwilling to share her power with a publicly recognised husband. She had a second son who was given to another family and grew up to be the Earl of Essex. (Re-read the history of the period with this clue and all that is mysterious in the relations of Essex and the Queen becomes luminous.) Bacon was hoping, as long as the Queen lived, that he would eventually be recognised as the heir to the throne, for he came to know about his real parentage at the age of sixteen, but as we all know he was disappointed. The disappointment was probably due in a large measure to Leicester's misbehaviour, but for the full story readers must consult the book.

With the dazzling hope of being recognised as Prince of Wales always before him, one can readily understand that there was additional reason for Bacon's secresy in regard to his dramatic authorship, but the cipher story tells us all about the production of the Plays, and here we float out into new realms of amazement. It tells us that he was also the author of practically all the literature of his period—of the *Faery Queene* attributed to Spenser, of Green's, Marlow's, and Peele's plays, of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* attributed to Burton (who, by the way, was only ten years old when the first edition was published), and even of more besides. This stupendous claim makes us gasp, but the

evidence is too overwhelming. The cipher runs through these works—or so Mrs. Gallup tells us, and if—or shall we say by the time—other people have had the patience to follow in her footsteps and verify her work, for which she affords us all possible facility, it will be useless to treat the matter as any longer the subject of controversy. People who then hold out against it, if there may be any such, will be bracketted with those who still disbelieve that the earth is round.

But having got so far, a new kind of study concerning Bacon has to be undertaken. His memory has not only been denied the honour due to it all these three hundred years. It has been the subject of the grossest calumnies that have ever been piled up against a man of noble character. The noblest will have enemies and so had he. The attack upon him in the latter end of his life which led, as careless readers of history suppose, to his conviction as a corrupt judge, was the outcome of a base and elaborate plot by men of infamous character, all of whom came to signal grief later on. It is carelessly supposed that Bacon confessed his guilt. In reality he strenuously denied that he had ever taken any "bribe" to affect any judgment he ever gave as Lord Chancellor. He declares emphatically that he believes himself to have been the justest judge that ever sat upon that bench; but he took fees from suitors undoubtedly, as every other judge of the time did—in the same way that every officer of state lived upon fees. The ministers of the Crown lived on fees. The first Earl of Salisbury, James's Prime Minister, had, it appears, eighty odd pounds a year for salary, on which he lived like a prince and built Hatfield. The whole public system of the age rested on what we should regard as unholy extortion and bribery. And Bacon's "confession" was a frank admission that the system was an atrociously bad one. The inquiry into the actual facts of the plot against him would be as long a task as the complete examination of the evidence about his authorship. A very good review of the case and of Bacon's manifold claims to admiration and respect all round, will be found in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, and in still greater amplitude in Spedding's enormous work, *The Letters and Life of Lord Bacon*, in seven volumes. But the commonplace gibes directed against him first

by Pope, in the often-quoted line about "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," and later on by Macaulay, whose essay on Bacon is utterly misleading, or by Lord Cambell, who in his *Lives of the Chancellors* has carelessly repeated all manner of current slanders, as Hepworth Dixon conclusively shows—all these writings merely echo one another. They do not deal with the subject critically at all.

Finally the student of the great Bacon mystery must turn to Mrs. Henry Pott's painstaking work, *Francis Bacon and his Secret Society*, where we get striking arguments to show that the Rosicrucian movement in the early part of the seventeenth century was Bacon's doings. To go here into the evidence for that part of the new conception we are gradually forming of the real Francis Bacon, would be impossible. Each branch of the inquiry is a study in itself, but no one will do wisely to laugh at any of the uprising claims in regard to Bacon merely because their total magnitude is so startling. In each case we have got to deal with serious evidence, and if Mrs. Gallup's story is to be accepted, where are we to stop? How about its acceptance? One of two things. It is either true or a literary fraud of unexampled magnitude. But in presence of the many people who know her, and knew her during the prosecution of her work, the fraud idea becomes ridiculous. Already various enthusiasts are reporting that they have partially verified the cipher, and at all events there is no room for any theory of mistake. The cipher is there or it is not, and if it is, then indeed the real Francis Bacon becomes the personality, as was said at the outset of this article, of all others in history most profoundly worthy of our reverential study.

A. P. SINNETT.

READ not to contradict and to confute,
Nor to believe and take for granted,
Nor to find talk and discourse,
But to weigh and consider.

BACON'S *Essay of Study*.

OCCIDENT AND ORIENT

"Without Distinction of Race"

DURING the last few months several articles have appeared in this REVIEW discussing the *pros* and *cons* of a number of opinions summed up under the heading of "Eastern and Western Ideals." So far the only outcome of the discussion seems to be that we are generally agreed that it would be unwise to seek to impose the "ideals" of the East on the West, or the "ideals" of the West on the East. There is to be no forcing; whatever is to be effected is to be brought about by assent to superior reasonableness, or by arousing the love of that which gives higher satisfaction. In all of this there is to be no begging of the question by the Occidental that his views are *unqualifiedly* the best, or by the Oriental that his ideas are *absolutely* the highest; both are to meet on the common ground of freedom to hold that the "ideals" of each are best—*for him*.

Now be it remarked in the first place that these expressions of opinions are addressed, for the most part, to members of the Theosophical Society. We are not addressing Orientals as Orientals, or Occidentals as Occidentals, but both Easterns and Westerns as members of a common body; and we must recollect that so far we have had no expression of opinion from any of our Eastern brethren. We have, as yet, had only Western views on this important subject. Personally, I feel that we are all as yet too ignorant to deal with such gigantic problems as the relationship of East to West in any but a most superficial fashion; as yet we are all of us far from being knowers of humanity to this extent. Indeed, in the papers which have so far been written there has been really no question of East and West in the full meaning of the terms; there has been no question even of India and the West generally. There has simply been question of some of the ideas of Brâhmanism, as presented by a great Wes-

tern lover of that ancient religious polity—Whether or not these can help in solving our Western difficulties ; for the West as West (in this differing vastly from the East as East) bases itself upon the ideas of one religion, is in this a unit, as it were. The East is not based on the ideas of one religion ; it has various root-faiths.

Now the writers in this REVIEW address themselves for the most part to members of the Theosophical Society; we do not appeal to Mohammedans as Mohammedans, to Confucians as Confucians, to Brâhmans as Brâhmans, to Buddhists as Buddhists, or to Christians as Christians. But we write for those of all these creeds who have chosen for their motto "There is no Religion higher than Truth," and who profess that their first object in life is "to form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour." To these we address ourselves, in the firm conviction that they are honest in their profession, and that they will verily and indeed with all their hearts and minds endeavour, as far as they are individually concerned, to do all they can to realise this grand ideal. We are quite aware that so far it is an ideal; it is the consummation devoutly to be wished, but as yet unrealised. But it is the main reason of our existence, and it is our bounden duty to do everything in our power to aid in bringing about so desirable a state of affairs. We are not feverishly and impatiently to dash forward to effect our object, and in the rush to tread on the corpses of our fellows; but we are wisely to win towards our goal—within our own ranks at any rate.

Now I am not going into a philological argument in the endeavour to prove that "Satyân nâsti paro Dharmaḥ" does not precisely mean "There is no Religion higher than Truth." Dharma may mean "law of growth," and not religion in some special and limited sense of the word; Satya may mean something else besides "truth." But in English "religion" is as vague a term as "God," and includes our relationship to Deity and to each other, and "truth" is as understandable a translation of Satya as any other term. We members of the Society, whatever be the creed we have been born and bred in, and no matter what our fellow-religionists may think, believe in a higher way, and in the removing of the walls of partition between the

members of the different world-faiths. We do not wish to destroy those faiths, far from it; we deprecate propaganda that condemns them as false; but we would provide conditions for those who would breathe the air of a greater freedom and a wider love, to unite together so that they may know each other as they are known.

This Society of ours, this Fraternity, this Community, knows theoretically no distinctions of race, creed, sex, caste or colour; and may it soon be that it really in actual fact will know none. But Rome was not built in a day, and it would be absurd to imagine that the world-old distinctions and inherent separateness of mortals should be broken down in a short twenty-five years, the age of our infant Association. The members of our common body have severally their own special racial and national difficulties to contend with. In Europe we have no caste distinctions based on religion, and a European can little realise the enormous difficulties one of our Brâhmanical brethren has to face if he would in any way carry out the first object of the Society. Remember, however, that our first object is an ideal; it is not an enacted law. We do not say to a Brâhman, if you don't break your caste you will not be permitted to remain a member. Nor are we so foolish as to imagine that because a man joins the Theosophical Society, therefore he is one of the "nucleus." No; one who joins the Society simply promises to endeavour to do what he can to bring about the formation of that nucleus. If, however, he argue that caste is an inherent thing in human nature, that it is an essential distinction in souls; then, if we are generally persuaded that his reasoning is right, we must either change our first object as flying in the face of proved fact, or assert that these distinctions cease only in the spirit, and in that case we shall have fined away our first object to Cloud-cockoo-land.

But what of distinction of colour? Some twelve years ago, in the United States of America, in Washington, the branch of the Society there elected a negro, if I recollect rightly it was a negress, as its vice-president. The members, or the majority of them, were determined on carrying out our first object at all risks. It split the branch, and things subsequently resumed the

normal state of affairs in America, where the negro is denied social equality in any form or fashion. The endeavour failed for the moment. Is our first object then in error; must we alter it? Is not a man a soul and not a body? Indeed we *have* altered it, for in those days it ran "to form *the* nucleus," and many imagined that the whole membership of the Society actually formed that nucleus. It now runs "to form *a* nucleus." We have already recognised our inability to realise the ideal in the general membership, for realisation is something vastly different from professing a readiness to try and bring about such a realisation.

When we try actually to realise our ideal we find ourselves face to face with enormous difficulties which, in the first enthusiasm of raising the flag of our endeavour, we hardly thought to exist. It is no good for enthusiasm to cry out upon what it regards as a weak-kneed policy, and in its excitement to strive to force the members all over the world to do what it does in its own little town or village. That sort of enthusiasm is begotten of ignorance; a "Little Bethel" cannot set itself against the whole current of national feeling, even though it flatter itself that it possesses the traditional "five righteous men" among its membership. There is no difficulty in a branch in England, for instance, or in a Mahommedan country, in electing a negro as office-holder, there is no difficulty in America or England in electing a woman as president; but the election of a negro to office in the United States would still break up the branch, and the election of an Indian woman to office in a Hindu branch would at present be an utter impossibility, unless that branch consisted entirely of women.

But you will say why not brave public opinion and custom, and come out from the people and do these things as a sacred duty? Simply because we do not want to come out from among the people and form ourselves into a new sect. We want to understand all these things and help each other to understand, and slowly to influence public opinion by reasonable explanation. Supposing we as yet fail on one or more of these great points, what then? We have no right to come forth from among our fellows if we have not discharged all our obligations to them.

We are not to flee from them as corrupted or impure, or "unbrotherly," because custom is too strong on some points. We are to remain and leaven the mass. Are we so foolish as to hope that this can occur in our time; do we not hope to return again and again to work towards this great consummation? Can we not be patient?

But even so, in spite of race, and caste, and colour, and sex, if we are to do anything here and now of a really co-operative nature, some few, of entirely different races, colours, and creeds, must begin to work together for righteousness *down here*. There must be something tangible, there must be an example set. It is only this absolutely genuine co-operation between a few of those who are as a mass separated off from each other by natural and religious distinctions, that can truly aid in throwing any real light on these obscure problems. When a few members from the West can look into the eyes of a few members from the East and be absolutely sure that there is no reserve, nothing but an utterly genuine desire to get at the truth, no pride of race to be upheld, no secret of creed to be withheld, no feeling but that of perfect amity, and the love which longs to clear away all misconceptions and let the sun of righteousness shine forth for the common benefit of their brethren of the Society and of the world —then, and not till then, shall we have the nucleole indubitably manifesting in the nucleus.

But I have already written far longer than I originally intended in introduction to the notice of a book on the subject of East and West which has happened very opportunely to come in for review. Mr. Meredith Townsend's volume, *Asia and Europe* (London: Constable & Co.; 1901, price 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is a collection of studies presenting his conclusions on the relations between Asia and Europe. These conclusions were formed by the author in a long life devoted to the subject, and the facts that Mr. Townsend spent some thirty years in India, and that all his papers are directed to removing general English misconceptions about the East, make his views on Brâhmanical and Mohammedan India worthy of consideration. The main object of our author is "a description of those inherent differences between Europe and Asia which forbid one continent permanently to conquer the

other." As he says: "The struggle between Europe and Asia is the binding thread of history; the trade between Europe and Asia is the foundation of commerce; the thought of Asia is the basis of all European religions: but the fusion of the Continents has never occurred, and in the Author's best judgment will never occur." It is manifest that this is just the sort of book that should interest us in connection with the position of affairs sketched above, and that it will be distinctly to our advantage to learn what an acute observer considers the "inherent differences" between East and West, and to see in what way we can best set about endeavouring to lessen these differences, and gaining the co-operation of our Eastern brethren in a common effort to remove misunderstanding; for alone we of the West can do little in this.

The first thing, then, the Westerner has to grasp is the enormous size of Asia. Asia is the largest of the continents.

Empires have risen, flourished, and died in comparatively small divisions of its mass. Persia is but a province it is possible to forget. Asiatic Turkey, the home alike of ancient and modern empires, is but one fringe of the continent, the Chinese Empire is but another. The Great Mogul ruled only one peninsula of its far South. Thibet, which is to most white men but a name, is larger than France—a France hung in the sky at an average height of 11,000 feet above sea level. Afghanistan, which the English think of as a turbulent little kingdom on the skirt of their dominion, is 40,000 square miles larger than France; while Siam, of which they hardly think at all except as a steamy province for which French statesmen intrigue, exceeds all Germany in size by more than 100,000 square miles. It would take ten armies each of 100,000 men merely to penetrate and in a military sense garrison Asia.

Size, however, is not the only thing to be considered. Asia holds at least four times the population of Europe.

We think of those masses of men as feeble folk, but one single section of them never seen outside their own peninsula, the warrior races of India, outnumber all who speak English; while a single race of formidable fighters, capable of discipline, in a group of islands off the coast, the Japanese, are more numerous than the French.

Nor are we to suppose that these masses are only capable of fighting; they have carried the arts to a high degree of perfection.

No doubt they have halted everywhere in their march towards mastery of nature. Some strange fiat of arrest, probably due to mental exhaustion,

has condemned the brown men and the yellow men to eternal reproduction of old ideas. . . . . Asiatics have practised all necessary arts, and except in machinery can make and do all that Europeans can make and do. They are, in fact, civilised peoples, though their civilisation has been arrested, perhaps by the adoption of a belief not unknown in Europe, that perfection has been attained and that the path of wisdom for all, whether thinker or artist or artisan, is incessant repetition.

But is this true, for instance, of Japan? Supposing that it be true generally, that for the time Asia as a whole is in a period of "obscuration" as compared with the active energy of physical discovery in the West, is it to be so always? And can we Westerners say we have really "discovered" anything in philosophy and religion, in spite of our boasted "Erkentnisstheorie" and our "Higher Criticism"? We are clarifying thought, we are building up a respect for truth as to fact such as has never existed before in the known history of the world, we are discovering errors by the myriad; but are we adding to the content of religion or philosophy?

But, after all, man lives by thought, and are not the thoughts of Asiatics feeble? In one way, yes. The Asiatic is the slave of superstition; he can believe in the teeth of evidence, and he is possessed by the fatal idea that falsehood is an exercise of the intellect like another, to be judged of by its object and its success. These three defects weaken his mind in all its applications, but, nevertheless, he has great powers.

We are, of course, speaking of the Europe of to-day and of the Asia of to-day; but are we not here contrasting the better side of modern Europe with the general standard of Asia? To some extent, yes. But is there no truth in this observation? It has been said that truth is a modern virtue, and there is great acuteness in the remark. Believing in the teeth of evidence is not unknown in the West, even among the most highly educated; while superstition, the *bête noire* of the positivist, may sometimes contain a germ of truth that may be developed into something more precious than the denials of positivism. But there is, nevertheless, at any rate so it seems to Western eyes, even though they are not blinded by ineradicable prejudice, and after deducting many most honourable exceptions, some truth in these general statements. On the other hand, and in other ways, the answer to the question as to whether the thought of

Asiatics is feeble, must be decidedly, no. The Asiatic has a remarkable power of recognising genius, whether for war, for instruction, or for literature. Neither the thought, nor the will, of such genius is feeble.

The great soldier rises rapidly to the top, the great teacher is followed by blind devotion, the great litterateur is regarded with a respect hardly known in Europe. Hyder Ali or Ranjeet Singh cannot among us mount a throne. No Europeans are capable of the devotion expressed by Mahommed's "companions," and no man's written "words of wisdom" have ever had the moulding effect of those of Confucius, who did not even pretend to be inspired.

No; but Confucius did not proclaim anything new, he "handed on" the words of the "sages." And as to the outcome of Asiatic thought, "if it be the end of systems of life to produce contented acquiescence the Asiatic systems must be held to have succeeded."

Mark this. If there be contented acquiescence here, in Europe, it is called a "Christian virtue." If it be shown in the East, it is called "fatalism," and "indifference to life." But who knows what *is* intended? The West joys in its display of energy; it knows no rest, no peace. *That* it puts off to a future state. It resents oppression; it has no idea of turning the other cheek. The East has some notion of quiet and content *here*. Easterns as a rule have no belief in the blessings of feverish activity as a permanent state of affairs; though they can become terribly active if they be once roused by some inner impulse.

Asiatics have accomplished little in science, except astronomy being—to a degree scarcely intelligible until we remember that it marked ourselves for ages—wanting in enlightened curiosity.

This refers to physical science. But have they neglected psychic science—in which the West does not as yet even believe? And if not, is that psychic science really scientific, or merely of a like nature to the physical science of antiquity; and has it to be all revised by our more accurate methods of observation and research, when once Westerners not only believe in its possibility but acquire the means of dealing with its phenomena at first hand?

Asiatics have neglected history with a carelessness which, in view of their reverence for the past, it is most difficult to explain.

That is a sorrowful fact; the elements of sobriety and accuracy are unfindable in the legends of the nations. Each has so boasted up its own origins and so glorified its achievements that one would imagine that each was the peculiarly favoured of heaven, instead of a normal member of a common family.

Another fact to notice, and it is a most important fact, is that:

> Asiatics do not as a rule travel, and are little interested in travellers' observations, which, indeed, they usually disbelieve.

It is remarkable that one finds, for instance in the ancient literature of China or Brâhmanical India, so little interest displayed in other nations. For Brâhmanical India the rest of the world was barbarian; it had no interest in it, despised it, and though it believed itself possessed of the fulness of wisdom, had not the slightest desire to share its treasure with others. The Buddha repudiated with scorn such particularism, and for a time triumphed over the forces of selfishness, but even He could not prevail in India itself, and the ancient conservatism of the priesthood emerged eventually from the struggle more powerful than ever. But this is hardly our concern; exclusiveness narrows the sympathies of those alone who practise it, and the Buddha will always be the greatest of Indians to the West because of His sympathy for all men irrespective of race. But

Asiatics have devoted such mental force to the consideration of the Whence and Whither and the relation of the visible to the invisible, that all the creeds accepted by civilised and semi-civilised mankind are of Asiatic origin. All humanity, except the negroes and the savage races of America and Polynesia, regulate their conduct and look for a future state as some Asiatic has taught them.

"Nor is the teaching always feeble," adds Mr. Townsend, in highly unsatisfactory fashion. For if the fact stated above is ungainsayable, as it is, that teaching, so far from being feeble, must be the most potent in the world. Our author, however, atones for his sentence, unless he wrote it ironically, for he adds:

> Europe having accepted with hearty confidence the views of Peter and Paul, both Asiatics, about the meaning of what their Divine Master said, regards all other systems of religious thought with contemptuous distaste, and sums them up in its heart as "heathen rubbish." Yet Confucius must have been a wise man, or his writings could not have moulded the Chinese

mind; while Mahommedanism has a grip such as no other creed, not even Christianity, possesses except on a few individuals. Brahmanism and Buddhism alike rest upon deep and far-reaching philosophies.

This ignorant separateness of Europe in things religious, this exclusiveness, or rather contempt, is being slowly broken down, not only by members of the Theosophical Society, but also by many enlightened minds outside its official ranks, and this we hold to be a truer form of Christianity, if Christianity is to be taken as meaning the Gospel of the Christ, than any which has previously existed. And on this point we can truly say that Europe is beginning to recognise her heresy, and is energetically striving to bring about a better condition of affairs; we are translating the Bibles of Asia, we are trying to understand. Is China translating and trying to understand; is India doing so? True, China has translated many of the Buddhist scriptures for her converts, and perhaps has translated the Korân for her Mohammedan subjects; but has China of herself translated the Bible, has she translated the Vaidic lore, has she translated the great books of the world to discover for herself what the great minds of other nations have taught. Has India translated the Analects of Confucius, or the writings of Lao-tze?

But this would matter little compared to the terrible indictment which our author fulminates against Asia in the last paragraphs of his Introduction.

But, finally, the morality of Asia is distinctly inferior. Let us examine that assertion a little more closely. That the grand Christian rule, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is not observed in Asia is true, terribly true. It is of course open to anyone to say that it is not observed in Europe either, but that is only an intellectual quip. The European does care for his neighbour to a certain extent, and does to a much greater extent think he ought to care. The Asiatic does not. He cares for his family, his caste, his clan, and sometimes for his profession, but of his neighbour he is little more regardful than one dog is of another. He is not affected by his misfortunes, and will help to inflict misfortunes on him with a serene callousness which in Europe is for the most part never found. The Asiatic who could not endure to be an executioner out of sympathy for the victim is probably non-existent. That want of the power of sympathy is the root of all evil in him, the ultimate cause of all tyrannies, the massacres and the tortures which from the first have disgraced Asiatic life, and which, as we see alike in Turkey and in China, still continue.

Mr. Townsend, however, is fully alive to the fact that sympathy is a late development even in Europe, and does not forget that massacre has been frightfully common in European history. But he is comparing the present East with the present West, and, further, the average Oriental with the average Occidental. There are of course, there must be, not only individual exceptions, but classes of exceptions, in Asia and in Europe, to all these generalisations. But bearing all of them in mind, and with every anxiety to be rigidly impartial, is there not truth in the above indictment? And if so, what is the reason of this "want of the power of sympathy"?

The further consideration of this question must be reserved for another paper, in which we shall take up some of the more important remaining points brought forward by our author. Meantime we may reflect that though our newspapers would persuade us that China is utterly callous and barbarous in this respect, we are also told that the "scholars" of the Empire base themselves entirely on Confucius. Now the basic principle of Confucius was charity and duty to one's neighbour, in no half-hearted fashion. It was not a mere chance adage that had crept into his writings, but a basic principle of action, and this, too, to such an extent, that the misunderstanding of its spirit had some three centuries after Kung-the-teacher led to the same state of affairs as has followed, and is following, the tracks of militant Christianity. Chuang-tzu, a Taoist, argues at great length, and with great acumen, that all the troubles of society at that time in China had arisen through "charity and duty to one's neighbour," that everyone was rushing about trying to set everyone else right and to force their supposed good services upon them, thus throwing all into confusion.

Again, what of the Buddhists; have they no sympathy for "all that lives and breathes"? Or is it that there has been teaching, but to-day there is no practice? And who can answer that question till he has surveyed the whole state of affairs amid 400,000,000 souls? Or is it fear of suffering and death that is at bottom of European "sympathy"? Who can answer such questions offhand?

G. R. S. MEAD.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Mysteries of Jesus

Esoteric Christianity or the Lesser Mysteries. By Annie Besant. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1901. Price 5s. net.)

Our highly-gifted colleague is to be heartily congratulated on her most recent contribution to our literature. In the first place she has given us a book and not a report of lectures, though she has often lectured on much of the material. In the second place we have throughout a nomenclature familiar to the West, but used with a depth and comprehension that forces it to reveal new beauties of thought and aspiration. In the third place, and most important of all, we have a gracious spirit that reproduces the atmosphere of the writer of the Fourth Gospel, a point of view that makes clear the standpoint of Paul, and a mystic insight that penetrates to those light-realms in whose sunshine the Gnostics of the early days so loved to bask. Mrs. Besant writes of Christianity from within; she treats of that life-side of the faith which is its real compelling power, of that Gospel of the living Christ which is its true glad tidings. She is mystic, seeress, priestess. She begins at the point where our own more humble labours cease; just where our definiteness on the objective side passes into indefiniteness and we say "it may be," "we believe," "must it not be so," "does not the written evidence point to such conclusions," our colleague begins to be more definite, while on the objective side she leaves it indefinite except, and it will be a most wonder-compelling exception for the majority of her readers, that she states what she has seen or heard from within of the objective life of Jesus.

What, then, in the first place, does Mrs. Besant mean by calling her volume by the alternative title: *The Lesser Mysteries?* She means that though Christianity, as all great religions, adapts its general teaching to the meanest intellect and the most backward moral development, it has instruction for those of greater intelligence and of higher morality, as also for the highest human development,

though here it passes into its source, as do all other great faiths. In her Foreword she writes :

" If true knowledge, the Gnosis, is again to form a part of Christian teachings, it can only be under the old restrictions, and the idea of levelling down to the capacities of the least developed must be definitely surrendered. Only by teaching above the grasp of the little evolved can the way be opened up for a restoration of arcane knowledge, and the study of the Lesser Mysteries must precede that of the Greater. The Greater will never be published through the printing press; they can only be given by Teacher to pupil, 'from mouth to ear.' But the Lesser Mysteries, the partial unveiling of great truths, can even now be restored, and such a volume as the present is intended to outline these, and show the *nature* of the teachings which have to be mastered."

After dwelling on the nature of the path of spiritual knowledge, Mrs. Besant continues: "This is the way of the Divine Wisdom, the true Theosophy. It is not, as some think, a diluted version of Hinduism, or Buddhism, or Taoism, or of any special religion. It is Esoteric Christianity as truly as it is Esoteric Buddhism, and belongs equally to all religions, exclusively to none."

By this time, one would have thought that the absurdity of calling Theosophy Buddhism would have dawned upon the intelligence even of the most prejudiced outsider; but only the other day we read a book written by an acute thinker which referred to Mrs. Besant herself as a Buddhist! This should make our Indian colleagues smile. Personally we regret that of late so little work has been done in the Society on the great Buddhist tradition. If only our colleagues in Buddha-lands would awake!

But to return to the immediate subject in hand. Mrs. Besant's task, then, is not concerned with outer Christianity; it deals with its inner side, and she has produced a work of immense value to those who love the inner way. She is to be specially congratulated on the skilful fashion in which she supports her main positions by texts of scripture, a most potent aid to winning acceptance for the inner truths among the devotional, and those who are undisturbed by textual doubts. Mrs. Besant can do this from the eclectic inner standpoint from which she writes; can do it undisturbed by the doubts of the critic and historian, with whose departments, as *they* understand them, she has nothing to do. She writes chiefly for the devotee, for the candidate aspiring to sainthood, for the mystic, for

the intending pupil of the Schools of the Prophets. She would also fain help, in the way which seems helpful to *her*, the parched excavators who believe there must be water somewhere beneath the ruins in the desert of history. These she tells of what she believes, what she sees, to be the general facts of the life of the actual historical Jesus; but she hardly realises how Sisyphean a task she lays on the shoulders of these ceaseless toilers. She declares, as has been declared before by several of our clear-seeing writers, that Jesus lived a century before the traditional date. How difficult a problem this is for a historical student to face even with the best will in the world we hope to show in a few months' time; meantime, we would point out that, until we can "see" for ourselves, we should make the hundred years B.C. date no crucial point in the problem. It does not affect Mrs. Besant's general treatment of the subject, or her statements, except that it once involves her in a chronological difficulty, when she seeks to prove that Clement of Alexandria through Pantænus had his tradition from Apostolic sources (Peter, James, John and Paul)—"his link with the Apostles themselves consisting thus of only one intermediary." This is the orthodox tradition, but with an extra century to account for, where *are* we to place Peter, James and John?

It is, then, the chapter on "The Historical Jesus" which will prove the greatest stumbling-block to even the most sympathetic reader if he be a student of the origins from an objective standpoint; not that there is any external evidence to support the received view, but owing to the difficulty of finding anything at all satisfactory to support the new date.

Personally, in the face of all such statements we endeavour to keep our mind quite free and unprejudiced, for we are among those who hold that it is in the long run a less healthy state of affairs for men suddenly to accept such statements and allow the rest of their thought to crystallise round them, than for them painfully to win towards knowledge for themselves. We do not say that our colleague would have done more wisely to have omitted this chapter; it may be that the time has come when such statements may be approaching a possibility of verification by evidence on this side. But we say that the members of the Society who may use her material in converse with others, will do well not to bring this statement forward as the *essential* point, but rather to insist on the nature and scope of the general doctrines in their inner sense, which our colleague has so ably set forth.

For the rest it will indubitably be remarked, as might have been expected with such a title and such a subject, that members of the Roman Catholic and Eastern Churches will find in our colleague's work more "comfortable words" than will the members of the vast majority of the Protestant Churches. And here further considerations of great importance arise. The vast movement, of which Protestantism so-called was and is one of the manifestations, is an enormously potent factor in human affairs. Had it not been for the liberty of conscience won by the great pioneers of liberal thought in the West, had it not been for the sturdy independence of mind shown by the souls born into the West to develop the science of accurate observation, this Society of ours could never have existed, and our colleague's book could never have been written. Has the Christ not been "active with them," as well? And if so, is there no place for them in the Lesser Mysteries—for those who are not, and perhaps never will be, mystics? What then of those who long to know things "down here" as they are, as well as things "up there" as they may be, and are not satisfied with the bliss of the spiritual world so long as this world remains without explanation? What of those, again, who cannot think in terms of "sin," and "forgiveness of sins," and the rest, or who cannot see the efficacy of the "sacraments" for *them*, even though they may be prepared to admit that there may be, nay, that there are psychic and magnetic, even spiritual forces, in activity in the Mass, and even in image and eikon-worship, in places of pilgrimage, and all the thousand and one other things that satisfy certain classes of pious souls? Those who would not harm any man, who would sacrifice their life to discover even a very small thing to help their fellows, but who are not content to accept any explanation, however beautiful, so long as the great problem of the "eternal conflict" is unsolved—what of them? What of these men of science, these deep thinkers? What again of the great organisers and rulers of states? They are rarely mystics; yet who shall say they are not as worthy to be initiate as the mystic, the seer, or the priest? Take again the higher critic; has he not initiated himself and initiated others into many a mystery of human nature, as precious to know as the heaven-world even, if man is to "know himself"? For what are these minds preparing? It seems to us a problem pressing for answer, and not to be answered fully on any line that has so far, to our knowledge, been made accessible. Perhaps this is asking too much. Nevertheless, we hope that before long our colleague will be able to throw as much light on this side

of Christianity and of other religions as she has done on the mystic way. There is a Gnosticism that is for the man as well as a Gnosticism that is for the monk. There is, we believe, somewhere hidden in Christianity the Gnosis of the Kingly Way. That Gnosis of the Warrior, of the Ruler, of the Kshatriya—must it not also have formed part of the Mysteries of Jesus—ay, of the "gentle Jesus"? For is not the Christ prophet, priest—and king? Meantime we most cordially congratulate our colleague on her illuminating work, and most heartily thank her.

G. R. S. M.

On the Nature of Thought and its Discipline

Thought Power: Its Control and Culture. By Annie Besant. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1901. Crown 8vo. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

At last we have in crystallised form the substance of the lectures which Mrs. Besant delivered two summers ago at Albemarle Street. The lectures were exceedingly popular and the desire to have them in a handy form has been widely expressed. The present volume comprises the articles which have appeared in the pages of this Review revised and with some additional matter. The subject is one which is attracting such universal attention at the present time that almost anything that is written upon it is sure of readers, and there are many schools of thought which are producing works that deal with the power of mind over matter; but it is safe to say that nothing more helpful to the student, or more clear and luminous for the novice, has hitherto appeared in this modern field of literature. The style is eminently popular and there is a marked absence of technical terms, whether psychological or theosophical, so that the work is calculated to appeal to an audience much larger than many purely theosophical books which are issued by the Theosophical Publishing Society.

The book is divided into ten chapters, and a large part of it is devoted to practical hints as to the strengthening of thought-power and the culture of concentration—a necessary part of the training of any student who would begin to "know himself."

More detailed criticism would be out of place here, we have only to add that Mrs. Besant has increased the obligation under which the Theosophical Society lies, for literature of a useful and popular kind, and that the publishers have issued the little book, with an index, in the usual neat cover and well printed. E. W.

"CHAPTERS OF COMING FORTH BY DAY"

The Book of the Dead: an English Translation of the Chapters, Hymns, etc., of the Theban Recension, with Introduction, Notes, etc. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., D.Lit. With four hundred and twenty Vignettes. (London: Trübner and Co.; 1901. Price, 3 vols., 10*s.* 6*d.*)

THERE are few more fascinating studies than the magic world of ancient Egypt; fascinating not only because we are at once plunged into an atmosphere of thought and belief at utter variance with the grey monotony of our present phase of matter-of-fact existence, but also because with every renewal of its study we are more and more convinced of its great importance as a factor in the study of the origins of the religion of the Western world. It would be an impertinence for any but a specialist to attempt to criticise Dr. Budge's vast labours in the field of Egyptian research; we who are not specialists, whose access to the treasures of strange things and brilliant jewels hidden away in the chaos of Egypt's ancient forms of faith, is dependent entirely on the labours of such men as the present Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, can but acknowledge our deep debt of gratitude for their unwearied industry. And in this respect we owe to Dr. Budge more than to many of his learned colleagues, for he has perceived the need of the uninitiate in hieroglyphic mysteries, and has endeavoured to answer, as far as it is possible for him as yet to do so, the natural question of the intelligent enquirer: Tell us, as far as may be, what it all means in plain language; we know how difficult, nay how impossible as yet, it is to explain the genesis, nature, and evolution of any religion, and most of all of so complicated and strange a faith as that of ancient Egypt, but surely there must be some *raison d'être* for it all, some approximation to the discovery of the compelling forces which produced the marvellous monuments at which the world still wonders.

In his great work in three volumes, the first of which contained no less than 35,000 references, published four years ago, Dr. Budge gave us his text and translation of the Theban recension of the so-called *Book of the Dead*, or as the text itself calls itself, the *Chapters of Coming Forth by Day*. This expensive and scholarly work was necessarily inaccessible to any but the few. But our Keeper of Egyptian Antiquities believes that these things should be of interest and instruction to a far wider circle of readers, and to this end he has now published the results of his labours in three small volumes, at the

exceedingly moderate price of half a guinea. These volumes contain the translation with notes, but without the elaborate references, and a most instructive Introduction containing "The History of the Book of the Dead," "Osiris, the God of Judgment, the Resurrection, Immortality, the Elysian Fields, etc.," and "The Object and Contents of the Book of the Dead."

As we have already said, no one but a specialist is competent to criticise such work; but this much we can say, that Dr. Budge's translation compares most favourably with all the other versions and clears up many difficulties; many still naturally remain, for even the Egyptian scribes themselves in later days had forgotten the meaning. And if this be so, is it not marvellous that men thousands of years afterwards, who have never heard a syllable of that dead tongue, should have puzzled out the meaning of the sacred cryptic script, and that too with so much success. And here a thought occurs to us. Why should men of the twentieth century devote themselves with an enthusiasm and an unwearied patience which no one unacquainted with them can realise, to the study of these old byegone faiths? Have they no natural connection with them? Why should a man devote his whole energies to Egyptian research, why should it fascinate him above all other studies, as it does in certain cases, for we do not speak of those who are mere copiers, of the "bread and butter" men? Students of the theosophy of the nations have little difficulty in believing that a reason for this is to be found in the doctrine of palingenesis or reincarnation. The soul "remembers"; perhaps even it has a task laid upon it from the past. It almost seems as though it were intended in the scheme of things that the lore of Chaldæa and of Egypt—the most sacred nations of Western tradition, as the writer of *On the Mysteries* declared—should not be forgotten; that they have still something to teach the world. First must come the externals; the deciphering of the written records so marvellously preserved, and then perchance the explanation which will not only recall to memory many a useful lesson of the past, but also show that the good of that past is still present.

The Hermetic school, Plutarch and the Gnostics knew of some higher lessons to be learned from Egypt than the hieroglyphics have yet revealed. We might suggest that if some sympathetic Egyptologist, say Dr. Budge himself, would bring the experience of his studies to bear on such a work as *The Book of the Great Logos* in the Coptic Gnostic Codex Brucianus, there would be a rich seam of valuable ore to exploit.

G. R. S. M.

Subjective Idealism Redivivus

The Adversaries of the Sceptic, or the Specious Present; a New Enquiry into Human Knowledge. By Alfred Hodder, Ph. D. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.; 1901.)

Dr. Hodder is an American, a pupil of Prof. Royce of Harvard, and a close student of Mr. Bradley. It is to be regretted that he has failed to keep his style free from some Americanisms which render it even more uncomfortable to read than its want of clearness and its immense verbosity would do in themselves. The author has undertaken an ambitious task—no less than the re-establishment of that phase of philosophic thought known as Subjective Idealism. I do not think he has succeeded; nor does it seem to me that his present work contains any vital or significant contribution to the onward march of philosophy. This being so, it seems needless to weary our readers with the careful analysis of his wordy pages which would be necessary in order to make in any degree intelligible to them the exact points in which Dr. Hodder differs from his predecessors, and the precise nature of the new views which he seems to believe ought to cause the philosophic world to reverse the verdict which history has pronounced against Subjective Idealism as a systematic philosophy of experience.

B. K.

Echoes from the Past

Evolution and its Bearing on Religions. By A. J. Dadson. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.; 1901. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is evidently from the pen of one who is very largely, to say the least, a devotee of Herbert Spencer, and it embodies in an amusing fashion the "invincible ignorance" and unconscious dogmatism of those spokesmen of modern science who know nothing, and refuse to learn, of what philosophical criticism really means. It is not, however, badly put together, and as an assault upon the position of an imaginary dogmatic religionist presents certain points of interest. But considered in the light of a serious contribution to the study of the very important subject indicated by the title, it can at the best only raise a smile by its somewhat pretentious inadequacy. Much of its contents consists in the merest commonplaces of popularised evolutionism, much is inaccurate or wholly erroneous—as for instance the view of what the Buddha really taught, which is taken over *en*

bloc from Professor Rhys Davids in his most materialistic mood, while Draper, Carpenter and Herbert Spencer are held up as the mouthpieces of the ultimate scientific truth of things. Such a book might conceivably have been in place ten or fifteen years ago, at the present moment it is at least as much out of date as the Dodo, and is certainly not much more useful.

B. K.

A Mesmeric Manual

Your Mesmeric Forces, and how to develope them. By Frank R. Randall. (London: L. N. Fowler and Co.)

Mr. Randall is a professional teacher of mesmerism, and his book is essentially an advertisement of the classes he conducts. For this very reason it is worth our notice. What Mr. Randall personally thinks about the matter is not of much consequence to our readers; what his experience finds attractive to our English public is of considerable interest. If we take up Mr. Randall's book from this point of view, I think we find it very satisfactory. The fare which he has gathered together to tempt his public is not only negatively harmless —without a trace of any appeal to the lower passions—but positively good. The larger part of the work is occupied with the question of the moral training which should precede all attempts to develope force; and though there is nothing new for a Theosophist, the material is well chosen and put together, and no one could try to follow it without profit. It may be objected that all this is only a concession to our English cant, and has no practical meaning; but I prefer to think otherwise. It seems to me a testimony, and one not to be despised, that the things which are sober, chaste, and of good report (in Scripture phrase) really are those which have most influence on our average English public. It may be foolish, it certainly is ignorant and prejudiced in a high degree; but, take it altogether, it is an influence in the right direction, that of the stern self-restraint and high and noble aims which are the only way to the true Liberty—that of the Sons of God.

W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist, October. In "Old Diary Leaves," Colonel Olcott details the signing of his fourteen Articles of the Buddhist Faith by the Heads of the Religion in Japan, his meeting with Mrs. Higgins at Colombo and return to Madras. His address at the Convention dealt with the relations of the Society to our Christian brethren, laying down the general principle that "our Society will not have fully proven its capacity for usefulness until it has kindly and patiently helped earnest and willing followers of each and every religion to find the key, the one only master-key, by which their own scriptures can be understood and appreciated." The main point of interest, however, was the death of H. P. B. and the disposal of the portion of her ashes which had been sent to the Headquarters at Adyar. It seems somewhat curious that the Colonel should have had at that time so little knowledge of Indian feeling on the matter, as to be astonished at, and feel as "cold ingratitude," the objections raised to having human remains about the house, and I fancy most of us would agree with the Hindoos that the best way of disposing of *our* remains would be "to cast them into a running stream, or into the sea." S. Stuart discourses on "The Astral Body," and though somewhat confused in his definitions, gives many curious particulars from ancient sources relating to the projection of the Double. W. A. Mayers opens a series entitled "The Pastorals of Israel," hoping to be able to show "that these incomparable narratives and parables can be brought into line with, that they thoroughly harmonise with some of the most valued and highly prized teaching of Theosophy." Colonel Olcott's "Theosophy; an Outline of its Teachings," is reprinted from the *Theosophic Messenger;* and from the Adyar Lodge we have the "Forgiveness of Sins" treated in four short papers purporting to give the Christian, Buddhist, Zoroastrian and Hindu views on the subject, and a brief report of the discussion thereon. The continuation of the *Râma Gîtà* closes an interesting number.

Prasnottava, October, announces that Mrs. Besant has returned to Headquarters from her Punjab tour, and that "her presence makes our quarters lively and peaceful." It is, perhaps, rude to remark how much it must have been missed! Short notes are given on "Evil." "Who is Miserable?" and a correspondence as to the recent articles upon Shrî Kṛishṇa, a very suggestive expression in which is worth quoting. "The writer intentionally avoided the argument of Mrs. Besant (as to Kṛishṇa's play with the Gopîs) as it was not only non-convincing but was considered harmful; for if the physical impossi-

bility be once admitted as a reason for explaining away any intricate question, it may as well be used in negating other events such as . . . a thousand other superhuman acts told of Shrî Kṛishṇa."

Central Hindu College Magazine, October, deals with the Educational Conference at Simla, and Lord Curzon's admirable address. Mrs. Besant contributes an account of a "Pilgrimage to Amarnath," and H. Banbery "How Arjuna fought with Mahâdeva," to an interesting number.

The Theosophic Gleaner, October. In this number N. D. K. takes up the question of the help we can give our dead, and reminds us that this is better done by our own loving thoughts than by giving money for meaningless ceremonies. Other papers are "Alberuni on the Persian Calendar," Mr. Sinnett's "Nature's Mysteries" from the *Sun*, and Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago Lecture on the "Unseen World."

The Dawn, for October, reprints a paper of Mrs. Besant's from the *World* newspaper of 1894 under the heading "Hindu Women the Incarnation of Spiritual Beauty."

Also received from India: *The Ârya*, for August—a very good number; *Awakener of India; Siddhânta Deepika; Indian Review.*

The Vâhan for November contains the particulars of the activities of the coming winter season. The "Correspondence" continues the discussion of the question of the lawfulness of suicide, etc., with a reply from A. P. S. to a previous letter, and an important and valuable statement of the other side of the argument from A. H. W. The limited space remaining is filled up by two answers from A. A. W. dealing with the too common case of one who "finds all his efforts at leading the higher life made vain (as he mistakenly supposes) by an evil habit contracted many years ago, and from which, do what he will, he cannot free himself." It is to be hoped that any who have had practical dealing with such cases will add their own experience to that of the writer of the answers in this number; there must be much more which might be useful and valuable to the sufferers.

Bulletin Théosophique, October, gives a favourable picture of the progress of the French Section, and reproduces a vigorous defence of H. P. B. published by the Lodges in a Geneva paper.

Revue Théosophique, October, concludes Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Religion," and L. Revel's "Mysticism and the Mystics," whilst Dr. Pascal furnishes "The Beyond, and its Unknown Forces," and "Uari" a "Hindu Legend."

Théosophie, November, gives its readers translations from Mrs.

Besant's Croydon Lecture on "Spirituality" and her "Some Problems of Morals," concluding with an extract from *Five Years of Theosophy*.

Dev Vâhan, November, contains an interesting account of the proceedings at the opening of the new Headquarters at Amsterdam, from Herr B. Hubo. The remainder of the number comprises the usual analysis of our October REVIEW, the translation of the November *Vâhan*, and the Memorials of H. P. B.

Theosophia, October, is full of Mr. Leadbeater's visit. The only original matter besides this is a lecture given to the Amsterdam Lodge by S. A. Cramer, entitled "The Missing Link."

Teosofisk Tidskrift for October has an original article by Pekka Ervast on the relations of Theosophy to Christianity, and translations of portions of Mrs. Besant's *Path of Discipleship*.

Philadelphia for July and August is only expecting the arrival of Col. Olcott in South America, and promises a full account in its next number. Of its long and varied list of articles we need only mention the conclusion of Carlos M. Collet's paper on "Toleration" and a short story by F. F. Galindo.

Teosofia, October, is still confined to translations into Italian with a few Editorial Notes.

Theosophy in Australasia, September; *The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine;* and *Theosophic Messenger;* may be dismissed with the simple statement that they are all very good reading; we have also received the first three numbers of the *Theosofisch Maandblad* from Semarang, Java, which our friend J. van Manen has already reviewed most favourably.

Of other magazines we have the May number of *Il Nuovo Risorgimento*, continuing Bilia's criticism of Mrs. Besant from the Catholic point of view; *Mind; The Metaphysical Magazine; Modern Astrology; Notes and Queries; Humanity; Monthly Record; Coming Events; New York Magazine of Mysteries; Review of Reviews.*

Of pamphlets, we have *Realisation*, a Course of Lessons on the Inner Nature of the Self.

Art and Life, a reprint of a lecture given to the South Place Ethical Society by our colleague, Mr. Herbert Burrows. A very pleasant and stirring lecture this is, notwithstanding that some curious old superstitions seem to linger in his mind, as that "Gothic Architecture is inseparably connected with Christianity," and that "the idea of the pointed Gothic arches and the long drawn nave and

aisle was taken from the uplifting branches and the solemn avenues of wood and forest." He and Mr. Somers Clarke (from whom he quotes) are terribly shocked at the profanation of Westminster Abbey by red-baize covered benches at Coronations. It does not seem to have struck either of them how entirely *modern* this antiquarian reverence is; the men who *built* Westminster Abbey would have had no feeling of the kind. We see in old pictures that for a ceremony the great Gothic buildings were benched as remorselessly in the Middle Ages as any modern upholsterers could do it, nor would red baize have been refused if attainable. It is a matter for much consideration whether our modern artistic prudery is a sign of higher Art; I much doubt it myself. As (contrary to the Statute in that case made and provided !) there is neither printer nor publisher's name on the little pamphlet, I can only say that whoever succeeds in obtaining it will have a very good pennyworth.

The Holy Catholic Church, by Elizabeth W. Bell (price 2*d.* Theosophical Publishing Committee, 7, James Street, Harrogate) is a very attractive specimen of the good work which is spent by the members of our Society on the papers read at our meetings, and would be even more attractive had Mrs. Bell filled with her own writing the two pages occupied by Lowell's lumbering verses. Her conclusion gives the main idea of the paper. "One by one, as we are ready," she says, "are we called out from the unrealities to the Reality, from darkness to Light, from dwelling in the *forms* of religion to Religion itself, from the different antagonistic outward churches to the Church Universal, the Holy Catholic Church, elect from every nation, yet one over all the earth."

W.

Ecstasy is lifting of the curtain, and witnessing of the Watcher, and presence of understanding, and observation of the unseen, and converse with the secret, and intercourse with that which is missing; it consists in the passing away and coming to an end in respect of what thou art.—Abû Sa'îd b. al-'Arabî,

TWO HYMNS FROM AN ARABIC MS.

I.

THOU thoughtest, a-thinking, that thou wast thou,
And thou art not thou and never wast thou.
For if thou wert thou, then wert thou a Lord
And a Second of Two. Leave what thou art thinking.
There is no difference between the beings of Him and Thee
He is not distinct from thee nor Thou from Him.
For if thou say, in ignorance, that thou art Another,
Thou art stubborn, and if thine ignorance cease, thou art docile.
Thy union is flight and thy flight is union,
And thy far is near. In this thou art blessed.
Leave intellect and understand through intuition,
Lest that pass thee by against which thou art guarding.
And make no partner to God of anything at all,
In order that it may be well with thee.

II.

I know the Lord by the Lord, without doubt or wavering.
My essence is His essence in truth, without defect or flaw.
There is no becoming between these two, and my soul it is which manifests that secret.
And since I knew myself without blending or mixture,
I attained to union with my Beloved, without far or near.
I obtained gifts of the Lord of Affluence without upbraiding and without recrimination.
I did not lose to Him my soul, nor does it remain to the lord of dissolution.

From the "Translation of an Arabic Manuscript in the Hunterian Collection, Glasgow University," by T. H. Weir, B.D., in the October number of *The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.

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