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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

UPWARDS of a decade of years has run its course since the passing of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. As the years roll on the proportion of the members of the Society who knew her in the flesh, to those who have not enjoyed that privilege, becomes an ever decreasing quantity. Nevertheless, not only the whole membership of the Society which she founded and to which she gave her life, but also many outside its ranks, for whom she lives in her works, recognise her as the greatest personality which has yet appeared on the modern Theosophical horizon. Anything concerning her is read with interest; anything that can bring her more vividly before the mind's eye is perused with avidity. Even her bitterest foes are fascinated with her many-sided nature. To those of us who knew her and loved her, and who love her memory with ever-deepening affection, it is most pleasant to have her pourtrayed as we knew her in the old days. It is a cheap and easy thing to criticise, but it is more precious to be admitted to intimacy with a great person through the loving memory of a friend. A friend's appreciation of a friend is good to read, and

so we rescue the following extracts from the comparative obscurity of a review and place them in the most prominent pages of the REVIEW which H. P. Blavatsky founded.

* * *

MADAME S——, the authoress of the work *Wie ich mein Selbst fand* which is elsewhere noticed by B. K. in our pages, thus describes the beginning of her friendship with H. P. B. in New York:

A Word-Picture of her Appearance

"We were instantly, as she (H. P. B.) expressed it, quite crazy for one another. She declared that I impressed her as if a bit of sunshine had got loose and were shining straight into her heart; while I found myself at once entirely under the spell of this marvellous woman. Outwardly she was quite unusually corpulent and indeed never spoke of herself otherwise than as 'an old hippopotamus.' But that made not the smallest unpleasant impression; she always wore loose flowing garments of a sort of Indian cut—a kind of flowing robe, which concealed the entire figure, leaving only the really ideally beautiful hands free; hands uncommonly full of meaning for a student of palmistry—narrow, long, with fine pointed ends bent upwards, each finger embellished with those tiny projections known in palmistry as the 'dew drops of idealism,' delicate hands telling of the loftiest endeavour, the most ideal aims, of great power over men and women and the subtler powers, and with it all of a stormy, even untameable, character.

"Her head, standing out from the usually dark-coloured woollen garments, was equally full of character, even though far sooner to be called ugly than beautiful. A genuinely Russian type: broad forehead, short, thick nose, prominent cheek bones, thin, clever, ever mobile mouth with beautiful, small teeth, brown, quite curly hair, almost like a negro's, then still without a single silver thread in it, yellowish complexion, and—a pair of eyes, such as I have never elsewhere seen—light blue, almost water-grey, but with a look so deep, so piercing, so compelling, as if they gazed into the inmost being of things, and at times with an expression as if directed far, far above and beyond all earthly things large, long, wonderful eyes, that lit up the whole of that most singular face.

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An Appreciation of her Character physical-sense habit of mind we are only able to
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—of what she could do!

"She was a mixture of the most heterogeneous qualities. . .
In conversation she possessed a charm which none could with-
stand, and which probably lay for the most part in her keen and
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the most comical despair her Anglo-Saxon friends, who as all the
world knows are rather given to prudery in the use of words.

"Her contempt, nay rebellion, against all society forms and
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not usual with her; and she hated and battled against the con-
ventional lie with the heroic courage of a true Don Quixote. Yet
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The picture our friend gives of her first visit to H. P. B. in
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H. P. B. in New York

"She sat at her writing table in a large, comfortable arm-chair, which seemed as much a part of her as the flowing garments already described. A samovar stood beside her, from which she continually supplied her guests with the fragrant Russian national beverage, while just as perpetually her beautiful hands never ceased for a moment to roll between their graceful fingers delicate cigarettes for herself and all present, for H. P. B. was almost more inseparable from her box of finely-cut Turkish tobacco than from her Indian garments, and whenever she changed her seat, which seldom happened, the little negress had to carry it after her. Around her sat or reclined eight or ten people, men and women of all ages and apparently belonging to every possible class of society.

"Among them was an old, old gentleman, who was a Judge of the Supreme Court at Albany and one of the most famous lawyers in the country; alongside of him a lively young English architect, as well as a very clever but very ugly Englishwoman, who earned her bread by teaching in New York and was very poorly dressed; while a couple of pretty young *artistes* in elegant toilettes listened reverentially to the words of the 'Russian Sphinx'—as H. P. B. was often called.

"As we entered, a man of very distinguished appearance was just relating to a small group his latest experiences from the 'spirit-world.' He was a former Ambassador of the United States, well known for his personal charm, who was then living wholly for the occult sciences. All these people, as well as several other scaffolding-folk, whom I have forgotten, sat or reclined in comfortable, careless attitudes on the low divans and cushions or on small seats, made up of boxes and chests, covered with Indian cloths and rugs.

"These, with a variety of idols and oriental *bric-à-brac*, formed the furnishing of the room. . . In it there reigned a hum and buzz of conversation in various languages, and clouds of incense and tobacco smoke, streaming from oriental incense sticks and the Russian cigarettes which everyone present was smoking, so that it needed a few moments of becoming accustomed to it, before eye and ear could clearly make out what was going on,"

East and West in Christendom

We have before us in the shape of a number of cuttings the evidence of the striking contrast between East and West in Christendom. At Athens most serious riots have taken place because of the attempt to translate the Gospels into modern Greek, while at Chicago the quarterly lesson book issued for the use of the Congregational Sunday Schools of that city, boldly attempt to familiarise the children with the general results of the Higher Criticism. The riots at Athens were not caused by the ignorant populace, but by the students of the University. Greece has been convulsed with the struggle. We need not go into details, and indeed it is difficult to be quite sure of them owing to the strict censorship of all telegrams; but the main fact stands out in terrible prominence, that in the twentieth century religious fanaticism can so carry away the educated youth of a nation which once led the liberal thought of the Western world, that riots attended with the most lamentable loss of honoured lives can burst forth, because the attempt at translating the New Testament into the common tongue was not drastically enough condemned by the ecclesiastical authority. It is almost incredible. Apparently politics are mixed up with the matter, but nothing can excuse such tyranny of conscience. How vastly different is the freedom of the Western city. Some four years ago we reviewed a book called *The Bible and the Child*, consisting of eight papers—by four D.D.'s (two of them Deans of the Established Church) and four Professors of Theology, recommending the same courageous policy in this country. No attention was paid to this plea for honesty; but it must inevitably come in time. Meantime it will be interesting to watch the pioneer experiment in the West of Christendom.

* * *

Nature's Biograph

Most of our readers are so familiar with the phenomena of psychometry, even if they have not read Mrs. Denton's instructive three volumes on *The Soul of Things*, and are so familiarised with ideas of the hidden possibilities of Nature, and the latent power of man to discover her secrets, that they will appreciate more than the general reader the vast significance of a private utter-

ance of Berthelot, the famous French chemist, recorded by De Goncourt in his diary. De Goncourt reports Berthelot to have declared as follows :

> All bodies, all movements exercising a chemical action on the organic bodies with which they are a second in contact, all—since the world began—exist and sleep, conserved, photographed in milliards of natural *clichés*, and, perhaps, this is the sole mark of our passage here below. Who knows if some day, science, with its progress, will not find the portrait of Alexander on a rock where his shadow had fallen for a moment!

It is to be doubted whether physical science will ever be able to invent instruments sensitive enough to sort out the shadow of an Alexander from the countless millions of millions of shadows of all kinds that have fallen upon the rock since it came into existence. But the Maker of the most subtle scientific instrument on earth, man's subtle nature, with its infinite powers of adjustment, has already provided us with all we need, if we would only believe it.

* * *

FROM *The Morning Post*, of date November 13th, we take an interesting paragraph on the obscure subject of "amok." Our own opinion is that "possession" and "obsession" have more to do with it than anything else, and that the "casting out of devils" is an art that deserves something more than the sneers of an incompetent generation which finds itself helpless before such cases. The series of papers on "Black Magic in Ceylon" which is appearing in our pages, contributes a portion of the back-ground.

"Amok"

> Is the Malay who runs amuck to be regarded as an homicidal lunatic or as a criminal responsible for a murderous outrage on society? A long account of a recent case of "amok," which lately appeared in the *Pahang Official Gazette*, touches this obscure point of medical jurisprudence with a finger of light. A certain Mohammedan named Man, aged twenty-three years, who had served in the Perak Police Force, came to Pahang and worked as a carter. He was a sober, hard-working fellow and thoroughly honest. He never disputed with his fellow workers, but once or twice he confessed that he was "sakat hati" with Chinamen. A direct translation of that phrase would be unconvincing, but we might say, making use of the Master of Ballantrae's words, that "his belly moved" when he saw their hairless yellow faces. In the June of last year his master noticed a change

in him; he became listless and obstinately taciturn, and on one occasion he insisted that he saw a monkey in a tree, which was obviously vacant. Shortly afterwards he left his work, and, as was subsequently ascertained, spent two days and nights without food in the jungle. When he came out he walked sword in hand, into a house where certain Chinamen were smoking opium, and had killed three and wounded a fourth when he was caught and held by a plucky Javanese. At the inquest he could not be persuaded to speak, but almost the whole time he was whining. A day or two later his mental and physical health was renewed, and it then became evident that he had no memory of the murders he had committed. But he cheerfully accepted the statements of the police and expressed his opinion that the death of a few "orang kapir" (non-Mohammedans) was no loss to the world. The plea of insanity was sustained at his trial, and he is now confined—under the microscope as it were—in an asylum. The writer of the account in the *Gazette* points out that this is the first case of "amok" in which we have definite evidence as to the mental state of the patient—impatient of his diseased self—both before and after the crisis. He proceeds to compare the mental upheaval of amok—a species of heart-quake—with some of the clinical features of epileptic mania. The "red vision"—the field of blood in which the Malay's soul wanders at such times—is a kind of epileptic *aura*, and the silent, mechanical running of the slayer very closely resembles the automatic condition of the patient after a fit of "procursive" epilepsy. But many think that the scientific explanation of amok and other abnormal states of the human mind lies deeper still. To say that this unfortunate Malay suffered from a form of epilepsy is but a pseudo-scientific explanation; for the term "epilepsy" is loosely used even by the most accurate thinkers in the medical profession. It may be that the seeing of the "red vision" is the key to this particular mystery, and that the brain of the Malay who sees it is in the same state as that of the bull who perceives a red flag. For our own part we think the "red vision" theory hardly less pseudo-scientific than the epilepsy hypothesis.

* * *

The Gold of Ophir

PROFESSOR A. H. KEANE, Vice-President of the Anthropological Institute, has contributed four instructive papers to the weekly *Rhodesia* (Aug. 31st—Sept. 21st) on "The Gold of Ophir—Whence brought and by whom?" That the subject is exhausted is by no means the case, but Professor Keane's conclusions deserve careful attention. They are as follows:

1. Ophir was not the source, but the distributor of the gold and the other costly merchandise brought from abroad to the Courts of David and Solomon.

2. Ophir was the emporium on the south coast of Arabia which has been

identified with the Moscha or Portus Nobilis of the Greek and Roman geographers.

3. Havilah was the auriferous land whence came the "gold of Ophir," and Havilah is here identified with Rhodesia, the mineralised region between the Lower Zambesi and the Limpopo—Mashona, Matabili, and Manica lands.

4. The ancient gold workings of this region were first opened and the associated monuments erected by the South Arabian Himyarites, who were followed, not before the time of Solomon, by the Phœnicians, and these very much later by the Moslem Arabs and Christian Portuguese.

5. Tharshish was the outlet for the precious metals and precious stones of Havilah, and stood probably on the site of the present Sofala.

6. The Himyaritic and Phœnician treasure-seekers reached Havilah through Madagascar, where they had settlements and maintained protracted commercial and social intercourse with the Malagasy natives. With them were associated the Jews, by whom the fleets of Hiram and Solomon were partly manned.

7. The Queen of Sheba came by the land route, and not from over the seas, to the Court of Solomon. Her kingdom was Yemen, the Arabia Felix of the ancients, the capital of which was Maraiaba Bahramalakum. Her treasures were partly imported (the precious metals and precious stones) from Havilah and its port of Tharshish to Ophir, and partly (frankincense and myrrh) shipped at Ophir from the neighbouring district of Mount Sephar.

8. Sephar was confused by the Alexandrian authors of the Septuagint with Ophir, which was the chief emporium of the Sabæan empire.

9. In a word the "Gold of Ophir" came from Havilah (Rhodesia), and was worked and brought thence first by the Himyarites (Sabæans and Minæans), later by the Phœnicians, the chief ports engaged in the traffic being Ezion-geber in the Red Sea, Tharshish in Havilah, and, midway between these two, Ophir in South Arabia.

10. This central position of Ophir explains how it became the intermediate emporium whither the fleets of Hiram and Solomon sailed every three years from Ezion-geber for the gold imported from Havilah, and for the spices grown on the slopes of the neighbouring Mount Sephar, not far from the deep inlet of Moscha, round which are thickly strewn the ruins of Ophir.

11. These and the other Himyaritic ruins of Yemen show striking analogies with those of Rhodesia, while the numerous objects of Semitic worship, and the fragments of the Himyaritic script found at Zimbabye and elsewhere south of the Zambesi, leave no reasonable doubt that the old gold workings and associated monuments of this region are to be ascribed to the ancient Sabæans of South Arabia and their Phœnician successors.

Readers interested in the subject may be referred for further information to Professor Keane's just published work *The Gold of Ophir*. (London: Stanford, 1901, price 5s. net.)

THE ANCIENT SLAVONIC MYSTERIES AND DOCTRINES OF THE SOUL*

THE people, in whose popular traditions are preserved so much of the old lore, still believe that the soul of man is complex, a complexity which seems to indicate a belief by no means at variance with the conception of "principles" and "bodies" set forth in modern theosophic literature.

There is still a belief in the "shadow of the body," in the "egg" containing the germ of life which "follows" the body, and its shadow.

In the apocryph, *Three Holy Men*, it is said: "Man is a city; the King is mind, the Queen is soul; Love and Thoughts are their friends; its enemy is Intoxication" (desire). The *Book of the Depth* describes "our blood" as from the "Black Sea." (? Kâma, the desire plane.)

Nestor, some Arabian writers, and the Kraledvor MSS. are the authorities for the following Slav beliefs. Man has a soul, and also a separate being, *donchicha* (little soul) residing in the throat. At death the "pearl soul" rises "up the tree," and Morena or Mara, goddess of death, guides it through the "black night"; yet this night is not annihilation, for in the spring was held the Slav Feast for the Dead, the feast of renewed life. It was believed that the soul could leave the body during sleep; the Servians, Dalmatians and Montenegrans call the sleep-parted soul *vedogon;* apparently the *mayâvi-rûpa* is meant.

In the green darkness of the holy *gaï*, or sacred woods, the Slavs loved to bury their dead. They also would bring the body up to the high mountains and lay it in the earth before the sunset. Firm in the belief that the soul was immortal, they made the burial service a feast of joy. The Horutan Slavs even now

* See "A Martyred Nation" in the September number, and "Among the Ruins of the Faith of the Ancient Slavs" in the October number.

sing and feast at the side of a grave.* Still, in Ukrania, when a girl dies in her youth she is put into her coffin dressed as a bride, and for her, as also for a young boy, the burial ceremonies are the same as they would be for a marriage.

The statue of Marana (Death) represented a woman with a calm face; a veil, thrown back from the head, hung down to her girdle, leaving her face bare. She was the goddess of the fading summer; but gradually she was worshipped as goddess of spring.

Two mysterious beings, akin to the Greek Charon, called Wuodzy and Plauzy, the "guides" and "they who pass over the water," were servitors of the dead to bring them safely to the other side.† The Poles had a deity of destroying fire, Niy, whom they prayed for "good places" in hell (!); but at first the idea of hell was not at all that of a place of torment, as we shall see.

With the dead chief, in later times, died his horse, and sometimes his servants; arms and treasures were placed on his funeral pile. Most of the Slavs burnt the bodies of their dead.

Ibn-Fotzlan, an Arab chronicler, gives an account of the burial of a rich merchant in Bulgary, a town on the Volga; he relates that a Russian (whether Norman or Slav) laughed at him, saying: "You Arabs are stupid; you give your dead into the earth to worms; we burn the body, and the soul goes quicker to heaven.'

The same writer speaks of the custom of voluntary death with a chief; voluntary sacrifice on the part of strangers. When a man of high birth died, his relatives asked girls and boys who wished to go with him. Those who said "I," were chiefly girls, for it was the custom to burn posthumous wives with the corpse of a married man. Mashoudy, a Moslem, thinks it was because woman could enter paradise only through man. Generally it was believed that those who died thus bought heaven for themselves, and purified the dead whom they followed by their sacrifice. The custom seems to link the Slavonic with the Indian rite.

Life on the other side was by no means equal for all. The

* Sreznevsky, *Researches on the Pagan Divine Service of the Slavs.* St. Petersburg; 1848.

† Those who were drowned, especially girls and children, joined the Russalki.

unworthy fell into hell (*peklo*, the word still exists); it was underground, filled with fire, and inhabited by evil spirits of flame. But this belief was of later growth; the older teachings told of a division into three regions: Navié, Paradise and Peklo. Navié was a country far off; the dead had to reach it by crossing a stream, passing over an airy bridge (the Milky Way) or by climbing a high mountain. This seems to show varying degrees of advancement in the higher world. At Easter some still throw an egg-shell into water, believing that it will reach the Navié and its dead. Hell, as we have seen, had also different stages and "good" places; these were apportioned by Niy. The kingdom of Niy (destroying or purifying fire) seems to represent Kâma-loka, with its lowest "dark" region, and the Navié or Summer-land Paradise was a state not easy of access, a garden of unearthly beauty, near to the God of Light, eternally blooming, and sending to earth the germs of life. It was the dwelling of divinity and peace.

Unfortunately this is almost all that can be gathered respecting the Slav beliefs as to the after-death condition of the soul; there are, however, some very interesting fragments of tradition testifying to their belief in the doctrines of reincarnation and karma. Two significant facts, hinting at the knowledge of these two great laws which existed among the Slavs, are the Slovak word for commemoration of the dead (*karmine*), and a form of conjuration, still used in Servia, which runs: "May thou lose the thread of thy soul."

Kostomanoff says: "The Slavs had belief in a new life, return and regeneration. They believed that the good principle will one day conquer death and evil; that the dead return to this life, and in this next life it was that reward or punishment came."* Yet they did not believe in Kismet; in an Ukranian song a man is represented as complaining of his trials to his "Fate" (Dolia). Fate answers: "The fault lies with Will (Volia), not with me."

This was a fundamental dogma with the Slavs; they tried to change their fate after death by means of the law of sacrifice and by the action of the "purifying fire." It is true that they tried to foretell the future, but that was in order to know the

* *Op. cit.*, p. 68.

Will of God before engaging in some new course of action; therefore the *jreby*, or casting one's lot, was held in high honour as indicating that Will.

Prince Igor, in his oath of loyalty, says, if the pledge be not kept: "May they become slaves in this life and in the next." This shows the horror of the Slavs for the breaking of a pledge; to disregard a sacred word once uttered was sufficient to lower the prince to the condition of a slave.

The Horutan Slavs believe that every man at his birth receives a star in heaven, and on earth a *rojenitza* (or "virgin of life") who foretells his future.*

An old Russian book† says: "They adore Rod and the Rojenitzi." Now Rod, as we have seen, is "spirit"; there is also a tradition of a Book of Life (Rojenik) in which everyone can read the "fate" of his existence to come, which fate needs must have been written by someone who "existed" before that existence. All Slavs had an absolute confidence in the watchful Will of God, guiding life by Law and Wisdom.

Bayan, the Seer, sang to his race: "Neither the cunning nor the wise can escape the judgment of God . . . . . Even the soul of one who knows has to suffer in another body.‡

Before we leave the question of the ancient beliefs of the Slavs, we must refer to the traces which exist of an inner doctrine and of mysteries. In the chronicles of Saxo Grammaticus we learn that the High Priest of Arcona was supreme chief over all other temples consecrated to Sviatovit and directed by minor priests. The power of these priests surpassed that of the king; on the isle of Ruyana, prince and people were subject to them, they were called *Baï* and *Incantatores*. The intense love of the Slavs for their creed seems to indicate that those who inspired that love and ruled them, had an exceptional secret knowledge. Let us try to discover who these men were, and what was the nature of their power and knowledge.

The Slavs above all things respected the power of the Word. It

* S. Vraz, *Glasi iz dubrave, etc.* (Yagreb; 1841), pp. 118-119.

† *Memorable Words* (XIIth cent.).

‡ *Tale of Igor's War.*

was a thing of magic, a mystery. The Word could make men happy or destroy them, heal the sick, arrest evil spirits, rule the physical world of phenomena, and do miracles. Those who knew it were never in danger, either in battle, on the sea, or among secret foes. This Word was the reason of the power of song with the Slavs; the poet was *vetchy*, a seer, the knower of secret truth. Poetry was called knowledge (*vetchba*). This was the reason of the respect shown by the Slavs for proverbs and sayings which were garbs of the hidden Word. The songs speak ever of Bayan as knowing the "old words"; in his time the Volga realm was the abode of Volhvi, *i.e.*, of Magi who "worked miracles." The Arab chronclers say the Slav religion was "magism."

Women could serve the temples as priestesses, especially virgins and older women who had given up the family life. In the legendary tale, the *Judgment of Lubucha*, the wise princess, herself a magician, is helped by a Virgin of Judgment. The Horutan girls still hold on Peroun's Day (a Thursday) a feast of fire, whereat the youngest and fairest kindles the sacred flame, when the song is chanted: *Sveti ogenj sveti se* (Light thyself, holy fire); the girl who has this office is called Deva Ogni, or Virgin of the Fire.

Helmold says the priests wore white sacred dresses, and had their own terminology and passwords; they carried sacred rods, which they struck on the earth at certain points in the religious ceremonies.

Kostomanoff says the old rites must have been very exactly regulated to have come down unchanged to our days; the noble religion of the Slavs, says our author, wise and humane as it was, has been accused of fetishism.

The priests did not cut their beards, and those held by special vows did not cut their hair. They remained seated during the ceremonies, at which others stood; only a priest could enter the holy of holies; and their chief alone drank of the cup of Sviatovit, before filling it anew for a year; on that occasion he named the deity by his "many names." We cannot but think that he who was thus permitted to enter the shrine where the air was too pure for man to breathe, who might stand in the presence of the "Lord of the four faces," of the four

manifested planes of cosmos; who might drink the wine of the cup of the God, must have been one who could reach these four planes and consciously know himself there.

While the exoteric rites proceeded the priests uttered the "silent prayers, inaudible words." We shall only touch upon those feasts which seem to indicate the existence of an inner teaching, though all the rites are plainly symbolical.

There was the great rite of the filling of the cup of Sviatovit, and there was also the "solar myth" worship of Lado, the Sun as Son of Lada; the feast of his "resurrection" was from May 25th to June 23rd; his feast as the "new god" was at Christmas.* There was the winter feast of peace, the feast of gathered fruit, the feast of roses, and the great feast of the living fire, King Fire, ignited by friction, which was held on the day which is now St. John's feast.

At the feast of Lada (one with that of the resurrection of Sviatovit or Lado) there was a sacred "mystery" dance. In the games, dances and songs which still exist we can trace the old tale of the growth of the soul, and of its initiation into the mysteries. Everywhere we find the tale of the Fiery Stone, or White Stone, Alatyr, which gives power and strength. It is described as being "at the bottom of the sea," and to gain it is a heroic feat. A game is still played wherein girls walk step by step, hand in hand, as though they carried a heavy burden; as they go they sing:

I will light the Light.
Go slowly
The water is on the stone,
The water is on the white stone
Go slowly

There is yet another game, played by women, in honour of Lada; the song has an ancient refrain calling on her by her name of Didde (Dundje): "*Goya, Dundje, Goya.*"

Lada is supposed to send the girls to fetch stones to build a golden bridge to her temple; but the chain of players cannot pass the bridge till one of their number is given into Lada's

* With these sun-feasts is connected the name of Trajan, a legendary king. In the *Tale of Igor's War* Russia is called "Land of Trajan."

power. What is her fate the song does not tell; but the refrain, "*Goya, Dundje, Goya,*" is very impressive, and the whole game gives a sensation of awe; "they served Lada in trembling."

The people believed that God could manifest to man in a human form and wearing a shining white garment symbolised by the priestly robes. We hear of heroes who became gods; of "Serpents," sons of Serpents, who dwell upon the Mount of Serpents; the multiplicity of these, and kindred statements, and mystic sayings as to the attributes of the gods, cause Kotliarevsky to remark: "They must have come from a single school, from a single teacher."

The ancient MS. of Hypate counts a succession of rulers (hierophants?) since the Flood. Kostomaroff speaks of some beings whom he cannot locate as either gods or men. These are: Radibug (who is joyous in God); Holdbug (who seeks God); Lubobug (who loves only God); Jadobug (who thirsts only for God). We should not be surprised if these were the names of high devotees or priest-initiates. When we link together Oleg's mention of "the princes of light, who are under the hand of the High One," with the alleged alliances between the High Priest of Arcona with his subjects the Baltic Slavs, and Russia, and the Lithuans, the facts seem to point to the existence of a common centre of teaching whence rays of learning fell on the cradle of the Slavonic race, and on their brethren, the Lithuans, who followed Krive-Kriveïto.

The Slavonic worship had three centres: Retra, for personal worship, sacrifices, offerings, prayers and divination; the magnificent temple of Triglav in the metropolis, for official worship; and Arcona, shrine of the inner "doctrine of the heart." Arcona, simple and silent, isolated on its white cliffs by the lonely grandeur of the sea, shrouded in its never-lifted purple veils, owed its mighty sway to the power of wisdom.

Bloody rites and human sacrifices were of later growth. No blood, save that of its defenders and their foes, ever stained Arcona. Its influence was as a white flower of peace, of harmony amidst strife. Among the ranks of its servants we can see four grades leading to the final wielding of the Secret of Peace. (1) The three hundred of the sacred guard, chosen men who went to

battle and death at the bidding of the High Priest. (2) Minor priests who were permitted to cut their hair (?). (3) Those under special vows, who "let it grow." (4) The few who "entered the Shrine."

But the temple and ritual of Arcona was not the first form taken by the Slav worship. Some descendants of the Baltic Slavs testified that there have been, in their ancestral land, temples built of enormous stones brought thither by "spirits." In the sixteenth century there still stood in the Slav town, Yutribog, a singular temple. It was made of stone, and it had a very low door, and an opening towards the rising sun.* Mashoudy, the Arab observer, says in his *Golden Lanes*: There were (evidently in very ancient days, for they did not exist in the time when Arcona flourished) in the land of the Slavs holy temples. One of them was on a high mount; this building was celebrated for the art with which its stones are joined, stones of various kinds and colours. It had openings in its roof, and elevations on which to observe the rising of the sun. Many precious stones were kept there, with "signs" drawn on them, showing the deeds of future times. It was famous also for the sounds that proceed from its heights, and for the effect which is produced upon those who can hear them.† Two other temples of great splendour are described by Mashoudy. If these unknown cults, with their magic and wondrous traditions, really existed, they seem to be linked with the tradition of Atlantean religion. The Slavs, in their broad-minded tolerance of other religions, probably respected the elder faiths—strange, mysterious cults, like that of the Goddess Nerthus, worshipped on an island of the Slavs.

Unfortunately, the Christian conquerors did not show a like tolerance. The cruelty and oppression of the Teutonic conquerors made between Christendom and the Baltic Slavs an impassable barrier of hatred and mistrust. A race full of the highest moral power, and endowed with rare intellectual gifts, gave way at last under oppression, and after centuries of despair-

* The Deacon Hammeman quoted in Wagner's *Die Tempel und Pyramiden auf dem rechten Elbufer*. Leipzig; 1828.

† See Charnevy, "Relation de Mashoudy," etc. *Mém. de l'Acad. Impér. des Sciences de St. Petersburg*, vi. Série, i., 1. (St. Petersburg; 1834), p. 320.

ing struggle, it was swept from this earth. Ruja, the White Island, has forgotten the "old words," and the harps of the infinite sea alone sound on the grave of Arcona.

A RUSSIAN.

JESUS AND CHRISTIANITY IN THE TALMUD

FROM A JEW'S STANDPOINT

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 321)

LET us examine the history of ethics in the Talmud more closely, and we instantly perceive the sources whence Jesus derived his inspiration. Had Jesus existed in Joshua ben Perachyah's time, he could not have been the author of the gentle sayings recorded of him in the Gospels, for they belong not to Joshua ben Perachyah but to Hillel. The latter was the first sage to give utterance to them, and he alone stands out as the originator of the sublime truths which Jesus taught.

Hillel, who had been president of the Sanhedrim and chief teacher in the land ten years prior to Jesus' birth, had cast ethical and moral seeds over the whole land. Indeed, so popular were his teachings, that his sayings had become a matter of familiar conversation in the household. Ethical and moral precepts abounded, and Hillel gave the greatest impetus to their development. Hillel's maxims have been preserved, and from them we may ascertain in what relationship he stands to Jesus. Here are some of them.

He who strives after fame will only lose his name.

He who does not increase in learning will decrease.

He who tries to make gain of the Law will perish.

If I am not for myself, who will be? If I am for myself, who am I? If not now, then when?

Separate not thyself from the community; and put not too much confidence in thyself till the day of thy death.

Judge not thy neighbour until thou hast been placed in his position.

Say not: When I have leisure I will study; for perhaps thou mayst never have that leisure.

An ignorant man cannot abhor sin, nor can he be pious. A bashful man cannot become learned. Where there are no pious men, see that thou be one.

He who multiplieth flesh, multiplieth worms; he who multiplieth women, multiplieth witchcraft; he who multiplieth maid-servants, multiplieth fornification; he who multiplieth man-servants, multiplieth theft. But he who multiplieth the Law, multiplieth life; he who multiplieth alms, multiplieth peace. If he has attained a good name, it is for himself; if he has attained the Law, he has attained the life in the world to come.

Be of the disciples of Aaron; love peace, pursue after it, love thy neighbour, and lead mankind to the knowledge of the Law.

When a proselyte asked to be initiated into the covenant of Judaism on the condition that he should be taught the whole Law whilst standing on one leg, Hillel replied: "What thou despisest do not to thy fellow; this is the whole Law, the rest is mere commentary."

This was then the atmosphere which Jesus first breathed, and it is clear as the light of the day that this particular epoch was not so black as it has been painted. Jesus thus developed as one of the many scholars who abounded in those days, and who joined the academy of either Shammai or of Hillel.

The Founder of Christianity, however, is one of those great figures whose life and character remain historically obscure for us; owing to the lack of authentic historical information and the contradictory accounts which the evangelists have given concerning him, we cannot form a definite opinion as to his personal character. Nevertheless, from the general teachings which have been preserved, we conceive him as an individual filled with loving-kindness, and a pursuer of peace. To this we may add a little obstinacy, a spirit which deems itself ever in the right, and that truth is an essential part of its existence. An individuality which does not possess this characteristic will never attain to leadership; nor will disciples ever attach themselves to it.

Jesus at an early age became an admirer of Hillel's school and was fascinated by its excellent moral tone and high ethical system. His mind, however, was restless; in the face of such sublimity he perceived more clearly the general corruption and hypocrisy, and this stung him to the quick. His imaginative mind, ever filled with enthusiastic plans, revolted against certain sections of the people, and he gave vent to his feelings in the

"Sermon on the Mount." Jesus could not comprehend why these high ethics could not be carried into practical effect.

He was carried away by this enthusiastic idea, and added to the others his only original but too immoderate saying: "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also."

Jesus then resolved to lead all men to the knowledge of the Law, for according to Hillel's teaching, its genuine definition was: "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Yet Jesus had no intention of abolishing the ordinances or the rites of the Law, for his own testimony is: "I have not come to destroy but to fulfil."

If we, then, carefully examine the "Sermon on the Mount," we find it to be non-original, the whole being a compendium of the Talmudic ethics which prevailed in Hillel's time. In order, however, to remove any doubt on this most important point, we present some of these Talmudic ethical sayings side by side with those of the "Sermon on the Mount."

SERMON ON THE MOUNT	TALMUD
Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.	They who are poor, will never see hell fire (Gehenna); for they endure it in this life. (*Erivin*, 41. B.)
Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.	He that is merciful; to him Heaven shall show mercy. (*Sabbath*, 151. A.)
Blessed are the poor in heart; for they shall see God.	He that purifies himself below; shall be purified from above. (*Yoma*, 39. A.)
Whosoever shall say: Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.	He who abuses his fellow, even lightly, will not inherit Paradise (*Jer. Meg.*, 28. A.)
Be first reconciled to thy neighbour; then come and offer thy gifts.	The Day of Atonement forgives sin; but God is powerless to pardon an affront, unless the abuser becomes reconciled to the abused. (*Yoma*, 85. B.)
Whosoever looks upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.	He who gazes upon a woman, is called an adulterer. (*Avoth*, iii.)
Whosoever shall put away his	A man shall not denounce his

wife, saving for the cause of fornification, causeth her to commit adultery.

Swear not at all.

Let your communication be: Yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.

Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who persecute you.

Take heed that you do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father who is in heaven.

Lay not up treasures for yourselves upon earth where moth and dust doth corrupt.

Lay up treasures for yourselves in heaven.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or drink, or what ye shall put on. Is not life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

wife, even if he has found a matter of nakedness or indecency in her. (*Gitten*, 9. A.)

The meaning of the third commandment is, "Swear not at all."

Let thy "yea" be righteous, and thy "nay" be righteous; for he who multiplieth talk, multiplieth folly. (*Kidd.*, 49. A., and *Avoth.*)

Give the poor man what God hath given thee; for thou and thine are God's. (*Avoth*, iii.)

The abused who reply not to the abusers; those who are among the persecuted rather than among the persecutors; upon them the sun will shine forth in all its splendour. (*Yoma*, 23. A.)

He who gives alms in public, is guilty of shedding blood; hence he will inherit Gehenna. (*San.*, 92. A.)

He that multiplieth flesh, multiplieth worms; but he who multiplieth the Law, multiplieth true life. (*Avoth*, ii.)

The book is open; he who desires to borrow, let him come and do so. (*Avoth*, iv.)

Be not like slaves who serve their master for the sake of reward; but like slaves who labour out of love. (Antigonus [200 B.C.] in *Avoth.*)

Dry bread with salt, shalt thou eat; water with measure shalt thou drink; upon the earth shalt thou sleep; a wretched life shalt thou lead; and on the Law shalt thou meditate. If thou doest so, thou shalt be happy in this world and in the world to come. (*Avoth*, vi.)

Take no thought for the morrow; the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.

Judge not that ye may not be judged.

Cast out the beam of thy own eye first; then wilt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened.

Not everyone who saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.

Repent to-day, for thou knowest not whether thou wilt have a morrow. (*Ber.*, 28. B.)

He who judgeth his fellow charitably, will be so judged himself. (*Sabbath*, 127. A.)

Rebuke thyself first; then others. (*Bava-Metzia*, 85. B.)

Everyone who prays devoutly, his prayers are heard and accepted.

He who studies the Torah and does not practise it, is likened unto a porter who possesses the keys to the courtyard, but not those which lead to the palace. (*Sabbath*, 31. A.)

These Gospel and Talmudic ethical sayings are identical; they breathe the same inspiration. Although the language is somewhat different in every case, they have, nevertheless, been derived from one common source. Many of the Talmudic sayings which I have quoted were extant a century or more prior to Jesus' birth, but the most important were the contemporary sayings of Hillel and his colleagues.

That Jesus, further, taught nothing revolutionary or original may be proved from his own testimony:—"Think not that I have come to destroy the Law or the Prophets, I am not come to destroy but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass until all be fulfilled. Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of the least commandments shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

If anything at all may be believed of the Evangelists' writings the above utterances of Jesus take preference over all others which we find concerning his attitude towards Judaism, for they confirm the Talmudic view on this particular.

We may, therefore, unhesitatingly reject the opinion that Jesus profaned the Sabbath and violated the laws and ordinances

of Judaism. If Jesus had at all been guilty of such doings, and had assumed a so hostile attitude as the Gospels ascribe to him, the Talmud would have given us some further information concerning his teachings and peculiarities.

On the contrary, extract 1 is the only direct reference to Jesus in the Talmud, and although it wears on the surface an unhistorical dress, we can extract from it some information of importance, as may be seen from the conclusions we have drawn.

With regard to extract 2, which tells us about the stoning and crucifixion of Jesus on the eve of Passover, we may dismiss it as a mere story prevalent among the Jews of the second and third centuries, which was included in the bulk of Jewish traditions from hearsay, perhaps from some Ebionite source.

A great question therefore confronts us. Why does the Talmud lack information on a matter which wrought so great an evolution in Judaism? One answer alone can be made, and it is this:

Jesus was not a revolutionary character, nor did he transgress the ordinances of the Men of the Great Assembly. The contemporary traditionalists, therefore, had no sufficient reason to take his teachings into account. Philo and Josephus, contemporary writers, have also omitted to record anything concerning him for the same reason.

Jesus did not play a significant rôle in contemporary Judean affairs, political or religious. He was one of the many teachers who gathered round him a small circle of disciples and taught them independently.

The Tanaim of that time (20-70), the first originators of Jewish tradition, were very diligent in recording every event, observing every political or religious movement with accuracy. Why then did they neglect to record anything about Jesus?

Because Jesus, though an independent teacher, held to the letter of the Law, and cared not a jot about worldly matters; he was an Essenic teacher. In order to substantiate my statement and prove that my theory is correct, let us again glance back at our extracts and examine them carefully. What do we find?

We find them to be the outcome of fear and danger. As soon as Jesus' disciples began to invent original theories and

conclusions, and gradually began to abolish the Jewish Law, they entered into conflict with Judaism and its representatives; it is only then that Christianity is conceived as an opponent of Judaism, and becomes branded as an heretical sect.

From the silence concerning him, the Talmudic Jesus appears to have been a teacher of peace, the very opposite of the Jesus of the Gospels, who is supposed to have said: "Think not that I come to send peace on earth. I come not to send peace, but a sword. For I come to set at variance the son against his father; and the daughter against her mother; and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." (*Matt.*, x. 34-5.)

The Jesus of the Gospels is defiant, obstinate and restless. He is revolutionary; he overturns the tables of the money-changers, and speaks threateningly of the Temple. The Talmud disproves all this; for had it really occurred the Rabbis would not have neglected to record such blasphemy. This discussion on Jesus' existence and the Talmudic silence concerning him, based on extract 1, may therefore be summed up and concluded by the statement: Jesus created no discord or disunion, nor did he play any revolutionary part in his life.

Let us now return to the extracts concerning Christianity, which are no less important than those we have already discussed. One and all picture to us the terrible struggle which ensued between Judaism and Christianity, and show us how bitter was Rabbinical resentment against the pioneers of the primitive Church. Let us, then, take the extracts and trace how and why they came into existence.

When Jesus died he left five disciples, according to the Talmud (extract 2), and undoubtedly some sympathisers. What effect could such a following create in Jerusalem, when at the Passover festival its population amounted to almost a million souls? And even when Peter and his colleagues began to propagate their master's teachings, what effect could it produce among the Jews of various lands, who came on pilgrimage or who were concerned at the political troubles of their fatherland? Besides, Jesus' disciples conformed to Judaism, and gave no occasion for creating a tumult for teaching strange doctrines.

Christianity, at its founder's demise, was dogmaless; it was

a sublime but purely Jewish ethic. It was unable to assume a controversial attitude because it had no peculiar or strange ideas to advance.

This was reserved for an original thinker to assume. Paul stands in relation to Judaism as the founder of Christianity, and to Christianity as its destructor. It is, indeed, a paradoxical position, nevertheless it is true; pure Christianity existed but a few years, and rapidly gave way to a spurious Christianity which supplanted it entirely. Ebionism (lit., "poor [men]-ism,") was the true designation of primitive Christianity, which, as I have stated, was without form or dogma. There were no signs or symbols except that of a pure heart and the notion that poverty was a virtue, ensuring the poor a prominent position in the kingdom of heaven. In all other respects its cult was that of Judaism; its inspiration was Jewish, its cradle Judea.

When Paul arose, he transformed this tranquil aspect into one of agitation and strife. At first Peter opposed the intruder; he could not sanction the abolition of the Jewish rites, nor tolerate their transgression; for it would have set at variance the teachings of Jesus, who had said: "He who breaketh the least commandment will be called least in the kingdom of heaven." Paul appeared to Peter as one of those individuals who will approach Jesus, saying, "Lord! Lord! have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done wonderful things? Then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from me ye that do the works of iniquity." (*Matt.*, vii. 22-3.)

It is only when this conflict begins between the mother and daughter, that Christianity finds mention in the Talmud as a renegade sect endeavouring to destroy the Law of Moses.

It is then that decrees are promulgated and ordinances enacted by the Rabbis to arrest the progress of Christianity among the Jews. Intercourse with them is prohibited and suppressed, a fact which tends to show the amicable relations which existed between Ebionite and Jew. One was quite unrecognisable from the other; there was no distinction between believer and unbeliever. Both were equal and possessed the same privileges in the Synagogue. But as soon as the Rabbis

perceived the danger of further familiarity with the Jewish-Christians, they published a solemn warning to the people, forbidding them to indulge in such friendly intercourse.

One fact must be borne in mind, namely, that the Rabbis were not the aggressors, but those Christians who had declared the uselessness of the Jewish Law. As long as Judaism was not assailed, the Rabbis ignored the new religion; but as soon as it was attacked, they awoke to the responsibility which rested upon them. In order to protect themselves they laid the basis of the lasting barrier between Jew and Christian which has separated them ever since. The more the Ebionites assumed Pagan habits and customs the more contemptible did they become in the eyes of the Jews.

It is quite evident from the Talmud that many eminent sages not only mingled with Minean or Christian teachers, but were actually suspected of adopting their opinions (as may be seen from extracts 3 and 4), whilst a certain teacher, called Elisha ben Abuyah, apostasised to Gnosticism. Moreover, extracts 3 and 4 are valuable in that they throw light upon the historical relationship between the opposing religions. They tend to prove the existence of a sort of inquisitorial tribunal for the detection of suspected heretics that were found even among the Rabbinate. A judge or inquisitor seems to have been appointed in charge of this specific tribunal, and suspected individuals were seized by minor officials and brought before the judge. He had a right to examine into the religious convictions of the accused, to discharge or condemn him. The guilty were most probably reprimanded, scourged, and interdicted for thirty days.

In spite of such ordinances, however, the Rabbis were unable to check the familiar intercourse between Jews and Christians, nor could they reduce the people to obedience.

How great Christian influence must have been among the Jews of the third century may be realised from extract 12, where a solemn warning is uttered not to be allured by the cry "Give, give," for in the end it leads to Gehenna.

Further enactments were published against the Christians; their cures were interdicted, their food forbidden, their Gospels were to be burnt, and a Jew ought rather to fly for refuge to a

Heathen temple than to a Christian house; and finally, a proclamation was published against them and appointed to be read in the Synagogues.

This naturally created fierce animosity between Jews and Christians, and the great separation hurried on and on, till at length the moment arrived when the last spark of Ebionism was consumed by Pagan Christianity. Immediately all hostile enactments were revoked, and the Talmud again relapses into silence.

One further point, however, must be noticed before we conclude, and it is this. We are told "that at Nehardea there are no Christians." This extract is important for the historical reference it gives concerning the non-existence of Christianity among the Jews of Babylon, or at least its non-penetration to the Jewish centres in the land of the Magi. It was only in Palestine that the terrible conflict raged, and Palestinian teachers alone entered the arena of controversy. Had there been no teachers in Palestine during the second and third centuries, Christianity would not have possessed a single reference in the Talmud.

I have endeavoured to show from the Talmud: firstly, that Jesus existed in Hillel's and not in Joshua ben Perachyah's time; secondly, why the Talmud lacks information concerning him; and thirdly, why, on the contrary, Christianity obtained notice in the Talmud. Above all, I have attempted to prove from the Talmud the non-revolutionary character of Jesus. I can only hope that I have succeeded.

MOSES LEVENE.

MY secret is for me, and for those that are mine are the things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him.—From the "AGRAPHA."

BLACK MAGIC IN CEYLON

II.

DEMON worship in Ceylon is divided into two distinct kinds: one to inflict injury, death or disease, the charms in connection with which are known by the names *hooniyan*, *angam* and *pilli*; the other to avert calamities, the charms of the latter being *bandana*, *dehena*, and a few of minor importance.

The worship and propitiation of demons is a remnant of "Hinduism," and was originally imported from India. It still retains a strong and deep hold of the Sinhalese mind, and to a considerable extent is sanctioned and even indulged in by the Buddhist priests. Natives of high caste and education when so "ill-starred" as to be "made solitary" (possessed by a demon) —it may be owing to merely having trod the ground where one of the aforementioned charms lay concealed and *pisâchas* (evil demons) lurked on guard—will, or rather their relatives will, commission the services of a Buddhist priest to the *perit* ceremony in order to cast out the evil spirit. This proving non-efficacious, it is considered to be something more serious than the overlooking of a *pretayo* (a sort of vampire), and a *kattadiya* or devil charmer is requisitioned and a *jeewama* held in a cocoa-nut wood by the seashore some new moon, half-moon or full-moon night, or as the Sinhalese say "*poya* night." They believe that there are certain hours of the day and night when these evil demons are abroad and on the look out for human victims. These times are termed *yama*, and it is difficult to get one's servants to turn out alone during such hours. Here is an instance of this.

With the intention of taking a trip to England we had broken up our home in Colombo and temporarily taken a small bungalow at Mount Lavinia, making one Indian serve the double purpose of *cook-appoo*, a common practice there. Now, not being well informed concerning *yama*, it happened that I frequently

insisted on Miguel going some errand during these unpropitious hours. His reluctance was ill-concealed, but this I attributed to Oriental laziness, and proved my authority by insisting. The first time he returned late and the worse for drink; the second later and still worse for it; the third too late and too drunk, alas! to cook the dinner. When reprimanded next day this was his apology and excuse:

"Lady send me out *yama* time; demon get hold, make drunk. I not help this, lady make go; lady not know *yama*. *Yama* very bad time for native go out." After this I made myself acquainted with *yama*, and avoided sending him at such times. Nevertheless Miguel was late sometimes and his environment suggestive of arrack.

The incantations of the *kattadiya* are made up of *mantras*, or charms. These charms are strings of letters, each the initial of a Sanscrit word, signifying something horribly blood-curdling. At certain intervals occur the names of certain demons, also of the Hindu gods; and seeing that one complete incantation contains 240,000 charms one can imagine the *kattadiya* must have a somewhat retentive memory. The preliminary is always the same, an invocation in Sanscrit to the Hindu trinity, beginning "*Ohng hreeng*," then follows a strange polyglot of Tamil, Sinhalese, Sanscrit, Pâli, Elu, and *Paisâchî*, the last "demon language" worthy of its name, for a more awful, barbaric gibberish 'twere difficult to conceive.

The origin of these 240,000 *mantras* is said to be this. Once upon a time—long before the invasion of King Wijeyo from India, a certain King of Sinhala (Ceylon) journeyed to Ayodhyapura (Oude, in India) with the object of marrying one of the seven daughters of the ruler of that province.

Each of the seven sisters in turn stated her accomplishments by way of qualification for the coveted position. The first declared her skill in *hooniyan* charms, whereby she could at will inflict injury, disease, loss or death on an individual. The second laid claim to a knowledge of *angam* charms; the third to proficiency in *pilli*, and so on; all six in short being adepts in the Black Art. The seventh, however, admitted her ignorance of all such cleverness; all she could do was to mitigate suffering and

restore to health. The heart of the King of Sinhala went out to her; his choice was forthwith made. Now the elder sisters were incensed, and resolved on revenge. Time, brains and energies they devoted to collecting all the evil *mantras* extant. These they enclosed in a pumpkin, duly prepared by magical rites, and forwarded to their sister, by this time Queen of Sinhala. The offering had been dedicated to Bodrina, a female demon powerful in evil, particularly against her own sex. At touch of the person for whom it was intended, the pumpkin was to explode, and destroy everyone within a radius of 2,000 miles. The bearer, however, prompted by curiosity and cupidity—dominating attributes of the Oriental—opened the packet and, beholding the contents, thought he would work a little mischief on his own account. A demon was invoked and a contest 'twixt the powers of evil ensued. The pumpkin exploded and fell into the sea. Many hundred years later, according to tradition, the damaged pumpkin was fished up, the 240,000 *mantras* found and presented to the reigning King of Ceylon. But the *mantras* were deemed impotent owing to their lengthy disuse, and consequently had to be re-vivified as it were, hence the *jeewama* rites, which literally signify "endowing with life."

Now a *jeewama* may have its origin in a good or an evil cause: to heal sickness, or to inflict harm, seduce the affections of a young girl, or it may be entice a man into matrimony. Personally I had experience of such a case. A man of good social standing, and a respected member of one of the learned professions, became the victim—so it was said and believed—of *jeewama*, and afterwards entered the "holy bonds" with a low caste native woman of bad reputation, to the disgust of his relatives and friends. Not content with this, she had recourse a second time to *jeewama* in order to seduce her husband's brother from his wife and home. Whether the way and means be accredited or not, both ends were attained. This was the plan of procedure. The demons specially invoked for a *jeewama* of this nature are female—seven sisters. Collectively they are called *madana yakseniya*, although each owns an individuality and a name. A *kattadiya* is commissioned to preside, and as the motive of the ceremony is evil, great personal danger to the magician (*kattadiya*) is involved, and therefore his

remuneration is proportionate. An important item is a certain oil called *pas tel* or *madana tayiley*, a mixture of cocoa-nut, gingelli, cohomba mee and castor oils, during the preparation of which *yakseyo* (demons) employ their energies in frustrating the *kattadiya's* efforts. Should they succeed his failure reacts on himself with tenfold malignity, even to the extent sometimes of causing his death. It is not every demon priest who will enter on such a task; it is said some have been driven mad in consequence of doing so and failing. In my rambles, mostly on horseback, and out of the beaten track, I discovered a man erstwhile a *kattidiya* of great repute but now a poor emaciated creature, a victim of *taincama* or obsession, living a solitary life in the jungle, subsisting on roots, toads, leeches, etc., and wending his way at night to the graveyard (*sohona*) to seek repose amongst decaying human bones.* Without a shred of clothing save a few *garulla* leaves around his loins, this miserable man was dragging out the remaining years of his human existence. He had failed; the demons had overpowered and taken possession of him. He was fully aware of it, and accepted his fate. It had only occasioned a nine days' wonder in the village. Then another had taken his place; he was forgotten. The mere existence he was leading, alone in the jungle, kept alive on such revolting sustenance, would of itself suffice to unhinge a human mind, apart surely from any assistance of malignant demons!

Should, however, the *jeewama's* end and aim be obtained, the *kattadiya's* reputation is exalted and ensured.

The midnight *yama* is the most favoured time for such rites and the place the centre of a *sohona* amidst mouldering bones. Here the *kattadiya* prepares the *madana* oil with his own hands, and in solitude. The following night he repairs to the same spot and erects a *mal bulat tatuwa*, or altar, adorned with flowers, betel leaves, etc., very tasteful, very pretty; this is to attract the seven demon-sisters, his adjutants in the mischievous object desired. On this altar a white cloth is spread, then a large plantain leaf with nine different sorts of flowers, conspicuous being the blood-red blossoms of the *rat mal* and the golden blossoms of the *areca*.

* It is only comparatively of late that the natives of Ceylon have desisted, under compulsion of British rule, from leaving their aged to die in some sequestered spot, this former fact accounting for the human bones that so abundantly bestrew certain parts of the jungle, called *sohona*.

Upon the flowers is the *kanya-nool*, or "virgin's thread," spun by a virgin at sunset from native cotton and dyed a rich yellow with saffron; *chetties* (clay pots) containing fresh well-water, also coloured and perfumed with saffron and cinnamon, stand at each corner, the entire ground being powdered over with grated sandal-wood.

Near by is another altar called *pidayin tatuwa*, or altar of offerings, this is constructed of the green sticks of *garulla*, the pith of the plantain tree serving as cloth, and the leaf of the *habwin*,* or wild potato, as dish, on which every kind of food known to the native of Ceylon is offered as *dolla* to the demons. A fire made of the sticks of trees that bear the sourest fruits is lighted in front of these altars, and braziers of red-hot embers placed around. Upon mentioning the name of each demon in the incantation, the *kattadiya* throws a handful of powdered resin into one of these braziers. At the end of each *mantra* a knot is tied in the "virgin's thread." The smoke and fumes arising from the fire and the embers pungent with aromatic and narcotic odours are almost overpowering. Nevertheless the brawny, brown magician continues, all alone in the *sohona* at the midnight hour. He *dare* not be dishonest and fail to carry out any *minutia;* his reason he firmly believes, depends on it if not his life. Should he attempt to play false he becomes the sport of the *pisâchas* for ever.

I have listened to the monotonous intoning of the *mantras* in the dead of night, but nobody is permitted to be present at such a *jeewama*. Europeans hear and awake, and think what a nuisance it is, but scarcely one in the land knows the *raison d'être;* the native is so reticent, and the European so wrapped up in his own superiority!

But the pivot on which the whole ceremony turns is the charming of the "virgin's thread." When with the first faint streak of dawn the *jeewama* terminates, the "thread" is a succession of knots, each knot holding fast a *mantra* potent to influence, perhaps to possess the heart and mind and soul of the one for whom the ceremony is held. This *kanya-nool*, or "thread,"

* These leaves are four to five feet in length and heart-shaped; the root is the sweet potato.

must for a time rest on that individual person, and in accomplishing this the cunning and skill of the *kattadiya* is required. Not only opposition from those in the flesh has to be overcome, but the adverse forces of the *dewayo*, or lower gods, the *yakseyo*, or demons, whose delight is opposition and strife in any cause, good or bad, and of the *pisâchas*, the worst demons, who have designs on the *kattadiya* as well as on those on whom it is his purpose and intent to inflict evil or injury.

Should these last—the *pisâchas*—get the upper hand, the *jeewama's* object is frustrated, the *kattadiya* defeated, and destined to "run amuck" or become a "melancholia" in some *sohona;* a *rapport* is established between the conquering demons and those for whom the rites were initiated, so that they are doomed to a fate for evil of one sort or another; a victory is gained by the *pisâchas*, and for all in the flesh concerned disaster. A *jeewama* in Ceylon is almost the same as the Obiah practices in the West Indies.

CAROLINE CORNER-OHLMÜS.

FROM THE PAULICIAN RITE OF ELECTION

Now therefore, forasmuch as this man, who hath been baptised in thy holy name, and hath been elected by the Holy Spirit of thy Father, doth now earnestly await thy faithful promise [which said]: 'Ye shall abide in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be clothed with power from on high.' Now therefore, falling on our faces at thy feet with ardent love, with bitter tears, we beseech, entreat, and beg of thee, send into him the grace of thy Father, that it may come and adorn his spirit, mind, and body, and make him resplendently pure from all evil thoughts. And bestow on him thy Spirit, which thou didst receive from the Father in the river Jordan. Strengthen him and open his mind to understand the scriptures and to take up the cross in love; that he may follow after thee now and ever and unto eternity of eternities. Amen.—From CONYBEARE'S *Key of Truth*.

A LODGE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

NOTHING is commoner in these days than for a number of men and women, who are interested in a common object, to unite together to form a Society for the furtherance of that object. There are Societies for action; such as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to which members subscribe in order to support agents who keep watch against cruelty, and to prosecute offenders. There are Societies for study; such as the Asiatic, the Geographical, the Chemical, Societies to which members belong in order that they may hear papers and get Transactions bearing on the subject which the Society is constituted to further. Such Societies have their regular meetings, their discussions, their lectures, and subserve very useful purposes.

Looked at from one standpoint, the Theosophical Society seems to be even as one of these latter. It is a Society composed of students, with Branch Societies, or Lodges, all over the world, in which its members gather to study religion in its broadest sense, to examine and compare the various religions of the past and present, to investigate the obscurer problems of human and general life in all its departments, to learn from the experiences of the more advanced, and to exchange opinions with each other. Thus considered, it is one Society among many, remarkable only for the profound and perennial interest of the problems with which it concerns itself, and it is subject to all the conditions which affect other Societies—increase and diminution of members, growth and decay of their enthusiasm, attractiveness or non-attractiveness of its exponents, interest or dullness of its meetings.

A good many of the members of its Lodges seem to look on it in this way. If a meeting is likely to be interesting, they go to it; if it is likely to be dull, they stay away. If a favourite speaker is to address the Lodge, the hall is crowded; if an unknown, or dull, speaker is the orator of the evening, the hall is full of empty

benches. And so the activity of a Lodge waxes and wanes; one strong person can make a successful Lodge, but let something occur to translate that person to other scenes, and lo! the Lodge becomes dormant, or dies.

Now some of us think that the Theosophical Society as a whole, and its Lodges as Branches thereof, are something far other and greater than any learned Society. We recognise it, indeed, as having that as part of its character, as standing before the world in that category, but to us it is also something more, which marks it out as a thing unique, apart. For we believe, and have good reasons for our belief—nay, some of us can say we know—that this Society was not formed by the ordinary impulse that draws men together who are interested in a common study, but that it was designed, conceived, and started by some of the superhuman Men who are the Spiritual Guardians of the human race, and who employed one of their own disciples, H. P. Blavatsky, to bring about its formation. We regard its launching as the work of these great ones, and we believe that they watch over and protect it. We see their hands in the struggles that from time to time disturb it, and that shake out of it those who are unfit to take further part in its development. We see their protection justified by the fact that it emerges from every struggle stronger, cleaner, wiser, than it was before it passed through it. We see their aid in the increasing stream of knowledge which pours through it to the world, and their work in the changed attitude of the public mind towards religious problems. We see their wisdom in the choice of the two colleagues who stand as the outer Founders—H. P. Blavatsky, the heart of the movement, the profound occultist, the marvellous teacher, the heroic victim; and H. S. Olcott, the head of the movement, the skilful organiser, the far-sighted leader, the devoted, self-sacrificing worker. To us the Society stands as a vehicle for spiritual life, poured out from the inner places of being into the Society as into a reservoir, whence that life, that living water, is conducted over all the world by the channels that we call Lodges, or Branches, for the quenching of the thirst of men.

Such, to us, is the high function of the Theosophical Society, this its object and its *raison d'être*. The other parts of its

activities—its studies, its publications, its researches, its discussions—are to us secondary and subordinate, however admirable and useful. The things which justify its existence to the world are to us the mere fringes of its garment, all of which might be torn off and its life remain uninjured. Let us see how we arrive at this conclusion.

We see that spiritual forces in the past have ever been vehicled by organisations, bodies which served as material organs whereby their functioning might be carried on in the world. And we see that the value of every religion is measured, not by its external activities, but by the fulness and richness of the spiritual life transmitted by it to the world. But now, instead of another separate religion, a unifying energy is needed that may draw religions together, explain their differences, demonstrate their unity, and prepare the world for the coming of the great civilisation in which Buddhi and not Manas, Wisdom and not Knowledge, shall rule. As ever, life demands a form, energy a medium, spirit a vehicle. We see that form, that medium, that vehicle, in the Theosophical Society.

In the first object of the Society it is called "a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood," and the word *nucleus* is well chosen. For a nucleus is the point within a cell wherein all the life-energies are collected, and wherefrom all growth and all organisation proceed. Activity in the nucleus precedes all action in the cell. The more science has investigated, the more important has been found the part played by the nucleus; the area immediately surrounding it is the most active part of the cell.

The Theosophical Society is a nucleus in which the spiritual energies poured out by the great Brotherhood find a centre, and from it they spread forth, organising and directing spiritual growth throughout the whole world. It is small in proportion to the world, as the nucleus is small in proportion to its cell, but it is the focus, the centre of the energies. Wherever it is, there also are growth and organisation, religions show new life, thought manifests expanding power. It works in India, and Hinduism revives; it works in Ceylon, and Buddhism becomes active; it works in the Pârsî communities, and Zoroastrianism begins to shake off its modern materialism and to show

a dawning spirituality; it works in Christendom, and a new spirit of tolerance and liberality is seen. Alone amid the religions of the world, Islâm has profited little by its inspiring message, for as yet it has scarcely listened to it, and gives scant attention to its messengers. Truly, by its effects has it proved itself to be a nucleus, and herein lies its value. Through it the Indian Ṛiṣhis affect Hinduism; through it the Bodhisattva inspires Buddhism; through it Zarathushtra breathes into Pârsîism; through it Jesus awakens Christendom; through it Muhammed is striving to arouse Islâm. The life-energies stream forth through it from each Prophet to the faith of His own founding, over which He ever watches with special love, as a mother over the cradle of her babe.

Now, those who thus see the Theosophical Society and its high function in the world, cannot measure their devotion to it and their service by the changing trifles which affect its environment, or by the transitory persons who take part in its outer work. To them each Lodge is a miniature Theosophical Society, of the same nature and essence as the world-wide Society. It also is a nucleus in its own town, its own area of influence, as is the whole Society to the world. All the splendour of being a centre from which the spiritual energies stream forth belongs to each Lodge, however obscure, however small, however humble. All the dignity of this high office, all the majesty of this royal priesthood, clothes each Lodge in garments shining like the sun. We do ill to belittle our functions, to doubt our lofty calling. The good karma of the past—some loving service and self-sacrificing effort, some pure thoughts and tender deeds—have brought us into this living nucleus, and the power of the White Brotherhood pours through us, as a body, to the helping and uplifting of the world. Wherever a Lodge meets a star is shining 'mid the darkness of the world, and its magnetic influences stream through the atmosphere, carrying blessing wherever they go.

This belongs to us, be it remembered, *as a body;* hence our value; we are an organic whole. When a Lodge meets together, it presents an organised centre, ready to be filled with outstreaming life. It is true that if the thoughts expressed in the

meeting are strong and wise, such a meeting sends out into the district round it hosts of strong and useful thought-forms, enriching and purifying the mental atmosphere. That is done by the members; it is their own work. Far more important, if I may be permitted to say so, is the life-energy of the Masters, poured out through that organised centre on the district in which it meets. For this beneficent work, no keen thought or musical expression on the part of the members is needed; these neither help nor hinder the loftier Worker. He seeks but a material nucleus; His is the life, not ours. And that life can be poured out as freely through a dull meeting of the Lodge as through a bright one; nay, sometimes better; because the willing bearing of the dullness and the gentle patience of the loyal members are energies of like nature with those of the Master's own, and he may gather them up and add them unto his, a tiny rill of spiritual life flowing into his mighty river.

Thus seen, the meeting of a Lodge takes on a new aspect and a new dignity. The question no longer arises, "Ought I to go to a dull meeting?" but the eager query comes, "Can I secure the privilege of being present to be part of the channel through which the life-energies of the Brotherhood will be pouring out on the world?" If this were the feeling of the members, we should never hear of Branches becoming dormant or dying; while a Lodge can hold together, it can serve as a nucleus of life. What matters the interest of its meetings intellectually, while it remains intact, as the organ of this high spiritual function?

From time to time I read of a Lodge that has resigned its charter, of a member who has resigned his membership. This seems to me a thing impossible, incredible, a very madness. To have such a privilege and to resign it! To share in such a function, and to cast it aside! Truly, men know not the prize of their high calling, the mark of their hard-won dignity. They have worked hard in the past, and this work has entitled them to be counted amid the fortunate band which is the main channel of the higher life at this period of the world's history. What folly then is it to throw away the reward of their past toil when it is in their hand. As well, nay better, might the starving man throw away bread, the beggar throw away gold. Ignorance, as ever, is

man's deluder, blinding him to his own true good, which lies in service to Humanity and devotion to its greatest Sons. May no member who reads this article ever be so blinded by ignorance as to throw away the priceless privilege he has won, and so lose his share of the glorious function of being a life-bringer to the world.

ANNIE BESANT.

A REPRESENTATIVE BOOK

"O, BLESSED those few who sit at the table where the bread of angels is eaten." So writes one of the greatest poets of the world in what might seem almost extravagant terms even if applied to the works of another intellectual magnate. But Dante courageously describes his own immortal poem in similar words, and those who have the gifts of comprehension and appreciation know that he does not exaggerate, but that he weighs the *Divine Comedy* in the balance with absolute justice.

In consideration of such a book, the questions will naturally arise: What was the nature of the man who wrote it; what also were the chief characteristics of the age in which it came into existence?—for it will be the outcome of the union of an especial man and an especial time.

Study of the works resulting from these concomitants will probably be the most effectual way of gaining some idea of their essential nature—though indeed there have always been two schools of historical students, one seeing all events as the result of impersonal forces working through causes and effects, while the other only understands history through the medium of personalities. A student of the latter school will be devoted to the study of great men in whom he sees an age reflected, and the books that survive from earlier days are therefore of great importance to him. Indeed, many of our historical opinions are more than we often realise the result of these indirect sources of information, which, though authentic enough in one sense, may not come under the head of so-called history.

The careful study of a book like Dante's *Divine Comedy*, or a few days spent in an old town such as Bourges in Central France, may teach us more of mediæval conditions than years of painfully produced histories from inexpressive sources. On the stained windows of Bourges Cathedral can be seen pourtrayed the whole life of the Middle Ages, as understood by early French artists; and this same life is explained in the pages of Dante's great book for those who can read and understand. Such vivid representation of the men and women of the time is interesting to us, whether seen through pictorial art or literary genius. By means of these remains in glass, or stone, or printed books, we can see through the eyes of the men who lived then, and try to forget the limiting vision of our own century. Many people seem to possess what might perhaps be described as a local character of mind which prevents them from entering into the feelings of a different age from their own, and this must be parted with before any kind of just comprehension can be arrived at.

If we can in some degree understand the works that have come down to us, we shall find that they reveal, in a way that nothing else can the period in which they were created, for they tell us the story of the past from the point of view of those who then acted and thought. It would be difficult for any non-contemporary writer to give such a complete view of Dante's time as is found in the *Divine Comedy*, and his many-sided nature affords an interesting field wherein can be discovered the characteristics of the age that produced such a man. For he might be looked on as a historian, a theologian, or a scientist, as much as a poet, and had he not been more famous as a gifted man of letters, he would have been remembered in history as a most ardent politician. A Florentine, he was born and bred in one of the centres of intellectual mediæval Europe, and his passionate attachment to his beautiful native city with the story of his exile from Florence is too well known to need mention here. He himself has chronicled the feelings of one exiled from his home and all that he loves in words that will never be forgotten in the *Paradiso*,* for even in heaven he was unable not to feel bitterly what his sufferings had been when driven from his native town.

* *Par.*, xvii. 55.

The century that was so fortunate as to have him for its interpreter is in consequence much better known, as regards its inner history, than those preceding and following it. If we wish to discover whether any special line of thought existed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it will be advisable first to look for it in Dante's works. They were written in the middle part of that period spoken of in history as mediæval—a period which possesses such a distinct character of its own, and which has bequeathed such splendid architectural and artistic legacies to us. From it our modern civilisation directly inherits its customs, laws and religion, although in some ways it seems so far apart from us.

One of the first impressions that results from the study of what survives to us of those times is, how very different the people who lived then seem to have been from ourselves. What strange things they believed, and what confused ideas they had on many of the subjects on which it seems so important to us to have correct information, such as the physical nature of the earth, or the knowledge included under such headings as geography and astronomy. We see a blind faith in one form of religion extended over the whole civilised world of Europe—an almost impossible conception nowadays. Indeed, in many ways the Middle Ages seem much further removed from us than some considerably earlier periods, when there were civilisations that more nearly approached our modern conditions.

But the opposite pole of truth can also be seen through Dante; we see that men and women were essentially the same in those times as they are now. We learn that intellects as good as, or even better than, those of the twentieth century existed in the dark ages, and though a man may have incorrect ideas on physical science, he may yet draw correct conclusions from what he believes to be the facts; that he may show as much logic and reasoning power in the deductions he makes from this incorrect information, as if he had had the advantage of learning physics and astronomy at a Board School.

Though the conditions of life and belief in the Middle Ages may seem impossible for intelligent people nowadays, still, as we have seen, men of considerable intellectual power did not find

their development at that time a matter of difficulty. A great scholar could also be a great saint, and the devout and almost universal belief in the religion of the day did not hinder an ardent pursuit of knowledge.

In those days there was no divorce between Religion and Learning, and we can see by artistic remains how the study of religion included philosophy and other sciences. Symbolical figures representing different branches of learning appear in the famous frescoes in the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence. These and similar paintings in other sacred places show that learning was thought to be a natural part of a godly life, and that the mind was to be developed as much as the heart and soul.

Dante connects the seven heavens of the planets with the seven sciences taught in the schools of the time.* These were divided into the Trivium, which contained the elementary studies of grammar, dialectic and rhetoric, and the more advanced Quadrivium, including arithmetic, music, geometry and astrology. The higher sciences, metaphysical, moral and sacred, corresponded to the three greater heavens, so that learning was certainly regarded as not out of keeping with great saintliness.

This is remarkable as being contrary to the teaching of later religious writers, such as the author of the famous *Imitation of Christ*, which has exercised so much influence on succeeding generations. Here knowledge is treated as rather disadvantageous than otherwise to the health of the soul.

Very different are the sentiments expressed by Dante in various parts of his works. He says in the *Convito* (i. 1) that "Knowledge is the ultimate perfection of the soul, and that in it consists its ultimate felicity." These lines probably allude to one of the great controversies of the scholastic fathers as to whether the beatitude of the soul consisted of knowing or loving. St. Thomas Aquinas, from whose long religious treatises Dante drew so much of his theology, held that knowledge was the greatest good for the soul, whereas Duns Scotus inclined to the other view, that loving was the consummation of Divine life. In the *Paradiso*, speaking of the highest orders of angels, Beatrice

* *Convito*, ii. 14.

says that "Happiness has root in seeing not loving, which of sight is after-growth."*

A student of Eastern religions might see a similarity of view in this respect of the association between Learning and Religion, for in the East we find them without the hopeless disagreements that have arisen in modern Western countries between religious systems and philosophy and science. Recent researches in Eastern sacred literature make it more possible to combine these studies together than it has been since the ages of faith, which we are now considering, passed away.

It is noticeable that Plato, Aristotle and Averroës were often painted in company with the great theologians, without any apparent sense of incongruity. We find a great fusion of religious systems in the *Divine Comedy*. Classical gods, heroes and authors are combined in one connected story with the theology of Christendom, and Virgil is chosen by Dante as his guide through the Inferno and the Purgatorio.†

This fusion of religions may seem a little strange to a modern Protestant, who has been nurtured in the belief that the gods of the heathen were either nothing at all, or that if they had any existence, it was of an infernal character, as, for instance, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which represents the Puritan school of thought, and where a large conglomeration of heathen gods are represented as being the principalities and powers of evil. But to those who believe that all great religions are divine, and that, rising from one source, they show forth the same truths under different aspects, this mixture of theologies in Dante must ever be of the greatest interest.

Now-a-days, in the twentieth century, it is the fashion to be wide-minded, and a good many people are so about religion, or think they are, as a matter of course. But in the thirteenth century this was not at all the case, and not only was it extremely dangerous to personal safety to take a liberal view in matters of religion, or in most other things for that matter, but good and religious men thought it really wrong to have that tolerance for other people's opinions which we believe to be right and desirable.

* *Par.*, xxviii. 99. † *Inf.*, i. 109.

In those times, as far as we understand them, it seems that things were much more simple than at present. Right was right —wrong was wrong. There was one Church, and one Religion, and people knew exactly where they were. A heretic was a noxious animal, to be put out of the way as soon as possible, as being dangerous to others and disastrous to himself.

It is, therefore, remarkable to see that Dante's wide-mindedness lifts him above the prejudices of his age. One proof of this is the fact that he is constantly at issue with the decisions of the Church of Rome, as the following instances out of the *Divine Comedy* will show.

Note what independence of received judgment is seen in the treatment of Manfred, in life son of the Emperor Frederick II., who is found by Dante waiting to enter Purgatory, and who tells the history of his sinful life and violent death in such touching language. He explains that he was pardoned at the last moment of his life by "the eternal Love, whose arms are so wide that it will receive all who turn to it, however late it may be." And yet Manfred died excommunicate, and in contumely with Holy Church.* Another instance of Dante's independent spirit is shown in his severe indictment against the wicked Popes, on whom he has no mercy, sarcastically inquiring how much money St. Peter paid for the privilege of holding the keys, and comparing this with their shameless venality and avarice.† The terrible invective placed in the mouth of St. Peter on Boniface VIII., the reigning Pope in the year of the vision, 1300 A.D., shows that Dante had the courage of his opinions at all events, and feared no authority, temporal or spiritual.‡ Few men of his time would have dared to speak with such force of the sins of the Pope of Rome, the living head of the Catholic Church.

On some occasions, where the traditional doctrine may have seemed hard, no comment is made, as when he is told, in answer to a question which evidently comes from his heart, that no one who has not believed in Christ can be saved. Perhaps the inference may be drawn, that this teaching was unsatisfactory or painful to him. But through all his loyalty and devotion to

* *Purg.*, iii. 103. † *Inf.*, xix. 90. ‡ *Par.*, xxvii. 22.

the Church is most evident, notwithstanding his occasional independence of her judgments.

In this great poem he gives a remarkably vivid picture of the Catholic faith, as expressed in the Middle Ages; and not of the Catholic faith only in its simple and easily comprehended form, but, as has been said by competent judges, in Dante's works is found the only existing contemporary summary of mediæval Catholic theology. This theology was most elaborately and lengthily set forth by the scholastic fathers, or schoolmen of the Middle Ages. We find in the *Paradiso* a condensation of these voluminous writers, which gives a very clear idea of the principal doctrines and metaphysical theories that they propounded in most complicated form. As the great length and obscurity of their books make them impossible reading for the ordinary person, it is interesting to see through this means how all those religious questions which have vexed the soul of man from time immemorial, are thrashed out by these great intellects.

Throughout his poem Dante speaks of the Supreme Being in a somewhat abstract and remote manner, and, if we may judge by contemporary art, the anthropomorphic conceptions of God that became so common later, when the Trinity was frequently delineated in material form, were not prevalent in his day. The First Person of the Trinity was very rarely represented in any way; sometimes it was shown by a hand in the sky, oftener not at all. The Source of all is spoken of by Dante in such undefined terms as—Infinity,* the Mind,† the Sun,‡ the Light,§ Goodness,‖ Eternal Worth,¶ Eternal Love,** That Who,†† the First Cause,‡‡ though the word God sometimes occurs.

Many a parallel might again be traced with Eastern religions in this respect of indefiniteness, for instance in the more philosophical sacred books of Brâhmanism, such as the Upaniṣhads, Divinity is seldom limited into definite form.

Surely we may conclude that if Dante's age is in any degree worthily represented by him, it was one whose children could

* *Purg.*, iii. 122. † *Par.*, xviii. 118. ‡ *Purg.*, vii. 26.
§ *Purg.*, xiii. 80. ‖ *Purg.*, xv. 67; *Par.*, xviii. 99. ¶ *Purg.*, xxvi. 145.
** *Purg.*, iii. 147. †† *Purg.*, iii. 120, xiii. 107, xiv. 151; *Par.*, i. ‡‡ *Purg.*, xvii. 110.

enter deeply into the inner heart of truth, and that they possessed much that we have since lost. Life was then taken seriously by many, and external surroundings more lightly thought of than in succeeding centuries, when the Renaissance had completely revolutionised intellectual Europe, and had secularised much (Art, for instance), that had been hitherto limited to the service of religion. Religion, however, included a wider field of interests, when many of the most powerful minds of the day were occupied in elucidating the mysteries of the faith, than at some later periods. Whatever the chances of pure mental development may have been for those whose good or bad fortune brought them into existence at that time, it seems fairly certain that the age must have been more favourable to spiritual life than that in which we find ourselves.

It is then probable that without the environment in which Dante's great genius chanced to be set, it would not have attained its peculiar intensity of spirituality and wisdom. Not only does the external form as shown in accidents of imagery or phrasing result from these mediæval surroundings, but also it may be the entire spirit and substance of the works which he bequeathed to the world. Much that has great importance might have been lost had Dante developed at a different period.

Must not then a great genius be necessarily combined with a great age before a great book can be produced? Only if the times be worthy, it would seem, can such a creation come into existence; while at the same time only works of this description can faithfully reflect the past to those who come after, so that the men of a later day may understand what happened in bygone days, and what manner of men their forefathers were.

CAROLINE CUST.

THE SECRET OF PAN

Up through the high forest—where it is so silent that the mid-day sunlight masquerades as twilight, and muffled in a green robe tiptoes decorously in and about the giant beech trunks, till some irresistible smile breaking through the rustling roof to make a dancing patch of glory on a moss-envelveted bole proclaims her the golden laughter-loving thing that she is—up through the high forest came god Pan.

The bare level of last year's leaves that paved these green cloisters were scarce browner than his body, and the scent of crushed bracken was on his feet. His shaggy thighs were drenched with dew, for he had passed through fern so tall and thick that the grey morning drops clung sleepily about the lower fronds and undergrowth, dreaming still that it was dawn, and unwitting that the sun was bidding them rise and pass up into the blue ecstasy of the atmosphere beyond.

In this high world of leaves the busy life of heath and copses is suspended, or hushed. Wizened, curious wood-lice live out their generations in crannies of the great trunks, and a thousand sober minute insects do their work among the fallen beech-mast beneath, but unostentatiously and invisibly. Sometimes clouds of gnats break through, to circle and eddy at time of dusk; but they look like blue clouds of incense in that green solemnity, and not like live winged creatures. Sometimes again a bird, half shy at its own temerity, will hurry through; but these seldom linger, for the awe of the place subdues them, and they love the warm touch of the sun on their throats when it comes to singing.

The vegetation, moreover, is sparse and wan. One plant above all others grows in such solitudes, and that is the Enchanter's Nightshade, which covets sunlessness as other herbs do sun. Of this simple it is said, that if a man sleep beside it

when its crown of livid flowers is in full bloom, he will dream strange things.

Now it happened that when Pan came into this silent place a cluster of the herb in luxuriant blossom was growing thickly in the centre, and beside it a youth was sleeping. Pan, bending over the sleeper, perceived that his cheek was wet with tears, and wondering he touched him clumsily. The young man awoke, and seeing Pan cried out in some fear and marvel at his uncouthness. But the brown face of the god was kindly, and the young man took heart.

"Why, I pray you, are there tears upon your face?" Pan asked him curiously, in his slow wood-land voice. "Nothing save yourself is sad in this place of mine. The mid-day should bring joy and not sorrow. What is the reason of your weeping?"

After some silence the youth made answer: "Sir, I was sorrowful because I sought for Truth but could not find her."

"And where did you seek her?" questioned the god.

"In the company of wise men, among the theologians, among the physicians and among the sophists," he answered, and bitterness of spirit overtook him at his words. "In the schools, in the books, up the alleys, down the by-ways and in the market-place. In short, everywhere." Pan smiled.

"Everywhere!" the young man repeated, "And I found naught but Falsehood."

"Falsehood?" said Pan. "Pray what is that?"

He answered, somewhat astonished, "Sir, as I take it, all that is not Truth." And for all his thought he could not hit on a better explanation, but since he had never yet beheld Truth, it was hardly strange that he was not able to define wherein Falsehood differed.

"Hist!" said Pan, holding up a long finger, "Listen!"

The other listened, but heard nothing, save the purr and chatter of leaves far above, and the distant laughter of a wood-pecker.

"I hear nothing," he made reply after a while, puzzled by the intent look of the god.

"Strange," Pan cried, "for I hear Truth even now a-singing."

"Where?" asked the young man eagerly.

"Here," said the god.

"I cannot hear her," the other returned, straining his ears to the utmost. As before, he only heard the stir of leaves and the wood-pecker, who was now mightily busy at tap-tapping some hollow tree close by. He turned disappointedly to Pan.

Pan laughed outright, and the sound of his laughter was like the lusty winds that gallop over the heath and hallo through the tree-tops on a sunny day.

"Tell me," he said when his gale of laughter was spent, "What do you take me to be?"

The youth considered, and then made answer: "A figure of my dreams, I fear me, and a figment."

"Come hither then," said Pan, "and touch me."

The young man put forth his hand and fingered the god's rough hairy flank, which, although matted with dew and wet to the touch, was warm with his own heat and the warmth of the sunlight.

"Now," said Pan, "touch yourself." The young man did so.

"We are figments together then it seems," said Pan gravely.

But the youth expected momentarily to wake and find himself the author of a sleep-born phantasy; yet his dream pleased him, for he had dwelt from his childhood up in walled cities among the town abiders, but his heart, although he knew it not, was ever turning away from the crowded streets and narrow alleys to the places where sky kisses the untrammelled earth without an intervening paving-stone.

Suddenly Pan leant forward to him, and his breath in the young man's face, strong and full as that of cattle at morning, was intoxicatingly sweet, sweet as the smell of the hot earth after heavy rain, grass after the scythe has passed, and hay that is raked, fresh as the fragrance of earthen-paved dairies, and rich as the odour of homely drinks a-brewing. Nay, there was something in it too of succulent meadow-sweet, of lindens at dusk, and of the heather when the sun has caressed it into a spend-

thrift humour. All these things passed breathlessly through the heart of the young man as in a vision.

Then said Pan, "Come, my little brother, for you are indeed of my people, though you wot not yet that it is so. Come away, and we will together go journeying awhile through the world that you may so learn the secret of which as yet you are ignorant. For without that you, being of the people of Pan, can never find the Truth that you seek. Nevertheless, the knowledge that I will give you is no easy knowledge, though it is dear to them that have joined my people. For to them I show not only the pleasant precepts, but the harder, and at first you will see much that will seem difficult. Therefore if you are afraid, it were best to return to the city and the schools."

But the young man answered "I will come." And Pan told him that though his people were many, yet were there few among them who could walk face to face with him, being for the most part simple folk, with their minds upon the plain business of the day.

And so it came to pass that they arose together and came in time through the high forest to the moors, the valleys and the mountain-tops beyond. And the youth saw much of the people of Pan, of whom some were mountain-dwellers, and battled summer and winter against the roughness of the winds and the barrenness of the soil, toiling from day to day with set faces, but keeping a heart of content for the time of rest by the fireside. Others again he saw, hard-handed people of the valleys, working in the byres and along the heavy furrows, in stifling heat and sweeping rains alike, but with no leisure for a moment's complaint, from the hour when the milk came tinkling into the pail till the hour when the herds were folded. And they lived and died thus, uncomplaining. Sometimes, indeed, at the time of thaw, the snows from the mountains above would descend in avalanche to sweep all their poor possessions to destruction, or a pestilence would mow down men and beasts, and at such times there would ensue great misery; but, nevertheless, they would set about retrieval, and the next year would find them smiling. He sat with them in the sanded ale-houses, worked beside them on the farms, reaped with them in the cornfields, ground meal

with them in their white mills, and danced beside them at the fairs.

Pan was there also, but the greater part of his people knew him not. And the youth, not comprehending, cried at length: "But these thy people lead a fruitless existence, living as the very cattle they tend, and dying contentedly because they reason not. Their religion is as a fairy-tale told to children, and is not truth."

But Pan said "Wait!"

He took him where he could learn the secret ways of the wild things in the woods, their lusts, and wars, and generations.

"Here," said the young man, when he saw how pitiless they were, "Here is greed and death rampant," and he shuddered.

But still Pan said "Wait!"

He showed him the times of terror in the forest, when all that was living became abject before the grim flail of destruction; he showed him also the Mysterious Ones that slay right and left as they pass up and down the earth, leaving it marked with blind horror. And at such times the face of Pan was very terrible towards his disciple, who had grown into manhood as the years went by.

At last, wearied out, he besought Pan saying: "I have sought Truth these many years, and have not found her. I misdoubt me but that these things are too high for me. I will abide among thy people, and share their hardships and pleasures, for my heart is full of love to them. Do thou, dear master, go thy way without me; but come, I pray thee, to talk with me now and again, for were I to miss thy companionship altogether, I should no longer desire, methinks, to live."

And Pan promised him to do so.

So the disciple of Pan laboured with the rest, tilling the ground with them, sharing their sorrows and delights, and doing his utmost to smoothe the difficulties of their toil. He fashioned cunning instruments for them, so that they were able to reap, sow and weave with less hardship than heretofore, and he loved them exceedingly; also loved he the dumb things that he tended, and the soil that was his care. But of Truth he spake no word

unto them. Only when he sat alone at dawn and at twilight, the god would come and talk to him of many things. And so he grew old at length, and was greatly beloved of the people of Pan.

Now one day in late summer, it chanced that he wandered through the cornfields, where the poppies, like disreputable young cardinals, brazened it out among the tall yellow maids. And as he went a desire drew him to the peace and coolness of the high forest; so that unknowingly he strayed into the very spot of beeches where as a young man he had slept beside the night-shade. Anon he became aware that the god was once again by him, smiling as he had smiled when he first led the youth that was, out over the earth. "Beloved," said Pan, and he kissed his rugged hands, "I have somewhat to tell thee. A secret that aforetime thou didst greatly desire."

His old disciple turned to him slowly, and there was no impatience in his dimmed eyes; he only waited to hear.

Pan brought his mouth close to his ear, and whispered somewhat to him that only they twain heard. But a sudden great light broke forth on the old man's face, and he fell a-laughing heartily for his joy and wonder.

And in his laughter, Death paused, and took him.

"To think of it!" cried the old man, stretching out his arms as he fell forward.

And though the wood-pecker tapped on the trunk above him, and the pallid flowers of the night-shade quivered around his head, and brushed against his hair, he remained lying so,—silent, silent to us, but to the rest—who knows? And the secret? Perhaps if you are one of the people of Pan, he will whisper it one day in your ear.

E. M. STEVENS.

NOTES ON "LEMURIA"*

WHEN last I had the pleasure of addressing you, I endeavoured to outline some recent evidences in Natural History and *Zoo*-geography which lend support to the statements made in *The Secret Doctrine, viz.*, that a large land surface pre-existed in the portion of the Southern Hemisphere now covered by the waters of the Indian, South Pacific, and Southern Oceans. In the discussion which followed reference was made to the remarkable occurrence of large wingless birds in New *Z*ealand, Australia, Mauritius, South Africa, and South America, and a question was raised as to the ethnographic affinities of certain aboriginal tribes of men now inhabiting the adjacent margins of these Southern areas which are probably remnants of some former more extended groups of Primitive Man.

I do not intend to attempt to give detailed references to the distribution of these struthious birds, or to attempt to trace out the affinities of the Hominidae in this lecture, but to invite your attention to the results of some recent studies on the distribution of the Mammalia as leading up to a further study of the origin of the genus Homo, and the third root-race.

I would also like to refer to a comparison of the Tertiary formations in Europe and Southern Australia as bearing upon the question of the volcanic disturbances which caused the breaking up of the ancient land surfaces at the close of the Lemurian period.

It is impossible in dealing with questions of *Z*oo-geography and Geology to avoid the use of certain technical terms. I must crave your indulgence if I find it necessary frequently to use such terms in this paper. I do not, however, think that you will

* A Lecture delivered before the Blavatsky Lodge, London. See the December number, 1900, and the January number, 1901.

find the most difficult of scientific terminology a whit more incomprehensible than some of the language used in, say, the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, or other Sanscrit works of a similar nature.

As it will be necessary to compare the Fauna of Australasia with that of other regions I may for a moment revert to some of the leading characteristics of the former. For instance, it is noteworthy that while species of birds such as Warblers, Thrushes, Fly-catchers, Shrikes, and Crows are found, there is a more special avian Fauna which is truly indigenous: including the Birds of Paradise, Bower Birds, Lyre Birds, wingless Apteryxes, a distinct genus of struthious birds, Emus, as well as Brush Turkeys, Parrots, Cockatoos, and some kinds of Pigeons not found elsewhere. Among animals Australia possesses a very distinct indigenous Fauna: Kangaroos, Wallabies, Kangaroo Rats, Bandicoots, native Cats, including the Tasmanian Tiger, prehensile-tailed Opossums, flying Opossums as small as a mouse, Bats, Wombats, Platypus, native Bears, Porcupines or Ant-eaters, etc.

According to the investigations of Dollo we are led to infer that all Marsupials must have been evolved from an arboreal form like the Opossum. And if it is possible to draw a parallel with the adaptive radiation of the Placentals during the 3,000,000 years of the Tertiary age, we may conclude with Prof. Osborn that such a primitive family entering the Australian region during the Cretaceous period either by way of Antarctica (Spencer), or the Oriental regions (Wallace and Lydeker), might have peopled Australasia with this wonderfully diversified form of Marsupials.

Now the recent discovery of the remains of a gigantic animal resembling the Mylodon (an extinct species) in a cave at Hope Inlet in South America, the skin of which is to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, serves still further to connect the Faunas of South America and the Australian region, but, what is of still greater moment as bearing on the problem of Lemuria, is the evidence such discovery affords of the possible survival of what is taught in *The Secret Doctrine* as to the use made of ancient monsters by domestication during the period of the existence of the Lemurian third root-race. And although a glance at the remains now safely housed at South Kensington

suggests that the animal was probably Pleistocene, yet it may be a survival of a type pre-existing in the still older Tertiary period. The narrative of the discovery of the remains is so interesting that I take the opportunity to quote from an interesting article which was written for *The Sphere* by Mr. Percy Home, and published on October 20th, 1900.

"The cave was first discovered by some Argentine officers, and when Dr. Moreno, the director of the La Plata Museum (who was surveying the boundary line between Patagonia and Chile) noticed a remarkable looking skin, with little lumps of bone resembling the fossil ossicles of the Mylodon already dug with a fossil skeleton from the Pampas, he got the natives to show him the cave from which the skin had been taken two years before. This cave was hollowed out of conglomerate, but at the time only yielded some human bones. Shortly afterwards Dr. Nordenskiöld found some claws, and later Dr. Hauthal, after clearing away a surface layer of ashes, some ordinary bones, and a layer of leaves containing llama bones, came upon a stratum of brownish dust and Mylodon droppings three feet thick, and in this found a skull, some bones and leaves, a few large pieces of bone-studded hide partly burnt, the skull of a man, two awls made from the leg of a dog, the bones of an extinct species of cat as big as a Bengal tiger, and an extinct species of horse. The hair of one piece of skin was partly removed by a blunt tool. A quantity of cut hay was also unearthed. All the remains were found in a large chamber between two artificial barriers of stone, suggesting that the space must have been occupied by the problematical animals for some time. Several bones of young Nemylodons were found within the corral of the stables. It is inferred from the situation in which the remains and accumulations were found, that at some distant period the former owner of the cave succeeded in domesticating a species of ancient ground sloth resembling Mylodon, or probably the Crypotherium, the walled-in space forming the stables, the cut hay the fodder."

I have already stated that the discovery of such extinct monsters in South America connects this continent zoologically with Australia. Again the remarkable distribution of the Sirenia, Seacows, Dugongs, and Manatees, now found exclusively in the

tropical belt of Africa and America, animals which first appeared in the Oligocene of Germany, could be more satisfactorily explained by a former land connection between South Africa and South America, across the Atlantic.

Prof. Osborn, in his investigations of the origin and distribution of the Mammalia, believes that the theoretical elevation of this submerged Southern continent, so as to connect the existing Southern land masses, well explains all present and past geographical distribution of mammals. There is undoubtedly very strong evidence for an Antarctic continent. You will doubtless have noticed that the researches of Dr. Blandford published in 1890, of Dr. Forbes in 1893, followed by the studies and writings of Dr. Milne Edwards on the birds, Dr. Beddard on the worms and invertebrates, Dr. Moore on the South African Flora, Prof. Spencer on the Australian Fauna, Amigheno, Thatcher, Oertmann and Moreno on South American fossils, all tend to support the theory. Yet an analysis of all the available data and a study of the writings of the other naturalists I have already quoted in my first lecture, together with my personal observations on the Alpine Flora of South-East Australia, incline me to the view that a much larger land surface more nearly in accord with that outlined in *The Secret Doctrine* is required to account for all the anomalies in the distribution of organic forms since Jurassic times.

Before passing on to notice the results of recent researches into the distribution of the Mammalia and their origin, I may revert for a moment to my previous lecture. You will remember that I pointed out on the authority of A. W. Howitt, F.G.S., the difference between the primitive Australasians found in Tasmania, and the mixed race occupying the mainland of the continent, and stated that the Tasmanians belonged to a group of Oceanic Negritos which include the Melanesians and Andamanese Islanders, while the present mainland Australasians were a cross between these Tasmanians and a low form of Caucasian Melanochroic such as the Ainu and Veddas now represent. I also suggested the probability of some of the lowest types being distantly related (so to speak) to some survivals of the more primitive Lemuria occupying the now submerged areas in the Indian and Pacific

Oceans. Now it is somewhat remarkable that the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine* which refer to the origin of some of the mammalian apes and their relations to some of the early Lemurians, should fall into line with the results of recent anatomical and physiological research. We are informed that a distinguished German savant, Prof. Klaatsch of Heidelburg University, has come to the conclusion that there is evidence that some of the monkey tribes are in reality degenerate men, so that we have been reckoning backwards in assuming the ascent of man from the anthropoid apes. It will certainly be interesting to see if Prof. Klaatsch can maintain his views in the light of searching criticism from contemporary evolutionists. If this statement can be confirmed, another link will have been forged in the chain of evidence now accumulating and strengthening the statements of *The Secret Doctrine*.

It will be remembered that in 1893 Schlater suggested the names Arctogæa, Notogæa, and Neogæa, for the three great zoological regions or realms proposed by Dr. Blandford. It was assumed that these realms were connected by short intervals of land continuity at various times during the Tertiary epoch. It is believed that the stem-forms of insectivorous Marsupials, and possibly the Monotremes of the Jurassic period, found in the area marked Arctogæa, indicate the northward origin of the Mammalia as a class, North America being the only part of the globe where Cretaceous mammals are known at present. There is evidence in the lower Cretaceous of the order Insectivora, of ancestral carnivorous (Oreodontia), hoofed animals (Amblypoda), and perhaps the earliest monkeys (Mesodontia), the latter undoubtedly occurring in the lower Eocene along with Rodentia and the ancestral Edentata or Tæniodonta. There can be no doubt that a land connection with S. America in the early Eocene would have supplied the area marked Neogæa with the Edentates,* as well as the stem-forms from which have been derived the wonderful radiation of hoofed animals, such as the Litopterma, Typotherma, and Toxodentia, together with the remarkable radiation of the hystricomorph or porcupine-like rodents, and of two families of monkeys. The Pyrotherium or oldest mammalian Fauna of S.

* Mammals such as Sloths, Armadillos, Antiatus, quite or nearly destitute of teeth.

America is considered by Amigheno to be the source of the order Proboscidia* while other Ungulates are related to Thyracordia. The source of the S. American radiation either from Africa or N. America will no doubt be satisfactorily established when the affinities of these forms are worked out. According to Prof. Osborn there appear to have been four streams of migration to and from Neogæa. The first established its autochthonous Fauna, or distinctive radiation of peculiar Ungulates and Edentates. The second related this region with Africa, *via* Antarctica, and this contact, in addition to the Proboscidia and Thyracordia before alluded to, apparently introduced stem-forms of Edentates into the Ethiopian region, from which were derived the Pangolins and Ardwaarks. It is noteworthy that these peculiar Edentates, together with the Armadillos, all occur in the south of France during the lower Oligocene, and over this land-bridge were distributed the Cape Golden Moles (Chrysochleridæ). The third migration into Neogæa established its links with Australia, bringing in Marsupials, both Polyprodent and Diprodent. The fourth migration was from the North (Arctogæa) occurring at the end of the Miocene, bringing in the northern Carnivora, Bears, Wolves, Cats, and sabre-toothed Tigers, Racoons and Mustelines, Deer and Camels (Artiodactyla), Horses and Tapirs (Perissodactyla), three types of rodents, the Squirrels, Mice, Hares and Rabbits, and the Mastodon. The Notogæic types as well as the animals of the first invasion had in the meantime largely died out, and the introduction of more vigorous Arctogæic† types, especially the carnivorous, together with a change of climate, exterminated a further portion of the autochthonous Neogæic Fauna. At the same time, that is of this special invasion, many of the S. American forms entered N. America, reaching it in the upper Pliocene.

I have given this rather long technical description of the distribution of the Mammalia during the Tertiary period, because I hope to show at a later date that this has a very distinct bearing upon the question of Anthropogenesis and Lemuria. I intend to prepare some maps to shew the application of the facts mentioned in these papers.

* Such as extinct Elephants and Mastodons.

† Huxley's primary zoological division, equivalent to the Nearctic, Palearctic, Ethiopian, and Oriental regions of Schlater.

I must now pass on to a comparison between certain terrestrial changes which have taken place on the continent of Europe and similar changes over portions of Southern Australia, particularly in the State of Victoria. I shall not attempt to synchronise the various formations in detail, or to trace out homotaxial relations among the Flora and Fauna of the great Tertiary divisions of Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene, and Pleistocene, but will shew that there are certain broad terrestrial features of elevation and subsidence which come into view when the deposits in both areas are closely studied, and which have an important bearing on the subject of the breaking up of the Lemurian region by volcanic disturbances during Tertiary times. Let us then glance at the terrestrial features of the Oligocene in Europe. There is indubitable evidence that the beginning of this period was marked by the main elevation of the Pyrenees, while at its close the initial elevation of the Alps took place. The first of the earth movements caused a recession of the sea from the south and invasion from the north; during this time a moderate climate prevailed. Then during the process of elevation of the surface and recession of the sea; great fresh-water lakes and lagoons were formed in France and central Europe, Germany, Austria-Hungary, etc., into which masses of vegetable matter were deposited and accumulated to form the great lignite beds under more temperate climatic conditions. The Flora of this time was Indian and Australian in type, the bird life being similar to that of Southern Africa. There is also evidence that great heat prevailed along the borders of Southern France, and that at the close of the period a diminution of the Lacustrine areas and deepening of the valleys took place, followed in the lower Miocene by a fluviatile period.

In Victoria during the Oligocene the mountains were higher than at present, marine deposits were in progress along the coast, with large swamps and estuaries in which lignite deposits were accumulated; atmospheric and fluviatile denudation on land. In the Miocene, Northern Europe was elevated, Southern depressed, accompanied by great volcanic disturbances in central France and Hungary, which ended in the completion of the great chain of the Alps and Himalayas. The Gramineæ appear to have attained a remarkable development during this period. In

Victoria there is also evidence of oscillations of land-surface as regards sea level, marine deposits in progress along the coast, and lakes formed in which lignite deposits accumulated. The climate was warm, with luxuriant vegetation, in what is now the high table-lands of the Australian Alps. Older lava-flows took place, filling in valleys and depressions over large areas.

The Pliocene in Europe seems to have extended between the completion of the Alps and the establishment of the main coast-line of modern Europe, the last touches of the latter being given in the Pleistocene. A continuous volcanic disturbance seems to have marked this epoch, and a prolonged land depression in Southern Europe, with an extensive invasion of the sea. The gradual advance of northern forest types of plants suggests a mild climate, during which palms were drawn ten degrees further south. The mild climate was succeeded by a very decisive lowering of temperature during the early Pleistocene.

In Victoria there were further oscillations of land-surface, the country being at one time depressed about 90ft. lower than at present. Marine formations were in progress along the coast, rivers cut their courses through previously deposited gravels and along and through older volcanic flows; extensive faulting of older Tertiary beds in the Latrobe valley and in portions of the Australian Alps, then newer volcanic flows took place, filling in the valleys. A gradual rising of the land surface followed and the formation of swamps and lagoons in which enormous masses of lignite were deposited, then alternate lava-flows and accumulation of sedimentary deposits, the last lava-flows obliterating the drainage lines. Fluvial action continued, cutting deeper in the higher country to below levels of ancient streams, and producing the orographic features of present mountain ranges. A local glaciation at the higher levels took place.

From this brief summary it will be noticed that the middle Tertiary period in both Europe and in Southern Australia was characterised by oscillations of land-surface and by volcanic eruptions and the accumulation of lignite beds (in Victoria some of them are 256ft. thick). Similarly the Pliocene in both areas was an age of further volcanic disturbances and depressions of land surface, while the refrigeration which culminated in an ice

age in Northern Europe during the Pleistocene was a period of intense pluvial action in Southern Australia with glaciers only at the highest altitudes. From such evidences of terrestrial disturbances in such widely separated areas it will not, I think, be difficult to realise that the alterations of climatic conditions and relation of sea to land-surfaces affected most powerfully the distribution of vegetable and animal forms of life; but what is most important is the singular confirmation which this enquiry gives of the fact that even from an evolutionist's point of view the area in which mammalian forms attained a high order of development is that upon which *The Secret Doctrine* establishes the highest form, the Hominidae, or third root-race. And it is in the surviving remnants of that once magnificent Southern continent that we may expect yet to discover the physical origin of that marvellous microcosm of the macrocosm, Man.

JAMES STIRLING.

THE SECRET ISLAND

LONG ago, before the waves claimed Lyonnesse for their own—even in the early days of that city which the prince saved by the opening of the Water Gates after the manner which was told to me, which I, all imperfectly, told again for those who care to hear strange legends of the people who are gone—in those early days so long ago there was a prince who warred fiercely against the savage men of the southern country. And this prince and warrior, thus fighting against the enemies of his land, fell in battle, and left his young son to rule in his stead.

It was the custom of the country that son should follow father, and succeed to his lands and power; also, howsoever young the son might be when his father passed to possess the fruitage of his deeds, he was invested with the name and authority of ruling prince. Now this young prince, when he grew to manhood, was the mightiest of all the rulers who governed the city; but at the time whereof I speak he was but a lad, and the great power and wisdom that abode in him could not show themselves

because of the youth of his body. Moreover, the civilisation of that portion of great Lyonnesse which lay near to the Cornwall of to-day was but in the throes of birth, so that a great warrior was needed to rule the people with a stern hand of power.

Therefore there came from the King a man with a hand of iron and a will of steel, who sat at the right hand of the boy-prince, gave him counsel, and commanded all the host of his turbulent warriors, who else would many of them have fallen to warring amongst themselves, and to oppressing the weaker people. For the most part the counsel this great warrior gave to his Prince was very stern; those who were idle in the administration of the law, who were grasping, covetous and cruel, and all who were careless in their strenuous watching and striving for the welfare of the city, were dismissed in disgrace, punished without mercy, and even cast forth from the realm.

When war broke out—and in those early days, during which the rule of the Prince was built up, there was scarcely any time wherein peace reigned—the vigilance of that great warrior and councillor increased, and the demands he made upon the knights who served under him grew greater and greater and sterner and sterner. All that he heeded was the weal and prosperity of the city; he regarded not who fell in battle, nor the sufferings of any, so that the city was established and fashioned into an unbreakable link of that chain wherewith the whole country of Lyonnesse was bound to the throne of the King himself.

And if he seemed to heed naught of the lives or ease of those who were pledged to fight with him for the welfare of the city, neither regarded he his own, but was ever in the forefront of the battle, or seated in the council chamber, or watching in the sun of day, or in the dews of night, upon the walls of the citadel that looked to the south, where lay those lands through which flowed the great river; thus in his striving and watching he cared as little for himself as for others.

But it came to pass that amongst those who were held in the grip of his power and obeyed his will because of the all-compelling mightiness of the man, there were some, especially those who loved ease, who railed against him in secret, and some who were vain, and others who were strong and ambitious, hated and envied

him; and of those who neither railed nor envied, there were very few who loved him, even a little.

Among the knights of the Prince's host was a company specially attached to his person; these knights of the Prince's body-guard were all renowned for their personal prowess and courage, and for their great strength and stature; they were, moreover, a band of soldier-priests, bound by religious vows besides those of fealty to the Prince. Among their number was a young knight, who of all men in the city was the only one who loved the chief warrior with a great and ardent love, even as son to father. He alone, of all the city, perceived and bowed down before the greatness of the man, and loved him despite his sternness.

It came to pass that the tribes of the south were causing the routes from city to city within the young Prince's dominions to be very dangerous for peaceful travellers; the councillors of the Prince advised him to call upon the cities that obeyed his rule, and also upon the princes and governors of other provinces that acknowledged the government of the King, to band themselves together in the cause of peace, and drive the turbulent and savage peoples southwards with such great loss that there should be no further peril from them for many a year.

Then, when the Prince had accepted the counsel of his advisers, the great warrior, the chief captain of the Prince's host, summoned to him this young knight who loved him, and bade him ride forth upon that perilous quest to carry the Prince's token to all the cities that obeyed his rule, and bid the warriors meet together on a certain day, in a great hosting without the walls of the chief city, when he, the captain of all the host, would lead them to battle; and he bade the young knight charge them that they should send their mightiest men, yet be heedful their cities were not left wholly undefended. And the young man received the token of the Prince from the hand of his leader, and rode forth.

It is not needful to tell of the perils through which he passed, though they were many, and grievous to be borne by one less strong and valiant than he. On his homeward way, some leagues from the city, he found the path barred by a warring

band of the men of the southern peoples; therefore he turned eastwards, and rode towards the city by a wild and lonely route. Riding thus, he came to a sandy plain nigh the sea, and from the sand rose a steep range of barren hills; in the face of the rocks he saw the mouth of a cave, within which he perceived naught save darkness. He thought to shelter there for the night, for the sun was nigh to setting; therefore he drew near the place, and when he was near he saw a man, sitting upon the sand within the cave. This man, who was bareheaded, with naked feet, and clad but in a simple garment of linen, rose and greeted him courteously, saying:

"Surely I see in thee a servant of our lord the King, and a vassal of our noble Prince; wherefore greeting and peace be unto thee, my brother!"

The knight replied: "To thee also be peace. Surely I behold in thee a holy man, vowed to the worship of some God."

Then said the hermit: "Five years ago I came hither from the company of holy men who live twelve leagues westward of this place. The sun draws nigh to setting, and the beasts of the desert will soon begin to prowl; now stay with me this night, and accept of me food and shelter."

The knight thanked him, and unfolded to him his mission and purpose; then the hermit led him within and gave him of such simple food as he had. He lit a torch and led him far within great caverns carven in the rocks, that ran a mile and more within the hill; so high was the roof that the torch-light did not reveal it. At length they reached a very great and lofty cavern, wherein the knight heard a great boom and roar, as of rushing water. As he looked about him in the dark cave the rays of the setting sun smote through a rift in the rocks in the roof of the great cavern, and fell like fire upon the fret and fury of waters lashed to snow-white foam. The knight closed his eyes by reason of the brightness of the light; but he saw there was a great water-fall within the cave, and indeed it was a river that ran far underground until it broke forth as the broad flood of waters that ran through the southern plains.

The sun set, the light faded; around the knight was only

the darkness lit by the torch glare; the pale grey gleam of the dying day glimmered through the rock rift and feebly lighted the far-off roof of the vast cave; the roar and rush of the great unseen cataract sounded from the darkness.

Then the knight questioned the hermit concerning the strange place, and of his reasons for dwelling there; and he replied:

"As for the place, some say the magic of a wondrous mage of old times carved it, and therein he wrought wonders, and sought out mighty secrets; and here, seeking to govern a power mightier than he, he was slain by it. And some say the place was carven by the rushing of the waters. As for me, he of our company who was my teacher and my friend, came hither, wherefore I know not, five years ago, and I followed him to serve him. And here, two years since, he received a vision of Hy Bràsil, the Shining whereof our legends tell, the secret isle which is hidden by the powers of the sea; and, after instructing me concerning those matters which had been revealed to him, he went forth to seek this strange land of wonders and enchantments, and left me here alone."

The knight said: "I have heard of this land whither certain great heroes have fared; but I have not heard of its wonders and enchantments; wherefore, if you be not bound to silence concerning it, I pray you will instruct me of the land whither your friend and teacher went."

"Nay," said the hermit. "But I know not whether he won thither; of that which he told me I may speak, and indeed, you being young, and a knight, I well believe, of much worship and prowess, may win to this country, if you seek to do so."

Throughout the night the hermit told of the things he had heard concerning that country, Hy Bràsil, the Shining. The torch failed and was extinguished; they sat in the darkness, the knight harkening to the voice that spake to him through the roar of the cataract, telling him of such wonders as never he had heard till then.

As he listened his soul was fired with a great desire to find the secret island, so that the toils and duties which had been his, and the service of his Prince, seemed to be of little account; he

longed to tell the people amongst whom he dwelt that they were spending their strength in a vain show, and dwelling in a land which was but a desert in comparison with the shining wonder-country whereof the hermit told him. And chiefly he thought of the great warrior and leader whom he loved; and his heart leaped, and he rejoiced, thinking that as soon as this man knew of the wonders of the secret island, he would call upon the people to follow him, and lead them out of the city to seek and conquer Hy Bràsil.

In the morning he left the hermit with much gratitude, and rode swiftly back to the city where the great host of warriors was gathering to defend it; and he went among them, telling them the marvels he had heard. Some mocked, saying there was no such land; others said, if there were such a country, it was a dream-world and naught to them. But some were fired by the knight's words, and began to say the city was not worth the pain and toil they suffered in guarding it; they desired to seek a land where the wonders and enchantments were such that those who dwelt there felt no toil nor any suffering, but lived in ease and great glory, wielding much power, and exalted above all men.

The news of the disturbance that had arisen in the host was brought to the chief warrior, and he sent a message forthwith to the young knight, bidding him to his presence. Therefore the knight sought him where he stood alone upon the ramparts, leaning on a great spear, and looking ever southwards to note the coming of the men of the south; lest the warriors, who argued among themselves of Hy Bràsil, should be surprised. And the chief captain looked sternly at the young knight, saying:

"What is this I hear of thee? Dost thou spread disorder among the hosts of our lord the Prince?"

Then the knight bowed down at the feet of his leader, and prayed for pardon if he had done amiss, and he laid before the chief captain the marvels he had heard; as he spake he saw to his amazement a great tenderness and sadness gather in that great warrior's eyes, as of one smitten by the knowledge that he was lonelier than he had known himself to be. He said gravely and sternly:

"Tell me, I pray thee, the quest whereon I sent thee, was it to seek a land of great enchantments, or to seek aid for this city in her need?"

The knight at first made no answer, and was abashed. After a while he began to excuse himself, and show how he would fain aid the people by bringing them knowledge of a land where strife should cease, and he showed eloquently how far more to be desired was the strange land whereof he had heard, than was the city wherein they dwelt.

Then said the chief warrior: "Are all men of thy mind? Do all in the city desire this country, so that they will leave all and follow me to seek it, if I shall go forth with thee on this quest?"

The knight answered: "Nay, for some say we have long heard of this land in our legends, but the legends are not true; and others say if the land is to be found for the seeking, it is but a strange shadow-country, and they love better the things they know and have proved."

"If this be so," said his leader, "shall we compel these men to go forth on a quest they value not; or shall we leave them and their wives and babes undefended in the city to be a prey to the men of the south?"

"There be many who desire to go," said the knight, speaking low.

The other answered: "Wherefore do these desire it?"

The knight said: "Some desire it because of the great ease they shall gain therein; or because of the great enchantments they shall learn."

The man to whom he spoke was silent awhile, but at last he began in a voice which the knight scarce knew as his, because of its sadness and gentleness.

"My son," he said, "I too have heard of this land, and of its wonders and enchantments, though I have in a measure forgotten that which I have heard, so that I do not wholly recall all that is hidden in my heart. In visions of the day and of the night there come to me shifting gleams and strange memories; certain words also linger with me, and they are these: 'Seek not this land by reason of the ease to be gained therein, nor yet

for its great wisdom and enchantments. Neither go ye forth to seek it; for it is neither near nor far. This is the land that abides for ever unchangingly, and is possessed eternally; neither is it to be lost nor found by any.' And now, my son, go forth in peace, since I read in your eyes that thou wilt leave me and the service of the city; seek thou this land, even though thy seekings end in failure, and thou die in the wilderness alone; for the power that is laid on a man from within must be followed, till it bring him to life or to death. But as for me, my son, though this land were to be gained by seeking, and though its enchantments were more wondrous than tongue can tell, and its peace beyond all understanding, yet would not I, who live in war and ever long for peace, go forth to seek it, while there remains here one only who desires not the secret island, and would fain dwell still in the perilous city."

The knight rose up in silence, and went forth from the presence of his leader, from the company of his comrades. He went alone into the desert lands that were about the city; thence, looking back, he saw the ramparts, and upon them the chief captain, standing alone, leaning upon his spear.

For many days the young man journeyed on through unpeopled lands. One evening, just as the sun was sinking, he reached a barren country nigh the sea-coast; there the sea was encroaching on the land, and he passed through a place where there were broken monuments, and crosses, weather-stained and very ancient, set up by people whose place knew them no more. At last he came to a great grey ruin, with tall columns and fine arches, set on the water's verge, for the sea had washed much of it away, and was running smoothly up over fine white sand, and breaking about the feet of the ruined columns. There the young man lay down and slept upon the dry sand above the wash of the waves. Now whether he awoke just before daybreak, or whether he beheld a vision, he knew not; he saw that ruined city, and the smooth, mirror-like glassy sea lit by the grey cool light of dawn. It was all very clear and still, with that strange stillness that comes before rain in early autumn or waning summer, when there are no mists and all things are very clearly seen, yet not bright. The waves slid shorewards soundlessly, lifting grey

crystal crests, without foam or turmoil, from the great still body of the quiet depths? Then, on a sudden, he saw on the far horizon an island, which seemed to grow before his eyes from the pale sky. Thereupon he, as is the way of dreamers, cast himself into the sea without question, and without reasoning of the matter. It cost him no effort nor strain of muscles to pass through the water, which was so clear that he beheld the stones at the bottom, and saw the heaving of the brown weed. He rejoiced greatly in the pure joy of motion and of ease of body, and in the life-giving wash of the water about his limbs, for that sea was as the soul of the waters of earth.

Then around the island broke forth a golden haze, a pure and steadfast light; there came a great grey slowly moving wall of water, and cast him softly on the smooth sands. There he knelt and dared not go further, for about the place was so great an enchantment, that it was not for a man touched with human longings to go in thither.

Of the wonders of the place, if he saw them, he never told, nor of how he returned thence; nor did he in the days not long after, when he returned humbly to the city and there served his Prince to the end of a long life, ever speak to any save to his closest comrade of one marvel which he believed himself to have seen therein.

To this comrade of his age, he told it when he was nigh to death, saying that he scarce knew, by reason of the wonder and mystery of the land, whether he had seen aright; for within the strange country, the secret island Hy Bràsil, he saw a Shrine wherein was a great light, and many who worshipped; amongst these was one who never ceased to worship in much peace, and he who dwelt thus within that secret land was the great warrior whom he left in the city, watching steadfastly for the enemies of his Prince.

MICHAEL WOOD.

ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN

In the last number, under the heading "Occident and Orient," we made our readers acquainted with some of the chief points of interest in Mr. Meredith Townsend's *Asia and Europe*. We now return to the subject and select a few more points from these interesting essays.

The main problem that challenges our author's attention is the puzzling question: What, in its last analysis, *is* the something which separates the Asiatic from the European? The answer to this question Mr. Townsend seems to suggest is hidden in the root differences of race, or one might even suppose in the difference of colour, as for instance when he says that no white man has ever given the world an enduring form of faith; it is the brown man who periodically gives birth to this greatest of all phenomena—a new religion.

Now, in the first place, it is to be remarked that science can as yet tell us little of a satisfactory nature concerning colour in spite of all the talk about pigments.

> Physicists talk about pigments, but do not say whence they come, or why the Australian of Tasmania, living in a climate like that of England was black, while the Spaniard living on the Equator has for three centuries remained white.

Indeed, the origins of race and colour so far remain inscrutable for our men of science, and it is to be doubted whether unassisted science will ever be able to discover their hidden sources. As our author says in a striking sentence which is elsewhere in his work developed at greater length, though not so definitely as we explain it:

> Man really knows nothing of his earliest history, and unless assisted by beings older than himself, who must exist, though unrecognisable by him, he never will know anything of it.

This is, of course, our own general position, while some of our colleagues go much further and assert that these "beings" not

only exist, but that they are recognisable; that not only are they recognisable, but some have been recognised, and have thrown great light on the past, and especially on this earliest history of our humanity. And yet elsewhere Mr. Townsend declares "all that stuff about Mahatmas is rubbish." No doubt a great deal of rubbish has been talked about Mahâtmâs, and is still talked about them by those who do not understand even the meaning of the word; but we are quite content to take Mr. Townsend's definition of the idea as quoted above, and let him elsewhere gird at a name if it pleases him. We are ourselves students of ideas and not philological æsthetes. And, mark you, in that category of Great Souls we place all those who have taught the world and are teaching her, all those who help and guide and direct whatever their special duties may be, whether connected with the birth and evolution of races, or with the birth and evolution of ideas. And that our author himself is in chase of the same conception is quite evident when in treating of the "gulf of thoughts, aspirations and conclusions" which separate "the brown man and the white man," he writes:

> What the secret of that separateness is has perplexed the thoughtful for ages, and will perplex them for ages more—indeed, it can never be clear until we know something definite of the primal history of man—but it must ultimately have some relation to the grand fact that every creed accepted by the great races of mankind, every creed which has really helped to mould thought, has had its origin in Asia. The white man invented the steam engine, but no religion which has endured. The vague mythology once current in Southern Europe produced no dominant ideas—it was a worship of beauty in Greece and of Rome in Rome—and no code of law either ethical or social, and it died away utterly, there being on earth now not one man who believes in Jupiter. The truth is the European is essentially secular, that is, intent on securing objects he can see; and the Asiatic essentially religious, that is, intent on obedience to powers which he cannot see but can imagine. We call these thoughts "superstitions," and no doubt many of them are silly as well as baseless, but still they are attempts to think about the unseen which the European usually avoids. The European, therefore, judges a creed by its results, declaring that if these are foolish or evil or inconvenient the creed is false. The Asiatic does not consider results at all, but only the accuracy or beauty of the thoughts generated in his own mind. Macaulay's great argument that Roman Catholicism must be less true than Protestantism because Roman Catholic countries are less prosperous appears to the Asiatic to be a mere absurdity. "Is the end of

religion," he asks, "to produce comfort here? The Divine Law is to be obeyed even if it compels me to go without comfort through all my life." He does not always nor often obey it, the flesh being weak, but that is what he thinks.

There is a good deal of truth in most of this, as we think, but not in all of it. In the first place we must be on our guard against too wide generalisations. We are looking at a very brief page of history. Granting that the existing great religions have come out of Asia, has that been ever so? Is geography a so important fact in religious origins? May it not have been that at some other period of the world-age great and enduring faiths arose in what is now Europe, or what is now America, or even in primal Africa, or original Australia? We have heard of Lemuria and Atlantis.

Again, have the great existing faiths come out of the mouths of brown men? Were the fathers of the Vaidic lore brown? Were the ancestors of the Zoroasters brown? Were the ancestors of Jews and Arabs brown? What were the Aryans? Were they not originally white, as strongly and purely white as the negro is purely black? There have been blendings; but what constitutes "brown"?

To put it more directly: Was Kṛishṇa brown; was Zoroaster, even the last Zoroaster, brown? Was the Buddha brown? Was Jesus a brown man? What *is* the colour of a Jew?

Are there, again, no worshippers of "Jupiter" to day? Has India abandoned him? And has the mythology of Greece produced no dominant ideas. The "ideas" of that mythology passed into philosophy; and who shall say the philosophy of Greece has not had dominion in the West?

But to the main point; the West is secular, the East religious —in the main of course. There is a good deal of truth in this but it is not the whole truth. It has on the other hand been said that there is much devotion in India but little religion. It depends of course entirely on what we mean by all these terms, or rather what we conceive to be the end of existence. The East for the most part wants to get out of this as rapidly as possible, the West for the most part does not. It is secular in this if you will, but this secularism forces upon it the necessity of solving

the great problem of responsibility to others, of setting things right here. On the other hand it would appear that the Oriental generally thinks that all this is in the hand of God alone, and he has no immediate responsibilty.

But there are other factors besides bodies to take into account in this complicated problem. How deep do these distinctions of race and colour and creed really go? The answer to this question can hardly be a simple one; for we have to consider not only the possibility of there being grades of souls, but also the great principle of transmigration of souls, which Mr. Townsend admits explains so many of the puzzling phenomena of life, though he denies there is any proof of it. But surely it is enough for us that it *does* explain things? No other theory does—that much is certain; and we are not so foolish as to demand a physical proof of that which in its hypothesis is non-physical. It explains the facts; that is sufficient proof of its reasonableness. Taking all these factors into consideration, we begin to see that there is some definite plan in the world-process; that the differences of colour, race and creed are necessary for the development of certain special characteristics; the less developed the souls the more are they dominated by these differences, being kept apart by ignorance; the more they rise in the scale of being the wider become their interests, until they reach the highest grade of souls, those who are really cosmopolitan citizens of the world.

It is to this class of souls that we look for an explanation of the true nature and utility of these differences of race and creed. Hints of this, we believe, are to be found in the mystic lore of antiquity which was taught to chosen priest and ruler. Attempts were made to map out countries and nations and men according to types, and though what has come down to us in disfigured fragments appears for the most part to be devoid of any scientific value owing to the ignorance of the actual physical facts, and though any analysis of mankind into Martian and Jovian men and the rest makes the modern smile, there is apparently an idea behind it all that is indeed a ruling idea, a world-scheme, a cosmos, an order. It works out manifoldly in time and space, in genera and species, nations and individuals, in arts, sciences,

philosophies and religions, and yet it is one order. Therefore is our ideal to know no *essential* differences of East and West, and to recognise so-called Eastern and Western ideals as *phases* of friendly rivalry.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE MYSTICISM OF THE INTELLECT

IT it quite true that for each of us the Path to the Inner Life is different, that each must find, nay, rather that each *is*, the Path; and although the presence of certain common features and characteristics does make it possible to generalise in a measure, and to speak of the Path of Knowledge, the Path of Devotion, and so forth, yet it is an effort of no small practical usefulness for the individual to strive to understand and appreciate roads other than his own, along which his fellow-pilgrims have trod the Hidden Way that leadeth to Life Eternal. Now over the gateway of one such path—some may say perchance over the gateway of *The Path*—stand inscribed the words: Know thyself. There are, however, at least two very different ways in which this injunction may be taken; not improbably, it seems to me, there may be many more than two. But for the present only two need be considered here.

The one, that most familiar to us from the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* and the philosophies of Ancient India, may perhaps be characterised as the endeavour by man to know himself as distinct and separate from all the phenomena and activities of the manifested universe, especially those of the three lower worlds of Mind, Emotion-Desire and Action, correlated with his three lower bodies: the mind body, the astral body and the physical body. All these—according to the keynote of this line of endeavour—are to be known and *realised* as essentially the not-I, the not-self. The process is thus a negative one; and it is ultimately to be carried far beyond the limits here indicated, till at last the man knows himself either in Sâṁkhyan phrase as the eternal, non-acting *Jîva*, the deathless witness over against a universe of

ever-acting and ever-changing matter (*Prakṛiti*), or with the Vedânta as the One without a second over against a universe of unreal multiplicity and separation (*Mâyâ*). I am here speaking by the book, as it were, describing this path *as given in the books*, not as transformed and illuminated, as it may be, by the inner light of deeper insight into what those ancient thinkers and teachers really meant. But there would seem to be another method, or path, or line of approach to the Inner Mystery, into which this same gateway of self-knowledge admits a man, which—or at least so it seems to me—presents quite a different aspect from that just so briefly indicated. Perhaps the two are one and the same, only viewed from different points. I cannot yet tell. But at least it would seem worth while to try and understand something of this other aspect as it is presented in a series of addresses to the Berlin Theosophical Society, by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, just published in book form under the title: *Die Mystik im Aufgange des neuzeitlichen Geisteslebens und ihr Verhältniss zu modernen Weltanschauungen* (Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke und Sohn; 1901. Price 2*m*.).

In his introductory lecture, Dr. Steiner presents what I take to be his own understanding of this aspect of the path—in the main an intellectual one—which in his view is that trodden by the great representatives of Mysticism in Central and Southern Europe: Meister Eckhart, Johannes Tauler, Heinrich Suso, Johannes Ruysbroeck, Nicolas von Kues, Agrippa von Nettesheim, Theophrastus Paracelsus, Valentin Weigel, Jacob Böhme, Giordano Bruno and Angelus Silesius. How far the view Dr. Steiner takes of these Mystics is adequate, to what extent it expresses the essential keynote of their lives and teachings, are wide questions, and into these I do not propose to enter here or now. We are rather concerned to try and understand what Dr. Steiner himself is endeavouring to express, and we shall be helped, I think, in doing so by following him briefly through what he has to say about these men, whose names should be so familiar to every close student of Mysticism. But first let us set before our minds—*and hearts*—what he himself tells us of his own understanding of the mystic path. He strikes his keynote in the following words:

"All these thinkers (Hegel, Meister Eckhart, Valentin Weigel, Angelus Silesius, etc.) have in common a strong sense of the fact, that in man's knowing himself (*in der Selbsterkenntniss des Menschen*) there rises a sun which illuminates something quite other than the casual separated personality of the beholder. That which Spinoza became conscious of in the ethereal heights of pure thought, *viz.*, that the human soul possesses an adequate knowledge (*Erkenntniss*) of the eternal and infinite being of God, that same consciousness lived in them as immediate feeling; and the knowledge of self was to them the path leading to this eternal and infinite being. It was clear to them that self-knowledge in its true form enriched man with a new sense, which unlocks for him a world which stands to the world accessible to him without this new sense as does the world of one possessing physical sight to that of a blind man."

And he quotes as a most admirable description of the importance of this new world, the following passage from J. G. Fichte's Berlin Lectures (1813):

"Imagine a world of men born blind, to whom all objects and their relations are known only through the sense of touch. Go amongst them and speak to them of colours and other relations, which are only present for sight through light. Either you are speaking to them of nothing at all; and this is the more fortunate, if they say it, for thus you will soon see your mistake, and if you cannot open their eyes, cease your useless talking. Or for some reason or another they *will* insist upon giving some meaning or other to what you say; then they can only understand it of that which is known to them through the sense of touch. They will seek to feel, they will imagine they *do* feel light and colour, and the other incidents of visibility, they will invent for themselves, deceive themselves into perceiving something within the world of touch which they will call colour."

The same thing applies, remarks Dr. Steiner, to what Eckhart and the others found in "self-knowledge." As they experienced it, the new sense which it gave them yielded conceptions and perceptions which simply do not exist for one who does not see in self-knowing that which distinguishes it from all other kinds of knowing. One in whom this new sense has not revealed

itself believes that self-knowing or self-perception is the same thing as perception through the outer senses, or through any other means operating from without. He thinks "knowing is knowing, perceiving is perceiving." Only in the one case the object of perception is something lying in the world outside, in the other this object is his own soul. He hears words merely, or at best abstract thoughts, in that which for those who see more deeply is the very foundation of their inner life—namely in the fact: that in every other kind of knowing or perception we have the object perceived outside of ourselves, while in self-knowledge or self-perception we stand within the object perceived; that we see every other object coming to us as already complete and finished off, while in ourselves we, as doers and creators, ourselves weave that which we observe in ourselves. This may appear as nothing but a mere verbal explanation, perhaps as even a triviality; it may appear, on the other hand, as a higher light which illuminates every other cognition.

Elaborating and further expounding this inner sense, Dr. Steiner points out that the external, independent world exists for us by communicating itself to our consciousness (*Geist*); and what is so communicated must needs be expressed in the language peculiar to ourselves. Further, we hear from within ourselves the same speech as penetrates to us from external things. But in that case it is we ourselves speaking. And the important point is that we should rightly grasp the transformation which occurs when we close our senses and perceptions to external things and only listen to that which then speaks from within ourselves. But to do this rightly needs this new sense. If it has *not* been awakened, then we believe that in what is thus told us about ourselves, we are having only communications about something external to and outside of us; we fancy that there is somewhere a something hidden which is speaking to us in the same way as external things speak. But if we possess this new sense, then we know that these perceptions differ essentially from those relating to external things; then we realise that this new sense, unlike our ordinary perceptions, leaves nothing outside of itself, but takes up its object wholly into itself without any remainder.

Dr. Steiner points out further that what we add to objects through this new sense is neither any new idea, nor any enrichment of their content; but a lifting of the knowing, of the perception (*Erkenntniss*), to a higher level, where everything is suffused with a new glory. It is thus in truth a new birth of the things of the world, a taking of them up into a new life, so that no unknowable "noumenon" or "thing-in-itself" is left as an unresolved surd outside of consciousness. Once this new sense is awakened, I am no longer a separated, isolated individual consciousness, but realise in myself the one consciousness, the One Self, the very inmost essence of the whole universe. And he goes on to point out how Fichte and Spinoza, Hegel and Paul Asmus, the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* and Goethe, have one and all experienced and expressed the same thing, giving most pointed quotations in each case to illustrate the fact, which unfortunately are too long for quotation here.

In the concluding pages of his introductory essay, Dr. Steiner shows how the awakening of this new consciousness, this new sense, brings freedom to the individual and thus gives a solution of the old riddle of Necessity and Freewill.

The whole essay is well worth most careful study and the working out of its leading idea as exemplified in the lives and writings of the great chain of German Mystics is most helpful and instructive. But considerations of space prevent the following out of these illustrations here for the moment, though I hope hereafter to return to them. In the meanwhile it remains heartily to congratulate our colleagues in Berlin upon having heard and given publicity to such an admirable series of addresses, and to express the hope that Dr. Steiner will ere long make further contributions to an aspect of Theosophical study which is all too little represented in our current literature.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

"THE ETERNAL CONFLICT"

EACH of us on coming into the world brings with him the character formed in his earlier incarnations. But besides this, he succeeds to an inalienable inheritance of the ideas, the modes of thought, current in the little world into which he is born. Most children think as their parents think; the circle gradually enlarges itself to the school, the shop or the office, the world outside; but yet it is a rare occurrence for the young man or woman to think otherwise than as his or her surroundings prompt. Nay, in not a few instances the man's whole incarnation may pass without his getting beyond this state; he goes through his life a good son and husband, a respectable member of society, and dies universally regretted; having performed his duties the more satisfactorily, in that he has never thought or judged for himself, but has let the world which judges him, decide in all things for him. Such a life (in the words of Jesus) "has its reward"; the man is happy whilst living it, and departs with store of good karma laid up for his next. But looked at from the point of view of his *development*—the only reason why he has come into the world at all—such a life is a failure. Our *advance* (at this present period of our evolution) lies solely in the getting free from this community life and developing each for himself an independent life of his own. All that such a man has learnt from his life is an enlightened selfishness, which does not profit him for the hereafter. Society (for its own reasons) has prohibited certain enjoyments of the lower nature, and he has learned that his happiness and comfort as a member of that Society require him to refrain (or at least to make it believe that he refrains—not quite the same thing) from them. He does so, and Society rewards him with its approbation. He goes to church with his family every Sunday and to business on week days, pays his debts and meets his engagements, is honest,

honourable and honoured. What more could you wish for him?

A very ancient medical story suggests itself by way of reply. A doctor is called in by one of the numerous class of "*malades imaginaires.*" After the detail of symptoms—"Do you eat well?" "Yes." "Do you drink well?" "Yes." "Do you sleep well?" "Yes." "Ah, we will give you something that will soon take away all that!" You laugh; but this is precisely the discipline provided for these happy but stagnant souls by the Lords of Life. Their sympathies are not yet sufficiently developed for the world-sorrow to touch them; it must be their own pain and sorrow which shall make them understand (in Scripture phrase) that here is not their rest. And then, when Job finds that all his piety to God and his charity towards his fellow-men bring him at last to sit, a lazar on the dunghill, abandoned by God and man alike, he begins to feel that the world is much bigger and more complicated than he thought when he sat in his tent, his sons and daughters all around him, and his servants drove out his flocks and herds to feed. His old anxiety, "How shall a man be just before his Maker," is now transformed into a new and still more pressing one, "How shall his Maker be justified before man?" As time goes on and men learn to think, the difficulty grows. Ecclesiastes cannot be satisfied with the infantine morality which gives Job tenfold for all his losses. He perceives distinctly that all this too is vanity; that for all we can see, virtue is *not* rewarded, and the fool and the wise man, the good and the evil alike die and there an end. And thus the world which at an earlier date was the Patriarch's peaceful "walking with God" takes on more and more the aspect under which it is described by the author of whose book we have now to speak—*The Eternal Conflict.**

In those early centuries of transition from the lost "Golden Age" the change was felt, but not understood. The attempts to make out a systematic "view," in *Job* or *The Preacher* are necessarily failures; such a thing did not, and could not, then, exist. But some seven hundred years ago *Mind* awoke in the Western

* *The Eternal Conflict:* An Essay by William Romaine Paterson (Benjamin Swift). London: Heinemann; 1901.

world; and this great Naissance (not *Re*naissance, mark you), has made a great change. The thinking world has by this time grown out of its infancy into its youth; and it is now a matter of course that every young man who has anything in him must have his period of "*Sturm und Drang*," the time when the great forces of Nature break out within him, and from a child he starts to become a Man—independent and self-contained. It is an intoxicating time when the old restrictions, the "idols of the family, of the school and the nation," fall away and you feel yourself alone and free, expanding into space, like the genie out of the brass bottle in the *Arabian Nights*—the whole world brought before you, as the beasts before Adam, to name and value at its true importance. It is, too, a time of trial. As is said of the entrance on the Path of Discipleship, all that there is in you, of good and evil, comes out under the stimulus; the old Law is gone, you have to learn to be a Law unto yourself, and this is not the work of a day, a year, or even of a life; and in the meantime the change may often appear unmixed evil to those who are looking on. The uncertainty of the result is not only due to the differences in actual character between one and another; sometimes the change seems premature, and the man from being a childish believer only alters to that most unprofitable of all conditions, a childish unbeliever; sometimes it comes too late and the soul has no thought but to creep back to the warmth and peace of the fold it has rashly deserted, and out of which it cannot live. But in either case it is but for a time; once having "set foot in the stream," no one can ever be the same again. Sooner or later, in this life or another (for the Law is infinitely patient and has all Time before it), he will find himself, looking back indeed lovingly and reverently on what he has left behind, but his face set to the ascent to the regions where the "Eternal Conflict" reaches not.

I have spoken of this time of trouble as the beginning of individualisation, the struggle in which the soul learns for the first time its own intrinsic monarchy over all the desires of the flesh and the views and opinions which press in upon it from every side—learns to rule by its own inherent power where even its nearest and dearest would fain draw it aside to their wish. It is the time of which Jesus spoke, when a man must learn to *hate*

father and mother and wife—yea, even his own soul; and no one can wonder that it is a time of solitude and darkness. Even to the devout soul, led on the path of pure Love, as yet without knowledge, there must come the Dark Night of the Soul, treated of so fully by St. John of the Cross and many a Saint beside. "Until a man can say I and my God are alone in the world, he will not have peace," said one of the Saints of the Desert. How solemn a time this is, no one knows who has not passed through it; but when the waking of the intellect comes first the solitude is deeper. Not only the world around but also the God above is brought to the balance of the understanding, and weighed and found wanting; the soul has passed beyond the world of its childhood, and beyond its God also, and now must "make all things new."

The fermenting of the new wine—the wild swelling and foaming which in time shall bring forth a vintage fit to make glad the heart of man—is a long process, and best gone through in darkness and silence. What from time to time comes to the surface is but the scum of the fermenting vat, valueless in itself, and only worth watching for what is to come. I count myself happy that circumstances permitted me to keep *my* conflict safely betwixt myself and my private diary; for the danger of speaking is that thus the process may be stopped for the time. That a man in this condition should *think*—freely and continually—is of all importance; the particular conclusions to which at any time he may have arrived are of no consequence whatever. Safe landed on the other shore, he will see and feel this for himself; he has not been learning new arguments, drawing novel conclusions, but changing his whole point of view of the world; and when he comes to look on everything from above instead of below—for this is the end of the strife—he will (I think), for his own sake, be glad that nothing remains of the struggle which he cannot quietly put into the fire, and there an end.

But for the world the case is otherwise; and when a practised writer like Mr. Paterson is willing to put his own private experience into eloquent words and publish them, he makes the world his debtor. The testimony of his sincerity is just where the unpractised reader would find cause for doubt—that he de-

tails it, apparently in full conviction that it is all new to the world, and that something or other *must* surely come of its publication. We who have passed that way before him, recognise by this very fact that he has indeed entered the darkness, and is on his way to the Light; for so have we all felt in our time. Hence we do not dispute with him; our duty only to chronicle the steps which have brought him to where (for the moment) he stands, and to encourage him—a few steps more, and he will find the solid ground under his feet!

His first words will show that he has already made no small progress from sectarian religion to the Wisdom which is beyond all forms and creeds. "If," says he, "I were a religious believer I would certainly vindicate for myself the right to believe that since the road to God is at best a cloudy road, a baffling and circuitous road, it may matter little to the Infinite Charity at which point of it death overtakes us. . . For character is not merely an affair of chronological sequence, or of regular and consistent progression. Rather, it must be viewed under the form of an organism which, like every other organism, keeps returning upon itself through successive phases of health and disease." And he continues, in words which we, who know the truth of what presents itself only to his mind as a hope, an intuition, can but admire and press on the attention of our readers: "What right has any one who believes in God and immortality to believe in the finality of evil, even in the case of a man whom death has plucked like a rotten fruit? If this great belief were more to me than only a hope and a fearful looking for its reality, then indeed all the tormenting problems of human life would disappear. I would think of our destiny only under the form of some holy metempsychosis. I would believe neither in immortal stagnation nor immortal punishment, but in immortal progression. Only if the depths of cruelty in the universe were deeper than I had thought would I bring myself ever to accept the Christian doctrine of immortality, which for centuries shook and amazed the human soul. For the belief in a future state, which ought to soothe and comfort it, became its terror and its scourge . . . . But if she (the Church) had known the beauty of her own belief, if she had had the genius to transform and irradiate

the dark doctrine of her Master, she would have tried to teach the world that the human soul is a thing of dawn, and that immortality is its hope of rejuvenescence and transfiguration."

We may note in passing that it is this feeling, rapidly growing in the more intelligent part of the Christian world, which gives importance to the textual criticism to which the New Testament is being subjected, and of which Mr. Mead has spoken in our columns. The "doctrine of the Master" has been made dark by human additions. When we are pressed with such *texts* as "He that believeth not shall be damned," is it not a happiness to be able to reply that all scientific critics agree that Jesus did *not* say anything so shocking?

The book consists of a series of essays, the first of which is headed "The Tragedy of Existence." We have not space for details; the "Tragedy" in the writer's mind is that Life is not only a perpetual evolution but a continual destruction; "that the moral life, and the facts of history, and of art, and of religion, are intelligible only when we understand them as the expression of duel and dissonance." In Part II., "The Fundamental Paradox" is stated to lie in that "the 'moral life' is unintelligible apart from the presupposition of the 'immoral life'; that a 'virtue' depends not merely for its precision, but for its meaning and existence on its opposed 'vice,' and that if one disappears the other must disappear also." Here also then, as far as the ordinary religionist can see, the Eternal Conflict rages. The same subject is worked out in Part III., "The List of Illusions." Tempting as is every page to comment and remark, we must pass on to the last and (to us) most interesting, "The Struggle to Believe." Very like Ecclesiastes, the Preacher, is the opening.

"Now (says our author) this great high road of the illusion of life leads only to death, which is our last chaos. . . The fracas of life, its phantasmata, the idols and images of the pride of it—these things totter and disappear. Nature continues her colossal experiment into perpetuity. In this mixture of the farce, the fiasco and the solemnity of human existence, one steady image of doom haunts and harasses the individual who has been called out of night into day. . . Every passion seems to be a frantic effort to keep awake against the last sleep. We keep the

soul awake by the fierce intoxicants of the lusts and ambitions o life. We ransack the human body for every pleasure it contains, but we only hurry its collapse. . . The soul is worn out by victory as by defeat. It is worn out by virtue as by vice. . . The world is full of millions of dissatisfied wretches seeking for something new before the final catastrophe, when they shall be drawn into the great net of extinction."

In this chapter Mr. Paterson undertakes the examination of the teaching of Jesus as recorded for us, to see if the popular Christian theology, against which he has been inveighing, has indeed done it justice. The interest to us of the portrait of Christ which he draws is that by merely putting aside the incongruities of the theological conception of Jesus he produces a really striking picture of the true Master. To find that out of the New Testament just as it stands, an unprejudiced observer who has no bias such as might be suspected in our own writers, can form so clear a conception of what Jesus, being a Master of Wisdom, *must* have been, is to us an astonishment, as well as a pleasure. Naturally, Mr. Paterson's Jesus is still too much of the *mere* man; it requires more knowledge than he possesses to conceive the real height above the ordinary human race to which a Master must have attained before he is fit to come forth to "save the world"; but all this will come in time. He has met the Master and his heart has burned within him as He spake; it will not be long ere his eyes will be opened in the breaking of bread. A few lines only of his estimate of Jesus cannot be spared —a brick or two as a specimen of the house.

"What is really important," says he, "to find out, however, is, did Jesus look at men from an intellectual as well as from a moral standpoint? I think he did, and that his irony is as persistent as is the irony of Socrates. . . . Even his fugitive utterances contain a certain pungency which has been lost upon us. . . . His humour lies hidden in the theology which oppresses his name, and is lost to us like his gesture. So true is his own bitter remark that men have eyes and ears to little purpose." Again: "Christian Socialism! Jesus has a very variable opinion about the mob. His ethics are as aristocratic in their tone as the ethics of Plato. If the intellectual and moral stuff

with which a man starts happens to be poor in quality, so much the worse for the man. The one fact remains, that grapes are not found on thorns, or figs on thistles. Jesus comes to the world not by any means to interfere with causes and effects, but to acquiesce in the intimacy of their relation. He approves of the dividing line which he finds running through mankind. In his own peculiar phrase, men are either sheep or goats. . . . The centre and core of the teaching of Jesus is summed up in the statement: 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear.' There appears to be no cure for spiritual deafness."

What then has the Wisdom to say to the Eternal Conflict? The brief answer is given us in Michael Wood's pretty tale last month—we must understand that each man is not merely the pawn on the board, played by some blind Fate or capricious Providence, as Omar Khayyam would have it, but the Player also. As a man comes to realise this more and more completely the Sphinx's riddle will cease to trouble him. The conflict is not eternal, but it will last until we have learned its lessons and been trained and developed by it into the full stature of manhood. At this stage of our progress, what better thing could happen to us than thus to be shaken out of our childish thoughtlessness? From the point of view of the religions of the day there is no answer to be made to our author's final conclusions. "The Church," he says, "has tossed on the waves of the world, and has never stilled them. She has submitted to the inevitable process of decay and transformation which is common to every type of human society. Her attempt to make the world a great theological melodrama has notoriously failed." All this is to us true, but unimportant. The forms of faith must pass, as all other forms; that it should be otherwise, would be the wonder and the despair. The truth is that the religions of mankind were shaped by the Masters who presided over their inception, not to make men happy—not even to make them "good," according to the human ideals which change from century to century—almost from year to year; and it is for want of understanding this that religious men like our author find the puzzle of the world so hard to bear. Jesus Christ taught his followers, in the words of an older scripture, "Ye are *gods*"—in

the making; and St. Paul in his turn tells his disciples "What, know ye not that ye shall judge angels?" The conflict seems eternal to our physical brain because its ending comes only as we attain the higher planes of nature where desire ceases. The conviction that this conflict is the only way by which we can come into possession of the Divinity which is our birthright is the peace, the warmth, and the light, which to Mr. Paterson, as he tells us in the last sentence of his book, is but a vague possibility. He says, "the soul *may* reach a kind of peace only when it quits the empty sepulchre of its desires some bitter cold night of resurrection." We cannot form a better wish for him than that he may find from his own experience what as yet we only know by faith, but believe with all our hearts—that the waking from the sepulchre of our desires is into no bitter cold night, but into the bliss of those who have reached home after their long exile, gathered to the heart of the God whose life has lived and fought and loved in them their painful journey through, tasting in full measure "the joy of their Lord."

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD FRIEND OF H. P. B.

Wie ich mein Selbst fand. (Berlin: C. H. Schwetschke und Sohn; 1901. Price 4*m*.)

THIS is a thoroughly readable and interesting book, the first part of which consists of the writer's experiences in Spiritualism, through which she gradually advanced to Theosophy, while the second part contains a helpful outline of the Theosophical teachings themselves. The style is smooth and attractive, the book nicely printed, and there is a tone of frankness and honesty pervading it which will make it appeal very strongly to many people.

Mme. S————'s experiences in Spiritualism were very varied and instructive, and as she herself possesses some psychic faculty, her remarks and observations are all the more to the point. It is, of course, a book designed for the general reader, not specially for the

theosophical student; though it is not by any means without value and instruction even for the latter. Though it would lead us too far to discuss such a book in detail, yet I think the readers of the REVIEW will be so interested in the picture of H. P. B. which the author draws with a pen so vivid and sympathetic, that I propose to sacrifice the giving of any such detailed account as the book undoubtedly merits to the easier and (to some of us at any rate) more attractive idea of translating at some length her account of "our dear old lady," in those eager and unforgotten days at New York, of which our President-Founder has already given us his own recollection in the first series of his *Old Diary Leaves*.*

We heartily recommend all who can read German to get the book for themselves and enjoy the vivid, lively accounts and comments with which it abounds. Our friends in Germany owe a debt to the writer for a most interesting and very useful contribution to onr literature, while H. P. B.'s old friends and pupils will rejoice in the sympathetic and loving portrayal of one who is and always will be most dear to their hearts.

B. K.

A NEW VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

The Twentieth Century New Testament: A translation into Modern English. Made from the original Greek (Westcott and Hort's Text). (London: Horace Marshall and Son; 1901.)

THE three parts of this translation, the first of which we noticed some three years ago, are now published in a single volume. The task attempted by the anonymous translators is an undertaking not only of great difficulty but also of great daring. It challenges the closest inspection of all sorts and conditions of men; it not only provokes the criticism of those familiar with the Greek texts, but it also conflicts with a standard of literary excellence which has become the unquestioned canon of style to all lovers of pure English. That, however, the new version answers to a need is evidenced by the fact that already some 60,000 copies have been disposed of. Its utility is that in many places the meaning is made clearer for those who have hitherto parroted the words of the Authorised Version without a comprehension of their purely English meaning. Its disadvantage is that in numerous places the new translation departs further from the Greek than does the received version.

Knowing how precious it is that there should be understanding

* The extracts will be found in "On the Watch-Tower.'

of the words of scripture, we are glad that the public should have a readily accessible new version to compare with the old, and that, too, a version which brings prominently before the readers a number of very necessary corrections of patent errors which are recognised by all scholars. But the modern spirit in the translation before us has outdone itself. There is a strong mystical element in the documents of the New Testament, and this cannot be eliminated without doing violence to the text. The main tendency of the new version is to eliminate this at any price, and to reduce all not only to the words but also the conceptions of everyday life. For instance, the Letters of Paul bristle with technical mystical terms ; in every instance the new translation misses the meaning and reduces conceptions of great beauty and profound significance to a general *bourgeois* level, where they become flat, stale and unprofitable. In many cases the Authorised Version still preserves distinct traces of the meaning of these Greek terms ; for instance, the "fullness" still recalls the "plerôma," and is not emptied of all its content, as it is in the new translation by a nebulous periphrasis. To take an example where both versions miss the meaning ; Paul says that last of all the Christ appeared to him, "as to one born out of due time" (A. V.), "born at the wrong time," say our new translators. The Greek says squarely that at last "as to *the* abortion," so he appeared to me ; "*the* abortion," not "*an* abortion." The abortion was a technical term of the Gnosis ; it signified the crude, unformed matter which had to be shaped into an order, a beauty, a cosmos, by the world-saviour and carried back into the perfection of the "fullness." In the case of the individual soul it was the crude, unformed substance of it, which was to be formed by the Christ into the Christ. This makes Paul's words intensely interesting and profoundly significant, and so with many another passage.

For ourselves, therefore, we do not regard the new translation as satisfactory ; and even had it correctly rendered the text before it, we should not even then have regarded it as really satisfactory, for we do not consider Westcott and Hort's text an authoritative solution of the immensely complicated problems of the lower criticism, as we have lately shown in our articles on the subject.

Nevertheless we are glad that the attempt has been made ; it will make some of the 60,000 who have read it think, and that is the main thing.

G. R. S. M.

The Monk in Christendom

Monasticsm: Its Ideals and History. The Confessions of St. Augustine. Two Lectures by Adolf Harnack. Translated into English by E. E. Kellett and F. H. Marseille. (London: Williams and Norgate; 1901. Price 4*s*.)

The first of these lectures is translated, and well translated, from the German of the fifth edition of Harnack's *Das Mönchthum*. It is not to be expected that a Protestant professor can in the nature of things estimate with absolute impartiality the ideals of monasticism; Harnack has endeavoured to do so and no doubt the vast majority of his readers will think he has succeeded, for they will be Protestants. But few if any Catholics, and certainly no monks, will regard him as an authority on the subject—this so far as the ideals are concerned. And we may be content to leave it there, for we can see no means of arriving at a really just estimate. Each man must choose his own ideal for himself, but in choosing it he has no right to condemn another's ideal as false. *Our* main interest is to get men to understand each other. Now though Harnack does not categorically condemn monasticism in set terms (indeed he occasionally says good things about it)—he evidently thinks that it formed no part of the original stream of Christianity, that in brief it is a late development of non-Christian origin. Here we are on historical ground and have a fair field before us, asking no favour and not to be deterred from fear of hurting any man's feelings. Harnack is an excellent historical critic, but sometimes even the good Homer nods. He declares that monasticism did not appear in Christendom till the fourth century A.D.

On the contrary we maintain that it was coeval with the origins. We contend that Jesus himself was an Essene, a monk. It is true that he taught the people also and most wisely, but part of this teaching is applicable to monks and monks alone. If the sayings have a literal as well as a mystical meaning, then some of them must apply to a special class alone, and not to all men. There are the two distinct lines of teaching, unless we reject the Gospel traditions in the most arbitrary manner. And now for the external evidence. Eusebius, at the beginning of the fourth century, claims that the Therapeuts of Philo (indubitable communities of monks and nuns) were Christians. If monasticism had only appeared in Christendom in the fourth century, Eusebius could not possibly have made such a claim.

Monasticism must have existed long before in Christianity, indeed, it must have gone back so far that Eusebius was ignorant of any period when it had not existed in the Church. But, say the Protestant scholars whose opinion Harnack tacitly adopts, the treatise of Philo on the *Contemplative Life* is a late forgery. Now, even if this were true, there is enough in the other tractates of Philo from which to reconstruct a picture of these communities of which he writes so interestingly. But the genuineness of Philo's treatise has lately been most brilliantly vindicated by Conybeare in an exhaustive monograph, in which almost every sentence of the *De Vita Contemplativa* is paralleled with sentences from the acknowledged writings of Philo. The testimonia are irrefutable; to reject the genuineness of the treatise is to prefer prejudice to science. This treatise was written about 26 A.D. We are not contending that therefore Eusebius was right in his supposition that the Therapeut community on the southern shores of Lake Mareotis was actually the first Christian Church of Alexandria, but we do contend that he could see no difference between this colony of monks and nuns and the earliest churches, or at any rate some of the earliest Christian communities. Eliminate this factor from the origins and there is no hope of a solution of the problem; give it its proper value and many an obscurity disappears. Let Professor Harnack refute Conybeare, and let him explain the Sayings which are such stumbling-blocks to Protestantism, or let him accept the inevitable and let history speak for itself. The lecture on the "Confessions of Augustine" is interesting reading, but we have no space to point out where we should read the record otherwise than the great Church historian, whose past labours have taught us so many things.

G. R. S. M.

A History of the Art of Healing

History of Medicine. A brief Outline of Medical History and Sects of Physicians, from the earliest Historic Period; with an extended account of the New Schools of the Healing Art in the Nineteenth Century; and especially a History of the American Eclectic Practice of Medicine, never before published. By Alexander Wilder, M.D. (New Sharon, Maine: New England Eclectic Publishing Co.; 1901. Price $2.75.)

Dr. Wilder's name will be known to the many readers of this Review in connection with the literature of philosophy and symbolism.

In the present work he deserts these Elysian fields for the cock-pit of controversy. We are shown throughout the ages the members of the regular profession as Apes, those of the ever-varying sects as Angels; Dr. Wilder is on the side of the Angels. The book can, we think, be called a History of Medicine in a negative sense only, since the writer has little to say of the real profession and the evolution of its thought. It is, for him, always the narrow, selfish, obscurantist enemy, ever lying in wait to tear limb from limb the endless sects, which, like innocent white lambs, frisk across the fields of history. But we must give the devil his due, and point out that if the profession had not been an example of the survival of the fittest there would have been nothing for the sects to cut themselves off from. Many have had their day and vanished, yet the profession is still with us and still, according to Dr. Wilder, playing the same bad old game with his largest and whitest lamb, the Eclectic School.

The second half of the book narrates at length the rise, struggle for life, and internecine squabbles of this School; which, we gather, is primarily an association of herbalists. It prefers vegetable remedies, and bans the use of mercury, arsenic, antimony, and other mineral poisons. Its members are represented as being gifted rather than trained, since they apparently do not appreciate the necessity for the prolonged scientific education of the regular profession. They have their own colleges and confer their own degrees; these colleges have been chartered by the several States in response to appeals in the name of Freedom and by dint of a strenuous propaganda. This section of the work can have no interest for any but those concerned.

The readable part of the book contains an interesting and learned review of medicine in the Archaic, Ancient Historic, Middle Age, and Renaissance periods. In Ancient Egypt we learn that there was a Sanctuary of learning, the House of Seti, where priests, physicians, astronomers and other students were taught by Professors excelling in erudition. When they had attained their senior degree they were admitted to the dignity of "Scribes of the Temple," and were entitled thenceforth to maintenance from the royal treasury. They were thus enabled to prosecute their studies and researches free of care, and with every necessary facility. Happy Egypt! That indeed was a golden age. There were no medical sects *then*, we can well believe. However, in later times the physicians of the privileged class were carefully instructed, and provision was made for bestowing their services upon the poor, as well as on the rich; but ther was little impediment to

the employment of other practitioners. Indeed, empirics and pretenders were as common as in more modern times; clairvoyants and mediums practised as such. We wonder at their lack of enterprise; nowadays they practise as medical men.

We note as an example of history's way of repeating herself, that again in Greece there came to be two classes of practitioners, the Asklepiads who possessed religious and occult learning, and the Iatroi who had not been initiated, but were able from their skill and deftness to practise the art successfully.

Pythagoras and his pupils are said to have practised both internal and external "medication." The review is continued down the ages, and the Hippokratian, Alexandrian and Empiric Schools pass before us. Then Indian and Hebrew medicine, Celsus, the Pneumatics and the Eclectics; which latter we read abounded with physicians of marked ability. Roman medicine culminated in Galen, who professed to be Eclectic in methods and doctrines; he also professed the greatest admiration for Hippokrates, but followed Aristotle in logic and physical science. He did not hesitate to denounce abusively the doctrines of the various medical sects. With the fall of the Roman Empire the aspect of civilisation changed, and ancient learning fell with Alexandria.

Medicine in the Middle Ages was buried in the same abyss, and became a function of religion. The Persian and Arabian Schools kept the ancient fire alight. Avicenna collected, and so preserved, the doctrines of Aristotle in philosophy and Galen in physic. The roll of great names is continued down the ages; Paracelsus is noticed at length; Faust was a real character and was versed in Arabian learning. Later, Anatomy was studied by Vesalius, Eustachius, and Fallopius, whose names are preserved in the anatomical nomenclature of to-day. Surgery began to emerge with Fabricio and Paré. The Rosicrucians, Harvey, Willis, and others, are then mentioned. With the Renaissance many schools arose, the German Eclectics, the Chemiatrics, etc.; later the Brunonian System, Mesmer and Hahnemann; lastly, the Modern Empiric or Positive School. The development of operative surgery is then discussed, rather too much in detail we think in a book addressed to the general public. But there is much in this section, we hope we have shown, to interest both professional readers and those who are not too fastidious with regard to medical details.

F.R.C.S.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, November. In "Old Diary Leaves" for this month Colonel Olcott records the beginning of his well-known series under his name, the provocation to which is stated to be that "his mind has been much exercised about the evident probability of a new sect springing up around the memory of H. P. B. and her literature"; and its result, that "the creation of the Blavatsky sect became impossible; after nine years she is now fairly estimated, and the solid appreciation of her is continually gaining in strength." Should I—or should I not?—here add his further statement that, to his mind, "a new idol is being fashioned in the form of that dear, unselfish, modest woman, Annie Besant." I think so; not only for the warning, but also for a word of self-defence, for myself and for many others. The difference *in kind* betwixt us and one who can *see*, where we have to reason and to argue, is so vast, that to venture a suggestion that possibly the seer has been mistaken in some of the details of his vision is one which requires a well-grounded confidence in our grasp of the subject, and a conviction that the points in question are absolutely irreconcilable with what we know as the truth, which is not within the reach of the ordinary member of the Society. I do not venture to *assert*, but only to suggest a question whether an even "sectarian" worship of the dicta of H. P. B. or of Annie Besant may not be a decided advance for many of our number. Those of us who are entitled to criticise should undoubtedly be left free to do so; but, after all, need we be so impatient of the (generally well-founded) modesty which declines? In other words: Can we, all things considered, provide anything more practically useful for the O.P. at the present time, than to fashion his life and his theory of the world according to what these two have given us, as if indeed their writings possessed the infallibility which (as the Colonel rightly says) they would have been the first to disclaim? To my mind the "note" of sectarianism lies not in taking from an "inspired author," without enquiry, all we can understand of it into our own system of thought; but rather in treating his phrases as Articles of Faith—forms of words which are to be enforced on ourselves and our neighbours the more sternly the less we or they understand anything about the matter. If we take from one or the other all we can understand, *and let the rest alone*, and allow our friends to do the like (even when they understand what we don't!) we can't go far wrong.

After this comes the Colonel's account of the circumstances of his attempted resignation of the Presidency, and the dealings of Mr. Judge. This must be read as it stands; I cannot undertake either to summarise or to comment. I think all will be certain of this much at least, that the Colonel's intention to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is beyond question. In the remainder of the number Miss McQueen writes pleasantly on "The Tenets of Brotherhood," with a pithy suggestion that "to fulfil discriminately our duty to our brothers it is a good plan to first try to locate ourselves." S. Stuart's "The Astral Body" is concluded; W. A. Mayers continues his defence of the Pastorals of Israel; R. Vasudeva Rao claims "that India is washing herself clean, is working out her accumulated evil Karma and thereby qualifying for her former position of Spiritual Leader of the nations of the world"; and *Râma Gîtâ* is concluded.

Prasnottara, November, announces that Mrs. Besant is on a fresh tour, which will take her to Adyar for the Convention. She is expected to return to Benares at the end of January, and to leave for England in April next. There are several interesting answers to questions. A. N. S. can find no connection of Mercury with our earth in the Purâṇas, and gives another explanation of that of Mars.

Brahmavâdin, October, besides a lecture by S. Vivekânanda, has a very interesting paper by Prof. M. Rangachariar, M.A., on "Dravidian Sociology."

The Dawn, November, continues a noticeable series of papers on the "Methods of Training of Youths in Ancient India." As might be expected from an orthodox Paṇḍit, the author's view is that everything was perfect until the Buddhists upset everything. How longingly the orthodox of all religions look back to the quiet times before men began to think for themselves!

The Ârya, October, speaks in quite another strain. Dewan Bahadur R. Ragoonath Row, in treating of the "Institutes of Manu," is of the opinion that "spurious additions thereto" are to be cast aside, and that "inconsistent statements, irrelevant praise of the Brahmins, plain violations of chronology, immoral rulings opposed to the principles of truth, virtue, morality and religion, are some of the tests for finding out what these spurious additions are." If he can get his countrymen to work on this principle the result will be too beneficial for us to wish to raise any question as to his facts.

The Indian Review for November keeps up the character it

has gained. *East and West* (Bombay), is the best printed Indian periodical we have seen. It is devoted to bringing about a better understanding between the East and West, and we most heartily wish it every success.

The Vâhan for December is mainly occupied by correspondence; another letter as to the lawfulness of suicide, and two dealing with the case of habitual sin discussed in the last number. "The Enquirer" contains a number of answers to the enquiry whether each of our "vehicles" has a will of its own, or whether its activities are purely the work of the Thinker within. The result of the discussion is to throw a good deal of light on the subject; but the Editor is to be congratulated that it is no longer the custom for him to sum up and give the final decision, as was the case in the earlier days of the *Vâhan*.

Bulletin Théosophique, December, gives an account of Mr. Leadbeater's proceedings in Paris and at Geneva, which carries his travels to the middle of November. A very careful reply by E. M. G. to the *Vâhan* question why in the *Gîtâ* women are classed with Vaiṣhyas and Shudras as "belonging to the sources of Evil," completes the number.

Revue Théosophique, November, has translations from Mr. Leadbeater's "The Cross" and his *Clairvoyance*, and an answer by Mr. Sinnett. Dr. Pascal furnishes another answer headed "The Fall of Man and his Ascent" and Dr. Lespinois contributes a "Variety" upon caterpillars and the results of their exorcism, which is amusing enough.

Théosophie for December continues its brave effort to familiarise the good folks of Antwerp with Mrs. Besant's teaching of Theosophy.

Theosophia for November has translations from H. P. B. and Mrs. Besant, and an interesting paper by S. van West on the method of translating. But the main content of the number is of course the opening of the new Headquarters in Holland, which seems to have been a great success. Mynheer Fricke opened the proceedings with an account of the work, making graceful reference to the visitors, Herr Hubo from Hamburg, Count Axel Wachtmeister and others. Then came the turn of the President-Founder, Mr. Leadbeater, Count Wachtmeister and Herr Kohlen; and the meeting was closed by a speech from our old friend Mevrouw Meuleman. Our Dutch friends are indeed highly to be congratulated on their meeting.

Der Vâhan, December, gives the usual abstract of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, and the questions from the December *Vâhan*. A

complete translation of Col. Olcott's references to the Judge question in "Old Diary Leaves" of last month follows with other translations.

Teosophia, November. This number is still confined to translations from our usual authors. The "Theosophical Movement" records the visit of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and the Baroness von Ulrich to Naples, and the anticipations of Mr. Leadbeater's forthcoming tour.

Sophia, for November, opens with a capital account of Colonel Olcott's visit to Buenos Ayres. He seems to have been well received, and the quotations from the notices in the newspapers are most amiable and flattering, though one of them does take the liberty of likening him with his white hair and beard to Father Christmas! Dr. Felix Oswald treats the ever-interesting problem, "Was Jesus a Buddhist?" E. González-Blanco writes of the great Spanish Theosophists of the Middle Ages; and an account of the recent discoveries in Crete, and Mr. Keightley's "Watch-Tower" on "The Prophets of the Age" complete a very good number.

Of *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, October and November, we can only say that we give them credit for every virtue a Theosophical magazine can possess, and would doubtless be able to say more if we could read them.

Theosophy in Australasia for October has papers on "Sun Spots," signed A. M.; on the evidence of dreams as to a mental life independent of the brain by H. W. Hunt, and S. Studd continues the endless enquiry "Chance or Accident?" It will be a long time yet before any of us are in a position to say the last word on this subject.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, October and November, have for serious literature Mr. S. Stuart's "Occult Schools and their Masters," Agnes Davidson's "Hill of Difficulty," and Mrs. G. Richmond's "Light Bearers." But the lighter reading which is the speciality of this magazine is abundantly and well provided—amongst other stories there is one by Mrs. Hooper, "The Doll of Wilhelmina," which is more than a child's tale.

Theosophical Messenger, November, contains, besides the many matters of local interest, the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's most valuable lecture on the "Desire Elemental."

Of other periodicals we have to acknowledge *Modern Astrology; Humanity; Monthly Record; The Children's Garden; Notes and Queries; Mind; Review of Reviews; N. Y. Magazine of Mysteries; Bibby's Quarterly.*

W.

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