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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE have recently witnessed a very interesting parade of the militia of the orthodox Protestant churches in England. The troops were full of martial ardour and declared their intention to die for the cause; it was, however, a motley array, and could not have given its leaders any great confidence in its ability to cope with modern conditions of warfare, seeing that the rank and file were still armed with bows and arrows, flint-locks, and at best a "brown bess" or two. The occasion of this demonstration of indignation was a lecture by Dr. Fremantle, the Dean of Ripon, on "Natural Christianity," delivered in London at the beginning of November, to a meeting of the "Churchmen's Union." The reporter's summary of the Dean's lecture was published as follows:

The Dean of Ripon's "Heresy"

> The fault of those who had written on natural religion was that they had assumed a contrast between this and revealed religion. The Bible was in the fullest sense human and natural. The Bible culminated in Christ, and

Christ had been viewed in past times in an unnatural light. Disputes had made Christ's life unreal to us, and it seemed to him that we were hampered still by the wrong processes of the past. Taking the moral supremacy of Christ for granted, they were met on the threshold of two Gospels by what seemed a prodigy—the birth of Christ from a Virgin. His own belief was that they might safely leave that out of account and treat it in exactly the same way as the words " descended into hell " were treated.

Outside the first two chapters of St. Matthew and the first two chapters of St. Luke the Virgin-birth was absolutely non-existent in the New Testament. The natural inference was that it was unknown to the writers of the New Testament, except to those who penned those four chapters. And might it not be that they arose from a misunderstanding ?

As to the miracles, was it irreverent to believe that our Lord Himself could not have made a distinction between what modern science would recognise as death and the many forms of swooning, syncope, or hysteria, which sometimes deceived the wisest in modern times, and that when He bade His disciples to heal the sick and raise the dead He was speaking of a process very different from that which would be accepted in these scientific days as the raising of an actual body to life ? But many of the so-called miracles, such as demoniacal possession and its cure, were quite natural, although he admitted that if some of the references in the Gospels were taken literally they were contrary to nature as we knew it. He had never been able to think of the Resurrection as a violation of natural law.

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His Quasi-Apologia

WHEREUPON the religious and conservative press arose as one man and fell upon the courageous lecturer. Never since the days of Colenso has there been such a hurly-burly. The Bishop of London repudiated such teaching as heretical, and lamented that it should have been uttered in his diocese; the Dean himself was inundated with an avalanche of protests and entreaties. Whereupon he published in the *Ripon Gazette* " a sort of a kind of " an apologia, to the effect that the reporter had not given the context; that the rest of the paper . . . and so forth and so on. As to the " immaculate conception " and " resurrection," the Dean's position is given as follows in his own words :

That there are difficulties in some matters connected with the manifestation of God in Christ it would be untruthful not to admit, especially in those of the Virgin birth, in some of the " wonderful works," and in the Resurrection. But in the first of these, though the facts (1) that it is never mentioned in the New Testament except in the first two chapters of St. Matthew and St, Luke, and (2) that it was not a part of the creed of Nicæa, make it of less

authority (as in the parallel case of the words "Descended into Hell"), yet the accounts might be understood without any violation of biological law. The incarnation and divinity of our Saviour stand on the firm ground of what He did and thought, and what He has been to mankind. As to the last point, that of the Resurrection, the views of Bishop Horsley, of Dean Goulburn, and of Bishop Westcott, which have so often been urged by Canon MacColl, as well as by myself in Ripon Cathedral and elsewhere, were followed, namely, that the Resurrection was not a return to the mortal conditions of this life, but a manifestation of the spiritual state, and the "spiritual body." As to the "mighty works" of our Lord, in some cases we could see them to be instances of the power of a Majestic Presence and Personality over weakened and hysterical frames; and possibly other cases might be similarly accounted for. But since in all things, even the commonest, there is an element of the unknown, we must expect that this would be the case still more in the works of Christ Himself. If we could know everything no doubt all would appear quite natural according to the higher conception of nature, for which the writer is contending. This is brought out in the late Duke of Argyll's great work, *The Reign of Law*.

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As we see, the newspaper man was not so far out in his report, whatever Dr. Fremantle may mean by the enigmatical sentence "yet the accounts might be understood without any violation of biological law." This will doubtless for the moment mollify somewhat the materialists who boast themselves to be the orthodox. But the pity of it, that no one should have the courage to point out to the combatants that the "virgin birth" was no physical miracle for the disciples of the Lord, but is an eternal spiritual fact, a most marvellous fact, known to the mystic and the saint, though unfortunately materialised and historicised by the ignorant of the early Christian Name who were outside the inner communities. The common-sense of Christendom is with Dean Fremantle, but (and this is what he and his many co-labourers do not yet see) the only way out for them is the mystic way. The accounts as history cannot stand, but once accepted as "historicised" inner facts they become as clear as daylight to the spiritual. Paul taught this, "John" taught this, and all that host of "disciples of the Lord," "apostles," "brethren of the Lord," whom the materialists when they got the upper hand anathematised as heretics. With regard to the resurrection, it is difficult

The Materialism of the Orthodox

to find a single scholar who does not agree with the view of Dr. Fremantle; but all this and vastly much more has been explained over and over again to our readers.

Since writing the above we have read the *Times'* reporter's letter in which he declares that he submitted his report to the Dean before publishing, a fact borne out by one of our colleagues who was present. This makes it bad for the *Ripon Gazette*, for we cannot suppose that the Dean wilfully departed in newspaperdom from the ideal he holds before him in the domain of the higher criticism.

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Father John of Kronstadt

MANY years ago H. P. Blavatsky introduced the striking figure of Father John of Kronstadt to our readers and won for him golden opinions; his recent doings, however, should place him on a still higher pedestal of respect; not only is he a good and holy man, a true saint, but also he is a man of sound common-sense, as may be seen from the following curious paragraph from the St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Times* (October 28th):

> The ignorance and the religious fanaticism of the Russian peasantry are illustrated in a striking manner by the almost blasphemous veneration of which the famous Father John of Kronstadt, much against his will, is made the object. A short time ago a peasant in the government of Kostroma wrote a hymn in honour of Father John, placing him almost on an equality with the persons of the Trinity. The Kronstadt priest wrote a severe letter to the peasant rebuking him for his blasphemy, but this had no effect, so that he was compelled to go in person to Kostroma in order to put a stop to the growth of a sect which was being founded to worship him.
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> This is only one instance out of many. During the services at Kronstadt voices are frequently heard exclaiming "Thou art holy, thou art holy; behold he has come down from Heaven." The reply of the priest is usually "How dare you speak so. I am only a sinful man like you. It is Satan who is speaking through your mouth in order to cause confusion among the devout. Who are you? Come out from the crowd." As a rule this command is not obeyed, and the police are unable to discover the fanatics. There are cases in which peasants openly maintain their conviction that Father John is the Christ, the reincarnation of the Divine Spirit. In particular, there is one aged pilgrim who holds fast to this belief in spite of all the efforts made to turn him from it and who, when he is arrested and threatened with punishment, declares with enthusiasm that he will gladly die for his Saviour. Portraits of Father John are frequently used as *ikons* and

are venerated in the same way. Several sects have been formed to uphold the doctrine of the divinity of the Kronstadt priest in spite of his vehement protests.

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OF somewhat saner and sterner stuff is Father John made than is that fanatic of the Agapemonite community to whom our co-editor referred in the October number; wiser far is he than the leaders of those foolish Dukhobors whom we so mistakenly commiserated a few years ago as pure and saintly religionists oppressed by a tyrannical government. We have now had the Dukhobors for some two or three years in Canada, and find they are an absolutely impossible people. They were given land, welcomed and helped. After a twelvemonth or so religious mania possessed them; they drove away all their cattle, believing that God did not take pleasure in man submitting the animals to restraint; they then asked the Government to give them lands free of every possible restriction of any kind, so that they might have naught, as they imagined, between them and God; and finally, with women and children, without clothes and provisions, in the early winter, these poor deluded ones set off to march hundreds of miles to Winnipeg to meet the Christ. They met the Christ, it is true, but not as their poor fevered brains imagined; but in the shape of charity and help from the farmers, the careful protection of the mounted police, the transport of their women and children, and of their sick in litters. They were setting out to "Christianise the world," so they thought. The crusaders again, and with like results! Imagine what it must have been in similar circles when in the early days they thought that every moment the Christ was coming—a *material* Christ of course, for *that* has always been the trouble throughout the Christian centuries.

The Dukhobors

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WE are glad to notice in the November issue of the *Contemporary Review* an article on "The Newer Dispensation," by E. Wake Cook, written in a spirit of catholicity which is refreshing. The *Newer* Dispensation, according to the writer, has been gradually advancing upon us "in spite of the conservatism of the Churches,"

The Signs of the New Age

since the beginning of the *New* Dispensation, "and we have now materials which, if they could be summed up and united by a great religious genius, would give us a Newer Dispensation as far in advance of the New as that was above the Old." Mr. Cook thinks this "Spiritual Renaissance" is running in three streams, and the one to which his present paper is chiefly devoted is Christian Science, of which movement he gives an appreciative but not unduly biassed review. He refers, however, to our own movement as one which "flows from the mingling of Eastern with Western thought . . . . a more cheerful Theosophy which is likely to play a part in the Religion of the future. It has already given us as a doctrine of existence, a vast scheme of Spiritual Evolution, besides which the Darwin-Spencer scheme is a bagatelle and falls into place as a mere detail of this stupendous conception"—an opinion which might have fallen from the lips of our Vice-President. But the final section of the article gives the best indication of the broad outlook which the writer takes, and nothing could be more completely in accord with the views which from time to time have been set forth in this REVIEW. It runs thus:

With Christian Science thus unexpectedly reinforcing Christianity just on those points dropped by the Churches, and lifting Christians to a higher platform; with Theosophy re-vivifying and enriching Western thought by the wonders of the East; with Spiritualism demonstrating a future life, and the existence of latent faculties and powers, and giving a meaning to life never before discerned; with Physical Science opening up new vistas into the Infinite, new wonderlands, and giving us glimpses of the awful potencies we are subduing to our service; with all this we have a movement of unprecedented significance. And although the different parts of the advancing army may sometimes wage internecine war, it is fratricidal, as they are all complementary to each other and to the older movements. The broadening and deepening of the Religious Consciousness by this Spiritual Renaissance and the wondrous revelations of Physical Science mark a stage in our development as much in advance of the New Dispensation as that was in advance of the Old. All the diverse and apparently conflicting movements have yet a strange underlying tendency to unity, and are manifesting a vaster meaning hidden from the worker by the dust of progress. [E.]

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THERE is something to be learned by those who aspire to be

healers of the soul by a study of the principles which guide the healers of the body. In his address to the medical students of the Liverpool University, Sir Frederick Treves took the confession of faith of Sir Thomas Browne, and contrasted it with that of the doctor of the present day. The attitude towards the symptoms of disease has entirely changed we learn. Then, they were regarded as the work of a malignant entity, an influence which was outside the body and quite distinct from it. It followed that every symptom of disease was regarded as wholly noxious, and as needing to be stamped out by unconsidered violence.

Religio Medici

Now, these same symptoms are recognised as of beneficent intent, as the course of "appendicitis" demonstrates. A perforation occurs in the little tube, and an acrid poison finds its way into the cavity of the abdomen; the manifestations which follow are termed the symptoms of peritonitis. They are distressing and urgent, but they are all benevolent in intent, and are the outcome of Nature's vigorous effort to minimise the calamity and save the patient's life.

Might not personal vanity, or intellectual pride, also be a beneficent provision of Nature as a defence against the acrid poisons of envy, hatred and malice?

Many of the symptoms of disease, instead of being pounded out of the body by violence as wholly pernicious, should rather be regarded as means for guiding the physician in the treatment he should adopt. Might there not be a word of wisdom here for those ascetics who regard the natural wants of the body as hideous vices, and the pursuit of happiness as the unforgivable sin?

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THE second great element in the Religio Medici concerns the relation of the physician to his patient, and here there is probably little divergence between the old faith and the new. Two and a half centuries have not served to modify the basis of right doing, and the few tenets professed by Sir Thomas Browne will find acceptance at the present day. They range under three heads:

The true Disciple of Æsculapius

In the first place the doctor must be strong, and his strength must depend on the fullness of his knowledge, and upon a fine and cultivated sense, a quick perception, a ready judgment, and a delicate susceptibility. The sick man in his weakness looks to his doctor for the supporting hand and the strong arm; he is moving in the dark and he needs to be led; he is haunted by apprehension and his fears must be allayed.

The second need is absolute fidelity; all those who profess to attend upon the sick undertake a solemn trust. The fullness and simplicity of the confidence of the sick man are the measure of the scrupulous honesty with which it must be received.

The third necessity of the doctor is that he must be kind; he must be a man of wide sympathies, and possessed of that rare qualification which enables him to put himself in the patient's place. Genuine sympathy cannot be assumed, or if assumed its artificiality is too apparent to deceive even a child.

Such is the ideal held up by the first surgeon in England for the guidance of the healers of the body. But as the value of the soul transcends that of the body, so does the responsibility of the soul-physician transcend that of the ordinary doctor. The former may well lay to heart the motto given by Sir Frederick to his students, "*Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter.*"

[A.]

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We deeply regret to announce that Mme. Meulemann, who was in a very real sense the heart of our movement in Holland, passed away in sleep on November 24th. As we have only just received the telegram at the very last moment before going to press, it is only possible to announce the sad news—sad for us, her many friends and lovers, for the form in which we loved her is taken away. Our profoundest sympathy is with our Dutch colleagues. But she is not dead, nor does she sleep; she was too strenuous a labourer to abandon the work she loved better than life, now that she is relieved of the burden of her suffering body.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 227)

THE THIRD LIFE-WAVE

THE middle of the third Root-Race had been reached; the nervous apparatus of animal man had been built up to a point at which it needed for its further improvement the more direct flow of thought from the spiritual Triad to which it was attached; the Group-Soul had completed its work for these, the higher products of evolution, as the medium by which the Life of the Second Logos protected and nourished His infant children; it was now to form the foundation of the causal body, the vessel into which the down-pouring life was to be received; the term of the antenatal life of the Monad was touched, and the time was ripe for his birth into the lower world. The mother-life of the Logos had built for him the bodies in which he could now live as a separate entity in the world of forms, and he was to come into direct possession of his bodies and take up his human evolution.

We have seen (vol. xxx., p. 457) that the Monads derive their being from the First Logos, and the down-flow of their life into the spiritual Triads—causing the vortices of activity which catch up into union with themselves the upward reaching stream of life from the lower planes and form in that union the causal bodies—is called the third Life-Wave, and is properly related to Him as its source.

The causal body once formed, the spiritual Triad has a permanent vehicle for further evolution, and when Consciousness becomes able to function freely in this vehicle, the Triad will be able to control and direct far more effectively than ever before the evolution of the lower vehicles.

The earlier efforts to control are not, however, of a very intelligent description, any more than the first movements of the body of the infant show they are directed by any intelligence,

although we know that an intelligence is connected with it. The Monad is now, in a very real sense, born on the physical plane, but still he must be regarded as a babe, and must pass through an immense period of time before his power over the physical body will be anything but infantile.

Human Development

And this is clearly seen if we look at man as he was in his early days. Those long-perished Lemurians—if we except those entities who had already developed Consciousness to a considerable extent and who took birth in the clumsy Lemurian bodies in order to lead human evolution—were very poorly developed as to their sense organs; those of smell and taste were not developed, but were only in process of building. Their sensitiveness to pleasure and pain was slight.

In the Atlanteans the senses were much more active; sight was very keen and hearing was acute; taste and smell were more developed than among the Lemurians, but were still not highly evolved; coarse and rank foods were found perfectly tolerable and even agreeable, and very highly-flavoured articles of diet, such as decaying meat, were preferred to more delicate viands, which were considered tasteless. The body was not very sensitive to injuries, and severe wounds did not cause much pain, nor were followed by prostration, even extensive lacerations failing to incapacitate the sufferer, and healing very quickly. The remnants of the Lemurian Race now existing, as well as the widely spread Atlantean, still show a relative insensitiveness to pain, and undergo, with very partial disablement, lacerations that would utterly prostrate a fifth race man. A North American Indian has been reported as fighting on after the side of the thigh had been slashed away, and taking the field again after twelve or fifteen hours. This characteristic of the fourth race body enables a savage to bear with composure, and to recover from, tortures that would prostrate a fifth race man from nervous shock.

These differences derive largely from the varying developments of the permanent atom, the nucleus of the physical body. There is, in the fifth Root-Race, a fuller stream of life pouring down, causing and increasing with the greater internal develop-

ment of the permanent atom. As evolution goes on, there is an increasing complex of vibratory powers in the physical permanent atom, a similar increase in the astral atom, and again in the mental unit. As birth follows birth, and these permanent nuclei are put out on each plane to gather round them the new mental, astral and physical encasements, the more highly developed permanent atoms draw round them the more highly developed atoms on the planes to which they belong, and thus build up a better nervous apparatus through which the ever-increasing stream of Consciousness can flow. In this way is built up the delicately organised nervous apparatus of the fifth race man.

In the fifth race man the internal differentiation of the nervous cells is much increased, and the intercommunications are much more numerous. Speaking generally, the Consciousness of the fifth race man is working on the astral plane, and is withdrawn from the physical body except so far as the cerebro-spinal nervous system is concerned. The control of the vital organs of the body is left to the sympathetic system, trained through long ages to perform this work, and now kept going by impulses from the astral centres other than the ten, without deliberate attention from the otherwise occupied Consciousness, although of course sustained by it. It is, however, as we shall presently see, quite possible to draw the attention of Consciousness again to this part of its mechanism, and to reassume intelligent control of it. In the more highly evolved members of the fifth Race, the main impulses of Consciousness are sent down from the lower mental world, and work down through the astral to the physical, and there stimulate the physical nervous activity. This is the keen, subtle, intelligent Consciousness, moved by ideas more than by sensations, and showing itself more actively in the mental and emotional brain-centres than in those concerned with sensory and motor phenomena.

The sense-organs of the fifth race body are less active and acute than those of the highest fourth Race in responding to purely physical impacts. The eye, the ear, the touch, the smell, are less keen, and do not respond to vibrations which would affect the fourth race sense-organs. It is significant, also, that these organs are at their keenest in early childhood, and diminish in

sensitiveness from about the sixth year onward. On the other hand, while less acute in receiving pure sense-impacts, they become more sensitive to sensations intermingled with emotions, and delicacies of colour and of sound, whether of nature or of art, appeal to them more effectively. The higher and more intricate organisation of the sense-centres in the brain and in the astral body seems to bring about increased sensitiveness to beauty of colour, form and sound, but diminished response to the sensations in which the emotions play no part.

The fifth race body is also far more sensitive to shock than are the bodies of the fourth and third Races, being more dependent upon Consciousness for its upkeep. A nervous shock is far more keenly felt, and entails far greater prostration. A severe mutilation is no longer a question of lacerated muscle, of torn tissues, but of nervous shock; the highly organised nervous system carries the message of distress to the brain-centres, and it is sent on from them to the astral body, disturbing and upsetting the astral Consciousness. This is followed by disturbance on the mental plane; imagination is aroused, memory stimulates anticipation, and the rush of mental impulses intensifies and prolongs sensations. These again stimulate and excite the nervous system, and its undue excitation acts on the vital organs, causing organic disturbance; hence depression of vitality, and slow recovery.

So also in the highly evolved fifth race body mental conditions largely rule the physical, and intense anxiety, mental suffering, and worry, producing nervous tension, readily disturb organic processes and bring about weakness or disease. Hence mental strength and serenity directly promote physical health, and when the Consciousness is definitely established on the astral or the mental plane, emotional and mental disturbance are far more productive of ill-health than any privations inflicted on the physical body. The evolved fifth race man lives literally in his nervous system.

Incongruous Souls and Bodies

But we should here notice a significant fact, bearing on the all-important question of the relation of the nervous organisation to Consciousness. When a human consciousness

has not yet grown beyond the later Lemurian or Atlantean type, but is born into a fifth race body, it presents a curious and interesting study. (The reasons for such a birth cannot here be enlarged upon; briefly, as the more advanced nations annex the lands occupied by little evolved tribes, and kill them off either directly or indirectly, the people thus summarily evicted from their bodies have to find new habitats; the suitable savage conditions are becoming rarer and rarer, under the ever expanding flood of higher races, and they have to take birth under the lowest available conditions, such as the slums of large cities, in families of criminal types. They are drawn to the conquering nation by kârmic necessity.) Such persons incarnate in fifth race bodies of the worst available material. They then show out in these fifth race bodies the qualities that belong to the fourth or the third; and though they have the physical outer nervous organisation, they have not the internal differentiation in the nervous matter that only comes with the play on physical matter of energies coming from the astral and mental worlds. We observe in them the non-responsiveness to impressions from outside, unless the impressions are of a violent order, that marks the low grade of development of the individual consciousness. We notice the falling back into inertia when a violent physical stimulus is absent; the recurrent craving for such violent stimulus when roused by physical necessities; the stirring into faint mental activity under vehement impacts on the sense-organs, and the blankness when the sense-organs are at rest; the complete absence of any response to a thought or a high emotion—not a rejection but an unconsciousness of it. Excitement or violence in such a person is caused as a rule by something outside—by something coming before him physically which his dawning mind connects with the possibility of gratifying some passion which he remembers, and desires again to feel. Such a person may not be intent on robbery or murder at all, but may be stimulated into either or both by the mere sight of a well-dressed passer-by who seems likely to have money—money, that means gratification by food, drink or sex. The stimulus to attack the passer-by is at once given, and will be followed at once by action, unless checked by a physical and obvious danger, such as the sight of a policeman.

It is the embodied physical temptation which arouses the idea of committing the crime; a man who plans a crime beforehand is more highly developed; the mere savage commits a crime on the impulse of the moment, unless faced by another physical embodiment, that of a force which he fears. And when the crime is committed, he is impervious to all appeals to shame or remorse; he is susceptible only to terror.

These remarks do not, of course, apply to the intelligent criminal, but only to the congenital brutal and obtuse type, the third or fourth race savage in a fifth race body.

Clairvoyance

We have seen that astral organisation precedes and shapes the physical nervous system, and we have now to consider how this must affect the workings of Consciousness. We should expect to find that Consciousness on the astral plane will become aware of impacts on its astral sheath in a vague and unprecise way, just as in the minerals and the plants and the lowest animals, it became aware of impacts on its physical body. This awareness of astral impacts will long precede any definite organisation in the astral sheath that will evolve it into an astral body. And, as we have seen, the first organisation in the astral sheath is a response to impacts received through the physical body, and is related to the physical body in its evolution. This organisation has nothing to do directly with the reception, co-ordination and understanding of astral impacts, but is engaged in being acted upon by, and re-acting on, the physical nervous system. Consciousness everywhere precedes Self-Consciousness, and the evolution of Consciousness on the astral plane proceeds contemporaneously with the evolution of Self-Consciousness—these will be dealt with in the next sections—on the physical.

The impacts on the astral sheath from the astral plane produce vibratory waves over the whole astral sheath, and the unsheathed Consciousness gradually becomes dimly aware of these surgings without relating them to any external cause. It is groping after the much more violent physical impacts, and such power of attention as it has evolved is turned on them. The aggregations of astral matter before mentioned naturally share in the general surgings of the astral sheath, and the vibrations

mingle with those coming from the physical body, and affect also the vibrations sent down to it by the Consciousness through these aggregations. Thus a connection is established between astral impacts and the sympathetic system, and they play a considerable part in its evolution. As the Consciousness working in the physical begins slowly to recognise an external world, these impacts from the astral—gradually classified under the five senses as are the impacts from the physical—mingle with those from the physical plane and are not distinguished as being different from them in origin. So long as the sympathetic system is acting as the dominant apparatus of Consciousness, so long will the origin, astral or physical, of impacts remain as the same to Consciousness. Even the higher animals—in which the cerebro-spinal system is well developed, but in which it is not yet, save in its sense-centres, the chief mechanism of Consciousness—fail to distinguish between physical and astral sights, sounds, etc. A horse will leap over an astral body as though it were a physical one; a cat will rub herself against the legs of an astral figure; a dog will growl at a similar appearance. In the dog and the horse there is the dawning of an uneasy sense of some difference, shown by the fear often manifested of such appearances by the dog, and by the timidity of the horse. The nervousness of the horse—despite which he can be trained to face the dangers of a battle field, and even, as with Arab mares, learn to pick up and carry away his fallen rider through all the alarming surroundings—seems chiefly due to his confusion and bewilderment as to his environment, and his inability to distinguish between what later he will learnedly call "objective realities," against which he can injure his body, and "delusions," or "hallucinations." To him they are all real, and the difference of their behaviour alarms him; in the case of an exceptionally intelligent horse the nervousness is often greater, as he evolves a dawning sense of difference in the phenomena themselves, and this is yet more disquieting.

The savage, living more in the cerebro-spinal system, distinguishes between the physical and the astral, though the latter to him are as "real" as the physical; he relates them to another world, to which he relegates all things that do not behave in the way he considers normal. He does not know that, with regard

to these, he is conscious through the sympathetic and not through the cerebro-spinal system; he is conscious of them—that is all. The Lemurians and early Atlanteans were almost more conscious astrally than they were physically. Astral impacts, throwing the whole astral sheath into waves, came through the sense-centres of the astral to the sympathetic centres in the physical body, and they were vividly aware of them. Their lives were dominated by sensations and passions more than by intellect, and the special apparatus of the astral sheath, the sympathetic system, was the dominant mechanism of Consciousness.

As the cerebro-spinal system became elaborated, and more and more assumed its peculiar position as the chief apparatus of Consciousness on the physical plane, the attention of Consciousness was fixed more and more on the external physical world, and its aspect of intelligence was brought into greater and greater prominence. The sympathetic system became subordinate, and its indications were less and less regarded, submerged under the flood of the more violent physical vibrations. Hence a lessening of astral consciousness and an increase of intelligence, though there still remains in almost everyone a vague sense of non-understood impressions received from time to time.

At the present stage of evolution this form of clairvoyance is found in persons of very limited intellect; they have little idea as to its rationale, and little control over its exercise. Attempts to increase it are apt to cause nervous disturbances of a very refractory kind, and these attempts are against the law of evolution, which works ever forward towards a higher end, and does not move backwards. As the law cannot be changed, attempts to work against it only cause disturbance and disease. We cannot revert to the condition in which the sympathetic system was dominant, save at the cost of health, and of the higher intellectual evolution. Hence the serious danger of following many of the directions now published broadcast, to meditate on the solar plexus, and other sympathetic centres.

When the cerebro-spinal system is thrown temporarily into abeyance, the impulses from the astral sheath through the sympathetic system make themselves felt in Consciousness. Hence "lucidity" in trance, self-induced or imposed, the power of

crystal-reading, and other similar devices. The partial or complete suspension of the action of Consciousness n the higher vehicle causes it to direct attention on the lower.

When by the play of intellect and the perfecting of the physical intellectual apparatus, the organisation of the astral *body* begins, then the true astral senses, called the Chakras, or wheels, from their whirling appearance, are gradually evolved. These develope on the astral plane, as astral senses and organs, and are built and controlled from the mental plane, as were the brain-centres from the astral. Consciousness is then working on the mental plane and building its astral mechanism, as before it worked on the astral plane, building its physical mechanism. But now it works with far greater power and greater understanding, having unfolded so many of its powers. Further, it shapes centres in the physical body from the sympathetic and cerebro-spinal systems, to act as physical plane apparatus for bringing into the brain consciousness the vibrations from the higher planes. As these centres are vivified, knowledge is "brought through," *i.e.*, is grasped by Consciousness working in the physical nervous system. This is the higher clairvoyance, powers of Consciousness in the astral body intelligently exercised and self-directed.

In this upward-climbing, the powers of Consciousness are awakened on the physical plane, and are then severally awakened on the astral and the mental. The astral and mental sheaths must be highly evolved ere they can be farther developed into the subtle body, acting independently on the higher planes, and then building for itself the necessary apparatus for the exercise of these higher powers in the physical world. And even here, when the apparatus is ready, built by pure thought and pure desire, it must be vivified on the physical plane by the fire of Kuṇḍalinî, aroused and directed by the Consciousness working in the physical brain.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PIPER OF ELFAME

THE moorland tracks were spongy with water; raindrops hung on bog-myrtle and whortleberry twigs. There were purple-brown shadows in the goyals; all sounds were muffled, yet there was no mist. The air was still, the distance clear and soft, the horizon distant. Upon the moor where two roads met there sat a man; his hair was grey, but he was not old, it had lost its colour in youth; his face kept the youthfulness his hair had lost, it looked as though it would never grow old; it was delicate, joyous, untouched by care or the fiend "worry." It had a boyishness at variance with his actual age, for he was past his thirtieth birthday.

He seemed to be waiting, but with no eagerness or impatience. He sang a folk-song of the West in a low voice, a mere sweet tuneful breath of sound; he watched a hawk hovering high above a round barrow thick with bracken which was changing colour. He touched a little blue flower growing in the heather, with a delicate recognition of its beauty; he did not pluck it.

At last he looked down the road, a man was walking quickly towards him; this man was upright of bearing, and swift of movement; he looked neither to the right nor to the left; he pressed on over the moorland regarding neither flower nor bird. He who waited stood up; when the newcomer came abreast of him he spoke:

"My good fortune!" he said, with an ease and friendliness uncommon in an Englishman addressing a stranger, a manner hitting the happy mean between stiffness and familiarity. "The gods are good to me because I treat their handiwork as I would wish mine to be treated. I am lost, and sat me down in peace in the hope of someone passing before sunset. Can you direct me?"

The other, he was a spare, harsh-featured man, with a worn face and tightly shut lips, answered:

"If I know where you are going perhaps I can. I looked at a map of the roads this morning, and I carry such things fairly clearly in my head."

"Is it possible? What a gift! I never dream of giving such things house-room in my head; but then its space is limited. I don't mind where I go as long as I get lodging somewhere. I have neither plans nor prejudices; a farmhouse barn would content me. But I want some shelter; it is too wet to sleep under the sky."

The man to whom he spoke—his name, Richard Tharme, was as harsh as his face—hesitated; at last he said:

"If you don't mind where you go, perhaps you had better walk with me. I do not know the villages, but I am going over yonder, and I daresay we shall pass a farm; or even perhaps—where I am going—someone might—if you were belated on the moor—or they would direct you to an inn."

"Yes, perhaps they would do so. I should scarcely venture to beg lodging of your friends for a stranger."

"Friends!" said Tharme bluntly and brusquely. "I'm not going to friends. I've a comrade here and there whom I quarrel with and stick to; but none in this soft, wet lazy-land. If you will take a guide who doesn't know his own way over well, I'll guide you."

"Thank you," said the other, walking beside him. "Say nothing against this land of the gods and fairies, I beg you. I was here six weeks ago; the place was a sheet of royal purple and gold. Look at it now! Some gold remains, where the gorse is a-bloom. The heather is dull brown and green; the bracken pale yellow and russet brown. Look at the sweep of the hills, and the dark tors; see the little waterfalls as white as milk flashing down the goyals. What breadth! what perfume! what freedom!"

"Freedom! There's a prison on this moor."

"For God's sake don't remind me of it, then! Look at the horizon line, and the sky pale above it—pale with fierceness of light, it looks. See the shining streak that runs all along."

"It's a sign of bad weather," said Tharme, who began to wish he had resisted his instinct to put lost wanderers in the right road. "You are probably an artist?"

He spoke as one who wishes to mention all extenuating circumstances.

"No; you must not form so high an estimate of me. I only like to look at things."

"At beautiful things?" said Tharme with a little sneer.

"Of course. No man in his senses looks at ugly ones; but there is really very little ugliness."

"Do you think so?" said Tharme drily. "What of the people who have to look at ugliness—or go blind?"

"I think most people who say they are compelled to see ugliness are lunatics who like it. Of course some people don't distinguish ugliness from beauty. I knew a woman who painted jam-pots and sauce-bottles with Aspinall's enamel, and stuck them about her room."

"She was perhaps blindly striving after the beautiful," said Tharme sarcastically. The real pitifulness which lurked in the half-comic story touched him, though he did not know why he should be touched; the man's tone nettled him. Tharme's past made the attitude of his chance acquaintance intensely jarring, especially to his present mood; a whole string of mind-pictures rose before him; all the unsuspected intricacies and subtleties, the joy and pain of the phases of life which this man seemed to put out of account. All that he knew was ignorance to Tharme, while all that was to Tharme the most poignant reality was unseen and unknown by the other.

"Perhaps she was," he said. "I never thought of that. Last week I was in a flat green country in the north; it was a grey misty day."

"Ghastly black-grey mist, with a dash of dirty yellow in it; I know those northern towns."

"No; there was colour in it, like the bloom on a plum; the clouds were the same colour, with pale flame striking through them, where the sun was hidden. I came to a winding grey road, with a nun in a blue gown and white cap walking along it; the road was bordered with poplars; they don't understand poplars in this country, as a rule. There was an old brown stone cross by that roadside; beyond it the road wound through flat green fields with the mist hanging over them; one field was like a long

horse-shoe, bordered with trees touched bronze by early autumn, that bronze—(it was the sort of day to bring out bronzes and greens)—made a background for a field of willow withies."

"Grown for basket weaving, I suppose?"

"I don't know. Very likely. But the willow green against the bronze, in the quiet plum-grey mist! It was a marvel of colouring! Do you know the purpose of colour?"

"I did not suppose it had any. A thing's red because it absorbs some light waves, and reflects others back from its surface."

"I'm not thinking of the mechanical process. Colour is the language of the gods; thus they translate the 'things unspeakable' to earth. They send divine ideas sweeping throughout the world for a few of us to interpret, a few to understand silently, and for many to feel without understanding. That's the whole purpose, meaning and office of colour in water and field, wood, plain, and mountain."

Tharme hesitated whether he ought to pity a lunatic or curse a babbling fool.

"You get fine colour in London, too," pursued his companion. "Wonderful effects down by the river; I've seen a street of wet mud turned to gold, early on a winter's morning. And at evening, too, from the bridges, I've seen the silver-grey water with fire roses glowing in it, in the half light; it is fine to see it, and to feel the throb of the city. It is glorious to have that sense of life at full tide."

"It depends on the quarter you live in."

"Do you think so? I see beauty in all. I see it in a street market lit with flaring naphtha lamps. If you are raised above it on the top of a 'bus, you see it well."

"You think people see things better when they're raised above them; perhaps you're right. But you must climb from the street to reach the roof."

"You are allegorising I think. I challenge your statement. Of course you must climb to the roof, but you'll see equally well if you mount your 'bus in Park Lane."

"Do you understand what you see?" said Tharme almost rudely. The one man was suffering; the other was enjoying the play of fancy, thought and speech. He answered gaily:

"You get the effect at any rate. What place is that far away over the moor?"

"The prison."

"They've no business to put it here."

Tharme had an impulse of unnecessary candour such as sometimes visits very reserved people.

"I'm on my way to it," he said. "My youngest brother lies dead there. I'm going to see his body."

"You should have told me you were in trouble. That must be a gloomy place in which to live as—" hesitatingly, for Tharme, though he spoke like a man of some education, had a rough method of pronunciation, and was very shabbily dressed—"as a—a warder."

"Or as a convict, which was my brother's case."

"I—I beg your pardon for introducing a subject which pains you. But, after all, there is something beautiful in—in—"

"In being a convicted criminal?"

"No; I was going to say—in being unjustly condemned."

"Doubtless. Very beautiful—save for the condemned. But that was not my brother's position; and if others had been born in the particular tide of the city's life in which he and I found ourselves, perhaps its glorious throbbing would have taken them where it took him."

"You mean me? Quite likely. But I observe it has not taken you there."

"Chance," replied Tharme, "and obstinacy. I forced my way up; forged ahead, and wrenched from fate better conditions. It was too late for *him* then; his fate was sealed when he was a boy. Yet he was a better man than I, more kindly, more generous. This is ugly talk, and it revolts you, no doubt. But it does not revolt you more than yours revolts me."

"We won't talk, then," said the other.

They tramped on in silence. It began to grow dusk; the clouds stooped suddenly and wrapped the moor in their soft clammy folds. The men walked through the mist, till Tharme spoke:

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm at fault. I don't know where we are."

They stood still; the soft white mist drifted past them wave-like. There came towards them through the mist-waves a faint piping, thin and shrill.

"There's someone whistling. A shepherd perhaps," said Tharme listening. "Can you tell which way the sound comes? I can't."

The other listened.

"This way," he said promptly. "We must leave the road. My ear will guide me."

They walked a few paces over heather and soft, spongy earth. The mist lifted a little; the piping sounded close at hand, high, clear, and flute-like. Tharme's companion stood still:

"Do you see?" he said gasping.

Tharme peered through the mist.

"Yes," he said. "I see the man; he's sitting on a rock. I suppose the people who live here are used to this weather. Hullo, there! Can you direct us? We're lost in the mist."

"Common fate of man," said a mellow voice, with a curious lilt in it. "Which way do you wish to go? So many ways are right; it depends which way you have chosen."

"Where are we?"

"In Elfame."

"That doesn't mean much to me," said Tharme. He was now standing beside the piper; a slender youth with glittering eyes, pale face, and long fair hair on which dewdrops hung; on his head was a quaint peaked cap; he had a reed pipe in his hand.

"Which is the nearest village from this part of the moor?"

"I know nothing of any moor."

Tharme stared at him.

"Why, you're on it, man!" he said.

"So are you in Elfame," said the piper. "But you know as little of it as I of the moor. Ask your friend what he knows of the place."

As he spoke he put the pipe to his lips and sent ripples of sound into the mist.

Tharme turned to his chance travelling companion and

started. The man's face was white with a very anguish of joy; his eyes streamed tears and his mouth laughed; he broke into a rhythmic chant of rapturous words; he spoke of the hills and vales as ablaze with light; he told of voices singing and laughing, and the throb of harp-strings pulsing through the air; he told of tall, white, yellow-haired women, and men like a poet's dream of the sons of God; he told how they trod those hills and made them shine with the light of their feet; he sang of the ever-blooming blossoms in their hands and binding their brows; and he cried out concerning the perfume of the flowers that blew from them to him. Lastly he told of a great white tower upon the hill summit; from its windows rosy light streaming, within it a sound of laughter and song, and at the door a tall queen, with flame about her brows, and in her hand a blossoming rod that gave forth music. And the man strode up the hillside to meet the tall, wise queen, laughing and sobbing, and stretching out his arms into the mist.

Tharme heard his voice and saw him vaguely outlined through its lifting folds; on a sudden the voice stopped, and the man vanished. Tharme turned to the piper.

"You may be the devil," he said. "I don't know who you are; I never believed in him, nor in the good God who allows places like the one in which I was reared, and suffers children to be born in them. But whether you are the devil or not, you shall not pipe away my wits as you have done that fool's."

"My good sir," said the piper laughing, "I don't want your wits. I have enough for my needs, which is all devil or man can reasonably demand for immediate use. Why do you call your friend a fool?"

"He's no friend of mine," said Tharme. "But if you say you have not taken his wits, you're a liar. You have driven him mad with your piping, and you have murdered him, for he has probably fallen down a disused mining shaft, if there are any on the moor."

"By no means," replied the piper. "To-morrow at sunrise he will be sleeping on the hill summit, and he will tell you, if you ask him, of his dreams. He will write them down moreover, and the world will be the fairer because he has had a vision of Elfame."

"Visions are not real. There is no Elfame."

"Truly some have said thus," responded the piper. "But the wisest of them have affirmed that your city is equally unreal. I played once to a bishop who was lost in the mist, as bishops as well as laymen sometimes may be; the lamps of Elfame were lighted for him, but he thought my pipe the shrill croak of frogs, and the light of the wise queen a will-o'-the-wisp. Now on the other hand there was a man who escaped from the prison yonder who found his way to the very heart of fairyland. He stayed there two days and nights and then he was found by his jailers asleep on the hill. Three days thereafter he died in prison; they said he died of exposure, but they were wrong. He died because he had seen Elfame and was mad with longing for it."

"Will that poor wretch do the same?"

"No. He has power to tell his fellows concerning what he has seen. But when a man knows and cannot tell what he knows, he sometimes dies, or goes mad with dumbness and longing."

Tharme cast himself on the wet ground beside the rock, leaning on his elbow and looking up at the piper, who said:

"You are not afraid of the devil then?"

"Of you? No. Play me into Elfame if you can."

"Or if I dare, so your eyes say," said the piper, laughing. He toyed idly with his pipe.

"Play!" said Tharme imperiously.

"What good in that?" said the piper. "You would only see the ugliness of Elfame, if I piped you there."

"Is there ugliness in Elfame?"

"Assuredly," said the piper. "How else should there be beauty."

"But he did not see it."

"No; he did not look for it. He never looks for the ugliness of the city, much less for that of Elfame. He would live by a bog side and never see whether a lost traveller was struggling therein or no."

"Do you praise him for that?"

"No," replied the piper. "I do not praise or blame bird or beast for acting after his kind. Nor do I praise you because you see nothing but the folk who are fast in a slough.

He does not help those who are plunged in the mud; but he serves those well who stand on firm ground and do not wish to hear descriptions of the nature of morasses."

"Must there always be ugliness?" said Tharme with a sigh.

"So long as there is beauty. In the garden of the King of Elfame there is neither, so it is said."

"What is there, then?"

"That which is neither ugliness nor beauty, good or evil, pleasure or pain. Can you picture it?"

"No."

"No!" said the piper, and his pipe laughed and sobbed at one and the same time.

"Why should there be any of these things?" said Tharme. "If there is something which is none of them, why should we not have done without them all?"

"Divers reasons have been given," said the piper. "Whether they would satisfy you I do not know."

Tharme mused. The piper made strange music with his pipe.

"The people of Elfame," said Tharme, "if such there be, can have nothing in common with humanity."

"What do you mean by humanity?" said the piper. "It is a word that covers many kinds of people; so many that you could not find one word that should apply to all. If there were no such men as you, there would be none to drain the sloughs wherein your people sink and die, none to cry out on ugliness, and harry people's souls because of want and evil; and there would be no saints or sages who had climbed to their thrones in Heaven by the sinner's road. If there were not such as he, the folk who like the sweet songs of Elfame would grow dry and barren at heart, bewildered by the foulness you cannot choose but see."

"You are right, whoever you are. I see it eternally."

"It is but half; they see the other half, and the fairer. There are men who see only the weaknesses of the strong, the follies of the wise, and the sins of the saintlike. They wander in mist and darkness."

"They are to blame, are they?"

"You are of them, and should know. They have their use. Nor are they more to blame than those who blaspheme Truth by refusing to see ugliness because of the beauty that always hides in it; who close their eyes to weakness, evil and pain, who refuse to face the darkness that makes possible the light. These are dazzled by light, and see nothing clearly. A wise man sees Elfame and your city too; he knows the links that bind each to each; he knows the just measure of the beauty and ugliness that are shining in the sun or lost in the mist. Do not quarrel with your travelling comrade because he treads another road than yours. Make straight his path, so that when the ways are clean enough for him to walk them without shuddering he may bring the songs of Elfame to ring in the city's heart."

"The mist is lifting," said Tharme. "The wind is rising. There's the moon. Well! faery or human, whichever you be, you have talked with me as man to man. You have not fooled me."

"There was no need," said the piper gravely. "You can do it for yourself; I would wish peace upon you if yours were the way of peace."

The mist had vanished; a bright moonshine showed the sweep of the moors, and a pile of rocks on the summit of the hill. Tharme nodded to the piper, and turned to walk towards the distant prison. A shrill music crept after him, and danced round him as he went; he turned, and saw the piper standing on the hilltop cairn; his pipe was at his lips, and the high sweet notes were echoed from the sleeping tors. Tharme never heard how his chance travelling companion returned from Elfame; he never knew his name, so that when a year later he happened to see the book in which he told a portion of what he saw there, he passed it by unread. Besides, in any case he was too busy to read it, for he was striking and encountering great blows on the very verge of the Slough of Despond.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE EARLIEST EXTERNAL EVIDENCE AS TO THE TALMUD JESUS STORIES*

CHRISTIAN tradition will have it that already as early as about 30 A.D. the followers of Jesus were most bitterly persecuted by the Jewish authorities. On the contrary, we know that Christians and Jews were undistinguished by the Roman authorities until the closing years of the first century, and that, too, not only in Palestine but also among the Dispersion—a consideration which in the opinion of some critics tends somewhat to weaken the strength of the traditional line of demarcation which is regarded as having been drawn between Jew and Gentile Christians in the Diaspora by Pauline propaganda. Moreover, we are further assured by Talmud scholars that according to Jewish tradition Jews and Jewish Christians were not distinctly separated out till the reign of Trajan (98-117 A.D.), or even still later in Hadrian's time (117-138 A.D.).

It is impossible to reconcile these contradictory data; for though we may almost entirely eliminate the negative evidence of classical writers by the persuasion that the official Roman was ignorant or careless of the rights or wrongs of the matter, and contemptuously lumped Jew and Christian together as of the same family as far as their *superstitio* was concerned, the Christian and Jewish traditions appear to be in straitest contradiction, even though we suppose that the Palestinian Rabbis who first evolved the Talmud paid attention only to the state of affairs in the land of Israel proper and were not concerned with the Dispersion. It may indeed be that in the beginning the Tanäic Rabbis paid no attention to Gentile Christians of any grade in Palestine, but regarded them as Heathen, and the vast majority of them as *Amme-ha-aretz*, entirely outside the pale of Jewry and its privi-

* This series of studies began in the June number.

leges; it may be that they were only concerned with born Jews who were abandoning the externals of the Law and introducing into Jewry what the Rabbis considered to be polytheistic views which set at naught the rigid monotheistic commandments of the Torah. But even so, if the testimony of Paul as to himself is genuine, there was the bitterest persecution almost a century before the Talmud indirectly admits it.

Now in spite of the brilliant critical ability of van Manen and his school I am still inclined to regard the majority of the Pauline letters as largely genuine, and therefore as being our earliest historical witnesses to Christianity. From these we learn that already upwards of a generation before the fall of Jerusalem, which immensely intensified the propaganda of more liberal and spiritual views throughout the nation, there was bitter persecution on the part of the Jewish authorities against heresy, and that among the victims of this persecution were the followers of Jesus. We do not have to deduce this from enigmatical sentences or confused traditions, but on the contrary we have before us what purports to be not only the testimony of an eye witness, but the confession of one who had taken a leading part in the persecution. In his Letter to the Galatians (i. 13) Paul declares that before his conversion he was engaged in persecuting and "wasting" the "Church of God." If this declaration of the great propagandist is a statement of fact, and not a rhetorical embellishment, or a generous exaggeration in contrition for previous harshness (begotten of zeal for the "tradition of the fathers") towards those with whom he was now the co-believer, it is in straitest contradiction with the opinion of these Talmudic scholars who assert that Jews and Jewish Christians continued together in comparative harmony till the reign of Trajan.

The graphic details of this persecution as given in the Acts, and its far-reaching character, as suggested by the furnishing of Paul by the authorities with letters against the heretics even among the Dispersion at Damascus, may presumably be set down as a later Haggadic expansion, or the ascription of circumstances of a later date to Pauline times.* But

* Otherwise we have to account for the existence of a "Church" at Damascus at a date when, according to canonical tradition, the first Church at Jerusalem had hardly been formed.

whatever was the exact nature of the "havoc" in the time of Paul, at the time of the redaction of the Acts (130-150 A.D.) it was still a lively remembrance that there had been much persecution at the hands of the Jews, that is to say most probably from the Mishnaic Rabbis and their adherents—a fact confirmed by the Talmud, which in a number of passages allows us to conclude that during the first thirty-five years of the second century the great Akiba himself, who was so zealous for the Law, and the virtual founder of the Talmud method, was the most strenuous and implacable opponent of Christianity. And if there was persecution, there must have previously been controversy, and controversy of the most embittered nature, and if bitter dispute then presumably scandal and slander.

We are certain then that the strife was at fever heat in the first quarter of the second century, just prior to the compilation of our four canonical Gospels; the "common document" (as we saw in a previous paper) shows further that it was in manifestation some half century prior to the redaction of these documents, say somewhere about 75 A.D., while if we can accept the testimony of the Letter to the Galatians as that of a genuine declaration by Paul himself, we must push back the beginnings of the struggle another half century or so.*

Seeing, then, that few reject this testimony, as far as most of us are concerned there is nothing *à priori* to prevent the genesis of the original forms of some of these Talmud stories going back even to some 30 years A.D., while for others we can at best only push their origin back stage by stage with the evolution of Christian dogma—that is to say with the externalising and historicising of the mystic teachings of the inner tradition. As

* In this connection it would be interesting to determine the exact date of Paul's conversion, but this is impossible to do with any precision. The various authorities give it as anywhere between 28—36 A.D., the 28 limit making it almost coterminous with the earliest possible date of the crucifixion according to the canonical data. This early date, however, allows no time for anything but a sudden and unorganised outbreak of official fury directed against the followers of Jesus immediately after his execution (according to canonical tradition), and such a sudden outbreak seems out of keeping with the extended "persecuting" and "wasting" of the "Church of God" referred to by Paul. But was the "Church" of tradition as imagined by the scribe of the Acts (viii. 3), the same as the "Church of God" in Paul's living memory? Did the latter then possess the identical story related a century later in the canonical Gospels? And if so, why does Paul seem to be almost entirely ignorant of this story in spite of lengthy acquaintance with that "Church" while wasting it, and in spite of subsequent conversion?

Christian popular propaganda gradually departed from the sober paths of prosaic history and simple ethical instruction, owing to the externalising of the exalted and romantic experiences of the mystics and the bringing of the " mysteries " to earth by historicising them, so did the Rabbinical opponents of this new movement confront its extravagance with the remorseless logic of material fact.

For instance, the Christ (said the mystics) was born of a " virgin "* ; the unwitting believer in Jesus as *the* historical Messiah in the exclusive Jewish sense, and in his being *the* Son of God, nay God Himself, in course of time asserted that Mary was that virgin ; whereupon Rabbinical logic, which in this case was simple and common logic, met this extravagance by the natural retort that Jesus was therefore illegitimate, a bastard (*Mamzer*).

Round this point there naturally raged the fiercest controversy, or rather it was met with the most contemptuous retorts, which must have broken out the instant the virginity of Mary as a physical fact was publicly mooted by the simple believers of the general Christian body. This particular dogma, however, must have been a comparatively late development in the evolution of popular Christianity, for the " common document " knows nothing of it, the writers of the second and fourth Gospels tacitly reject it, while some of the earliest readings of our Gospels distinctly assert that Joseph was the natural father of Jesus.† For the *Mamzer* element in the Talmud stories, therefore, we have, in my opinion, no need to go back further than the first quarter of the second century or so as the earliest *terminus a quo*.

For most of the other main elements, however, we have no means of fixing a date limit by the criticism of canonical documents ; all we can say is that as early as 30 A.D. even circumstances were such as to lead us to expect the circulation of stories of a hostile nature.

From the persecution in the time of Paul till the redaction of

* The spiritual birth, by which a man becomes " twice-born "—the simple mystic fact that so puzzled the Rabbi Nicodemus, according to the writer of the fourth Gospel.

† For the latest study of this subject see F. C. Conybeare's article, " Three Early Doctrinal Modifications of the Text of the Gospels," in *The Hibbert Journal* (London ; 1902), I. i. 96-113.

the Acts a full century elapses, from which we have preserved no witnesses that will help us concerning anything but the *Mamzer* element. And even when, following immediately on the period of the Acts redaction, we come to the testimony of Justin Martyr,* in the middle of the second century, we have to be content with generalities, though fortunately (in this connection) such generalities as put it entirely out of doubt that a state of affairs had long existed such as presupposes the existence and wide circulation of similar stories to those found in the Talmud.

From the general testimony of Justin, no matter how we may discount it by his demonstrable blundering in some points of detail, we are certain that the separation between Jews and Christians had for years been made absolute, and if we can trust the repeated statements of this enthusiastic apologist, we must believe that the stages of the separation had been throughout marked by a bitterness and persecution of a quite mediæval character.

In his first *Apology* Justin seeks to rebut the objection that the one whom the Christians call "*the* Messiah" was simply a man born of human parents, and that his wonder-workings were done by magical means—the main contention of the Talmud Rabbis;† this he does by appeal to prophecy (c. xxx.). Developing his arguments Justin naïvely admits that the Christians base themselves on the Septuagint Greek translation‡ of the Hebrew prophetical writings; nevertheless he accuses the Jews of not understanding their own books, and is surprised that his co-believers are considered as foes and enemies by the Jews because of their interpretation of Hebrew prophecy—a point, we may remark, in which modern criticism practically sympathises with the Rabbis. Nay, so bitter were the Jews against them, that whenever they had had the power they had not only punished the

* The dates of Justin's genuine writings are variously conjectured, but the general opinion is that they may be placed 145-150 A.D.

† Lactantius (*Institt. Div.*, v. 3,) also at the beginning of the fourth century, informs us that the Romans still regarded Jesus as a magician, and that the Jews from the beginning had attributed the wonder-doings to magical means.

‡ In connection with the origin of which Justin commits a ludicrous blunder, when he makes Herod a contemporary of Ptolemy, the founder of the Alexandrian Library—an anachronism of 250 years!

Christians but also put them to death—a charge he repeats in several passages;* declaring that in his own day the Jews were only deterred from doing so by the Roman authorities.† For instance, in the recent revolt against the Romans led by Bar Kochba (132-135 A.D.), Justin declares that this popular Messiah specially singled out the Christians for torture if they refused to deny that Jesus was the Messiah and utter blasphemies against him (c. xxxi.). It is to be noted, however, that Eusebius and others‡ state that Bar Kochba punished the Christians (that is to say, Jewish Christians resident in Palestine) for political reasons, because they refused to join their fellow countrymen against the Romans, and not on theological grounds. If, nevertheless, in spite of this conflict of testimony, we are still to believe Justin, it is of interest to remember that R. Akiba, the founder of the Talmudic method, and the Rabbi who is represented in the Talmud as the greatest opponent of Christianity, threw all his great influence on the side of Bar Kochba, acknowledged him as the true Messiah and paid the penalty of his enthusiastic championship with his life.

From Justin's *Dialogue with Tryphon* we derive still further information, the interest of which would be greatly increased for our present research if the identification of Justin's Tryphon with the R. Tarphon of the Talmud, the contemporary of Akiba, could be maintained.§

In addition to the general declaration that the Jews hate the Christians (c. xxxv.)—a state of affairs summed up in *The Letter to Diognetus* (c. v.), which some still attribute to Justin, in the words "the Jews make war against the Christians as against a foreign nation"—we have some important details given us which, according to the fancy and taste of the reader, can either be set down as embellishments begotten of *odium theologicum*, or be taken as throwing historic light on the state of affairs and temper of the times which originated the Talmud Jesus stories.

Thus in ch. cxvii., speaking of Jesus as the "Son of God,"

* See *Dial. c. Tryph.*, xvi., cx., cxxxiii.

† *Ibid.*, xvi.

‡ Eusebius, *Chron.*, and Orosius, *Hist.*, vii. 13; *cf.* note to Otto's *Justini Opera* (Jena; 1847), i. 79.

§ But see Strack's *Einleitung in den Talmud* (3rd ed.), p. 80.

and addressing the Jew Tryphon, Justin adds, " whose name the high priests and teachers of your people have caused to be profaned and blasphemed throughout the earth." If this accusation was true in Justin's time, it can only refer to the spreading far and wide of inimical stories about Jesus; at that time stories of this kind were spread everywhere throughout the Roman empire, and the source of them was attributed by the Christians to the Jewish priestly aristocracy and especially to the Rabbinical doctors, in other words the Mishnaic Talmudists of those days and earlier.

Moreover Justin twice (ccxvii. and cviii.) categorically asserts that after the " resurrection " the Jews sent out a specially elected body of men, some sort of official commission apparently, " throughout the world," to proclaim that a godless and lawless sect had arisen from one Jesus, a Galilean impostor, whose followers asserted that he had risen from the dead, whereas the fact of the matter was that he had been put to death by crucifixon and that subsequently his body had been stolen from the grave by his disciples (c. cviii.).

The genesis of this extensive commission may with great probability be ascribed to the imaginative rhetoric of Justin playing on the germ provided by the floating tradition, that Paul was furnished with letters of repression against the heretics when he set forth for Damascus, as stated by the compiler of the Acts. A commission to disprove the dogma of the physical resurrection would not have been necessary until that dogma had gained a firm root in popular belief, and this we hold was a late development (the vulgar historicising of a mystic fact) though somewhat earlier than the dogma of the immaculate conception; but even so it would appear to be a somewhat absurd proceeding to send out a commission to deal with this point only.

There may be, however, some greater substratum of truth in Justin's repeated assertions (cc. xvi., xcvi. and cxxxiii.) that it was the custom of the Jews publicly to curse those who believed on " the Christ " in their synagogues; and to this he adds that not only were the Jews forbidden by their Rabbis to have any dealings of any kind with Christians (c. cxii.), but that they were distinctly taught by the Pharisee Rabbis and the leaders of their

synagogues to revile and make fun of Jesus after prayer (c. cxxxvii.).

In fact Justin will have it that all the preconceived evil opinion which the general public cherished against the Christians was originated by the Jews (c. xvii.), whom he accuses of deliberately stating that Jesus himself had taught all those impious, unspeakable and detestable crimes with which the Christians were charged (c. cviii.)—an accusation which in no case can be substantiated by the Talmud passages, and which we may presumably set down to Justin's rhetoric.

But, whether or not Justin can be believed in all his details, and no matter how we may soften down his statements, there still remains strong enough evidence to show that in his day the bitterest hostility existed between Jews and Christians, or at any rate between official Judaism and that type of Christianity for which Justin stood. Since Justin attributes all the scandalous stories about Christians,* and all the scoffing at the most cherished beliefs of Justin and the popular Christianity of his day to the Rabbis, it is evident that what the Jews said was the very antipodes of what Justin believed, and that, as may be seen from the retort of the stealing of the body, the greatest miracles and dogmas of popular Christianity were met on the side of the Rabbis by the simplest retorts of vulgar reason.

The evidence of Justin, therefore, taken as a whole leaves us with a very strong impression, nay, for all but irreconcilables, produces an absolute conviction, that in his time, taking our dates at a minimum, stories similar to, and even more hostile than, the Talmud stories were in widest circulation; while Justin himself will have it that they were in circulation from the very beginning of things Christian. So far, however, we have come across nothing but generalities; we have failed to find anything

* In connection with which it is of mournful interest to note that Origen (*C. Cels.*, vi. 27) says that when "Christianism" first began to be taught, the Jews spread about reports that the Christians, presumably in their secret rites, sacrificed a child and ate its flesh, and that their meetings were scenes of indiscriminate immorality; that even in his own day (c. 250 A.D.) such charges were still believed against them, and they were shunned by some on this account. The curious vitality of this slander is remarkable, for not only did the general Christians of those days charge the "heretics" of the Christian name, to whose assemblies they could not gain access, with precisely the same crime of ceremonial murder, but even up to our own days in Anti-semitic Eastern Europe it is still the favourite vulgar charge against the Jews—a strange turning of the wheel of fate!

of a definite nature which we can identify with some distinct detail of the Talmud stories.

To do this we must mount some quarter of a century, and turn to the fragments of Celsus preserved to us in the polemic of Origen, who wrote his refutation of Celsus's attack on the Christians somewhere towards the middle of the third century. Origen in his preface (§ 4) tells us that Celsus himself was long since dead, and later on he adds more precisely (i. 8) that Celsus lived about Hadrian's time (emp. 117-138 A.D.), and later. The most learned of the Church Fathers, however, seems to have blundered in this respect, and though there is still dispute as to the exact date, modern criticism, basing itself on *data* supplied by the passages cited by Origen from Celsus's *True Word*, is generally of opinion that Celsus survived till as late as 175 A.D. In any case Origen wrote a full seventy-five years after Celsus had withdrawn from the controversy, and though we may place the writing of the statements of Celsus as late as 175 A.D., we have also to allow for the possibility, if not the probability, that the memory of this sturdy opponent of Christianity may have reached back some quarter or even half century earlier.

Celsus in his treatise rhetorically throws many of his arguments into the form of a dispute between a Jew and Jesus (Pref. 6, and i. 28.) This Jew declares that the extraordinary things Jesus seems to have done were effected by magical means (i. 6), and Origen later on (iii. 1) says that this was the general accusation brought against the miracle-workings by all Jews who were not Christians. This is one of the main elements of the Talmud stories.

From a quotation from Celsus (i. 26) we further learn that the Jews asserted that "a very few years" had elapsed since the dogma of Jesus being the "Son of God" had been promulgated by the Christians, doubtless referring to the dogma of the "virgin birth," for the passage can hardly mean that Jesus began his teaching only a few years prior to the writing of Celsus's treatise.

Developing his argument, the Jew goes on to say (i. 28) that the dogma of the "virgin birth" was an invention, the facts of the case being: "that Jesus had come from a village in Judæa, and was the son of a poor Jewess who gained her living by the

work of her own hands; that his mother had been turned out of doors by her husband, who was a carpenter by trade, on being convicted of adultery; that being thus driven away by her husband, and wandering about in disgrace, she gave birth to Jesus, a bastard; that Jesus on account of his poverty (had to work for his living and) was hired out to go to Egypt;* that while there he acquired certain (magical) powers which Egyptians pride themselves on possessing; that he returned home highly elated at possessing these powers, and on the strength of them gave himself out to be a god."†

In this passage from Celsus we have precisely the main outline of the Talmud Jesus stories, and therefore an exact external proof that in his day at any rate (whenever that was, whether 150-175 or even 125-175) stories precisely similar to the Talmud stories were the stock-in-trade Jewish objections to Christian dogmatic tradition.

And if more precise proof is still demanded we have only to turn over a few pages of Origen's voluminous refutation to the passage (i. 32), where the Church Father again refers to the quotation from the Jew of Celsus given above, and adds the important detail from Celsus that the paramour of the mother of Jesus was a soldier called Panthēra, a name which he also repeats later on (i. 69), in a sentence, by the by, which has in both places been erased from the oldest Vatican MS., and bodily omitted from three codices in this country and from others.‡ Now this is precisely the name given in some of the Talmud stories; in them Jesus is called Jeschu ben Pandera (or Pandira), or Ben Pendera simply.

But before we leave Origen it may be useful to note one or two scraps of information which he has let fall in the controversy, and which are of importance for us in our present investigation.

* Can this possibly be based on some vulgar version of a well-known Gnostic myth of those days? Jesus went down as a servant or slave into Egypt; that is to say, the Christ or divine soul descends as a servant into the Egypt of the body. It is a common element in the early mystic traditions that the Christ took on the form of a servant in his descent through the spheres, and in many traditions Egypt is the symbol of the body, which is separated by the "Red Sea" and the "Desert" from the "Promised Land."

† The last two paragraphs are again quoted by Origen (i. 38).

‡ See notes on both passages by Lommatzsch in his *Origenis contra Celsum* (Berlin; 1845).

Referring to the historicised mystery of the descent of the Dove at the Baptism, Celsus puts the argument into the mouth of his Jew (i. 48), that there is no testimony for this except the word of one of those who met with the same punishment as Jesus. To this Origen replies that it is a great blunder on Celsus's part to put such an argument into the mouth of a *Jew*, for "*the Jews do not connect John with Jesus*, nor the punishment of John with that of Jesus." Now in the first place it is to be observed that Celsus says nothing about any "John," and in the second that Origen gives us clearly to understand that the Jews denied that John the Baptist, who was a well-known historical character, had anything to do with Jesus. This is an important piece of evidence for those who believe that the Baptist element, which does not appear in the "common document," was a later development. Can it be that Celsus had in mind some early form of the Baptism story, in which some other than John the Baptist played a part?

Elsewhere Celsus, in speaking of the betrayal of Jesus, does not ascribe it to Judas, but to "many disciples" (ii. 11), a curious statement if Celsus is repeating what he has heard or read, and is not merely guilty of gross error or of wilful exaggeration.

But indeed Celsus categorically accuses the Christians (ii. 27) of changing their gospel story in many ways in order the better to answer the objections of their opponents; his accusation is that some of them, "as it were in a drunken state producing self-induced visions,* remodel their gospel from its first written form in a threefold, fourfold and manifold fashion, and reform it so that they may be able to refute the objections brought against it."

This may be taken to mean either that the Christians were engaged in doing so in Celsus's day, or that such redacting was habitual. If, however, we are to regard the "threefold" and "fourfold" of Celsus as referring to our three and four canonical

* Lit., "coming to appear to themselves"—εἰς τὸ ἐφεστάναι αὐτοῖς. This very puzzling sentence is translated by F. Crombie (*The Works of Origen*, Edinburgh, 1872, in "The Ante-Nicene Christian Library") as "lay violent hands upon themselves," which does not seem to be very appropriate in this connection. But ἐφεστάναι is the usual word used of dreams and visions, and I have therefore ventured on the above translation. Celsus probably meant to suggest that these Christian writers were the victims of their own hallucinations; those who understand the importance of the vision-factor in the evolution of Christian dogma and "history" will thank Origen for preserving this expression of his opponent, though they may put a construction on the words that neither Celsus nor Origen would have agreed with

gospels, and his "manifold" as referring to the "many" of our "Lukan" introduction, it is difficult to imagine that this was going on in Celsus's time unless his memory went back some fifty years or so. It is, therefore, more simple to regard the statement as meaning that the external gospel story had been continually altered and reformulated to meet objections, in brief, that the latest forms of it were the product of a literary evolution in which mystic experiences played a prominent part.

We thus see that the testimony of Celsus, an entirely outside witness, not only strongly endorses the general testimony of Justin, but also adds convincing details which conclusively prove that the Jewish Jesus stories of his day were precisely of the same nature as those we find in the Talmud, and though we cannot conjecture with any certainty what may have been the precise date of any particular story, we are justified in rejecting the contention of those who declare that the Talmud stories are all of a very late date, say the fourth century or so, and in claiming that there is nothing to prevent most of them going back to the middle of the second century, even on the most conservative estimate, while some of them may go back far earlier.

Advancing another generation we come to the testimony of Tertullian, which is exceedingly important not only with regard to the Talmud Jesus stories, but also in respect of a far more obscure line of tradition preserved in the mediæval *Toldoth Jeschu*, or *History of Jesus*, as we shall see towards the close of our researches. Writing somewhere about 197-198 A.D., in his *De Spetaculis* (c. xxx.), in a highly rhetorical peroration in which he depicts the glorious spectacle of the second coming, as he imagines it, when he shall see all the Heathen opponents of the Christians, philosophers and poets, actors and wrestlers in the Games, tossing on the billows of hell-fire, the hot-tempered Bishop of Carthage bursts out that, perhaps, however, after all he will not have time to gaze upon the tortures of the Heathen, but that all his attention will be turned on the Jews who raged against the Lord? Then will he say unto them: "This is your carpenter's son, your harlot's son*; your Sabbath-breaker, your

* See also Jerome, *Ad Heliodorum* (Tom. IV., P. II., p. 12, ed. Bened.), and compare Theodoret, *H. S.*, iii. 11, as cited in Oehler's *Tertulliani quæ supersunt Omnia* (Leipzig; 1853), i. 62, n

Samaritan, your demon-possessed! This is He whom ye bought from Judas; this He who was struck with reed and fists, dishonoured with spittle, and given a draught of gall and vinegar! This is He whom His disciples have stolen secretly, that it may be said He was risen, or the gardener abstracted that his lettuces might not be damaged by the crowds of visitors!"

All these elements appear in order in the mediæval *Toldoth*, and the carpenter's son and the harlot's son appear in the Talmud stories. We have thus exhausted our external evidence till the date of the final redaction of the Mishna, 200-207 A.D., beyond which it is of no advantage to go.*

It may, however, be noted that the Pandera story must have had the most extensive circulation of all of them, and must presumably have further had some element in it, as far as the name was concerned,† which was so difficult to ignore, that it finally became incorporated, though confusedly, in Christian tradition. Thus we find Epiphanius (324-404 A.D.) stating (*Haer.*, lxxviii. 7), in the genealogy of Jesus, that Joseph was the son of a certain Jacob whose surname was Panther; while John of Damascus, in the first half of the eighth century, in giving the genealogy of Mary, tells us (*De Fid. Orthod.*, iv. 14) that Joachim was the father of Mary, Barpanther the father of Joachim, and Levi the father of Barpanther, and therefore presumably Panther himself.

But enough has already been said for our purpose, which was the very simple one of disposing of the flimsy and superficial argument that the Talmud Jesus stories must have been entirely the invention of late Babylonian Rabbis, and that Mishnaic times were utterly ignorant of them, as being too close to the supposed actual facts, which unthinking apologists further presume must have been known to all the Jews of Palestine. We now pass to a consideration of the stories themselves.

G. R. S. MEAD.

* See, however, Richard von der Alm (*i.e.*, Friederich Wilhelm Ghillany), *Die Urtheile heidnischer und jüdischer Schriftsteller der vier ersten Jahrhunderte über Jesus und die ersten Christen: Eine Zuschrift an die gebildeten Deutschen zur weiteren Orientirung in der Frage über die Gottheit Jesu* (Leipzig; 1864), a continuation of his *Theologische Briefe an die Gebildeten der deutschen Nation* (3 vols., Leipzig; 1863).

† Gerald Massey—in his *Natural Genesis* (London; 1883), ii. 489—states that Porphyry (233-305 A.D.), another entirely outside witness, gives the name Pandera as "Panzerius"—presumably in some fragment quoted from his famous *Against the Christians*; but I have been unable to verify this unreferenced statement.

DOCTOR AND SAINT

By the Poet

A Dialogue

Myself when young, did eagerly frequent
  Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
  Came out by the same door wherein I went.

"Ethics is a progressive science," remarked our Philosopher, in her most doctorial tone.

"O dear," sighed the Saint, "that seems to mix up things so dreadfully; it leads to the 'sliding scale' of morality."

The Philosopher snorted, absolutely snorted.

"What would you propose then? The same rule of thumb for saint and villain?"

"No," replied the Saint, hesitatingly. "*I* don't propose anything, I haven't sufficient brain power to formulate rules for anyone, but"—fondly—"I have a conscience."

"I see," said the Philosopher. "So, in the case of the 'Schools' *telling* you that two and two make four, and if in some particular instance, Ethics should cry aloud to you that they ought, by every moral rule, to make *five*, you would—er."

"I don't know what I should do," declared the Saint.

"Perhaps I should go home and ask God to strengthen my poor weak brain."

"I don't think you would," struck in the Poet grimly. "I think you would be much more likely to stand in a corner and thank God you were not as other men are, *i.e.*, the Philosopher and myself."

The Saint smiled. These dialogues were of frequent occurrence. The Philosopher and the Poet had set themselves what appeared likely to prove an impossible task, that of piercing the

apparently impenetrable shroud of Ethics which enveloped this sweetly unreasonable Saint.

Said the Philosopher to the Poet: "I know what *you* would do."

"What?"

"Why. You would preen your plumage, flap your little wings and proceed to tell us that in *your* case two and two did actually *make* five. Because, as it was necessary, for artistic purposes, that the word should rhyme with 'strive,' and '*four*' did not rhyme with 'strive,' *ergo*, as the Beautiful is the only True, so two and two, by virtue of poet's license, did, could and should make five."

"Very likely," assented the Poet, with a fine carelessness. "And then, too, what joy it would give you to point to the Poet Decadent, deaf to that music of Philosophy which is supposed to rival Apollo's lute. The sort of creature to whom Tennyson allows the quality of 'fantastic beauty'

> Such as lurks
> In some wild Poet, when he works
> Without a conscience or an aim."

"Without a conscience," murmured the Saint (automatically, as it seemed).

"Do you know what will happen to you?" said the Philosopher, addressing the Saint severely. "Your apoplectic conscience will die, killed by pampering, and you will spend the rest of your life in a state of 'fantastic beauty' like our friend here (looking at the Poet) without one."

The Saint smiled. "Not in this incarnation, I think. I am not broad-minded, you know, like you and the Poet, but I can always see the next step, just the next, and no more."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the Poet. "How hideously uninteresting. No horizons! No free-breathing; no nothing, but just that 'next step.'"

"I don't know," mused the Philosopher. "There are worse states of mind than seeing the next step, as certain even of your own poets have said," turning to the Poet:

> "Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough for me.'

"Quote fairly," screamed the Poet.

"What?" said the Philosopher.

"Quote fairly," repeated the Poet. "Give us the context."

"I can't," said the Philosopher.

"Why?"

"I have no memory for detail," loftily.

"Then don't play with edged tools," said the Poet, "or the knife may cut you—though that is quite a detail. But the reason that the author of 'Lead, Kindly Light,' asks to have his feet kept, and only to be shown one step at a time, is because he has seen so much in his previous experiences that he is eye-sore and brain-sick. He has had, as it were, a debauch of vision, and is *ennuyé*. The cure now is the 'next step' treatment. He tells us so, plainly enough:

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.

* * * *

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

"The true history of the conversion of a soul," murmured the Saint.

"Conversion of a fiddlestick," laughed the Poet. "The man was brain-tired and heart-sick and wanted rest and an anodyne. He found it in the ever-welcoming arms of the Holy Roman Church!"

Here the dialogue was interrupted.

C. F.

LIKE the Roman soldiers we have stripped from Him the carpenter's clothes, and put upon Him the purple rags of wonder working imperialism, and placed in His hand the sceptre of worldly ostentation, and in that guise we have bowed the knee to the purple and the sceptre, and doing homage to these things, we have cried, "Behold our God!" But now the time has come when we must take from off Him these tawdry trappings, and give Him back His workman's garments. Then we may find ourselves constrained to bow the knee again in purer homage, offered no longer to the clothes but to the Man.—BACON, *De Argumentis Scientiarum*.

A GHOST-THEORY

NATURE, as everyone knows, or should know, takes her slow, sure revenges; administrating not merely without favour, but with pure indifference, be the result what it may.

It is disconcerting perhaps, yet most salutary, to note how convincingly, at length, her "plain story" will "put down" opinions long held for valid; to find that so far from his getting ahead of the great Mother, to any real purpose, she has at one stride distanced her self-appointed steward; marching past him, with the key to her mysteries yet safe at her girdle. The whirligig of Time, indeed, for the most casual observer, brings about startling changes, not only in the physical world, but also, and more noticeably, in that of knowledge, or experimental belief.

Were the issues involved but visible at one glance these changes, or, as the case may well be, *reversals* merely, would doubtless astonish us still more—less on account of what would appear as contrasts than by reason of the fundamental oneness marking the stupendous whole. Shut in, as we are, however, from our very birth by narrowing walls of visible matter, and depending, as we must, chiefly upon the bodily senses for almost every external evidence of cause and effect, it is small wonder that we early regard as substance what, at best, is purely accidental, and at the same time fail to realise that the "miraculous," so-called, may have, and almost certainly has, entire affinity with the accepted course of nature.

That which strikes us as being novel, as having no recognised precedent, need not, for all that, imply any real infringement of settled law; it far more probably represents simply another, and a clearer, view of given phenomena that have been in active, though unobserved, exercise from time immemorial.

It is a familiar truism that modern science has led to the re-

adjustment of many a preconceived idea; that what may fairly be termed the spontaneous discoveries of any age more than keep pace with normal intellectual progress, is less generally admitted, though the significance of this last fact can scarcely be over-estimated.

The often cruel associations of primitive witchcraft, and the quasi-sublime enthusiasm of a Spinoza or Swedenborg, for instance, are but separate phases of one persistent intuition—an intuition that, while fluctuating as regards its practical results, age after age, yet at no single period has secured for its mysterious claims more than an arbitrary, inconclusive hold on the imagination.

And yet, notwithstanding the growth of general knowledge and the advance made of late years in the exact sciences, the vitality of this ever-baffling intuition has never, perhaps, been more in evidence than it is at present. Until yesterday, so to speak, it was usual to bestow merely a tolerant smile upon the old-fashioned belief in spectres, yet few up-to-date thinkers would now care to endorse, without reserve, Sir Walter Scott's sweeping dictum that "the increasing civilisation of all well-regulated countries has *blotted out* the belief in apparitions."

On the contrary, most candid minds would doubtless agree with Herbert Spencer, that "the propitiation of the spirits of ancestors is the first germ in all religion"; and would deduce from this that the revived spiritualism of our own day descends lineally from susceptibilities too closely bound up with general human consciousness to be lightly despised.

Here, however, it is sought merely to treat briefly of but one particular in connection with spectres, that would seem to suggest a fresh reading of an established tradition, that, *viz.*, which ascribes to the conventional *ghost* an air of deep, methodical reserve, if not of downright restraint.

Self-consciousness, as distinct from pre-determination, that is to say, does not seem to play any part in ghostly deportment; still less are spectres represented as showing the slightest interest in the behaviour of a chance spectator.

A shadowy form, wrapped in preternatural aloofness, is the usual description given of such appearances; the whole bearing

of the typical ghost agreeing in this respect with that of a somnambulist, and comparing even more closely with the effects of hypnotism.

Now, it is well-known that some hypnotists, besides possessing the power of influencing a subject, are also able to hypnotise themselves,—passing at will into a state of temporary unconsciousness. Is it not, then, at least possible that the preoccupation noticed in accredited spectres may be simply the result of self-hypnotism?—that, since the *will* when concentrated upon one's personality has been proved to produce in certain cases an hypnotic condition, the occasional tension of the mind at the supreme moment of so-called death may at times in like manner more or less permanently influence the bent of the disembodied form? The word *form* is here used advisedly; it being, in the writer's opinion, quite consistent with a belief in the immortality of the soul proper, to accept a theory recognising the existence of certain particles, or elements of humanity, that, underlying the visible structure of the living subject, are not *immediately* affected by its dissolution.

Upon these underlying particles the final effort of the true spirit, or intelligence, about to separate from its familiar instrument, the body, may conceivably make a relatively fixed impression; and it is at least thinkable that while during the body's life this elementary image, or form, remains unsuspected, beneath the tangible surface, it may yet after death, under certain conditions, not only become visible, but may haunt, indefinitely, places once inhabited by the living man.

Admitting that a ghost may itself possess a subjective value, by simply depriving it of all needless terrors the above hypothesis should, if anything, give new weight and prominence to spiritual realities.

Confronted as men are, at all seasons, by so grim a mentor as the individual conscience—that inviolate witness of God, standing in relentless condemnation of our former or later selves—we may well refuse to tremble before a mere empty shade; whether we can as easily afford to dismiss, out of hand, any theory that in the slightest degree tends towards a solution of life's graver problems, is another matter. "RHABDOS."

THE MAYOR OF MAN-SOUL

ALMIGHTY God had heard for a long time the great groanings that came from the City of Man-Soul, and He determined to come and shew Himself to the Mayor.

So He came plainly garbed in white and stood before the main gate, which was called Heart Gate.

Being so large, it was never used at all; it was covered almost entirely with thick hard grey lichen, and the lock was choked with the creeping hands of the ivy. It was supposed to be kept for great occasions, but on consideration the Mayor of Man-Soul never thought anything really great enough to justify his use of it.

The Stranger knocked for some time, and then passed on until He came to a number of smaller doors which banged incessantly, swinging to and fro.

Crowds, like peasants on market-day, flitted incessantly in and out. No one would listen. At last a man came walking rather more slowly, and reading rolls of paper, and frowning as he murmured to himself the words he read.

The Stranger said: "Will you give a message to the Mayor of the City as you are going in?"

And He traced a great Name on a piece of the rolls and told the student He wished for a personal interview with the Mayor.

The mysterious name was handed to the Mayor at last, after having been through many hands.

Now the Mayor was rather a scholar himself, and he said: "Dear me, this is very interesting—an ancient cursive hand-writing," and he took it away to magnify it. After a few days he said to the student, who was still waiting out of pity for the stranger without the gate: "I cannot make it out, it is the most remarkable bit of MS. I have ever seen!"

The student suggested that if he would see the stranger he

would probably learn all about it, and he added that the stranger looked very tired, that he was a stately and beautiful man, and worthy to have an audience.

"Tut, tut!" said the Mayor. "We never see people straight off like that you know, without investigating the case first. Now I think of it, there is a fragment of MS. in the city archives very like this bit; it is somewhere among the most ancient records, I'll go and have a look at once."

"And what shall I say to the stranger?"

"Oh, tell him to wait," said the Mayor.

The student came again about a week afterwards, hoping to hear that a private audience would be accorded.

After he had been kept waiting half the morning, the Mayor came in hurriedly, and exclaimed: "It's a most extraordinary thing! Would you believe it, the old MS. I have found—took me all the morning to do—but I'm quite an enthusiast in these things you know—well, this MS. record is in the very same writing as this new scrap. Really I could almost believe in some sort of collusion between the writers—and these words therefore —your stranger's name—you see, if you transliterate them after the newest method, would mean—'the Lord of the Inner World' —and my old MS., as far as I have been able to make it out, is all something about the Inner World—most extraordinary thing!"

And the Mayor hurried away, having ordered his carriage punctually for one o'clock, as he was going to lunch with a great city magnate, who must never be kept waiting.

So year after year passed, and the Mayor became more and more learned and powerful and popular, and the Stranger waited outside the gate with a peculiar expression in His eyes, as if He could see right down the little dark twisted streets and through and through the City of Man-Soul.

* * * *

At last the Mayor died, and the tradition remained in his family that a stranger had once come and brought a piece of writing and that no one knew what his name was.

But the Mayor's old nurse told the whole story to the Mayor's daughter, and she added it was rumoured that the stranger was still waiting outside the southern wall, and that a

student had once told her that he was the kindest of men to speak to but very sad, and he looked very wise.

So the Mayor's daughter went to seek the Stranger, and she found Him seated under the trees on the southern slope outside the City wall.

And she listened to Him as He told her of the building of Man-Soul ages ago, and of all the events of the City from the earliest times. And at last He told her who He was and why He had come, and how He had tried again and again to speak to her father, the Mayor.

And then He said: "Child, return into the City, for the sun is setting, and tell to others all that I have told you."

"Oh, but how can I?" she said. "No one would listen!"

"Ah, you have learnt that too," said the Stranger. "Then, child, you have little more to learn from Me at present."

And again He looked away down across the City of Man-Soul with a peculiar look, as if He could see right through the dark streets, and as if He had the power to wait to all eternity, without taking His eyes from it.

Then He said to the Mayor's daughter: "Return, and take with you this paper, on which are seven signs, and try and understand it, and give it your daughter to give to hers, and in a coming generation it shall be explained."

So she returned and kept her own counsel, and in due time she gave to her daughter a seven-times folded script.

X^{n-1}.

NOTHING is so firmly believed as that which a man knoweth least. – MONTAIGNE.

AND humanity is that hero who ever dies and comes to life again; who ever loves and hates, yet loves the most; who bends like a worm to-day, and soars to-morrow like an eagle to the sun—deserving to-day a cap and bells, to-morrow a laurel wreath, and oftener both together; the great dwarf, the little giant, the homœopathically prepared divinity, in whom that which is divine is indeed terribly diluted, but still there.—HEINE.

READINGS AND RE-READINGS: "ZANONI"

It was a misfortune for Lytton that he began writing at a period when his own particular instincts were no longer on all fours with the instincts of the time. By nature a Romanticist of the pre-Revolution period, he found himself with the old stock of Sentiment and Passion face to face with a world that grievously suspected them. Intellectually he could do nothing less himself, and were his denunciations of the French Revolution a trifle less vehement we might almost imagine that he was a full-blown rationalist. But Lytton was always as far from rationalism as from the genuine idealism of the preceding century. Both in his life and in his books he made desperate efforts at reconciling the two points of view, and at finding in one and the same thing both Passion and Respectability. In this, however, in the majority of cases he failed. Where we can regard his passion as genuine it strikes us as ridiculous, and where he aims at respectability it is absurd. And between these two stools he was always coming to the ground. The fault was not entirely Lytton's. He was born out of his due time, and Sentiment, Passion, Art and all the capital lettered abstractions so dear to him, were beginning to lose their charm.

In *Zanoni* the problem of Lytton's life and character is raised to its highest terms. It was in the writing of *Zanoni* that he first understood his own position in relation to the world. Hitherto he had lived from hand to mouth, as it were, unaware of whither he was sailing, or, it might be, drifting. But the attempt to analyse the character of Zanoni was really the attempt to analyse his own, and Lytton thus became conscious of the problem of himself.

Quite a number of people have taken *Zanoni* more seriously than perhaps it deserves. As always happens with men who dabble in pseudo-mysticism, clouds of mystery have been hung

about Lytton and his books. People whisper that he was a magician, or a profound student of occultism, or a Rosicrucian very high up, or something equally vague and equally mysterious. It would be interesting to have the opinion of a really sane, sensible student of occultism on the occultism of *Zanoni*. It is so easy by means of a few mystical quotations and the liberal use of capital letters and italics, to convince some people that one knows more than one cares to say, and Lytton was quite the man to enjoy himself thoroughly in the comfortable folds of legend and myth. At the same time, it is clear that Lytton had not only read widely, but that he had read deeply and sympathetically. How far he had lived in experience it is more difficult to say. Judging by his books he was a waverer both in study and in practice; he belonged so essentially to the weak period of English literature, so essentially to the ebb of a great movement, that it is impossible he should have been other than weak. It takes a great man to be even respectable in a weak period.

Zanoni first appeared in 1842. There had appeared, however, in the *Monthly Magazine* of the previous year an unfinished story by Lytton under the title of "*Z*icci." *Z*icci is simply another name for *Z*anoni, and the story is the first sketch of the later and completed work. What actually happened appears to have been this. Lytton began a sketch of a sort of Rosicrucian romantic demi-god and hero without knowing exactly what he was going to do with it. As he went on he got enamoured of the idea, and grew more and more dissatisfied with what he had done. He therefore dropped the writing of "*Z*icci" and reconstructed—or rather constructed—the story under the form of *Zanoni*. Some such evolution of ideas he himself relates in a cheaply mystifying form in the introduction to *Zanoni*. He there explains that in his first attempt at deciphering the strange manuscript he used the wrong key. In reality he had no use for a key in "*Z*icci" at all since there was nothing to unlock.

It is curious from a purely literary standpoint no less than from a mystical standpoint to compare the sketch of *Z*icci with the picture of *Z*anoni. "*Z*icci" is excessively florid and superficial, it is decorated up to the eyebrows with Lytton's own sentiment; it is full of the bombast of an idea not yet grasped.

The writer is obviously groping about in the dark, he writes rapidly in order to discover what it is he wants to write. But in *Zanoni* he had discovered his idea, he had found at last what he had blindly been groping for; and in *Zanoni* he set himself more seriously to work than before. A single example of the kind of change he made will serve as a sort of scale of transvaluation. In "*Zicci*" there occurs this delightfully romantic description of a leave-taking: "He dropped a purse, heavy with gold, into Gionetta's bosom—and was gone." In *Zanoni* the absurd expression is reduced to this quieter scale: "He dropped a purse into Gionetta's hand, as he spoke, and was gone." There are still very visible traces of the old romanticism left, which maketh, as the Apocrypha say, to speak of everything by talents; but the change from "*Zicci*" is very great, and is the measure of the change in Lytton's own ideas. In order to understand the genesis of *Zanoni* it is not only necessary to have read "*Zicci*" but it is even more necessary to know something of Lytton himself.

Like his great predecessor Byron, Lytton was enamoured of his own personality and took immense pains to stage it with becoming magnificence. His moods he dressed up as individuals, his whims as complete characters, and *Zanoni* may be read quite consistently as the interplay, not of individuals at all but of moods of Lytton's mind. Now there had occurred early in Lytton's life an episode which had produced a profound effect upon him. He had fallen in love with a young Irish girl, and she had been married to somebody else. After three years of married life she died, leaving tender messages for Lytton. This tragic episode produced in Lytton the melancholy from which for a long time he did not recover, and it was in this mood that he wrote *Falkland*—his "Sorrows of Werther" as he called it—and it was in this mood that he imagined the character of Mejnour. This early disappointment also led Lytton to imagine that he was no longer capable of love. "Love," he said, "is dead in me for ever." He mistook his fatigue of passion for the lack of passion; the occupations into which his mind was forced he mistook for its natural bent, and hence arose quite naturally the idea of Mejnour, the cold, passionless, pure intellect. But as time passed and Lytton recovered from the first great shock to his

nature, he began once more to take an interest in love. His temporarily disabled emotions recovered something of their former natural exaltation. No longer did he aspire towards the icy heights on which he conceived that Mejnour sat, but he felt now inclined to descend into the valley—"for Love is the valley, come thou down and find him." And this newly awakened mood, which marked the recovery of his emotional nature, he personified in *Z*anoni, the fellow-disciple of Mejnour, intellectual, but yet capable of passion. The idea of a conflict between these two moods was the notion upon which he struck when writing "*Z*icci," and it was this discovery that led him into the writing of *Zanoni*. For Lytton plainly saw that these two moods of his own mind were typical, or might be made typical, of a vastly greater application. Suppose that the Mejnour-mood were elevated to cosmical dimensions (and the Romanticists were fond of imagining this), and became the Path of Intellect, or the Path of Knowledge; and suppose the *Z*anoni-mood raised and translated (in Bottom's sense) into universal terms to represent, say, the Path of Devotion—then without further to-do we have the purely personal conflict in Lytton's mind, bounding out of its narrow cell and filling all the world. It is in some such way that admirers of Lytton have been willing to regard his work; and, let it be admitted, that it was in this way that Lytton not only regarded it himself but wished others to regard it also. For Lytton was by no means humble. Beaconsfield once said of Greville that he was the most conceited man of his acquaintance, and added by way of emphasis—"and I have read Cicero and known Bulwer Lytton."

No sooner had the idea of making the world his stage dawned upon him than he threw himself with ardour into the study of his subject. Temperamentally mystic, he now began that wide and minute reading which manifests itself upon every page of *Zanoni*. Certainly of most of the writers who have attempted mystical romance Lytton is the best equipped. It is marvellous that, living in his time, he should not only have come across so much but that he should have understood so much. With the strange exception of reincarnation, almost every one of our modern Theosophical teachings is to be found in more or

less explicit form in his books. There are numerous allusions, too, to magic formulæ, and to much, in fact, which our literature ignores. But having said so much, it does not follow that Lytton was therefore equal to the task he had set himself. The *Bhagavad Gîtâ* contains, we are told, the analysis of the various Ways, and doubtless to those who understand that profoundest of books, the crown of the yet unfinished work of all philosophy, the matter is clear, but it is certain that Lytton was as far as most of us from understanding the real Path, either of Intellect or of Love. What he did understand much better than most of us were the personal problems of the newly self-conscious; he saw also, as has been said, the relation that necessarily exists between personal and universal moods; but he was not experienced enough to make the universal moods clear either to himself or to his readers. But let us take some passages which bear out Lytton's own conception of the problem he was working at. From Mejnour's first appearance, it is plain that Lytton intends him to stand as the type of perfected knowledge—of, in fact, the Path of Wisdom. It is unfortunate that he should always have confused Wisdom and Knowledge, and used either word indifferently; but that is one of his limitations. On Mejnour's introduction we are bid remark "the icy and profound disdain on the broad brow of the old man." "Wisdom," he says, "contemplating mankind leads but to the two results—Compassion or Disdain"; and it is to Disdain that Mejnour, according to Lytton's first conception, had arrived. Again, Zanoni describing Mejnour, says—and the description may serve very well for Intellect, the Separator—"Thou who lovest nothing, hatest nothing, feelest nothing, and walkest the world with the noiseless and joyless footsteps of dreams"; and once more Mejnour's advice to Glyndon strikes the same note: "Thy first task must be to withdraw all thought, feeling and sympathy from others. The elementary stage of this knowledge is to make self, and self alone, thy study and thy world. . . . I live but in knowledge—I have no life in mankind." Now all this, if only Lytton could have kept it up, would have done very well for Intellect—though not for Wisdom—but Lytton, as we shall see, could not maintain his idea always at this state of clarity. His sound instincts pre-

vented him doing so. When Glyndon "fell" from these lofty heights into a less inhuman kind of existence the writer—as well as the reader—proceeds more happily and more freely.

As a parallel to such an idea of Mejnour, we have also, in the early scenes, a picture of *Z*anoni, as the union of Intellect and Emotion; or as, say, the Path of Devotion. There are such passages as these: "The heart," says *Z*anoni finely, "is never ignorant, because the mysteries of the feelings are as full of wonder as those of the intellect. . . . True love is less a passion than a symbol. . . . Is there no guilt in the knowledge that has divided us from our race? Is not this sublime egotism, this state of abstraction and reverie—this self-wrapt and self-dependent majesty of existence, a resignation of that nobility which incorporates our own welfare, our joys, our hopes, our fears, with others?" All that, though intensely personal, is at the same time a fine expression of the other side—of the claim of the Emotions to share in the Life. And were we to consider the above extracts alone it would be possible to consider *Zanoni* in the light of a universal problem, of definite and realised factors. But it is only by the suppression of a host of contradictions that such an allegory can consistently be found. For with all his insistence upon the iciness and indifference, the passionlessness and general torpor of Mejnour's heart, it is plain that the real Mejnour is something quite different. Lytton was not the man to be able to realise the life of pure intellect in and for itself—still less the path of Wisdom. He could speak of it only under the illusion of his own dormant passion; he could see it only in the colour of his own nature. And it is this incapacity to realise the intellectual life that makes of Mejnour in Lytton's hands a monster of frigidity in theory, but in reality a most fascinating, passionate devotee of truth and progress. It is interesting to set by the side of Lytton's conception of Mejnour the Mejnour of Lytton's creation. How, for example, does the following passage square with the iceberg theory that Lytton had in his mind? Mejnour is justifying his sacrifice of thousands of aspirants for the sake of a single success. He is inspired in this, he says, by "the hope to form a mighty and numerous race with a force and power sufficient to permit them to acknowledge to mankind their

majestic conquests and dominion—to become the true lords of this planet—invaders, perchance, of others—masters of the inimical and malignant tribes by which at this moment we are surrounded—a race that may proceed in their deathless destinies from stage to stage of celestial glory, and rank at last amongst the nearest ministrants and agents gathered round the Throne of Thrones."

Is that vision of the future that awaits us, that splendid idealism, quite consistent with Lytton's Mejnour? Such an ideal can be paralleled perhaps in the works of a real man, singularly like Mejnour in his apparent chilly isolation, and singularly like him too in his passionate devotion to humanity—Frederic Nietzsche; and the parallel is almost complete when one finds Mejnour saying of himself, "my art is to make man above mankind." Lytton's conception of Mejnour was as wrong as a man's comprehension of his own work can be; and those who seek in *Zanoni* the lofty allegory of the two paths of Intellect and Devotion with the hope of finding them distinctly marked, will find more evidence in Lytton's intention than in his book. For those who realise the essence of Romanticism and the character of its literature there remains, however, a considerable value—though on lower slopes—in the meaning already suggested. For them Mejnour will represent not an individual at all, but a mood of Lytton's mind, standing out for awhile on the background of an emotional temperament; a mood only dimly realised by Lytton himself, and utterly distasteful to his nature. Zanoni, too, is no individual but the symbol of the Mejnour-mood returning and becoming re-absorbed in the general colour of Lytton's mind—the intermediate type between Intellect as Lytton conceived it and Emotion as he felt it. The problem Lytton thus set himself to solve was in reality not the antagonism between Pure Intellect and Pure Emotion, but the reconciliation of two factors in his own personality which seemed to him mutually exclusive and destructive. Confronted by a personal experience of the aridity of what he mistook for intellect (though he misnamed it wisdom) and the apparent senselessness of emotion, which he conceived ordinarily as sensuousness, he set himself to solve the possibility of their union. And it is interest-

ing that he should have arrived in spite of all his vagueness at the right solution. Whatever may have been the quality of his intellect—and nobody can estimate it very high—his instincts or intuitions were sound. He felt that some union of Reason and Emotion was possible; he dimly realised that the union was possible only by sacrifice; and at last he awoke to the fact that the sacrifice was the sacrifice of the personal self; and *Z*anoni is the type of this sacrifice. There are some fine passages which make it plain how clearly at last this problem presented itself to Lytton when once he had put his preconceptions of Mejnour on one side. So long as he had in his mind Mejnour as the type of pure Intellect—to which he felt compelled to yield some formal reverence —he was bound to regard *Z*anoni's sacrifice of intellect to love as a crime needing all his explanations, as a fall from great heights. But having once realised that the fall was no fall at all, that in fact his Mejnour was an impostor in whom he did not really believe, his sailing was straight. Here is *Z*anoni's address to his own soul—a passage referred to by H. P. B. with approval: "Soul of mine, the luminous, the Augoeides . . . how long, too austerely taught that companionship with the things that die brings with it but sorrow with its sweetness, hast thou dwelt contented with thy majestic solitude?" The secret of the union of the two natures Adon-Ai explains to him thus: "When two souls are divided knowest thou not that a third in which both meet and live is the link between them?" *Z*anoni mistakes Adon-Ai's meaning, and imagines that it is a human child that is meant, but Lytton gets over that difficulty by making the child symbolic. At last *Z*anoni realises that it is only through death and sacrifice that the third can become; that it is by his death that the true union is to be attained; and looking back upon the intellect he was drawn to he says: "Even the error of our lofty knowledge was but the forgetfulness of the weakness, the passions and the bounds which the death we so vainly conquered only can purge away." He is still under the domination of the notion that emotion is weakness. Then he gradually rises to the true meaning of his act. "In this hour, when the sacrifice of self to another brings the course of ages to its goal, I see the littleness of Life compared to the majesty of Death." And Adon-Ai thus speaks to him: "Wiser

now in the moment when thou comprehendest Death than when thy unfettered spirit learned the solemn mystery of Life; the human affections that thralled and humbled thee awhile bring to thee in these last hours of thy mortality, the sublimest heritage of thy race—the eternity that commences from the grave; . . . through the portals of the grave lies the true initiation into the holy and the wise." And *Z*anoni's last message to Mejnour, his dismissal of the passing mood that he had once imagined the permanent element of himself, is in these fine words: " Fare thee well for ever upon this earth. . . . . I go with my free-will into the land of darkness; but new suns and systems blaze around us from the grave. At last I recognise the true ordeal and the real victory. . . . Purified by sacrifice and immortal only through the grave—this it is to die."

It had been a long time coming about, and as is plain from even some of these last extracts Lytton was by no means certain that rationally the thing was right. However, the problem was solved, and *Zanoni* stands as a book in which the author, setting out to examine a problem of which he was not capable, actually succeeds in solving a profound personal problem which he himself would probably have despised.

A. J. O.

A MAN who loves to lead an animal life is an animal ruled by his interior animal heaven. The same stars (qualities) that cause a wolf to murder, a dog to steal, a cat to kill, a bird to sing, etc., make a man a singer, an eater, a talker, a lover, a murderer, a robber, or a thief. These are animal attributes, and they die with the animal elements to which they belong; but the Divine principle in man, which constitutes him a human being, and by which he is eminently distinguished from the animals, is not the product of the earth, nor is it generated by the animal kingdom; but it comes from God, it *is* God, and is immortal because, coming from a Divine Source, it cannot be otherwise but Divine. Man should therefore live in harmony with his Divine parent, and not in the animal elements of his soul. Man has an Eternal Father who sent him to reside and gain experience within the animal elements, but not for the purpose of being absorbed by them, because in the latter case man would become an animal, while the animal principle would have nothing to gain.—PARACELSUS, *De Fundamento Sapientiæ*.

FINER STATES OF MATTER

In the November number of this Review the endeavour was made to show, on broad lines of consideration, the substantial harmony of chemical teaching with occult knowledge of the septenary order of the different planes of nature. Students of chemistry will know that certain of the elements show characteristics which do not accord with the classification of Mendelejeff's "periodic system," and that these appear to offer, in these particulars, exceptions to its general rule—for instance, Copper is divalent, Gold acts as a triad, salts of Thallium and Lead have properties that one would hardly have expected from their position in the table, etc., etc. But these minor points, however accumulated, do not invalidate the general principle indicated by the table, as is well expressed in Tilden's summary of the matter.*

"That the periodic system of the elements stands for something which is actually based on natural physical relations no one can now be supposed to doubt. It brings into view a number of facts in the chemical history of the elements which would otherwise be less apparent, and it does undoubtedly support very strongly the idea that all the elements in Mendelejeff's and Meyer's synopsis belong to one system of things, and perhaps have common constituents, or may have arisen from a common origin."

Much additional light being thrown upon the questions broached in the last few lines by the results of recent scientific work; it may be interesting to tabulate those results, just as they are given, and to see how far they appear to parallel the broad lines of Theosophic thought. Any first views of things of this nature must necessarily be imperfect. The present idea is merely to throw them together in such form as may offer them con-

* Tilden's *A Short History of the Progress of Scientific Chemistry in our own Times*, p. 100.

veniently for consideration and correction by abler students who may care to accord them that measure of notice.

The "chemical history" of the elements, in a Theosophical sense, is a far-reaching enquiry, and some indication of that longer history is suggested by Mendelejeff's wonderful application of his "periodic system" to the extension of our knowledge.

In 1871 Mendelejeff predicted the properties of the then undiscovered elements Gallium, Scandium and Germanium, with what precision the following single example will show. The last element was to follow Silicon on the "negative" side of Group IV., and, no *name* having yet been decided upon, it was referred to as Eka Silicon under the symbol Es; when discovered it was called Germanium and symbolised by Ge.

Eka Silicon (Es)	Germanium (Ge)
Predicted by Mendelejeff, 1871	*Discovered by Winkler*, 1886
Atomic Weight about 72	Atomic Weight 72·3.
Specific Gravity 5·5	Specific Gravity 5·469
Oxide EsO_2, Sp. gr. 4·7	Oxide GeO_2, Sp. gr. 4·703
Easily obtained by reduction with Carbon	Easily obtained by reduction with Carbon
Dirty grey metal, fusing with difficulty	Grey-white metal, fusing at 900°C.
Oxidises when heated in air	Oxidises when heated in air
Chloride $EsCl_4$, probably boils below 100°	Chloride $GeCl_4$, boils at 86°
Will not be acted on by acids	Barely affected by acids*

The properties of the elements and of their compounds are here clearly seen to be a matter of precise and calculable law—a law definitely associated with the progressions referred to within each Group; their powers and their limitations are a fixed sequence within each type. In the larger aspect of the question the chemical history of the elements is that of the reincarnating elemental essence of the third elemental kingdom as it is built up into the succession of physical forms that we follow down these chemical Groups—of which there are "seven, each on his own lot." And the properties of Germanium, for instance, would appear to follow from and to be the development of the

* Corresponding particulars regarding Gallium and Scandium are given in Meldola's *Chemistry* (*Inorganic*), p. 173.

previous "incarnation" of that particular type of elemental essence—to be, in fact, the chemical karma of the case. Reincarnation and karma, as universal principles, must be as operative in the evolution of the chemical elements as in that of human consciousness and power; and in the former case their application should be more full and direct and discernible than in the higher kingdoms, wherein varying degrees of volition or choice introduce complex modifications of their working.

Recent developments of spectroscopic and physical investigation are approaching the discernment of these two fundamental principles as factors in nature, and if they are to be embodied in the thought of the time it matters little where and how they are most easily recognised.

Science is now very busy with the idea that the chemical elements do "belong to one system of things," with common constituents and a common origin. The evidences of the vacuum-tube and the spectroscope are leading to most interesting conclusions on these matters. Certainly the investigations are hardly out of their initial stages, and the conclusions drawn from them are little more than statements of the general view presented by evidence known to be incomplete. But this general view bears directly upon the problems of the constituents and the origin of these elements and of the system of things of which they are a part, and it may be presented in a form which seems to connect it directly with what we learn of the planes of nature and their relationship one with another.

We have been made familiar with the fact that cathode rays consist of streams of particles of extremely finely-divided matter, and that this latter results from the tearing or breaking up of the molecules of the gas in the vacuum-tube by the intense electric current driven through it. Perhaps it would be more accurate to describe the process as a tearing of fragments from the atoms of gas subjected to the current, for these fragments —*ions*, as they are called—are of much smaller mass than the chemical atoms from which they are torn, and of which they are constituents. These ions, in what may be called their free state, are observed to be in a highly electrified condition; they carry and can communicate negative electrical charges. Further, the

charges they carry can be approximately measured, and other data then permit of their mass being estimated as from the 500th to the 10000th part of the mass of an atom of Hydrogen—there being ions of various masses within about this range. Investigators appear to be in substantial accord on this point, though this determination necessarily involves considerations and calculations of no little complexity; so, for present purposes, the figures are accepted as they are given. In this connection one recalls the " scientific " views of things which were based on the assumption that all things knowable, our consciousness of them, and the wide universe itself, were comprised in what we should refer to as the three lowest sub-planes of physical matter; indestructible atoms were the beginning and the end of all. Nowadays, however, psychologists are recognising that human consciousness may play independently of the physical organism, and that its enormously-extended field reaches into undefinable states and regions and possibilities of knowledge; and, concurrently, physicists extend the concept of the Nature within which this consciousness lives and moves and evolves. The mere dealing with particles of matter so minute as to make Hydrogen atoms relatively gigantic structures forces the mind to picture a world which may extend as illimitably in the direction of the infinitely small as in that of the infinitely great. It is thus found that, whether from the side of consciousness or from the side of matter, " nature retreats within "—a direction hopeful for the further quest.

The importance of these ions, moreover, is in no direct proportion to their " mass." Ions provide the material of which the chemical atoms are built up, whilst they are also the vehicle of electrical energy and themselves initiate what we call the chemical activities of the " elements." Ions flow, impalpable, in ceaseless streaming, from all forms of matter—from wood, paper, gums and resins, as from minerals and crystals. They circulate through and radiate from metals much as water does through a living sponge. A few grains of Radium, at normal temperature, maintain an electrical disturbance for yards around, and quickly " burn " unwary fingers holding them. It has been computed that ions are normally freed in the atmosphere at the rate of twenty

of each kind, positive and negative, per second in each cubic centimetre of air; and ions appear to be an accompaniment of light itself, sweeping from the sun in an immeasurable tide. They pour constantly from and through everything around, like rays of invisible light, and pervade all space about us. We are enveloped in ions, at every moment of our lives, as in a sea of strange activities—or as in another realm *within* the physical world, from which its matter is derived and its forces seem to flow. This is, roughly, the state of things pictured for us as the result of the study of the ions of cathode rays, Becquerel rays, and so forth. It is interesting, if only from the circumstance that, to many minds, facts of this nature must establish the *actuality* of much that we understand of the derivation and relationship and interpenetration of different planes in nature.

But when the spectroscope adds its subtle analysis to the evidence in hand, fresh facts arise which point to the possibility of grouping ions under *their* natural types just as Mendelejeff's table groups the grosser matter under *its* natural types. This possibility results from the records of what is spoken of as the Magnetic Perturbation of Lines—that is, the disturbance of normal spectral lines of given substances when the latter are vaporised in a strong magnetic field, as, say, between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet.

We are forced to think that under the sometimes enormous temperatures employed in these experiments, the chemical atoms of the matter under notice are more or less torn into ions, much as they are in the vacuum-tube, and that it is these ions which produce various lines of such high temperature spectra. When substances are so treated within an intense magnetic field, lines which normally appear single are seen as double lines—"doublets" or, in some cases, as triplets. These are the perturbations, various in character and magnitude, spoken of. Our chief point of interest in this intricate matter lies in facts of the following order: Whilst under these circumstances, certain of the lines characteristic of Magnesium are perturbed in a certain way and in a certain measure, certain *corresponding* lines in the spectrum of *Z*inc are affected in the same way and in the same measure when produced under the like conditions, and this is the case again with Cadmium

—all three metals belonging to Group II. of Mendelejeff's table. There is evidence establishing similarity of this nature among elements of other chemical groups, corresponding lines being similarly affected by the magnetic field.

From the facts of this order already accumulated the investigators are led to believe, or at least to suspect,* that the same ions (or ions, let us say, of the same type) are present in the atoms of Magnesium, Zinc and Cadmium, and that the elements which lie in the same *chemical* group are built up, in part at least, of the same kind or type of ions. It is thought that the differences between the elements of a Group arise more from the *manner* of association of the ions in the atom than from differences in the fundamental character of the ions of which their atoms are built.

If this is an approximately correct account of the relation of ions to gross physical matter we might prolong the Group-divisions of Mendelejeff's table upwards to represent the corresponding types of the ions of this subtler realm of which the physical world is thought to be but a consequence. The application of the ground-plan of the table to other states of matter obviously suggests a stepping over the edge of things into all the risks and perils of other planes, "dimensions," etc.—an adventure not to be lightly undertaken. The stages to be passed in that direction are not unfamiliar to us, and the question presents itself whether any of the facts now recorded by science are evidence of what we hold to succeed the three lower sub-planes of physical matter in the upward or inward direction. If we accept the definition of the mass of the ions we appear to skip intervening sub-planes and to be dealing with components of chemical atoms which belong to the astral realm. A Hydrogen atom comprises eighteen units belonging to the fourth sub-plane higher—or at its fourth depolymerisation—and this is the matter-limit of the physical plane. So if the ions really are, not the 18th part only but *anything like* the 500th to the 1,000th part of the mass of a Hydrogen atom, they fall beyond that limit; and this leads one to think of the elemental essence of the astral

* Sir Norman Lockyer's *Inorganic Evolution*, p. 114; and Dr. Preston's remarks quoted on p. 187.

plane, precursor of our chemical elements. If we then consider the careful description given in *The Astral Plane* of the permanent types of this elemental essence and its different sub-planes, we shall see that the order of Mendelejeff's table is a natural corollary, a physical replica, of characteristics of the plane above. The seven Groups of the table correspond with the seven types of elemental essence, and the seven Series of the table correspond with its seven sub-planes.

Should we, then, adopt the declared ion-mass and indicate the scientific statements under notice by prolonging the group-divisions and applying the order of the table a plane higher in the scale, we should, in any case, be representing what accords with facts. The risks and perils being thus reduced to a minimum, we may as well give this arrangement effect and turn to the consideration of what appears to be evidence of the four etheric sub-planes referred to as being skipped.

An immense amount of spectroscopic evidence is available which seems to shew that the molecules and atoms of elemental matter are continuously broken up, or dissociated, as they are subjected to higher and higher temperature—this term to include the action of electricity. As these changes take place the spectra alter correspondingly in character, and show marked differences in the number, the grouping, the intensity, and the position or colour of the lines produced. Some elements are easily vaporised, whilst others are exceedingly refractory, and the consequence is that their temperature-stages vary enormously and their successive dissociations have to be effected by very different treatment. Where laboratory means fail, evidences are afforded by the immeasurable temperatures of the stars, and in this way facts are accumulated from which it is deduced as a generalisation, that there are four distinct temperature-stages, four types of spectra resulting from them, four different states of matter in the case of our elementary bodies.* It is not possible, here, to particularise on the subject, but what it leads to may be judged from one example of the application of the idea to questions arising from the study of solar physics and chemistry.

We know that if a substance under observation is intensely

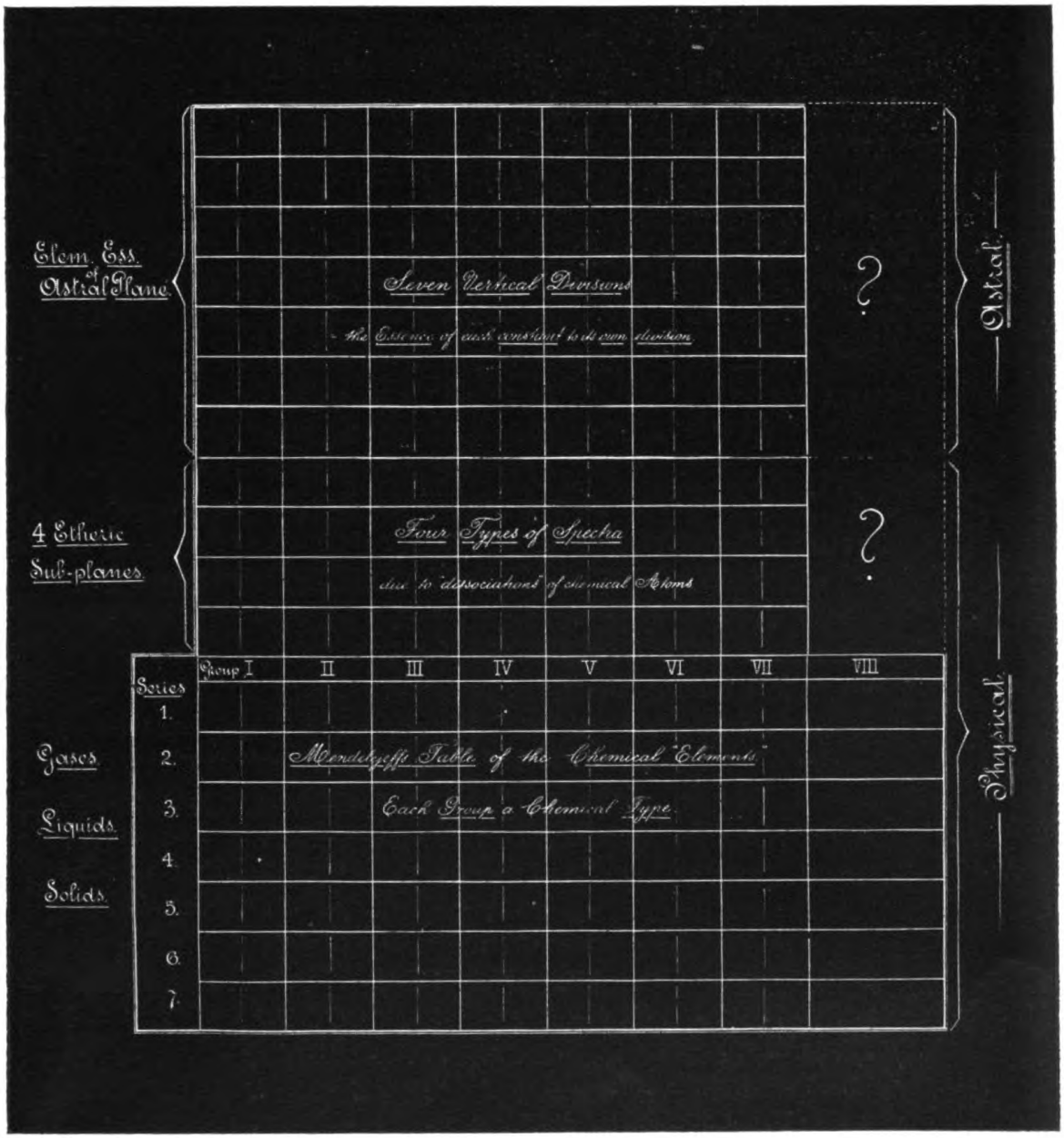
* *Inorganic Evolution*, p. 32, and the same author's *Studies in Spectrum Analysis*.

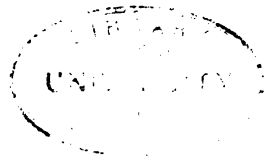
hot its spectrum-lines will be bright; if relatively cool, the lines may be dark; if it is rapidly approaching or receding from the observer the lines will be displaced towards the violet or towards the red end of the spectrum; and under variations of pressure the lines are otherwise affected. If the spectrum of a given substance is produced by its indivisible chemical atoms one would expect the lines of that spectrum to be *similarly* affected under these diverse circumstances, and one would expect *all* the lines to be present in each case. But this is not so. The question can be put to the test by noticing the presence or absence or variations of recognisable spectrum-lines as we look down through the half-a-million miles' depth of the solar atmosphere towards the luminous surface below. Favourable circumstances are here provided, for in the depths of this chromosphere we have immeasurably high temperatures, whilst in its outer regions it is *relatively* cool; and in the stupendous disturbances witnessed over sun-spot and in the up-rushing prominences, we see streams of matter displaced in all the conditions to which the different temperatures can reduce it. Thus spectra may be entirely modified and lines be variously affected, and long series of careful observations have been laboriously tabulated in order to decide whether and how the lines in a certain portion of the solar spectrum were affected under these varying conditions. The portion of the solar spectrum selected comprised 345 lines, representing twelve recognisable elements, including Iron, and the general results may be shown as follows:*

	Seen over spots only	Seen in prom. only	Over spots *and* in prom.	Unaffected
The 345 lines together	40	54	68	183
Iron lines alone	17	29	33	25

It is noteworthy that these Iron lines are affected in groups, as though one definite group arose from Iron at one level and temperature and another group from a different level or temperature. The types of spectra spoken of deal, among other things, with just such natural grouping of the lines. It has been forcibly pointed out that we can hardly explain this remarkable diversity in the behaviour of the Iron lines, except on the supposition that

* G. F. Chambers' *Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy*, p. 325.





Iron really consists of *four* different substances which, at solar temperatures, are separated, and which belong to different temperature-strata of the chromosphere. Similar evidence applies to other elements, but this example must suffice. We are evidently dealing here, not with Iron as we know it terrestrially, but with *four* simpler constituents of Iron. Each of these simpler constituents must yet be highly complex, for, on the average, each produces twenty-six lines—that is, twenty-six different rates of vibration—and it is being surmised that each separate line stands for a unit of matter of *some* kind. When, then, we hear of the spectrum of some given element having more lines than there are ultimate physical atoms in its chemical atom this *may* possibly be evidence of units of matter still finer than that of the etheric states, though it would be rash to assume that this necessarily *is* so in any particular case. What we have here considered in connection with the Iron lines seems to justify our filling in the four etheric sub-planes, so far left blank, to complete our diagram. This now represents, on given scientific evidence, a continuity through different grades of matter from solids, liquids, and gases, through the four etheric sub-planes and into undefinable levels of the astral plane. A blank occurs over Mendelejeff's eighth Group—" the rejected "—which, one would think, must be related to the higher planes as are the other Groups. Discussions upon eighth divisions or states or " spheres " have usually been more provocative of questions than of intelligible answers, so question-signs figure in the space left as expressions of a thirst for information.

From what has been said it will be understood that the diagram presented is but a tentative endeavour to show the general trend of recent scientific discovery in these fields and its general harmony with Theosophic thought. The subject bristles with difficulties as to the interpretation of scientific evidence, the precise implication of its terms (" mass " for instance) and many other matters which can hardly be detailed. Apart from these points, however, the wider question arises as to whether any particular form of astral material is capable of affording the evidences upon which scientific views are based. Without necessarily founding any assumption upon the circumstance, one looks about

in vain for any definite reason why it should *not* do so. On the other hand, there are references in our literature to the effect that the ordinary burning of organic matter *does* free some of its etheric and astral constituents. Why, then, should not the enormous temperature and violent disruption of the electric arc and spark do the same? And inasmuch as visibility or invisibility may depend entirely upon the volume of matter involved, or upon the amplitude of the vibration of its particles, why should not such material produce luminous effects and photographic lines in the ultra-violet portion of the spectrum when "electrified" to a temperature of thousands of degrees? What we call Light can hardly be thought of as a physical-plane energy at all; it flows from the elsewhere and should be generable and modifiable by the related material. If atoms and their vestiges are continuously subjected to the destructive disruption of electrical discharges of enormous intensity one must, surely, get to astral matter at last; it is, theoretically, merely a question of pounding fine enough!

We may not succeed in learning much about this higher realm by the most refined means that physical science is likely to employ. But there does seem to be reasonable ground for thinking that perhaps the facts already before us at least evidence the *actuality* of the astral plane; that something of the order, and even the properties, of its material is inferred; and that we perceive the causal relation in which it stands to the world in which we dwell.

G. DYNE.

THE power of imagination is a great power in medicine. It produces diseases in man and animals and it cures them. But this is not done by the powers of symbols or characters made in wax or being written on paper, but by an imagination which perfects the will.—PARACELSUS.

STORIES FROM THE TRADITIONS OF ISLÂM

The Story of the Seeress

Ibn Hischam has related that the sister of the Christian monk Warakat, a deeply-learned woman and able to foretell the future, met the father of the Prophet, before his marriage with Amina, and told him she earnestly desired to be the mother of his first son. Abdullah, however, disregarded her and married Amina. Shortly afterwards he again met the seeress and she found favour in his eyes, but she in her turn rejected his advances.

"Oh Abdullah," she said, "the light which shone upon your forehead is gone. Behold Amina will bear you a son who is one of the predestined ones, and I desired that he should have been mine."

The Birth of the Prophet

Just before the birth of the Prophet a Spirit appeared to Amina and said: "You will give birth to a child who will be the Lord of this people. As soon as he is born say, 'I commend him to the protection of the Only One, that he may be preserved from the harm of the wicked,' and call his name Muḥammad."

Amina has also related that when the Prophet was born she saw a light all round him which spread to the sky and mingled with the rays of the stars, lighting all the land around so that she saw the distant palaces of Syria. And then she looked at the child and he was lying on his back with his forefinger pointing to the sky.

So she sent for the wise men who knew the traditions and the writings to ask what she ought to do. Among them there came from Hîra a Christian monk, Abdoul-Mesih, son of Amron the Ghassanide, a descendant of the Kings of Syria.

Men said that he was 360 winters old and had learnt divination from his uncle Satî'h the soothsayer in Yemen.

He had read many books and had heard that Isâ ibn Miriam had said that if he went away he would send unto them Manhamma (Syriac: Muḥammad), and that the time was now ripe. So she called his name Muḥammad.

His First Visions

It is related that he said: "The instructions came to me at first like true visions in sleep and like the rosy dawn of the morning."

Sometimes he said he heard the sound, as it were, of a small bell followed by the message, and he said: "It was very hard for me to hear it then, but when it has ceased I remember what it says."

Sometimes it came like an angel in the form of a man of glorious beauty, who appeared as if with his feet standing on the horizon.

Another tradition says that Gabriel came in the form of Di'hya the Kelbite, the most beautiful man among Arabs (*Chronique de Tabari*).

Yet another says that it was the beautiful Christian slave Djebr.

Some believe that the Prophet received instructions from the strange and semi-mythical Salman the Persian, whose story is given below.

Khadijah's Psychical Research

Whatever the truth of the case may have been, Khadijah determined to investigate these abnormal phenomena as far as her woman's wits, which were considerable, would take her.

She plied the Prophet with questions: Did he see it always? Did he see it with his eyes covered? Who was it? Why did it come?

Muḥammad insisted that it was Gabriel, the Messenger of God. So Khadijah went in search of the learned monk Warakat, who had read all the books of the Hebrews and knew the most ancient traditions. He also wrote himself in Hebrew what God wished him to write.

He listened with great interest to the stories of Muḥammad's birth and the testimony of the aged monk which Khadijah had treasured in her memory. Then she asked him abruptly: "Have you found the name of Gabriel in any of your books, and what *is* Gabriel?" Warakat cautiously replied: "Why do you ask me this?"

So Khadijah told him of the first revealings and of the wrestling with the angel, who had three times overcome him and three times told him to "cry (or testify) in the name of his God"; and how Muḥammad had three times protested and said: "How can I cry, I am not a prophet?"

Warakat said: "Gabriel is the great Namus (*i.e.*, one who reveals a secret message). He is the intermediary angel between God and the Prophets who brings them messages from God. It was he who went to Moses and also to Jesus, and if you are telling me the truth, your husband is the next one, as it is written.

"Long years have I waited for this hour! Would that I might remain and witness his ministry and his exile."

His Witness of Himself

The Prophet said once: "Verily I am the nearest man to Jesus in the beginning and the end, because there is no Prophet between me and Jesus, and in the latter part of the time, he will be my vicegerent and my successor."

He also prophesied that Jesus would come again and live to the age of 45, marry and have children and lead the nations. He would then be buried in the grave of Muḥammad.

"The Prophets are all brothers by one Father but their mothers are different, and the root of all their religions is the same. I have been sent in the first class of the children of Adam, age after age. I passed in the loins of my fathers until I came from the class from which I now come."

The Stranger in White

Omar has related that one day as they were sitting with the Apostle of God conversing about religious matters, a stranger in white entered swiftly and seated himself before the Prophet so that his knees touched his knees, and laying his two hands upon

the hands of the Prophet he gazed intently at him and said: "O Muḥammad, instruct me in Islâm."

None present knew the stranger, yet he had no stains of travelling upon his robe, which was exceedingly white, and his hair was black and glossy.

And the Apostle said that Islâm was to believe in one God—the All-Powerful—in the five calls to prayer, in the fast of Ramazan, and so forth.

When he had finished the stranger answered: "Thou hast spoken truly."

And the assembled company were much astonished because he first questioned the Apostle of God, and when he heard the answer he said it was the truth.

Then the stranger said: "Inform me of Iḥsan" (Rule of Life).

And the Apostle answered: "That thou worship God as if thou sawest Him, for though thou dost not see Him, know that He seeth thee."

And the stranger said again: "Thou hast spoken truly. Inform me about the Resurrection."

The Prophet answered: "I am as wise as the questioner."

When the stranger had asked about all the points of religious beliefs he arose and suddenly departed, and they all sat in silence for a long time. At last the Apostle said to Omar: "Did'st thou know who that person was?"

Omar said: "God knows best!"

And the Apostle said: "Verily it was Gabriel himself who came to instruct thee by means of his questions." (From the *Saḥih Muslîm*.)

(The Prophet's answer to "Gabriel" about the resurrection was therefore a skilful parry of a question which was not to be answered in public, not a confession of ignorance.)

His Rule of Life

Dreams

The Prophet used generally to say in the morning: "Have you dreamt?" and whosoever had would say so.

He said the truest dream was about daybreak.

Vigils and Nocturnal Devotions

The Apostle of God said once: "The most excellent prayers are those in the middle of the night. The most illustrious are those who say prayers in the night."

"Verily there are houses in Paradise in which the external parts are seen from the internal and the internal from the external, and God has prepared them for those who speak gently, feed the hungry, and say prayers at night when others are sleeping. . . . The time of God's being near His servants is in the latter part of the night after the middle of the night; therefore if you are able to be of the number of those who remember God at that time, be so!"

"When anyone of you goeth to sleep the Devil ties three knots upon his neck, and says over each knot: 'The night is long—sleep!' Therefore if a servant awake and remember God it openeth one knot, and if he perform the ablution it openeth another, and if he say prayers it openeth the other, and he riseth in the morning in gladness and purity; otherwise he riseth in a lethargic state."

Observing Dawn

The Prophet often spoke of the importance of observing dawn; it was one of the five calls obligatory to the Faithful. "Verily the recital at dawn is witnessed (by angels). Angels come about you both night and day." He, however, forbade Muslîms to pray while the sun was half above and half below the horizon lest they should be open to the charge of idolatrously worshipping the physical disc of the sun.

The Prophets' Beads

Someone once inquired of Ayesha how the Prophet performed his midnight devotions. She said: "Why do you ask me this? No one has ever asked me this before.

"When the Apostle wakes in the night for the first time he says: 'God is very great'—ten times; then: 'Praise be to God'—ten times; then: 'God is most pure,' 'Praise be to Him, 'Pure is the most Holy King,' 'I ask pardon of God,' 'There is no God but God'—each of these ten times. Then he would

begin his prayers. He always rose when he heard the cock crow and washed, and then prayed. He would often stand for his meditation in the night so long that his feet were swollen and painful."

The Prophet said once that the Rule of King David was the best. He (the King) slept half the night, then he was awakened, and spent a third of the night in prayer, and he fasted every alternate day.

Women's Prayers

The Prophet did not forbid women to go to the mosques, but he said it was better *for them* to say all the prayers at home.

He also said: "And if a man wakes to meditate and does not waken his wife he will be punished, and if the wife cannot waken her husband let her dash cold water on his face, and the husband the wife."

His Personal Appearance

Ali said: "He was of middle height; his face pink and white, with lustrous black eyes and thick beautiful brilliant hair which fell to his shoulders. His face was entirely surrounded by a beard. He walked as if he were pulling up his feet out of the ground, as lightly as if he were flying."

Another has said: "I never saw anyone walk more quickly, you might say the ground was wrinkled for him. He lifted up his feet and stepped like one stepping on low ground, and you knew he had been along the road by the smell of musk."

Ali also said: "He had in his face so much gentleness that in his presence you were obliged to look at him, and he had a great charm of voice. . . . I never saw a man more beautiful than the Prophet—you might say the sun was moving in his face."

Another says: "I saw the lord once on a moonlight night and sometimes I looked at his beauty and then at the moon and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon.

"When he was pleased his blessed face would brighten so that you might say it was a piece of the moon and then you knew that he was pleased."

The Story of Salman the Persian

One of the celebrated "Companions of the Cave" was the mysterious Salman, a close friend of Ali and afterwards worshipped as the Bâb by the Ansairieh: "And there is no Bâb but the Lord Salman il Farisee," is their confession of faith. (Farisee=Arabic for Persian.)

A Persian tradition says that his real name was Rúzbih (*R.A.S. Journal*, July, 1901), which is curious, as the Ansairieh say that in the time of Jesus the Bâb was Rozabah ibn il Merzaban, a Persian.

The vowels being alike in Arabic and Persian, neither language having an *o* in it, Rozabah would be equal to Rúzbih; and the word Merzaban is the same all but a dot on the *z* (or *d*) as the word Merkabah, which Bunsen says means an "Indian Essene." Therefore the name of the Bâb was—Rúzbih, son of the Essene (Rozabah ibn il Merzaban).

Now if this Persian led a continuous existence through many centuries, according to the Ansairieh theory of reincarnation, it would, of course, account in their eyes for the otherwise quite impossible length and number of events of his life as related by himself to the first traditionists of Islâm.

He came, he said, from the province of Isspahan, and was an enthusiastic Magian. Going one day by accident into a Christian church he was so much impressed by the service that he asked where was "the cradle of this religion." They answered, "in Syria." So he went to Syria and asked for the most learned theologian, and was sent to a Bishop, who instructed him.

When the Bishop died Salman remained with his successor, who was one of the most perfect of men; he had forsaken all earthly pleasures and longed only for the other world. When he was dying, he said: "By God I know no one who is of my faith now; men are all gone astray, they are falsifying and destroying the greater part of their religion. I know one man alone who is firm in his faith as I am. Go to him."

Salman stayed with this man till he died, then with a man of Nissibin, who sent him to a man of Amuria. When this last was dying he said: "I know no one now of the Faith, but the time is near when a Prophet will be sent with the faith of

Abraham. He will come in Arabia and wander into a land between two stony places where dates grow in between. He has unmistakable signs. If you can reach this land do so." After many more adventures Salman eventually met the Prophet, and recognised him by certain signs.

While relating the story of his wanderings to Muḥammad, Salman added that his friend in Amuria had described to him a certain neighbourhood in Syria, and had said: "Go to the man who lives between two woods and each year passes from one to the other; to whom also the sick hasten and he cures them all by his command. He will tell you about the doctrines you are seeking for."

"I went," said Salman, "to the place described, and found there many sick collected. At last he came to pass across from one wood to the other. The people pressed round him with their sick, all of whom he healed by his word. The crowd was such that I could not get near him until he was already passing into the other little wood, then I caught his arm, and when he turned and asked what I wanted, I begged him to teach me the Hanefite doctrine of Abraham. He answered: 'That which thou askest is not inquired after in these days, but the time is near when a dweller of the Sanctuary will be sent with this religion; go to him, he will teach it to you.' Then he went into the wood."

The Prophet said thereupon to Salman: "If you are speaking truly, you have met Jesus the son of Mary." (From Weil's *Ibn Ischak*, p. 103.)

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

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CAUSALITY

On p. 69 of *Studies in the Bhagavad Gîtâ* causality is spoken of as one of the "time ripples in the mighty ocean of Self." Is it possible for the "plain man" to apprehend in any degree the meaning of this statement?

I read in a learned book not long ago a piece of advice to students, the gist of which was that they should leave metaphysics alone unless they were prepared to go into the subject thoroughly.

This is all right if it means that one must not devour in haste an elaborate and miscellaneous collection of refreshments which one is unable to digest. But it is not all right if it means that we may not secure a minute portion of the feast, and chew it patiently at our leisure.

Metaphysics is for every man, not for the highly trained thinker alone; all our thoughts, desires, and actions are founded on metaphysical assumptions of one kind or another.

Now the chain of cause and effect is found in all consciousness and in all evolution as we know them. Consciousness is a series of states, of which each is a modification of a preceding state. And, on the other hand, the evolution of plants, animals, individuals, races, solar systems, is also a series of conditions in which the chain of cause and effect is evident.

Wherever we have matter in any form, we have this causality, this methodical succession of events, and so long as the Self identifies itself with its vehicles, it is entangled with this chain of necessity. It suffers and enjoys by means of the sheaths which it has not yet distinguished from itself.

"Prakṛiti is called the cause of the generation of causes and effects; Puruṣha is called the cause of the enjoyment of pleasure and pain."

Let us take as an example of a chain of causes and effects

the series of states of feeling through which a man passes in a day. Each one of these states is at once a cause and an effect; it is modified by each preceding state, and it modifies each succeeding one. None of these states can exist apart, each is essentially part of a series.

At each moment forces from without act upon this series. But these forces are not the cause of change. They are only the means by which the tendency to change can manifest itself. The cause of change is inherent in the series of states.

Events occur which tend to modify conditions of feeling, but they are the occasion of modification, not its cause; they produce no effect except in so far as there is a capacity to respond to vibration.

The man himself may also act upon the series of states from within, but here again he cannot cause changes, but only supply conditions which can give an innate capacity an opportunity for development.

In proportion as he learns to do this effectively, he realises himself as separate from the chain of necessity, and a spectator of it merely; vehicles, whether mental, astral or physical, can only grow according to their own nature and laws, and in order to supply the requisite conditions for growth he must understand this nature and these laws.

As he learns to understand them, he becomes gradually able to use the series of cause and effect instead of identifying himself with it.

The omnipresence of causality in nature is one of the modes in which the principle of identity shows itself. But it involves also the principle of diversity. A cause is *related* to an effect, and here we have unity. It is *contrasted* with an effect, and here we have separateness.

When "The Dreamer" postulates the impermanence of causality, he only implies that when cause and effect become one, it must disappear. From a metaphysical point of view causality can be but temporary, because it involves succession in time.

In the meantime, if we hope to aid evolution in the future, it seems important to study the generation of causes and effects in

some of their numerous forms. The form selected is of little importance provided persistent work is done.

But what *is* the relation between cause and effect? Is it a necessary one or only accidental? Why is it that when the same relations are given we expect the same effects?

This universal assumption upon which all sciences rest was ascribed by David Hume and by John Stuart Mill to the result of habit. But both these philosophers had lost sight of the principle of identity, and treated all phenomena as isolated facts.

The fact is that the principle of causality is a metaphysical theory which cannot be proved by any logical process. It is a relation, and like all other relations, involves the dual principle of the one and the many. It persists so long as we have *the many* as well as *the one*, and can only disappear when all other relations disappear in unity.

S. CORBETT.

THE LOST "CANON OF PROPORTION" REDISCOVERED

IN the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine* (3rd ed., p. 229), speaking of the "Great Initiator," H. P. Blavatsky writes:

It is under the direct, silent guidance of this MAHÂ GURU that all the other less divine Teachers and Instructors of mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity. It is through these "Sons of God" that infant Humanity learned its first notion of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilisations that so surely puzzle our modern generation of students and scholars.

Let those who doubt this statement, explain, on any other equally reasonable grounds, the mystery of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by the Ancients—who, some pretend, developed from lower and animal-like savages, the "cave-men" of the palæolithic age! Let them turn, for instance, to such works as those of Vitruvius Pollio of the Augustan age, on architecture, in which all the rules of proportion are those *anciently taught at*

Initiations, if they would acquaint themselves with truly divine art, and understand the *deep esoteric significance hidden in every rule and law of proportion.* No man descended from a palæolithic cave-dweller could ever evolve such a science unaided, even in millenniums of thought and intellectual evolution. It is the pupils of those incarnated Ṛiṣhis and Devas of the Third Root Race who handed on their knowledge, from one generation to another, to Egypt and to Greece, with its now lost *canon of proportion;* just as the disciples of the Initiates of the Fourth, the Atlanteans, handed it over to the Cyclopes, the "Sons of Cycles," or of the "Infinite," from whom the name passed to the still later generations of gnostic priests.

We have searched through the ten books of Vitruvius Pollio *De Architectura* in vain for this canon of proportion; though perhaps with greater labour it might be indirectly deduced by some determined student. It has always seemed to us that H. P. B., to whom we personally owe more than to any other, has in this case (as in many others) relied too much on what someone has said or speculated about the famous work of Vitruvius; but be that as it may be, the fact of a "canon of proportion" she asserted unhesitatingly and with a confidence manifestly born of evidence within her inner knowledge. She did not make this assertion depend on Vitruvius, but cited Vitruvius, as one whom she believed to be a witness on her side before a sceptical jury.

But even if after an exhaustive investigation of Vitruvius we should find that he ought not to be called into court, the statement of H. P. Blavatsky will still be found to stand firm, for as it appears this canon of proportion has now practically been rediscovered. *The Athenæum* for November 15th gives us the following report of a paper on "The Natural Basis of Form in Greek Art"—with special reference to the Parthenon, read by Mr. Jay Hambridge, at a meeting of the Hellenic Society on November 4th.

The investigation of the symmetrical forms found in Nature, both organic and inorganic, led to the discovery that (allowing for modifications of growth) a certain principle of proportion is rigidly persistent throughout. The examination of the proportions of crystals, and of the proportions and outlines of living forms, such as the flower of the grape, diatoms, radiolaria, butterflies (these being but a few instances out of a very large number), shows that the proportions and curves involved in these forms may be analysed by (1) a primary series of circles which stand to each other in

a binary relation (1 : 2 : 4 : 8, etc.), combined with (2) a secondary series of circles derived by using as radii the sides of the triangles, squares, pentagons, or hexagons inscribed in the circles of the primary series. The proportions of symmetrical natural objects can all be expressed in terms of circles standing to each other in this relation, and the curved outlines of Nature can be analysed by a series of osculating circles which are similarly related. The same binary system, it was shown, can be used to analyse the proportions and curves of the Parthenon, down to the minutest detail. The use of this principle involves no abstruse knowledge of mathematics, but requires only the simplest geometrical methods. On this system, with a string and a stick and a sanded floor, proportions can be worked out which, if expressed arithmetically, would involve incommensurable qualities. The inference is that the Greek architect used some simple geometrical system of this kind, and refined his curves by means of circles related to each other on the system already described. He was thus unconsciously following the principle on which Nature builds up her symmetrical forms; and the investigation of the proportions and outlines of numerous other works of art, such as Greek vases, shows that the works of the best period always approximate most closely to the same principle. The Parthenon is only the most striking and complete instance of the fact that the beautiful in art involves adherence (presumably unconscious) to the same law as underlies the beautiful in Nature.

The Greek architect and artist may have done these things "unconsciously," following a "rule of thumb," handed down from a remote antiquity; but who taught that rule of thumb to child humanity? Were the Teachers unconscious of the harmonies of Nature; or were they souls from a higher civilisation than the souls of this humanity?

In any case, those of our readers who are students of the geometry of Nature, curious concerning geometrical psychology, and lovers of the mysteries of the "Platonic" solids, will rejoice that that which was lost has been found, or at any rate a fragment of it.

G. R. S. M.

For out of olde feldes, as man seith,
Cometh al this new corn fro yeer to yere,
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
Cometh al this new science that men lere.—CHAUCER.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Kings of Egypt and their Deeds

A History of Egypt from the End of the Neolithic Period to the Death of Cleopatra VII., B.C. 30. By E. A. Wallace Budge, M.A., Litt. D., etc. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd.; 1902, 8 vols. Price per volume 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Messrs. Kegan Paul are to be sincerely congratulated for their courage and enterprise in adding these eight useful volumes to their instructive and exceedingly low-priced series of "Books on Egypt and Chaldæa." The preceding six volumes by Dr. Wallace Budge, the Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, and the two by Mr. L. W. King, his Assistant, have been already made known to our readers, and form the best introduction to a study of the languages and religions of these two great ancient civilisations which is at present obtainable. The low price of the volumes places them within the means of the most modest purse, and the rapidity with which they have been bought up shows that there is a wide-spread interest in the fascinating subjects with which they deal. That the student owes a deep debt of gratitude to these two scholars, and especially to Dr. Wallace Budge, who is responsible for no less than fourteen of the sixteen volumes which have so far appeared, goes without saying; that, however, the mystic will rise from their perusal without much satisfaction is to be expected with books which have no other concern than pure objectivism. The time has apparently not yet come for the mystic element in the tradition of the land of mysteries *par excellence* to be treated with any approximation to knowledge, and it is, therefore, kept so far in the background that it may be said to be almost excluded. And yet without some knowledge of this the religion of Egypt is almost entirely inexplicable, and in proportion as it is neglected we are presented with the mummified remains and lifeless externals of a cult which has left behind it to mark its once strenuous life monuments unrivalled in the known history of the world.

And if we have to notice this to us very serious omission in Dr.

Budge's otherwise most excellent work on Egyptian religion, much more is it noticeable in the eight volumes under notice, in which history is the theme, and history not in the sense of the social or religious conditions of the people, but in the good old-fashioned style of kings and battles. Indeed, we have somewhat too much of the "accidence and adjectives and names of Jewish Kings" side of things. Doubtless Dr. Budge is not to be blamed for this and cannot be expected to make bricks without straw; but when so many pages are filled with the identification of King-names as found in Manetho's lists, imperfectly preserved in quotation by later writers, with the names on the monuments, the attention of the ordinary reader is inclined to flag.

The great utility of Dr. Budge's history is that it enables us to see how much actual material we have so far got on which to base our speculations; and though it is very considerable compared to what was accessible, say some fifty years ago, it is nevertheless heart-breaking to see a vast stretch of some 5,000 years represented, except at certain periods, by ghastly blanks or at best the name of a King or two the records of whose deeds have vanished. And even when we have the records of the doings of the Kings, we feel we know nothing of the people and their deeds, their hopes and fears. What, for instance, should we know of France a hundred years ago, if we had preserved only the titles of Napoleon and a list of his battles; or of our England of to-day, if we had nothing but the long titles of the King and a record, say, of the hospitals whose incomes he is striving to increase? For this is mostly what we get in Egyptian history as at present made known to us: the names of Kings and their titles; their battles and conquests; their buildings and restorations of pyramids, tombs and temples.

Nevertheless, it is very necessary to have the tracings out of a chronological and political backbone in the first place, so that we can gradually reconstruct the skeleton, and finally reclothe it to some degree with flesh and blood. Dr. Budge has necessarily much to say on the "Neolithic" race which preceded the dynastic Egyptians, the recent "finds" of whose graves scattered over so wide an area have produced so many speculations. Dr. Budge regards them as an African non-negroid race enjoying a comparatively advanced stage of culture, living in huts made of reeds and mud, but unacquainted with the art of writing or of working metals. The Egyptians of history were, according to Budge, an Asiatic race, "the followers of Horus," coming from Southern Arabia, who invaded the Nile lands about

4,500 B.C. They were builders and workers in metals and had a civilisation and a script closely connected, directly or remotely, with those of Babylonia. They easily conquered the Africans, who gradually amalgamated with them. Dr. Budge is somewhat scornful of those who half a century ago refused to give Egyptian civilisation an older date than 2,500 B.C., but we cannot but think that his 4,500 years will have to be pushed back when the evidence of some new finds will clamour for recognition. So, too, with the question of the "origin" of Egyptian civilisation; the evidence at present accessible seems to justify the moderate conclusions of the Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, but we should be foolish to accept this as an acquired fact of science, when future discoveries may throw entirely new light on the subject.

Where Dr. Budge does best service is when he exposes the fallacies of those who have approached the study of Egyptian history with the Hebrews on the brain, and reduces the Hebrew Egyptian question to its proper proportions; in the preface to the sixth volume, moreover, he apparently gives the death-blow to Prof. Cheyne's theory of a "Jerahmeelite" kingdom in Southern Palestine, which he has brought into such prominence in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*.

On the other hand, Dr. Budge is never tired of insisting that the Great Pyramid was built for a tomb and for nothing else, and so with all pyramids, and this, to use his own words at a different valuation, "in spite of chambers with sliding roofs which admitted the invader to hollows filled up with masses of stone, and so took him out of the right path, and passages which led nowhere, and wells which contained nothing and ended nowhere." But indeed the question of the pyramids has not yet been settled either by "all competent authorities" or by incompetent amateurs, and we can possess our souls in patience till discovered fact replaces theory.

Dr. Budge, however, is no slave to the accepted order of things on his own ground, for he introduces a startling innovation into Egyptian chronology by transferring the kings known by their Rā names as the Antefs from the XIVth dynasty, to which they have hitherto been assigned, to the XVIIth dynasty. This we must leave to the specialists to decide; to the lay mind it appears to make not much difference in the paucity of our knowledge.

No doubt by this time our learned author is tired of learning from his reviewers that he has been ill-advised to use sixteenth century translations of Herodotus and Diodorus; "B. R.'s" translation of

Herodotus is no doubt charmingly quaint from a literary point of view, but it is grossly inaccurate, and if Dr. Budge desires his *History* to be of service to continental scholarship it is handicapped in this particular, for "B. R." is somewhat of a strain even for a German professor.

We, however, must end as we began with thanking Dr. Budge for his labours; of their utility there can be no doubt, and Budge's *History of Egypt* will at once take its place among standard works on the subject, and be the latest authority until a new authority appears. But when an author has written a book on *Egyptian Magic* and therefore must be supposed to know at least as much about it as the proverbial "lecturer," it is strange to find him commenting so naïvely on a magical incident in his *History*.

King Rā-Ȧpepi at Tanis in the Delta wanted to pick a quarrel with Seyenen Rā, the King of the South at Thebes. He, therefore, after consulting his chief magicians, sent a message to him to this effect: "Let one hunt on the lake the hippopotamuses which are on the lake of the city, so that they may let sleep come to me both by day and night." On this Budge comments: "The writer of the romance wishes to indicate that the hippopotamuses on the lake at Thebes made so much noise, both by day and by night, that Rā-Ȧpepi could get no sleep in Tanis, and we may readily agree with the magicians who composed the message that the King in the South would not know how to answer it, because he would probably think that Rā-Ȧpepi had lost his senses, for by no natural means known in those days could the King in the Delta be disturbed by hearing the plungings and splashings of hippopotamuses in swamps some six hundred miles away." We are not a magician and have never written on the subject; but "sympathetic magic" was known before Marconi's wireless telegraphy, and perhaps "hippopotamuses" on the "lake," not in the "swamps," may be other than the pachydermata known to zoology.

G. R. S. M.

A Useful Introduction to Theosophy

Diene dem Ewigen! Was nützt die Theosophische Gesellschaft ihren Mitgliedern? (Berlin: Schwetschke und Sohn; 1902.)

Under the title "Serve the Eternal," the author, who is one of the oldest pioneers of Theosophy in Germany, gives in a condensed but very attractive form a complete *vade mecum* for the pilgrim-soul of the would-be disciple. It is a manual for mystics rather than an exposi-

tion of theosophical teachings. The writer, however, uses the word "theosophist" in the sense in which many would use the words occultist, neophyte or mystic; hence he says: "not every member of the Theosophical Society is a 'theosophist.' Those only can be thus named who firstly have recognised the *goal* of the evolution of their egos, and secondly that they can and must each and all *attain* this goal; and thirdly have clearly recognised the *ways* and the *means* to this attainment, and fourthly have *begun* to walk in this way, and of set purpose to apply these means" (p. 7).

Theosophy can now be summed up in seven words: "The Eternal in all is the Self" and this ideal existed long before S. Paul used the word (1 Cor., 2, 7); it lived in Ancient India, in the Greek and Egyptian mysteries and in the sacred customs of many another time-honoured nation. It is the ideal of Eckhart, Tauler, Böhme and Angelus Silesius; it was spread by secret societies such as the Rosicrucians and Freemasons. To-day the follower of it is not persecuted, he is laughed at; but that is not a reason for us to make a secret of it if it is ours. For this reason the Theosophical Society was publicly founded, and it demands of its members an acknowledgment of this ideal and efforts after the practical realisation of it. Now how does the Society help its members, and what good does it do in upholding the ideal? It helps those who are ripe for the task. It expounds the deeper aspects of the world-riddle only to those who can grasp that riddle and steadily fix the eye of the mind upon it. The Thing-in-itself—the ultimate reality—is found by the evolution of self-consciousness. Those who have consummated this work and become the "first fruits," the great exemplars, are worshipped as gods in all the great religions.

Such are Osiris, Horos, Hermes Trismegistos, Kṛishṇa, Buddha, Zarathustra, and above all Jesus. That all men are equal is notoriously untrue, why then can we not believe in the Victorious Ones who have won at last the prize for which all are trying to fit themselves? But the best way to feel certain that the Immortals exist is to try and make *oneself* one of them.

The author then takes us rapidly through the main teachings of the Ancient Wisdom. The fact of repeated incarnations of every ego, he says is recognised by all nations, all races and in *all* times. (This may be so, but the present reviewer for one would be very glad to have chapter and verse, or even an oral tradition for it.) Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, Schopenhauer and many

modern celebrities have incidentally acknowledged their belief in it. Even in Kant there are passages suggesting it.

The next point is the importance of distinguishing between the personality and the individuality. Upon this follows inevitably the problem of responsibility, of the moral sense which hangs in its turn upon the instinctive longing for those things which belong to eternity and hence is in itself an earnest of our immortal life. The man with an awakened moral sense and the hope of immortality has now begun to tread the first steps of the inner life. A belief in spiritual things is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

The Master for any soul is the spiritual power most operative at any given moment. The person is always the mask. The *Master* as the *Spirit* is confined to no one *person*. There may be one or many of such *persons*, but it is "the same Spirit." "The person *quâ person* is never the Master himself" (p. 42).

The Spirit alone is the Wisdom and the Power, the Love and the Peace. For the Master there is no favouritism and no privileged people. "Where two or three are gathered together in the Spirit of the Master there is the Master among them." And the Spirit of the Master is a Presence of Peace.

This was what Böhme meant by the verse which he wrote in a friend's note-book: "Look at Time in the Light of Eternity! Only in so far as thou hast the Eternal in thy mind's eye, only in so far as thou sowest eternal things, only in so far as thou liftest thyself above all strife, only in so far as thou givest room to Peace within thee, only so far hast thou the power and the wisdom and the blessing of the Divine Masters—not otherwise!"

This spiritual communion must be won by each one for himself.

Merely joining the Theosophical Society, although this is a highly significant and important step, will not give the higher blessing. The pupil must raise *himself* to the Master's level. Then the author gives an account of the ways and means of this self-culture, with a digression on the misuse of occult powers, on dangers subjective as well as objective, the only safeguard against the former dangers being the absolute control of the thoughts by a conscious action of the will. With developing powers the desire to serve naturally arises in heart and stronger still the desire to merge self in the One Self. "If I lose myself I find myself," is the cry of the devout soul, and leads to its own fulfilment.

If we might suggest a fault in this little book it is in the notes

being put at the end. A busy man opening it at random for a good thought, as well he might, is confronted with runaway 1's and 2's attached to some word and looks down the page in vain for the meaning of them. By the time he has found the note he has probably lost his place and the thread of the thought and forgotten the number. In a large book which you have to "sit up to table" to consume with the help of a paper-cutter and a book-marker, it is more excusable, but even then not acceptable. There is also no table of contents, but then the headings, different on each page, are most felicitously chosen.

A. L. B. H.

The Little Genesis

The Book of Jubilees or the Little Genesis: Translated from the Editor's Ethiopic Text and edited, with Introduction, Notes and Indices. By R. H. Charles, D.D., Professor of Biblical Greek, Trinity College, Dublin. (London: Black; 1902. Price 15s.)

Students of Jewish pseudepigraphic and apocalyptic literature owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Charles for the excellent texts, translations, introductions and commentaries which he has been giving them for the last ten years. We have already acquainted our readers with the admirable work done by the Professor of Biblical Greek in Dublin's famous centre of learning on *The Book of Enoch*, *The Book of the Secrets of Enoch*, *The Apocalypse of Baruch*, *The Assumption of Moses*, *The Ascension of Isaiah*, and in his admirable volume *A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life in Israel, in Judaism, and in Christianity*, and, as we have said before, by this time it is recognised on all hands that Dr. Charles is *facile princeps* in his special line of research. *The Book of Jubilees* (so-called from its chronology, which follows the system of a Sabbath of Sabbaths of years, or forty-nine years), or *The Lesser* (? Detailed) *Genesis* (so-called not because of its shortness, for it is longer than canonical Genesis, but because of its greater elaboration of detail in true haggadic style), is the last contribution to the elucidation of Jewish apocryphal literature from the pen of this distinguished scholar. It is marked by all the thoroughness which has characterised the rest of Dr. Charles' labours and is a monument of exceptional learning and painstaking industry. Some six years ago Dr. Charles published a tentative translation of this very curious monument of Jewish scripture-making in *The Jewish Quarterly*, and now explains

that the delay in publishing it in book-form was not owing to the difficulty of revising and polishing the translation, but rather to the fact that his notes and commentaries had got into such a hopeless tangle when he treated the book as a product of the first century A.D. (as was generally supposed to be the case) that he was brought to a complete standstill, and could not understand the reason of his failure until he was led by studies on another line to come to the conclusion that *Jubilees* was of a far earlier date, in fact about 135-105 B.C. Once this key was found, everything fell naturally into place and difficulty after difficulty was solved. And indeed it seems that Dr. Charles has made out a case for this date which is strong even in its weakest elements. This being so, *The Book of Jubilees* assumes a far greater importance than it ever possessed previously for all students of the evolution of Jewish religion, and by it we can further establish definite date limits for portions of such famous apochryphs as *The Book of Enoch* and *The Book of Noah*. But what is most interesting to us (and for this speculation Dr. Charles is not responsible) is that we have before us a document that might very well have by a slight divergence of the wheel of fate been included in the Bible, for when we see such a book as Chronicles (a haggadic tendency-writing of the second century, which wrote up Kings and Samuel in the interests of later priestly views) included in the canon, and observe that *Jubilees* treats the matter of Genesis and Exodus in precisely the same fashion in the interests of a still later priestly view than that of the Chronicles' redactor in revising Kings and Samuel, we see the making of scripture in the workshop and the continuation of the same industry by the same firm, attended with very great success, but by some strange freak of fate failing to find a place among the permanent exhibits.

The Jubilees' writer was thoroughly ashamed of many of the crudities of the Ezra redaction of Genesis and Exodus and re-wrote the whole matter to suit the views of his own day and circle; Jewish enthusiasm was at the top of the wave in the palmy days of Maccabæan conquest and the ambition of the priestly fanatics was boundless. The whole spirit of the writer is further characterised by a detestation of all non-Jews, which fully justified the strictures of the classical writers of the first century and throws a flood of light on the nature of zealotism and the mania of exclusiveness that tickled the vanity of Israel and diabolised the gods of all other nations. Exceedingly interesting also is this document for students of later Talmudic develop-

ments, for it presents us with earlier forms of haggada and halacha which the Rabbis of mishnaic times were compelled to modify. An acquaintance with the literature of this period also shows us how erroneous is the general Jewish persuasion of later days that the "oral tradition" had been handed down unchanged. Of great importance also are the readings of the Bible texts, which often approximate more closely to those preserved in the Septuagint translation of the Pentateuch (*circa* 250 B.C.) than to those of the far later Massorah of the fourth or fifth century.

In brief, a study of the Jewish apocrypha is of as pre-eminent importance for the history of the evolution of the religion of Israel as the study of Christian apocryphal literature is for the evolution of general dogmatic Christianity, and Dr. Charles is doing yeoman service for an age that seeks to attain to a truly scientific appreciation of values which have hitherto been entirely falsified by tradition. The next work we are promised by this well-equipped scholar is a text and translation of *The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs*, but we might suggest to Dr. Charles that we are without a representative English work on *The Sibylline Oracles*, one of the most fascinating of these pseudo-prophetical and pseudepigraphical phases of literature. Years ago we attempted some essays on the subject in this REVIEW, but have never ventured to publish them in a more permanent form because they were far too slight for the purpose, though not slighter than the few other attempts which exist in English on the subject; which means to say that the existence of this lacuna in our literature is somewhat of a reproach to English scholarship. G. R. S. M.

OLCOTT'S BUDDHIST CATECHISM IN GERMAN

Der Buddhistische Katechismus von Henry S. Olcott, Präsident der Theosophical Society, etc.; 35 (2. deutsche) Ausgabe mit besonderem Vorwort des Verfassers. Autorisierte Übersetzung nebst Erläuterungen von Dr. Erich Bischoff. (Leipzig: Th. Griebens Verlag; 1902. Preis *M*.2.20.)

COLONEL OLCOTT is to be congratulated on having Dr. Erich Bischoff as the translator and useful annotator of the thirty-fifth (the second German) edition of his now famous *Buddhist Catechism*, and he is to be further congratulated on the excellent way in which the firm of Griebens at Leipzig has printed it and turned it out. Indeed, we have seen no better edition of the work in any other language. This is a thirty-fifth edition of our President-Founder's useful compilation,

not a reprint or a thirty-fifth thousand, but a genuine edition, for this little catechism has been translated into no less than twenty different languages, and may be said, without the faintest risk of contradiction, to have been the busiest instrument of Buddhist propaganda for many a day in the annals of that long somnolent dharma. And this too without forgetting the great claims of that truly inspired gift to the Western world, *The Light of Asia*. Colonel Olcott's *Catechism* has this advantage, and it is a great one, that it is duly approved by the head of the Buddhist Sangha in Ceylon, the venerable H. Sumangala, and authorised as a text-book in Buddhist schools; it therefore presumably represents the orthodox teaching of that particular circle of the Sangha; whether or not the Tibetan Lamas or the Chinese or Japanese Bonzes would endorse it as well it is impossible to say, but, as far as it has been found practicable to get an opinion, it has been approved, and that is a great point in its favour; it is decidedly a feather in Colonel Olcott's cap that he, a Westerner, has been able to draw up a simple statement of this great religion that meets with the cordial endorsement of the highest official of Singalese Buddhism and a great Pâli scholar (in the oriental sense) like Sumangala. With *Der buddhistische Katechismus* before us our thoughts are naturally turned to the sublimely grand Dharma of the Buddha and all that it has meant and still means, in spite of the natural obscurations it has suffered at the hands of systematisers and dogmatists, and in spite of its capture by monkdom; its truly virile beginnings, its rejection of all biblical authority, its appeal to reason, are elements which should endear it to many thinking minds in the Western world to-day, as a phase of religious experience that deserves the closest study. And yet, strange to say, of late years the study of Buddhism in our ranks has receded into the background and we seldom see a paper published on this enormous volume of human experience. Perhaps it may be that it was felt to be unwise to give any colour whatever to the at one time popular misconception that all the members of the Theosophical Society were Buddhists, esoteric or otherwise, that the Society was only a cloak for Buddhist propaganda, and the settled policy of its leaders was to "convert" Christians to the Dharma. But that absurd misconception is a thing of the past; we are now said by many to be, in the West, at any rate, "turning" Christians, and we are to end up by being Roman Catholics. This is of course equally absurd, both accusations emanating from the ignorance which cannot understand the

Theosophical position of religious equality, and the recognition of all the great faiths as legitimate children of one Holy Family.

Nevertheless, we, for our part, regret and regret deeply that more attention is not paid by our students to the admirable Dharma of that truly Enlightened One, and we say it advisedly that the least the learned Buddhists of Ceylon can do to repay the debt of gratitude they owe to Colonel Olcott and other members of the Theosophical Society who have worked for them is to bestir themselves to throw some light on their own origins and doctrines. G. R. S. M.

Theosophy in a Dutch Novel

The Deeps of Deliverance. By Frederick van Eeden; translated from the Dutch by Margaret Robinson. (London: Fisher Unwin; 1902. Price 6*s*.)

This book is not pleasant reading. It is a psychological study, rather perhaps a study in psycho-pathology; and "cases" are usually only of interest to the student and to those who are suffering, or think they are suffering, from the disease of which the symptoms and progress are described. Unluckily—or luckily it may be—there are more people suffering from the disease of Hedwig Marga de Fontayne than there are afflicted by any one physical disease that flesh is heir to, for her ailment is disharmony between the higher and the lower selves, the pain and discord born of the struggle between the sensuous and the spiritual nature. Through such pain and suffering the transition is made, as the author puts it, "from self to Self, from the temporal self to the Ego, the eternal, which alone *is*"; but it does not follow that detailed descriptions of the symptoms can be read without a sympathetic nausea. Dr. van Eeden's method recalls the recent Scandinavian school, his realism is of a similar kind, and, as a mere matter of taste, however effective that realism may be as a piece of descriptive pathology, it jars on one's æsthetic sense. But as to the purpose of the book—the moral as it used to be called—there can be no two opinions as to the "higher life" the author wills to set forth. W. H. Dircks, who writes a preface to Miss Robinson's translation, attributes "a good deal of the inspiration" of the book to Tauler and his school of mysticism; and unquestionably there is much compressed mystical teaching with which many theosophists will heartily sympathise, and more particularly that large class of souls (not necessarily theosophists) whom Professor James, in his excellent book so recently reviewed in these pages, calls the "twice-born."

The story—that is the outward acts which a newspaper might

chronicle—is commonplace enough. Hedwig falls, and falls deeply, drinks the bitter cup to the very dregs; madness, morphia and the streets are her portion. But it is in the story of her regeneration that we find the unconventional, for in the methods and teaching of her saviour —Sister Paula—we have a treatment which, it seems to us, nothing but a practical knowledge of occultism—real occultism—could suggest. It is utterly unlike any of the ordinary methods of the district visitor, the parish priest, or Sister of Mercy of any branch of Christianity with which fiction (or experience) has familiarised us. One is much tempted to quote Sister Paula *in extenso*, but though occupying a very small proportion of the novel the history of Hedwig's rebirth is much too long for the space at disposal for this review. One can only say in brief that Sister Paula teaches the Evolution of the Soul and Dharma in such fashion that one can readily believe her a theosophist. She puzzles Hedwig with certain "dark sayings," and then illuminates them in simpler phrase. One of these sayings is: "It is harder to die to virtues than to vices; nevertheless, the one is not more necessary than the other to arrive at perfect union with God." Another runs: "At the beginning of the spiritual life we need most patience to endure our neighbours; as we advance we need our patience most to endure ourselves, and finally we need most patience to endure God." Hedwig is at one point told: "Words are full of snares. It is sometimes as difficult to discuss good things as to make lint with tarred hands. Do not think too much in words. Try to think also sometimes in colours or music." From this, and other things, we may judge that Sister Paula, like Hedwig herself, came into conscious touch with life's inner planes. And Hedwig passed into that higher life which her biographer says "is rather concentration, the bringing together of past and future, of All into One, than evolution or transition from one to another—rather a quietness full of increasing inward power than movement in this or that direction." And so she found a pearl of great price though she searched for it with a muck-rake. E.

The Vedânta and the Fourth Gospel

An Eastern Exposition of the Gospel of Jesus according to St. John being an interpretation thereof by Sri Parânanda by the Light of Jnâna Yoga. Edited by R. L. Harrison. (London: Hutchinson; 1902).

We are of course not to expect in such a book as this any contribu-

tion from the critical side of the subject. Neither Parânanda nor Miss Harrison have the equipment necessary for the undertaking, and both seem to be unacquainted with the enormous literature connected with Johannine exegesis. But what is remarkable is that, setting this on one side, the general explanations are put forward in a form worthy of careful consideration; if we may say so, the exegesis of the Vedântin author is of quite a Heracleonic nature, that is to say, in many things agrees with the interpretations of that little-read but highly instructive Gnostic writer, the first known commentator on the Johannine Gospel. It is of course a matter of no surprise to us that this should be so, for the standpoint has been long a familiar one to theosophical students, but it is a matter of congratulation that Miss Harrison should have managed to give the gist of the expositions of her Vedântin teacher in a so comprehensible form, and to have avoided as many pitfalls as she has. G. R. S. M.

The Teachers of Theosophy

La Sagesse Antique à travers les Âges. By Dr. Th. Pascal. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art Indépendant, 10, Rue Saint Lazare; 1902. Price 1*fr.*)

Under the above title our esteemed colleague has collected and published a series of useful lectures, which he has from time to time delivered. In the first lecture Dr. Pascal deals with the Great Teachers of Humanity during the third and fourth races and discusses the documentary and other evidence in favour of the system of races as put forward in Theosophical literature. Of the second lecture the Great Teachers of the fifth race form the subject matter, and a brief sketch is given of the functions which we are told they came to fulfill. Under the heading "Present day Theosophy," Dr. Pascal treats of the laws of Karma and Reincarnation, and in the concluding two lectures we are given a very admirable account of the Path of Discipleship and of the qualities to be acquired by those who would tread it. We are, however, glad to note that, while describing the splendour of the goal, our colleague warns his readers of the dangers besetting those who attempt, as it were, to force their development beyond the powers which they have acquired. "Let us, then,"—he says, "patiently follow nature. Let us help those who are around us and press forward the wheel of evolution and of progress without concerning ourselves about powers which, under existing circumstances, can but lead to disaster and to misfortune." G. S. A.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, November. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott continues his narration of Mrs. Besant's tour in India at the beginning of the year 1894. Then, as now, Mrs. Besant's time was crowded with work on behalf of the Theosophical movement, and were it not that she has recently told us that she never oversteps the limits of her powers we might wonder why she did not break down. It is only left for us to marvel at these powers. In his concluding article on "Human Progress and Philosophy," S. Stuart makes the following wise remarks, which those of us who fear lest the least little breath of discord may destroy the Society would do well to bear in mind: "But the truth seems to be, that there exists in mysticism and occultism a vital force which nothing can overset; and no efforts directed against it can do more than to weed out the weaklings from among its followers. These any cause is mostly better without; but those who remain will . . . be quite sufficient to keep alive its study and carry forward its principles. It can never perish, though it may be periodically obscured." Miss McQueen concludes her article on Shrî Kṛishṇa, and "Light on the Path" and "Yoga" are continued. P. Narayana Iyer writes on "Peace and Happiness," while D. Chamier and P. de Abrew respectively discuss "The Kabalah and its Doctrine" and "Black Magic or Demonology in Ceylon." In the *Supplement* our President-Founder notifies that, owing to the Viceregal Durbar at Delhi, which some members of the Society have to attend officially, the date of the Convention, to be held at Benares, has been altered to the 25th of December.

Revue Théosophique Française, October. Dr. Pascal continues in this number his useful series of articles on "Present-day Theosophy," and deals with the various symbolisms which relate to the creation of a universe. The translations of Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power," of Mr. Leadbeater's "Some Misconceptions about Death," and of H. P. B.'s *Secret Doctrine* and *Glossary* are continued. In the "Echoes" Commandant Courmes refers to the then forthcoming inauguration of the new headquarters of the French Section by Mrs. Besant.

Théosophie, Belgium, contains the report of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture, delivered in November, 1901, on "Vegetarianism and Occultism." Mlle. Aimée Blech contributes a short article on "Karma"; and A. C. F. M. publishes some fragmentary notes taken of Mrs. Besant's recent lectures at Brussels.

Theosophia, Holland, has translations from H. P. Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant, A. Schwarz, and A. S. Falkner—this last being a translation of "The Vengeance of Heaven," which appeared in our June number of last year. M. Reepmaker's Convention lecture on "Good and Evil," delivered in September of this year, is well worthy of perusal. The number also includes a poem by H. Laan, entitled "H. P. B.: Thoughts inspired by her Portrait," to which the well-known photograph of H. P. B. is appended.

Theosophy in Australia contains a further instalment of W. G. J.'s "Three-fold Theosophy," this time with the sub-title "Religion." The following statement contains much that is applicable to those who at present are suffering from the searching investigations made by the Higher Criticism: "It is true that at first the removal of any one faith from the pedestal of sole exponent of Divine Truth, will, if that faith has been our own, tend to a casting off of all connection with religious avenues of Thought, and it must be said that many of us live through many years of the dark time when all is blank. . . . Even these phases end, however, and we most of us come back to look again at the familiar presentations of forever sacred things, our intervening dark time now enabling us to see in them Truths which belong to no one time or place. . . ." Other articles are: "The Melody of Life," and "At the Lunch Table."

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, October, is a bright number containing many wise sayings of the great men of the world. "F. T. S." writes on "The Brotherhood of Man"; and W. Denne Meers contributes the first instalment of a series of articles on "The Study of Man."

We have also to acknowledge: *Teosofisk Tidskrift; The Theosophic Gleaner; Teosofia* (Italy); *Sophia* (Santiago); *The Prasnottara; The Theosophic Messenger; Theosofisch Maandblad; Revista Teosofica; Lotus Lodge Journal; Bulletin Théosophique*, containing an account of Mrs. Besant's most successful visit to Paris; *Der Vâhan; Sophia* (Spain); *The Dawn; The Indian Review; The Ârya; East and West; Modern Astrology*, a good number; *The Central Hindu College Magazine; Anubis; The Light of Reason; The Humanitarian; The Pacific Vedantin; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Light; Review of Reviews; Little Journeys*, Cellini; *Mind; A Dream of Realms beyond us*, by Adair Welcher; *The Philistine*. We have also received "What Theosophy does for us," an able address delivered by Mr. Leadbeater in 1900, at Buffalo, New York. G. S. A.

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