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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT is one of the most stimulating books we have come across for a long time. It is called *The New Word* and is "An Open Letter addressed to the Swedish Academy in Stockholm on the meaning of the word 'Idealist.'" This, because the fourth bequest of Nobel's famous Will runs: "One share to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most remarkable work of an idealistic tendency." The author remains anonymous, and his work is published by Owen & Co., 28, Regent Street, London, and also at Leipzig, Paris and Geneva. The price is 5s. Who the writer is we do not know; this is what he tells us of himself:

"The New Word"

> The foreword of this letter was really written thirty years ago, when a mere school-boy, hardly knowing what he did, chose Truth as being for him the one sacred Name. Afterwards, when I had read the book in which Darwin reminded us clearly of a fact dimly familiar to our forefathers, I laid it down with the reflection that most other books would have to be re-written in the light of that forgotten fact.—The question was how to begin.
>
> I spent the next twenty years in exploring the human mind as it is revealed in literature, and as it is revealed in life. I have not passed the time shut up in libraries. I have been a speaker and a writer; I have been a lawyer

and a soldier; I have been a ruler and a judge. I have taught children and learned from them. I have talked with the learned in their colleges, and talked with the Black men in their own land beside the Black River, in the oldest and most catholic speech, the language of signs. In a place where no White man had been before me, I found a Black king and his folk withheld by an old curse from planting a medicinal tree; and I broke the curse by showing to them a stone whereon a Greek of long ago had carved the finger of his God. In such ways I have learned something of the nature of words.

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THE first half of the work consists practically of an enquiry into the meaning and power of words. It is indeed, for the instructed and discriminating, a most suggestive essay on the magic of words. If on the one hand the study of the human sciences should begin with folk-lore, equally should the science of language deal chiefly with native names; it is such names or words that contain the power of natural meaning. And so not inappropriately our author quotes in the forefront of his book the familiar Chaldæan Oracle:

Native Names

> Never change native Names;
> For there are Names in every nation, God-given,
> Of unexplained power in the Mysteries.

The great question is what do we mean by the words we use, especially by the loan-words with which all our books of learning are crammed. Philology must be reformed.

The man of letters will need no explanation of why I have found the dogma of philology to be the devil's leading counsel in the debate. To the philologist, whose history—for I cannot call it science—has helped and hindered me by turns, I owe an honourable salute before the foils are crossed. . . .

Philology needs the light of folk-lore more than any other study needs it, because words are the most elusive work of man. They are the birds and butterflies of man's creation, and the philologist shows his love for them by trying to transfix them on Grimm's pin; by tearing them out of the sky with his Aryan shot-gun, and by giving them glass beads for eyes, and souls of cotton-wool. He is bitten by the mania for exactness, and his study is the one study in which exactness must almost certainly be wrong. When *he* rules out the guesses of the untrained mind, he is ruling out the mind that shaped those very words of his; he is condemning what ought to be his fundamental law.

The wild man's mind ran wild, and it was volatile to catch the most fanciful resemblances between words, as his tongue was volatile to rhyme

their sounds. His words were spelt, like Mr. Weller's name, according to the taste and fancy of the speller.

And those resemblances of sound and rhyme, we may add, follow a nature of things that, though not rational for us, is exceedingly potent in the region of the non-rational—whether it be sub-rational or or supra-rational.

* * *

THE cry of our author is "back to the land,"—back to our native words, for in them lies hidden the true power of meaning; indeed he is the champion of what the Germans call *Natursprachwissenschaft*—Nature-speech-lore, or let us say rather Native-speech-lore. He is for what he calls Baltic speech as opposed to Mediterranean language.

Mediterranean Language

The philologist seems never to have heard anyone speaking English, but to believe that his own learned dialect is the speech used in the nursery and on the farmstead. And that is not so. What Skeat rarely and unwillingly refers to as "provincial English" is *very* English, and many words that he refers to as English are provincial Latin.

Such words, he says, as Ideal, Idealism, Idealist, are current in most of the languages of Europe, but are not natives of any. They belong to a large and increasing class of words which he thinks he can best characterise by naming them "Babu."

The English in India, whether to make the task of government easier, or in the belief that our civilisation must be better for the Hindus than their own, have set up schools to train the natives in our ways, and, to begin with, in our speech. There is a large class of natives who learn very readily up to a certain point, that is to say, they write our words correctly, and they have some notion of what the words mean; but English has not replaced their native speech, and hence it fits them like a borrowed garment, and they are betrayed into awkward and laughable mistakes in using it, which have given rise to the term Babu English.

Now that is just the process from which a great part of Europe, and especially England itself, has been suffering for many hundreds of years. Our speech bewrays us to be the freed-men of Rome. Our schools are Roman schools, set up by missionaries from the Mediterranean, in whose mind it was the very aim and end of education to tame the young barbarian of the North into an obedient provincial of the great Roman Raj. . . . .

Let it not be thought that all this is beside the question. It goes to the heart of the question. That schoolmaster's Latin should be Latin which would make Cicero stare and laugh is a little evil. But that men should go

through life talking to one another in words which they only half understand is a great evil. And that school-boys should have their minds beaten and bent out of shape by such words has long seemed to me the most frightful evil in the world. . . .

Unhappily the priests of science have shown themselves not less prone than other priesthoods to impose on the mind of man by means of bad language. To the mediæval plague of dog-Latin there has succeeded in these latter days the plague of Babu Greek.

The apologists for this vice of science tell us that it is merely a kind of short-hand. I am sorry I do not find that it is really quicker to write *dolichocephal* than longhead, or *ichthyosauros* than eft. . . .

Nevertheless, if the use of these bastard Mediterranean words were confined to the naming of things like rocks and plants and animals, the quarrel with them might be left to the man of letters. Words like amœba and neolithic are ugly and tiresome, but they are not false and mischievous. There is even a subtle elegance in naming fossils in a fossil tongue.

It is a very different matter when such words are caught hold of to name thoughts instead of things; and when men make believe that they have said something in short-hand which they could not say in long-hand.

* * *

The Course of the Enquiry

Now all this applies so admirably to the majority of people who dabble in Theosophical studies that we would most cordially recommend this book to them as a well-worked-out example of how to get at the native meaning of foreign words—at the living ideas, as we should say; only our author will have nothing to do with Mediterranean words. The course taken by the enquiry is described as follows:

At the outset it seemed to be going round and round, without drawing nearing to the sought-for end. It has since steadied into the form of a whirlpool, drawing me down in ever-narrowing rings until at last the whirl-point is in sight; and we may foresee that it will turn out to be a starting-point, so that as soon as I have passed through it I shall begin to come up again on the other side.

Setting out to discover what books were, in the opinion of no mean judge, most beneficial to mankind, I found them described by the word Idealist. I had not the endless task of finding what that word meant by itself; I had to find out what the Testator meant by it.

I found, in the first place, that it was a new word, not yet admitted to the Book of Words, and thus there was no distinct class of books to which it had by common usage been applied.

I found next that it was a half outlandish word, whose birth and

history were not enough to guide us as to its meaning. I found again that this would not have mattered if it had named a thing already there, but that it mattered very much when I had got to find a thing to fit the name.

I found next that the Testator's word was being used in many meanings which seemed to have little in common with one another. I examined some of them and found they were not in harmony with the context of the Will.

At length I settled upon what seemed to be the common element, or beginning, of all these meanings. I polarised the word Idealist by means of the word Materialist.

I found there was a class of books for which the word Materialist had been employed by common usage, and I examined them. As a result this word now melted down to the word Strength.

I sought to polarise the word Strength, and I was thrown back upon words of a kind which I had looked into already, and found not in accord with the Testator's mind. This time I bade them take their true shape, and they appeared as ciphers.

Nothing is made up of Ciphers; and Everything is made up of Strength.

* * *

THE insight and wit with which this enquiry is carried out are remarkable as a deep-going criticism of modern science and philosophy, and must be carefully studied in the original to be fully appreciated; we have space here only to chronicle some witty moments in the investigation, and will preface them by quoting the titles of the chapters to show the lively genius of the writer's mind.

Some Moments in the Enquiry

1. The Riddle. 2. Psychology: The Personal Equation. 3. Etymology: The Castle in the Air. 4. Lexicography: The Play upon Words. 5. Metaphysics: The House of Cards. 6. Altruism: The Face in the Looking-Glass. 7. Materialism: The Shape. 8. Physics: The Knot. 9. Dynamics: The Demon in the Stone. 10. Chemistry: The Man in the Crumb. 11. Mathematics: The Conjuring Trick. 12. Logic: The Cipher. 13. Ontology: The End. 14. Metastrophe: The Magic Crystal. 15. Biology: The Elf. 16. Theology: The Painted Window. 17. Exegetics: The Forbidden Fruit. 18. Pathology: The Pyramid. 19. Astrology: The Eclipse, 20. Ethics: The Book of Etiquette. 21. The Heir.

It is evident that we have here much that should deeply concern our readers.

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CONCERNING Metaphysics, after searching enquiry he asks: "What, then, is the mixture of which Aristotle's editor (Andro-

The Squirrel-cage of Metaphysics

nicus of Rhodes) furnished only the name? What is it that the professors have been professing for two thousand years?"

If I turn for an answer to this question to a popular work of reference, like the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I find that the official teachers of the science of Andronicus Rhodius have been no more able to agree among themselves than the members of the Metaphysical Society. The history of metaphysics is the history of the attempt to supply a mixture to fit the name. The enchanted squirrels have toiled in the sorcerer's cage. They have written whole learned libraries; the Mediterranean words have gone round and round in imposing procession; but the writers have not gained an inch.

Wherein lies the power of these Babu words? It is in sheer repetition. By dint of saying them over and over again we make ourselves believe in them. Repetition is the secret of all enchantment. We find it in the magic spells buried beneath the dust of Akkad. We meet it in the lullaby that puts the child to sleep. . . .

There is only one way to break the spell, and that is to stop the magic song. We must interrupt the Mediterranean sorcerer, and ask him what he is saying. We must translate the Babu words. . . .

And . . . , indeed, the long toil of the metaphysicians has been a struggle to get out of the natural world, by getting inside themselves. And inside themselves they have found what they call The Mind, and in this very mind they have found the objects of the external world, the stones and trees, in short, nature all over again.

Now there is a real science of the mind. The study of how men think and reason may be called the crowning study, the last word in any education worth the name, the last chapter of any but a parrot's grammar-book. But just because it is the crowning study it must rest on all the others. It is as natural as they are. And like them it must follow Bacon's rule—Learn from the things and not from the words about the things.

* * *

THE argument with a disciple of Tolstoy's must be read to be appreciated. The satire is exaggerated, but there is truth in it; as when he writes: "All the Andronican words of the theologians have come back again, only this time they are written about Man instead of about God. All the rich comfortable folks who used to go to church and call themselves miserable sinners, now go to lecture halls in the suburbs and call themselves Lovers of Humanity."

Humanity—a Deceitful Word

I distrust Humanity when it foams at the mouth.

The word Humanity is an Andronican word, because it does not advance us an inch. Everyone is agreed that it is doing a kindness to save a man

who is not in his right mind from doing wicked things which he might afterwards regret. The questions that remain are then: What things are wicked; and who is to be the judge; when is a man not in his right mind; and who is to be the judge; how, and with how much force, are we to save him; and who is to be the judge; and when, and under what circumstances, is it our business to step in; and again who is to be the judge? These are questions that the wisest man who ever lived could not answer off hand, nor beforehand; and the man who thinks he can answer them, and has answered them, by shouting the word Humanity, is more out of his mind, and more in need of restraint, than any soldier or tax-gatherer or Tsar. . . .

Humanity is least of all an altruistic word. The Religion of Humanity pretends to be the worship of men and women by men and women. And it is not even that. Because the idolaters have an ideal man or woman whom they really worship. That idol is their own reflection in the looking-glass, and hence the Service of Humanity is apt to mean an effort to make Man in their own image.

So far as I have been able to learn what they do, instead of listening to what they say, their idol is very much like a Unitarian minister; a man of some information, and of some taste in the arts; fairly respectful of the inherited tabus of Europe, with leanings towards teetotalism and vegetarianism; abounding in Mediterranean words of an immaterial tendency; with not much sense of humour, and still less of his own infirmities; and with rather a strong sense of the infirmities of others, and a strong disposition to make them better from his point of view, and worse from their point of view.

Now this may be the Coming Man. This idol may be destined to grow up and overshadow the world. I do not say that it is a bad idol. Only do not let us call it Humanity. If the whole earth is to be ruled smooth in its name; if all the men and women it now holds, from the five hundred million of Chinese down to the dwarfs who haunt beyond the Mountains of the Moon, are to be ground beneath the car of this new Juggernath, let us know what we are saying; and do not let us use the word Humanity.

* * *

The Witchcraft of Materialism

THIS man is so delightful a writer that we could go on quoting him with pleasure for pages. The story of how he set out to investigate the position of Materialism and his remarks on reading *The Story of Creation* are vastly entertaining, especially his conclusion.

All this is not really science, but only scientology. It is language. It is the magic lullaby in which the shapes of things melt and reshape themselves for ever. And so, when we would try to stop that wheel we call the mind, and look between the spokes, at once the All-Thing in its turn begins to spin about us, and all which it contains to slide and glide away: as in that wondrous story of creation handed down from Finnish sorcerers of old,

when the wizard Lemminkainen comes into the hall and sings; and while he sings the swords vanish out of the hands of the feasters, and the cups vanish from their lips, and the tables and the walls melt and fade, and lastly the hall itself and all within it melt and fade away, and only the magic song goes on.

Lest I should be misled about Materialism by keeping to one book, and that one written by a man of letters rather than a practical scientist, I went out into the street, and was fortunate enough to find another with the tempting title—*Chemical Theory for Beginners.*

This time there could be no mistake; the book was a real school-book, and it had belonged to a real school-boy; I found his name, Cameron, and the name of his school, on the fly-leaf. It was the work of two learned specialists on the staff of a famous University. In England the publisher is more important than the author, and this book was published by the most important publisher in England. . . .

As we have seen, there is a slight cloud over the *Story of Creation.* If it is not under lock and key in the Free Libraries, there must be many who would like it to be so. But no one would dream of locking up the *Chemical Theory for Beginners.* It is perfectly respectable. It is a book that might have been written by a bishop. Its contents are taught to the sons of bishops in the most conservative schools in England. They are taught alongside of the Catechism of the Church of England. And yet they are not one whit less materialistic than what we have been reading. . . . The schoolmasters have dealt with young Cameron fairly, according to their lights. They have treated his mind as if it were a badger's pit. You put in it the badger, and you put in it the dog, and you wait to see which comes out first. They have thrown in the Catechism, and they have thrown in the Chemical Theory, and now they are waiting to see whether Cameron will turn out a Christian or an atheist.

* * *

BUT we must break off, though unwilling to do so, and devote the rest of our space to the positive side of this brilliant thinker's thesis. He is a shatterer of idols, not for the pleasure of iconoclasm, but for love of the living God. In his positive exposition he asserts:

Strength the Great Magician

The opposite of strength is strength.

It is not lack of strength,—weakness is only the slack tide of strength. It is not no-strength,—nothingness has neither position nor opposition. It is strength going the other way, as in the yea and nay of the electric atom, as in the force and energy of the mechanical universe, the Ebb and Flow of Everything.

The word Power, like so many words used by materialists, is a bad one.

Because Power means the same as Potency, and strength is not potential, but kinetic. All force is pulling. All energy is pushing. All strength is Going Strength. As we have seen, the tying up of strength is Matter.

And as we have seen again, Matter is wrought by the crossing of two Ways of Strength. It is not the Rest, but the full strain of the wrestlers—the deadlock of these great Twin Wrestlers whose wrestle is the All-Thing.

Opposite is also a bad word, because it makes us think in one measure, and we ought to think in three. The right word is inversion, which is to say in English, turning inside out.

The turning inside out of strength is the key to the riddle. It is the key to many other riddles. For rightly to interpret one word is rightly to interpret all words. . . .

Strength is the common term, the first word in the idealist, as well as in the materialist, lexicon. It is the word which I find at the core of all words, the one which I cannot explain, but by which I have to explain all others. It is the axle of the wheel of self-knowledge, the end of that whirl which I call my mind. Because it is that, I do not understand it. I use it as a gibberish word. Somewhere we must break off the endless decimal, and put on a dot. Here is where I break off my decimal, and put on my dot.

And this is just what we have been now writing and saying for some years, only we have generally called this mystery Ātman.

* * *

THIS man has caught a glimpse of it; he has sensed the æon, he has breathed in and out with the Divine pulsation; he has felt the heart-beat. What matters the name used? Every true symbol is but a momentary snap-shot of this Ever-in-motion; every name is but an echo of its utterance. Our author writes:

The Symbol of Symbols

The figure of strength turning inside out is now before us. It is strength shrinking into a point, and swelling into a ball, the inward beat changing into the outward beat, and the outward back into the inward, as force changes into energy, and energy into force. . . .

We cannot think of strength going only one way, or shrinking in any measure without swelling in equal measure. We cannot think of strength going out into the dust-bin of Andronicus Rhodius. Nor can we think of it shrinking into the point of Euclid and staying there. As fast as it whirls inward it must whirl outward, and the whirl and swirl must compensate each other. So that the strength-ball ought rightly to be called a Whirl-Swirl. . . . What is a real skin? It is Matter. It is indeed a network through whose pores encompassing strength flows in and out. The heat waves reach the blood, the light waves break through the eye-ball into the brain;

others, more subtle, to which we have not yet given names, touch the invisible membranes of undiscovered cells within.

The mathematical skin is Time. The whirl-swirl ebbs and flows between the turning point within and the re-turning point without, and the moment at which the swirl changes into the whirl is its outline. . . .

If both the inner and the outer whirl-swirls are of pure strength, and both keep the same Time, shrinking and swelling together, then one will not feel the other. Where there is no resistance there is no existence, and so the two whirl-swirls will be one. And that is the demonstration of the Nirvāṇa of the Buddhists. . . .

Consider this idea. Consider this inner strength, coming and going, urning and returning, millions of beats in every tick of secular time, while, throbbing through the network woven by their meeting, the over-strength comes and goes faster than flashes in a diamond.

It is no longer a mere word. It is a magic crystal, and by looking long into it, you will see wonderful meanings come and go. It will change colour like an opal while you gaze, reflecting the thoughts in your own mind. It is a most chameleon-like ball. It has this deeper magic, that it will show you, not only the thoughts you knew about before, but other thoughts you did not know of, old, drowned thoughts, hereditary thoughts; it will awaken the slumbering ancestral ghosts that haunt the brain; you will remember things you used to know and feel long, long ago.

What do you see in the magic crystal?

Do you see the Atom, the only real one, the point of strength within the All-Strength?

Do you see the crumb, the tiny crystal that breathes ever so faintly, swelling and shrinking too slightly for our measures, while in and out of it there throbs the beat of strength we call attraction and repulsion?

Do you see the sun's orb, not fixed as we suppose, but nearly in the middle of our sun-whirl, swelling and shrinking in great tides of fire, while it breathes in and out those throbs that we call Energy and Force? Or is it this planet that you see, not altogether weaned, but clinging like a suckling to its mother's breast, drinking in life, and giving it forth again? Ourselves, involved in the vast cocoon of silken light, do we not seem to other eyes, watching from other orbs, to be flame-spirits moving in a burning world?

Is it the mite you see, the tiny life-crumb, fire-begotten, water-born, air-fed, earth-clad, of which we know neither the beginning nor the end?

Is it the seed, feeding upon the earth-strength, and sending it forth again in roots and shoots? Is it the living water-spout, through which strength courses to and fro from leaves to roots, and back again to leaves; is it the Tree Yggdrasil?

Or is it rather the cell, swelling and shrinking within the body-strength, while within the cell there swells and shrinks the nucleus, and within that the nucleolus, and within that what lesser nucleolites we have not measured?

Suppose it is yourself. Suppose it is your heart that pants and throbs

while through it the blood whirls in and swirls out in systole and diastole. Suppose it is your inner strength, swelling and shrinking along its nervous tracery, while through it the Outer Strength comes and goes, coming in sense, and goin n emotion. That word emotion is not an Andronican cipher. It means out-going. Those old men who used it first knew well enough what it meant. They were not sleep-walkers as we are.

Suppose we say it is the Strength Within, played upon by the Strength Without. Suppose we say, in words we hardly understand, that what we call the Body is a network woven between the tiny Strength Within and the great Strength Without.

This is the best introduction to Theosophy that we have read for many a long day; and no better New Year's present can be given to an enquiring friend than this thought-compelling and illuminating book. We would that all our folk might read it; it would clear away much nonsense and bring them to the heart of the matter. We should like to have written a book like this ourselves.

WHAT AM I?

MINE are the horns of the deer,
Mine are his nostrils;
Yet am I, too, the air in which he breathes.
I am the deer; and yet am I the wind.
I am the deer, mine are his feet;
Yet am I, too, the unscored earth on which he runs.
Through me and in me flows the blood of trees;
My souls are in its boughs and sing
Like birds, or rising sap hid in the dark,
The darkened mother-womb of life or death.
I hear the life; and yet that life am I.
I hear the growing of the grass; that grass am I;
In it am I cut down, dried up, and burned;
But by it, through it, in it, I too live again.
I am the rain that falls in tiny drops;
I am the ocean of the sky from which it falls.
My rain is fire; my fire is mist and dew.
My sun is Darkness; and my darkness Sun.
Within me is the circle of the Wheel,
Without me is the centre—what am I?

M. U. GREEN.

THE LADDER OF THE LUMINOUS CROSS

An Essay in Christian Gnosticism

III.[1]

THE LIMBS OF THE INEFFABLE

Finally we must consider the Cross as the Ladder of Light, whereby the Limbs of the Ineffable descend into Sensible Existence and put on the "form of a servant";[2] whereby the Sons of God are manifest in the flesh.

Concerning these Limbs, or Members, of the Ineffable we read in the *Books of the Saviour*:[3]

"And they that are worthy of the mysteries which lie in that Ineffable, that is to say, they that have not emanated—they are prior to the First Mystery.[4] To use a similitude and correspondence of speech that ye may understand, they are the members of that Ineffable; and each is according to the dignity of its glory, the head according to the dignity of the head, the eye according to the dignity of the eye, the ear according to the dignity of the ear, and the rest of the members (in like fashion); so that it is manifest that there are many members but only one body. Of this I speak to you in a paradigm, a correspondence, and a similitude, but not in the reality of its configuration; I have not revealed the (whole) word in truth."

These Limbs are the eternal Real-Existences within the Divine Mind of which we have spoken elsewhere. They are said to be "prior to the First Mystery," because they are not in any sense the children, or creations, of the Logos, but co-exist along

[1] Nos. I. and II. appeared in the September and November numbers.

[2] *Phil.*, ii. 7.

[3] *Pistis Sophia*, p. 252 (Mead).

[4] *Sci.*, the Logos.

with Him in the bosom of the Ineffable. They are different one from the other, each according to his dignity; for they are the Spirits of all living beings, sub-human, human, or super-human. Their Head is the Logos, the Centre, as they are the Content of the heavenly Mind; and together they form "One Body," the Body that is the manifestation of the Ineffable. It is this idea—a universal idea in Gnosticism—that would seem to underlie the familiar allegory of the True Vine and the Branches, thence throwing some new light on the doctrine of the Eucharist. It also seems to be the interpretation of the relationship that exists between Christ and the Church, the Head and the Members of "One Body."

Of their emanation we read:[1]

"Then Sētheys (Hidden Place) sent forth a Demiurgos Word having with it a cloud of Powers with crowns upon their heads, throwing out rays, and the brilliance of their bodies made them manifest. The Word which went forth from their mouths was Eternal Life, and the Light which went from their eyes was its resting-place; the movement of their hands showed the path towards the place whence they came; the extension of their hands gives stability; the hearing of their ears is the perception which is in their hearts; their union is the re-union of Israel; their comprehension of themselves is the contemplation of the Word. . . . And the union of the Demiurgos Word was with those who came forth from the trembling which had been, and they became one and the same thing as it is written:

"'They have become one and the same in the only One.'"

This Re-union is the Mystic Marriage, the Consummation of all things—the Marriage of the Christ with His Spouse, the Church, which is at the same time His "One Body." It is the Re-union of the Children of Israel who are scattered abroad in the Universe; the harvesting of those "Seeds of the Logos" that have been planted in the world-mixture. It is the gathering together of the Limbs of Osiris, who has been dismembered and whose "One Body" is now knit anew and re-articulated. Or it is the return homeward of the Prodigal Sons of God, who become

[1] *Egyptian Magic*, p. 56.

one with their Father in the only One, re-united in that illimitable Ocean which is the Ground of their being; not losing identity or character, for if this were lost all were lost; not transcending that element of Difference which is an inherent quality of the Mother-side of Mind, but realising beneath this that element of Sameness which is the Seal of their kinship with the Father of all fatherhood, which is their divine birthmark. As living Ideas within the Divine Mind they cannot be called "one" with the Centre of that mind, the numerical symbol of the Intelligible Order being, according to Plotinus, τὸ ἕν-πολλά, "the One-Many"; but they are justly said to be "one and the same in the only One," the numerical symbol of which is τὸ ἓν μόνον, "the One alone," and which is characterised as "non-existent"; "it is not," because it is beyond all being—the "God beyond being "of the Basilidian Gnosis; the summing up, so to speak, of both sides of the Mind of the Universe, Subjective and Objective; the Head and the Limbs.

"These are the worlds in which the Stauros (Cross) was manifested, and Man (*sci.*, the Heavenly Man, or Logos) came forth from his incorporeal members; this is the Father, the Root of all Being, whose members have emanated from Him."[1] These "Limbs" are the members of the Ecclesia, or Assembly; the Living Ideas that together make up the Content of Universal Consciousness, that together form the "One Body" of the Heavenly Man, whose "Head" is the Logos, and whose "Soul" is, to use a figure of speech, the Ineffable, the Fulness of whose Godhead dwells bodily upon His alone-born Son. And from this source a new light falls upon the Crucifixion of the Son of God, and a new meaning is apparent in the Luminous Cross. For it is this "Body" of the Christ that is given for the life of the world, it is this "Body" that is stretched upon the Cross. And this "Body" is none other than the Assembly of Divine Ideas that pass over from the Mind of God to realisation and expression in Matter. The breaking of the "Body" is the Scattering of the Limbs of the Ineffable; the descent, upon the Ladder of the Cross, of the Ideas of the Light; the Incarnation of the Son in the world of Time and Space. And the Luminous

[1] *Egyptian Magic*, p. 48.

Cross supports forever the "Body" of the Son of God which is slain and scattered abroad from the foundation of the world that the world may have life; for without this "Body" there is no living being in the Universe—every denizen of every world is a Member of the crucified "Body" of Christ.

The metaphysical view of these Limbs of the Ineffable is perhaps somewhat out of place here, and yet a few words on the subject are necessary. Under other names it is just the two views taken with regard to these Limbs that divide Modern Idealism into its two chief schools: that of Monism and that of Pluralism. The former may be stated to be:

"The doctrine that all existence is summed and resumed into the enfolding consciousness of one single Inclusive Self; that human selves, and other selves, if others there be, are not selves in at all the same sense that the Inclusive Self is, nor in the meaning that moral common-sense attaches to the word. *They* are mutually exclusive groups of empirical *feelings*—merely summaries, more or less partial and fragmentary, of separate items of experience, at best only partially organised."[1]

The Pluralist, on the other hand, objects that:

"[This] conception is a philosophical and real account of the nature of an *isolated human being*, or created spirit, the numerical unit in the created universe, . . . a self-active member of a manifold *system* of persons, all alike self-active in the inclusive unit of their being; all independent *centres of origination* so far as *efficient* causation is concerned; all moving from 'within,' *i.e.*, each from its own *thought*, and harmonised in a society of accordant free-agents, not by any efficient causation, but by the operation of what has been called, since Aristotle, *final* causation—the attraction of an Ideal Vision, the vision of that CITY OF GOD which they constitute, and in which, reciprocally, they have their being; a vision immortalised by Dante as the Vision Beatific, by which no one is driven, but by which, to borrow the meaning of Goethe's famous line, the Eternal, woman-like, *draws* us onward,—

"'*Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*'"[2]

If Deity be considered as the one and only Inclusive Self,

[1] *The Conception of God*, p. 86 [2] *Op. cit.*, p. 90.

there can be no moral order, no realm of ends, no purpose in Creation; since this depends upon self-active free-agents, indestructibly individual.

Here, as so often elsewhere, Gnosticism appears as a ground of reconciliation between two apparently contradictory views; for it maintains that "there is one *nature*, in manifold *persons*."[1] God and man are *consubstantial* but not *identical*. In this sense Gnosticism is plainly Pluralistic. Each Limb of the Ineffable, each Member of the Ecclēsia, is indestructibly real and individual; and, as such, distinct from the Logos, the Centre of the Heavenly Mind of which they are the Content; for both the Logos and the Limbs are manifestations of the Ineffable who is *one*. This is the unity of substance underlying the plurality of persons. The Content of the Divine Mind is not the objective reflection of Itself, but an infinite host of Living Intelligences; "There are many members but only one body."

Great objections have been urged of recent years against this Pluralistic interpretation of the universe, and yet it would certainly seem to be more free from inherent contradiction than its rival, Monistic Idealism. It is difficult to see, if there be only *one* Inclusive Self, how there can be any evolutionary process, any free-will, any immortality; or indeed any communion between man and God, or any knowledge of God, which is Gnosis, for knowledge implies the duality of Subject and Object, of the Knower and the Known. Communion between two minds implies a common nature in both, and this community of nature is the solid basis on which all Gnosticism rests; but it none the less implies distinction of person, for if there were identity of person, as of substance, it is hard, it is indeed impossible, to see how there can be any communion at all. Moreover Monistic Idealism, by referring all causation to the One Inclusive Self, robs man of that sense of personal responsibility which is the core of his moral nature, and reduces the laws of the universe to nothing more dignified than the operation of omnipotent Kismet. Human will, and therefore human responsibility and human morality, in a word, all that is most essential in human life and all that is worth saving in human nature, all that makes the

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 93.

doctrine of Immortality even intelligible, have no place in a universe whose God is the mere Sum-total of its varied experience and whose denizens have no more essential reality than our most trivial thought. Even such severe Monists as Dr. W. R. Inge are obliged to recognise the reality of the Person.

"We believe in God, not in *a* God, and 'there is none beside Him'; but we could not have this belief about Him if there were not the germs of a fully personal nature in ourselves. This conception of a soul-centre, through which we are in contact with God Himself, though in an unspeakably dim, remote and faint degree, seems to me a valuable one, because it safeguards what is true in our aspirations after separate individuality, and asserts the fundamentally teleological character of these aspirations."[1]

Nevertheless the view of Ultimate Reality as a countless host of separate Persons is not without its difficulties and objections; for the Monist may ask: "How, in your Unity of Nature, can there arise a Plurality of Persons?"

At this point Gnosticism, with its doctrine of a Divine Mind, comes once more to our assistance. As we have before remarked, the Plērōma, or Universal Mind, consisted, on the one hand, of a Unique Centre, the Logos or Man,—conscious, individual Deity; and, on the other, of an infinite host of Divine Ideas, —conscious, individual Units—that are the Ultimate Reality eternally present to Ultimate Experience,—the Ecclēsia, or Church.[2]

Between the Logos, however, and the Limbs of the Ineffable there subsists an identical Nature, and this one Nature was called by them the Ineffable, the Monad, the Father; and it was spoken of as "incomprehensible," "unchanging" and as "beyond being"—for conscious being implies Personality. The Father is God as infinite Nature, the Son is God as infinite Personality, the Holy Ghost is God as infinite Power. But all three co-exist and are co-eternal; the Son is eternally generated from the Father, and the Holy Ghost eternally proceeds from the Father and the Son. "There is one *nature* in manifold *persons*." The one Nature is the Ineffable; the manifold Persons are the denizens

[1] *Personal Idealism and Mysticism*, p. 120. [2] See *The Conception of God*, p. 128.

of the Ideal World—the Unique Centre and the Innumerable Content of the Universal Mind, the Head and the Limbs of that "One Body" in which the Fulness of the Godhead dwells.

But space forbids us to enquire further into this fascinating and important aspect of our subject. It was necessary to touch upon it, but we must now return to our original task and briefly examine in what manner these Eternal Ideas—the Seeds of the Logos—become incarnate in Matter.

It will be remembered that when the Saviour stretched Himself upon the Cross and descended into the lower worlds for the restoration of Sophia, there descended with Him His Angels, "a cloud of Powers with crowns upon their heads."[1] Turning now to Irenæus[2] we read:

"But when Achamōth (Sophia) was freed from her passions, she gazed with rapture on the dazzling vision of the angels that were with him (the Paraclete); and in her ecstasy, conceiving by them, they tell us that she brought forth new beings, partly after her own image, and partly a spiritual progeny after the image of the Saviour's attendants."

The Ideas of the Light, descending by means of the Ladder of the Luminous Cross, which is Batos and the Saviour, are clothed in the first garment of Matter, their Spiritual Body eternal in the Heavens; they become the inhabitants of the Jerusalem above, the Ogdoad which is outside the Plērōma. The Virgin of the World, conceiving by the Holy Ghost, gives them a material form, and thus they are immaculately born into this phenomenal Universe from the Womb of Unaging Time, and are made men. They are given that everlasting Substance or Ground of their being, from which shall be derived the numberless forms of their "many existences" in the worlds of physical generation, that everlasting storehouse into which shall be gathered the grand-total of their earthly experiences; that seat of everlasting memory, comprising in its survey the entire course of their Cosmic pilgrimage so long as they shall remain exiles from the Fulness of their own being; that Robe of Glory which they must leave behind them at the Last Limit, and which they shall

[1] *Egyptian Magic*, p. 56. [2] *Her.*, I. iv.

again put on after their Resurrection from the Flesh[1] "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption."[2]

Sophia then addresses herself to the task of giving these form; this is accomplished by the instrumentality of the Demiurge—the Creative Power of the material worlds:

"Having thus formed the world, he (the Demiurge) also created the earthly (part of) man, not taking him from this dry earth, but from an invisible substance consisting of fusible and fluid matter, and then afterwards, as they define the process, breathed into him the animal part of his nature. . . . After all this, he was, they say, enveloped all round with a covering of skin; and by this they mean the outward, sensitive flesh. But they further affirm that the Demiurge himself was ignorant of that offspring of his mother Achamōth. . . . She took advantage of this ignorance to deposit it (her production) in him without his knowledge, in order that being by his instrumentality infused into that animal soul proceeding from himself, and being then carried as in a womb in this material body, while it gradually increased in strength, might in course of time become fitted for the reception of perfect rationality."[3]

This same process is thus described by Hippolytus:

"There has been projected Sophia, which is, according to them, Mother of all living creatures, and the 'Joint Fruit of the Plērōma,' (who is) the Logos, (and other Æons), who are celestial angels that have their citizenship in Jerusalem which is above, which is in heaven. For this Jerusalem is Sophia, she (that is) outside (the Plērōma), and her spouse is the 'Joint Fruit of the Plērōma.' And the Demiurge projected Souls. . . . From the material and devilish essence the Demiurge fashioned bodies

[1] With this compare the hymn of Bardaisan translated in Mead's *Fragments*, p. 406:

"And they took off from me the bright robe,
Which in their love they had wrought for me.
And my bright robe, which I had stripped off,
. . . . . .
My parents sent thither.
. . . . . .
On a sudden as I faced it,
The garment seemed to me like a mirror of myself."

Compare also *Pistis Sophia*, pp. 9 *et seq.* (Mead).

[2] *I. Cor.*, xv. 54.

[3] *Her.*, I. v.

for the souls. . . . And this is the material man, as it were, according to them an inn or domicile, at one time of soul only, at another time of soul and demons, at another time of soul and logoi. And these are the logoi that have been dispersed from above, from the 'Joint Fruit of the Plērōma' and (from) Sophia, into this world. And they dwell in an earthly body, with a soul, when demons do not take up their abode with that soul."[1]

Thus the Divine Idea, or Light-Spark, is clothed in three successive vestures of Matter: a Spiritual Body, a Soul, and a Material Body which itself is twofold. In this it lies, as a child within the womb, awaiting the New-Birth which is the reception of "perfect rationality." To quote Professor Leconte—for the most recent thought is strangely reminiscent of the most ancient:

"God may be conceived as self-sundering His Energy, and setting over against Himself a part as Nature. A part of this part, by a process of evolution, individuates itself more and more, and finally completes its individuation and self-activity in the soul of man. . . . Thus an effluence from the Divine Person flows downward into Nature to rise again by evolution to recognition of, and communion with, its own Source. . . . Nature is the womb *in* which, and evolution the process *by* which, are generated Sons of God."[2]

The Life-Stream of Divine Ideas pours itself forth from the Cosmic Mind into the worlds of change and death, to re-ascend, the glorious company of the Sons of God, robed in the Divine perfection and immortality they have won during, and by reason of, their age-long contest with the Prince of this World.

The "Sons of God" are ourselves and indeed whatsoever other beings throng this marvellous creation. They are the Kingdom of Heaven within us, the living Christ-germs hidden at the heart of our life, the Divine Images beneath all flowing garbs and changing masks. As Walt Whitman sings in the "Song of the Universal":

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection.

[1] *Ref.*, VI. xxix. [2] *The Conception of God*, p. 77.

By every life a share or more or less,
None born but it is born, concealed or unconcealed the seed is waiting.

And this Seed is robed in Vestures woven by the Hand of God from the Textures of Time and Space, where it awaits the dawning of that perfect day which is the knowledge of its own being, the Gnosis of Divine Sonship.

The Universe, for the Gnostics, existed in three great levels or planes. *This World*—the cosmos presented to our senses, not only this earth of ours, but all the innumerable hosts of stars that lie on the shore of Infinity like golden sands on an immeasurable sea. Beyond this, the *Hebdomad;* the seven spheres or heavens, the home of the dead and of the unborn, the world of punishment and reward; invisible to our bodily senses but pressing ever close upon us and around us, its air burdened with ghosts of the Past and rumours of the Future. And beyond this again the *Ogdoad;* the reflection in primæval Matter of the Universal Mind, the world of archetypes; the rare joyful region of the holy and pure spirit, the Womb of the Great Mother, the ground and basis of all sensible existences.

Within these three spheres, for ever passing outward from the Throne of God and for ever returning thereto, flows a countless host of beings, each a germ of Divine Nature, each a limb of the Ineffable robed in the vestures of Time and Space, each a letter of the great Word giving eternal utterance to the Thought at once revealed and concealed within the Universe, each a little image of the Great Image, a Son of God.

And beyond all, underneath all, through all, shines, unperceived by mortal eyes, the Luminous Cross, the Power of the Most High upon the earth, the Hand of Destiny, the Pathway whereon Man came from God and whereon he must, and shall, return.

And surrounding this Universe, as ether surrounds our globe, bathing all life in its ocean-flood of Light, stretches unmeasured and immeasurable the Plērōma, the Mind of Deity, the Home of man, the Source and End of every living thing. Unimagined and unimaginable, yet the nearest of all to us, the Eternal Father whose arms of power and love surround forever His wandering and unwitting children; whose voice of

tenderest affection forever summons the Wanderers of earth homewards!

For the Cross is a stairway of light shining exceedingly, whose lowest step rests upon this dark world, as a beam of light from the cloud-hidden sun may rest upon tempestuous seas; whose highest step is lost amidst the blaze of ineffable glory that surrounds its Head. It is a stairway whereby man can ascend to God, whereby the Ministers of God may come down for the helping of man. It is a Ladder of Light, springing up from the gloom of our own hearts, and leading us, as we climb it, rung by rung, into the very sacred Heart of God.

But this aspect of the Cross, which is a Door, and a Way, and Resurrection, and Life, and Truth, and Grace, cannot here be considered, but must be deferred to a more fitting season; for its consideration brings us towards that great mystery of Re-birth, the Redemption of the inner man by Gnosis, towards which the Pilgrim of Time looks as to the Goal of his wide wanderings; and, seeing its dim radiance afar off, cries out:

"Rejoicing I come to thee, thou Cross, the life-giver, Cross whom I now know to be mine. I know thy mystery, for thou hast been planted in the world to make fast things unstable.

"Thy head stretcheth up into heaven, that thou mayest symbol forth the heavenly Logos, the head of all things. Thy middle parts are stretched forth, as it were hands to right and left, to put to flight the envious and hostile power of the evil one, that thou mayest gather together into one them (*sci.*, the limbs) that are scattered abroad. Thy foot is set in the earth, sunk in the deep, that thou mayest draw up those that lie beneath the earth and are held fast in the regions beneath it, and mayest join them to those in heaven.

"O Cross, engine most skilfully devised, of salvation given unto men by the Highest; O Cross, invincible trophy of the conquest of Christ o'er His foes; O Cross, thou life-giving tree, roots planted on earth, fruit treasured in heaven; O Cross most venerable, sweet thing and sweet name; O Cross, most worshipful, who bearest as grapes the Master, the true vine, who dost bear too the Thief as thy fruit, fruitage of faith through

confession; thou who bringest the worthy to God through the Gnosis and summonest sinners home through repentance!"[1]

Truly S. Thomas à Kempis has written:

Non est salus animæ, nec spes aeternæ vitæ, nisi in cruce.
Tolle ergo crucem tuam, et sequere Jesum, et ibis in vitam æternam.[2]

J. REDWOOD-ANDERSON.

"WASTE"—A CRITICISM

"Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time which was before us." These words of the pessimistic Preacher of Israel resound in the ear, as one thinks over the view of sex-relationship put forward by Mr. Granville Barker, in his latest, exceedingly clever and interesting play, *Waste*, the public performance of which has been prohibited, not altogether unwisely, by the Censor.[3]

The argument of the play is briefly this. Henry Trebell, a clever, middle-aged lawyer, and independent politician, has a scheme for the disestablishment of the Church, and a new system of perfectly truthful education for the children of the nation, who, he observes, are to act as teachers to their preceptors. Trebell is ready to throw in his lot with the Conservatives, and hopes to be included in their next Cabinet. At the conclusion of the first act of the play, we find him carrying on a fragmentary intrigue, entirely devoid of any real feeling, with a certain Mrs. O'Connell, a married woman, living apart from her husband, apparently because she does not wish to bear him children. She is a pretty, amorous, worthless creature, who is quite unable, and unwilling, to resist the animal passion she has roused in Trebell.

In the second act, after the lapse of several months, during which she has not seen Trebell, Mrs. O'Connell comes to his

[1] *Acts of Andrew*, in *Fragments*, pp. 445, 446.

[2] *De Imit. Christi*, II. xii.

[3] Produced by the Incorporated Stage Society, at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, November 24th and 26th, 1907.

house to inform him that she is about to become the mother of a child, and entreats his help and support. Trebell is ready to do all that is necessary, in a physical way, to hush up the scandal, and shield her from the consequences. But, for the soul-needs of the sorely-pressed woman in her time of stress, he has no comprehension and no pity. He merely rejoices to feel that he is to become immortalised as a father, though he may never even see his child; and brutally and callously tells the agonised creature at his feet that he never cared for her, it was only Nature's purpose, and that any other woman would have answered that purpose, at that moment, just as well. To her cries for sympathy, or even a pretence of affection to enable her to go through what lies before her, he metes out the cold comfort of assurance that now, for the first time only, is she of any consequence. He beseeches her to think of the wonderful position that bringing a child into the world will give her, even though her motherhood end with the barren fact of merely giving birth.

The painful brutality of the scene almost defies description, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the woman, whose fear of the consequences of her indiscretion seems to be mostly physical, resolves to escape the suffering at all hazards, and has recourse to an illegal operation. As a result of this proceeding she dies, and an incriminating letter from Trebell is found, clearly indicating that the child would have been his. His position in the Cabinet is endangered should the aggrieved husband make public the contents of the letter at the inquest; but O'Connell and Trebell meet accidentally, and a strange bond draws them together. They sympathise with each other, in that each has been robbed of a child which might have been his, by the worthless woman who stands between them. This is a subtle and exceedingly interesting psychological touch.

Trebell is spared the public scandal, but, for other reasons, it is deemed better not to include him in the Cabinet. Unable to face life, defrauded of his Bill and of his child, he ends by shooting himself.

The same sex-theories as those propounded in this play have been foreshadowed by Mr. Bernard Shaw in *Man and*

Superman. But in *Waste* the disciple shows what befalls the airy theories of the master worked out to their ultimate and terribly brutal conclusion.

And where have we got to by following out the "new" idea?

Merely to that which "hath been already of old time." Truly is there indeed "no new thing under the sun." We are back at the old Greek point of view, that woman's only use in the scheme of the universe was to be merely a capable infant-producing machine—a thing without which unfortunately children could not appear, but whose emotion in the matter was useless, nay, positively hindering, to the man's plan of life and schemes for the furthering of his posterity.

Euripides, in the *Medea*, with no uncertain sound, uttered the dawning spirit of revolt from such a one-sided and narrow point of view of the part played by woman in the life of the individual and the nation. Now, after all these centuries of striving more or less ineffectually towards the great Ideal, the last note of modern drama swings us round, backwards, through the circle of the ages, and, save for the modern conditions of the setting, we are again with the old problem, at the point where Euripides started.

But the real mischief in such a play as *Waste* lies in its cleverness, and the skilful manner in which freedom from all sex-emotion, save that of obtaining paternity merely as a means for the continuance of oneself, is put before us by the hero whose life is in his work. It is calculated to impress the superficially clever observer who is inclined to think that intellect far outweighs emotion, and should be held separate from it. The divorcement of these two attributes does not demonstrate our superior mental equipment, rather is that set forth by the controlling power of the one over the other. Mr. Barker fails to see that had Trebell loved, even for a day, the worthless, vacuous woman, who was his, all too willing, victim, he would have been an infinitely greater individual. In his laudable anxiety to show that over-indulgence in the feelings of sex has clouded the mind and blinded the eyes of countless generations of human beings, Mr. Barker has fallen into the other more terrible extreme,

namely, the denial of the necessity and right of true emotion to play any part in the function of the propagation of the young of the human race. He talks of the purpose of Nature as being in itself a good and sufficient reason for the production of the young of the human species, as if they were but animals or insects.

Now, by the divorce of emotion from intellect, no matter from what high motive, we shall never obtain our best results in anything. Predominance of emotion descends to sentimentality, but that is comparatively harmless compared with the predominance of mentality, which inevitably leads to separation, isolation, and the development of an adamantine hardness which ultimately must produce so rigid and unpliable an instrument, that it cannot respond to, or comprehend, the beatings of the great pulse of human things. Understanding without sympathy is impossible, though one may have sympathy, of a sort, without understanding.

That Mr. Barker has a high ideal of the sacredness and mystery of the act of paternity, and the relationship of a man to his offspring, is evident from this remark of strange and intuitive insight: "The man bears the child in his soul as the woman bears it in her flesh." But, for this idealistic condition of affairs, surely it is necessary that the sacramental act must be the outcome of strong mutual love and deepest feeling, and not, as in the play, the result of a moment of vanity and lust. The wretched flimsy woman, in all her weak foolishness and abject fear, had a faint glimmering of the existence of a great truth, when she frantically implores the man to love her, or say he did so, even for that fatal half hour. In the crude brutality of the man's repulsive answer to her cry, there sounds out clear and loud the note of the poverty-stricken soul who has never known even the shadow of the greatest and most far-reaching force in the universe; the faint reflection of That which, in its highest aspect, is manifestation. Though the mental development of the man soared high above that of the paltry creature he had destroyed, yet, through her feeble intuition, her grasp of reality and the universal mystery underlying life was surer far than his.

Possibly nothing has ever been so misunderstood by well-meaning, as by evil-living people, than this everyday question of the

relationship of the sexes. The latest point of view as put forward by Mr. Barker would seem to teach that in seeking to escape from the thraldom of the senses and over-indulgence in sex-feeling, we fall into the graver error of holding that, in the physical relationship between man and woman, nothing more is to be thought of than the perpetuation of the race. As a natural consequence, it follows that the only woman who has justified her existence is the one who enables a man, any man, anyhow, to obtain the satisfaction of paternity. No one will deny the strength and beauty of paternal devotion nor question the nobleness of the great vocation of maternity; but is woman's only claim to recognition the act of physical forth-bringing? Surely this important function can be overrated as well as belittled. Has woman no other outlet for her energies? no other work to do for man and with man? It is not by the harsh denial of sex-love, and the outermost expression of it, that we shall rise into the clearer atmosphere where we hope to find our Spiritual Ideal—that search which, consciously or unconsciously, is the home-seeking of every human heart. Turning away from a thing is by no means making sure we are able to dominate it, and not by cold aloofness shall we set forth the beauty of the great Idea.

Rather must men and women strive together in true marriage to find the harmony of perfect balance, and so striving, together and not separate, transmute the natural promptings of the human heart into the fire of creative passion that burns beyond the region of the physical senses, and, in a very real and sacred sense, takes up the manhood that is in them into God.

H. H. ROBBINS.

HOWEVER widely our experience reaches, however we strive to be spectators only, all we finally attain is but our own Autobiography.

THE unreasonableness of a thing is no argument against its existence—it may even be its necessary condition.

A MAN is in greatest danger of being run over, just when he is getting out of the way of a waggon.—NIETZSCHE.

THE THIRD OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY

II.

FURTHER, in the case of scientific investigation of physical laws a certain development of the mind and of the physical senses is needed; but for psychic investigation we need development of the mind and of the *astral* senses. Now these last are at present developed in but few, and so the question arises as to whether the work of investigation should be carried on only by those in whom the psychic faculties are already developed, or whether others should try to develop the faculties for the sake of carrying on the investigation. Let us recognise at the outset that we are not speaking of those who aim at psychic development for the sake of satisfying idle curiosity, or of earning a livelihood, or for any form of material gain. All who have at all responded to the spirit of Theosophy will admit at once that this is not well; that when our powers on the ordinary plane of consciousness are developed with these motives it is likely to lead to an accentuation of *ahaṁkāra;* and that still more is this so in the case of psychic powers, that it is likely to lead even to the practice of "black magic." But there are some who hold that it is good to develop these powers, if it is done from an unselfish motive, for the sake of being more fit for service. Even so there is a certain subtle danger against which it is necessary to guard. Let us take an illustration from our physical-plane life that our meaning may be clear.

We sometimes meet men who have small means, but a desire to help their fellows, and sometimes they devote themselves to the acquisition of wealth in order that they may then have more to use for philanthropic purposes. Unfortunately it not infrequently happens that those who adopt this plan fall a prey to the love of possessions for their own sake, for the *ahaṁkāra* in us all

is still strong; and when they have acquired the wealth, the desire to use it for service has disappeared, or at least become weaker. If, on the other hand, they begin to serve with the little that they have, then gradually, in some unseen way, more wealth falls into their hands, and along with the increase of opportunity the desire to serve grows stronger with practice. This is the way in which Nature works; to those who seek to gain, she gives more sparingly, to those who are ever giving and serving she gives with unstinting hand. We have been taught this lesson by all the great teachers of all ages, and our own experience is ever enforcing it. It is by use of the little power we have that we best gain increased power, just as our limbs and muscles grow in strength and size by proper exercise. If, then, our only motive for wishing to gain psychic powers is that we may be better able to help others, that we may use them for service, then it would seem that the best way is not to try directly to develop them, but to set ourselves steadily to the work of service with whatever faculties we already have; then, as Nature needs us to help further in her work, will powers and faculties gradually unfold in us; and at the same time the life of service will strengthen the spirit of brotherhood, which will ensure the best use of the developing faculties.

It is, I think, within the experience of many an earnest worker, that whatever art or science or other profession he may devote himself to, he gains in power and insight, and even to some extent evolves the particular faculty needed for his work, by the mere honest and unselfish exercise of ordinary talents, and the sincere effort to do his duty well.

In other words, the most certain way of gaining psychic powers for greater service of others, is the life of spirituality. It may be a slower method, but it is sure, and it ensures their right use. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." I believe that the emphasising of this truth is another of the ways in which the Theosophical Society can best carry out its third object, and most completely do its work as a *nucleus* of universal brotherhood. It is true that it would confine the work of psychic investigation within very narrow limits. In ancient days the work of scientific

investigation was confined within very narrow limits, when the scientist was required first to be a yogī and a saint; but the results of the investigation do not seem to have been any less satisfactory on this account.

This leads us to the consideration of the relationship between psychic development and spiritual growth. It should be noted that the development of psychic powers is not included in the objects of the Society, being quite a different thing from psychic investigation; but we need to consider it, because, as we have seen, the carrying out of psychic investigation may by some be regarded as necessitating the development of such faculties. The fact that when a man is spiritually developed the psychic faculties will normally develop in him, has given rise to the recognition of a certain connection between the two things, which has, however, been misunderstood as implying that the development of psychic faculties is an indication of spiritual advancement, or is one method of attaining spirituality. Possibly if we understand by spirituality merely a knowledge of higher planes, and the power of functioning consciously on them, this may be true. But this is not what the ancient sages meant, nor is it what we are taught in our Theosophical books. Again and again we have been told that the distinguishing mark of spirituality is unity, that the door through which we must pass in order to tread the path of spiritual progress has written above it in letters of gold the single word "Service." From this we gather that, while the possession of psychic faculties may undoubtedly be one effect of spirituality, yet to imagine that the development of these powers will lead to spirituality is no less grave an error than the substitution of an effect for a cause.

We cannot do better than quote an illustration which was once given by Mr. Leadbeater, and which is partly applicable to our present line of thought. He pointed out that psychic faculties are not necessarily associated with spiritual growth any more than are any of our normal intellectual or artistic powers. For instance, a great artist has developed his artistic powers by a certain definite line of training; but this does not mean that he is a spiritual man, nor even that he is morally good. There have been artists in past history, who had great skill in their art,

but were not morally good, and there are such living to-day. The difference lies in the use made of their art. If the artist is also a good and spiritual man, his art will ennoble, uplift, inspire; if otherwise, then he is less likely to touch the highest and best in others, and may even stimulate their lower passions. Similarly with psychic faculties. Anyone who can go through a certain definite course of training can develop them (though, as we have tried to show above, this is not the best method); but that will not make him any better a man, and he may even be of low morality, with by no means high principle. Here again the difference will be shown not in the possession of faculties, but in the use made of them.

We may, therefore, put on one side the idea that to possess super-physical powers is necessarily a sign of spiritual greatness. Indeed, we may even go so far as to say that it is a positive hindrance if they are developed too soon, that is, before the development would come naturally as the result of spiritual growth. There is always a tendency in the possession of any powers to increase the *ahaṁkāra*, unless they are balanced by a strong spirit of altruism and self-sacrifice. We see this again and again in ordinary life, and it is especially so in the case of super-physical powers, which are at present sufficiently rare for the one in whom they are developed to be to some extent marked out from the rest of mankind. For they give their possessor a great advantage, as it were, over others. We see at once that if there were but two or three rich men in a nation in which all the rest were poor, these two or three would have immense power, far more than an equally rich man would have in a nation where many others were rich. If the knowledge in a community were confined to a very small number, it would enormously increase their power, and thereby also increase the temptation to use it for their own selfish purposes. So is it with those in whom the psychic faculties are developed. They bring with them such great power over others that few, if any, will be able to resist the temptation to use it selfishly unless they have gone through a rigorous discipline in altruism and self-sacrifice. This is why it is so strongly insisted on that spiritual training should precede psychic development. And this is why everyone who

has taken brotherhood and spirituality as his ideal will do wisely to pause and consider well before he begins to work for psychic development; for brotherhood can rest only on the unselfish use of all one's powers, and spirituality is impossible without the overcoming of the *ahaṁkāra*. Only the very strong and pure can safely follow this dangerous path; for the majority it is wiser to leave the development of powers alone, and devote themselves to the work of self-purification and to the service of others. The path of wisdom and perfection is one of *nivṛitti* or renunciation, whereas the path of possession, whether it be of wealth or of power, is one of *pravṛitti* or desire.

We come now to the last point of view from which we need to consider this question: How should the results of psychic investigation be used as a guide in our life and conduct? Now our experience of these matters at present falls roughly under two heads. In the first place a certain amount of information has been gathered together by experiment and observation as to the conditions of existence which prevail on other planes. It can hardly be regarded yet as positive knowledge; it is rather tentative, being the result of the investigations of a comparatively small number of students, covering a comparatively short period of time, and in many cases not subjected to critical scientific methods and tests. We must, of course, include not only the investigations of Theosophical students, but also those of other Societies which are engaged in psychic research. It seems to me that we should deal with this exactly as we would with any new information that was gained with regard to physical laws. According to the validity of the evidence on which it rests, and according to its applicability to our present lives, will be the extent to which we shall use it. If astral investigators, for example, tell us something of the conditions of life after death and we can order our lives now in such a way as to prepare ourselves better, provided this in no way interferes with what we regard as right and honourable, it would be folly to refuse to do so simply because the information came from astral sources. We should not on the one hand take up a position of antagonistic scepticism towards such knowledge, but neither should we regard it as divinely given instruction because it is super-physical. An

attitude of common-sense, of balance, is what we should try to cultivate with regard to such information, recognising that it has neither more nor less weight for being super-physical, and should be judged entirely on its merits. At present the evidence in most cases is still rather slight, but over against this we must put the fact that one of the best ways of adding to the evidence is by applying the information given to our lives and seeing how far it stands the test of practice.

But there is another kind of information of a different kind, which presents far greater difficulties, and is also of more interest and more vital importance as being very closely connected with the Theosophical Society. This is instruction as to action, coming, or purporting to come, from entities who normally function on higher planes. Let us try to gather together the principles that should guide us here. These will be connected on the one hand with the nature of the communicating entities, on the other with the methods of communication, and the possible sources of error. On the physical plane entities may be divided into two broad classes, those who are working mainly on the side of unity, and those who are working mainly for separateness; and we are told that the same twofold division exists also on the higher planes. This is not dependent on the degree of advancement attained. There are some entities who are possessed of great psychic and intellectual powers, and are even highly developed morally, and yet are working on the side of separateness and not of unity. If we seek the cause of the difference, we find it in the *ahaṁkāra* principle; those who are working on the side of separateness are those in whom the personality is strong and actively functioning. Those who are working on the side of unity are those in whom the *ahaṁkāra* has not yet been awakened, or in whom it has been overcome. We must remember also how rife is illusion on all planes, especially at our present stage of evolution; the *form* of an entity is not a certain proof of its nature, for we are told that those who are working on the side of separateness will at times, for their own purposes, assume the forms of those who are working for unity. This is one source of error which we need carefully to guard against, for none of us who desire progress and growth would

wish to fall under the guidance of the forces of separateness. The surest way of protecting ourselves from this source of error is by conquering the *ahaṁkāra* in ourselves, for this it is which, more than all else, blinds us to the truth. As separateness is *the* great illusion, and the source of all other illusions, it necessarily follows that we shall be subject to illusion in proportion to the strength of the *ahaṁkāra* in us and shall rise above all illusion only when the personality is completely conquered. Also the presence of *ahaṁkāra* in us is a cause of attraction to the forces of separateness, for it makes it possible for them to work their own ends through us; on the other hand those who are on the side of unity can approach us only in proportion to our efforts to overcome *ahaṁkāra;* its presence is a barrier shutting us away from them, and making us less responsive to their influence.

Turning now to the methods of receiving guidance and instruction, we find that communications sometimes come through physical manifestations, sometimes through astral appearances, and sometimes through mental or other subjective impressions. But in all cases there is one fruitful source of error; the message is apt to be coloured, sometimes very strongly, by the thoughts and desires of those concerned in it, especially of the immediate recipient. It seems that the danger of this is greater, the more subjective is the impression. Just as we have seen that on the astral plane the influence of one on another through thought is even stronger than the influence on the physical plane through actions, so is it with regard to this source of error. It will also be evident that the greater is the *ahaṁkāra* of the recipient, the greater is the likelihood of error; for one in whom it is strong has a strong personality or individuality, with strong desires (not necessarily *lower* desires, they may be desires for noble objects, but they are desires for the separated self), and frequently a considerable mental power, so his thought-currents are likely to have a marked effect on any communications received psychically. The only safeguard, then, against this source of error is yet again the overcoming of the *ahaṁkāra.*

Partly on account of these sources of error, two teachings have been impressed on us by some teachers. One is that all super-physical instructions should be tested by their own inherent

worth and reasonableness; by their power to illumine both reason and conscience, to inspire stronger aspirations and higher ideals. If they do this, the probability is that the source whence they come is pure, and that they have come through to the physical consciousness comparatively free from the colouring of individual thought-currents. If they fail to do this, then we should be on our guard, as it is likely that some lower influence may be at work.

The other teaching is that those who are working on the side of unity on the higher planes are usually very chary of giving direct instructions as to our physical plane actions, and that if at any time they do give such instructions they are intended only for those to whom they are given. Those to whom some of us in the Theosophical Society look up with reverence as Masters, are ever helping and guiding those who are able to respond to Their influence, but we are told that They but seldom resort to this method of giving help. It is not difficult to understand why this should be so. Let us again take an illustration from our every-day life. Every parent, every teacher, knows that when he is training a child, the guiding of the child's outer actions is of less importance than the drawing out of his conscience, his sense of right. Actions may be so directed by constant advice and instruction that no fault remains to be found, and yet, unless there has been training and growth within, there is no power to keep the child right when the teacher's direct influence is withdrawn. But if the main efforts have been directed to the training of the child's intellectual and moral nature, if his reason and conscience have been carefully developed, then there is a power within him which will always guide his actions along right lines.

So does it seem to be with the Masters. They concern Themselves less with what we *do* than with what we *are*. For Their special work for humanity is not even intellectual or moral, but spiritual; and Their influence shows itself in the strengthening of the spiritual nature. No error can creep in here. If we keep our hearts open to respond to Their influence there will come a clearer vision of what is true and good, a stronger resolve to abide by the right, a greater courage in meeting all manner of difficulties, more peace and contentment, more of indifference to

merely outward things but at the same time a more steadfast adherence to principle; greater gentleness and understanding in dealing with others. Gentleness, balance, justice, wisdom, selflessness, are among the marks of one who is being guided and directed by Their influence; in short, the Self begins to shine out more clearly and illumine the whole life. Mistakes in actions will still be made, and we shall suffer for them; but from the suffering we shall learn greater wisdom for the future. And it is better that we should make a mistake and suffer for it, thereby gaining greater strength, than that we should be saved from mistakes by outer guidance, at the expense of the inner development.

Some of us have been taught that this is what we should value most; that outer manifestations, definite instructions as to actions, are of comparatively little account; many errors may creep in there, and even if free from error their effect is transitory. But an increase of inner strength and peace, which shall keep us ever balanced and ever true, this is what we should most earnestly seek, for it is a sure sign that the influence of the Great Teachers is pouring down upon us, and nothing can ever take that away from us. Thus at least have I been taught.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? That just as the first and greatest object of the Theosophical Society is to be a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity, so our first and greatest duty, as helping to form that nucleus, is the overcoming of the *ahaṁkāra*, the killing out of the heresy of separateness, for that alone can bring us into a true and lasting sympathy with our fellow-beings, that alone can make us fit to respond to the influence of Those great and pure Beings who are working on the side of unity, that alone will make possible the living of the truly spiritual life in which the first beginnings of the realisation of brotherhood will be found. This alone, as it is done by every member, can make the Society a pure and living nucleus, through which currents of life and strength and inspiration may flow out to the whole of humanity.

LILIAN EDGER.

CONCERNING THE ART OF SYMBOLISM

THE Mind of the Father hath sown symbols through the world.
THE CHALDÆAN ORACLES.

WE most of us talk vaguely about symbols and many of us are really interested in symbolism; but even of those who may happen to possess some little learning on the subject, how few are there who, if they turn and really face themselves and there is no audience to play to, can say they have got to the heart of the matter, or know how rightly to seize the proteus whose changing forms they are ever grasping at, and so force it to speak true words?

I for my part freely admit that I am as yet far from the true heart of the matter. I cannot yet hold the proteus steady and force it to speak true words of power; but there is joy in the game of catch-as-can-catch, and I am game for a short bout; though doubtless, as of yore, the wily one will change into something I have never thought of before, and I shall have no grip in mind to hold him.

"Symbol" is no native name; it is a Greek importation (*symbolon*), and its root-meaning is said to be a sign or token by which one knows or infers a thing. The utterance of this word should awaken in us the idea of putting together (*sym-bállein*), with the notion (in the passive) of to correspond and to tally. But to put together is to compare, and so to compare one's own opinion with facts, and hence to conclude, infer, conjecture, interpret; and it is from this last meaning that the wisdom of the word-books tells us we get the meaning of symbol as a sign or token by which one knows or infers a thing.

I am afraid that we have not yet grasped our proteus amid all these changing forms of words. A symbol is a sign, but that again is a Latin importation (*signum*), and we may pass it by. A symbol is a token; that is good English. Token is connected

with to teach, to point out, show, witness; to betoken is to be a symbol of.

But words will not help us much; they are forms of speech that are ever slipping away into other forms. A symbol is not a word; it is something more fundamental; in its proper meaning it is something almost more primitive than an ideogram, or type-picture. Let us go in search of the idea—the living idea, not some abstract inference—the fulness, not the flat.

If there is a "flat-land" as compared with a three-dimensional land, may we not think of symbol-language as a three-dimensional language, so to speak, when compared with the "flat" languages of ordinary speech? Or, to use these words in a deeper meaning, speech in its most primitive mode is action, and so symbolic action or drama might be said to be the true symbol-language. This symbol or three-dimensional language is closely connected with ceremony. And ceremony (Lat. *ceremonia*) is a word formed on a stem that grows from the root *cre* (as in *creo*, I make, create) which is of the same origin as the Sanskrit *kri* (as in *karma*, action, doing). A ceremony is a sacred rite; that is, it is typical, and as such should be of creative potency, for as the Chaldæan Oracle has it: "The Mind of the Father hath sown symbols through the world." That which is typical is ideal, for type and idea are really synonyms.

Are we now getting any nearer the heart of the matter? Are we beginning to make our symbols alive? Can we afford to dismiss any true symbol with the dull remark: "It's only a symbol?" The universe itself is a symbol; man is a symbol.

Even in their lowest strata symbols are the "out-lines," so to speak, of three-dimensional objects from some point of view, seen from one side or another; and "out-line" in its inner meaning is intimately connected with idea; it is, as it were, a ground-plan.

Now as symbols have to do with ideas and types, are connected with the living side of things, it is not possible to interpret a symbol in one set fashion only and tie it down to one set form. We cannot make an "exact science" of symbolism; it is initiatory rather than didactic; it "starts" one towards living ideas, it does not peg us out in some rigid configuration.

So that if it is asked how does one know that this or that is the right interpretation of any particular symbol, it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to prove it in the way of physical demonstration. If the interpretation really fits there will be a response within. It will be a living response; not the imprisoning of the mind in a dead form. In the interpretation of symbols we must be prepared to give up exactness in the way it is generally understood, and allow our minds free play. At the beginning it is best to use any hint that seems to promise well; first apply it in every direction, then as soon as ever it has led you to another clue throw it away.

In learning the great language of symbols it is necessary to keep the mind ever free, plastic, and adaptable. If we persist in keeping stuck in the old ruts we shall never learn the meaning of symbols. The beauty of great symbols is the infinite variety of their modes of interpretation. To think there is only one definite interpretation for each symbol is to paralyse one's symbol-mind, and make it fall dead and flat into the superficial. One should play with symbols as a mathematician plays with numbers; symbols are the playthings of the gods. And I think the secret of interpreting symbols is to get the symbol first into one's mind and not one's mind into the symbol. The mind should not be allowed to relate itself to the symbol, should not allow itself to be attracted by the picture into going out of itself and crystallising itself into one form; but the symbol should rather be compelled to relate itself to the mind. It should be taken into the mind, and then the mind will be able to see it from every side and grasp it as a whole.

Symbol-language has its letters and its words, and the above is a method of learning the alphabet. But symbol-language is not the same thing quite as symbolical language, nor is it to be confused with metaphorical language. Metaphor is transferring the meaning of one word to another in ordinary speech. It is exceedingly important, quite an occult art, a sort of game of "general post" among the ideas connected with words.

A metaphor gives a meaning that is not to be understood literally, or according to the face-value of the letters as we know them, but a reading of root-ideas, as it were, abstracting or

detracting the substance from them. That is to say, we take away the substance that built the idea and keep the idea, and then expand it and spread it out cosmically in every direction. Metaphors may be said to be connected with Buddhi, symbols with Âtman.

Symbols should be "eaten" and "digested" so to say. Triangles and svastikas, for instance, might be said to be symbols which, when gazed upon in an ecstatic state of mind—that is, taken within and contemplated—nourish the body of essence; if made alive they create pleasing sensations in it, stimulate, feed, and excite it, rearrange all its activities, alter the currents in it and build it. All great symbols are said to do this—that is all cosmic symbols or forms that are directly related to things-that-are. These cosmic symbols are modes of creative energies; when creative powers act they draw certain patterns and plans and not others; and these patterns, types, and ideas, are cosmic symbols, and it is by ecstatically gazing at them that they nourish our root-substance and so enform it cosmically.

Symbols are toys in the great game. We should thus learn to play with symbols in the true Kindergarten, the "everlasting revelling-place"—the buddhic substance that is our nursery and our cradle and our womb for birth into greater things. But this game is a living thing; we should make symbols act; we learn little while we keep them steady. A true symbol should be ever in motion. Nor should we be satisfied till we can glide from one symbol to another. While we think of symbols as dead detached objects cut off from one another, and bearing no relation to each other, we shall know nothing. We should play with them, draw them or picture them from every standpoint, till we catch fresh glimpses every moment.

Let us think of one great world-body ever in motion; all true symbols are attempts to snapshot this object in motion. They are like separate films for a cinematograph; the great difficulty is to get them in their right sequence and make them pass in procession before the inner eye. If we could manage to do this and obtain the right sequence for a moment, then we should get in touch with some real living ideas. But the right grouping of the symbols is essential. However, the more we practise, the

better we guess, the faster will the real ideas come. It is perhaps the greatest of arts—the true practice of the art of symbolism. We can do it with our minds, with our eyes, with our bodies. Indeed if we could act this continuity between symbols, we should breathe in ideas with every movement of the body; but this is far more difficult than practising with our minds.

Of course all this applies only to true symbols; many things called symbols are distorted or false appearances. No signs, no symbols are worth anything unless they are facts; that is to say, unless they represent transformations which will be experienced when inner vision developes.

A true symbol is something capable of containing life. It is never of any arbitrary shape. It must *be* or it will never convey living ideas. Symbols are not given us to make us think in the ordinary sense; their main use is to convey life to our life and bring about a union. Their real use is to convey life of such power that it is capable of actually making an impression or depression upon the substance of the higher mind. They are the link between thought and action. Symbolism is connected with sigils, signatures, characters, types, in their root-meanings, with all the nomenclature connected with the impression of ideas on substance.

Before a man is capable of causing his subtle vehicles to go through all these transformations[1] or metamorphoses at which we have hinted, before these "initiations"—beginnings or startings—can really take place in the root-matter of his bodies, it is possible for the transformations actually to take place in symbol in his higher mind of ideations. And this is a very desirable thing. To accomplish it in body is doubtless possible for only a few; but to accomplish it in mind is possible for many more. It is not dangerous and it is a great developer of mental capacity.

It is a method of meditation. We should strive to get the

[1] The earliest redactor of the Naassene Document writes: "And the Chaldæans say that Soul is very difficult to discover and hard to understand; for it never remains of the same appearance, or form, or in the same state, so that one can describe it by a general type, or comprehend it by an essential quality." On this the Church Father Hippolytus comments, referring to the Naassenes, or Disciples of the Serpent of Wisdom: "These variegated metamorphoses they have laid down in the Gospel superscribed 'According to the Egyptians.'" (See *Thrice-greatest Hermes*, i. 150.)

mind quite still; to get the idea of the mind being as it were a sea of subtle substance. We must not think discursively; must not space out separate symbols and look at them one after the other; but try to "feel" the mind-substance being moulded.

If, for instance, we think of "potter" and "clay," we should try to imagine the substance of the mind being moulded from one to the other continuously backwards and forwards, and watch them grow *within* ourselves. When practising symbols we should never "objectivise," or project; we should rather "feel" them grow within, and then an occasional idea will flash through.

It is, however, not desirable to pay too much attention to these ideas, for noticing them immediately transfers the consciousness to another "plane" of mind; and this practice is a mental one and not in itself a "science." It is better to notice the ideas that flash forth just sufficiently to record them on the memory-plate, so that they can be used later when the tranquillity of mind that is the essential condition of the practice has been left.

The world-body or great surround or buddhic envelope of every man is, so to speak, the L.C.M. or rather G.C.M. of all symbols. It is a useful practice to play with spheres and circles and conic sections, and so try to get ideas along these lines. It is quite credible that it is possible to resolve every symbol into an "attitude," so to say, or "action" or rather "activity" of this world-body, and so connect and link up all symbols by means of this world-soul that is soul and body too.

This world-body may be said to be our way out of manhood into the cosmos; and so also is the *art* of symbolism the way out of men's language into the language of the gods. Root-symbols are fundamental lines and curves which carry with them certain powers and certain meanings, and these lines and curves are to be found in every science and art of men. They are in reality the roots from which all sciences and arts grow, the foundations on which they are built, the gates forth to greater worlds.

It is not, however, to be supposed that symbolism is the end of the matter; by no means. It is connected with the linking of mind on to this world-body. Symbols are, so to say, snapshots of the self-motivity of this world-body; they teach concerning its breathing, concerning the pulsing of its heart.

And even as we can get from art to science or gnosis by means of symbols, so can we get from mind to mind and from Person to Person,—not personality, but the Higher Person or Mind.

But this world-body does not mean a mass of some vast size. The world-body has no definite size; it breathes and is a different size for every mode of breath. It is a node, rather. It is an "atom" ordered according to the greater cosmos, and in the greater cosmos the mystics say all things are the same size, or all things are any size, or, again, there is no such thing as size. It does not count in the greater consciousness, any more than we think of the "size" of our breath; though from another point of view, mystically considered, the objective worlds of size are the breath of the Gods; they breathe and the worlds act, but the Gods do not consider their size.

It might thus be said that every man's world-body is the same size; they are all exactly alike; each is an "atom"; each is a scale. It is our Great Person or Higher Self that decides what key the scale is in. This means that our Great Person relates our group of "letters," or "sounds," or "planets," on to something further, and gives them a peculiar meaning of their own. Yet every world-body consists of the same alphabet, the same groups of sounds, otherwise the Great Brotherhood would be an impossibility.

All this is intimately connected with the mystery of Âtman or Great Breath; so that when a man's mind is capable of being fired with Âtman, it can immediately mould and form the substance of the ego into symbols. It is this power of continually forming the substance of the ego into symbols which brings with it the power of understanding, for symbols may be said to be the link between substance and Âtman.

It should be noted in this connection that this language of symbols does not teach us about reincarnation; it is not on that side of things, and this interpretation cannot be forced upon them. Reincarnation is connected with the mind of man, and can be talked about in words; symbols depict the activities of Life in the man's world-body and are not concerned with death, or form in activity, and the experiences of little persons.

Symbols have rather to do with that which is æonian, or

age-long. A true symbol must be of world-wide experience and age-long experience; it must not be local or temporary.

Thus the only way to control the proteus of symbolism is by becoming him, and so keeping pace with every change, transformation or metamorphosis; and if one is not as yet strong enough to grip the heart of the matter, at any rate it is something to know the futility of trying to get a true hold by grasping at this or that fleeting appearance.

G. R. S. MEAD.

SOME SAYINGS OF THE SAINTS OF THE DESERT

1. ABBOT SYLVANUS said: Woe to the man whose reputation is greater than his work.

2. Abbot Theodore said: Many a man in this day takes to himself repose before God gives it to him.

3. Abbot Antony said: Without temptation there is no entrance possible to the Kingdom. Take away temptation and no one is in the saving way.

4. Abbot Agatho was zealous to fulfil every duty.

If they crossed a ferry he was the first to take an oar; if he had a visit from his brethren his hand was first, after prayer, to set out the table; for he was full of divine love.

5. A President came to Abbot Simon; and some clerks, who got to him first, said to him:

Now, Father, get ready! Here comes the President for your blessing; he has heard a great deal about you!

I will get ready, said the Abbot. So he took some bread and cheese, and began munching at the door of his cell.

So—*this* is your Solitary!—said the President; and went away again.

6. Saint Syncletica said: As wax is melted by the fire so is the soul's virtue by praise.

7. A brother said to Abbot Pastor: I have done a great sin, give me a three years' penance. The Abbot answered: It is too much.

The brother said: Give me a year! The old man said again: It is too much.

The brothers round him asked: Shall it be forty days? Still he answered: It is too much. For (said he) whoso doth penance with his whole heart, and never does the sin again, is received by God even on a penance of three days.

8. Abbot Macarius said: Never chide an erring brother in anger; for you are not bid to save another's soul at the loss of your own.

9. Abbot Pastor said: One man is at rest and prays; another is sick and gives thanks; a third ministers cheerfully to them both. They are three; but their work and their merit are one.

10. Abbot Antony pointed out to a brother a stone, and said to him: Revile that stone and beat it soundly.

When he had done so Antony said: Did the stone say anything? He answered: No.

Then said Antony: Unto this perfection must thou one day come.

11. The Abbot Alonius said: Unless a man says in his heart, I and my God are the only two in the world, he will not have rest.

12. They asked Abbot Macarius how they ought to pray.

The old man made answer: No need to be voluble in prayer, but stretch forth thy hands frequently and say: "Lord, as Thou wilt, and as Thou knowest, have mercy on me!" And if war is coming on say: "Help!" And He who Himself knoweth what is expedient for thee will show thee mercy.

13. Abbot Cyrus said to a brother: If thou hadst no fight with bad thoughts, it would be because thou didst bad actions; for they who do bad actions are thereby rid of bad thoughts.

But, said the other, I have bad memories.

The Abbot answered: They are but ghosts; fear not the dead but the living.

14. A brother asked Abbot Pastor: How should a man live

in the world? The old man replied: Like Daniel, against whom they could find no accusation, except of the service he paid to his God.

15. The Abbess Matrona said: Many who dwell in the desert do the deeds of the world. It is better to dwell with the multitude, and lead a solitary life in intention, than to live alone and be with the multitude by the desires of the heart.

16. An Elder, speaking of impure thoughts, said: Be as those who pass by a cook-shop and smell the odour. Those who choose go in and eat; they who do not choose smell it and pass by. So do you shake off the evil odour; rise and pray, saying: "Lord Jesus, help me!" For we cannot root out thoughts, but must ever fight against them.

17. Abbot Ammonas said: I have spent fourteen years in Scete, praying God night and day to give me strength to keep my temper.

18. A brother said to an elder: My thoughts wander at prayer, and I am troubled. He answered: Stay quietly in thy cell, and they will return. If the mare is tied up, her foal runs hither and thither, but always comes back to her; so with the thoughts of him who for God's sake dwells faithfully in his solitude. They may wander, but they will return.

19. An old man said: If you are troubled by the infirmity of your body, do not lose heart. If God chooses to have your body weak, who are you that *you* should take it amiss?

20. Abbot Mark said to Abbot Arsenius: It is good not to have anything for enjoyment in our cell. I saw a brother who had a flower in his cell, and he rooted it out. Arsenius replied: It was good; but we must consider each man's character. If he had not virtue enough to take no harm from it, it would be needful to plant it there again.

21. Abbot Palladius said: A soul must either diligently learn what it is ignorant of, or openly teach what it knows. If it will do neither, it is mad. For the beginning of departure from God is weariness of learning, and to have no appetite for what a soul which loves God always desires.

22. An old man said: We are not condemned because evil thoughts come into our minds, but only if we use them ill.

For it may be that by our thoughts we may make shipwreck, or by our thoughts we may gain the crown.

23. Abbot Aloys said: If a man only *willed* it, in one day, from morning to evening, he might come to the measure of the Divinity.

24. An old man said to another: I am now dead to the world. But he answered: Do not say that, as long as you are in the body; for if *you* are dead, the Devil is not!

25. A brother said to an old man: *I* do not feel any conflict within me. He answered: That is because your mind is like the town-gate—everything goes in and out at pleasure; if you had a door and shut it against evil thoughts, you would soon find them fighting to get in.

26. Some people came to Abbot Ammonas to ask him to settle a dispute; but the old man put them off. And one woman said to another: He is an old fool! And he heard her, and answered: Many years have I spent and many labours undergone in solitude to gain this folly; do you think I am going to lose it for you?

27. They brought to an old man in the Thebaid one vexed with a devil; and he said to the devil: Depart from this creature of God. The devil said: I will, if you will tell me who are the sheep, and who are the goats. The old man said: The goats are such as I; but who the sheep are, God knoweth. And the devil cried out with a loud voice: Thy humility has conquered me!—and he went forth the same hour.

28. A brother came to Abbot Sisoi and said: So and so has done me wrong, and I will avenge myself. And the old man prayed him: Do not, but leave vengeance to God. But he insisted: Nay, but I will avenge myself. At last the old man said: Let us pray, brother. And he prayed: Lord, there is no need for you to trouble any more about us; we are going to avenge ourselves. And when the brother heard that, he fell at the Abbot's feet, saying: I have sinned—pray for me!

29. Abbot Arsenius said: In what hour a man, having been overtaken in a fault, shall say from his heart: "Lord God, I have sinned, forgive me," let him be no further troubled or anxious about it.

A. A. WELLS.

LITTLE MARY AGAIN[1]

MARY, during her third moment in heaven, had been taken by the angels beyond and apart from her fate-sphere. She had been allowed to look back upon it from without in order to learn. And after this momentary apocalypse she had been put into her fate-sphere again, and told to eat her way out.

Now there are many ways of attaining release from the dominion of one's fate-sphere. By eating it you get it inside you, and compel it to become you. But there is also the reverse method—that of controlling from within; and it was about this second method of attaining control over her fate-sphere that Mary was taught during her fourth moment in heaven.

In the heaven-worlds all the great opposites and contrarie are tied together; so that you never get one of any pair of opposites without the next moment coming in contact with the other of the same pair of opposites. Mary had learnt this already during her first two moments in heaven which I have recorded. So now, after having been instructed how to eat her fate-sphere and attain release from its bondage, how to compel it to become her, she was quite alert and prepared for her next lesson to be about some process exactly contrary to the one she had just been taught.

The angels came and taught her that man's one desire should not be to escape from his fate-sphere. They taught her that man should not only think of liberation and freedom and release from his environment; he should learn also the great law of sacrifice, when man does not attempt to evade fate, when he no longer postulates fate as something other than himself, but when he dedicates himself, his whole life, to vitalising and vivifying the spheres of evolving matter.

[1] See "Little Mary in Heaven" in the November and "More About Little Mary" in the December number.

Mary at her first lesson had been taught that in heaven when you eat, not only does the thing you eat become you, but that the reverse happens as well—namely, that you become the thing you eat. So that Mary, having eaten her fate-sphere, had really already become it. But this transformation is so novel to man, to become that which he eats is such a new idea to him, that it takes some time for him to realise this happening, and to become aware of the results. Man is quite accustomed to the miracle of two becoming one after eating; but on earth it is invariably the food which becomes the eater. So after her great meal it was only natural that Mary's mind should first image forth the results of that meal in symbols, telling her how she had become a Great Monarch, Mistress of a Mansion. It was only natural that the first impression made upon her mind should be renewed strength, added power, further possessions.

Mary, of course, thought that her fate-sphere had vanished, and no longer existed, for on earth you cannot have your pudding and eat it too; but in heaven you can. And the angels came and reminded Mary of this; and they told her to repeat the process of eating her fate-sphere, and this time to try to keep her attention upon the transformation of herself, not the transformation of her sphere. They told her what to look out for, in which direction to watch. They told her to watch herself being reduced to root-form, till she actually became the root-form of every object within her sphere. They told her not to watch the reverse process, not to notice how the life within her fate-sphere would rise out of its many forms, and come forth to nourish her person, but to watch herself, her substance, her pure earth, being cut up upon a new plan.

Mary associated herself with the eating of her fate-sphere again, for in heaven things do not happen once at any one particular moment only; but being outside time if they have ever happened at all, they go on repeating that happening through all eternity. Every action becomes a sort of heart-beat of your heavenly body; for in heaven it is by action that you live. But by action I do not mean movement or busy-ness (these words suggest motion in space); the action of the heaven-worlds is more of the nature of the processes of life of some body, of your own

greater body; it is more of the nature of action of mind. The heaven-worlds are mind-worlds. An idea has not the life of a moment, it lives for ever in the mind, pulsing forth life and vibrations; it affects and modifies all previous and all future creations of the mind. So it is with action in the heaven-worlds. On earth if you eat a pudding one day it does not have any very lasting effect on you; it is but the action of a moment; it does not directly modify and affect all the previous happenings of your life; it does not continuously affect the results of all future happenings; but in heaven it does. In heaven the power of every action is everlasting; in heaven the result of every activity modifies and alters the past just as much as the future. The Christ or the Power of the true heaven-worlds cleanseth from all sin. It wipes out, transforms, modifies, reconstructs or alters the past, as well as re-models the plan for the future. Man would do well to try to realise this before he goes to heaven, for it would save him much trouble and misunderstanding of angels when he gets there. In heaven power hits backwards as well as forwards. It hits from the centre to every point upon the wheel of time. The angels have a very difficult task with most men, trying to make them realise that they are by every action making their past just as much as their future. If people could only make themselves realise this, it would freshen too their ideas concerning reincarnation, and lead them to discuss those mysterious links between their many moments in heaven and their many days on earth from a less profoundly human and man-made point of view.

The angels told Mary to breathe; for even as it is by the fire of digestion that spirit becomes released from form and rises to participate in the nature of some higher being, so it is by the power of breath that man can enter into his own substance and travel down into the depths of his innermost nature. By fire can man rise superior to form, by breath can man in a subtle manner live within form yet evade the bondage of its links and limits.

Mary was taught concerning the mystery of the Great Breath of Life which dwells in all, even in the tiniest atom, by means of which man can bring about a new relationship between

himself and the substance of his own true sphere. Mary descended by means of Breath into her own substance, and we must now take a peep into Mary's mind to see what impression this Great Journey left upon her consciousness.

Mary could not help starting with the idea that her fate-sphere had been a pudding and was now inside her. She had had such a very clear vision of it as such, and the angels had not attempted to correct or alter this image formed by her mind. She understood quite plainly that the pudding still existed, and that she was now to try to get inside the pudding instead of having it inside her. So Mary breathed, and the first thing she became aware of was a feeling of becoming smaller and smaller, a feeling of herself contracting and going within, her pudding expanding and gradually growing around her. And then she seemed to come to a point when she ceased contracting, and she was as small as small could be, a mere little image of her former self, right down in the heart of her pudding. And Mary recalled how on earth there is always a little image hidden away within the Christmas-pudding; and the one to whom the image comes in his helping of pudding is considered the luckiest man at the feast. For Mary had been brought up in a place where Roman Catholicism held sway, that religion of drama and imagery. In her part of the country it had been the custom to bury a little image of the Christ-babe in every Christmas pudding, No wonder Mary clung to her idea of Christmas-pudding still, for all she had learned on earth concerning Christmas feasts seemed to fit the present happenings remarkably well, and acted as forms in which to clothe these happenings and so enable them to become apparent to her mind.

Poor Mary! she had had a short earth-life and little learning; but maybe when we get to heaven the most learned will find themselves as poor as Little Mary, all their learning of little avail if they have never been taught to apply it to the simplest operations of life; for heaven is a land of great simplicity.

Many of the old customs and superstitions of ages are foolishness to the modern mind and spurned by the worshippers of reason and rational understanding; but maybe when we get to heaven the Gods will find a dignified and worthy place for the

irrational as well as the rational, for the superstitions of the savages as well as the clear-cut ideas of the intellectual.

Now this was how the angels taught Mary to draw the Breath of True Life into her heavenly body or Great Sphere. They first tried to attract her attention towards the sphere, and not allow her to associate herself only with the little form within.

The angels told Mary to look at her body and to name her many parts. This Mary did. She at once named arms, legs, head, etc. Now this, of course, was not right, for in his heavenly body man has no arms and legs; but the angels were too wise to scold Mary and tell her she was wrong, for to tell people they are wrong only makes them clutch more tenaciously their false ideas. So instead of telling Mary that she really had no arms and legs, which she would not have understood, nor believed, they began to play with Mary's body and to act another little drama before her eyes; for in heaven it is by action that you learn, the language of the heaven-worlds is a language of drama. And by the language of action and drama I mean a state of consciousness when you become both actor and spectator. You feel yourself performing actions with meaning, but at the same time you can stand apart from your active self and passively receive the inspiration or meaning of the drama, you feel yourself in every action talking to yourself.

So the angels played with Mary; they took her legs and bound them together, drawing yards and yards of material out of her body to bind them with (this they could do, for as you know Mary had already learnt that her body was endless); they bound them until they were one fat leg, just the same fatness as her body, and they hid her feet in the endless material. Then they took her arms and bound them to her side. Mary was not sure if she liked this; but the angels laughed and said it was only a game; so Mary submitted and tried to be amused, though she was not. The angels bound down her arms, but her hands and fingers they left free. They then drew forth from the back of her neck yards and yards more material and made for Mary a sort of pillow till only just her features were left upon the surface of the stuff, her neck had quite disappeared. Then the angels

told Mary to look at her body again, and name her parts. This Mary did. She looked and saw nothing but material, her limbs had gone. She felt a little frightened, but the angels cheered her and said they were teaching her a new game, one which everybody played in heaven, so she must learn it too. Mary had never seen a mummy, so she could not understand the new game; all the subtle teaching conveyed by those stupendous monuments of antiquity was unknown to her, and much that the angels now said could find in her no form in which to clothe itself, so the teaching was lost to Mary's mind.

Mary named her parts stuff, features, fingers, for this was all she could see, and the angels were quite satisfied. "Now," they said, "we are going to show you how to breathe. Do you see all these rings round your body made by the folds in the material? At each of these rings you will find you can expand and extend your body without severing it part from part, for there is a fold in the material there; we folded the material very thickly when we bandaged you. Now turn over and see if you can make your body expand."

So Mary turned over on to what would have been her stomach if she had had a human body, but now she did not know what to call herself; she was like a big egg-shaped ball of material, a little flattened at the back and the front; just like a big roll of sheeting such as you see at a draper's shop, only she still had her fingers. But even these seemed to have been affected by all the endless material around, and had grown rather webbed, and looked now more like fishes' fins than proper hands.

Mary tried to stretch, and without any difficulty she found her body extending in two ways; the end where her feet had been moved farther from her centre, and the end where her head had been moved farther from her centre, till she was quite a different shape, long and snake-like, and all the rings round her body had changed to elongated curves, and she thought she looked funnier than ever. But this process, which the angels called breathing, brought with it a most delicious sensation, and Mary was quite ready to try again. She felt a new current of vitality entering her now, and transforming the endless material of her body into something less solid and heavy, much more

aerial; and now, instead of looking like a huge roll of sheeting at a draper's shop, she looked like a little cloud of autumn mist being blown across a marshy land; and as Mary had on earth lived quite near a marshy district, the idea of becoming mist when you get to heaven struck her as most natural. It was just the sort of body one would expect to wear in heaven, and Mary was delighted with her new Body of Vapour.

Mary forgot to want her arms and legs; in fact, when the angels asked her if she would like her arms and legs back again, she said: "No, thank you"; she much preferred her new body, which was all over alike, except for two little fins, which, at present, Mary could find no use for. The rings round her body were what fascinated Mary, dividing it into zones; and then when she stretched, all the zones altered, and Mary was ready to shriek with delight at all her experiences. She felt all sorts of miraculous transformations going on within herself, and she felt as if she could be happy now for a century just playing with her own body; it had become such a marvel.

Hitherto Mary had been just a little disappointed in heaven, for though you might imagine that to live in a place where you could make anything out of yourself that you wanted, would be all that man could desire, it is not so, it soon becomes irksome, for you cannot think of anything new to want after a time; you go on creating bags and bags of gold or baskets full of fruit (you can't get ill by over-eating in heaven, you might spend your whole time making peaches and eating them, but you would never get ill); you create books and read them almost before you have finished creating them; until at last you begin to wish you could not have all you wanted, then there would be something left to wish for. And it is then, though Mary did not know this, that the angels come again and teach you something fresh. Mary did not know it, but really she had been *sighing* for a new idea, and that was why the angels came and taught her a new game connected with breath.

You soon learn in heaven that happiness is not the result of getting all you want, for you get that directly, and of course for a time you are very, very happy, but it becomes very wearisome. Then if you wish not to feel weary you cease feeling weary, and

feel something else, but the something else gives no more satisfaction. It is a great mistake to think that when drunkards die, they suffer frightfully craving for drink, which they cannot get; because they can get it. You can get anything you want directly you get free from the bondage of earth. The drunkard drinks and drinks and drinks, till he gets sick of it; what he suffers from is not being able to think of anything else to make. Drink has been his one idea on earth, and when he gets to heaven he finds whisky is the only thing he knows how to make. So he has to go on making whisky and drinking it till he has drunk himself free from that form of attachment. It is quite wrong on earth to think that every craving must be satisfied. Some people, and it is generally people whose opinions one would respect, are beginning to preach that the fundamental cure for drunkenness or any depravity is to let the force play itself out, and that all desires are born in man for some good purpose, though the purpose may not be apparent on earth, this life. They preach that no desire will ever be conquered except through satiety. Now this is a fundamental truth, and it is generally those people who have spent many moments in heaven, more or less unconsciously, who preach such doctrines. But it is a great mistake to transfer the laws of the heaven-worlds and apply them to the earthly spheres.

The great law of the external worlds of form is multiplicity, and so one of the most far-reaching root-evils is to be one-idea'd. To be incapable of more than one idea, to be bound above all things to one passion, is, when you leave this world, a very sad hindrance. One of the greatest and most easily recognised signs of spirituality is to be many-idea'd, to be unattached, or equally attached to all; this brings with it a certain freedom which is indispensable for advancement in the heaven-worlds. Hero-worship or intense devotion to one person such as wife or child, is a great aid to moral life, and to intensifying the nature of man, but it is never a sign of spiritual advancement, it is a sign of attachment rather than freedom. In the same way onesided development—such as prodigies in art or science—is exceedingly beneficial in the way of developing man's power of concentration on one object; and devotion to one cause is exceedingly good

discipline. But such people are not those who will show signs of *spiritual* advancement. Such people are not those who will be born with most capacity in the true heaven-worlds. They will there be thwarted by the singleness of their devotion, by the limitations of their mental horizon. It is not that we should love our heroes or our art less, but that we should love all others more, and so bring about a new equilibrium. Then this *intensity* of feeling becomes more spontaneous, and less dependent upon outward circumstances.

As more and more people become aware of the moments they spend in heaven, and recall the laws of those spheres in their daily life, it will be necessary to take the greatest care not to allow any confusion to arise between laws which hold good for us during those moments of heavenly consciousness, and laws of the physical worlds; because most of these laws will fundamentally be in opposition.

The laws of life are most complex and difficult to understand, but for those in whom heavenly consciousness is beginning to develope, they become even more confusing. The law of love, for instance, is so many-sided. To the spiritually developed man it is a love, tenderness, and pity for all; his loves are as manifold as the people by whom he is surrounded. But with the less spiritually developed man love and passion are so interwoven that such a view of love would only be a danger. For the man who is returning home upon the long journey of the soul through age after age, love is the great power by means of which he attaches himself to all forms, enters into their soul-life, partakes of their nature, and by sympathy of mind or love re-becomes one with the all. But for the man whose love is still interwoven with passion this would only mean profligacy; and the laws concerning that great mystery, creation, are not laws of the outer worlds, laws of multiplicity, but laws of the inner nature. The laws of substance must ever be laws of chastity; it is mind who is the Great Adulterer and unites with all and each, and forces every form to clothe in magic symbols its own ideas. The substance in which mind dwells must become more and more pure, more and more chaste, till at last the true man is freed from his bondage and born of his own virginity.

But to return to Little Mary and her new game of breath. Mary had been transferred by the angels from that state of consciousness connected with parts and forms to that mode of consciousness connected with substance. On earth we learn how to divide substance up into objects or forms, and we call this the power of observation; now Mary was to learn how to divide substance up into processes, or activities, or powers, and this is an activity of breath.

Mary kept on breathing eagerly, and she felt just as a child feels at the "*Zoo*," surrounded by strange animals she had never seen before; she did not look at them nor see their outline, but she breathed and became aware of many "animals," many lives, many powers, all of them in cages, yet all of them within the same surround in which she found herself. For when you get on to the breath-side of things you do not speak of bodies, you find yourself within varying surrounds. This surround is the scope of activity of your own inner nature, your own blood; it is the world of your animal life. Just as on the mind-side of things all that man is capable of perceiving is his mind-world, or field of consciousness, so this surround is the complete wave of man's own greater Life-force, and it is by means of breath that man brings himself in touch or sympathy with this Life, these many strange animals. To put it in another way; Mary was now retiring into her own blood, retracing along her line of ancestry, not withdrawing into her mind, but going back and back into the depths of her own animal nature. The endless material with which she was surrounded, now as she withdrew further and further became more and more vaporous, more and more diaphanous, until gradually her surround became a sea of breath, a sea of that which is the ultimate essence of animal life and activity, and which by all Initiates is named Breath—Breath, which is neither of earth, air, fire, nor water, but is the fifth essence or the complement of the other four.

Mary first noticed zones, then she noticed a constant and unceasing activity, a change from round egg-shapes to long worm-shapes, within her surround. Eggs and worms were the only ideas which Mary could catch in this ceaseless activity of the Breath of her Great Body. She noticed a constant change

going on from eggs with strange markings around them, to worms with strange spiral curves around them, and this change seemed to be brought about by the power of her own breath. First she was a mottled egg, then she was a streaky snake. The process of her own breathing was now most beautiful to watch, for it brought about within her surround an ever-changing variety of subtle shapes and lines (not forms); the only two which were sufficiently definite for her to be able to name were the two shapes I have already mentioned. It seemed to Mary as if she were watching a glorious sunset, where the colours ever change in such subtle fashion that you know not of the process till the transformation is over. Only here it was not a change of colour but a change of shape, a change of direction, and she watched the changes not in any sky but within her own substance.

Mary watched many little lives floating about within herself, each of them in a cube-shaped cage of lines, for Mary was not yet "free-born," the atoms of her substance had not yet risen from the tomb; for Mary's soul-substance was coming back to earth again, it was going to pass through many more lives of form, her nature was not yet free, her substance was not yet virgin. As she watched intently she noticed that she could see less when her body was a mottled egg-shape, less than she did after drawing breath and extending her body to the snake-like shape; the mottled spots became more regular as her body extended, and her snake-like body was divided into more definite zones, and it was then that she perceived the many little lives in cages; while in the egg-shape she was aware of very little beyond an extremely pleasurable sensation.

So time went on; each moment spent in heaven Mary was taught something fresh by her angels; each moment she was taught about some different process of the heavenly body in which she now dwelt. And Mary learned that for those who can free themselves from the attractions of earth-life there is ever something fresh and something of eternal interest to be done.

She glanced back to earth, she watched her various friends and acquaintances busy playing with each other, quarrelling with each other, and only very occasionally was light or power born from these activities. Very, very occasionally would Mary notice

a spark fly up from the friction all around. For the processes of earth-life seemed now to Mary to be little connected with light or understanding, they appeared to be only connected with the tempering of the material from which the true Light-spark would ultimately be born. All the friction and all the quarrelling seemed to be connected with the balancing up of inner forces, and men seemed to attract or repel each other according to what combination of elements and atoms God, the Great Chemist, required for His Operations; it was only occasionally that man would assert his Will, or God-given independence, and refuse to be coerced, refuse to be swayed by these sweeps of Nature-Passion before which most men bow. Some few did rise to the plane of Will where, free from all desire, free from all attraction, true Will begins to operate, and man can attain to power, and begin to understand the laws of the Cosmos, the operations of Mother Nature; then does man begin to work knowingly. However humble his station in life, however commonplace his duties, he works there by choice, for he begins to see the plan on which true life is built; he can now turn to account, can make valuable, can *realise* every opportunity. Eagerly he receives all that Fate metes out to him. Never does he rest till he has found a fitting place for every incident in his career. He trains himself to be the complement of every insufficiency, and by the power of his own Will knowingly balances up the powers of Nature which ensnare him, until at last he attains release.

So now Mary had learned another method of most intimate communion or contact with her Great Sphere. She had learned how to go by means of breath right into her own blood, how to retrace her steps along the great ancestral tree of her own root-substance; and now as blood she could pulse in the life of every atom of her body. She felt herself now *circulating* throughout her whole sphere, living, pulsing, and breathing in the heart of every atom; for she had reduced herself to root-form which is in direct contact with the Breath of Greater Life.

These are a few of the ideas which the mind of Mary was able to register during her fourth moment in heaven.

E. R. INNES.

SLEEP AND TIME

"Do you remember yourself asleep?"—I asked recently, in the course of a discussion about the impossibility of realising the vanishing of consciousness. My opponent could not see that there was any reason for believing that consciousness is fundamentally anything more than a property of specially organised matter, *i.e.*, of the brain, and consequently bound to vanish when the latter gets disorganised or, say, blown out. And as nothing seemed to him easier than conceiving himself unconscious, I put to him the above question.

At first he had no doubt that he remembered himself asleep. But when I insisted that I did not mean "dreaming," but really and truly "asleep," *i.e.*, quite unaware of the flow of time, he became quite indignant that I should be asking him such an idiotic question. How could he be expected to remember himself whilst thus utterly self-oblivious? My question implied a contradiction in terms.

"Then how do you manage to conceive yourself devoid of Consciousness, if Unconsciousness cannot be realised from personal experience?" I asked again.

The inconsistency of his argument in favour of Unconsciousness as the basis of our Consciousness, seemed to have dawned on him. There was perplexity in his eye. His great point was facts, and personally experienced facts. Now, his fundamental fact was the existence of Matter, which was to him synonymous with Unconsciousness. But suddenly it flashed on him that he realised Matter as unconscious, because he himself was conscious. "But then"—he suddenly discovered an outlet from his *cul de sac*—"is it not a fact that we do sleep? Now, if Sleep means loss of Consciousness, is not Unconsciousness a fact? That which you point out against me—my inability to remember myself asleep—what is it but a proof that Consciousness may vanish?"

"My friend," I said, "you are jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. You only infer that Sleep means loss of Consciousness from the fact that you have seen other people in a state in which they did not take any notice of their surroundings, and later on could not account for anything that happened during their sleep. I specified being asleep as 'being unaware of the flow of time,' not as 'being unconscious.' The inability to remember oneself asleep argues only that Consciousness is not necessarily dependent on taking notice of one's surroundings, or only that one's memory is defective. Besides, I do not assert that it is impossible to remember oneself asleep, but that the usual inability to remember the nature of Consciousness when it ceases to take notice of the flow of time, must not be construed into an evidence that Consciousness is dependent on Matter. If you cannot remember yourself asleep, how can you know what Sleep really is? That which you know of Sleep, concerns only the body; and in any case you always predicate Unconsciousness, whilst being conscious. As cessation of Consciousness can never be *experienced*, it ought not to be asserted as a fact."

It was impossible to find a flaw in my argument. My opponent ended by admitting that it is impossible to conceive oneself unconscious whilst being necessarily conscious; and further that, as no man can experience a state of unconsciousness, it is absurd to postulate the latter as the basis of consciousness. But what perplexed him was the clash between external evidence as to the duration of sleep, and subjective inability to experience a break in one's consciousness. The time spent in sound sleep is simply blotted out from one's memory even when one cannot remember himself asleep; yet *ought* there not to be a correspondiug interruption in the continuity of our consciousness? Our past life ought to be realised as a succession of isolated waking periods, instead of which the latter blend into a perfectly continuous consciousness, which seems to have no beginning and no end.

"Again," I said, "it is no good to find fault with the nature of consciousness, if it is not *de facto* what a hasty inference insists it *ought* to be. So long as one cannot rise beyond mere syllogism every inferred *ought* must simply be brushed aside

when it clashes with facts. Consciousness *is* perfectly continuous; *ergo* it ought *not* to show forth *lacunæ* caused by daily sleep. You think it ought to because you assume that Time is something quite independent of Consciousness, and as such would remain and still go on even if the whole world fell asleep."

At this point the discussion came to a stop—not because my opponent grew weary, but simply because I converted it into a lecture.

Undoubtedly it seems perfectly natural to conceive Time as something independent from Consciousness. But in this case we speak only of the *waking* consciousness, and it is to be realised that the latter is only a phase of Consciousness as such. Everybody knows from experience that there is also a *dreaming* consciousness; and as it cannot be rationally asserted that being asleep means being unconscious, there is also a *sleeping* consciousness.

We must therefore distinguish between Consciousness as such and its phases; and inasmuch as the waking consciousness is only one phase, its standpoint must necessarily be limited and consequently unfit for wielding any authority in the sphere of Reason. This is easily realised when it is contrasted with the standpoint of our fundamental intuition. According to this we have no beginning and *eo ipso* no end; yet in our waking consciousness we fancy ourselves as born and doomed to death.

The standpoint of the waking consciousness implies, then, a dualism, which is negated as untrue not only by our fundamental intuition, but even by the ordinary pursuit of knowledge. Why should we endeavour to correlate phenomena if their separateness did not strike us as abnormal? Reflective Intellect postulates unity of purpose in Nature as its principle, and it requires little effort of thought to recognise in the principle a restatement of our fundamental intuition. Whatever may be predicated about Nature, is predicated by our Mind. The postulated unity of purpose in Nature presupposes, then, that Nature is a mirror of Mind. But the very fact that the waking consciousness ignores or repudiates its own presupposition, demonstrates how incapable it is of rendering to itself a clear account of its own nature. And so it is no wonder if it puts a wrong construction on all its find-

ings. Whereas it cannot help being instinctively actuated by our fundamental intuition or, which is the same, by the standpoint of true Knowledge, it deliberately pins itself to the standpoint of dualism, and then insists on the separateness of things, crediting them with self-subsistence apart from Consciousness and Thought, when of course their essence seems unknowable.

Of course, under Mind I do not refer to the ordinary judging capacity which delights in opposing to facts its "ought," and simply ignores the very A B C of sound thinking, but to that Mind which is the true Demiurgos—the Divine Mind, whose nature is realisable only through pure Reason.

It is necessary for my exposition of the illusion of Time that I should rivet your attention to the fact that the declaration of the Divine Mind as the First Cause, or as the originative principle of all that is, does not amount to a confession of rational impotence to penetrate to the very bottom of creation. God as the Creator is not a *Deus ex machina* of scholastic wisdom, but is perfectly intelligible to pure Reason. It must be realised that the notion of Cause is a notion *à priori*, *i.e.*, a determination of Thought, not, perhaps, an empiric concept. And precisely because Thought, as such, implies the notion of Cause as its own determination, it were absurd to conceive Thought as inert *per se*, *i.e.*, as needing an external Cause for its activity. Such separation of Cause from Thought would obviously only mean setting the standpoint of dualism of the waking consciousness above our fundamental intuition, or the standpoint of true Knowledge.

Now, what is implied in the realisation that Thought as such —synonymous with God—is self-active? This—that it must needs discriminate or discern its own self, *i.e.*, give rise to distinctions within and from itself. The nature of this Discrimination or Discernment ought to be nothing mysterious, since we are constantly experiencing it in our own inner life; it is, however, realised most directly and truly in pure thinking.

Confining ourselves to widest generalities, we have little difficulty in ascertaining in Consciousness as such the negative moment of Thought as such from the standpoint of its self-discernment. And because of the perfect continuity of Thought, its nature must show forth in its negative aspect. Consequently

Consciousness as such implies also a dualism, when it is the waking consciousness. Now, inasmuch as there is also a relation between the dualism and the fundamental unity, we must further postulate two additional moments, *i.e.*, the unity as the source, when it is immediate or abstract, and the unity as the result, when it is mediate or concrete. The dreaming consciousness falls under the head of immediate unity, inasmuch as it is characterised by an absence of mediating agency in its inferences (which are for that reason mostly utterly absurd), and also because it precedes awakening; whilst the sleeping consciousness falls under the head of restored unity.

In returning now to the waking consciousness, we distinguish again between the moment of Immediacy, which is Nature as such. Here we find the same absence of mediation—called now separateness—as is characteristic of dreams. Indeed, we may define Nature expressively as Divine Dream on the strength of analogous incongruities and fanciful distortions, which rational principles of co-ordination suffer in its sphere as they do in the world of our fancy. Quite analogously also, just as dreams precede awakening, so Nature appears as the evolutionary *prius* of conscious Beings. Of course, those who take this appearance for truth, overlook that, just as dreams intervene between sound sleep and awakening, so the evolutionary *prius* of our Consciousness presupposes the moment of concrete unity of Consciousness as such — as, indeed, every fresh birth can be traced to a unification of dualism in Conception.

In the middle sphere of the waking consciousness the fundamental dualism of Thought and Consciousness (Being) assumes the form of the I and Nature. But inasmuch as the I is, so far, only a moment of the dualism within the waking consciousness, and this itself is only a moment of Consciousness as such, which, in turn, constitutes the *negative* moment of Thought as such, it is no wonder that the I of the waking consciousness utterly fails to realise itself as the Thinker, but only reflects, conceives, and labels phenomenal happenings. It is clear that as Thought and Consciousness are inseparably united—their discernment is confined within the element of Thought as such,—the I and Nature must still be in communion; only their communion

is not realised by the I through Thought, but only through Sense.

It requires now little effort to realise that Time falls properly only within the sphere of the waking consciousness. To seek to measure it apart from phenomenal happenings is senseless. In such a case it is found tremendously "long" by the abstract I, which has its substance outside of itself and consequently cannot commune with itself. Time forces itself on our attention in proportion to the degree in which we oppose ourselves to the course of phenomenal happenings. Children do not suffer from *ennui*, because they have not yet secluded themselves in the I as an abstract moment of the dualism of the waking consciousness. Everybody perhaps realises that as a task is approaching its consummation, we get hurried and impatient to see it finished; the reason is obviously due to the fact that, in anticipating its end, we are already divorcing ourselves from it. And for the same reason, in looking back on a crowded past, which we lived through scarcely noticing the flow of time, it seems to us as if we had lived for ages instead of a few years. The uneventful periods—say, time spent in a solitary cell—seem on the contrary to have left no or little trace of their duration.

I have now lived for some eight years so monotonously in respect of external happenings that I find it quite difficult to locate particular incidents in the past. That which happened a few years back, may seem to have happened only the last week; whilst that which occurred last week may as well have happened a few years ago. And in so far as I have transcended the standpoint of dualism, my whole past life often seems to me like a periphery, where going onward means returning into that which is at the back. At least so I account for the curious illusions to which I am occasionally subjected when, in a dreamy mood, I anticipate what belongs to the past as if it had to happen in future, or on the contrary fancy that some task to be done has been accomplished long ago. So it comes that I become often quite uncertain as to whether I am awake or only dreaming, or whether that which is happening now is not a mere repetition of what I seem to remember had happened before. People

whom I ought to know strike me sometimes as perfect strangers, whilst perfect strangers make me feel as if I had known them for ages. All this is only due to the fact that continued absorption in pure Thought, where there is only an eternal Now, tends to make one more and more forgetful of the standpoint of the ordinary consciousness with its fancies and illusions.

That Time apart from phenomenal happenings becomes already in the sphere of Consciousness pure fancy, is realised in dreams. Instances when the very cause of one's awakening symbolises itself in a seemingly long concatenation of events, are quite familiar. In order to understand—as far as anything can be understood at all apart from the trained capacity for pure thinking—how such illusions are possible, it is to be realised that the dreaming consciousness, in the circle of the phases of Consciousness as such, is also a middle sphere and in this respect immediately unites the characteristics of the waking and the sleeping consciousness. Consequently it busies itself with conceptions like the waking state, but at the same time does not oppose itself to an external world, thus showing the feature of the sleeping consciousness. So comes it that Time appears in dreams out of all proportion to their duration by the clock. As the concatenation of dreamed events is not controlled by an outside agency, but only exemplifies subjective association of Conceptions round some central impression—may be, the very cause of awakening—the richer is such association, the longer the dream will seem to last; for the purely subjective appreciation of Time it does not matter whether the events really happened or not, as Time is in any case noticed only by the abstract I. The association of conceptions may be a matter of a moment, because the dreaming consciousness implies absence of mediating agency, and also because every impression has its imaginative accompaniment, just as every tone is really an accord. A single conception gives rise to another. Even in listening to music, I invariably find that my consciousness, which is then dreamy, insists on out-picturing the tune in a series of fancied events.

In the light of the preceding exposition of the dependency of Time on phenomenal happenings, it becomes intelligible why

the sleeping consciousness ceases to take notice of it. Being the moment of the restored unity of Consciousness as such, it altogether transcends the standpoint of dualism, and either rests in the pure realisation of the fundamental intuition, *i.e.*, becomes merged in Consciousness as such, or already begins to thrill with fulness of Comprehension. But in this case one must have already acquired the necessary qualification by an assiduous pursuit of pure Knowledge during one's waking consciousness. For as the I has meaning only through a Content, and the sleeping consciousness is the restored or concrete unity of Consciousness as such, which is the negative aspect of Thought as such, the I can continue itself into deep sleep only after it has consciously transcended the dualism of the waking consciousness, which means that it must have thoroughly conquered the sway of passions and become accustomed to deal with determinations of Thought as they are in themselves, *i.e.*, apart from sensuous substrata or conceptions.

As most of my waking state is spent in pondering spiritual verities there is little wonder that my nights are frequently realised by me as a continuation of my wakeful pursuit of pure Knowledge. Sometimes I have a difficulty in believing that I have slept at all, so vividly do I remember and appreciate floods of light, which are thus shed on any consideration in hand. Once I meant to give a passing notice to the rationale of geometrical figures before falling asleep, but the subject absorbed me so thoroughly and soon caused me to thrill with such elation, that when at last I recovered myself to go to sleep, I found that it was daylight. Some eight hours had thus passed as if in the twinkling of an eye!

But, then, it is incorrect to measure duration of the states of pure Knowledge, since Time applies only to the waking consciousness in respect of its abstract opposition to phenomenal changes. If it is objected that Time continues to flow even when one rises beyond the waking consciousness, and, indeed, that even God Himself endures, it must be rejoined that in this case God is reduced to a mere abstraction, that it is only as Conception that He endures, *i.e.*, that endurance in Time refers only to the abstract I as the conceiver, and the inapplicableness of Time

to God is not remedied by explaining that God endures *infinitely*, whilst everything else is transient, because God is even then still only conceived.

In truth, Time is a determination of Thought, and consequently falls within the moment of Divine Self-discrimination, which "discloses" or reveals His self-referent unity. So far, then, from supplying a measure of His duration, it is itself only a form of His Dream or Nature. He Himself is *eternal*, and *Eternity* is to be taken as having the same relation to Time as Reason to Intellect or pure Thought to Conception.

The preceding makes plain why Time—and for that matter Space also—are found in our Consciousness *à priori*—a fact which was obvious to Kant, although it was long after still contested ignorantly by Spencer. So long as we are incapable of thinking we can only conceive Time and Space as abstract forms of Perception; but the explanation that these forms are found in our Consciousness *à priori* lies in the said disclosure of Thought in the three phases of Consciousness, which, in turn, have their correspondence in the Trinity of Time, Space, and the I of the waking consciousness. Now, being the representative of God on earth, the I continues to imply an at-one-ment with all that is, only unconsciously; and so comes it that it discovers pure thoughts of Time and Space first of all as abstract forms *à priori* of its Perception.

FRANCIS SEDLÁK.

IN our brains there must be furrows and convolutions which recall the time when our development was that of the beast. But these should no longer be the bed in which the stream of our present feelings runs.

WE all suffer from want of respect for our own Selves. They are ill brought up; we have been forced to draw away our attention from them, and offer them up to the State, to Science, to the needy—as if our Self were something wrong, which *must* be offered in sacrifice. On the contrary, to make of oneself a complete Individual, and in all that we do to have *its* highest welfare at heart, will do more, even for the world, than all anxious fussiness of "Altruism."—NIETZSCHE.

THE TRAIL ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

I WOULD not change places with Lawly, though he seems contented and happy, while I—none knows the suffering I endure.

Oh, those terrible doubts, that pungent feeling of sin against my better self, that engulfing hopelessness! Many have met them before, and many, doubtless, are meeting them now for the first time.

Communion with men who have endured them until their pent-up natures went out into noble books is not denied me. The Bible's pages are peopled with the afflicted, and they have depicted for us that one Man of Sorrows in colours that never shall fade.

Yet there is no one whom I can meet in the flesh, walk with at night and look upon with eyes that, dimmed by the darkness, should seem nevertheless to read and comprehend his inmost being; no one whose presence assures me of instant sympathy, who can hear the words I leave unspoken as plainly as those I speak aloud.

There is no one like this, and hence I am all alone in my journey's hardships. Hands that would minister to me, not understanding my wounds, handle me roughly where I am sorest, and are gentle where I am most unhurt. Yet my pain is my blessing as well as my doom, and I would not change places with Lawly.

Sometimes in my cowardliness I have played the traitor to myself. I have paid the price for companions in drinking. I have felt their goodwill, but could not forget their beastliness. Again, I have tried the milder, more wholesome excitement of dancing, and babbled with women, all brilliancy, lacking in depth. Gentlemen, whose mingled politeness and coarseness were doubly repellent by contrast, have gamed with me. Young men of my

age and station have sought to converse with me; but either we babbled of inconsequential details, or talked at cross purposes. To have attempted to lead them into the land of essentials, their *terra incognita*, would have been like exhorting the breakers of the sea. I have tried many pleasures, as humankind know the term, but always have found them either entirely empty, or reacting to heighten my bitterness.

Lawly enjoys them all. For Lawly can work when he works and play when he plays. To whatever he does he brings his whole heart. This I cannot do, but I think I have found out his secret: the path of his actual life is the path of his highest ideal,—good money, good cheer, good fellowship. No wonder that he is content!

There are many like Lawly; and there are as many more between him and me as there is distance between our dearest desires. For the end of life is variously conceived. The road to some men's ideal lies straight across the plains; they have only to plod ahead steadily to seem to get nearer day by day. Others have hills to cross, and rivers and seas and oceans; yet they, too, are sure that they slowly progress toward a goal.

But I stumble along at the foot of a mountain. Its base is strewn with rocks and clothed with wilderness. Its sides are cleft with deep forbidding wrinkles. Its brow is a precipice. No road leads up its slopes; but far overhead the sun is glittering on a pure white peak of snow. Where that sun glitters, there would I stand! And something tells me, once I did stand there, then I should see that Lawly and the rest, while seeming to advance, were only travelling round and round the world in tracks that lead in circles.

My path, too, leads in a circle. I go round and round the foot of my mountain, ever seeking a means of ascent. But when I relapse and try to go into the plain I catch a glimpse of a shimmering height, and have to retrace my steps. There is some subtle magnetism, that will not be denied, between me and that far summit.

To the casual eye, the circle that Lawly walks seems larger and brighter than that track, strewn with boulders and stern with shadows, around the foot of my mountain. But my hope is

indomitable. I know that some day, if I only keep courage and persevere, I shall find a trail up the slope; and then . . . !

No, Lawly, I could not change places with you, who do not know that the mountain is there to be climbed; who, when the white peak has been pointed out, have murmured "Lovely!" and gone your way; who do not remember Elisha; who forget that the summit is nearer the light of the sun than the plain. "I am lonely; the road is hard!" I cry; and you open your eyes in surprise and point to the highway. You do not know that my pain is not only my doom, but my blessing as well. Lawly, let us pity each other!

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER.

A FEW MORE POINTS ABOUT EMOTION[1]

HAVING tried to show that emotion not only awakens desire and leads to action, but that it also strengthens the intellect by gathering ideas around certain centres of interest and by developing thus the memory and the imagination, a few words may be added about the effect of feeling on conscience and temperament as well as its relation to self-control.

If we roughly define conscience as the moral standard of a person, the higher tribunal to which he submits his own thoughts and deeds, as well as those of others, it will not be difficult to show the important part feeling has to play in the development of this faculty.

Every experience, whether in this life or a previous one, every thought and act, is impressed on the character, or in modern theosophical language, on the astral and mental bodies. The effects of thoughts and feelings, however, are stored up as faculties and tendencies in the "permanent atom." Since feeling, as we have seen, invariably accompanies thought; however vague that thought may be, there will be eventually laid up in the

[1] See "The Place of Emotion in Spiritual Development" in the October number.

permanent atom, the persisting vehicle of the Ego, not only a store of organised thought but also of organised emotions.

But what is the relation of these two sets to each other? Is it one of mere contiguity or of interaction? As emotion according to our definition is the pleasurable or painful vibration arising out of thought, that which gives colour or importance to it, by relating it either to the narrow personal interests of man's lower self, or the larger altruistic ideals of his higher self, I think we are justified in saying that emotion is really the judge of thought, because it determines the value of ideas out of which it is born and which it accompanies. The organised units of feeling *plus* the organised units of thought which prompt and judge actions are therefore really identical with what we mean by moral ideals or conscience.

We see from this that the predominant emotional state of man will largely determine his conscience. If he habitually entertains feelings of a narrow and selfish kind which separate him from others and accentuate the note of hatred and discord in his emotional strain, his conscience must necessarily be dwarfed and consequently unreliable as a moral criterion.

If, on the other hand, the man's soul radiates feelings of love and good-will to all creation, and if we see behind his actions only the highest and noblest motives, would it not seem reasonable to believe that his inner judge is clear-sighted and his decisions are wise and unerring?

Napoleon's conscience would sanction the enslaving of nations and an appalling indifference to human life, because greed and worldly ambition largely ruled his nature; while Tolstoi's conscience does not even permit him to enjoy the luxuries considered by the majority to be the legitimate share of people of his station in life, because his soul is going out in feelings of love and sympathy to his suffering fellow-men.

But the predominant emotional tone of man is, of course, not a permanent condition, therefore our moral standard will change with an expansion of consciousness. It is generally admitted that conscience must be educated, which evidently means that by well-directed effort on our part or that of others we may attain to a clearer vision of truth, to a higher ethical ideal.

As we are progressing on the Path of Discipleship we make a selection of feelings as well as of thoughts, we encourage some and suppress others.

But there certainly is also an emotional bias that is not the result of training, and that we have brought over into this life from a previous incarnation.

This is what I would call temperament. It represents the stage of our progress when we do not yet fully discriminate between the kind of thoughts and feelings that ought to be entertained and those that are undesirable; or, to express it in modern theosophical terms, when the Ego has not yet gained full control over the astral and mental vehicles. I am well aware that temperament is often accounted for in a different way. According to the old idea it was the outcome of certain physical conditions that depended mainly on the state of the blood, the secretions of the mucous membrane and the liver. We are all familiar with the names of the four chief temperaments: the phlegmatic, the melancholic, the choleric, and the sanguinic.

It is perhaps, however, more in accordance with the prevailing idealistic thought of to-day to attribute the difference in temperament rather to a psychic than a material factor. There is no doubt, however, that the expression of temperament may be modified to a certain extent by peculiar physical conditions, but I do not think that it can be determined by these altogether.

There are people of the light-hearted sanguinic temperament found among the greatest sufferers, and melancholia is by no means confined to those whose state of health seems to justify a gloomy aspect of things.

The poet Scarron, a physical wreck, would often enliven a circle of friends gathered around him by his unfailing good humour, and with his poor crippled hand he would write his gayest farces and burlesques. The Emperor Charles V. of Germany, on whose realm the sun never set, and whose state of health was not worse than that of the average person, was driven by melancholy to retire from the world and to seek a refuge in the convent of St. Just; a strange ending of a most brilliant career.

So temperament seems to be after all a question of what those who do not believe in reincarnation might call the "innate

feelings," while conscience, it seems to me, is largely a matter of trained emotions.

In conclusion I would say a few words about self-control. As we have seen before, emotion accompanies thought; so where there is force and variety of ideas, there will be as a rule a corresponding activity of the emotional life; where there is on the other hand a dearth of ideas, there will generally be found the reserved manner, an aversion to any show of feeling.

We have all met the person of strong emotions who commits a great many blunders, and makes many enemies, from want of self-control.

"You must not show your feelings, you must control yourself," the world is constantly calling to the possessor of a warm and sensitive nature; and very often his stolid unemotional brother, whose brain does not teem with thoughts, but who never said or did either a foolish or a wise thing, who is always dignified in his bearing as well as immaculate in his toilet, is held up as a pattern.

But has the latter really more self-control than the former, or does it only appear so, because he has *less to control?* The impulsive man whose feelings constantly urge him to act, is perhaps putting forth a greater effort in restraining himself than the man of a cooler temperament and slower feelings; and the amount of effort used in refraining from hasty words and rash actions, it would seem, can alone determine the self-control we possess.

Looking at it from this point of view, we may truthfully say that sometimes the uncontrolled person may have more self-control than the man "who does not show his feelings." Where there is not much pressure of steam, it is easier to shut up the power.

But even in the case of an ardent temperament the higher love emotions will be the best ally to self-control; because when we are ruled by them, we shall not refrain from unworthy or foolish actions merely from a sense of pride or from fear of appearing ridiculous.

When we are under the dominion of the Golden Rule, our conduct will manifest a beautiful poise and a dignified simplicity

that are beyond the reach of studied effort or cold calculation; for, when we are co-operating with cosmic laws, must we not reflect something of the Harmony and Majesty of the Great Cause?

H. S. ALBARUS.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

THAT which the alchemist of old sought after and spent his life vainly endeavouring to find, is now set plainly before our eyes. The great mistake was made in looking for that without, which could only be found within. For the human microcosm, being a universe in itself, contains within itself the Logos, the Eternal Word, which vivifies and sustains all things.

In every man there are the elements of immortality, and even his outward tabernacle or tent-dwelling, which is of itself mortal and corruptible, is capable of transmutation into an eternal habitation. This body of our humiliation is capable of the highest exaltation. That which was sown in weakness may be raised in power. And the power is not in heaven that we should say: "Who shall ascend into heaven to bring it down from above?" or in the abyss that we should say: "Who will descend into the depths to bring it up from beneath?"—but "the Kingdom of God is within thee."

As the nations of antiquity dimly discerned, the most important part of man is that which procreates his species, the immortal generative element. This therefore they worshipped under the symbol of a tree, the tree of life. This it was that was symbolised by the fourth living creature, or Cherub—the Flying Eagle. In the most ancient zodiacs it was represented by a white eagle. And it is this that can so regenerate the whole man that he shall mount up on wings as an eagle and renew his youth like the eagle. But in the present zodiac we see no Eagle but Scorpio, representing the same vital element in its fallen state, and the eagle is changed into a serpent. And truly it has become the "serpent that deceiveth the whole world," and the source of the most destructive and deadly sin.

And not only do we see the serpent entering Eden but actually worshipped, together with the symbols of the *lingam* and the *yoni*. The nations of antiquity were so blinded as to worship the root-cause of the Fall, and so their very worship, instead of having an upward and life-giving tendency, helped to brutalise and degrade mankind. In their mad longing for sensation they poured out in corrupt ways and by unnatural methods the essence of vitality; the pure water of the fountain of life. The eagle which might have borne them up on its pinions into regions of bliss and purity, they changed into the deadly serpent, which brought them down swiftly to Sheol. And so the "Seed of the Woman bruised the head of the Serpent," when He struck at the root of the world's greatest sin, in His saying: "He that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already with her in his heart."

All the Fathers of the Christian Church continued to regard sexual sin as *the* sin of all sins. Paul emphasises this fact again and again that no impure person had any inheritance in the Kingdom of God. Fornication or uncleanness, or impurity of any kind, was not even to be named among the saints.[1] The Church has ever regarded sin against the body, the temple of the Holy Spirit, the sanctuary of the living God, as "the sin unto death."

But that which has been used as the instrument of death by unlawful eating of the tree of knowledge may become in us the fountain of life. The death-bearing serpent may become the life-giving eagle. That which poured outwards and downwards genders corruption, poured inwards and upwards regenerates the life of the organism. For the downward tendency is toward the animal, but the upward is toward the spiritual.

The very same life which, poured out, propagates the psychical or animal body, when retained in the body may be transmuted into spirit and substance; into pure spirit clothed with a spiritual body. This, then, is the physical basis of the New Birth. The vital fluid is transmuted into the water of life. Through faith in the Logos, as life-giving Spirit, it becomes the incorruptible which liveth and abideth for ever.

[1] *Ephesians*, v. 4, 5.

He that is begotten of God sinneth not, and cannot sin because his life abideth in him. He that fully overcomes this downward deathward tendency has his youth renewed like the eagle, and mounting up on "the wings of the great eagle," he passes back again into Paradise; for no longer can the Cherubim exclude him from the Tree of Life, since he has overcome the "flaming sword" of generation "which turned every way" to keep him back from the Tree of Life. Month by month he partakes of its newly formed fruits, and as a Son of God he takes its leaves for the healing of the nations.[1]

HENRY PROCTOR.

POEMS

PAN REDIVIVUS

A Real Experience

WITH heavy, earth-bound limbs I clambered up;
A dull task-master seemed the steep hill-side
That ever grew more arduous, with ridge
Up-lifted beyond ridge, the more I strove.
Blind thoughts that crouched to earth were mine. I thought
Of the hour that passed, of food, of wet bog-mud
That clung to sodden boots; but still I toiled;
For my soul led me, though I knew it not.
The smooth bent-grass, the soft morass I trod,
Vexed by the sudden spurt of the earth-brown stream
In jewelled moss concealed. With mind oppressed
I deemed the hard path hostile, striving still
To keep me from the goal that still withdrew.
At length, the conqueror of the hill, I gained
The summit—and I found a silence there,
A silence of great heights and depths, and growth
Of virgin things; a silence so intense,
It struck the ear like a voice. And straight there flashed

[1] *Rev.*, xxii. 32.

Upon my soul, that moment waked to life,
A living, throbbing Soul, that did respond
Fibre for fibre to my own heart's strings,
Which caught the note and sang in tune at last.
And while I wondered that the dead, crass earth,
The unconscious trees, and common, gaseous air,
Whose elements were weighed and counted o'er,
Had power to call a soul to birth—I heard
A clear, still voice, that speechless spake with me:
"Know, the deep air is with a presence filled;
Swift spirits o'er the trackless waters move,
And throng the spaces of the silent waste.
Thou walkest, blindfold, through a living world."
Then I, who knew not prayer, upon the earth,
The senseless earth divine, knelt down and prayed.

S. E. H.

Rondeau: Never Again

Never again seek thou reward of toil,
Nor pluck the fruit of labour from the soil
Made fertile by thy efforts and thy tears.
Henceforth go struggle through the long dark years
And, in the vineyard, without wages, moil.

The vines thou tendest enemies shall spoil
And all thy watchful care their hate shall foil;
Thou shalt win guerdon for thy pains and fears
Never again.

Upon thy brow is poured the sacred oil
And till thou shalt put off this mortal coil,
Though thou may'st hear the adversaries' jeers
The Master's word of praise shall reach thy ears
Never again.

Rondeau: When You Are Tired

When you are tired of this hard world's dull fret
And would its cruel calumnies forget,
Be free from all the malice and the pain

That makes you dread the thought that here again
Incarnate you must come,—your eyes be wet
With tears, life after life, till all the debt
Be paid to the last farthing,—there is yet
A thought of comfort that shall keep you sane
When you are tired.

For in a world of bliss the Self is set
And dwells in perfect peace and love—then let
The rapture of this vital truth sustain
You, conscious of your prison. Know you reign
When you are tired.

M. M. CULPEPER-POLLARD.

THE SELF

OUT of the womb of time, when time was ripe, I came.
Æons ago as now I lived, the same yet not the same.
All forms of life were mine, in water, earth or air;
And in each form I, loving, lived, and learned to do and dare.
A plant, I grew, by crystal stream, and with the winds held fray,
Or roamed the dark primeval woods, a hungry beast of prey.

In dimmer past I was the law; by law my life was known.
I shone in sun, I dripped in rain, so Thy great will were done.
In certain rounds of time and space, revolved the wheel of life,
Through birth, and birth, I gleaned of truth, despite of stress and strife.
And now, dear Lord! I stand alone—a man in power and might,
Though wavering backgrounds of the past may cloud my mortal sight;

Though memories vague may sometimes cast deep shadows o'er my heart,
And glimpses of forgotten lives in which I held a part,
Quick subtle thoughts of vagrant shades, ancestral phantasies,
That ever hold a passing sway on human destinies.
All these are mine; yet also mine, the will, supreme, divine,
Which once again shall re-unite my spirit unto Thine.

ELEANOR M. NIGHTINGALE.

At the Top of the Road

But Lord, she said, my shoulders still are strong;
I have been used to bear the load so long;

And, see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road.
Yet, said the Stranger, yield me now thy load.

Gently he took it from her, and she stood
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood,

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

My Lord, she said, the land is very fair!
Smiling, he answered, Was it not so there?

There? In her voice a wondering question lay;
Was I not always here, then, as to-day?

He turned to her, with strange deep eyes aflame—
Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?

Nay, she replied, but this I understand
That Thou art Lord of Life, in this dear land!

Yes, child; he answered, scarce above his breath,
Lord of the land—but men have named me Death!

Charles Buxton Going.

(From *Theosophy in Australasia*, November, 1907.)

Most people are too busy with themselves to wish to hurt others.

Luke xviii. 14, improved: "He who humbles himself desires to be exalted."

In the few men of free and deep thought we have the beginning of the experiment, whether a moral humanity can be replaced in the future by a wise humanity.

People whose lives seem to them monotonous and uninteresting easily take up religion. It is well for them—it beautifies their dull lives; but this gives them no right to force their religion on those who do *not* find their daily lives dull and dreary.—Nietzsche.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Milinda-Pañha in German

Die Fragen des Königs Menandros. Aus dem Pāli zum ersten Mal ins Deutsche übersetzt von Dr. phil. F. Otto Schrader. (Berlin: Paul Raatz; 1907.)

This is the first volume of a work by our colleague Dr. Otto Schrader, the Director of the Adyar Library. The *Milinda-Pañha*, or *Questions of King Milinda* (*Mænander*), may perhaps be said to be the most famous extra-canonical document of Buddhism; it is, as it were, the most important ancient "apology" for the Dharma, and is most highly esteemed by both the so-called Southern and Northern Churches. It is somewhat astonishing that in Germany, where interest in Oriental studies is so great, and where the industry of her Orientalist scholars is fast putting us to shame, a full translation of this masterpiece of Buddhist literature has not been attempted. The reason apparently is that the length of the work is too great for publishers to risk the cost. Dr. Schrader has now stepped into the breach with a shortened version in excellent translation, giving the essentials, with a historical and critical introduction, and a large number of very serviceable notes. It is in these notes that the English reader will be chiefly interested, for we possess already the fine full translation of Professor Rhys Davids (*S.B.E.*), to whose pioneer work Dr. Schrader acknowledges his indebtedness, though differing naturally on some points of detail. Dr. Schrader's work bears throughout all the signs of great care and accurate scholarship. There is always delay and trouble in producing works of this nature; but when we learn that owing to certain difficulties with the printer and publisher the appearance of Dr. Schrader's book has been delayed for nearly three years, we feel that the gods have treated him roughly indeed, and hope that the appreciation of his readers may make up for it in full measure.

G. R. S. M.

Spiritualism or Theosophy—Which?

The True Light, or the Gospel of Christ in the Light of Spiritual Science. A short exposition of Spiritual Beliefs and Doctrines. By George G. André, F.G.S., A.M.I.C.E. (London: Watkins; 1907. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

We have seldom read an exposition of the principles of Spiritualism that has given us so much satisfaction as this little book. The writer —may we venture to say it?—puts forward a view of Spiritualism which more than savours of Theosophy; it is Theosophy, and Theosophy very well digested, and admirably expressed. We had our suspicions of this after reading the first few pages; the excellent chapter dealing with Reincarnation subsequently confirmed them, and we metaphorically shake hands with Mr. André as a friend and a brother. Not but what he would have been so had he written a book that was less to our taste; but a brother who can write on Spiritualism in first-rate English, and with philosophic consistency, is a brother indeed.

Since, however, the purpose of a critic is to criticise, one might offer a word as to the desirability, not to say the fairness, of dealing with current Christianity from its cultured, rather than from its popular point of view. Few among the better informed of our "orthodox" friends hold the unintelligent doctrines attributed to them on page 70 in this book. Mr. André sins, it is true, in wide company, for the "heretical" of whatever cult or sect not infrequently adopt the method of contrasting their own enlightenment with the worst rather than with the best in current religious thought. We suppose the desire is to secure a stronger contrast-effect—a result that is often gained at the cost of much misrepresentation, and an inevitable widening of the breach which real enlightenment sees to be more superficial than essential. This, however, is a small point.

Mr. André covers in eight chapters a very complete review of the system of progressive thought which he styles Spiritualism, and to which we should give the name Theosophy. Perhaps his most admirable chapter is that on Death and the Life Eternal. But the specific purpose of the book is to indicate the light thrown upon true (*i.e.*, Christ) Christianity, by the Spiritual Science revealed in the Spiritualistic movement. "Spiritualism" he reminds us, "does not identify itself with Christianity, or with any other form of religion.

It is not religion, but a teacher of religion. It illumines and explains all forms."

As to the scope of the book he says: "The character and scope of its teachings [those of Spiritualism] have been sufficiently indicated to satisfy the casual enquirer, and the grounds on which its doctrines are based sufficiently explained to enable the reader to judge of their credibility."

So to any who would acquaint himself with Spiritualistic modes of thought we can recommend no better nor more sympathetic treatise than *The True Light*. It should be welcomed by Spiritualists of all ranks as a book in every way worthy of the great cause in whose service it has been written. It does wide service, too, on lines of reconciliation, for with such a text-book in use it will be no longer possible to speak of the hostile camps of Spiritualism and Theosophy. The lion and the lamb have at last lain down together, and the old-time breach is healed as far as this book is concerned; for which may Mr. André receive the good Karma due to a peace-maker.

C. E. W.

An Ancient Tale Retold

The Story of Isis and Osiris. An Egyptian Wonder Tale. Told and Illustrated by Lily Schofield. (London: Dent & Co.; 1907. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a charming little book intended for the children mainly. Mrs. Schofield has deftly woven together the scattered versions and fragments of the grand old mythus, which stood for the greatest story in the world for all Egyptians, using freely the license of the story-teller and adapting herself to her little listeners. The illustrations, twelve in number, are reproduced in the three-colour process. They are by no means the least pleasing feature of the book; indeed, some of them are quite admirable. We hear that the publishers made the artist alter some of her original sketches to suit what they consider to be the British public's notion of what Egyptian pictures should be. We wish they had given Mrs. Schofield a free hand.

The only thing we would criticise is the occasional use of words that are too big for little pitchers to hold; but there will be, we doubt not, bigger folk who will enjoy the story too, and help the little folk to make friends with the gods and their doings on earth.

G. R. S. M.

FROM THE SAMURAI PRESS

Man: The Prodigy and Freak of Nature, or Animal run to Brain. By Keridon.

Seership and Prophecy. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. (The Samurai Press, Cranleigh, Surrey; 1907. Price 2*s.* net each volume.)

IN his lucid and suggestive essay "Keridon" discusses the evolution of man the natural animal into the animal run to brain, viewed from the standpoint of that kingdom where there exists "generally a complete adjustment between the mental capacity of the animal and its equipment of motor and sensory organs." With man the "prodigy," having passed out of the natural stage, this balanced correlation ceases to exist. "Keridon" classes man as natural when he adapts ends to means by instinct more than by reason, without conscious knowledge of their relationship; when he works under the domination of the forces of nature, of the cosmic laws. When, through developed reasoning power, he becomes *conscious* of that relationship and of the laws of cause and effect, when by invention and discovery he has made new eyes, new hands for himself, he is then no longer the natural man but the "prodigy and freak." This is also Max Nordau's contention, but "Keridon" differs from Nordau inasmuch as he does not hold abnormality to be synonymous with disease.

A man is unquestionably a prodigy, viewed in this way; but is he necessarily a freak, a term which suggests not merely the abnormal but the accidental? The inference to be drawn from the working out of the thesis is, moreover, that man's evolution proceeds under law, and is no accident. In the second half of the volume the writer puts his "cosmic theories to the touchstone of human experience," and advocates strongly a more enlightened method of education that may adapt itself to the evolving stages of man's growth, because education is the only lever wherewith he can raise and hold himself above the "natural" level; he advocates also a more general moral instruction as of greater value as a basis for practical ethics than the usual religious instruction. In this connection he emphasises a truth that is not sufficiently recognised: that imagination, which should act as a torch-light to pioneer the path of progress, is allowed too often to erect limiting enclosures which impede and imprison. In imagination "Keridon" recognises one of the great creative forces. In our colloquial speech there is, however,

a tendency to confuse fancy and phantasy (which are not living forces) with imagination. Mr. Dimsdale Stocker falls into this verbal error when he tells us that the poet's soul in "the flight of fancy finds wings and passes beyond the plane of reason to the mount of vision." In the two essays which form the contents of this writer's *Seership and Prophecy* he stands as a vigorous champion in the cause of poetry in a day when certain of our younger writers have decreed its doom. He reminds these prosaic thinkers (if thinkers they be) that the true poet is the seer and prophet, now as in the ancient days; is the inspirer and leader of his race. He illustrates his plea with a sketch of the poet and seer Emerson—to whom Mr. Dimsdale Stocker gives the title of the "American Buddha"!

E. A. S.

According to the Great Vehicle of Enlightenment

Outlines of Mahāyāna Buddhism. By Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki. (London: Luzac & Co.; 1907. Price 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

It is to Mr. Teitaro Suzuki that we owe the translation from the Chinese of Ashvaghoṣha's *Discourse on the Awakening of Faith in the Mahāyāna* (1900), which has given such delight to many of us, and also the translation of the Rev. Soyen Shaku's American Addresses called *Sermons of a Buddhist Abbot* (1906). Both of these books we have reviewed at length, and thanked Mr. Suzuki for giving them to us. We are, therefore, glad to welcome the present volume from his pen in the form of an exposition of the leading doctrines of the Mahāyāna, or Great Vehicle, of Buddhism, which Mr. Suzuki would define as progressive Buddhism, as contrasted with the conservative literalism that is the marked characteristic of the Pāli tradition.

"It is (he writes) the Buddhism which, inspired by a progressive spirit, broadened its original scope, so far as it did not contradict the inner significance of the teachings of the Buddha, and which assimilated other religio-philosophical beliefs within itself, whenever it felt that, by so doing, people of more widely different characters and intellectual endowments could be saved."

Those of our readers who love *The Voice of the Silence* will already have lost their hearts to what is best in Mahāyāna Buddhism, and, if they are of a searching spirit and eager to plunge into the depths of meaning of the technical terms which could be only briefly explained in the notes to those marvellous fragments, they can do no better than

study Mr. Suzuki's *Outlines*. There is much to be learned from them; and above all they are valuable as being the exposition of a learned and believing Mahāyānist, who is anxious beyond all things to show how the Dharma of the Buddha is a living and progressive faith and a mode of life that adapts itself naturally to all requirements of modern conditions.

We have already criticised the chief points of doctrine which we think open to misunderstanding in our review of the *Sermons of a Buddhist Abbot*, and we need only repeat that it seems somewhat of a pity that writers like Mr. Suzuki should labour so much the an-ātman theory (or theory of the non-reality of the ego), and take such a delight in exaggerating its negative aspects as contrasted with a positive belief in the immortality of the soul. It is quite true that the ignorant are not metaphysicians; but their belief in the immortality of the soul is a precious thing in its essence, and a true intuition when generously considered, in spite of erroneous forms of thought. On the other hand it is quite true that egoity is the root of ignorance (of unity?), if we equate egoity with Ahaṁ-kāra, or the "I-making" faculty, and we may very well agree that this has to be "torn up by the roots," if freedom from Saṁsāra or the Ocean of birth and death is to be gained, if by that freedom again we mean unity. But Ahaṁ-kāra is *not* Ātman. Ātman never has been, is not and never will be Ahaṁ-kāra or egoity; and the "an-ātman theory" as a designation of the unreality of the *ego* is a pure "derangement of epitaphs." The ego is not absolute reality; of course not. Equally so it is not absolute unreality—"non-existent," as Mr. Suzuki is ever insisting. But without pursuing the matter further, and without the slightest desire to cling to egoity, it may be conceded even by the most subtly-minded metaphysicians, provided they know something of the value of the opposites, and still more if they are conscious of the smiling serenity that unites all opposites, that "egoity" is not such a contemptible scally-wag as the "an-ātman" dogmatists would make out; in fact, if these latter freed themselves from prejudice they would find themselves hard put to it to know how things would get along without egoity. Egoity is perfectly right in its own place. Let us put it in its place, then, and not talk non-sense about its "non-existence." That's as bad in its way as the "mortal mind" racket.

There are of course a hundred of points to notice in this most interesting and instructive volume, but our main desire is to praise it

for its virtue and not to find fault; it is such a relief after so many books written by Western Orientalists who do not believe in what they are writing.

It must, however, be noticed that within his own sphere Mr. Suzuki is more inclined to a species of socialism and a sort of orientalised positivism, or perhaps rather pragmatism, than to an understanding of the more esoteric and occult doctrines with which Mahāyāna Buddhism teems.

Thus we think he might have made more of the mystery of the Trikāya. The Nirmāṇakāya, we believe, is far more than the appearance of a Buddha in a physical body on earth, and the Saṁbhogakāya something far more than a Buddha's body of transfiguration.

Mr. Suzuki, however, makes up for this by excellent chapters on such profound themes as the nature of Reality, of the Dharmakāya, and of Nirvāṇa. Among the four fundamental attributes of Nirvāṇa (p. 348), we find Ātman rightly translated as "self-acting." Should not this give the vilifiers of Ātman pause?

For a Japanese Mr. Suzuki has a good command of English, sometimes an excellent command; he should, however, have had his work revised by a competent English scholar, so that it might be excellent throughout.

G. R. S. M.

Christian Mysticism for the Young

Higher Aspects of Truth for the Thoughtful Young Reader. By A Thinker. (London: John M. Watkins; 1907. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

As a rule, more serious questions—though mostly unconfessed—are asked by the young than by men and women in middle life; and one often wants a book to put into the hands of a "Thoughtful Young Reader" whose curiosity has been awakened about the deeper things of existence. The present little volume by "A Thinker" is an excellent one for the purpose. But the value of the teaching which it gives considerably exceeds what the title would naturally lead one to expect. It is on Christian lines, and is in reality such a lucid introduction to Christian Mysticism that it might charm thoughtful people of any age and encourage them to further study.

C. G. C.

The Sayings of Kung the Master

The Sayings of Confucius. A New Translation of the Greater Part of the Confucian Analects. With Introduction and Notes. By Lionel Giles, M.A. (London: Murray; 1907. Price 2s.)

The "Wisdom of the East" Series is an excellent sequence of useful volumes by competent writers. Cheap and handy, they give just that information which the intelligent general reader requires. Mr. Giles' translation is remarkable for a number of new renderings that do really make the matter plainer; above all he approaches the subject in a sympathetic spirit, free from that irritating self-complacency and ignorant condescension that generally characterise the Western treatment of the masterpieces of Oriental literature. Grateful as all students are to Legge for his labours on Confucian literature, it must be confessed that he was always the Missionary. He *could* not believe that anything really good and of first importance could be in it, for it was prior in date to Christianity, and all that was really good and of first importance was reserved for the Gospel. In short he held a brief all the time for the other side. Mr. Giles belongs to another generation with a wider outlook, and also worthily carries on the tradition of his famous father.

G. R. S. M.

The Secret of Mithra

A Mithriac Ritual. By G. R. S. Mead. Vol. VI. of Echoes from the Gnosis. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1907. Price 1s. net.)

In Vol. VI. of the *Echoes from the Gnosis* Mr. Mead has made a valuable step towards what may be called the "practical end" in the solution of the ancient mystery problem, a step towards answering that question so often hurled at the student of things that are held apart from the common work of the world: "What is the use of it? what was and is the practical value of the mysteries?" In Vol. V. of the same series, which was written as an introduction to the present volume, he tells us that "The Religion of the Mithra was one of the many forms of the Christ-mystery"; and its secret "was the One Secret

of all the great mystery-rites and mystery-arts." The present volume gives us the reasoned studies of a scholar and mystic concerning the "why" and "how" of the practice of the only complete Mithriac Ritual so far discovered. The Ritual itself is best described in Mr. Mead's own words:

"The Ritual before us is not of the nature of a church or temple service; on the contrary it contains directions for a solitary sacrament in which the whole effort of the celebrant is to stir into activity, and bring into conscious operation, his own hidden nature or the root-substance of his being. It is a *yoga*-rite (*unio mystica*), or act for union, in which the physical breath, the etheric currents, and the psychic auræ, or life-breaths, or *prāṇa's*, work together with the inbreathing of the Great Breath, or Holy Spirit or Ātmic Energy.

"It should therefore prove of very great interest to many who have of late heard much concerning *yoga*, both in its higher contemplative modes, and also in its modes of deep and psychic breathing (*haṭha-yoga*); for it may be news to many that in the ancient West, especially in Egypt, there was a high art of this selfsame *yoga* which has been developed so elaborately in India."

Some of us have long believed that in a parallelism with the innumerable varieties of practice for which as a technical term the word *yoga* has been borrowed from the East, lies the solution, the reconciliation with reason, of those, to the uninitiate, senseless words and acts found in so many of the sacred writings of Egypt, whether religious or, so-called, "magical."

A work such as this, which strives to reason out the probabilities both of action and of the use of sounds in an ancient practice by the light of still living tradition and practice should be very welcome, not only as giving from a mystery-student's point of view a fine rendering of a beautiful ritual, but also something that can be made of use in individual study. Doubtless the casual experimenter, and there are casual experimenters even in such things, will regret that Mr. Mead has left out the sacred words and names, but others will remember that according to the Oracles: "There are sacred words in every language."

The comments on the nature of the sounds directed to be uttered in the course of the rite are most interesting, and, incidentally, the method given for pronouncing "cheer up!" is quite in keeping with traditional pronunciations.

M. W. B.

"Old Diary Leaves" in French

Histoire Authentique de La Société Théosophique. Par son President-Fondateur, H. S. Olcott. Traduite de l'Anglais par La Vieuville. (Paris: Publications Théosophiques, 10, Rue Saint Lazare; 1907. Prix 6*frs.*)

We are glad to see this excellent translation into French of the first series (by far the most important) of our late President-Founder's *Old Diary Leaves*. Olcott has given us a plain unvarnished account of how things were; an honest and straightforward story that as clearly pictures himself as it depicts the rest of the company. Those who would know the facts of the matter have them here, the good and the bad, the tragical and comical; one of the greatest guarantees of genuineness being the transparent unconsciousness of the narrator. The publication of his *Old Diary Leaves* is one of the greatest services that H. S. Olcott has rendered the Theosophical Society; no one can rewrite this history, for now no one remains who was there. This is the text; the commentaries can be according to the fancy and taste of the readers.

G. R. S. M.

Wisdom in Arabic

Arabian Wisdom: Selections and Translations from the Arabic. By John Wortabet, M.D. "Wisdom of the East" Series. (London: Murray; 1907. Price 1*s.*)

Every Theosophist must be in sympathy with the effort to familiarise the Western mind with the best religious and ethical traditions of the East. To us, perhaps, the attitude of the editors of this handy little series cannot but seem unduly apologetic—as if to say: "See how moral some of these poor heathen are! They are quite *ready* for Christianity!" (The publication "may help to a revival of that true spirit of Charity which neither despises nor fears the nations of another creed and colour.") Most readers of this Review, at least, will go further in their appreciation of these little gems of Arabian thought than "neither to despise nor to fear." The extraordinary and almost literal identity of many of the proverbs and homely sayings with those of the Bible and with our own classic poetry will be obvious enough; and Coleridge need not be accused of plagiarising in "The Ancient Mariner" such words as these: "God's creatures are the objects of His care, and He loveth best that man who is most helpful to them." Many of the sayings—as is inevitable in terse proverbial wisdom—

are somewhat paradoxical in character, or emphasise that "other half" of a truth which is so apt to be forgotten; as for instance: "He who respects not himself can have no respect for others"; "A man who is miserly to himself cannot be generous to others"; and "A miser lives the life of a poor man in this world and will be judged as a rich man in the world to come." The value given in Arabia to pride of the right kind is delicately hinted at in the following: "Beware of anger, for it ends in the humiliation of an apology." But the inculcations of gentleness have other and better foundations, as in the beautiful saying: "Forgiving others is the nearest thing to piety." We may conclude with one of those dainty little home-thrusts which give a piquant charm to the selection: "The best handwriting is that which is most easily read." E.

Stories of Ind

Cradle Tales of Hinduism. By Sister Niveditā (Margaret E. Noble). (London: Longman, Green & Co.; 1907.)

This is a delightful book written by one who has entered fully into the life and thought of the Hindus—in fact, has become one of them. It contains thirty-three tales divided into "Cycles." They are drawn from the Mahābhārata, the Rāmāyaṇa, the Purāṇas and other sources, and are all genuine Indian tales faithfully and beautifully told. Sister Niveditā tells us: "The only discretion which I have permitted to myself has been that sometimes, in choosing between two versions, I have preferred the story received by word of mouth to that found in the books. Each one and every incident of each, as here told, has one or other of these forms of authenticity."

The task of noticing a book of this type is very simple. All I had to say I have said in the first sentence. I recommend it most heartily to all lovers of India and things Indian. I recommend it also to those who would care to know something of the *heart* of India.

Students of Indian literature who puzzle their heads over the question how Shrī Kṛishṇa could have expounded the *Gītā* on the field of battle will find an answer in the story of "Kṛishṇa Pārthasārathi."

There are three or four minor mistakes, which I hope the Sister will correct in the next edition. For instance Kekai is spoken of as the youngest queen of Dasharatha (p. 109). She was not the youngest. J. C. C.

The Collected Poems of Fiona Macleod

From the Hills of Dream: Threnodies, Songs and Later Poems. By Fiona Macleod. (London: Heinemann; 1907. Price 5*s.* net.)

In this volume are collected all the poems of the gifted seer and writer of beautiful things known as Fiona Macleod which have appeared or are appearing, here or in the United States, under the general titles, *From the Hills of Dream*, *Through the Ivory Gate*, and *The Hour of Beauty*.

We are delighted to have these fair flowers of thought and fancy in a single bouquet, from which we take two blossoms: "The Nine Desires" (from the Gaelic), and "The Mystic's Prayer."

The desire of the fairy women, dew:
The desire of the fairy host, wind:
The desire of the earth, blood:
The desire of the snipe, the wilderness:
The desire of the seamew, the lawns of the sea:
The desire of the poet, the soft low music of the
Tribe of the Green Mantles:
The desire of man, the love of woman:
The desire of women, the little clan:
The desire of the soul, wisdom.

Lay me to sleep in sheltering flames,
O Master of the Hidden Fire!
Wash pure my heart, and cleanse for me
My heart's desire.

In flame of sunrise bathe my mind,
O Master of the Hidden Fire,
That, when I wake, clear-eyed may be
My soul's desire.

There are many more of such pieces redolent of true poesy.

G. R. S. M.

The New (?) Theology

The New (?) Theology. By the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (London: Elliot Stock; 1907.)

The author of *The New (?) Theology* has published a number of popular books of sermons and is quite up to his best in this last volume. The Archdeacon's ideas have always a certain charm of surprise about

them, since it is rare that one can foresee from the text just what he is going to make of it. In this way the curiosity of his readers is kept in a state of gentle stimulation, which is no small recommendation for any sermons, in these days, when the reading of novels has so much to do with forming the public taste. In these, and we may say all his discourses that we have seen, the preacher obviously considers it his duty to go out to meet thoughtful people, where they are, in the midst of their often secret and unconfessed perplexities. He has a happy faculty of lending picturesqueness to theological metaphysics, and thus doubtless frequently succeeds in seizing unfortunates that have slipped out of their depth, and in giving them for a little while, at any rate, the agreeable sensation of security. But he is more than interesting and advisory; he is at times very inspiring—a rare quality, as preachers go. He recognises, after the example of his Master, the ultimate victory, in the great war, of every man without exception, while he keeps reiterating the royal truth that more than any other attracts the combatants to take the side of goodness—*viz.*, the immanent love of God everywhere, both in the turmoil of human events and in the quiet heaven of men's souls.

The writer of these sermons is so much, that we devoutly wish he were more. In fact we have long been convinced that, with a little more of John the Baptist in him, with a keener *flair* for reality and a more insistent eagerness to prove the divinity of the highest truths by their proper origins or roots, and with a less sparing use of the axe, wherever the axe is needed, the present Archdeacon of Westminster would rise above the rank of a popular London preacher to initiate an uplifting movement in the Church, and become a leader of men whom succeeding generations would arise and call blessed.

C. G. C.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, November. In this number Colonel Olcott's lecture on "Eastern Magic and Western Spiritualism" is concluded. It contains some curious cases of the transport of "mediums" from one place to another, which apparently have not satisfied the test of scientific enquiry, as we have heard no more of them. Mrs. Besant writes on "The Value of Happiness"; and Miss Hilda Hodgson-Smith on "The Purpose of the Theosophical Society"; Mr. J. H. Cousins' paper "The Wisdom Religion in Ireland," and P. Narayana Iyer's

"Symbolism of Ganapathy" are of much interest. "Buddhist Rules for the Laity" are concluded, being summed up thus: "If a layman without being lazy observe punctuality in the performance of his various duties, be steadily industrious, be careful of his money, be frugal, have faith, adhere to the precepts, be liberal and be prudent; then sinful thoughts will not arise in him, he will attain a good birth in the world to come, and enjoy heavenly bliss." The number ends with the continuations of Dr. Steiner's "The Superphysical World and its Gnosis," and Mr. Leadbeater's "Nature Spirits."

Theosophy in India, November. "The Religion of the Future" (notes of a lecture by Mrs. Besant) wherein the author, "greatly daring," ventures to suggest to the Pandits that their sacred writings need to undergo the same process of criticism to which the Old and New Testaments are being subjected. The other papers are: "The Moral Standard for Theosophical Society Members," by R. N. Bijur; "An Attempt in the Study of Consciousness," by N. G. Paranjpe; and "Which will you have, Pleasure or Bliss," well worth studying, as is all "Seeker" writes.

Central Hindu College Magazine, November, is a very good number, with a lecture by Mr. Geo. Arundale, "A Warning against Materialism."

Theosophy and New Thought, November. Here, after the "Editorial Notes," we have another piece of "Seeker's" work, "The Theosophical Society, Its Members and Branches," and "The Theosophical Society in Process of Transformation," by J. D. Mahluxmivala, who in his title has rightly estimated what is going on under our new President.

The Vâhan, December, has returned to its natural size, and is entirely filled by business matters and correspondence, to the exclusion of both "Stray Notes" and the "Enquirer."

Lotus Journal, December, continues Mrs. Besant's lecture, "The Objects and Work of the Theosophical Society." Amongst other good matter we have a final page of Mr. Hotchner's "Life as seen by the Dead," which we hope will be supplemented by more of the same kind; and in the conclusion of Mr. Whyte's "Madame Blavatsky" we have an excellent reproduction of a well-known portrait of her in her last years. It was not without a decided shock that, in a list enclosed, and under the head of "Books for Children," we came upon *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. There could hardly be a more epigrammatical illustration of the "Transformation" above alluded to. We

may expect soon to see the *Light on the Path* set out in the same category, I suppose.

Bulletin Théosophique, December, still occupies itself with the laudable desire to draw the Branches into closer union; and asks: "Would it not be desirable to form a methodical organisation of the work of the Branches, so as to group their separate and unconnected efforts into a collaboration which would be useful to all?" There are many difficulties in the way of this, but we must all hope a way may be found to surmount them.

De Theosofische Beweging, December, announces the resignation of the General Secretary, Mr. Fricke, who leaves to take up the position of Recording Secretary at Adyar. We shall all miss him, not the Dutch Section only; and perhaps the best wish we can form for his future is that he may be as useful, and as much beloved in his new position, as he has been in his old one. Let us wish him in the old phrase which comes naturally to our own lips, "*Ad multos annos!*"

Theosophia, December. After *Old Diary Leaves* we have: "Swedenborg's Idea of Christ," by D. Diephuis; the conclusion of H. J. van Ginkel's "Zodiac"; Mrs. Besant's "The Masters and Their Relation to the Theosophical Society," and her "What think we of the Masters?"; and the continuation of the translation of the *Hitopadesa*.

Also received with thanks: *Bolletino della Sezione Italiana*, giving the account of the President's visit and a report of her lecture; *Sophia*, for November, containing an article by G. Gonzalez-Blanco on "The Freedom of the Will," and the conclusion of J. R. Moreira's "Exposition of Christian Doctrine," with translations from Lafcadio Hearn and Ramsay on Radium; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; the transformed *Theosophic Messenger*, November, is triumphant over the results of the convention, and convinced that: "Now that the Theosophical Society in America has definitely ranged itself on the side of the great ideals which the Society exists to uphold, it will feel the thrill of a new life-impulse, and go forward swiftly and steadily on its holy mission"! *Theosophy in Australasia*, November. Here we must first congratulate the Editor on his discovery of a Poet. Since Christina Rossetti's well-known "Does the road wind up-hill all the way?" we have not met with anything so touching and so striking as Mr. Going's "At the Top of the Road," and, in the *thought*, how far more elevated and inspiring! We hope this little piece will find a much wider public than *Theosophy in Australasia* can furnish. We have many good rhymesters, but this is poetry. The whole of the number, including

"Theosophy and Modern Science," by E. F. H., "Symbolism," and W. Battye's "The Mystery of Life," is considerably above the average. *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* is also a good number, in which we may note Mr. W. M. Newton's "Progressive Changes in Christian Thought," and Marion Judson's very pleasant account of her visit to Saranath. *Theosofisch Maandblad; La Verdad; The Path is within You; Fragments* (Seattle); *Omatunto; Luz Mental.*

Of magazines not our own we have to acknowledge: *The Astrologer's Annual* (being the Christmas Double Number of *Modern Astrology*). The Editor thus sums up his own experience: "For many years we have asserted that Astrology is God's law, whereby our universe is ordered, and every living thing that exists within it guided to fulfil its own destiny. If we appear to be enthusiastic, it is because of the intense relief it brought to our minds when, in the darkest hour of our lives, we could find no other satisfactory explanation for the great differences that we found amongst our fellow-beings. No religious system had been able to solve this problem; and even to this day, no teaching has given us back our faith so implicitly as the philosophy of Astrology, for therein science and religion are no longer divorced." Mrs. Leo's "The Star in the East" is admirable, the two dream-stories also; but when a correspondent informs us that: "Several of the early Fathers claim to have examined the archives of Rome, and there found the date of the Nativity entered by the Blessed Mother herself, the 25th of December"—we really *must* "draw a line"! *Occult Review*, December. We have a crow to pluck with the Editor, who, in noticing our November number, calls us the *Theosophist*. Our respectable contemporary of that name has sins enough of its own, without being made responsible for *ours!* We are inclined to agree with him that Democracy is developing a desire for the "Still, strong man in a blatant land; who can *rule*, and dares not lie"; but its machinery for the discovery of this rare production of nature leaves much to be desired. Dr. Gilbertson's haunting spirits go this month to the very verge of possibility, to put it mildly; and the reader will find some of the other ghost stories more pleasant, though not so startling. *Siddhanta Deepika; Notes and Queries*, from which we purloin a couple of maxims: (1) "To abandon ourselves to anger is to avenge on ourselves the fault of another"; (2) "We ought never to be ashamed to avow our faults; for this is only admitting that we are wiser to-day than yesterday." *Herald of the Cross; Health Record; Humanitarian; El Mason Moderno.* W.

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