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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Henri Bergson

AT the Paris Congress (1906) of the Federation of European Sections of the Theosophical Society, Professor Desaint drew attention to a remarkable thinker whose theories deserve the close study and earnest consideration of lovers of philosophy in the Theosophical Society. Henri Bergson, Professor of Philosophy at the Collége de France, is thinking out great things, and inaugurating a new method; yet somehow or other the atmosphere of his thought is not unfamiliar to us, and his method is that method of ever seeking new points of view, and of ever assuming new attitudes of mind, so as to escape stagnation in the habitual—the secret of that perfect adaptability to which we have not infrequently alluded. Twenty-one years ago we had ourselves the pleasure of following Bergson's lectures at a small university towards the south of France, and were then struck with his great ability. That ability is now fully recognised in France, and before long, we doubt not, will be recognised in Europe. In particular we would call the attention of our interested readers to his three recent remarkable

works—*Essai sur les Données immédiates de la Conscience, Matière et Mémoire,* and *L'Évolution créatrice* (Paris; Alcan). We must, however, approach the study of this philosophy without prejudice; for as Father Tyrrell writes, in the last number of *The Hibbert Journal,* in an admirable review of Bergson's last striking contribution to the science of thought:

To get at his point of view he frankly admits that we must stand on our heads, and seize that brief moment of unstable equilibrium to snatch a hasty glance at things as they really are. We must use our mind in a wholly unaccustomed way and recognise that its customary use is fatal to speculative truth just in the measure that it is adapted to practical ends. In short, we have to approach philosophy with a new mind and a new method. Fortunately, our guide in this arduous enterprise is as conscious of the value as of the danger of the imagination as an instrument of philosophic thought and expression, and is possessed of a lucidity without which his task would be doomed to certain failure.

We *are* reversed; and we have to reverse ourselves to see truly. This is an old, old mystic truth. We must not only stand on our heads, but turn ourselves inside out. That is the real *praxis* as distinguished from the false *practical.*

* * *

Creative Evolution

In order to give our readers a snap-shot of a moment in the thinking-process in Bergson's mind, we can do no better than reproduce the excellent summary of the first chapter of *L'Évolution créatrice,* as set forth in the very able review to which we have called attention, and to which we would refer our readers for a lucid introduction in English to the study of Bergson's philosophy.

In the first chapter we have a criticism of the attempts to fit the evolutionary process into the categories of the understanding—now into that of mechanical causation; now into that of plan or design. And while the former is rejected as quite impossible, the latter is allowed a certain, very limited, degree of approval. We are first reminded of what a previous work has shown to be the nature of that archetypal reality which alone is inwardly known to us, and is necessarily our key to the interpretation of all other reality. As given in consciousness, before it is thought, transformed and materialised by intelligence, our existence is an unbroken process of self-adaptation to an equally unbroken process of change in a surrounding environment with which it is continuous as a part is with its whole. In this process of self-change each moment swallows up and yet retains all the

preceding moments in a fuller form of existence by a veritable act of creation, or invention, not caused by, though resting on and refashioning, the resultant of preceding acts—a sort of self-rolling snow-ball determining its own direction according to the exigencies of each moment.

In this continuous process the intelligence takes note only of the discontinuous points that mark a change of direction, and which we call psychic "states," not really because the process stops, but because it preserves the same direction and undergoes no "interesting" change that attracts attention. In the interest of such critical actions the intelligence breaks up the whole process into an imaginary series of separate states or experiences which it threads like beads on a string—the string being a purely passive, unchanging *me*, as much an abstraction, an *ens rationis*, as is the snowball viewed as a changeless subject distinct from the increment which creates it. The self never stops "rolling" and growing; it is only by an imaginary arrest of the process that we can even say it "is" at any given moment. When the intelligence resolves the perfectly simple self of the present moment into all the preceding "states" that are preserved in its constitution, and strings these out on a spatial line in the order of their dependence, we get the concept of Time, as it were, of a third dimension giving solidity and depth to the surface-world of the present. When we realise that this Time is merely a practical device of intelligence, we recognise the process so symbolised as the very stuff and reality of our being.

We drag the growing totality of our past experience—personal and hereditary—along with us at every step; nothing is forgotten; everything tells. The brain is an organ of action rather than of thought. It is no repository of images and ideas. Its function is to forget rather than to remember; to sift from the totality of our experience as much as, and no more than, may be needed for the inventiveness demanded by the immediate emergency to be dealt with. Where there is no choice to be made, no problem to be solved, no call for invention, or where habit has frayed a passage, experience slips through the brain and does its work unconsciously without an appeal to intelligence. But just in the measure that the possible courses are manifold and the combinations new and complex, great masses of experience present themselves to consciousness, pending the process of decision. "We think," says M. Bergson, "with but a little fraction of our past, but we desire, and will, and act with the whole of it."

We hope before long to obtain a series of papers on Bergson's more recent works, which may help to familiarise the more thoughtful with what we might call the elements of an "ātmic philosophy."

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THE first International Congress for the History of Religions was held at Paris in 1900, the second at Basel in 1904; the

The International Congress for the History of Religions

third, we are glad to announce, will be held this year at Oxford, September 15th-18th. The Local Committee of the Congress is in every way representative, and the supporters of the Congress include the best known names in English scholarship bearing on the subject. All information may be obtained from the Secretary, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, 109, Banbury Road, Oxford, and a member's ticket (£1) entitles the holder to attend all meetings, receptions, etc., and to a copy of the Transactions. Such a Congress so supported is an arresting indication of the marvellous revolution in the domain of religious feeling which has been accomplished in the last quarter of a century, and for which the Theosophical Society has been steadily working from the day of its birth. The situation is well summed up in *The Times* of December 24th as follows:

The committee and supporters are remarkable by their eminence and their variety, all shades of opinions being reflected—scholars and theologians, men of science and well-known clergymen taking part in the effort to make the Congress successful. It is a striking sign of our time that such co-operation should be possible. It betokens toleration, enlarged sympathies, new outlooks, a readiness to be taught, an abandonment of self-sufficiency and dogmatism. A notable fact is that it does not signify indifference, but rather the very contrary; a deep interest as to matters which the superior minds of past times were accustomed to treat somewhat loftily and disdainfully. Conceive the notion of such a meeting being mooted at Oxford, Paris, or elsewhere in the eighteenth century; it would have been scouted equally by people agreeing in nothing except in contempt of it; by those who thought that such subjects lay far outside the region of secular inquiry and those who thought them unworthy of their attention. The philosophers of that century had their short and easy solutions of the problems which now perplex scholars and which are earnestly discussed at congresses. They had simple formulæ which they applied with equal confidence to the religious systems of their own time and to the rude beliefs of primitive people. They found in such words as "enthusiasm," "superstition," "fear," "morbid states of consciousness," "ignorance," etc., master keys which unlocked every system. They saw all religious beliefs as one whole; they confounded things the most dissimilar; they saw unity where the essence of the difficulty for the modern investigator is the surprising variety; and all the intricacies and involutions of diverse creeds were straightened out and harmonised by the application of some formula obviously framed with reference to the condition of England or France at one particular time. Conceive the notion of such a Congress mooted many years later at a time when certain systems

of speculative philosophy were in the ascendant. There would have been much the same contemptuous indifference towards the proposal; there would have been equal confidence that the key to all the mythologies had already been found. Out of Feuerbach or Hegel or Benjamin Constan t could be extracted a plausible explanation, a highly presentable theory, which could be applied to the religious beliefs of the Greeks or to those of the last tribe discovered in Central Africa. It was a waste of time, it was excessive condescension, to stoop to painful researches into phenomena which could be cleared up by anyone of ordinary intelligence and with proper contempt for the prejudices of the vulgar. Even if we come much nearer to our time, such a meeting as is contemplated would have been impossible; the fundamental rule of the Congress, "Les polémiques d'ordre confessionel ou dogmatique sont interdites," would have been intolerable to many. They would have secretly asked themselves, if they did not openly put the question, "What is the good of talking and conferring about these subjects if we may not fight and quarrel—the ultimate test of sincerity—over them? We shall be false as to the points as to which we differ, if we even for a short hour consent to speak about those as to which we agree." All this is changed. There is less confidence and more charity. There is more caution, more abstinence from premature syntheses, less proneness to distort or trim facts to square them with preconceived ideas, less forcible approximation of phenomena really dissimilar. This self-denial has had its reward. There have been discovered true points of likeness between practices and beliefs which once seemed utterly unconnected. The change which has made such a Congress possible, which unites together men of diverse creeds, tastes, and occupations, is remarkable, and must be in the long run fraught with practical consequences.

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A Fragment of an Early Gospel

THERE is not much to be said about the *Fragment of an Uncanonical Gospel from Oxyrhynchus* (Oxford: University Press; 1908). It is, as we have long learned to expect, excellently edited by Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, who have made all they can of this solitary leaf with a torn corner. The missing words have been reconstructed with certainty in most cases and we have before us an incident in the "Life of the Lord" which is otherwise quite unknown. The "Saviour" with his disciples enters the "very place of purification" of the Temple just as they are. They are rebuked by a "certain Pharisee, a chief priest." Thereupon follows a discussion between the Priest and the Prophet. The Priest asserts his purity; for has he not washed and put on clean

garments? Therefore is he fit to look upon the holy vessels. Whereupon:

> The Saviour answered and said unto him: Woe ye blind, who see not. Thou hast washed in the running waters wherein dogs and swine have been cast night and day, and hast cleansed and wiped the outside skin which also the harlots and flute-girls anoint and wash and wipe and beautify for the lust of men; but within they are full of scorpions and all wickedness. But I and my disciples, who thou sayest have not bathed, have been dipped in the waters of eternal Life.

The editor thinks that the original document must have been written about 200 A.D. It moves in a quite orthodox atmosphere (save that the term "Saviour" is characteristic of Gnostic rather than of Synoptic tradition); nevertheless, a number of difficulties forbid us to take the incident as genuinely historical. It must, however, be confessed that difficulties of a similar nature forbid us to accept much in the Synoptic and Johannine documents as being genuinely historical, so that this, therefore, does not give us any criterion of date. The only thing that can be said is that the reply is just what might have been expected, but that as the setting is exceedingly improbable, it suggests the invention of a pious story-teller ignorant of the place and the customs of the place.

* * *

How best to understand India

WE take the following interesting paragraph from a series of articles, entitled "Through India," by Sir Charles Eliot, K.C.M.G., which has been recently appearing in *The Westminster Gazette*. Under the heading "The Mind of the People," Sir Charles writes in the issue of January 6th:

> It is easy to suggest remedies for the neglect of oriental studies. The Asiatic Society and other bodies are continually drumming into the ears of the Government the necessity of providing more and better-organised teaching, and they cannot drum too loudly and persistently, for with our enormous oriental Empire we ought to do in this branch of education not merely as much as France and Germany, but a great deal more. But the root of the evil seems to be not so much the want of teaching as the want of students. The result of filling most minor posts with natives is that comparatively few young Englishmen look forward to an Indian career, and no large body of students is necessary to recruit the 1,200 Civil Servants who constitute our European establishment in India. Outside the ranks of those

professionally connected with India it is to be feared that the interest in oriental literature is small. Some thirty or forty years ago it was surprisingly active; India seemed to promise a key to the sciences of philosophy and religion. But there is a fashion in these things, and the taste of the intellectual public now turns to quite different subjects. But though the Rig Veda is not so momentous for the history of humanity as Max Müller supposed, the practical importance of Eastern literature and thought remains. Into their merits will not here enter; I only wish to insist on the fact that we have undertaken to manage India, and that therefore we must—not necessarily as a moral duty, but as a condition of carrying on the business—try to understand India. In his Budget speech Mr. Morley quoted General Gordon's words: "To government there is but one way, and it is eternal truth. Get into their skins; try to realise their feelings. That is the true secret of government." Now, it is true of all nations, but specially of Indians, that they are swayed by ideas, and one of the easiest ways of entering into their ideas is by their literature. It is a way which we cannot afford to neglect, and it is wonderful how great and rapid is the success of attempts to sympathise with the thoughts of the Hindu—not to convert or reform him, but to understand and make the best of his ideals. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that one of the strongest movements in Hindu religion at the present day is the so-called theosophical school, due largely to the genius and energy of Mrs. Besant. Now we do not expect Collectors to have Mrs. Besant's eloquence or wish them to become Yogis, but surely the success of this attempt to treat Indian religion sympathetically suggests that an intelligently sympathetic insight might have a like success in other spheres. But here we feel that we come back to the old difficulty: the rarity of first-hand study the people, of affectionate interest, of receptivity, of the desire to learn.

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Through Symbols to Reality

IN the last number, in an article on "Symbolism," we endeavoured to suggest a more vital method of approaching this subject. A master-symbol has been sown in every soul by the Master-Mind, and it is by means of this that we should learn the meaning of all symbols. In this connection it will be of interest to reproduce a "fragment," entitled "Through the Symbol," contributed by a friend to the *Westminster Gazette* of December 7th:

. . . I seemed to step through life, out of life; and then I understood the unreality of the world that I had left behind. I knew that it was no rea world at all, only a world of symbols of that Other World to which I had now come. And I understood that there was no Time, because Time was not, and could never be, only seem; and Space was not, because that too was but a symbol and could not be.

And then I saw Love, and I knew it, because I had come to this Other World, through the centre of the Spiral of the Symbol of Love, which is the love of man and woman; and I knew that this Love, in the unreal world, is the Symbol of the Unity which is Reality. And I knew that in that world of symbols we count Love divine, because in the unreal world it is as a shaft of light coming direct from that which is real. And I knew too, that, through the centre of other symbols men could come to the real, but that through Love many came, as I had done.

And I wanted to gather up the wonder that now I understood, and take it back with me through the symbols which hang in the illusion of Time and Space. And I tried to fill myself with it—as in the world of symbols we fill our lungs with air—so that when I went back I might tell to others that which now I understood. But when the Other World faded, and I stepped back through the centre of the Symbol of Love into Time and Space, there were three small white stones in the hollow of my hand, and I knew that they were symbols too, and that no one may tell the Knowledge except to those who know it in their hearts—only give pebbles, which are words like these, and have no meaning except to those who know. . . . E. A.

This was written "automatically," as it is called; yet it was descriptive of a real experience, and the white stones may be otherwise interpreted. To the above we are able to add a few lines more which the same hand subsequently wrote:

The symbol of life is the serpent and the symbol of death is the tree. It is thought otherwise, but so it is; for the serpent is the spiral in life, and life is a spiral. And the war of the woman and the serpent is this: that the woman in whom is the germ of life would be the only *producer* and *bringer-forth of life*, but the serpent is *the life* which needs not sex to bring it forth, since it *is* life. The tree is death, since it rises out of corruption, and unto corruption will return.

HAPPINESS lies in service. True happiness does not come through exercising power, or by using the forces of nature which are already known to us, but by trying to know and understand the higher forces in nature, and so living that we are acting with and not struggling against forces greater than ourselves.—ALTERUTER.

TRUTH is all in all; and the truth of things, lies at once hid and revealed, in their seeming.—GEORGE MACDONALD, *Lilith.*

THE PARLIAMENT-WITHIN

Debate on one of the City-gates

There are perhaps a score of members in this Assembly: fewer than you would expect if you are unconsciously comparing it with the Mother of Parliaments at Westminster; more than the Casual Observer would have imagined, if the meaning of "Within" could ever be hammered into him,—but then he might refuse the name of Parliament (so august a title) to our Assembly at all.

In this "Body," therefore, of varying numbers, each Member takes the question at issue from a different angle, since each Member represents a section of the Community, and there are many of these, and each section has the bias of its position. This arrangement gives sometimes results that are confusing, and many people have, therefore, striven to introduce the comparative simplicity of English Party-government.[1] There, all Opinion has to pack into two compartments; and if some ideas or other light luggage overflow their limited space and threaten to encumber the floor or corridors of the House, strong hands sweep such trifles into dark or convenient corners, when strong minds can almost ignore their existence.[2] So far, however, the Parliament-Within has successfully resisted all attempts at simplification along the lines indicated, and speeches are still welcomed from all sides and all members equally.

The most various matters come under discussion in our little

[1] A very telling precedent was urged in favour of this reform; namely, the case of the conscientious negro judge, who, far from wishing to hear *all* sides, refused to hear more than *one* side of each case that came before him, lest he should become confused, and the ends of Justice be confounded.

[2] I did hear that some eminent English Politician had proposed the construction of a strong-box, to be labelled "Political Sundries," and used for the packing away of any litter that encumbered the House; for instance, such things as Private Members' Bills, the Irish, Suffragettes, Socialists and so on. But this may have been more a pious aspiration than a suggestion for practical political use.

Assembly. Indeed, like its illustrious prototype, it discusses the fate of colonies and the proposed routes for local trams with equal gravity. And again (with that spirit of imitation which breathes the sincerest flattery) it is often more interested in topics of the latter, than of the former order. To-day the debate is on the Rules and Regulations concerning one of the City-gates; and feeling is running correspondingly high. Indeed, personalities have become so common in the more recent speeches, that the Chair[1] has tried to put things back on an abstract level by suggesting that a definition of a Gate or Door is the thing at present most needed. This definition given, and agreed upon, it will then be easier to proceed with a discussion as to rules for doors and so on.

This has brought the Demonstrator to his feet at once. "Before defining a door," he begins pleasantly, "we must go back to the whole of which it is only a part. The wall or barrier is the whole, the door . . . ."

"When is a door not a door?" murmurs the Humourist.

If there is one person the Demonstrator cordially dislikes, it is the Humourist. Such interruptions as these blast his best word-structures. As a man of the world, he considers the Humourist beneath him socially, and on this account would gracefully condone his want of tact and common courtesy in ordinary life, but he often feels it to be well-nigh .ntolerable that debate should have no rules to keep the base-born in better order. He now resumes his seat with a petulance which seems out of place in a man of such dignified appearance.

"I apologise," murmurs the Humourist, from the shadowy corner where he is curled up on a comfortable bench, apparently half asleep. "I apologise. I was thinking of riddles. I generally am somehow; . . . . why, I can't think; especially when my lucid and learned friend is on his feet unravelling the threads of life generally." He ends with what may have been a deep sigh—or a suppressed yawn.

The Chair again intervenes: "We are much interested . . . I am sure . . . all of us . . . in the definition; that is to say, as far as it has gone. Mr. Demonstrator has clearly shown that

[1] Equivalent to Mr. Speaker.

we did not begin at the beginning, and to attack a subject in mid-course, one cannot possibly expect . . . . I mean that, of course, a beginning is essential . . . that is to say . . . will Mr. Demonstrator proceed?" The Chair is famous for tact and tolerance; but a good delivery is not one of his gifts.

The Demonstrator is persuaded to rise and continue, but his tones are rather less didactic than before. If the Humourist looked forward to this result, it is a pity that he is not awake to see it, but he has most evidently fallen asleep again in his dark corner.

". . . The wall is the whole, the door is the part—of the wall," summarises the Demonstrator, after a little peroration. "Therefore it is essential that we should first define walls. Now to show the attributes of a wall is more simple than to show the attributes of a door; since a door is double in function, a wall is single or simple. A door can either separate, when shut; or connect, when open. A wall is designed merely to separate or divide, and never departs from its original purpose." The speaker paused for breath.

"The first and last function of a wall is to *divide*. We must keep this in mind. As to the kind of division or separation that is intended, we shall be able to deduce this from the shape of the wall. The simplest kind is the straight wall, which has merely the function of dividing two sections. After this comes the enclosing wall, whose purpose is to isolate. This is a greater power than that of mere separation. A circular wall, like the one enclosing our town, isolates us from the surrounding desert; incidentally it shelters us . . ."

Cries of "Hear! Hear!" drowned the continuance of these remarks. There were numerous interruptions. One man wanted to know if "desert" was a correct term for the outlying country. Swamp, moor, heath, were all suggested. Then a patriotic soul shouted that he would vote for the name that would be decided to show the greatest contempt for all those not enclosed within the City-wall. Upon this the National Anthem was sung, more or less in chorus. Someone climbed up and got hold of a flag from among those which decorated the walls of the House. It was waved amidst wild enthusiasm, and the Chair had con-

siderable difficulty in restoring order. (By the way, the Parliament-Within is very human in its ways; you must not expect the solemn and orderly debates of a Utopian body.)

It was found (when the House had quieted down at last) that the Merchant-representative had something to say on the subject of doors. He rose—a rather fat, good-natured looking man; a great contrast to the lean dark Aristocrat who had preceded him. "A City-gate," he said, "is a part of the guardian wall left open so that things may freely pass in and pass out. Its first object is *width;* as much width as is compatible with the due examination of goods for the purposes of octroi. The wealth of a city depends much upon its capacities for easy access . . ."

"And all the scum of the swamps to pass in with them," cried the Patriot.

"My friend forgets that the Gate for Merchandise does not admit foot-passengers, save those in charge of goods," said the Merchant ponderously.

"You said the City-gates, Sir!" The Patriot was down upon him in a moment. In his excitement a trace of Irish accent seemed to cling to his speech.

"I should have said the most important City-gate," replied the Merchant weightily. "I have *no* interest in any . . ."

"No direct interest," murmured the Chair soothingly.

"No direct interest of course—in the others." The Merchant sat down after this, for fear he should be tempted into a ribald discussion with a man he could not but consider as flighty, unstable, and in many ways unworthy of citizenship. The Patriot whistled the National Anthem under his breath, and set his hat a little more askew, but went no further.

"Perhaps," suggested the Chair, "we are now ready for the complete definition of a door."

The Demonstrator was on his feet at once. "There are, of course, doors and doors," he began pleasantly. He had a cultured voice and a charming and conciliatory manner—when not ruffled. "As our honourable and worthy Friend has just remarked, one of the most important among the City-gates is that by which our imports and exports pass to and fro. It is essential that this Gate should stand *widely* open during all the daylight

hours, and that Carriers should have free access and egress, subject to the supervision he reminded us about. . . . But of course (here a glance at the Patriot made him hurry) for other Gates other methods. The Gate of Soldiers, for instance, must be as securely barred as the other is widely opened. Our Friend on the left will explain the reason of this a little later, if anyone here should not see its vital importance."

No one spoke. The Patriot was smiling. And the Demonstrator proceeded quickly. "So we have reached one point in our definition; that there are doors and doors. Now to define a door in general, as the Chair has suggested. *A wall is a barrier; a door is a movable part of that barrier, made with the intention of allowing passage through it.* A door is thus a medium of communication. If the barrier be not a wall, but—say water; then the medium will be a bridge. If the barrier be a hill unscaleable by human feet; the medium will be a ladder. On one side a barrier, on the other something at one point which renders that barrier passable; in the case of a wall—as under discussion—a gate or door."

The Demonstrator sat down amidst applause. His definitions were generally admirable, but no one had ever heard him make an original remark. He had finished.

"In the fairy days before the walls were made!"

It was the refrain of a ballad apparently, and came from the dark corner where the Humourist was supposed to be asleep.

"Tra-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la!
In the fairy days before the walls were made!"

It was a very subdued voice; the singer might even have been singing in his sleep. The general Assembly took no notice; but the Seer on the right-hand of the Chair, suddenly looked over to the dark corner, and smiled.

"To return to the special case," said the Chair. "The question at issue regarding the regulations to be annulled . . . that is to be said, amended . . . regarding the . . . with regard that is, to the special Gate at issue."

Several men spoke after this. A good deal of evidence was heard, sifted, and tabulated, with regard to the Gate, without (it

seemed) anyone getting much further. The atmosphere during the long evening grew hot and stuffy. The witnesses became more diffuse as time went on, and points not having the remotest bearing on the subject drifted in. The Chair fidgeted and looked at his watch surreptitiously, and when at last the Bells overhead pealed out the closing hour, the Assembly trooped out into the street with no attempt at concealing their relief and their enjoyment of the fresher air and comparative quiet; for it was late and roadways were nearly empty. Then the Members walked home in groups of twos and threes, and gained their respective houses cheered by a consciousness of good work done, and warmed with a deep sense of pride in the greatness of their governing body, the dignity of its ways, the swiftness of its movements and the clarity of its methods.

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As the Seer went down the road in the shadow of a line of tall houses he felt an arm slipped familiarly into his, and knew it for the Humourist's. "You?" he said.

"Why didn't you speak?" asked the Humourist. "Which of their silly Doors were they arguing about?"

"The Door to their Temple," said the Seer rather sadly.

"Well, then, there you are! Are you the Representative of the Temple on the Hills for nothing? Why didn't you get up and tell them the Rules and Regulations you have got up there?"

He did not seem to expect an answer, however; and a minute later they stopped in an open square to look at the starry sky.

"Are you going across there now?" he asked as they turned into a street again.

"To the Hills?—Yes."

"You might tell *me* your regulations, you know. Even if I did forget and blab, they would never take the Village Idiot seriously."

The Seer sighed. "It is never locked, of course," went on the Humourist. "I am not sufficiently idiotic to need that explaining to me."

"We take it in turns to be Guardian of the Door," said the Seer at last softly, "My orders were that anyone who knocked

should come in. There are no other rules that I have heard of. And lest a very timid knock might not be heard, we keep watch on the outer side."

"In the sun and the snow and so on?" asked the Humourist slowly. He knew something of what climate meant up there.

"In the outer weather, whatever that may chance to be."

They walked along in silence, and at last the Humourist drew his arm away abruptly. "I must go home," he said. "I must go home at once. I want to laugh, and you do not always like it you know."

The young Seer turned a puzzled face to his friend. "I do indeed not see cause for laughter," he replied slowly. "And then we are taught . . . ," he spoke hesitatingly, "we are taught that aloofness is the one great sin in a Wearer of the Thorns. You know that is the symbol for the Guardians of the Outer Door. I think you know this. . . . But the Inner Doors are not made of iron or wood, they are different. I will ask if I may tell you about them; that is part of the Secret Law."

"Tantalising brute!" said the Humourist after a pause, but he said it under his breath. "Salutation and Good-night," he added aloud.

"Salutation and Good-night," returned the other.

The Humourist watched him out of sight quietly enough, and then turned to go home. But at that moment the memory of the incident in the Assembly came before his mind again, and throwing back his head he made the streets ring with laughter. "Oh that Patriot, that Patriot! He will be the death of me! And I suppose that blessed Innocent either did not hear—thinking of something else—or else did not see it as I do. But the idea of half a regiment of soldiers carefully inspecting the foot-washing of the Pilgrims before they are to be allowed on the Temple-steps, really it is good enough to bring down the gods . . ."

It was then that an indignant householder put his head out of the window to know what the uproar was about, and the Humourist went home singing softly:

"In the fairy days before the walls were made!"

M. CHARLES.

THE MYTHOS IN IRELAND

Art and Mythology[1]

In addressing you on the subject of the relationship between Art and Mythology, particularly as regards our Irish myths, I count myself fortunate in having before me an audience of artists either *in potentia* or in fact. As artists you bring to the contemplation of the universe the seeing eye and the understanding heart. You look upon what to others appears to be chaos, and you speak the word that summons forth a cosmos of beauty. To the extent to which you are artists truly, you belong to the Order of Creators, and are the only true-born Interpreters.

The occasion of delivering the inaugural address of your new session is the more happy for me because it is my conviction, after patient and reverent study of our country's most ancient literature, that no considerable advance towards a full appreciation of its significance and value can be made along any other lines than those along which we arrive at an appreciation of all that is meant by the term Art. When we have perceived the mythical element which lies behind all expression in art-forms; when we have apprehended the fact that every artist, whatever be his subject and medium, is a maker of myths; when we have understood to some extent the mythology of Art, we shall have gone a good way towards perceiving and understanding the art of Mythology. At any rate, we shall have found a self-evident justification for seeking in those wonderful narrations of our alleged savage forefathers, significances more intimate to the life of mankind than the passage of the sun through the heavens merely.

I am well aware that, in adopting this attitude towards what I consider to be our most valuable National asset, I am traversing the clearly enunciated convictions of those whom I recognise

[1] An Address delivered before the Dublin School of Art Gaelic Society.

as authorities in matters of text, and for whose heroic labours I have the highest regard. Many years ago, that great scholar Eugene O'Curry poured scorn on an attempt to establish certain parallels between the Irish and Indian myths. A speculative student had busied himself with questions as to why Cian, the father of Lugh, had turned himself into a pig in order to elude the three Sons of Tuireann. Reasoning from certain data of comparative mythology, the student was daring enough to mention the myths of Ireland in the same breath as those of India, and to deduce from the parallel a theory of porcine-worship in ancient Ireland. The Professor—all honour to his memory and monumental labour—would have none of it; his explanation of Cian's metamorphosis was simple, and final, and—I say it without a suggestion of disrespect—characteristic of the non-imaginative temperament which is the antithesis of the artistic: Cian turned himself into a pig for the plain reason that *there was a herd of pigs at hand.* In her valuable compilation, *The Cuchullin Saga,* Miss Eleanor Hull, "while permitting herself to hazard a guess at the significance of the main tales of Irish mythology"—*viz.*, a savage representation of the passage of the sun through the heavens—utters a warning against "reading backwards into the myths the mythological ideas of nations in an advanced state of philosophic thought."

Let us consider some matters of historical fact, and their bearing upon the limits which Professor O'Curry and Miss Hull have set to the interpretation of our native myth-stories.

Our earliest manuscript-sources as yet date back little further than the seventh century. Three centuries previously Christianity had gained a footing in Ireland; and the assimilation of the Irish pantheon by the new faith was effected with a despatch and a thoroughness which seem to me to indicate an affinity of a more intimate nature than mere sun-symbolism. This indication is strengthened by the interpretation of a Roman absorption of the Gaulish god Ogmai (who is identified with Ogham writing on native soil) in the writings of Lucian, a second-century Greek, who records the following utterance on the part of a "Celtic stranger": "We Celts do not consider the power of speech to be Hermes, as you Greeks do, but we represent it by

means of Herakles, because he is much stronger. Nor can you wonder at his being represented as an old man, for the power of words is wont to show its perfection in the aged; for your poets are no doubt right when they say that the thoughts of young men turn with every wind, and that age has something wiser to tell us than youth." If any credence is to be given to the writings of this Greek, it would appear that, at a date five centuries earlier than the earliest written records we at present possess, the Gaulish Celts had got so far away from the alleged sun-myth, that they were able to give lectures in myth-interpretation to a nation "in an advanced state of philosophic thought," even to the detail that the weapons of Herakles (Ogmai) are to be considered symbols of his utterances, which are, as Lucian's Celtic stranger says, "sharp, well-aimed, and swift to pierce the mind."

But if the evidence of Lucian's informant proves nothing except that a particular Celt, in contact with a nation in an advanced state of philosophic thought, had imbibed some of its mythological ideas, we are not without evidence that the Celt at home had many points of mental and spiritual contact with Christianity. In the preamble to the *Senchus Mor*, we are informed that Dubhthach, "the royal Poet and chief Brehon of Ireland, exhibited before Patrick, at a conference, all the judgments and the poetry of Erin, and every law which prevailed among the men of Erin through the law of Nature and the law of the Seers; and the judgments of true nature which the Holy Ghost had spoken through the mouths of the Poets and Brehons of the men of Erin, and which did not clash with the written law which Patrick had brought with him, were confirmed." In this way was composed the Great Law which, if the records can be trusted, was put into force about 438 A.D., and prevailed in Ireland until the beginning of the seventeenth century. The significance of the matter, so far as our subject is concerned, lies in the clear admission of the attainment of a mental altitude so high, that from it were evolved laws that harmonised with the spirit of Christianity. Moreover, since the statutes of a nation are the milestones of its progress, and since the spirit of a nation is always in advance of its legislature, we must push back our

savage ancestor and his sun-symbolism to a period many centuries earlier than the earliest existing writings,—perhaps even a millenium, for, as a great student of mythology has written: "Two or three generations of literature may do more to change thought than two or three thousand years of traditional life." Further than this we need not go for our present purpose. What is clear is, that at a period several centuries prior to the writing of the myth-stories, our ancestors had attained a high level of social evolution; and that the transmission of those stories down to the writers of them was made either through the Bardic or the Druidic order. If through the latter, it is certain that the myths became invested with meanings of far deeper import than sunrise and sunset, since in their keeping lay the lost religion or philosophy of ancient Ireland that embraced the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, a fact which so appealed to Pythagoras, the great Greek philosopher of five centuries B.C., that it is said he attested the superiority of the Druids. On the other hand, if the myths came down by way of the Poets, it is no less certain that they became tinctured with the intuitions and imaginations of those Artists, a consideration which brings me to the central point of my subject, *viz.*, the relationship between Art and Mythology, and gives us a reason for adopting a somewhat different attitude from that which forces everything to square with an original premiss that our forefathers were ignorant savages, and were, therefore, incapable of evolving the "mythological ideas of nations in an advanced state of philosophic thought."

As an alternative to a method which is already passing into the archæology of thought, I suggest that the Myths of Ireland be placed on the same basis as any work of Art, be treated as imaginative expression from within outwards, and be subjected to the canons whereby we judge all Art. Artists they truly were who originated, evolved, and transmitted the Myths, and to anyone who has experienced the compulsion of expression, and who has looked into the processes of his own mind, the assumption of savagery as a necessary qualification for myth-making, or of myth-making as an evidence of savagery, will hardly carry much weight—unless indeed it may happen that both the savage and

the artist are in closer touch with the "world within the world we see" than those who deal with "facts"; for facts, "however strenuously and honestly observed and rendered, may on occasion prove not only destructive, but misleading," as says a recent commentator on the art of Holman Hunt.

In the method of you artists, as I conceive it, there is the dual process of analysis and synthesis. By analysis you disentangle in a subject the fit from the unfit, the useful from the useless, the beautiful from the less beautiful. By synthesis you draw together and blend your chosen constituents for a picture whose archetype in essence was in your being, in your knowledge of what is harmonious and what discordant. In action this dual process is, roughly, simultaneous; but before you put a brush to paper or canvas the synthetic impulse—the impulse towards gathering together—was in you; it was that which drove you to Art, however otherwise may be your ulterior motive; and when you have hung your finished picture, its highest judgment is as a composition, a synthesis; all questions of technical detail are of interest and value only to the extent that their consideration may contribute towards the final effect. In this respect, therefore, the synthetic, or formative, side of the process is of greater importance than the analytical. In the means, both are essential; in the end, synthesis is all that matters. The complete Artist is master of his technique, not its slave. He will, like Leonardo the myriad-minded, measure to a hair's-breadth the distance between the eye and ear of a Venus of a former age; but he will ultimately stand at a reverent distance and revel in the immortal smile of the Mona Lisa. To the true Artist Art is the channel whereby he seeks expression of the true and beautiful within himself, the minutiæ of the universe supplying but the external stimuli which he uses for the purpose of his own awakening; and he knows that he can take from the constituents of his picture nothing that is not inherently there, as he knows also that he can put into them nothing that they are not capable of receiving. In the material of his art there is infinity of meaning; in himself there is infinity of interpretation.

Miss Hull has told us that the myth-tales "were not put forth by the brain of a philosopher to support a system; they

are fragmentary legends never meant to be part of a definite theory of life, but woven by different poets around several familiar personages who represented in a dim and uncertain way mythological ideas." Miss Hull might as well tell us that the pictures of Rafael were not put forth by the brain of a philosopher to support a system; that they were never meant to be part of a definite theory of Art. The fact, however, remains that the pictures of Rafael *do* support a system, and *are* part of a definite theory of Art, and the accident of the Artist or the Myth-maker being unconscious—assuming that he was so—of the laws to which he was giving expression, in no degree lessens the significance of his work. The significance of Art lies in the works of the Artists; the significance of the Myths must be sought for in the Myths, and the way towards something other than mere sun-symbolism is opened by such a key as that put in the hand of Cormac by Mananan Mas Lir when he says: "The fountain which thou sawest, with the five streams out of it, is the fountain of knowledge, and the streams are the five senses through the which knowledge is obtained."

If it is humanly impossible to approach the subject without some preconception, let us err on the side of affirmation rather than negation,—with the Artist Wagner rather than with the literalist. That great Myth-maker in tone has said: "From of old the folk has had an inimitable faculty of seizing its own essence according to the generic idea, and plainly reproducing it in plastic personifications. The gods and heroes of its religion and saga are the concrete personalities in which the folk portrays its essence to itself. However sharp the individuality of the personages, their content is of most universal, wide-embracing type, and therefore lends these shapes a strangely lasting lease of life."

The time at our disposal is too short to enable us to examine in detail even a single Myth-personage or episode. We shall therefore leave matters of details for private study, and seek now some general principle which we can examine from the point of view of Art, and see if it will bring us to a working hypothesis that may either exclude or embrace the solar-myth.

In his *Irish Mythological Cycle*, M. D'Arbois de Jubainville

informs us that "the Irish bardic tales have not the æsthetic value of the Greek," for the reason that "we do not see each god standing out with clearly drawn character." "*That*," he says, "is a creation peculiar to the literary genius of Greece," whereas "in Irish, as in Vedic (Indian) mythology, the lines representing a given divinity are often indecisive and vaguely drawn; sometimes such beings are distinct from each other, at other times they are confused with one another and appear as one."

Now I make bold to contend that, from the point of view of Art, the very characteristic which, in M. D'Arbois' opinion, marks the æsthetic inferiority of the Irish myth-tales, is the sign of their nearer approach to the fundamentals of Art; for if there is a law that there is no gainsaying, it is that all details in a composition must bear a relationship to one another and to a single central idea which holds all together. Even in the mechanics of art there are no water-tight compartments; for convenience you may speak separately of colour, of tone, of atmosphere, of composition; but no single technical process can be put into operation without also in some degree calling the others into activity. The divinities of Art—to paraphrase M. D'Arbois—may sometimes be distinct from one another, but at other times they appear as one,—for they are one in essence. Further, I make bold to contend also that this feature, common to Irish and Indian mythology, raises the philosophical value of our native myth-tales; for if there is a law in the universe that there is no gainsaying, it is that of inter-dependence and mutual action and reaction between every atom in the universe. There is no such thing as a whole or independent thought; there is no such thing as a word that can stand alone; and the overlapping of personifications in the Irish and Indian myths is to me a clear indication that they had not been elaborated, like the Greek, to a point that obscured their obedience to this law; and in so far as they act in accordance with this law, they are—whether designedly or intuitively—expressions of that law, and we are justified, I contend, in endeavouring to find in them not only presentations of the sun's passage through the heavens, but also shadowings-forth of the deepest truths of the soul of man and the universe.

"Let it not be supposed," says a great Artist in science, "that these instinctive legends are based on nothing: they are a pictorial travesty, doubtless; but they are not gratuitous inventions; every living idea must surely be based on something; this corresponds to something innate in the ideas of humanity because embedded in the structure of the universe of which humanity is a part."

In other words, and finally, the mental and social elaboration of to-day is the offspring and formulated expression of the ideas of our ancestors, and we can as reasonably deny that the myths of our forefathers contained *in potentia* the most advanced thought of to-day, as we can deny that the flower is contained in the seed from which it sprang.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

THE WHISPERER

A SUMMER noon in a crowded thoroughfare of London. The sunlight slants through a thin veil of blue, and becomes a pale gold on the street, where the endless surge of the traffic is as the waters of the sea caught in a narrow strait. Among the hundreds who hurry this way and that goes a man who looks beyond him as though he descried somewhat, afar off, for which he yearned. Sometimes he stops abruptly, and with startled eyes stares at the man or woman at that moment by his side: sometimes he speaks, though none answers him.

THE MAN

[Stopping abruptly, in his rapid walk eastward, while the light wanes from his eyes.

Who spoke?

THE WHISPERER

It is I.

THE MAN

Who art thou?

[*Silence.*

THE MAN

[Turning first to one person moving past him, then to another.

What is it?

[Each stares for a moment, but none answers. All whom he addresses hurry on without regarding him; a few glance at him and mutter irritably or scornfully. Slowly he resumes his way. Again the voice is in his ear.

THE MAN

Who spoke?

THE WHISPERER

It is I.

THE MAN

Who art thou?

THE WHISPERER

I am of Those who watch.

THE MAN

For whom?

[*Silence.*

THE MAN

For what?

[*Silence.*

THE MAN

Art thou here?

THE WHISPERER

I am here.

THE MAN

I see thee not: where art thou?

THE WHISPERER

I am in the rhythm of the whirling wheels and the falling hoofs, in the noise of innumerous feet and the murmur of myriad breaths. The sparrows flicker in the light of my footfall, and the high sunlight is in my eyes.

THE MAN

What wouldst thou ?

THE WHISPERER

I have no will, O falling wave. It is I who say: What would'st thou ?

THE MAN

Where am I ?

THE WHISPERER

In a vast maelstrom in a vaster sea.

THE MAN

Am I then a lost wave?

THE WHISPERER

A rising and a falling wave.

THE MAN (*re-iterating below his breath*)

A rising and a falling wave!

THE WHISPERER

A falling and a rising wave.

THE MAN

Art thou a spirit ?

[*Silence.*

THE MAN

What art thou ?

[*Silence.*

THE MAN

[Turning desperately to an old man at his side.

It is thou! Speak, speak!

[The old man looks at him fearfully, shakes off his grasp, and hurries onward.

THE WHISPERER

I am here.

THE MAN

If I am of those for whom you watch tell me to what end?

THE WHISPERER

That, if thou wilt, when thou art ready, thou may'st hear and see.

THE MAN

Thus be it. I would hear, and see.

[Even as he speaks, the man sees the crowd in the street become trebled; and in his ears is a noise of crying and lamentation, with vague remote shouts of victory and defiance. Like unto the innumerable falling of the waves upon the sea is the dim confused rumour of the strife of human passions, embodied in shadowy shapes with wild eyes of hope, dread, wrath, horror, and dismay. Beside each man or woman moves two others, the phantom of the soul and the phantom of the body. And ever the phantom of the soul, with its eyes of morning-glory, looks through the veil of flesh into its fellow, now dulled or sleeping, now weary or heedless, now listening intently, now alive and eager. And ever the phantom of the body moves a little in advance of its fellow, and weaves a glamour before the eyes, and sings a wildering song into the ears, and laughs low because the flames of fire that are its feet seem like roses, and the dust and ashes upon its head are as fragrant lilies, and the dropping decays wherewith it is clad wave like green branches that lure to the woodland.

THE MAN (*shuddering*)

Everywhere the Evil One hath his triumph.

THE WHISPERER

There is no Evil One.

THE MAN

But he—the phantom of the body, who weaves his charm of the grave and his rune of corruption. . . .

THE WHISPERER

Look!

[And the Man, looking, sees only one figure moving beside each human being, of all the hurrying myriad.

THE MAN

Who—who is it?

THE WHISPERER

It is the phantom of the man or of the woman.

THE MAN

Are they, then, one: the phantom of the soul and the phantom of the body?

THE WHISPERER

They are one.

THE MAN (*terrified*)

And thou?

[*Silence.*

[Under a chestnut tree, on a grassy place, near a cottage, in the remote country. There is no moon, but its radiance comes diffused through soft, filmy clouds. In the darkness, the Man stands, listening intently.

THE MAN

I am not alone?

[*Silence.*

THE MAN

I know thou art nigh. It is on the wind, on the leaves, in the grass.

THE WHISPERER

I am here.

THE MAN

The time is come. Tell me that which thou art—show me that which thou art.

THE WHISPERER

Look!

[And the man, looking, beheld for the first time the flowing of the wind. As he looked, the heavens opened, and the flowing of the wind was from the starry depths, and was filled with a myriad myriad aerial beings,—souls coming and going, fair spirits, shadows and shapes innumerable, strange and sometimes terrible.

THE MAN (*awestruck*)

What art thou?

THE WHISPERER

I am the rhythm of the sap in the grass and the trees, of the blood in all living things, of the running of waters, of the falling of dews and rains, of the equipoise of oceans, of the four winds of the world, of the vast swing of the Earth.

THE MAN

Thou art the God of this world! Thou art God! Lo, I worship thee!

THE WHISPERER

Behold!

[And the Man, looking, beheld through the mist of stars a whirling grain of sand, falling for ever through the waste eternity of Oblivion.

THE WHISPERER

That whirling grain of dust is the World of which thou hast spoken.

THE MAN

Thou art no other than God, the God whom all races have worshipped since Time was!

THE WHISPERER

Behold!

[And the Man, looking, beheld amid the depths of the stars, a vast Shape, seated on a golden sun among the Pleiades, who swung for ever, as a lamp of incense, the Seven Stars, and with them all the stars and planets and suns and moons of the universe: and as he swung this Lamp of Incense, he sang a song of praise and worship to the Most High.

THE WHISPERER

Behold, thou hast seen thy God, and the God whom all the races of the world have worshipped since time was. And now, turn thine eyes upon the glory of Him yet again.

[And the Man, looking, beheld another grain of sand whirling for ever through the waste infinities of Oblivion.

THE WHISPERER

That whirling grain of sand is the vast universe of the sun and moon and stars that thou knowest, and all the suns and planets and stars eye hath seen or the brain conceived.

THE MAN (*scarce whispering*)

And God?

THE WHISPERER

Thou canst not see the invisible speck that was His throne: Behold the grain of sand that was His universe.

THE MAN

Who art thou?

[*Silence.*

THE MAN (*in his soul*)

Is there nought beyond?

THE WHISPERER

Verily: the nearer foam of the Sea of Life.

THE MAN

Doth God live?

THE WHISPERER

Beyond the extreme horizon of the Sea of Life, Gods and Powers and Dominions bow down before the Most High.

THE MAN

And then?

THE WHISPERER

The Sea of Life begins.

THE MAN (*despairingly*)

Beyond all thoughts to find Him—all prayer to reach Him!

THE WHISPERER

Nay, He is here.

[The Man, bewildered, stares around him as the moon sails from out the last films of mist. In his hand is a blade of grass, that he had not plucked.

THE MAN (*vaguely repeating*)

Nay, He is here!

THE WHISPERER

I am thine to serve, O spirit that dieth not.

THE MAN

Who art thou?

[*Silence.*

WILLIAM SHARP.

(*Reprinted from the American Edition of "Vistas"*)

GERALD MASSEY AS EGYPTOLOGIST

I.

How knoweth this man wisdom, having never learned? The child of a canal boatman and without school instruction, what pretence can he make to being a philosopher? Forty years ago he was a poet of good achievement and greater promise, but suddenly the song ceased; and many thought that he was dead. Really he had only become silent because a new call had come to him to forsake all that he had and "follow the gleam" into far-away regions. Figuratively speaking, he disappeared like Livingstone in darkest Africa, and was not seen again until after many days. Three times only in forty years did he show himself; and the third time only to die before his work could be fairly appraised. From the "Heptanomis" and the forest of the Pygmies he comes out, his hands full of scarabs and mummy-relics, churingas, amulets and taboo-cloths. Anthropologists glance at the gatherings and cry, Rags! Newspaper-writers find his material hard and gritty and too voluminous. Finally memoir-writers repeat the story of his early trials and triumphs, quote his sweet lyrics, mention his lectures, and then add a line to say, "He was also interested in Egyptology."

Forty years of investigation dismissed in six words! and why? Because in the judgment of the critic, "It is by his poems that he will be known"; or because in the hurry of modern life no time can be spared for six quarto volumes on far-away subjects. But is there nothing of value in Massey's gatherings and sortings; and can the student afford altogether to neglect them? His own estimate was strongly the reverse, and he regarded his *Ancient Egypt*, just issued, as the crowning work of his life.

The main purpose of the present paper is to show that the second half of Massey's life was spent in fruitful work. He knew what he was doing, and he committed no act of folly when he

forsook the flowery paths of poesy for the stones of ancient quarries. Yet the sacrifice he made, and the compelling reason for it, cannot be rightly estimated unless we first glance at those earlier years.

The year 1848—the Year of Revolutions—saw him in London, active in the Chartist movement. At the age of 21 he was editing a small paper, *The Spirit of Freedom*, and writing such stirring verses as "Fling out the Red Banner!" The leaders of the Democratic movement noticed him, and he found friends in Thomas Cooper, F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley. A little later he brought out a volume of poems, and a favourable review in *The Athenæum* made him famous. The "Ballad of Babe Christabel" would have made any man's reputation as a poet.

When I first met Gerald Massey, in 1863, he was living at Rickmansworth. The years had brought some changes. He was a married man, with two little daughters in the house. He was reviewing poetry for *The Athenæum* and writing articles in *The Quarterly Review*. He had lived at "Brantwood," on Coniston Water, a house in which Ruskin had lived previously (and afterwards lived again). He had sojourned in Edinburgh, where, I believe, he and his companion poets Alexander Smith and Sydney Dobell were familiar figures in Prince's Street. He had become a favourite at Literary Institutions in the North, where his stirring lectures on the Norse Sea-Kings, Shakespeare, Charles Lamb and Charlotte Brontë, always attracted good audiences. Early in 1864 he had engagements which he could not fulfil on account of his wife's illness, and I went to Yorkshire and to Scotland and read his lectures for him. Then I discovered how well-liked he was, by the public and in private circles. For his sake Sir J. Y. Simpson invited me to his breakfast-table; from regard for Massey, Alexander Smith, then Registrar of the University, asked me to his house. In every town I had to face dinner-parties and supper parties which had been bidden of their host to meet Gerald Massey.

In 1870 he was living at Ward's Hurst, near Ashridge; and he was still a poet. No one could sing more exquisitely of domestic joys and sorrows; and he had won for himself an

assured place in the hearts of the people. The old Chartist spirit had not quite left him. George Eliot took him for her model of "Felix Holt the Radical." He was half inclined to make his way to Paris to help the Commune. But barricades and bridal songs do not go well together. Even in the wild days of his Chartist fury some poems of tender beauty appeared in *The Christian Socialist.* Subsequently the human kindness and refined friendship of Lady Marian Alford showed him that the aristocracy of England are not all oppressors. Lady Marian Alford was his good fairy. He had come to live on her estate; he had her portrait hanging in his room, a sanctifying presence. He sang her praises with a fervour of admiration:

> No fear of England's great old houses when
> Such glorious women give us noble men.

It is not difficult to discover the influences which calmed his earlier rebellious spirit. It is less obvious why he should have forsaken the Muses—"to dredge the old sea-bottoms of the Past." Here he was, with his early difficulties mastered, and a sure foothold on the ladder of fame. His class were proud of him; his countrymen were looking for greater achievement; and he himself, after remarking that some poets are songful in youth, like the nightingales in spring, and then cease to sing because they have to build their nests, had gone on to say, "I hope my future holds some happier fate." Yet he changed, and the change was thorough; it gave him a kind of right to rank with those poets who died young. He lived on, however, in another self and ultimately desired to be judged by the fruitage of his later labours. Why did he resign the prospect of the Laureate's crown?

Massey had long been a Spiritualist. His first wife was a trance-medium, and attracted his regard first while "under control." Through her he believed he received communications from departed friends. It was on the ground of spirit-phenomena that he said: "My faith in our future life is founded upon facts in nature and realities of my own personal experience." Nevertheless, Massey was perfectly sane. A belief in Spiritualism does not vitiate all a man's work, or the names of Crookes and Wallace would not be so honoured as they are.

In 1871 I found Massey reading Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, and he told me it was a revelation to him. Its chapters on Animism deeply impressed him: the natural man in all continents had a doctrine of spiritual beings! And this belief in souls and apparitions, prevalent among the lower races of mankind now, reveals to us what the progenitors of the human race believed! Massey started on his great quest, to discover what was the foundation of all this, and to find some resting ground for himself.

Little did he guess that forty years of wandering lay between him and his Canaan. The wilderness was wide; and he became involved in an inquiry into human origins generally—language, customs, totemism, mythology, religious beliefs. New books were bought, old books were borrowed, museums were visited. Egyptologists like Dr. Birch were consulted. I took him to see the library of the Anthropological Institute. He came to see what books I had on my own shelves. Anthropological Journals, Bible Dictionaries, Hebrew Lexicon, must all be borrowed; and when my books came back they were dog-eared and annotated. Tylor's *Early History of Mankind* he would not return at all. The same spirit of thoroughness has been shown all through these thirty-six years; and never has a book seemed to be needed but he obtained it and studied it, from the *Papyrus Ani* to Spencer and Gillen's *Native Tribes of Central Australia*. As one result he was led to believe that the Egyptians were the oldest nation, and elaborated a wisdom which has never been excelled.

Critics have condemned Massey's Egyptology too lightly. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" The author of the *Book of Beginnings* was not a University man; and some of those men, "Good lord, how they do plume themselves!" How can a poet sprung from the people understand the *Book of the Dead?* Come and see! Greek and Latin would not have enabled him to do it. The Universities did not teach Egyptian; and even when scholars like Renouf and Naville have correctly rendered the hieroglyphics into English they confess that they fail to understand the phrases, "because the allusions are mythological." Insight is wanted here; and Massey may not have been without it. What did the University do for Charles Darwin or Herbert

Spencer? And how can it be said that a man is not an expert, when the devoted study of thirty years has made him one? When H. M. Stanley returned from Africa it was at first assumed that he could not possibly have found Livingstone because he was not a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society!

Massey's first results were tentative, *A Book of the Beginnings* (1881) and *The Natural Genesis* (1883) may be dismissed from present consideration, because he outgrew them. Twenty more years elapsed and he went on reading and thinking. He remained silent thus long in order to have something to say at last. In the Preface to this crowning work he says: "Comparatively speaking *A Book of Beginnings* was written in the dark, *The Natural Genesis* was written in twilight, whereas *Ancient Egypt* has been written in the light of day." By this book then his work is to be judged—*Ancient Egypt the Light of the World.* The reviewer's task will not be easy, for in these 944 pages is such a multitudinous spread of argument and instance and illustration, that it is like sailing the Pacific in a small boat. Nevertheless it is worth while to do it.

It is a canon with Anthropologists (following Mannhardt) that in order to gain a knowledge of primitive man we must observe the lowest savage races still surviving. Civilised peoples have had savage progenitors, and even the Greeks retained in their myths and customs many relics of such an origin. A remarkable thing about Egypt is that it appears to be at the summit of its civilisation when it first comes into view, some 5,000 or 6,000 years ago. The days of its savagery must be very remote, and perhaps no nation, unless the Babylonian, was earlier. Gerald Massey is convinced that Egypt was first, and that all the earth was colonised from Egypt, though the earliest Egyptians had come down the Nile from equatorial Africa. When the emigrants went forth they were already furnished with a sign-language and some firmly-established customs; nay, mythology itself had been elaborated to some extent.

At the very beginning Massey differs from the current Anthropology. He re-reads totemism, he denies that savages believe in literal "transformation," he maintains that folk-lore and superstition are myth and symbolism decayed, not mythology

gestating. He says: "Whoever begins with the mythos as a product of the 'savage' mind, as savages are known to-day, is fatally in error. Neither will it avail to begin with idiots who called each other nick-names in Sanskrit." This is not mere assertion, but is supported by a description of the actual genesis of mythology and totemism.

Concerning Transformation.—The doctrine of were-wolves is explained to us as a widespread belief that certain men, by natural gift or magic art, can turn for a time into ravening wild beasts. Dr. Tylor declares the prevalence of this belief, and desiderates an explanation. The Zulus tell a tale of an Amafeme tribe who became baboons. More curious still, we are told that when twins are born the Batavians believe that one of the pair is a crocodile. Herbert Spencer accepts the "belief," and argues that when savages had observed the passage of grub into moth, and tadpole into frog, they would infer that creatures of all kinds could change their form, man of course included. Massey argues that no race of savages was ever so wanting in intelligence: the Batavians were asserting in their way that man is born with a soul. The misreading of the story results from an ignorance of the sign-language.

Egyptian priests not only were never transformed into panthers, but they were never believed to be. When they put on a panther-skin it was because of its symbolical meaning. They would put on the form of a god to represent the god. The god or goddess would have the head of a jackal, ape or hawk for some symbolical reason, to represent and claim some quality, place or function. When Juvenal asks, "Who does not know what kind of monsters the Egyptians insanely worship?" he did not know that the ape in the temple was itself saluting the gods, and *that* only as an image in sign-language.

Sign-Language.—How did human beings begin to converse? Neither Welsh nor Hebrew can have been spoken by the first pair. Tylor had shown that there is a natural language of signs and gestures, used by Indian tribes and understood in a degree by the deaf and dumb. This method of communication preceded vocal speech; and after men had invented words the earlier mode was continued for emphasis. It is only by a knowledge of

the sign-language that the records of Egypt can be interpreted; but they contain treasures for the man who knows. The hieroglyphics show us the connection between words and things, and also between sounds and words, in a very primitive range of human thought. There is no other such record known in all the world. Massey believes he has attained deep insight into it. How did he succeed in this? The meaning of a sign or symbol may be learned by a comparison of instances, which indeed is the way we learn the meaning of unfamiliar words in our own language.

Champollion learned to read the hieroglyphs as words of a language; it is a similar task to discover the mystic or mythic sense of the phrases. Massey claims to have done this, and his claim is to be judged by results. Does his method bring light and sense into the dead record? I think it does.

Speech.—As to the origin of human speech, the sounds made by animals were bound to afford a suggestion. The bull and cow said Moo; the goat and ram said Ba; the goose in hissing cried Su. The name of the cat in Egyptian is Miau. All lexicographers allow something to this "Bow-wow theory." Massey claims more than most, and divines the passage from gestures to speech. "It is obvious that Homo in making his gestures either continued or imitated sounds that were already extant in the animal world, such as the clicks of the cynocephalus, and other sounds which can be identified with their zootypes." To warn his fellows of a snake he would mimic the snake, and at the same time imitate the signal made by the horror-stricken ape. In his mimicry we have the very genesis of gesture-language and natural hieroglyphics.

Afterwards the zootypes were continued in the religious mysteries visibly and audibly to denote the characters assumed in this primitive drama. The god Thoth, who taught mankind to speak, is portrayed in the form of the cynocephalus or kaf-ape, and thus it is recognised that the clicker preceded the speaker. Gestures became representation and drama. Ceremonial rites were established as a means of memorising facts in sign-language when there were no written records of the human past. The mysteries, totemic or religious, were founded on this basis of

action. Dancing, for example, was a mode of sign-language in all the mysteries. The Lamas of Thibet dance the Old Year out and the New Year in whilst wearing their animal masks.

Totemism.—The same system of thought and mode of utterance were continued in mythography and totemism. Massey welcomes the flood of light thrown upon this subject by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen. It appears that in Australia such totems as the Emu, Kangaroo and Witchetty-grub, belong to districts which supply those animals as food. The customs generally express the need of food and water. The Emu men perform, propitiate and plead for abundance of emus; the Witchetty-grub people ask for plenty of beetles, and they dramatically encase themselves in an artificial chrysalis and crawl out of it. They eat their totem-animal, and they are also its protectors. "The ancestral animal is neither an ideal nor imaginary being as a primitive parent supposed to have been a beast or a bird, a plant or a star, any more than the first female head of the Gaelic Clan Chattan was a great cat, or was believed to be a great cat by the brothers in the Clan Sutherland."

The food-animal is one origin of totemism; but Massey finds others also. "Totemism originated in the sign-language of Inner Africa." The signs now known as totemic had served other uses; the totem was at first a symbol of motherhood. In the mysteries of Artemis no young woman was considered marriageable until she had danced in the bear-skin. It is common in the folk-tales for the female to change into a hyena, a tigress, a serpent, etc.; the Zulu-Kaffir girl becomes a frog. At the ceremony of "young-man-making" the boys are "made" emus, kangaroos, or what not. When Egypt comes into sight the totemic stage is past, the totems have grown into the signs of Nomes, and are reflected in the mirror of mythology. They supplied the types for goddesses and gods that wear the heads or skins of beasts to denote their character.

Fetishism.—Following Totemism we find that Fetishism takes up the development in sign-language. It is "neither the primal religion of mankind" nor "the very last corruption of religion," but a residual result of sign-language and totemism. From Egypt we learn that amulets and charms became fetishistic

because they represented some protecting power, namely, either the Gods or the Glorified.

Tree-worship, etc.—Ignorance of primitive sign-language has been a fertile source of false belief. Men have not really engaged in Sun-worship, Serpent-worship, Tree-worship, Phallic worship. These things were types. The forest-folk were dwellers in the trees or in the bush, and the roof-tree grew to be an object of regard. It became the type of the abode, the mother of food and drink, the giver of shelter, the nurse in dew or rain, producing offspring as the branch and promise of continuity. Was it the tree, then, the Egyptians worshipped, or the Giver of food and shelter in the tree? The gods of Egypt represented food and drink. Hathor offered food in the sycamore fig, and Isis in the persea tree of life. The pious Egyptian, whenever it was possible, had his coffin made of sycamore, as though to say the goddess would take him into her embrace. Animals were not worshipped any more than trees. The ape in the temple, the hippopotamus in the picture, the cat-mummy in the cemetery, the god-images with head of jackal or ibis, were merely representative. They were helps and reminders, as a crucifix may be to a Catholic Christian. Where Renouf says that the scarabæus was an object of worship, Massey tells us it was but the type of the god. The Egyptians did not worship a dung-beetle, they only honoured it as a sign of transformation. The goddess Hekat was frog-headed, and it would take some time to exhaust the symbolism of the frog. We cannot linger here; nor over doves and swallows and owls. "When the transformation of the mummy was made in Amenta the deceased became bird-headed as a soul, and thus assumed the likeness of Ra the holy spirit."

Märchen or *Folk-lore.*—In maintaining the sense and sanity of his Egyptians, Massey also defends the modern savage. Folk-lore in many lands is the final fragmentary form in which the wisdom of old Egypt still survives, as old wives' fables, parables, riddles, allegorical sayings and superstitious beliefs. For this important contention—that the mythos passes into the folk-tale, not the folk-tale into the mythos—a good deal of evidence is offered. Again and again does Egyptian myth furnish the prototype for tales and legends, whether in ancient Greece or modern

England or Japan. "The legend of the golden bough is but a twig of a great tree without its root." "Beyond the supposed Aryan or other origin of the folk-tales, there lies Egyptian mythology and all that it signifies."

GEO. ST. CLAIR.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE MORMONS—IN REALITY

A RELIGIOUS sect whose tenets are out of the rut of custom is likely to be maligned in any case, but when the sect defies Western civilisation and holds to the Old Testament teaching of plural marriages, then man rises up in his wrath to foil the faithful and spoil the faith. In the far West of the United States is the little town of Salt Lake City in the State of Utah, that has gained world-wide notoriety by reason of its founders—the Mormons. This community, who spend their lives in peace and frugality, have gained infamous publicity because of their dogmatic insistence in upsetting the "one man one wife" principle.

Morality is largely a matter of geography; the usages of India cannot obtain in Turkey, and Zulu customs would be tabooed in Great Britain. But even if plural marriage had not been one of the striking features of the creed of the Latter Day Saints, the picturesque story of its birth would have been sufficient to have attracted people, both religious and secular. The beginning of Mormonism should, according to Joseph Smith, be ascribed to the first century of the Christian Era, when Jesus Christ visited the American continent and preached salvation to the Jaredites, who had emigrated there from the Tower of Babel at the Confusion of Tongues; the Israelites had also settled there, but both races were wiped out in battle about the fourth century A.D.; the American Indians were the remnants of the people!

In the year 1812 the Rev. Samuel Spaulding, in collaboration with one Martin Harris, wrote a religious romance purport-

ing to be a history in scriptural language of the early settling of the American continent.

The co-authors took their treasured masterpiece to New York to find a publisher. But never a book-shop would handle it, for the days of enterprise in the publishing trade had not arrived; and after many attempts the weary collaborators retired —the one vowing revenge and wishing to burn their work then and there; and the other, hoping a more favourable opportunity, to keep it in safety. They, however, compromised and buried the entire production in a hill near New York.

Some years after this Joseph Smith, who had been born in 1805, was digging with a companion in a field when his spade brought to light the long forgotten work of Spaulding and Harris. He had been subject to hallucinations, and claimed to have seen visions of the first and second Persons of the Trinity, and thus he was ready, it is believed, to attribute Divine origin to the work. Moreover, an angel appeared to him in 1823 and announced that the Covenant which God made with Israel was about to be fulfilled, that the time was at hand for the Gospel to be preached in all its fulness, that a people might be prepared for the millennial reign.

Smith was to be the Prophet. In various Mormon publications the book is described as "records engraved on gold plates, the thickness of tin, bound with three rings running through the whole, the engraving being in Egyptian hieroglyphics."

Joseph Smith was provided by Moroni with a pair of ancient spectacles, picturesquely called Urim and Thummin, one name for each lens, with which to translate the records into English. This magic possession was equivalent to the Gift of Tongues, but had the convenient advantage of having no power except during use. At the completion of the translation both spectacles and records disappeared. This was unfortunate.

The book was published later, but prior to this, in company with Oliver Cowdery, Joseph Smith was ordained by the Apostles, Peter, James and John, to the Aaronic and Melchisedek priesthood. Thus the Church of Latter Day Saints was first organised in 1830 at Fayette in New York State, their articles of faith being as follows:

The Articles of Faith

I.

We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

II.

We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

III.

We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel.

IV.

We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the gospel are: first, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

V.

We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and by laying on of hands," by those who are in authority, to preach the gospel and administer the ordinances thereof.

VI.

We believe in the same organisation that existed in the primitive church, namely, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

VII.

We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

VIII.

We believe the Bible to be the Word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God.

IX.

We believe in all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

X.

We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the Restoration of the Ten Tribes. That *Zion* will be built upon this (*i.e.*, the American) continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory.

XI.

We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where and what they may.

XII.

We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honouring and sustaining the law.

XIII.

We believe in being honest, true, *chaste*, benevolent, *virtuous*, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things"; we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after this thing.

Such fierce opposition was excited at Fayette, that within a few months they moved to Kirtland, Ohio, where the first temple was built. After a few years they were driven out with much violence to Jackson County, Missouri; and from there to Nauvoo, Illinois. Here another temple was built that cost £250,000, but persecution still followed them. The prophet and his brother, the Patriarch of the Church, were thrown into prison and there murdered by a mob, and after this the Saints resumed their pilgrimage, going to what was then the Western Wilderness—and a thousand miles from civilisation. It was in 1847 that Brigham Young and

his band of searchers for the new holy land, entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake and found no white man there to welcome them. The land was desert, and for years they had an unenviable time in improving it. Success came, however, and with it came others, not of the faith, who, finding that the land was good, settled there too. So far all right; but not satisfied with settling in a land that had been prepared for them, these non-Mormons (those of the faith called them Gentiles) began to make strife. They tried in brief to oust the Latter Day Saints from the territory that they had cultivated and made fertile. Mormons had been forced to flee before, why should they not do so again and leave the land and the dwellings to the persecutors? But this time they had grown strong and numerous and were firmly rooted in Salt Lake City.

Without claiming genuineness for the origin of Mormonism, it is just to say that the creed and its capital have flourished exceedingly. Salt Lake has now a population of 80,000, though, be it added, more than half the number belong to other creeds.

The Temple was erected at a cost of £800,000 under most adverse conditions. It took forty years to build, and all the granite used had to be hauled by oxen from a quarry twenty miles away as there were no railways at that time in the West. The length is 186ft., width 118ft., height of East centre tower 210ft. Within each of the four corner towers there is a spiral staircase with 172 granite steps. The walls at the foundations are 16ft. wide and taper to 6ft. at the fourth story. The statue that adorns the highest pinnacle is that of the angel Moroni. Access is usually had to the temple through an adjacent building called the Annexe. Here, preparatory services are held, street shoes are removed, and entrance to the temple is made by an underground passage. None but those in authority are permitted in the Temple, except for the services of baptism and marriage, when those of the faith only are allowed within.

There are many Mormons living in Salt Lake City who have never been in the Temple. Some, on the other hand, visit it daily for weeks at a time, in connection with the doctrine of Baptism for the Dead; for every devout man or woman is expected to unearth his or her genealogy and go through the

ceremony of Baptism for ancestors, the men for the male line, the women for the female line. The more ancestors they can trace the more it is to their credit. Thus some Mormons are baptised fifty times in a single day. Total immersion must take place with clothing on, and the font is a huge cast-iron bath supported by life-sized bronze oxen which stand in an excavation three feet below the level of the basement.

The foundation for the doctrine of Baptism for the Dead is found in Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, xv. 29 : "Else what shall they do which are baptised for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptised for the dead?" On this little text is based the whole of this peculiar doctrine.

The Mormons not only believe in patriarchal or plural marriage but also in marriage for eternity, which conflicts with the well-known words: "Till death do us part." But the fiercest opposition was brought to bear against polygamy, and in 1887 the United States Government passed laws punishing it so severely that soon after the Church issued a manifesto which suspended the continued practice, though not until many thousands of men had a plurality of wives. *If* polygamy had been decreed by God, then the Almighty was "climbing down" to the dictates of Parliament! I think that when plural marriage had once been declared a revised tenet of Divine teaching, the Church should have been abandoned rather than one jot or tittle of what they believe was inspired doctrine.

No man was allowed to marry more wives than he was able to support in comfort. It was usually the custom to have separate houses for each household, the father living with the families each in turn. During the forty years that polygamy was in vogue, immorality was unknown in Salt Lake. There were many conditions and regulations connected with polygamy that, were they published, would explain much that is now not understood. It is a subject for a medical magazine. It was a conscientious effort to improve humanity by stirpiculture. It was the only considerable effort ever so made by civilised people. It would, I think, have been better to have given it a scientific instead of a theological basis. Men who had a plurality of wives previous to 1891 are permitted to maintain them. Brigham

Young had thirteen wives and sixty-four children. President Smith has but four wives. In spite of popular fiction to the effect, there are no "favourite wives," all are to be treated with conscientious equality.

The Tabernacle is the Mormons' meeting-place for Sunday services. This is a remarkable building, with the roof like the half of an inverted egg-shell. Within there are no corners, one huge dome stretching from end to end. The acoustics are wonderful; the preacher may speak in a whisper and be heard from end to end—280 feet; there is seating capacity for 10,000. At the end of the building is situated the great Kimball organ, with four manuals, 110 stops, 5,000 pipes. It is claimed to be one of the finest in the world. It was constructed thirty years ago by Utah artisans from native materials, and though recently reconstructed and electro-pneumatic action put in, the outward appearance remains as thirty years ago. The huge one-span roof was built entirely of wood, no iron being used on account of its high price at that time, while wood was very plentiful. It is to-day considered by architects the most wonderful wooden span in existence. There are 500 permanent adult members of the Tabernacle choir and 1,500 juvenile choir.

On the Temple block are also situated the Assembly Hall, Bureau of Information, and engine-house to work the electric light and two elevators in the towers of the Temple.

Salt Lake City as planned by Brigham Young is an exact square with the Temple block in the centre. The streets are 132 feet wide and are numbered from the Temple. There is a fine theatre now thirty years old and also a splendid dancing and skating pavilion on the shores of the Salt Lake, both built by Brigham Young. He greatly believed in an abundance of amusement for his people. At the same time alcohol and tobacco were strongly denounced by the President.

Are the Mormons of good character? In 1876 there were thirteen counties in Utah without saloon, brewery or gambling house. Statistics show that from 1877 to 1882 the gaol of Salt Lake received only three Mormons. In 1882 there were sixty-six bar-rooms in the city; only six were kept by Mormons, and that in a population almost entirely Mormon. There are

many more statistics from which the same conclusion may be drawn.

Are they avaricious? Between five hundred and a thousand tourists visit the Mormon buildings every day of the year, and guides are kept busy conducting the visitors round and explaining briefly the tenets of their beloved creed. No charge is made for this, and no gratuities are ever accepted, though often pressed. The guides undertake the work without remuneration, and leave their daily toil in turns for the purpose. Now, if the Mormons were covetous they could charge a shilling fee, as is done at many Catholic institutions all over the world, and net at least £10,000 a year from this source alone.

Joseph Feilding Smith, the present head of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, is son of the martyred Patriarch Hyram Smith, who with his brother the Prophet was murdered in Carthage gaol in 1844. He is the sixth President, his predecessors being Lorenzo Snow, Wilfred Woodruff, John Taylor, Brigham Young, and Joseph Smith the Prophet.

Mormonism does not regard this life simply as a preparation for eternity in some future place undefined, but a school of moral training for an eternal life right here after the resurrection.

LEONARD HENSLOWE.

BE one with your highest mind and don't be led blindly by instinct, even if your instincts do appear to lead you right. Better be a bad man than a good dog. Drag consciousness through to physical; walk because you see.

THOUGHT composes the vehicle; Sound creates life-force. Combine the two and you get life—the power to control physical matter.

YOU are only in your depth when you are out of your depth.

ALTERUTER.

THOUGHTS ON MEDITATION

FROM A HEARER'S NOTE-BOOK

WHEN meditating do not allow yourself any rest or pauses. Look upon meditation as going upstairs. When you have got on to the first storey and feel you really cannot go any further and feel yourself slipping back, instead go into one of the rooms on the first floor; and then, when your thoughts have rested as long as they will, go into another, but don't come down until absolutely necessary.

* * *

Therefore, during meditation when you have thought deeply of one thing until you feel it will hold you no longer, don't return to earthly and trivial thoughts, but immediately jump to some other thought; and if you have not one at hand (but you ought to have) recite poetry to fill up the gap, and keep your brain still up there focussed, and don't lose control of it. For this reason it is necessary for meditation to be in a room quite uninterrupted, for if someone speaks to you, you must return to their level to reply, or in any case you must let go your thought or the ideal on which you were concentrated.

* * *

Learn to work on two planes; that is to say, be meditating, and if you are interrupted by someone addressing you, allow only a fraction of yourself to return to answer, leaving the larger fraction still grasping firmly the ideal. Rather picture yourself as up in heaven talking to the person below and not as returning to earth to answer.

* * *

Of course this needs some amount of practice, and at first you will probably find that your whole self returns upon the slightest interruption, but ultimately you learn to live in two distinct

spheres. With a thorough, well-trained and cultivated person it is quite unnecessary that their *whole* brain-power should be used for all the absurd little daily routines of life; this is waste, it is superfluous and brain-power stagnates accordingly. You can travel in a train and go all about London quite safely with only the smallest fraction of yourself in your body. At first it may be necessary to have the name and address of the place you are going to in your pocket; because the inexperienced may find that with only a fraction of themselves in the body their memory will be rather treacherous, though their eyes are quite capable of reading. This must only be practised with the greatest caution, and until you have practised it for years at home don't attempt it out of doors or you might get run over. Differentiate between this and lunacy, absent-mindedness, vagueness, etc.

* * *

Until you are so highly developed that your fraction is as clever and can work as well as other people, don't indulge in it. Do not, of course, insult your friends by only giving them half your attention. While you live on earth, all your earthly duties must be carried out in the *best possible* way; but there must be many people who feel that it does not need the whole of their brain-power to talk, answer, discuss or argue, the trivialities which people generally talk.

* * *

You might begin this branch of study by trying to recite poetry at the same time as carrying on a conversation at table, or when *arguing*, because in argument you *must* have enough brain-power on earth to frustrate your opponent, and this will make it impossible for you to be absent-minded. Don't allow this to develope into day-dreaming. Passive day-dreaming is useless.

* * *

When reciting poetry and arguing, notice how big the gaps are in your recitation; when the arguments wax warm note whether you have to come back *entirely* and lose the train of thought of poetry and are obliged to begin again; see if you can remember what verse you had got to and if you repeat the poem with your lips like a parrot, or can you think of the poem

while arguing on earth; until finally you can feel that one half of your personality is living happily in heaven repeating poetry uninterrupted, thinking the thoughts of the poem, picturing the ideas of the author, while the other half of your personality is taking part in arguments with clever people on earth.

* * *

Probably there are clever people who only work with the brain, and therefore if you give them the whole of your *brain* you are about equal to them and your mind is free for other things. This then is a method of finding out to how great an extent people are materialistic.

* * *

With real materialists you can carry on a spiritual thought and find it will not in the least incapacitate you from arguing with your brain with them.

* * *

Other people, though less clever perhaps, work with the mind, or spirit, or something superior, and you will find then that a *part* of your *brain* is free but some of your mind must be spared for the argument or you will not be equal to your opponent.

* * *

There is plenty of room for meditation along these lines, and it is one of the many small ways in which, after careful and most thorough investigation, you can obtain almost *proof* of the manifold personalities of man.

Study thoroughly the *ways* in which you think, and the ideas of the various planes will become more apparent.

* * *

Another elementary way of trying to do two things at once would be to recite poetry and at the same time picture the author in his room and all the details of it.

Go through his biography, see how much you can go into accurate detail without interrupting the poem, and see how much you can, not only speak the poem as a parrot, but really think the ideas of the poem at the same time.

* * *

To a person with a well-balanced character, self-control and

reasoning power it may safely be said: Meditate as much as possible, always bearing in mind that meditation involving selfishness is worse than useless.

* * *

Don't want too many ideas, it is frivolous; as soon as you have one or two good thoughts for meditation, be satisfied, and don't disperse your thinking-faculty over many.

* * *

To assist meditation, take a person and think over all the virtues they need, picturing them as performing them with all the far-reaching results, and after following up each virtue and the result, bring back your thoughts with force on to the persons. Make up quite a drama, and eventually see them perfected, and think forcibly one virtue at a time and then all of them together —realised. This is unselfish, which is an advantage, as prayer and meditation are very apt to develope into requests for self and self-centredness.

* * *

Meditate on the desirability of killing out all your faults with all possible speed, and risk becoming hard, or allowing them to die the more lingering death of starvation. The latter is lazy and lacking will-power.

* * *

Just so much as you meditate on your faults do you admit them into your house and give yourself the trouble of spring-cleaning, whitewashing, painting and papering; while if only you would keep your windows shut and not allow your mind to turn to your failings, you would only have the windows to clean, which is a small job; disinfecting the house takes a life-time in comparison.

* * *

You need not strain yourself to meditate deeply; on no account give yourself headache. Commit to memory and exercise your new-born courage, and all the rest for a very long way will come gradually of itself.

* * *

"Glorifying God" means that some amount of time at this period must be given to meditation.

If you lack, or cannot do, anything, don't practise it but work all round it. For instance, I find it difficult to meditate by sitting quiet and fixing my thoughts; my mind becomes a blank. Therefore I think it better for me not to attempt to do that at present, but to write down my ideas as I am doing now; for this I find easy and thoughts flow continually without any break when I have a pen in my hand. Also at present I shall not attempt to meditate on very great and distant virtues, but on smaller and nearer and more practical ideals until *through* these I arrive at the greater.

* * *

Strenuousness during meditation and study before action are the things to aim at.

* * *

One can never stop thinking! This is a complete fallacy. Whenever nowadays I meditate on a subject and have gone through all the reasoning about it that I am capable of, my mind goes a complete blank, and after, say, five or ten minutes I return to consciousness feeling guilty of having omitted to meditate as I intended; yet, no other thought has intruded. As I return to conscious thought I feel as if a veil were being drawn again over my head, and I also feel completely rested, as if I had wakened from a most refreshing sleep, or much more so. Anywhere at almost any time I can hold my mind at rest absolutely. Thoughts come and try to penetrate, but don't succeed any more than seeing out of the corners of one's eyes is looking *at* a thing. If the thought is familiar I may just recognise it, but it is outside me and I don't *think* it; I see it out of the corners of my eyes, but I don't even turn and look at it, and very often don't even recognise the thought.

* * *

Accuracy is a virtue which even you would not object to meditate on. It is easy to hunt up some virtues for you when you feel disposed to revert to them. But there is no hurry, you may work any way that pleases you best. It is quite right to drop virtues for the time.

* * *

There can be no trying with regard to meditation, for while

anyone is only at the trying stage it can hardly be called meditation at all.

* * *

Meditation is the point of tranquillity or silence reached when all the strings of body and mind are in tune with something outside the one who is meditating—in tune with his particular note of the universe. All notes sound forth through the universe, but don't aspire yet to vibrate to all; find out your own note, the pitch and key of your own instrument, your own line of development, then tune to that. While tuning goes on, meditation is not; while trying is necessary, meditation is not. Trying of itself means struggle and adjustment. Meditation is when this is over, and the strings sound forth in perfect accord with the instrument to which they have been tuned. This is perfect knowledge; this is perfect development. Then comes the reinforcement, the power not your own, but the added power of all those who are vibrating at the same pitch.

TH. E. SIEVE.

THE LAND OF VIOLETS

IN the gloom of a land which held itself to be wise when it was but learned, and that oftimes falsely, there lived a sinner of tortuous mind who walked the way of darkness. The land was sea-girt, and guarded for great ends; but the minds of its people, both men and women, seethed like the yeasty wind-whipt waves; for, as of old, there moved upon the waters the Spirit of God, the "Dove of the Eternal"—She, the Bringer of the Strife of the Creatures, and the Peace of the Virgin Bride of the Lamb.

In the land were women with the might of men, and men with the tremulous strength of women, but nowhere was there wisdom, or the simplicity of babehood; for even the minds of little children were early made to seethe within their wise and tender bodies, by the reckless minds of the men and women to whom they owed birth; who in their folly made of naught the wisdom of the foolish, and the deep wisdom of the child,

which is deeper than all wisdom known to the striving minds of mankind.

The sinner of tortuous mind sought and gained the cunning of the mart, the craft of the court of Mammon, and the jargon of the hypocrite who deceives his own soul; also he learned the subtle knowledge of that Evil One who is mind gone mad, twisted by subtle probings, and drunken with the pride of being. And in this last seeking the man's brain broke; and the men of that land where his lot was cast, perceiving him to be mad, put him in the care of certain learned physicians.

But one day the sinner, whose madness had this terror, that he knew himself to be distraught, fled cunningly from the place where he was restrained, and travelled away northwards till he came to a rugged land where he could hide. There he dwelt in a little hamlet by the sea, and the fisher-folk gave him lodging and meat and drink as a guest, for they were kindly and simple, and held a traveller as a gift from God. As he dwelt among them his brain healed, and his body was soothed to health. He lived thus, month by month, through long summer days and twilight nights, and through the autumn harvesting, till the Feast of Saints drew near.

It was at that same time a fisherman told him a strange tale; he told it in a low and reverent voice, as one who speaks of holy mysteries. He said that at the midnight hour on the Eve of the Feast of Saints, there shone on the horizon—westward—a strange island; and this isle was no mirage, no spiritual land, nor vision, nor land of faery; but it was an earthly land. By the glamour of a great mage was the place guarded so that no one could see it save at the Eve of the Saints' Feast; and any who then saw it could hardly win to it; for it seemed to be too far away for any to reach it before the light faded, and the blackness of night and the power of the mage hid the place for another year.

The sinner mused on the tale; he was beginning to perceive that plain matters are not always plain for eyes which be holden by the gods; and that mysteries also be writ clearly in common things for those to whom sight is given.

The village slept early on the Saints' Eve, but the sinner

could not sleep ; wherefore he rose and went to the shore. The night was warm, moist, and dark; he sat on a rock and listened to the ebbing tide. He heard the sound of a church clock as it struck the midnight hour; pale lights crawled on the shore; he heeded them not, but stared into the darkness which wrapped the waters. On the horizon a great sheaf of milk-white light shot up; at its heart he saw an island; it was quite clearly to be seen; he saw the trees upon its shores.

When he saw this thing the sinner rose, and without staying for thought cast himself headlong into the waves. He was not a strong swimmer; the island seemed to be some miles away; to the eye of common sense and reason, he cast himself to death for a mirage.

As he plunged beneath the waves the light faded, the island vanished; he was caught by a swift warm current and borne out to an unknown sea. So swiftly he went that he lost consciousness, and only recovered when the movement stayed. He lay on a strand of pearl-pale sand, covered with rosy shells, and above the breaking of high tide was silver-violet sea-holly; from the land blew the smell of violets ; the island seemed to be wrapped in warmth and the breath of flowers. For he lay on the island strand; it was no vision, but a bodily fact. He rose up; the pine trees grew almost to the shore; and in their shade he saw human figures—a group of men and women gathered at the feet of an aged saint who taught them certain mysteries.

He approached them with some distrust; they greeted him with gentleness, as one who could not be in that place save by right. He dwelt in that strange island month by month, partaking of its fruit, and the honey of its bees, and the milk of its herds; for herds of white cattle roamed there, and many were the hives of bees. He talked daily with the gentle company of men and women who dwelt there; they were learning many peaceful arts and subtle mysteries from the aged prophet, their leader. They dwelt in great peace and love the one to the other. They knew their prophet taught and shaped them to a certain end; but that end they knew not. Nevertheless they abode in patience, for they trusted him.

The sinner was not as they were; though they were gentle

and most courteous, as their nature was, they were naught to him, nor he to them save in the bond of gentlehood that seemed to be their law.

But to the ancient saint the sinner drew very nigh; his love was greater than theirs, his gentlehood and courtesy more perfect; but to the sinner, to whom these matters were little, he was held by a more subtle bond, the which the sinner could not understand. Soon he perceived that the saint knew of this strange bond, even as he did; wherefore he spoke and said:

"Good father, I think for all my madness, sin, and pain, whereof I let thee wit, I know thee better in thy peace and joy, than these thy holy followers."

"It is so, son," replied the holy man. "Thou hast chosen, so thou toldst me, the way of darkness; of which I tell thee that it leads through agony to the depth of depths. My choice hath been to toil with weary feet through a dim light towards the height of heights. See thou a mystery, little child of the Light. When thou and I cease to go forth as shadows to seek either depth or height, within a simple Cup of Joy we shall find substance.

"Within that holy mystery is rooted that which in thee becomes darkness, when it should be the revealer of light; and that which in me becomes the light which men deem they see forthshining when they name me 'saint.' Because that whence proceeds the dark unwisdom of the sinner and the white wisdom of the holy, is a sacred twofold unity, a pure Light which to some is Darkness; the saint and sinner are bound each to each; and they know this as they draw, the one to sweetness, and the other to bitterness. And which is the sweet, and which the bitter say thou, son; for to thee sweetness is bitter, and to me bitterness is sweet."

The days came and went, and waxed long; the time drew near the Eve of May. The fine grass of the meadows was full of flowers: delicate golden bells, and fair lilies of the valley trembling in the soft wind.

The aged prophet sought the sinner where he lay on the young grass beneath a blossoming tree, and said:

"Son, there comes no man to this island save of purpose; now has the time come when the current which bore thee hither

shall claim thee again, and take thee back to the land which lies yonder. Wherefore on me it is laid to tell thee the Secret of the Island, or, more truly, guide thee to the spot where it shall be unveiled to thee, if thou hast eyes and ears. The current draws from the land to the isle on the Feast of Saints; and from the isle to the land on the Feast of the Fire of the Mother. On that eve thou shalt keep vigil in the place I shall show thee; at dawn thou shalt cast thyself into the sea, and the Mother of Waves shall bring thee to the land of thy exile. Now may the Light of the Child of Joy be with thee, son. Thou shalt come with me at sunset."

At sunset the old prophet led the sinner up a little turf path on the mountain side; it was a mountain whereon strange lights, unlit by man, flamed at night. They went up to a steep place by the sea, where was a cave deeply carven in the cliff face. It had a smooth, rocky floor; and from a cleft in the roof fell a delicate dew of waters—a thin misty veil which, descending, was caught in a hollow deeply grooved in the floor of the chamber. The old man passed through the veil of waters, which anointed his uncovered head with their dew; laving also his bared feet in the channel.

The sinner followed him; and they reached a cave beyond the water-veil. In this cave was a white stone that shone in the faint light. The prophet said:

"Behold the altar of thy vigil, son. Bring here no offerings save thy naked soul, and humbled body, whence all lusts have died. Or if this be too difficult for thee, offer thy sins and cravings and thy pride, to be transmuted in the Holy Fire; till of thy anguish is there forged thy strength, and of thy lusts the fire of purity."

Then the prophet blessed the sinner, and turned his footsteps from the cave.

The setting sun smote into the rock chamber and turned the veil of waters into a great rainbow. Then the light faded, and the sinner abided in the dark, crying in the depths of his heart to an Unknown God. In the darkest hour, just before the dawn, there came forth from the trembling air a faint, fine music, and the strange tolling of a distant chime of bells. Over the white

stone of the altar, there brooded a Shining Cloud, milk-white, with golden, roseate, and violet pulsing in it, and from the Cloud a Voice like a Song of Peace enshrining a Word of Power; the sinner fell and grovelled on his face, and his heart was as water in his shuddering breast.

Though he lay prone in the darkness, his soul seemed to be swung into the void of space. He saw the likeness of a whirling chasm of flame, swinging wheel-like in the gulf of stillness, and spinning upwards in a curving serpent trail of delicate fire; as it whirled and span it gave forth a ceaseless humming like the sound of bees in the heather, or the whirr of the wheel of an invisible spinner droning on through the black gulf of Time and Space; but circle-wise round the swirling, singing Cup of Light, were twelve Caves of Darkness, that strove, it seemed, to suck within their unfathomed stillness the tumult of the Light and of the Sound.

Now the sinner durst not question the Mystery that brooded over the altar, but his heart questioned; and to his heart the answer came:

"These Caves of Darkness are the Roots of the Opposers. Holy are they, and they desire to abide for ever in that Eternal Stillness which the less wise name the Unknown Father and the wiser name not at all, but worship silently. They, the Holy Opposers, know not His Will when it is veiled, and therefore they oppose It, dreading lest the Mystery of the Sacred Darkness, the Unrevealed Light, should be profaned in the Wonder of the Revealed."

The trembling soul of the sinner breathed a question:

"Have they a Ruler?"

The gracious answer came:

"They have. She Who binds. She is My Daughter; I, Who am the Pure and Peaceable Wisdom of the Lord. She is their ruler; against Her they eternally rebel, but fruitlessly; Her legions are the unholy opposers, both evil angels and men, whose Root the Holy Opposers are. These unholy ones, serving Her, ever rebel against the Roots whence they spring. This is the bitterness of the Cup of these Holy Ones. Its wine is pressed out by the feet of Their children."

Again the silent words were beaten out by the sinner's heart-throbs:

"Will She who binds never suffer defeat?"

The Voice answered the wordless speech of the soul:

"She will never suffer defeat; but She will hear My Word in the Darkness, and surrender Her Power, namely to bind, into the Hands of the Child, My Son; then These, the Holy Opposers, shall prevail, when They and the Company of all blessed souls shall be freed from the last delusion; which is to dream that I and My Spouse be twain. For He is Spirit and I am Substance—and We are One. He is Silence and I am Speech—and We are One. I am Wisdom and My Spouse is Power—and We are One. Of Our Unity is born the Child, the New Creature, compact of Power and Wisdom, and wielding in His fair Person the potency of twain. The Bridegroom and His Bride shining for ever in the white fire of Their Eternal Virginity in the City of God. Behold, thou little one, in this I have told thee the secret of manhood, and the secret of womanhood, and the secret of childhood; but thou shalt never know them till thou find them in the City of thine own body and soul."

Then from the heart of the White Stone came speech; a great song as a sound of many waters; and the song was this:

Bride of the Lamb, Sweet Child of Joy,
Church of the Saints, the Ark's White Dove;
Virgin of Light, thy pilgrims praise,
And call upon thy name of Love.
City of God, and Home of Peace,
Pure Sea of Waters undefil'd,
Grain of the inner Silent Cave,
Grace of the Lord, high Wisdom's Child.
Daughter of Her, the Virgin Rose,
White as the Flame that's unreveal'd.
Temple of holy living Stones,
Fountain of Life, whom God hath seal'd,
Twelve are thy Gates; strong Pillars stand,
Propping thy Roof-tree, Virgin mild;
They go no more from out thy Courts,
Led homewards by a little Child.
"What of the night?" the Watchers cry;

There rings an answer from within:
"Here is no night, and here no day
Here is no virtue, here no sin."
Light of the Lamb, thou Bride of Joy,
Trembles within thy silent shrine;
Fruit of the Tree doth perfume it,
And holy Branches of the Vine.
Pearl of great price, and Robe of Light,
Thou tender Balm of earthly pain.
Thou art the Rest of ev'ry Saint,
The Treasure House of ripen'd Grain.

The man lay motionless upon the rock floor; he knew the song died, the phantom clang of the calling bell ceased; the voice that was stillness was heard no more; the mystery of the Cloud faded from the altar; the cave was grey with dawn's cold light; the sound of the soft falling of the waters and the rush of the waves on the shore filled the dim shrine in the heart of the rock. The man rose dreamwise. Dreamwise he passed through the Veil of Waters; dreamwise he trod the path, thick with the mystery of star-fire hidden in dew; dreamwise he cast himself into the sea, and the Mother of Waves drew him to the land of his exile.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE CREATION OF EVE

AFTER BLAKE'S PICTURE

SOFTLY she rises, with a child's clear eyes:
The male still sleeps; the god instructeth her,
Who with his fellows did of late confer
On her who should complete this paradise.
In perfect wisdom he has made her rise;
She stands new-born, the utmost worshipper,
For in her being's inmost depth doth stir
The royal knowledge: she is wholly wise.

The mystic moon o'erhangs her, whence of late
The gods to earth transferred their charge, and she,
The perfect Mother of the uncreate,
Hath taken to her flesh, that is to be
The way of carnal birth,—the door of Fate
Betwixt the borders of infinity.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

THE SELF-TAUGHT

WISDOM, who, after the fashion of a mother, brings forth the Self-taught Race, declares that God is Sower of it.

PHILO, *De Mut. Nom.*, 24.

They who have passed beyond the introductory exercises, becoming Natural Disciples of God, receiving Wisdom free from all toil, migrate to this Incorruptible and Perfect Race, receiving a lot superior to their former lives in genesis.

PHILO, *De Sacrif.*, 2.

This Race, my son, is never taught; but when He willeth it, its memory is restored by God.

Corpus Hermeticum, xiii. (xiv.) 2.

THE Self-taught have been called by many names. They are spoken of as the Mind-born, or again as the Will-born, the Sons of Will and Yoga or Union. For the mystic, however, this does not mean that they are born from any other than themselves, but rather that it is they who re-generate themselves; they are ātmic folk.

Let us, therefore, turn our attention to some preliminary considerations concerning this Self-teaching or Self-education, or the drawing-forth of the Self, or bringing into activity of what is Best in us.

Those who have been breathed upon with the Divine Afflatus, even momentarily, who have been once touched with Ātman, know that there is a vital gnosis that transcends all formal knowledge or instruction. They no longer desire to know the Self, since knowledge means the knowing of something other than oneself, but they aspire to be that Self in all their being.

Their motto is not "Know thyself," but rather "Match Thyself." It is for them to make themselves match what they have once sensed of this Reality in highest ecstasis. They then for a moment know how their Great Mind has chosen, and that

the carrying out of this choice in every detail of their personal lives will alone bring happiness. They have realised the first lesson of Self-teaching: that the limited self is not to choose the details; its only lawful choice is to follow, and to try to choose in such a fashion as to make all the things over which its will has control, match the Great Choice of the Master within, the Great Purpose of its own Divinity; and that until the limited self does this it will not attain to Christhood, or true power, or continuous happiness.

With the first realised touch of Ātmic Power the Will of the Master is born within, in the depths of the man's deepest nature; it then remains for him to stimulate and develope his own will to follow, to control his limited self, and guide it in the direction which matches this greater and higher and all-seeing Will; so that the union may become complete, that the "chords" of all his bodies may vibrate in unison with the great cosmic Chord within, and so the teaching of the Self, and true understanding, may come through pure and undistorted.

It is the essence or atomic substance, or Buddhic* Nature of the man, that receives the impression of this Divine Will. And this a-tomic or pure or in-divisible substance is the ground of his individuality; it is in reality a robe of glory, or a mantle of aroma (the "sweet savour" of Basilides), which is the true essence of man's nature.

The Great Will does not lawfully act directly upon form, or formal mind, else the form would not have "free-will" or "choice"; for there is a definite "free-will" developed in or bestowed upon all things in form. The formal mind is free to act according to its limited desires and in discord with the ultimate Will of the man. But the ultimate Will of the individual operates directly and immediately in root-substance. This Will is really Power animating root-substance. Roots grow downward and branches grow upward. Real ultimate Will is Power descending, Power towards substance, not form. It is the power of firmness and solidarity, faith and love. It is said

* *Buddhi*, from root *budh*, which originally meant to "fathom a depth." Compare the Greek *bythós* and Latin *fundus*. *Buddhi* (understanding) is said to proceed immediately, as the second *tat-tva* (that-ness or element), from *mūla-prakṛiti* (root-nature).

that in the true mystery-tradition the choral dance between the acts of the drama represented the Will, or how Ātmic Power acts in root-matter—the dance of the atoms or myriads, or fact in action; while the mystery-play itself represented how things happen in form, or how the mystery acts on the form-side of things. Eternity (the Æon) dances round ideas; Eternity is substance, not form; it is that which surrounds forms.

Buddhi, instead of being a Blinding Veil that enwombs the person, becomes a surround or envelope of motive power for the raying-forth of the higher individuality. With the first reallsed touch of Ātman this Veil becomes active and thereafter self-conscious. It is transformed into motive power and becomes an "external" vehicle towards greater things instead of remaining an internal impulse. The true Ideas of the greater Mind stand still in the midst, and the Power becomes as it were a vehicle outside, like a Charioteer in a Chariot.

But before this magic chariot can be sung into activity, before the transformation can be operated that turns man inside out, so that he embraces the without within, union must be achieved, contact established, the man must be touched with the Thyrsus of the ever-young God of Joy. When he is thus touched, he becomes a drinker of spirit and an eater of knowledge; he inwardly digests all things.

When union is attained the routine of daily life feels like the process of digestion in the World-body; it all happens within the "Great Body" of the man, as the result of "eating" or the proper activity of the Higher Self in the man, and is not viewed as external at all. And as with the God-touched, or Self-born, all the processes of the normal physical body begin to assume for him "cosmic" significance and importance, so also is the reverse the case, and the external happenings in the world become like the natural orderly processes of digestion, nutrition and secretion, following upon the eating of the "substance" of things, the nourishment taken in by the Great or Higher Mind. The mastication of "symbols" by the Higher Self, the extracting from external objects their internal meaning, sets up currents in the new-born Cosmic Body, and nourishes it and makes it grow. This Great Body or World-body is immortal, but it will not

become active or linked on to the personal vehicles within time unless it is fed.

The man who has this greater consciousness beginning to dawn in him, no longer takes much notice of physical happenings, since they are for him past results; he is more interested in what he is "eating," that is to say, in extracting meaning from physical phenomena and the activities of fate.

Action is due to the great feminine side of things; those who preach, even sincerely, virtue and purity, and do not act them, are virtuous in one part of their nature only. All parts of human nature must be towards virtue before the Buddhic Nature can be in any way reliable. The Buddhic Nature is connected with substance, and substance is played upon and altered by action, and it is only right action that will make the link between man and Master of such a nature as to translate reliably. For when The Master really teaches, that is, teaches directly, He plays upon the whole of man, He does not stimulate a special part. He enwraps the whole man and all his bodies with His Presence; and it is only he who chooses wisely what he thinks, what he feels, and what he acts, who will be rewarded with a Buddhic Vehicle capable of expressing the Language of The Master, which is never a language of mere words, but is a deducing from Nature and Fate.

The Great are too wise to teach through only one vehicle, because for the expression of reality all three are necessary, just as subject, predicate and object are for expression in the language of men. The Buddhic Nature is the idea expressed by the sentence of the three personal "bodies," the three lower words; it is the reality, the root-form or idea to which they give expression. And it is only when it is pure that intuition is reliable; and it is made pure by each word expressing it by obeying the true laws of its nature. The subject or subjective of this sentence, or utterance of power, may be regarded as the mental word, the verb as the "astral" personal activity or raying-forth, and the object or objective as the physical. The Buddhic Nature, however, is not form, or rather formal, in the same way that the other three are; it is that which lies behind form, the idea expressed by the nature of the substance which is stirred by the three.

We should beware of objectivising the Holy Presence, of putting the Master in one place and the pupil in another; this is not a sign of Ātman, and direct teaching from Masters in activity is *via* Ātman. All men are in touch with Ātman, just as we are all in contact with the Sun. But only those who have perfected themselves by right thought, right action, and by unselfishly using their powers for humanity, and not for individuality, can possibly have created a vehicle of perception capable of correctly translating Cosmic Language into the language and ideas of mortal men; because that is the only way such a vehicle is produced.

Thus the Buddhic Nature is first of all a womb or veil; but when it is acted upon by Ātman it is made to conceive perfect ideas, and so becomes the direct organ of perception or intuition. He who can make his Buddhic Nature alive and active by right action, so as to conceive true ideas, is a true Learner in the School of the Self-taught. This is the only way in which *direct* teaching comes; other ways are not direct, but wander through the tortuous labyrinth of personal mind.

It is right action, or uniting properly with fate, that makes the Buddhic Nature conceive inwards, so that its ideas correspond with the great plans or impressions of the Divine Will or Great Fate. Then can the man talk, or see, or communicate inside or outside spheres or worlds—or this same Buddhic Nature —because he then matches.

From this point of view there are not many Masters but only One Master, for utter union is the ground-plan of their Being.

Man also is a unity—three in one. We may think of the mother-side in him as Substance, of the father-side as Power —in one mode wrapping round the Substance and creating "zones" in it, as in the great symbol of Serpent and Egg, and in the other mode dominating the whole substance—,and of the son-side as conceived Ideas—true Ideas which partake of the energy of the father and the substance of the mother—which are born within the Person whose father and mother-sides are both active.

The Mind of all Masters, the Great Mind, is one; and it

has One Body. The many Powers of Mind which are the "Personal Minds" of each separate Master are as keys which unlock the gateway of personality, and admit the man into the Great Cosmic Mind. Every such Master is Himself a separated attribute of Masterhood or Christhood.

And this One Body of Masterhood, we may well believe, must contain all Masters and everything else one can think of. But we cannot realise its nature by adding object to object, by ever looking outward; for this we must go within, ever deepening oneself, till we find the "seed" within us of the One, the germ of pure spirit; and then, at-oned with this within, we experience the mystery without, for the ideas conceived within the Buddhic Nature correspond with the plans of the Great Body of all things.

This seed of spirit within the Buddhic Nature corresponds with the consciousness that perceives unity. This spiritual "atom" is perfect, and the G.C.M. of all "creatures"; and, therefore, Divinity can play directly into its all-seeing nature. It is the "eye" of the heart; it is the heart of the "æon." This is the mediating link between God and man, and through it the Divine gives of itself to supply the deficiencies of all "forms" of consciousness, which must necessarily be imperfect. It contains the mystery of the fulness; for spirit is that which fulfils or completes all.

This seed of spirit, or all-seed-potency, as Basilides calls it, for it is everywhere and nowhere, within the buddhic substance, is in exact correspondence with the consciousness that perceives the One Body of the Master Mind—or perhaps it would be better to say Mass rather than Body; for this Body is not in any form, nor is it to be thought of under the notions of position or extension. It is on the formal and personal side of things that a body is something extended in space; but on the spiritual or impersonal side it is otherwise.

The germ of spirit, the true Light-spark, might perhaps be conceived of less erroneously as a sort of common specific gravity or perhaps rather tension, within the very essence of all substance, and the realisation of community with this constitutes the link between the personal and impersonal side of things, and also the

mediating mystery between the mind of man and the Mind of The Master.

When the "Perfect Body" or "Body of Resurrection" is spoken of, it is difficult for most people not to fall into the old rut of the formal mind, and imagine a glorified physical body. It is more useful to conceive of consciousness and soul by meditating on the symbol of a vast sphere containing unlimited forms; the Master-Consciousness would of course contain every form, or rather idea, conceivable, and His Body be the objective representative of the whole Body of ideas.

The candidate for Self-instruction should thus conceive of his highest mind as containing every idea he can think of, and his highest body as being every idea which he is capable of making manifest and giving expression to in words.

The symbol of the sphere connotes a whole or completeness, and also a field of activity, that wherein the whole nature of one anything—personality, atom or anything that has a right to call itself one—spins. The term sphere, thus conceived, may be taken to connote the field of activity of one definite form of motion; and from another point of view it also means the "body" of that thing. When the centre of the sphere is regarded as the true subject of consciousness or the One Person, and the sphere itself as the Only Body, it is the Man or Ātman looking forth to multiplicity; when the sphere is regarded as the consciousness and the centre as his body, it symbolises Man in the mode of buddhic unity.

It is very hard, as Thrice-greatest Hermes teaches, to leave the things we have grown used to; we are all stuck fast in the habitual. But if we would approach the Master-Mind, if we should dare to hope to snatch any greatnesses from it, we must give up all fixed ideas, and endeavour always to keep ourselves in such an attitude of mind (this has to do with the magic of gravity, and balance, and tension and attention) that shall be ready to conceive on the spot, at once, anew, afresh, for every hour and moment of the day. For the Master-Mind is connected with the true Sun-Mind and varies (for us) with every moment of time. And by fixed ideas, as contrasted with living ideas, is here meant imagining that the same word or sound or

symbol always conveys the same idea at all hours of the day or night.

The Master-Mind is awake or a reality on the plane of Ātman, and the plane of Ātman is connected with fate and happenings; it is itself the plane above fate, where the man begins to control fate and talks by means of happenings. Before the Learner is able in even the smallest measure to understand the Master-Language, he must become alert to the happenings and circumstances which surround him, for they *are* the Language of Ātman; and before he can understand he must first *see* the Language of the Gods, which is perpetually written all round him in happenings, and then learn to relate real ideas to those happenings, and not superstitions.

The Learner in this School must try to be able to grasp how gigantic is this Language, how infinite the variety of meaning; he must be alert for ideas in all directions. If he would not sink into the quicksands of formal mind he must keep running, keep active, keep alive to the meaning of activity.

The substance of Great Mind embraces the mass of all man's personalities, which are as the films of a bioscope. Unless we keep them in motion the story is not told, the drama is not played. If the man sticks in one personality, and much more if he remains stuck in some fixed idea of one personality, then the vision stops with everything in some grotesque attitude which means nothing.

When a Master talks he may for a time impress the mind of a pupil with formal ideas—that is teaching; but The Master does not teach, He *works through* the disciple. It is only by *direct* contact with the plane of Ātman that the consciousness works direct through happenings, and thus the man becomes Self-taught. Other instruction is not direct, it is round by way of the personal mind, and therefore askew.

G. R. S. MEAD.

ANNIHILATION itself is no death to evil. Only good where evil was, is evil dead. An evil thing must live with its evil until it chooses to be good. That alone is the slaying of evil.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *Lilith*.

A LESSON FROM KEPLER

1. THE planets move round the sun in elliptical not in circular paths.

2. A line conceived drawn to a planet from the sun occupying one focus of the ellipse, sweeps out equal areas in equal times.

KEPLER'S LAWS.

WHY a discussion as to the value of the contemplative orders in the world should bring back to one's mind astronomical studies and a consideration of Kepler's laws may seem at first sight somewhat obscure. The laws of things visible are limited and must ever bow their heads before higher laws, laws which, however, do not destroy but fulfil; yet it may be that, through a clearer understanding of that which is below, that which is above may be drawn from the realm of intuition to that of more or less intellectual certainty, and thus our cherished beliefs, which may be valueless to another because invisible to him, are clothed in garments sufficiently material to attract his eyes and suggest that which they conceal.

We all know that most contradictory opinions are held as to the value to humanity as a whole of those who, dead to the world and disregarding its activities, direct the whole of their energies to concentration on things unseen. To the extremist on one side they are useless drones, a clog on the wheel of progress and a menace to the health and sanctity of the community. In one of Robert Benson's charming stories, *In the Convent Chapel*, we have the opposite view in the vision of the priest as he watched the solitary figure of the nun in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Before the vision occurred the contemplative life seemed to him "essentially selfish . . . a sin against society"; afterwards that silent figure appeared to him as a mighty power, a Rothschild in the inner life of things, controlling "spiritual destinies for eternity," to whom those following the

active religious life were but as active bustling shopkeepers—a vulgar simile, as he says, and yet an expressive one.

To all who read this, for the prejudiced on the other side would hardly be likely to do so, the ideas embodied in this story must at any rate suggest the thought that activity is not everything after all; while those in sympathy will be inclined more and more to put the man in the world of activity, whether of action, thought or feeling, statesman, poet, or even philosopher, at a lowly level indeed compared with one who comes so near the very heart of things.

It may be said that these diverging opinions are largely the result of temperament; but what should be the attitude of the wisdom-lover, whatever be his temperament? Shall he, if a mystic and consequently valuing to the full those buildings which rise in the silence of contemplation, glorify those alone whose lives are a perpetual sacrifice, whose purity makes the world purer, whose silent thought builds wondrous edifices which will endure, unseen of man, when the stateliest of earth's fabrics is no more? Shall he forget that worked into them is much that is less beautiful, less enduring, though gaining an artificial life from association with the inner truth? Shall he fail to see that it is thus that limitations of creed and religious prejudices, which tend to stifle truth, are intensified, exerting a disastrous influence on posterity as far as Truth and Freedom are concerned?

If a scientist, on the other hand, seeing only this danger, in his passionate love for Truth, which urges him to build his tiny edifice true at any rate to his surroundings, consonant with the vibrations of the material plane, shall he be blinded to the fact that he is in danger of limitation in the opposite direction, and so one day see the destruction of that edifice, built on the shifting sands of that which is seen, regardless of the rain and wind, those mighty unseen forces, which ever threaten that which is set up by those foolish ones who disregard their power?

Rather will he who loves Wisdom and is taught by Her try to rise above the modes, conquer the tendency of temperament to view things from this or that standpoint only, and thus realise the value of all points of view—that of the upward-soaring

mystic turning his gaze inward, ruled by the centripetal forces, seeking to draw all back into the Self, its central Sun, that of the active lovers of the Not-Self whose motion is ever outward, and that also of those who balance these opposing forces and prevent disaster in either direction.

Thinking thus we reach a point when the pathway of our planets round the sun may be used to justify this wider view of things and suggest even more. For him who thinks of the solar system as that which has had beginning and therefore will also have ending, there arise considerations of the means by which that end will come and what that may suggest on inner planes; while he, who, ignoring past and future, sees in the present order of things a symbol of "that which has stood, stands and will stand," the changelessness of Eternity, draws from it a different lesson.

But let us turn to Kepler's laws and take the first, remembering how this discovery of his outraged the idea of the perfect sphere and so was regarded as iniquitous. It was thought that the planets *must* necessarily move in circles, just as some would have humanity as a whole and each unit of it maintain a constant relation to its central point. From one point of view is this not a mighty truth, just as from another it is the most palpable error? That the whole or the unit should be at one time near and at another far from its own centre, seems a violation of that which ought to be; and yet just as Kepler forced men to see fact in solar physics rather than an ideal of perfection, so it may be well for us to recognise the same fact as holding good in the lives of nations and men, remembering that the courses of all planets are not equally elliptical, some approaching much more closely than others to the ideal of the perfect circle, and that more than some of us can yet realise is hidden under that belief of those ignorant (?) astronomers of old.

What can we learn of it by a comparison of a circle and an ellipse? To illustrate this very simply, stick a pin into a sheet of paper, put round the pin a circle of thread, pull it tight with a pencil and draw a circle around the pin. Then insert a second pin, put the thread around it also, and by tightening the thread and moving the pencil, a decided ellipse will be drawn.

The circle then has but one focus, the ellipse has two, either far apart or very near, in which case the ellipse closely resembles the circle, and in our solar system the sun occupies one of these points, the other being purely imaginary, as far as any physical object is concerned. At one point in its career the planet seems in danger of absorption by its centre, at another of losing all touch with it, but a third factor comes in—that of speed. At perihelion so great is this, that a considerable portion of the course is covered compared with that which is traced in the same time at aphelion, when the speed is considerably less. By connecting portions of the course thus covered in a given time with the centre, a number of triangles may be drawn of varying forms and yet all equal in actual measurement, as is stated in the second of Kepler's laws.

What does the first of these laws teach us? Surely that the position of units in the great whole of humanity varies considerably; that it is as right for some to be far from our common centre as for others to be near it; also that if considerable variations occur in the life of any one individual, it only indicates a very rapid passing through a decidedly elliptical course. From the second law we learn that our difficulty to see equality in the action of all units in the great whole may be due only to the omission of one factor. We may forget to allow for time, we may ignore the difference due to distance. It is our calculations that are wrong and nothing else.

To understand the course of humanity we must study it at every point in that course; to understand ourselves we must do the same. Some of us pass so slowly through our greater cycles, and linger so long, several lives perhaps, under the influence of one tendency, that it is hard not to condemn those who show the opposite one. In such cases the experiences of minor cycles of life help if rightly understood.

Does not the saint learn wisdom in those dark moments when, in sweeping through a minor cycle, he reaches a point in this reflection of the greater cycle which is discordant with that portion of the latter which he is slowly traversing, and which seems to introduce that into his life which contradicts its normal tendency? He knows he has a vocation for the spiritual life and

is pained and humiliated by this sudden appearance of what seems another personality.

Sometimes the man whose normal position is far from the centre, is in his course through a minor cycle drawn so near a reflection of that centre that he forgets his normal position, embraces the spiritual life and soon finds how mistaken he has been. The Church does well to test carefully those who would embrace a life of asceticism, and we should all do wisely to wait and consider as calmly as possible when we find ourselves powerfully attracted in any one direction, especially if it be in opposition to our normal attitude.

But a consideration of minor cycles is a digression from the main point. Let us return and see if the course of the planets has any more to teach us. We found that the difference between a circle and an ellipse was due to the substitution of two foci for one. Does not this remind us of the ancient teaching of the One becoming Two, and of the drawing apart of those Two or rather of the two poles of the One which is ever indivisible? Is this drawing apart of Self and Not-Self, of Spirit and Matter, to increase indefinitely, or shall they be drawn together once more?

Does not Kepler's second law make it clear to us that if there is equality at all points there is no elliptical course after all? It is in reality a perfect circle. It is only a question of the way we look at things, and if some think that this is a paralysing belief, that a clear intellectual grasp of this would check all efforts and hinder the growth of morality and spirituality in the world, let them remember that the intellectual realisation alone will never satisfy, but only spur men on to greater efforts, to reach to that which is deeper and fuller.

It is helpful surely to see if but an outline of the road we have to tread and the possibilities that lie before us; something to begin to see that, where inequality and separation reign supreme, we may always hope to find Unity if we will to do so; something to begin to sing praises equally to the glory of the One and of the Many, through whom that Unity is realised.

ADA L. LEECH.

STABILITY AND PLASTICITY

In the life of any organism we find two factors are necessary for its continued existence and well-being: first, a stable individual centre; second, a plastic circumference, capable of perpetual growth and readjustment.

These conditions are equally necessary for the more spiritual organisms as in those we term purely physical. They are essential factors, for example, in a body of students gathered, it may be—for the sake of greater power and progress—under the leadership of one teacher, who, as head, performs the office of adjuster between the various members. The requisite *stability* is maintained by the common aspiration after truth, both inwardly in the heart, and outwardly in the right perception of things, whether mental or physical, and the intense desire for service which unites all in a continual effort for self-conquest and self-realisation. All meet at one goal. This induces humility, reverence, loyalty and comradeship in the members, and constitutes the centre of stability. The value of the circumference, on the other hand, depends on the amount of *variability* in the members, their power of individual research, and unceasing growth through fresh individual response to new stimuli. *Plasticity* is the keynote of the circumference, as stability was that of the centre.

A non-understanding of these two complementary factors has led to the idea that an agnostic attitude with regard to certain specific details is inconsistent with loyalty, whereas to adopt any particular opinion or teaching from a desire for loyalty, without the assent of the reason or intuition, is perhaps the most dangerous form of infidelity.

The critical and discriminating faculties belong to the functions of the circumferences; they must be preserved intact, in all their fulness and vigour, or the whole organism suffers; and should their health-giving currents be in any way mutilated or

cut off from the centre, its stability degenerates into stagnation, and a general decay of the whole body ensues.

Whenever a new truth—or a new factor in a truth—is truly apprehended, a great widening of the mental boundaries is the immediate result. A veil is lifted from the whole field of vision, which is universally illuminated by the new light; but on the contrary, when the teaching is accepted through a sense of loyal credulity there is a complete stultification of the mind, and the teaching, instead of illuminating and extending the knowledge and insight of the disciple, is felt to be at variance with the rest of nature as hitherto apprehended by him.

That the teaching may in itself be true, does not alter the pernicious effect of its credulous acceptation by the student. He adopts its form instead of assimilating its life, and therefore from a nutriment it becomes a most deadly excrescence.

So we find that such dogmas of the Christian Church as the Virgin Birth and the Vicarious Atonement of Christ, have become not the source of inspiration, but the most mortal hindrance to the spiritual growth of Christendom; for the forced credulity in the physical statement of these doctrines has entirely shut out —even from intuitive and reasonable souls—all possibility that the true meaning of the mysteries they represent might filter through the mind.

Freedom is a necessary condition of spiritual discernment, and to fetter deliberately our minds with the theories of another, however true, is to preclude the possibility of their future assimilation. Not only is growth arrested, but the whole mentality is weakened, a gradual decay of the perceptive and discriminating faculties ensues, and the disciple is rendered useless for either service or research.

From the teacher's point of view this credulity is equally pernicious, for its result is not the establishment of mutual harmony, but of misunderstanding, and jangled relations throughout. The real meaning of belief is *not* an unreasoning outer assent, but that the whole mind and intuition of the student responding to the mind of the teacher, the former is thereby lifted beyond the present limitations of his knowledge to the contemplation of new facts; that responding to the stimulus, the

pupil reproduces within himself—making it an essential part of his being forever—the wisdom of his teacher on that particular subject. It is assimilated by him, and is absorbed by all his past conceptions, so that there is no subject which is not enriched by this influx of new life.

From these brief considerations it will be seen that a most rigid inner straightforwardness is not only compatible with, but an essential part of, perfect loyalty; that the first requisite for either disciple or student from the point of view of both teacher and taught is:

"To thine own self be true; thou canst not then be false to any man."

H. M. HOWSIN.

CLOTHES

CLOTHES! what a world is in the magic word! From the satined, feathered, jewel-decked matron to the hideous rags of the slums—from the dainty girl in spotless white to the gutter urchin in frightful drab; clothes, all clothes. Now could we stand outside this peep-show and rearrange our values, where should we find ourselves with regard to clothes and their philosophy?

Strange as it may seem, they play a most important part in the pageant; the difference between the uneducated man in the street and the uneducated man in the drawing-room is often one of clothes alone. Such persons, whether they appear in broadcloth or in rags, are robed in all the prejudices, the conventions, the thought-atmosphere of their time and class; the man himself is hid deep, so deep that it seems almost as if he were not, but was a mere draping of emptiness.

And so powerful is the conventional thought-vesture of our time that we cover ourselves in it from head to foot and must appear as sheep, one flock spread over the civilised world. We are clothed with a fashion of thought, a fashion of morals, of worship, whether of things spiritual or material, a fashion in art, a fashion in philosophy; and all of these we follow, herding together as we go—satisfied! ay, there's the rub; for were we to

stay our hurried scramble for a moment and *stand outside* we should have left the flock and be for ever more the stray sheep, outsiders. This more than anything do we dread; there is danger there, untrodden paths leading to the wilderness there, dark places where man may go down into the depths, and be, perchance he thinks, poor sheep, lost.

How shall we stand outside the prejudices of our family, our class, our nation—how? For the clothes-problem is an important one if we would learn the living truth, the inmost feeling of things.

Something might possibly be done along the line of opposites; when we find ourselves giving vent to an opinion either in word or in thought, let us ever turn round upon it, regarding it from the other side, the opposite, the contradiction. Then must we find that for every opinion held there is another outlook quite as rational probably as our own. Thus far might we go and halt uncertain between two opinions; but could not one further step be taken, and lo! we might ascend a rising ground, obtaining yet wider vision—a standpoint that embraces both.

A man might well see in such a case that what we call evil, is but force turned another way—evil, truly, for us in our fold, and as such to be honestly put aside; but part also of that larger scheme as yet beyond our ken. He might see that cataclysms such as rend the earth and send thousands to what we call death, disasters to us stupendous, are neither the judgment of an angry Deity upon his poor creation, nor the mere turning over of an ant heap, but are, perhaps, the clearing away of forms of matter in order to set the spirit free for further development. Would the truth then not be made clear to him, that surely God the sun and God the ant are one; forms, both, in that great life in which all move and have their being?

Therefore should a man throw aside his vestment and stand naked in that most holy Presence, and feel the Breath of Life play upon him for evermore. Thus having found, let him reclothe himself in lightest garb of human texture, that he terrify not his brethren, but with gentle hand unfold their robes, till they, too, stand free as he is free—a Son of the Spirit.

ANIL ROWAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

"WASTE"

To the Editor, THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

DEAR SIR,

I also have had the privilege of seeing *Waste*, being a member of the Stage Society, and I write a line to say that Mrs. Robbins seems to have misunderstood the whole purpose of the play.

It is a very plainly-worded exposure of certain grievous sins. Mr. Granville Barker expounds to us at great length what I may call "Trebellianism" and then shows its natural and *sordidly tragic* consequences.

The play is a living sermon on the absolute necessity of love as the one thing that can make the sex-relationship tolerable to the woman and dignified in the man.

Before he shoots himself, the hero, Trebell, sees *what* he has missed and how he has erred, and his suffering becoming intolerable he commits suicide. Does this look as if Granville Barker advocates heartlessness and immorality?

The key to the piece is in his long talk with his sister in the last act. She offers him a sister's love, and tries to show him that men, as well as women, need love as well as brains. "You are working for power only," she says, "power over men and women and *contempt* for them! Do you think they don't take their revenge sooner or later?" But her affection comes too late to save him. This scene is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen or hope to see on the stage.

Mrs. Robbins confuses Mr. Barker with his own hero, Trebell, reminding one of the curious way in which the gallery of an ordinary theatre hisses the villain of the piece instead of applauding him. She says (p. 409): "*Mr. Barker* (*sic!*) fails to see that had Trebell loved even for a day . . . he would have been infinitely greater." It is *Trebell* who fails to see this, and comes to a grievous end. Again: "*Mr. Barker* falls into the other, more terrible extreme—the denial o

the necessity of true emotion," etc. "He talks . . . of production of the young of the human species, as if they were but animals or insects." It is Trebell who falls into this terrible extreme; it is Trebell who talks, and it is Trebell who suffers in the grey light of a hopeless dawn and . . . takes his own life!

When Mrs. O'Connell, in the hour of her direst need, frantically implores Trebell to say he *did* love her, if only for a fleeting hour, she shows, says Mrs. Robbins, that "her grasp of reality and the universal mystery underlying life was surer far than his." But may I ask whether Mrs. O'Connell and her "grasp" of the life-mystery is Mrs. Robbins' creation or Granville Barker's?

This great Play presents to us the brilliant, hard and ambitious man of brains—a logic-chopping machine—who thinks he can become a father without ever having felt affection or reverence for woman. Result: Suicide—Waste—of a brilliant career, and the life of a woman and an unborn child.

As *The Tribune* said: "The play is grimly, austerely, inexorably moral." And the moral is, as even the Daily Press could see: the barrenness of brains in a life which is lacking in common human love.

Of course there is also much much more than this baldly-stated moral in a play so crowded with thought and clever, earnest dialogue, satires and epigrams. There is the whole question of the Mrs. O'Connells of to-day, the shallow, selfish women devoid of motherly feeling, and of how they are in some measure responsible for the arrogant, contemptuous Trebells that we meet.

Miss Trebell, a handsome, clever yet at the same time warm hearted woman of forty, has, curiously enough, the mission of bringing forward the element of motherliness and affection and pleading its importance in life.

Thus the message of *Waste* is one of the highest and purest a man can teach, and I regard Granville Barker as one of the high priests of humanity.

Yours, etc.,

A. L. BEATRICE HARDCASTLE.

I DREAMED cycles, I say, but, for aught I know or can tell, they were the solemn æonian march of a second, pregnant with eternity.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *Lilith.*

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Useful Outline of the Vedānta

Brahma-Knowledge: An Outline of the Philosophy of the Vedānta as set forth by the Upaniṣhads and by Shaṅkara. By L. D. Barnett, M.A., Litt.D. (London: Murray; 1907. Price 2*s.* net.)

Dr. Barnett is Professor of Sanskrit at University College and his useful *Outline* belongs to the "Wisdom of the East" series that we have so frequently recommended to our readers. Half the little volume is devoted to a summary of the main doctrines of the Vedānta and half to selections taken mainly from the older Upaniṣhads. The summary is ably done, but, as might have been expected, entirely from the standpoint of an intellectualist and not of a mystic. The Upaniṣhads, however, are supremely mystical, and require more than an intellectual appreciation for their understanding. The translations deserve praise; they are, as again might be expected, superior to the pioneer version of Max Müller, though not quite so good, in our opinion, as the renderings of Deussen. Dr. Barnett approaches the whole subject in a magisterial spirit; he assumes from the start his competence to pronounce judicially on every doctrine of Indian Theosophy. We have never felt that competence ourselves in our study of the Upaniṣhads; on the contrary, we have been frequently taken out of ourselves by their inspired utterances. If only our professors had a little of this illumination, their class-rooms would be filled with enthusiastic students; as it is they are empty.

G. R. S. M.

A Manual of Temperament

An Astrological Key to Character. By Isabelle Pagan. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1907. Price 1*s.* net.)

It is a pity that the title of this useful little pocket manual should increase the already too common confusion of thought between *character* and *temperament*. It cannot be too often stated that astrology

makes no claim to predict what use a man will make of his chances and temptations. It can only say that a man born at a given moment will be sensitive to a particular kind of vibrations and will undergo certain typical experiences. To predict in what way he will respond to them—to say whether he will deal nobly or meanly with his stars—is rather like giving the verdict before the trial. *Character* is not born with us; it is formed (as Goethe says) "in the stress of life."

E.

In Italian

We are very pleased to see that our colleague Dr. G. Sulli Rao has got the machinery of his "Ars Regia" publishing-house in good order, and is turning out useful work. From him we have just received two useful little translations at *L*.1.50 each, well printed and tastefully bound. They are: *Evoluzione e Teosofia* (Dr. Hübbe Schleiden), translated from the German by Prof. Penzig of the University of Genoa; and *Teosofia e Nuova Psicologia* (Annie Besant), translated from the English by Sig. T. Ferraris.

A View of the Book-Lore of India

A Short History of Indian Literature. By E. Horrwitz. With an Introduction by Prof. T. W. Rhys Davids. (London: Fisher Unwin; 1907. Price 2*s*. 6*d*.)

This little book is written by one who has undoubted sympathy with India and Indians, and is almost free from that patronising tone which is often the characteristic feature of books on India written by Europeans other than members of the Theosophical Society or followers of Swāmi Vivekānanda. It gives an account—short and incomplete as it must needs be in a small book—of the contents of some branches only of Sanskrit literature. It of course contains much which is given as the history of these, and also of such topics as "The Aryan Migration," "Buddhism," "The Huns and the Rise of Ujain," and "Hindu Legends and Festivals." Finally it has a chapter on what the author terms "Languages and Nations." This last chapter as well as the footnotes, which are numerous throughout the book, "are meant," as the author tells us in the preface, "for readers who are interested in the kinship of tongues and migration of words."

The account given of the contents of Sanskrit works is such as will surely create an interest in Sanskrit literature on the part of the reader. This is no doubt the main object of the author, and for this all must be thankful to him.

As to what is given here as "history," it consists mostly in the repetition of some of those speculations of European scholars which are based on a practically materialistic view of life. These scholars apparently "*know*" that the world—or at least humanity—began only a few thousand years ago, and that the history of the growth of human thought and literature is one of blind groping after truth. Not only do they *know* this, but they *know* also that the Hindu idea of a beginningless series of universes cannot possibly be true, and that it is impossible that the great beings of past universes could have reappeared and taught mankind as the Hindus hold they did. For, in the first place, there never were any other universes, and even if there were any, surely any great beings who might have attained to wisdom in those past universes are absolutely dead and gone. And even if they do exist, in some spiritual form, surely they can neither return to physical life nor teach mankind in the region of thought and spirit.

In these circumstances it is impossible that "history" could have begun with anything but unaided primitive efforts on the part of equally primitive and undeveloped man. And as man came on earth only a few thousand years ago Hindu history, whether literary or otherwise, could not have begun more than two or three thousand years ago; and when it began it did so only with crude efforts on the part of rude men.

If this view of life and history were true the history of Hindu literature given in the book under notice might possibly be true. But as I cannot see how the Hindu view of life and history can be denied by any who really know, with all due respect I decline to accept the speculations of European scholars. I do not blame the author for giving these speculations as "history," as he no doubt believes in the view of life and history I have sketched above, except that he might have been a little less dogmatic. His style is one of a man who has actually seen the whole of India's history enacted before his very eyes and *knows* exactly how the whole thing came about.

While thus most of the "history" given here must be rejected as worthless by those of us who look upon life from the Hindu point of view, we must also reject as irrelevant and fantastic much of the philology which the author has given us.

As for the introduction of Prof. Rhys Davids, it shows clearly what the Western reader may expect to gain from a study of Indian literature. But Prof. Rhys Davids is so prejudiced against what he calls the Brāhmanic literature and the Theosophical movement that he has not succeeded in writing even these few lines without using some hard words against them—poor results indeed of his lifelong study of Pāli literature!

While these are the defects of the book we yet welcome it for the reason given before.

There are a few minor mistakes as well. For instance Vāsudeva is said to have lived in Agra, while in reality he lived at Mathura, and Gopīs are spoken of as "Shepherd-damsels." But these we may ignore; the author will no doubt correct them in the second edition.

J. C. C.

FROM A STUDENT'S NOTE BOOK

Our Heritage of Thought: Being a Short Review of Some Leading Ideas of Dominant Thinkers in the East and West. By Barclay Lewis Day. (London: J. M. Watkins; 1907. Price 6s. net.)

MR. BARCLAY DAY has attempted a task that even the best-equipped might well shrink from. Towards the end of this well-printed volume he writes:

"From the very nature of the subject, this short review of the world's thought is, at best, but a series of scraps. And yet I make no apology for this fragmentary treatment, simply because I know that, with all its shortcomings, I would so gladly have welcomed just such a collection of the thoughts of the world's thinkers at the time when I first began to take the trouble to think for myself."

We will take it at that then, and forbear to criticise, except so far as to remark that anyone who has given years of study to some one religion or philosophy knows how difficult it is to sum up fairly, how almost impossible it is to keep out the personal factor and avoid hasty generalisations, and above all how laborious a task it is to acquire the preliminary data. The list of exceedingly difficult subjects Mr. Barclay Day has tackled is appalling; he has been an industrious reader; he tries to think for himself. But it is one moderate mind against the greatest minds in the world, and he can hardly be expected to reflect them clearly, even when he reflects the opinions of those who are considered authorities on them.

G. R. S. M.

Some Essays by Prentice Mulford

The Gift of Understanding; A Second Series of Essays by Prentice Mulford. With an Introduction by Arthur Edward Waite. New Thought Library. (London: Wellby; 1907. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The title is really a misnomer. Instead of Understanding there is only a jumble of fanciful reflections, as they are apt to occur in an immature mind, when it is for the first time impressed by the superiority of Thought over Matter, but uncritically still remains under the sway of the ordinary conception that Thought merely labels things, without being able to grasp them as they are in themselves. If Knowledge seems to be increased subjectively, it is owing to the fact that now one proceeds also to *imagine* Thought, and thus finds the sphere of one's conceptions enriched by most novel analogies. But not even the most daring analogy can really explain anything. In order to understand anything at all, one must first of all emancipate himself from a blind use of mind. But Prentice Mulford does not even suspect that he is ignorant of the very ABC of sound reasoning. His assertions appear to be "shot" at you as from a pistol; but although Mr. Waite himself admits on the one hand that he is still "an earth-bound spirit," "at an everlasting loss for commonly appropriate words to express his most common notions," and utterly lacking "the power of intellectual demonstration," he still maintains, on the other hand, that "his thinking power belongs indeed to the divining or intuitive order." Well, granted that there is some intuition behind what he says—even an idiot is often intuitional. In fact, all that is being said by anybody, is only an effort to "voice" intuition of some kind. One may even go as far as to say that no one speaks really of himself. But the point is whether the "voicing" of intuition is already a matter of Understanding or still only a short-sighted vociferation—only a thoughtless expression of Spirit and then not much better than the chatter of geese. Besides, how is the reader to test that Mulford's thinking power belongs indeed to the divining or intuitive order, if it "owes sometimes as little as possible to what is known as the logical process"? If it be answered that the reader must test it by his own intuition, the question remains as to how he is to satisfy himself whether his own intuition is not merely a blind

prejudice? Is then Truth only something subjective? Does its standard amount only to an empirical state of consciousness, which may or also may not be experienced? If so, then no one could be certain of Truth, until he could satisfy himself that everybody that has ever lived and ever will live shares the same intuition; that is, no one could ever be certain of Truth. But such a view degrades Truth to a mere statement of fact; indeed the view is based only on the current presupposition of the ordinary consciousness that Truth is an agreement between Thought and Object, not in the sense that Object is truly immanent to Thought, but in the sense that Thought is in itself only an empty form of cognition, which depends for its content on an externally existing Object, to which it must needs conform. In truth, Intuition is in itself only a dumb sleep of the Spirit, only the womb from which the Knowledge is first to be born. What is wanted and indeed is the true goal, is to articulate its import in a perfectly "Logical" manner and to take nothing for granted.

F. S.

Three Webs of Fiction

Our Lady of the Mists: A Romance of Memory. By M. Urquhart. (London: Hurst & Blackett; 1907. Price 6*s*.)

The Listener, and Other Stories. By Algernon Blackwood. (London: Eveleigh Nash; 1907. Price 6*s*.)

The Immortal Light. By John Mastin. (London: Cassell & Co.; 1907. Price 6*s*.)

M. Urquhart, who under another name is well known to our readers, gives us in *Our Lady of the Mists* a clever story full of beautiful pen-pictures. The memory-problem is well conceived and skilfully worked out. Less introspection and more action would, we think, have made the story flow more freely in the first half; but it is decidedly clever, and though not quite so good as *A Tragedy in Commonplace* is better than *The Wheel*. M. Urquhart is a writer who will make a name; she has the gift of the imagination and a skilful pen.

Mr. Blackwood's stories are also marked with a strong power of conception, and he has the high merit of never repeating himself He makes his creations live, and some of his stories are extraordinarily vivid, weird and uncanny. We heartily congratulate our old contri-

butor. Both these books are written with a knowledge of the possibilities of the unseen that betokens experience.

This is not the case with Mr. Mastin's phantasy; while the former writers create images that are so close to psychic reality that they become alive, Mr. Mastin is a phantasy-weaver, fascinated by electricity and scientific instruments, who imagines a race at the South Pole who live by and for electricity. It is full of impossibilities and contradictions even within its own thought-area, and the style is immature.

G. R. S. M.

Concerning Concentration

The Power of Concentration: How to Acquire It. By Eustace Miles, M.A. (London: Methuen & Co.; 1907. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Many are the writers in the present day on this subject and each has his own patent. Mr. Miles is well-known in the Athletic world as the author of a *System of Physical Culture*, and it is in consequence of the many questions put to him by his "health-pupils" who wish to "improve their powers of concentration and memory," that he has compiled the present volume. The preface is good and gives a useful definition of concentration, teaching its real value and the dangers accruing from its misuse. The succeeding chapters are a curious medley of quotations from well-known writers on psychology and metaphysics, Scientists and Theologians, Indian, American, and European, deftly combined by Mr. Miles with food-reform and cooking-recipes, and with his own views and suggestions. The chapter on "Muscular Relaxing" is especially useful. In the chapter on "Miscellaneous Physical Help" Mr. Miles seems to suggest that *because* the feet become cold during hard study, the power of the brain-work is thereby increased. Is it not rather that the activity of the brain draws the blood to the head, thus depleting, for the time, the rest of the body. It is a physiological fact that the blood naturally goes wherever there is the most activity in the system, hence arises the danger of over-study, and over-exercise of one part of the body, often leading to congestion and other evils. Hard brain-work may produce coldness of the feet, but cold feet can never produce good brain-work.

M. M.

A Spiritist Novel

A Soul's Pilgrimage. By Annie Bright. (London: Simpkins; 1907. Price 6*s.*)

As a novel this book deserves no recommendation. The story is clumsily constructed and dully told. It, however, purports to be a genuine record of spiritualistic experiences, and is strongly recommended by Mr. William T. Stead in a "foreword." Mrs. Bright is the editress of the Melbourne *Harbinger of Light*. The experiences are in the nature of communications with the "dead," and similar things have been related many hundreds of times; there are, however, millions who have never heard of what are such commonplaces to most of our readers, and therefore the book has its utility.

G. R. S. M.

Love—and Limitation

The Triumph of Woman. By George Barlow. (London: The Ambrose Company, Ltd.; 1907. Price 1*s.* net.)

Mr. Barlow has given us another volume of interesting essays, which, if they do not quite reach the level of *The Higher Love*, are suggestive and well-written. He draws attention to the dual aspects of Nature—the creative and the nourishing, which run up the scale of being until we reach the Unmanifest God that unites both, and which are expressed in the present stage of humanity as difference of sex. He points out that the poet is a synthesis of the two aspects, every great poet exhibiting both the masculine and the feminine attributes—the form and the force.

Mr. Barlow's second essay, "The Divineness of the Human," contains beautiful and true thoughts. He speaks excellently of that spiritual passion which is one way of opening the Gate of the Kingdom, and before which Aphrodite Pandemos veils her head.

It is a pity, however, that so able and so liberal a writer should be bound to the old heresy of arrogance—patriotism run mad. We sigh to hear from lips that can thus well hymn the praise of Love, Lord of infinite realms, words such as those in which the singer would confine "unfathomable divineness" to the evolution of this tiny planet. Can his imagination range no further than to believe

that "there *must* be something final and absolute in such ideas of beauty as those attained by Phidias, by Titian, by Michael Angelo"? Is it possible that a *poet* can call our star "the pivot upon which the whole unconscious (!) cosmos revolves," and England "the centre of the cosmic centre"? Love should bring a larger inspiration than this.

The essayist's theory of the "fall of woman" reminds us anew how dwarfing is the old conception of the blundering God, who was obliged to invent the Incarnation as "a divine counter-stroke." Such an impotent God were not worth worship. Surely it was not "a terrible blunder or a crime" that "forced" the sexes into antagonism. It was the Wisdom that generates, *by* differentiation, union; *by* (not in spite of) conflict, power and eternal peace.

A. L.

Addressed to Materialists

The Evolution of Faith: an Essay. By Edmond John Hunt. (London: Watts & Co.; 1907. Price 6*d*.)

This is a thoughtful essay by a man who has gone through the materialist and rationalist courses of world-knowledge and found them inadequate. He gives the theories their full value, and is sympathetic to the point of view of the naïve realism that shouts without ceasing: "Give me facts, Sir!" But he feels there must be something more real, more vital, more satisfying. What it is he cannot imagine; but he longs for a solution, hoping dully for better things:

> From out the ruins of the old theological doctrines and dogmas shall grow a new and purer faith—a faith in harmony with the scientific thought of the age. Not that science is more able than theology to satisfy the curiosity of man with regard to ultimate questions. The fact, however, will gradually be recognised that all speculation regarding the nature of the ultimate reality lies really outside the province of religion, and must be viewed in its true light as a problem of metaphysics. The practice of religion will no longer be regarded as synonymous with the worship of a personal God, but will find its true outlet in the consecration of life to ideal ends, and the quickening of that principle in man which makes for truth, justice and righteousness.

It's going to be far better and brighter than that, we can assure him.

G. R. S. M.

The Education of the Upper Classes

Human Justice for Those at the Bottom: An Appeal to Those at the Top. By C. C. Cotterill. (London: Smith, Elder & Co.; 1907.)

Men are slowly awaking here and there to the facts with which Mr. Cotterill confronts us in this earnest and outspoken book. True is it indeed that the conditions of which he reminds us are "a flagrant outrage upon human justice." But we fear he is far too sanguine in his certainty that he "can make this fact clear to the immense majority of the members of the upper classes." More than his book is required. Many more words, many more deeds, many more catastrophes, perhaps, are needed before the crust of common selfishness, so much harder to penetrate than individual selfishness, even begins to yield.

We think he does not sufficiently consider that before "the social revolution" is attained not only "the upper classes," but all classes, must submit to an evolution which, perchance, can "save" them only "as by fire."

Meanwhile, we wish the author success in his educational task.

A. L.

More from the Samurai Press

The Wayfarers. By Arthur K. Sabin. The Balanced Life. By Eustace Miles. (The Samurai Press: Cranleigh, Surrey; 1907. Price 2s. net, each.)

These two little books, nicely got up with clear print on good paper, deal with far-reaching problems of practical life. The former, in graceful imaginative verse, puts before us the uses of desire in drawing forth the soul to seek the Greater Vision. Mr. Sabin gives us seven men, presumably the seven types, though curiously enough only five of the seven utter their feelings, and he sings of the first stirrings of desire, pointing to that "dream beyond hope," which rises into the noonday strength of the feeling spurring on to strenuous action. Finally comes the fading time of life, when, the man, turning inwards, senses in his soul the uses of the knowledge gained from the universal quest after experience.

In his sensible little treatise Mr. Miles points out the need for attainment of balance, which is not a matter of gigantic continuous

effort, but the result of some will, much intelligence, and common sense, applied to the most ordinary acts of life; for a man may show balance by his method of crossing a street. Though balance may be the result of one's own efforts, it does not necessarily follow that moderation is the process, for merely to avoid excess is not a sufficient rule of life. The final state of poise may be reached through exaggeration in the direction of the opposite fault, rather than through overmuch attention to strict moderation, though it must always be borne in mind that the former is only means and not end.

Mr. Miles apologises for the existence of the crank, who, he maintains, may be a valuable asset taken as part of the whole. An individual who may appear an exaggerator when we view him as a unit, may be a contributor to the balanced life of the nation in so far as he is filling a vacuum, or doing too much of what had been done too little. Here Mr. Miles makes a delightful pot-pourri of Teetotallers, Non-smokers, Vegetarians, Theosophists, Christian Scientists, Socialists, Suffragettes, Esperantists, and so forth; suggesting that the most sensible among them are justifying their existence by excessive doing of what had previously been neglected. From the use of the term "most sensible" we conclude that Mr. Miles presumably is of opinion that there are limits to the use of cranks, and that the more ardent among the followers of these various movements are too extreme even for the office of exaggerators.

Mr. Miles concludes by the sane advice to get a fit body and mind grounded in the alphabet of physical and mental activity.

H. H. R.

Zoolatry

The New Ethics. By J. Howard Moore, Instructor in Zoology, Crane Manual Training High School, Chicago. (London: Ernest Bell; 1907.)

All that distinguishes this book from the ordinary presentation of Vegetarianism is its hysterical tone. Questions as to diet or cruelty to animals normally come to agitate most of us at some time or other, and it is not humane feelings that are to be deprecated; it is only the ridiculous bigotry, which this author lavishes on his reader, that is most distasteful and childish. Surely, there is also a difference of *kind*, not only of degree, between man and beast! It is absurd to hate men out of inordinate love for animals.

F. S.

Good Advice

Character, or the Power of Principles. By Frank H. Randall. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co.; 1906. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"If to do were as easy as to say how to do!"

Character offers on the conduct of life some wise counsel which, if carried out, would make our days a good deal happier and more useful than they generally are. But most of us know already what were good to be done. The difficulty is only to do it. However, it does us no harm to be reminded once again—as Mr. Randall reminds us here—of the advantages of courage, determination, concentration, serenity; of all those virtues we so liberally praise and so insufficiently practise.

The main purpose of the book is to set forth the importance of controlling thought and emotion. Mr. Randall's "Principles" are certain definite conditions of thought and feeling. We applaud the earnestness with which he insists on the necessity of regulating the mind, from which spring all actions, and in commanding which, therefore, man commands all.

Mr. Randall strikes a greatly neglected note when he refers to the repolarisation of the system, as he calls it, to a new and better state by extreme pleasure. We hear much of conversion by trouble and sorrow. There is such a thing as conversion by joy. An intense happiness will sometimes seem to precipitate all the good in a man's character and evaporate the evil.

The author points out, too, very truly, that growth in character is a matter of intensity more than of time. One will reap in the experience of a day, even of an hour, what another will take a life-time to gather, perhaps more. Because, as is indicated in another chapter, some guide their lives only by circumstances, by falling up against the results of actions; others guide circumstances by their lives.

Worry, the shadow of sensitiveness, is treated of at great length. Mr. Randall well shows that worry creates a tie between the mind worrying and the cause of its worry that strengthens with every troubled thought. Serenity and endurance, says our mentor, are the touchstone of the soul. "Our surroundings are symbols of ourselves"; and when we can maintain balance in our environment we are ready to pass out of it to higher responsibilities and a wider sway.

Something too much is made of the theory (true, no doubt to a limited extent) that undesirable emotions render the body liable to disease, while their opposites make for health. The malignant, the envious, the ill-tempered, are not weaker than and more diseased than the loving, unselfish and sympathetic. On the contrary, those who desire to love and to feel with others sometimes seem to share their physical ills.

We fail to understand what is meant by the direction that with every fresh impulse of mind a "corresponding activity in the form of action should be produced physically," and that "every new resolution should be accompanied by an appropriate exercise of the organs." What, for example, would be the appropriate physical accompaniment to a resolve on the part of a miser to put £10 in the plate next Sunday? The imagination boggles at it. And what kind of physical feat should show forth a company promoter's new-born resolve to be honest? The author should have drawn up a scheme of "appropriate exercises," with illustrations. They would have added essentially to the interest of the book.

We wish it the success that its good purpose and good counsels deserve. And in return we venture to offer Mr. Randall some advice on our part. It is this. Before writing another book let him learn to condense, and let him go through an elementary course of English grammar. He habitually uses fifty words where he should use five; and his errors of grammar would be extraordinary in a child. There is something quite touching in Mr. Randall's determination to link substantives in the singular to verbs in the plural and *vice versâ*.

A. L.

The Lower Mysteries and the Child

How We are Born; A Letter to Parents for their Children. By Mrs. N. J. (London: Daniel; 1906.)

This book is meant for parents who wish to explain to their children how they came into the world, but feel a difficulty in doing so. It has a preface by Mr. J. H. Badley, Headmaster of Bedales School, Hants.

The author thinks that the reason why parents feel it difficult to speak of these matters is, that they confuse two separate things—the reproductive instinct, and its degradation. The book is very clear and

straightforward, and there is much useful information in it. The different methods of reproduction in the vegetable and animal kingdoms are explained. Here and there we find a touch of false sentiment, as when it is suggested that the lack of personal feelings on the part of bees and ants "is quite strange to our human heart" (p. 73). Somehow the fairy-tale style of writing does not seem quite to suit the subject in hand, for it is fact, not fancy, which is required. Again, the statement (p. 83) that a man who is "strong, and healthy, pure both in thought and body," is capable of fatherhood, seems to ignore the unfortunate fact that there are many fathers not possessed of these requirements. However, the book on the whole is useful and well written, and may heartily be recommended to parents and others desiring information on these questions; the artificial childishness of the style in some places is of little importance, compared with the practical utility of much of the information supplied, and particularly that given in the last few chapters with regard to the solitary vice, and kindred subjects. S. C.

Biology and Astrology

Medical Astrology. By Heinrich Däath. Astrological Manuals, IX. (London: Fowler & Co.; 1907. Price 1s.)

Mr. Heinrich Däath is one of the few modern astrologers who bring a sound equipment in what is called "natural science" to bear upon that slowly growing knowledge which lies on the borderland of the occult. To bring into line the two methods still commonly supposed to be irreconcilable—that of the biologist and that of the astrologer—is indeed one of the greatest tasks of the immediate future, and to this the present work is a valuable contribution. It deals, not with any mental or psychic "cures," or aids to cure, but with certain clearly established relations between the tissues and functions of the human body and the properties and motions of the planetary bodies; fortified and modified as these relations are by the changes of the moon. At first glance the hand-book looks almost too technical for a popular series, but the wide practical experience and rare discretion of the author are soon apparent. His synopsis of typical diseases, and examination of the zodiacal conditions under which they may yield to a fuller and more inteliigent co-operation with natural laws, are such as to be of real help to the genuine student, while offering no injudicious handles in the way of treatments or prescrip-

tions to the rash amateur. Amid the mass of ill-considered recipes for "good luck" which discredit most astrological literature, it is refreshing to come across this sane and scholarly little book.

E.

The Psychic Powers Latent in Man

The Sixth Sense. Psychic Origin, Rationale and Development. By Frederic Fletcher. (London: Fowler & Co.; 1907.)

This is a clear, concise, and in the main well-written summary of as much as is at present exoteric concerning the organs of the psychic faculty in man. The writer is evidently a diligent student of his subject, and has much practical experience of the matters about which he writes. His methods of development are harmless, in that would-be psychics are warned off the dangerous road of the sympathetic system, and are urged to pay careful attention to bodily and mental purification.

It is to be regretted that so many verbal slips have been allowed to pass uncorrected—such, *e.g.*, as "contact from," "anarchial." The following clumsy sentence is a specimen of several to be met with: "By misunderstanding the psychic exists far greater likelihood of malpractice, by incomplete knowledge its perversion, and if abuse does result then outraged Nature inevitably retaliates."

Such unnecessary obscurities blur what is otherwise clear and well-expressed thinking, and we hope another edition will see them remedied.

Barring these slight defects, Mr. Fletcher has produced an exceedingly interesting book, for which his many friends will have much reason to be grateful. The ten chapters cover practically the whole field of psychic phenomena.

C. E. W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, December, opens with a paper by Miss Lind-af-Hageby on the "Medical Movement against Vivisection." Next we have the opening of a new story by Mabel Collins, entitled: "The Disciple"; Miss Maud MacCarthy once more "threshes the thrice-beaten straw" of the "Basis of the Theosophical Society"; whilst the philosophical matter is furnished by C. E. Anklesaria, "The Weapons of Zoroaster," P. Narayana Aiyer, "Some Ideas of Time," and P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar on "Metaphysical Questions." A very interesting paper is that by N. E. David, undertaking to show that

the usual sectarian Jewish division between Israel and the Gentiles is really susceptible of a far more liberal interpretation. It would indeed be a great service to humanity if he could bring his co-religionists to take so enlightened a view. "The Magic of Japan" is a lively and pleasant account of a fire-walking ceremony, signed L. V.; and Mr. Leadbeater continues his account of the Nature-Spirits.

Theosophy in India, December, has: Notes of Mrs. Besant's lecture, "Religion and Ethics," the conclusion of "Seeker's" "Pleasure or Bliss" (but *is* Bliss the highest ideal?), an electioneering address by R. P. Kamat for the Convention now over; "A Few Stray Thoughts," by M. B., who concludes that "equipped with these three weapons—unending perseverance, a deep and perfect consciousness of our own divinity, and entire faith in the Blessed Masters, *i.e.*, *in the Law*, we shall fight on till the triumphal moment comes"; and C. S. Narain Rao's "Devotion to God as Paramātmā, the Highest Self."

Central Hindu College Magazine, December; a good number, in which Govinda Dasa's slashing attack on the Zenana system may be specially noticed.

The Vâhan, January. Here the questions in the "Enquirer" are as to what a student should do who wishes to cure an illness, but is afraid to try without advice lest he should do harm—to which E. A. B. wisely replies that his earnest *wish* to help is already a great force, and that he had better not try any *systems* till he knows more; what Karma would draw together in marriage; if specialisation in study is to be recommended universally; and the ever-recurring question how the sufferings of animals are to be reconciled with the justice of Karma.

Lotus Journal, January. We desire to call our reader's attention to the Editorial announcement in this number that many subscribers have dropped off, and that the Editors find themselves facing what is for them a serious loss on the past year, and very dubious prospects for the next. We are sure that the extinction of this valuable and entertaining magazine, the only one of its kind, would be a distinct loss to the Society, and we hope that the appeal of the Editors for contributions to cover the deficit, and for new subscribers in sufficient number to make the future of the magazine secure, will be at once and liberally answered. The perusal of even this one number should be enough to answer this purpose, and to convince its readers that they should do something to help.

Also received with thanks: *Bulletin Théosophique*, January; *De Theosofische Beweging; Theosophia*, January, whose leading articles are "Old Diary Leaves," "Theosophy and Christendom," by J. C. H. Wilhelmi, translations from Mrs. Besant and the *Hitopadesha*, and a very practical paper by the Editor on the somewhat thorny question, "Are Theosophists any better than the people around them?"; *Théosophie*, which gives translations of Mrs. Besant's Dutch Address and from her "Religions," with an answer from the *Vâhan* as to cremation; *Sophia*, December, with a long and interesting article on Buddha and St. Josaphat, by Gaston Paris, "Mrs. Besant in Italy," "Man," from Mrs. Besant, and J. R. Moreira's "On the Value of Prayer"; *Bolletino della Sezione Italiana; Ultra*, of which we are glad to learn that "it has completed its first year of life in the most satisfactory manner, and that its success has surpassed the Editor's most roseate anticipations"; *Teosofisk Tidskrift; Omatunto*, whose contents are thus given from the Finnish: "The New Year," by the Editor—"Parting Words to the new Finnish Section," by Arvid Knös—"The Birth of Christ," a mystical essay by the Editor—"Between two Extremes," by Aate, and translations, etc.; *Theosophy in Australasia*, December, in which the valuable study "Lectures and Lecturers of Theosophy," and Miss Haycroft's "Theosophy and Modern Science" are concluded; *Theosofisch Maandblad;* and an excellent number of *La Verdad.*

Modern Astrology, January, opens what promises to be a valuable series of papers by the Editor under the title of "Esoteric Astrology," whose scope is defined thus: "Three things will be taken for granted: (1) That *character* is *destiny;* (2) That the theory of *reincarnation* is acceptable as a feasible working hypothesis; and (3) that *controlled energy overcomes fate.*" Mrs. Leo's "Pre-natal Conditions and Environment" is also well worth study. *Occult Review*, January, has for its *pièce de résistance* Dr. Hartmann's Autobiography, in which he sets forth his view of his experiences with H. P. B., illustrated with a reproduction of a caricature referred to in *Old Diary Leaves*, the reality of which is even more amusing than the Colonel's description. She had a very considerable natural talent with the pencil as well as with the pen. *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau* has an interesting paper by Rabbi M. D. Camerini, "The Hebrew Conception of God," translated from *Coenobium. Siddhanta Deepika; Notes and Queries; Rosicrucian Brotherhood; Herald of the Cross; Health Record.*

W.

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