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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

DEATH opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it; it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hand.—STERNE.

IN our last number we had only space to insert at the last moment a brief notice of the passing away of our beloved colleague, Mme.

P. C. Meuleman, one of the first pioneers of  
The Passing of Mme. Theosophy in Holland. We have to print a  
P. C. Meuleman

fortnight before publication in order to appear simultaneously in the United States and this country, and thus though early to press we are late in news.

It is no place in a Theosophical magazine to lament, as men are wont to lament and be sorry for themselves, when someone they love is, as the saying goes, "taken from them." It is indeed natural to feel this loss, especially when the one who has departed is a vigorous and strenuous worker, a friend and a helper; but such sorrow and lamentation are taken from us by the conviction that the worker, and friend and helper, is not removed to some long distance, but is still near at hand, as competent to

aid, nay, far more capable of helping, now that she is untrammelled by a suffering body, which even in health hindered much she desired to accomplish. We have always personally regretted our ignorance of Dutch, mainly because we desired to understand Mme. Meuleman when she set forth her thoughts and feelings in her mother tongue; though listening without understanding, nevertheless we have always before us the memory of one speaking like some ancient prophetess, impressive and fully persuaded that she had a message to give forth.

It is much to have won the love and respect of so many in a short lifetime, and that indubitably "Piet" Meuleman has done, not only in Holland, but also elsewhere where she has been known, and especially in England. It will never be forgotten that she was one of the foundation stones—we doubt if any will contradict us, if we say *the* foundation stone of Theosophy in Holland; that is a great privilege for any to have enjoyed, and it will surely be counted unto her for righteousness by Those who are far greater than ourselves.

Of personal recollections it would be out of place for us to write, for they are so very meagre when compared with the far fuller memories of our colleagues in Holland, who are devoting a special number of their magazine *Theosophia* to the loving memories of a life well spent; moreover, as we have already said, our intercourse was hampered by want of a common tongue. Nevertheless, in spite of this great drawback, there was much understanding between us and always affection and warm friendship. This much was ever certain, and it is the principal thing, that Mme. Meuleman loved first and best of all things in this world Theosophy, loved it so deeply that it entered into every fibre of her being; she is a colleague not of one life but for all time. May she then soon return visibly to continue her work, as we have not the slightest doubt she is continuing it unseen by us in our "waking" state, though not unseen for all the twenty-four hours of her unbroken day.

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THE subject of totemism bulks so largely in the researches of our present-day anthropologists, who arrogate to themselves the posi-

tion of being the only truly scientific students of the origins of religion, that it is extraordinary they have not yet hit on some explanation which contains at least a grain of probability in it. We have ourselves always supposed that totemism, which is certainly one of the oldest cults and customs, if not the oldest cultus which has come down to us from primitive humanity, must preserve the dim traces of some very patent fact in nature. There is no space in the paragraphs of "On the Watch-Tower" to do more than hint at the primitive idea underlying the debased remnants of totemism which remain for us to study in the customs of a few remaining tribes; but we are strongly inclined to think that it dates from a time when animals and men were more closely related than they are to-day. Totemism was presumably begotten of the fact that man possessed a nature in common with the animal, in brief that he had an animal soul, and in these early days a most strong and potent animal soul, far more plainly and openly allied to the animal than is now generally the case. This soul was of many types, more grouped than it is to-day, the blood ties of the clan were stronger far than in these days of "mixture of caste." In brief, primitive man was very closely in touch with the most developed species of the animal "group-soul" classification.

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SUCH considerations, however, can have meaning only for students of Theosophical anthropogenesis, and our modern authorities would laugh them out of court as the figments of a disordered imagination. But let us hear what the Totem folk have to say of themselves, for a most important scrap of information has lately been added to the sum of human knowledge. Those famous anthropologists, Messrs. Gillen and Spencer, who have thrown such brilliant light on the customs and traditions of the Australian blacks, have lately returned from a year's laborious work among the aborigines of the Northern Territory of the great Australasian continent. They have added to their stock of information much of value, which will doubtless appear in book form at no distant date, but the most important item of knowledge which they have gleaned seems to us to be the blacks' own tradition of why they

The Totemist's  
own Explanation

totemise, and this we will reproduce from the interesting report of a lecture given by Mr. Gillen at Adelaide, and taken from *The Adelaide Register* of July 28th :

Each tribe was divided into two or more classes, and a man of one class could only marry a woman of another. In addition to these the classes were divided into groups, bearing the name of a material object, which was said to be a totem. The Arunta natives believe that in the far-off days there were only half human beings descendant from animals or plants, and these were their ancestors. All who sprang from a kangaroo kept that animal as their totem. The head men of each were supposed to look after the dwelling of the totem, which was sacred ground, and a place of refuge for all offenders. All tradition was handed down by the head men, and thus the primitive race showed the origin of historical record.

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THE introduction of plants somewhat complicates the matter, but the value of the information is that, as far as we recollect, it is the first time that the idea has ever been  
Theriolatry adumbrated in tradition outside of mythology.

The importance of this idea is incalculable for the comparative science of origins ; by this idea we do not mean that the crude statement of the Arnutas is to be taken literally, but that the fact underlying totemism is connected with the animal soul in man. For instance, take the most striking example of the so-called theriolatry or worship of animals of the ancient Egyptians. It is very evident that the high ideas of the conquering immigrating race in Egypt were superimposed on a substratum of aboriginal crude totemism. The subject is one of profound interest and deserves the most careful study, for it is intertwined with a host of problems which have so far been but a standing puzzle to all but the very few who have entirely emancipated themselves from the fear of modern opinion. But enough for the moment on this matter.

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THERE is a most instructive two-column report in *The Times* of December 9th, of Dr. Sven Hedin's account of his "Three Years' Exploration in Central Asia, 1899-1902," which he read to a crowded meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Apart from the great geographical value of the labours of this

The most Recent  
Exploration in  
Central Asia

indefatigable traveller, it is of interest to read of the elaborate precautions taken by the Tibetans to prevent Dr. Hedin's visiting Lhasa. They treated him most kindly, but the proclamation of the Dalai Lama was emphatic and his commands strictly obeyed. "It is entirely unnecessary," said that high dignitary, "that any European shall enter into the kingdom of the holy books and spy out the land." The other point of greatest interest for our readers is that Dr. Sven Hedin discovered a number of Chinese MSS. and records which the well-known sinologist, Professor Himly, of Wiesbaden, declares to date from the third century A.D. So far these for the most part commercial records are of no special interest to the student of religion, but the recent "finds" of Dr. Stein near Khotan, on the southern fringe of the Takla-Makan Desert, lead us to hope that these are but the forerunners of other and more important "finds." For as the leader writer of *The Times* puts it: "There is no reason to suppose that we have as yet done more than unearth the merest fraction of the treasures buried beneath the sand of the Central Asian desert." Such is our hope, but our prayer is for greater things still. May it be possible that these mysterious sands of Gobi hide for the discovery of the future treasures as rich as those of Egypt, nay immeasurably more valuable for the world than anything we have so far brought to light.

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THE Russian Court has always been more appreciative of things occult than the more Western courts of Europe. Some months ago sensational paragraphs appeared in the continental press concerning the doings of a certain M. Philipp in the highest circle of Russian nobility. Finally even the reserve of *The Times* was broken down, and its Vienna correspondent telegraphed as follows in the issue of November 24th :

"Occultism" in Russia

Certain sensational rumours which have been current in Vienna having now found an echo in respectable journals both here and in Berlin, it is scarcely possible to ignore them any longer. Indeed, their publication may have the advantage of provoking an authoritative denial. The *Neue Freie Presse*, which yesterday reproduced from a Berlin periodical an account of the alleged extraordinary influence exercised by a spiritualist named Philipp

at the Russian Court, to-day publishes fresh particulars from what it describes as a well-informed source. It says that M. Philipp, who was presented to the Tsar at the house of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, now occupies quite an exceptional position at Court as occultist, spiritualist, and hypnotiser. It is even asserted by persons closely connected with the Court that no important decision is taken by the Emperor Nicholas without consulting M. Philipp, who advises the Tsar even on matters affecting his family life. His "psychic" treatment of disease, however, is said to have had an unfavourable effect upon the Empress in May.

The same journal's issue of December 11th contains a further communication which, as we suspected, identifies this Philipp with the "Philippe" of Lyons who is thought so much of by certain French "occultists." What truth there may be in the matter is not a matter of public knowledge, but no authoritative denial has been given to these rumours. It is instructive to notice the different attitude to such matters taken up in Russian court circles, for we know of great interest in such matters quite apart from these rumours, and the hostility shown to everything of the nature by the Imperial family in Germany; but we are not a society journal and do not desire to feed our readers on gossip.

\* \* \*

IT was reported at the recent meeting of the British Association at Belfast, in the Geological Section, that bones of the Arctic Lemming had recently been discovered in the Coffey Cave of Keishcorran Mountain, fifteen miles south-west of Sligo in Ireland. Everyone is familiar with the fact that the modern Lemmings of Norway exhibit, or used to exhibit, the instinct of periodical migration under very remarkable circumstances. At a certain season great hordes of these creatures travel in a south-westerly direction, and under the impulse of so deep-rooted and powerful an instinct that no obstacle can bar their way; arrived at the coast, they still press on and perish in the sea. What more natural than to suggest that this is a case of an instinct preserved from a period when these animals lived on a continent having an extension in a N.E. and S.W. direction, and on which they periodically migrated to and fro. Geological and botanical phenomena seem to indicate that at some former epoch there was a continuous land-surface between Scotland and Norway; the

The Lemming  
and Atlantis

Coffey Cave of Keishcorran Mountain, fifteen miles south-west of Sligo in Ireland. Every-

resemblance between the floras of the two countries is especially striking ; we also know that Scotland and Ireland were once united ; the basaltic formations of Staffa and the Giants' Causeway are identical in character. On Map No. 2 of *The Story of Atlantis* we see an island-continent including within its shores both Scandinavia and the British Isles, the long axis of which lies in a N.E. and S.W. direction. There then we have the former home of the little Lemming, and, doubtless, a far more satisfactory one, where its numbers were not constantly decimated by annual drownings. At a still earlier period the southern portion of this island formed, in its turn, part of the Atlantean continent, on which, probably, the Lemming was first evolved.

[W. C.]

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WE have heard many strange "snake" stories and "fish" stories, but here is a "snail" story that need not be ashamed of itself for startling novelty. The following paragraph is taken from *The Daily Telegraph* of October 14th :

The Intelligence  
of Gastropods

Rather more than a year ago there was quoted in this column a striking instance of intelligence on the part of a land snail, reported by a British naturalist. M. Camille Spiess records in the French *Revue Scientifique* a case as remarkable. At the foot of the Jura, in the canton of Vaud, there lives a farmer who raises edible snails (*Helix pomatia*). He has as many as 50,000 of them at one time, in an enclosure surrounded by a wooden fence about 2ft. high. To prevent the escape of the molluscs the top of the fence is covered with a board, the edge of which is armed with sharp metallic points. Lately the snails have discovered the means to surmount this barrier. A number of them climbed the fence until they reached the top, and then, forming a sort of ladder, those behind passed over the shells of the others in front, and so all but one got safely over the top without being impaled on the metal points. "This simple story proves," says M. Spiess, "that the vineyard snail is not without cunning; his behaviour in this case gives evidence of a reasoning faculty such as we have never before encountered in his actions." One must go very low down the animal scale to reach the last trace of thought and will.

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THE *Express* of December 4th gives us a spider story which we retail again for what it is worth. The last paragraph seems to be somewhat tall. If true, what has *that* to do with totemism?—some one may ask.

A Spider Story

An elderly lady who lives in her own house at Buttes Chaumont, Paris, and who is the daughter of one of the functionaries under the late Empire, has discovered that spiders are peculiarly appreciative of music. She has made great pets of them, and her house is full of spiders of all kinds, on whom she spends her time and fortune.

Her protégées are lodged in a large, airy room, where she has provided every necessary support for their different webs. Her great favourites are immense black spiders, which, with their hairy legs and great bodies, look very repulsive to others.

When she is inclined to show off their capabilities for music she surrounds herself with a circle of water to keep off their too delicate attentions, and plays slowly, softly, and in a minor key on the harp. From all corners of the room the spiders run towards her, listening with evident pleasure; but should she strike up a noisy, gay, inharmonious strain they scamper back to their holes as though disgusted.

A curious fact in connection with this story is that the lady bears the birthmark of a spider.

One of our colleagues, who is an authority on spiders, smiled gravely when we submitted this paragraph to his notice. The main difficulty is that spiders have no ears, or rudiments of ears. What has all this to do with our "arachnoid ancestry"?

\* \* \*

WE have received the following from a correspondent; and as we know that some of our readers knew Schlatter personally, and at least one of them had much to do with him,

The Healer Schlatter	we should be glad if they would communicate with us on the subject.
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The October REVIEW has just come to hand, and I notice a reference to Schlatter, the "divine healer," which appears to me to show less than the REVIEW's usual accuracy. It is hardly correct, I think, to say that America hunted Schlatter to death. Great distances and much uncertainty enveloped the ultimate fate of this man, whose "resurrection," announced more than once, helped to augment the bewilderment of the public mind. But it is, I think, pretty certain that Schlatter underwent no persecution except that of popular curiosity, which, in conjunction with his religious ideal, drove him to seek retirement in a desert, and his disappearance ensued in due course.



## SUN- AND FIRE-WORSHIP IN MODERN RUSSIA\*

THE "Forsaken Country" (*Zapàdly Kraj*) is the strange name which the peasants of "White Russia" give to their province. In their primitive language the word *zapàdny* ("West" country) does not exist, it becomes *zapàdly* ("forsaken"), and nature and life give them right in this to some extent.

The songs of their country are "forsaken" also; poor in verse and melody, with no half-tones (as in the "Chinese" gamut); they are sung in unison, and most of them are sad as death. In the creation of the Russian Saga, the mighty *Bylina*, the White Russian had no part, nor had he in the fierce warrior-songs of the Cossak in the South. Fairy tales alone have grown on this wild soil; folk-tales as thick and tangled as weeds.

The land itself was unceasingly bathed in the blood of ruinous wars; slavery, with poverty and natural meekness, effected the rest. The people are now free, but as for centuries their mind and soul were paralysed, their views of the world and life have remained what they were in Nestor's time, the days of the old chronicle-writers of ancient Russia. They were true to "Paganism" then; they follow it still. The poet A. N. Maikoff has preserved for us the fervent exhortation of one of the early Christian church fathers to those unsubmissive "Heathen":

"O ye forlorn souls in darkness," it runs. "The idols are fallen and ye are still the slaves of dæmons! The elements ye call gods, the sun and the fire! To the fire ye pray and call it *Svarogitch*. Ye still appeal to *Perun* and to *Yarila* (Spring). Ye wrap a virgin in flower-garlands and she goes into the fields, and ye run about her with water libations, dressed up in skins of beasts. Charms ye know, many in number; the winds ye

\* *Survival of the Ancient Cult of Nature in White Russia*, by A. E. Bogdanovitch, Grodno; 1895.

name 'Children of Stribog';\* the dawn a woman sitting on the waters, on the ocean, in reddening palace of gold and of silver; for Svarogitch ye use charms!"

In 1,000 years the "Heathen" have not much changed, and it is to the god of the fire the modern cult—half-unconscious and hidden under the superficial paint of Christianity—is still chiefly dedicated.

In old Lithuania (Litwa, part of "White Russia") virgins named Waïdelotki maintained a perpetual sacred fire at the feet of the statue of Perkun, the fire called Znitch, which some scholars believe to be an independent deity, a name of the Eternal Father. So also our Russian ancestors considered the sun and fire as brothers entitled to one worship, the twin sources of warmth and light and of life. For the White Russian the fire is the guardian of the home, the very principle of the family life. In very remote parts of the province each family has its *own* fire, carefully preserved and carried to any new dwelling the household may choose. The greatest sin is to insult the fire; and its revenge is feared, for the "*jija*," as the children there call it, "bites" and inflicts on the culprit a malady of the face—the *vognik*. To cure this, three hot coals are taken out of the brightest part of this fire and are passed three times over the stricken place, and then thrown back to the flames with the words "Return thence whence thou camest," while the patient kisses the fire-place thrice.

When little children cry and cannot sleep at night, they are supposed to be tormented by the *notchnitgy* (the night-fairies)—small, dark spirits of the night. Only fire, principle of light, can triumph over them. The child is therefore wrapped in a corner of the mother's dress, and as she swings him before the hearth, she sings: "The day comes; it sends the night-fairies away; it sends to us the day-fairies; it takes away all the pain. In the fire, in the fire . . . chuh!"

To the fire is also offered the first-fruits of the fields, and of course the most important part is played by the fire in marriage ceremonies. On entering the house of her future husband, the bride first goes up to the hearth and salutes it, touching it with her hands. On Easter Day no spark of the household fire is

\* See "Tale of Igor's War," TH. REV., March, 1900.

allowed to go out of the house or to be lent. On the week of St. Thomas so-called (the week after Easter) the "fire-marriage" is celebrated, but who the fire-bride is, is now impossible to discover. The whole house is made clean, and offerings of butter and fat thrown into the fire.

Water is next to fire a special object of worship; they call it Queen Water. In the time of the ancient Slavs, the warriors of Prince Siraldslav, after the burial of their comrades fallen on the battle-field, threw into the Danube little children and cocks. White Russia, to this day, keeps up the cult of the "lake" and the "source." The water, as much as the fire, is to be guarded from insult and from evil influence.

But the most respected element is the earth. An oath given by one holding earth in the hand or in the mouth is the most solemn and terrible of pledges. To such an one every White Russian will accord implicit belief. It is said that before great calamities the earth moans at dawn. Even to stones a cult is paid; there are many stones on the barren plains of White Russia which are reputed to possess magical force. In the village Perejir, near Igoumen, are two stones called Dzemian and Maria, renowned for their healing power; "Maria" is specially famous, *ex-voto's* are hung all round it, and cart-loads of offerings have been brought to it. . . . To such stones the legend generally attaches that they were men turned into stone for sin. A curious fact is that some of them bear the trace of a human footprint. The weird respect inspired by these stones extends to the arrows and spears of the stone-age found in these parts and called "Peroun's arrows."

Woods and hills are among the objects of minor worship, and the "Calling of Spring"—the graceful ceremony to which we shall shortly refer—always takes place "on a mount" (*na yuron*). In these woods is found the weed of "St. John"; it can bloom and be plucked only on St. John's eve, and is believed to give its owner magical powers, just as does also the "bursting-weed" which, if hidden *under* the skin of the right hand, opens any lock and any door.

To these popular deities and charm-givers belong also the snake. In White Russia the serpents have a "Serpent Tzar," who wears a golden crown and crawls at the head of his subjects;

his crown is formed of small golden horns. If you meet such a "procession" of snakes, you should throw down a present of "bread and salt," and spread a linen cloth for the Serpent Tzar to pass over, and he will thank you by leaving on the sheet one of these little golden horns. This serpent-horn bestows exceptional wisdom on the lucky possessor, and enables him to read thoughts, explain difficulties, and triumph over all obstacles. No poison can hurt the possessor of so potent a talisman. In Indian legends the Râjâ of the Nâgas can bestow like powers.

The most powerful charm, however, is thought to consist in the sound of certain words and syllables; all spoken charms of White Russian have a peculiar rhythm. The power of these sounds can be communicated to objects also, the words being spoken over water, bread, wine and so on. The power can also be "given to the wind," and in this case it is "black" magic for it brings evil to the person against whom the wind is directed; it may also sometimes bring misfortune on the magician himself.

A characteristic feature of this psychic folk-lore is the study of dreams. The same word ("*trizna, triznit*") is used for death and dream. When a man stricken with fever begins to rave, one must take him by the little finger of his hand, and, gently stroking the hand itself, question him. He will answer any question fully and with the greatest sense.

The "soul," in the eyes of the White Russians, is to the body as vapour is to water. Many affirm that they have seen, at the moment of someone's death, the soul rising out of the mouth as a cloud of vapour. The "soul" can take on endless forms and any image, and also make itself invisible. At the side of the dying they place a cup of clear water and a clean linen cloth for the "bath of the soul" as soon as it is liberated. After death the soul stays near its earthly home for forty days. For six days it remains close to the house, and then three are spent in roaming over its fields. After this period it rises to heaven or falls down to hell, or remains on earth, going into a tree, or an animal, or even a man, who then suffers all his life till the sins of the returning soul are expiated.\*

\* This must be a confused reminiscence of ancient teachings on reincarnation. The number of days (40, 6, 3) seem also to be a relic of the sacred number 49.

The legends of vampirism are frequent, and most of them horrible; and it may be that to this day exponents of fourth-race magic (and even of third-race for all we know of the origin of the autochthones of these parts) still practise their awful arts among the timid, defenceless population.

Of its old gods White Russia now knows nothing. Peroun, god of the celestial fire, however, is still named when lightning flashes; the villagers believe that he holds in his hands two mighty mill-stones which he clashes together, and their sparks fall on earth as arrows of stone. He directs the darts chiefly against trees, for in these the evil one seeks refuge, and therefore is it that trees are so dangerous in time of storm.

Household gods, the *dymovoi*, or elemental of the herd, the *hlevnik*, who takes care of horses and cattle, and the rest, are still honoured all over the land.

Some rich homes are supposed to be served by the "golden serpent," the origin of which fabulous creature is as follows. If a black cock lives seven years, at the end of the seventh it produces one egg resembling the shell of a chrysalis. This is to be carried under the arm for three years, and then a small serpent comes out. If well tended and fostered it grows into a shining, golden, *flying* serpent, which will hunt for treasures and bring them to its master. Often in White Russia a villager in the fields will call out: "There goes the serpent," as some bright flash is seen far away. Scientific students of folk-lore seem to have no explanation for the possible origin of this belief; but some natives pretend that the "serpent" is a man who can travel through the air.

The rivers, mountains and woods have their usual population of nature-spirits, well recognised and feared. The only special poetical feature of White Russian belief is the legend of the "motherland" in the deepest centre of forests, where the Spirit of the Woods dwells, and whereinto disappear all sick and dying animals, which alone know the secret paths into its dark-roofed wildernesses of foliage.

The old gods are forgotten even to their names. The White Russian has scarcely ever heard of Hors, Svarogitch, Yarila and of Dajd-Bog, the "god of gifts"; he scarcely knows what

“Koliada” means, the day that began the new year in old times. But still he keeps up the traditional supper of seven dishes for Christmas Eve; he still goes round his house, dish in hand, and to his wife, who asks him on the threshold: “Who comes?” he still answers: “The God! He brings the *kontia*”\*; and re-entering his home he still invites the household to partake of the supper. Sometimes, too, the “Frost” is invited to join in the feast, to win its mercy for the fields. Christmas, or rather the “Koliada,” is the great season of all games and rites of fortune-telling and divination, but they are not original.

The chief feature of these Christmas and New Year festivities is the “dancing” games, played by girls and young men, and also by children, seemingly referring to marriage and to the coming spring; we say “seemingly,” because the words of the songs which now accompany the dance are either commonplace or almost senseless, and give little explanation of the original meaning of these dances. The “Yatchur” dance, a children’s dance exclusively, is a sort of round game, where a boy sits in the midst of a moving circle of little girls crowned with flowers, who, one by one, are drawn by him into the middle of the dancing and singing chain. Some songs refer vaguely to a sacrificial victim, and to an old man who is the sacrificer—maybe a reminiscence of the Lithuan “Druids,” the ancestors of the country.

The sunniest, brightest rite of this half-Pagan folk is the “Calling of Spring,” beginning on the 21st of March. The whole of the youthful populace of the village assembles in the farm-yards. Swings are erected, and there is a feasting on cakes in the form of birds, and singing “to lock out Winter, to call in the Spring”; these songs continue for the rest of Lent, when, after Easter, the snow gone, and the earth showing everywhere the first signs of green, the youths gather, at evening, on the hills, and “greet” the lovely season that has come, in the following song:

She comes, the Spring, she comes  
On her golden horse, golden with silvery mane,  
In her green vestments.

\* The *kontia* is a dish of rice sweetened with raisins.

Her right hand casts the seed into the moist earth.  
She brings us days of light,  
Green herbs, and purple flowers,  
Garlands of flowers for us.

Some time back the Spring was still received with all the rites of Pagan star-worship (so far as we know it). An old woman, who is still living, told the author of the essay from which we quote most of these details, that in her youth the feast was still observed as follows: The most beautiful girl of the village was elected to represent the Spring; she was crowned and covered with flowers, and set on a plough; the youths of the village took the place of the horses and made the whole round of the fields, round the fires lit in a circle all along the way, to the laughing rhythm of the "Song of Spring."

Easter itself is called the "Great Day,"\* and numerous lesser rites are observed on each of the days that follow it and begin the period of field-work, in order to assure the harvest and propitiate the "saints" ostensibly of each day or epoch, who are really the substitutes of the forgotten gods, the servant deities of the rising Sun. Then comes the "Koupala," eve of St. John's day, on which the "Sun plays," *i.e.*, divides itself into several suns, which separate and join again in one, playing in the heavens. On that day, or night, herbs and flowers have a peculiar, magical power, especially the *koupalka* (*ranunculus acris*) which is supposed to foretell the future. A curious detail is that these herbs are brought on the following day to church, to be blessed. On that magic night the flowers speak, and even dance! But "Ivan Koupala"—this strangely-named feast-day, which blends the name of St. John with the name of the Pagan god of the Slavs—is chiefly consecrated to fire or light. In the evening a wheel is set up in the fields, on the top of a long pole, and set on fire, while the young people dance round the pole. When it is almost burnt out and the flames are low enough, couple by couple jump over them, to "purify" themselves, while the "Koupala" song rings out with the repeated cry: "*Souniyka, souniyka.*"

The last feast consecrated to the Sun is the "Rich Day,"

\* Easter is also the "Great Day" of Russia's Christian religious life.

celebrated in autumn (but now no longer in all parts of the province as of yore). A sheaf of wheat, with a burning candle in it, is brought in turn, year by year, to each house in the village, and on the day of the feast of autumn is consecrated at mass said in the courtyard of the house, the "*bogatch*" standing on a table covered with white linen, and surrounded with samples of all the harvest grains. The round of all the houses is then made and the procession circumambulates the herded village cattle also. This is the autumnal feast of the Sun, just as "Koliada" in winter, "Koupala" in summer, and the "Spring-songs" in spring.

The fact that the "*bogatch*" is celebrated in every village on its patron saint's day seems to indicate that it is a survival of the cult of the Slav god "Dajd-Bog" (god of gifts, or protector). It is now, however, an almost unknown custom, and is seldom observed, killed out by "civilisation" as it pours into the still, monotonous life of the birch woods of the flaxen-haired Lithuanians.

The ancient Slavs knew of "white" gods and "black" gods; the White Russians still retain some belief in spiritual hierarchies and their servants on earth, good and bad. The gigantic image of Satan, however, is unknown to their poetry, and their "dæmons" are of small size. There is a legend of how these dæmons had a war in heaven with the angels, how the angels conquered and the dæmons fell, and falling broke legs and spine, and thus there are now arch-dæmons with humps and crooked feet. The chief dæmon of all was put in chains by the angels and hid in a mountain; his common name is "Zmok," which means the "dragon." In this legend of a very simple race, comes a poetic passage, almost identical with the thought of Dante:\* "When the dæmon stirs, or in fury struggles with his chains, striving to break them, earth trembles and mountains open. The chain is thick, but each year the sharp sin of man makes it thin, thinner than a hair."

At Easter it is so thin that it almost breaks; yet still it keeps its hold on the evil. But with the first ringing out of the Paschal song: "Christ has risen!" it grows thick again. But

\* "A chacune de ces délivrances la montagne s'ébranle comme s'est ébranlée la terre lors de la résurrection." (Pars xx., 21, etc., Klaczko, *Causeries Florentines*.)



one day sin will eat the chain quite away, and then the last thread snaps and the sinful world is doomed.

The legend of the creation is more simple. Water covered all earth in the beginnings of things; God ordered the Devil to dive down and get a handful of earth. The Evil One did so, but hid part of it in his mouth. God cast down the earth on the waters with a blessing, and the earth began to grow, covering the ocean with a flat surface. The earth in the Devil's mouth began to grow also, and he, falling down in paroxysms, threw it up in heaps; whence the mountains arose. From the Evil One came the noxious plants, and eating these, among the good seeds sent down for man by God, the good and useful animals turned into bears, wolves and other dangerous beasts. God then made man and breathed into him His breath; the Evil One watched for the moment when man fell asleep, and then breathed on him, and so the germ of evil passions arose in man.

The "good" and "evil" side, has each its servants among the men of earth: the *vedmak* and *vedma* (the "black magican," male and female), and the *charovnik*, *vorobjit*, *znahar* (the knower)—good, or at any rate not evil minded, magicians.

Some are "professionals" and know how to use the elements. Some people of special trades, as the keepers of wind-mills and of water-mills for instance, are *ipso facto* supposed to have magical power over the particular element which serves their trade, and to have a *netchistik* (impure) elemental of that element, at their disposition. All this is considered as lawful magic, as concerning Nature only and the benefit of man; but it has also an evil side, in which to attain to the "height" of power some blasphemous rites are supposed necessary. In the last century White Russia witnessed many *auto-da-fé's* of witches. Up to the present day there are reputed to be many *vovkolaks*, who, just as the witches, can turn into animals (wolves). They are larger than real wolves, with a great head and four eyes—two in front and two at the back of the head. This sends us back to the times of the first heroes of Slav Saga, to Volga Vseslavitch, who "ran as a grey wolf, flew as an eagle, turned into the fish of the sea"; but it was the great, benevolent and wise magic of the Past which taught the heroes; the poor survivors of Pagan Slavonia in these

lonely tracts, with blood of fourth-race men mixed with Aryan—they know only the cunning and ignorant “witch.”

Such is White Russia. White Russia, the confused and half-conscious creed of which (mingled with outward rites of Christianity) we have tried to trace, is one of the least known, one of the most forsaken and also most ancient parts of the world. Its woods and its deadly swamps could perchance tell much of the tale which links the “Paganism” of the fourth race to that of the early fifth.

A RUSSIAN.

## THE DOG, THE MAN AND THE SEER

### I. THE DOG

THE Dog sat at his master's feet, blinking at the fire. He was wondering vaguely, as he basked in the genial rays, what amusement his master could find in staring at a book.

“I wish he would put that thing away, and take me for a run,” thought the dog. “He usually goes about this time, but the chances don't look very bright this evening. He seems to have settled down for good now.

“However, you can never tell. Sometimes he jumps up quite unexpectedly and takes me out; another time, he goes off by himself. I don't mind much, so long as he stays at home to keep me company, but I hate to be left behind all alone.

“I have often wondered,” he continued, scratching his ear meditatively, “why he goes away every day, and why he never takes me with him. But he is always at home on the days they call ‘Sunday.’ Those are the times I like. I can always reckon on getting a good run then, and besides it's not half so dull with someone about the house.”

An irritation on the left shoulder here demanded immediate attention, causing a temporary interruption to the flow of thought.

“I only wish I could do as I liked, the same as he does,”

resumed the Dog. "Take the question of food, for instance. He has all kinds of things and can eat as much as he wants; none of your biscuits and gravy, which I get so tired of.

"Then I've often seen him go into a shop and pick up whatever he seemed to fancy. I used to try to do the same once, but soon found out that a dog only gets a kick for his pains. It's true you can sometimes find an old bone or bit of fish in the street. They don't seem to mind your taking *that*, for some reason.

"On the whole, my experience is that it's no good trying to get your own way while he's about. You have got to do what you're told, or else it means whip."

The Dog yawned and stretched himself.

"There's no sign of his moving, but still, it's rather pleasant here by the fire."

He was growing weary of his thoughts, the canine brain being more fitted for observation than reflection.

The problem of life, so far as it was revealed to him, seemed to be insoluble; so, after turning round several times, he finally settled down, tucked his nose under his leg, sighed heavily and went to sleep.

## II. THE MAN

The Man sat in his arm-chair gazing moodily at his feet on the fender. Things had not gone well with him of late and the world seemed to be out of joint.

He was a business man and not usually addicted to contemplations of a speculative character, but, being in a pessimistic mood, he had been brooding over his misfortunes, and from these his thoughts had turned upon the broader problem of existence.

"Everybody has to earn a living for themselves somehow," he thought, "but all seem to have different chances and opportunities of getting on in the world. It's a perfect lottery.

"I know men, for instance, who just stepped into their fathers' business, and got into a comfortable position, without having any hard work or worry, to speak of. Others have influence behind them to push them on. Others again, whose parents are well-to-do, are able to live at home, and if they are only careful, can save up enough money in a few years to give themselves a fair start.

“ I never had any such luck. My father died when I was at school, and every penny I possess I have had to earn, and keep myself into the bargain. It has been a hard enough job working up my little business, without any capital to fall back on. And now, just as I was beginning to find things rather easier, there come those confounded bad debts, one on the top of another. It's enough to take the pluck out of anyone.

“ However, it's the same kind of thing all through. Some are born strong and some weakly; some clever and some stupid. Then look at the case of the youngsters in the slums. What chance do they have of getting on in life? It's true they go to the Board Schools and get an education of some sort, but no one bothers about them at home, and they just spend their time larking about the streets; no wonder they turn into Hooligans and public-house loafers.

“ And yet the parsons talk about all men being equal in the sight of God. Where does the equality come in, I should like to know? Besides, what do parsons know about the difficulties of getting a living? They have a pretty easy job themselves. Their chief business seems to consist of preaching things for others to practise. It's not surprising they complain that people won't go to hear them, when they talk stuff like that.

“ I can't see, either, that religious folk, who are always going to church, are any better for it. My experience is that they are just as ready as anyone to get the better of you in a bargain, if they can. But still, it's the proper thing to do, and looks respectable.

“ It says somewhere in the Bible 'the righteous shall flourish as a green bay tree,' but the people who get on nowadays are the sweaters, money-lenders, company-promoters, and men of that kind. Then we are told to 'do unto others as we would be done by.' That idea may be suitable enough for a simple country life, but it's hardly practicable in a city like London, where no one cares a jot about anyone else, and you've got to 'do others, or they'll do you,' so to speak.

“ The parsons, again, are always preaching about the God of Justice, and the God of Love, but they never explain the justice of all the suffering that goes on in the world. Where's the

justice, for instance, of a child inheriting a disease from its parents ?

“ No, I always maintain that when you come to apply these religious ideas to the actual problems of life, the whole system breaks down. However, it's no good bothering one's head about such things. It's best just to take life as you find it. 'What can't be cured, must be endured.' ”

This stoical conclusion being the only solution of the problem which his conceptions afforded, the Man rose wearily and went to bed.

### III. THE SEER

That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
 Sees it and does it :  
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
 Dies ere he knows it.  
 That low man goes on adding one to one,  
 His hundred's soon hit.  
 This high man, aiming at a million,  
 Misses an unit.  
 That, has the world here—should he need the next,  
 Let the world mind him.  
 This, throws himself on God, and, unperplexed,  
 Seeking shall find him.

—BROWNING.

In a cheerless garret sat a pale and weary man. His clothes were shabby and threadbare, yet his features bore an air of intellectual refinement in striking contrast to the poverty of the surroundings.

He had not been successful in life. Endowed with the instincts of a scholar and recluse, necessity had driven him out into the world to earn his daily bread ; but, lacking interest in the kind of work which this demanded, he had been met by failure at every turn.

Nature had designed him for a philosopher ; he was a mystic, a Seer. But there is no money in philosophy, and the world does not understand mysticism.

Year by year had he laboured in the search for knowledge, toiling far into the morning hours. Night after night had he

spent in endeavouring to give expression to his inmost conceptions, but he could induce no one to publish his message, there being no demand for such work. Ofttimes had he sought to speak his thoughts to men, but could find none to hearken or understand.

And yet his life had not been altogether joyless, though its pleasures he could seldom share with others.

Old bookshops were to him a constant source of joy. How many hours had he spent in hunting through their hoards, now and then to bear off a long-sought volume to be added to his store.

At times he wandered through the galleries where are treasured the relics of a bygone time ; and here he loved to trace the growth of art and thought from age to age.

At other times he stole into the Abbey, and from a quiet nook drank in the organ's harmony. 'Twas then his thoughts would soar above all worldly cares, and mingle with the music as it rose and fell.

In such wise had the burden of his life been lightened.

\* \* \* \*

Of late he had been trying to sell books on commission, but no one wanted to buy. For the past week he had earned little or nothing, and had scarce been able to obtain food sufficient to keep body and soul together.

To-night he returned to his lodging, tired, hungry and disheartened. The room was cold and dark. There was no fire, but he lit a candle to serve instead.

"Another fruitless day," he murmured as he sank down into a chair. "And to-morrow will bring the same weary round, the same refusals, the same rebuffs. I have almost lost hope now. . ."

"I suppose I was not born to succeed," he resumed after a pause. "The weakest are bound to go to the wall. One cannot be surprised that, when life resolves itself into a mere struggle for existence, men should ask whether it be worth living."

He sat for a time lost in thought with his head resting on his hands.

Presently he looked up and his eye wandered to the shelf which contained all that remained of his treasured books. He

rose, and selecting a volume, sat down to seek solace in its pages.

For many years Browning's Poems had been to him as a Bible. In times of trouble he had often sought and found comfort therein, and he knew they would not fail him now.

He turned to "Abt Vogler" and repeated the well-known lines, until he came to the beautiful passage embodied in the closing verses.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence  
 For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonised?  
 Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?  
 Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?  
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,  
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:  
 But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;  
 The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

As he read, trouble and weariness were forgotten.

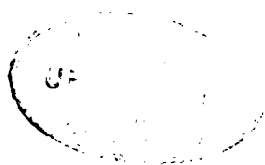
He seemed to be no longer alone in an unsympathetic world.  
 He was in communion with a friend and comforter.

With mind uplifted, he turned to his favourite poem, "Rabbi ben Ezra," which had been a never-failing source of inspiration. He read it once more, lingering over the lines he loved best:

Not on the vulgar mass  
 Called "work" must sentence pass,  
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price;  
 O'er which, from level stand,  
 The low world laid its hand,  
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

But all, the world's coarse thumb  
 And finger failed to plumb,  
 So passed in making up the main account;  
 All instincts immature,  
 All purposes unsure,  
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
 Into a narrow act,  
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;  
 All I could never be,  
 All, men ignored in me,  
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.



Verse after verse touched some responsive chord of his being and set it pulsating with a song of hope, so that the wondrous lines seemed to throb with a message which even they had never conveyed before. All feelings of despair were banished, and his mind was filled with an overwhelming sense of peace.

For thence—a paradox  
Which comforts while it mocks—  
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :  
What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me :  
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !  
Be our joys three parts pain !  
Strive and hold cheap the strain ;  
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe !

“What frail creatures we are,” he thought, “and how easily cast down by worldly troubles. Yet we need but to be reminded of the true purport of existence to obtain relief from the burden.”

He fixed thee 'mid this dance  
Of plastic circumstance,  
This Present, thou, forsooth, would'st fain arrest  
Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impress'd.

“Would that all could read this message and understand ; but how many are absorbed in the affairs of the world. They have eyes and see not. Life to them is a matter of to-day and to-morrow.

“If only men could realise the present to be but a period of preparation for the future, how different would be their aims, how different might the world become.”

He laid down the book still lost in his reverie. His mind was in a state of exaltation.

And as he sat thus, the meagre chamber was illumined with a soft and pearly light. Then the narrow walls opened, revealing a vista of dazzling brightness.



As he gazed in wonderment, myriads of radiant forms appeared floating in the trembling ether, peopling the heavens as far as eye could reach. The distant strains of heavenly music fell upon his ears.

And in that moment the doors of mystery were opened, and a vision of the Perfect Life revealed.

The vision faded, and, prostrated with exhaustion, the Seer sank into a deep slumber.

\* \* \* \*

Ere the cold light of dawn stole over the sleeping city, the soul escaped from the bondage of its earthly life, and was borne to the higher sphere, which in thought and fancy it had often sought—for in eternal realms many aspirations which have failed on earth find due fulfilment.

H. TWELVETREES.

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#### OF ATHEISME

THE Scripture saith ; The fool hath said in his heart there is no God : It is not said ; The fool hath thought in his Heart : So as, he rather said it by rote to himselfe, as that he would have, then that he could thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it. For none deny there is a God, but those, for whom it maketh there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that Atheism is rather of the lip, than in the Heart of Man, then by this ; That Atheists will ever be talking of that their Opinion, as if they fainted in it, within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened, by the consent of others : Nay more, you shall have Atheists strive to get Disciples, as it fareth with other sects : And, which most of all, you shall have of them, that will suffer for Atheisme and not recant ; Whereas, if they did truly thinke that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves ?—BACON.

HE who has no wound on his hand, may touch poison with his hand, poison does not affect one who has no wound ; nor is there evil for one who does not commit evil.—DHAMMAPADA.

## THE TALMUD 100 YEARS B.C. STORY OF JESUS

IN 1891 Dr. Gustaf H. Dalman, of Leipzig, printed a critical text of all the censured passages in the Talmud, Midrashim, Zohar and Liturgy of the Synagogue, referring to Jesus, and to this H. Laible appended an introductory essay,\* in which most of the passages were translated.

In 1893 A. M. Streane published an English version of this essay, for which Dalman translated the remaining passages, and to which Dalman, Laible and Streane contributed additional notes, the English edition thus superseding the German.† From lack of any other work in which a version of all the passages may be found, the non-specialist must perforce be content with this Dalman-Laible-Streane translation, though a comparison with other translations of single passages makes one hesitate to accept its entire accuracy, and Streane himself admits in his preface (p. vi.) that occasionally some Talmud expressions with regard to "our Blessed Lord" have been modified.

I am, therefore, glad to be assured by a learned Talmudist that Streane's version, in spite of these drawbacks and its very ungraceful diction, is on the whole sufficiently reliable for all general purposes. I, however, retain throughout the Hebrew or Aramaic form "Jeschu," which Streane has replaced by the familiar Jesus, because I hold with Krauss‡ that Jeschu is a "genuine Jewish name," and not a nickname invented in despite by the Jews (as charged against them by Christian writers) to escape writing the form Jeshua (Joshua, Jehoshua§), which

\* *Jesus Christus im Talmud . . . mit einem Anhang: Die thalmudischen Texte mitgeteilt* von G. Dalman (Berlin; 1891), in "Schriften des Institutum Judaicum in Berlin," nr. 10. A second edition appeared in 1900.

† *Jesus Christ in the Talmud*, etc. (Cambridge; 1893).

‡ Krauss (S.), *Das Leben Jesu nach jüdischen Quellen* (Berlin; 1902), pp. 250-253.

§ Lit., "The Lord will save."

Christians maintain was the proper Hebrew name of Jesus, thus showing forth by the very name that he was the "Saviour"; least of all that the name *Jeschu* was originally begotten of a cruel letter play based on the initials of the words of the imprecation "*Immach Scheme Vezikro*" ("May his name and memory be blotted out!"), as persistently charged against the Jews by their mediæval Christian opponents, and finally (under stress of hate and ignorance) accepted and adopted by Jews themselves in some of the later forms of the Toldoth *Jeschu*.\* *Jeschu*, I hold, was simply the original Hebrew or Aramaic form of the name, as may be seen from the Greek transliteration 'Ιησοῦς (*Jesūs*), or the Arabic 'Isā.

Let us, then, first of all turn to what, from the chronological point of view, is the most extraordinary passage, a passage found not once but twice in the Babylonian Gemara.†

"The Rabbis have taught: The left should always be repelled, and the right, on the other hand, drawn nearer. But one should not do it . . . ‡ as R. Joshua ben Perachiah, who thrust forth *Jeschu* with both hands. What was the matter with regard to R. Joshua ben Perachiah? When King Jannai directed the destruction of the Rabbis, R. Joshua ben Perachiah and *Jeschu* went to Alexandria. When security returned, Rabbi Simeon ben Shetach sent him a letter to this effect: 'From me, Jerusalem the holy city, to thee, Alexandria in Egypt, my sister. My spouse tarries in thee, and I dwell desolate.' Thereupon Joshua arose and came; and a certain inn was in the way, in which they treated him with great respect. Then spake Joshua: 'How fair is this inn (*Akhsanga*)!' *Jeschu* saith to him: 'But, Rabbi, she (*Akhsanga*=a hostess) has little narrow eyes.' Joshua replied: 'Thou godless fellow, dost thou occupy thyself with such things?' directed that 400 horns should be brought, and put him under strict excommunication. *Jeschu* oftentimes came and said to him, 'Take me back.' Joshua did not trouble himself about him. One day, just as Joshua was reading [?reciting]

\* See the Vienna Toldoth MS. Compare with this Pessach's invention as given in my paper "The Talmud in History" (September number).

† *Sanhedrin*, 107b, and, in almost identical words, *Sota*, 47a.

‡ The words omitted by Streane are "as Elisha who repelled Gehazi nor."

the Shema,\* Jeschu came to him, hoping that he would take him back. Joshua made a sign to him with his hand. Then Jeschu thought that he had altogether repulsed him, and went away, and set up a brickbat and worshipped it. Joshua said to him: 'Be converted!' Jeschu saith: 'Thus have I been taught by thee: from him that sinneth and maketh the people to sin, is taken away the possibility of repentance.' And the Teacher [*i.e.*, he who is everywhere mentioned by this title in the Talmud] has said: 'Jeschu had practised sorcery and had corrupted and misled Israel.' †

This famous passage, if taken by itself, would of course fully confirm the hypothesis of the 100 years B.C. date of Jesus. The arguments for and against the authenticity of its statements embrace, therefore, practically the whole substance of our investigation. Let us first of all consider the face value of these statements.

Jannai or Jannæus (John), who also bore the Greek name Alexander, was one of the famous Maccabæan line of kings, the son of John Hyrcanus I., and reigned over the Jews 104-78 B.C.

Though it is now impossible from the imperfect record to ascertain the exact state of Jewish domestic affairs, or the precise causes of the fierce internal religious struggle during the reign of this wild warrior king, ‡ the salient fact dwelt on by Josephus in both his accounts is that Jannai for the major part of his reign was engaged in a bitter feud with the Pharisæan party, whom he had deprived of all their privileges. This Pharisæan party was practically the national religious party who resented the oriental despotism of their Hasmonæan rulers, and above all detested the usurpation of the high priestly office by Jannai. The Pious and Pure could not brook the sight of "a wild warrior like Jannæus discharging the duties of the high priest in the holy place," as Schürer puts it. Bitter internal strife intensified by religious fanaticism accordingly marked the first eighteen years of Jannai's reign. The Pharisees finally led a rebellion against the hated monarch, in which no less than 50,000 Jews are said to have

\* The words: "Hear, O Israel," etc., *Deut.*, vi. 4ff.

† This formal charge is also found in *Sanhedrin*, 43a.

‡ See Schürer (E.), *A History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ* (Eng. Trans.; Edinburgh, 1897), Div. i., vol. i., pp. 295-307.

fallen, and finally the leaders of the nationalist party fled to the stronghold of Bethome or Besemelis.\* Jannai besieged Bethome and captured it. The prisoners were taken to Jerusalem, and there no less than 800 of them are said to have been crucified to make sport before Jannai and his wives and concubines, the wives and children of the wretched Pharisees having been previously butchered before their eyes. This atrocious act is said to have struck such terror into the hearts of the unfortunate "Rabbis" of the time, that no less than 8,000 of them fled, and during Jannai's life-time kept far from Judæa.† This happened about 87 B.C.

The greatest hero of those times, according to Rabbinical tradition, who still withstood the tyrant to the face and boldly berated him with the unaided weapons of Rabbinic wisdom, was Simeon ben Shetach, who is said moreover to have been the brother of Jannai's wife Salome. Many stories of his wise sayings before Jannai are handed on in the Talmud, though it must be confessed that they sound to modern ears somewhat puerile.

When Salome, however, succeeded her impious spouse, her policy with regard to the Pharisees was the direct antithesis of Jannai's cruel measures. "Salome from the beginning of her reign [78-69 B.C.] took her stand unhesitatingly on the side of the Pharisees, lent an ear to their demands and wishes, and in particular gave legal sanction again to all the Pharisaic ordinances abolished since the time of John Hyrcanus. During these years the Pharisees were the real rulers of the land."‡

As Josephus says: Salome "had indeed the name of regent, but the Pharisees had the authority; for it was they who restored such as were banished, and set such as were prisoners at liberty, and to say all at once, they differed in nothing from masters (of the country)."<sup>§</sup>

\* For Josephus in his two accounts (*Bell. Jud.*, i. 4. 6, and *Antiqq.*, xiii. 14. 2 gives these two widely different names.

† Josephus, *ibid.*

‡ Schürer, *op cit.*, *ibid.*, p. 309.

§ *Bell. Jud.*, i. 5. 2, and *Antiqq.*, xiii. 16. 2.

Pharisæan tradition, therefore, naturally depicts the reign of Salome as a golden age, and we are told with true oriental hyperbole, that "under Simeon ben Shetach and Queen Salome rain fell on the eve of the Sabbath, so that the corns of wheat were as large as kidneys, the barley corns as large as olives, and the lentils like golden denarii; the scribes gathered such corns, and preserved specimens of them in order to show future generations what sin entails"\*—a somewhat preposterous proceeding one would suppose, unless the scribes of that time were gifted with prophetic clairvoyance to descry the subsequent evil days on which the Rabbis fell time and again.

I have been thus long in dwelling on the importance of Salome from a Rabbinical point of view for reasons which will appear more fully later on; for the present it is to be remarked that, if there is any historical basis at all for the passage under consideration, Joshua ben Perachiah was probably recalled by Simeon ben Shetach in 78 B.C., and presumably fled to Alexandria in 87 B.C. He must then have been a very old man, for he is said to have begun to teach as early as 154 B.C.,† an assertion, however, which I have been unable to verify. In any case Joshua ben Perachiah and Nithai of Arbela were the second of the famous "Five Pairs" of the Gurupampará chain of Talmudic tradition, while Simeon ben Shetach and Judah ben Tabbai form the third "Pair."

According to this "tradition of the fathers," then, Jeschu was regarded as having been originally the pupil of one of the two most learned "Rabbis"‡ of the time, nay, of *the* most learned, the "spouse" of Israel; not only so, but Jeschu was

\* *Taanith*, 23a.

† Baring-Gould (S.), *The Lost and Hostile Gospels: An Essay on the Toldoth Jeschu, and the Petrine and Pauline Gospels of the First Three Centuries of which Fragments remain* (London; 1874), p. 56. This very uncritical writer does not give his authority, but probably it was Richard von der Alm, to whose studies we have already referred, and from whom Baring-Gould lifts all his information with regard to the Talmud Jesus stories and Toldoth Jeschu, though without any acknowledgment.

‡ I have put the title "Rabbi" in quotation marks when used of teachers of this period, because I have seen it stated by Jewish authorities that the term "Rabbi" was not so used till after 70 A.D. Unfortunately I have lost my references to this point. If there be any solid ground for the contention, it would, of course, be of great critical importance in considering the date of those passages in the canonical gospels in which the term appears.

apparently Joshua's favourite pupil. See the result of disregarding this counsel of wisdom, said the Rabbis of later days; there is the famous case of the great Joshua ben Perachiah, who was too stern with his disciple Jeschu, and with what disastrous results!

But, it may be said, why waste time in speculating on such a transparent anachronism. To this we reply: Even granting the anachronism *à priori*, without further enquiry—seeing that the literature of the times teems with many such ghastly anachronisms—the passage shows us clearly where Jewish tradition placed Jesus. For it he was a learned man, as indeed is invariably admitted in many other stories; whether or not he got his wisdom from the greatest Jewish teacher of the times or not, is another question.

It is further to be remarked that there is a striking similarity between the state of internal Jewish affairs in Jannai's time and the numerous hangings and burnings of Pharisees in the days of Herod (37-4 B.C.). In both reigns the national religious party was led in revolt by those learned in the law. The Pharisees stood for religion and religious purism against the aristocratic party of the hereditary Sadducean priesthood, who were interested in the Law solely as a convenient instrument of custom whereby they could extort tithes and taxes out of the people. They were entirely indifferent to all those tendencies which had been and were still spiritualising the national religious literature, and presumably they were above all opposed to what they considered the innovating fanaticism of the mystic and disciplinary views held by such circles as the Chassidim and Essenes.

Both reigns are characterised by the triumph of the Sadducean party, and by the ruthless murder of large numbers of the Pharisean leaders, some of whom were indubitably in closest contact with Chassidim and Essene circles, nay, it is most probable that members of these circles, or of associations of a similar nature, were the directly inspiring sources of these religious revolts. It must then have been a bitter memory with the followers of these strict schools of discipline, the later "schools of the prophets," which were seeking to establish the rule of the Righteous and the consequent direct reign of Yahweh

on earth, that numbers of their holy ones and seers had been ruthlessly done to death by a Jannai or a Herod.\*

Now, in similar mystic circles these prophets and seers, in one of their grades, were known as "little ones" or "children." A most interesting tradition of this designation is still preserved in the little-known *Codex Nasaræus* of the Mandaites, the so-called Christians of St. John. In the XIth Tractate of their Right-hand Genzâ there is a most beautiful story of the mystic Baptism. Jesus comes to Jôhannâ to be baptised. Jesus comes as a simple "approacher" seeking initiation into the mystic school of Jôhannâ. But Jôhannâ is not to be deceived, and immediately recognises Him as the Master, Mandâ d'Hajjê Himself, the "Gnosis of Life," by whose power Jôhannâ has been teaching and initiating all the long forty and two† years of his ministry.

It is too long to quote the beautiful story of how Jôhannâ, in giving the lower initiation of external (? psychic) baptism to Jesus, receives the true spiritual Baptism from Mandâ d'Hajjê Himself, when "He gave him the grip of the Rushtâ, and laid His hand upon him in Jordan; and He made him lay off his garment of flesh and blood; and He clothed him in a raiment of glory."

It is enough for our purpose to set down a few of the sentences put into the mouth of Jôhannâ: "Come in peace, Little One. . . . Now I go with thee, Little One, that we may enter the stream. . . . Come, come, Little One of three years and one day, youngest among his brethren but oldest with his Father, who is so small yet his sayings are so exalted."‡

\* Whether in the former case their death had been the cruel and lingering torture of crucifixion is a point of importance only for those Talmudic scholars who argue that crucifixion was an utterly unknown mode of execution among the Jews. There was, they say, beheading, strangling, hanging, stoning and subsequent exposing of the body of the stoned on a post as a warning; moreover, to shorten the cruelty of the lingering death by stoning, the victim was first rendered unconscious by a soporific drink, but never crucifixion. In this connection, however, we must remember that it is said that Jannai remained a Jew in all things, and imposed Jewish customs on all conquered cities on pain of utter destruction, so that it may be doubted whether he "hellenised" solely in the mode of execution of his domestic foes.

† He apparently now passes on into the seventh "seven years."

‡ See "The Liberation of Jôhannâ," by Miss A. L. B. Hardcastle, in *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW*, vol. xxxi., no. 181, pp. 20-25 (September, 1902); also Brandt (W.), *Mandäische Schriften aus der grossen Sammlung heiliger Bücher genannt Genzâ oder Sidrâ Rabba übersetzt und erläutert* (Göttingen; 1893), p. 195; Tempstini (F.), *Le Code Nazaréen vulgairement appelé Livre d'Adam traduit pour la première fois en Français*, in Migne's *Dictionnaire des Apocryphes*, vol. i. (Paris; 1856); and Norberg



Seniority in the Essene and Therapeut communities, it must be remembered, was not reckoned by age, but by the number of years the brother had been a member of the order.

What, now, if we were to fuse these apparently totally unrelated scraps of information together? Might we not ask ourselves how many elements are to be sifted out of the traditional "murder of the innocents"; how many conflation of historical fact and mystic history before the "myth" was brought to birth in its present form? Can there be in it even some reminiscence of the 800 victims of Bethome? The Talmud Rabbis know nothing of Herod's wholesale murder of the children as recounted in the introduction of our first canonical Gospel; Josephus knows nothing of it; yet Joseph ben Matthai had no reason for white-washing the character of Herod, had such a dastardly outrage been an actual fact, for he records his numerous other crimes without hesitation; and the Talmud Rabbis hated the memory of Herod so well that they could not have failed to record such a horror, had he been really guilty of it.

But to return to the words of our Talmud passage. The narrative is introduced by citing what is apparently some famous saying of Rabbinic wisdom. It must be remembered, however, that if Streane's translation is correct\* the wisdom of the saying does not immediately appear on the surface, and we must take it in a symbolic sense as referring to such ideas as good and evil, sheep and goats, orthodoxy and heresy; "right" and "left" being the commonest of all symbolic terms, not only in Jewish and Christian but also in Egyptian, Pythagorean and Orphic mysticism.

As to the inn and hostess story, it is very evident that, if we are to take it literally, we have the veritable birth of a mountain out of a mole-hill. Why the whole orchestra of the Temple at Jerusalem, apparently, should be requisitioned to give world-wide notice of the excommunication of Jeschu, simply because he admired the eyes of a landlady (if that indeed be the meaning of the

(M.), *Codex Nusatæus, Liber Adami appellatus . . . latineque redditus* (Hafniæ, n.d., probably first decade of last century).

\* Moses Levene translates more intelligibly from *Sota*, 47a: "The right hand of a man should always allure when the left hand repels." See "Jesus and Christianity in the Talmud," *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW*, xxix. 316 (December, 1901).

original)\* is passing non-oriental comprehension. To relieve ourselves, then, of the intolerable burden of the absurdities which the literal meaning of the story imposes upon us, I venture to suggest that we are here face to face with an instance of Deutsch's "cap and bells" element in the Talmud, and therefore make bold to offer my mite of speculation as to the underlying meaning.

Evidently the main point is that Jeschu was formally excommunicated for heretical tendencies from the school or circle over which Joshua presided. The 400 horns, trumpets or trombones may be taken simply to mean that the excommunication was exceedingly formal and serious. The reason for excommunication was plainly doctrinal. Now Jewish tradition invariably asserted that Jesus learned "magic" in Egypt. The kernel of this persistent accusation may perhaps be reduced to the simple historical element that Jesus went to Egypt and returned with far wider and more enlightened views than those of his former co-disciples, and in this connection it is to be remembered that many scholars have argued, from the strong resemblance between the general features of the earliest Christian churches of canonical tradition and those of the Essene communities, that Jesus was an Essene, or let us say more generally a member of an Essene-like body. I therefore venture on the speculation that the "inn" of our story may cryptically refer to one of such communities, which Joshua considered very excellent, but which Jesus considered to have a too narrow outlook from the standpoint of a more liberal view of things spiritual. It is also of interest to recall to mind that excommunication from the Essene community required the votes of no less than 100 brethren; can the 400 "horns" by any possibility refer to the voices or votes of some specially convened assembly for a very important and formal decision against one whose superior knowledge refused to be bound down by the traditional limitations of the order? Perhaps also there are some who may ask themselves the question: Has the "birth" of the "little one" in the "inn" of the familiar Gospel story, any new meaning looked at by the light of these mystic and cryptic expressions?

\* Levene gives the lady's eyes as "oval"; whereas Streane's "little narrow eyes" would seem to be the very opposite of a complimentary remark.

As we are, then, in highest probability dealing with a story which conceals an under-meaning, it may further be conjectured that some precise detail of history underlies the extraordinary expression "he set up a brickbat," which has hitherto been invariably construed as a contemptuous way of saying "he became an idolater." This may be the meaning, but, on the contrary, we have to remember that in the general formal charge at the end taken from the same authority from which the Gemara derives the story, there is no mention of idolatry in this gross sense, nor, if I mistake not, do we anywhere else in the Jewish Jesus stories, Talmudic or Mediæval, meet with this grossly material charge. Has this strange expression, then, any hidden connection with the "rock" and "peter" symbolism, or with the "corner-stone," and therefore originally with Egyptian mystic "masonry" and its initiations?

But we have not yet done with this famous story, for it occurs yet again in the Talmud, though in a different form. In the Palestinian Gemara we thus read:

"The inhabitants of Jerusalem intended to appoint Jehuda ben Tabbai as Nasi\* in Jerusalem. He fled and went away to Alexandria, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem wrote: 'From Jerusalem the great to Alexandria the small. How long lives my betrothed with you, whilst I am sitting grieved on account of him?' When he withdrew to go in a ship, he said: Has Debora, the landlady who has taken us in, been wanting in something? One of his disciples said: Rabbi, her eye was bright! He answered: † Lo, you have done two things; firstly, you have rendered me suspected, and then you have looked upon her. What did I say? beautiful in appearance? I did not say anything (like this) but (beautiful) in deeds. And he was angry with him and went his way." ‡

As the Palestinian Gemara is considered to be older than the Babylonian, it is naturally argued that we have here the original form of the story which we have been discussing; the name of

\* Prince or President of the Sanhedrin.

† Dalman-Streane add (*op. cit.*, 33), "a euphemism for *blind*," but this gloss would seem to change the whole sense of the story.

‡ *Pal. Chagiga*, 77d.

Jeschu was plainly inserted at a later date, and in this fact we have the simplest possible explanation of this wild anachronism. And it must be confessed that this argument is one of great strength and for most people entirely disposes of this question.

But even so, it may still be conjectured that the remodelling of the story was a deliberate proceeding on the part of the Rabbis to suit their tradition of certain details in the life of Jesus. Hence, in rejecting the date, it is not absolutely necessary to reject the whole of the Babylonian version as entirely devoid of every element of genuineness.

Again, as to the lateness of the Babylonian version, it is to be observed that the Gemara quotes from an earlier source or tradition of the story,\* and therefore we have to push the date back to this source, which was in all probability Palestinian. It is further to be remarked that the setting of the whole Babylonian version is far more exact in its historical details; it is a far more deliberate tradition than the vague and pointless Palestinian version.

But even with regard to the Joshua ben Perachiah date itself, I am not altogether satisfied that it can be so absolutely disposed of as it seems at first glance, for as we shall see in considering another, and in some respects independent, line of Rabbinic tradition preserved in the earliest elements of the Toldoth Jeschu, the Joshua ben Perachiah date is *the* date, and how on earth an apparently so ludicrous anachronism could have held its own for so many centuries is a psychological puzzle of the greatest interest; it argues plainly that the Jews had no difficulty at all in accepting it, and in this connection we must remember that the Rabbis had no belief whatever in the Christian gospel-tradition as history, as we can plainly see from the Jew of Celsus, and that they therefore never dreamed of testing their basic tradition by the Christian gospel story.

The original version in the Palestinian Gemara, like its Babylonian (or originally Palestinian) variant, is evidently a story of the contact of Jewish orthodoxy with Alexandrian liberalism and mysticism, the main point being that the orthodox

\* See Laible-Streane (*op. cit.*, p. 43), who gloss the opening words of the concluding paragraph as follows: "The same authority, which reports this story, says elsewhere."

Jew was willing to praise the hospitality of the Alexandrian circles, but refused to praise their doctrines; nay, he cast off a disciple who ventured to praise them, in fear of the taint of heresy thus indirectly attaching to himself. The upholder of this rigid orthodoxy is given as Jehuda ben Tabbai, the "pair" of Simeon ben Shetach.

In adapting this story to the details of their Jeschu tradition there seems to be no reason why the Rabbis should have altered the name unless the details of that tradition imperatively required it, for it would have been far more natural to have allowed Simeon ben Shetach to write to his contemporary Jehuda, than to have made him write to Joshua ben Perachiah, the leading light of the preceding "pair."

But it must be confessed that reason has seldom anything to do with tradition, and therefore is seldom competent to reveal its mysteries.

We will now proceed to consider an even more startling anachronism which is found in one of the Mary stories.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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#### MAN

AND it is a great truth, which you should seriously consider, that there is nothing in heaven or upon earth which does not also exist in Man, and God who is in heaven exists also in Man, and the two are One.

As the sky with its stars and constellations is nothing separate from the All . . . so is the "firmament" of Man not separate from Man; and as the Universal Mind is not ruled by any external being, likewise the firmament in Man (his individual sphere of mind) is not subject to the rule of any creature, but is an independent and powerful whole.

A man who wholly belongs to himself cannot belong to anything else. Man has the power of self-control, and no external influences can control him if he exercises this power. The influences of the Macrocosm cannot so easily impress their action upon a rational, wise, and passionless man as they do on vegetables, animals and minerals, which they impregnate to such an extent that their characters may be seen in their forms, colours and shapes, and be perceived by the odour and taste of such objects.

A man whose human reason is absorbed by his animal desires is an animal and if his animal reason becomes enlightened by wisdom, he becomes an angel.—  
PARACELSUS.

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR

I SAW in my dream that a warrior stood on the cliff looking out far over the sea. The great city throbbed in the heat, and the bay was full of many and various craft; but the warrior looked over the boundless ocean away from the city he would go to later, for I knew he must choose his way of life, and that he paused to ask his own heart what he most desired. I saw in my dream that the warrior was very young—only a boy—and my heart went out to him as I saw him stand there, ready to choose, alone.

In my dream, too, one stood near me, and I said to him:

“Will you not help the warrior boy? why does he stand alone?”

And he answered me: “His mother, who should be near him now, has never strengthened her mind by thought, and though love is willing, the soul is too weak to follow the soul of her boy; for mind and heart must be strong to strengthen the soul. His father has lived for the world so long, has lived for the body so much, that, though he too loves his child, his heart is not strong enough to keep his soul with the soul of his son.”

And so the boy stood alone; and I knew, as one knows in a dream, that a great longing for love and understanding, and a great desire for the fulness of life, was swelling in his soul.

And I asked the one who stood near to me, why he did not lead him away from the city with its fierce temptations to the great pure sea.

But he shook his head. “I have whispered of love in his ear; he must choose for himself,” he said.

And presently the boy turned with eager steps and walked to the head of the bay, and I saw, as he paused to look, many come and offer him of their wares, but the boy chose none; he walked on till, in the waning light, I saw him start, and before him stood a woman, and she was very fair, but her face was hidden by her

veil, and I think the boy longed to see it. He waited, and the woman turned and beckoned; and presently he followed her, and I saw them enter together, under the brilliant light whence the woman had come; and I saw no more.

Then I turned to him at my side, and I said: "Why was the face of the woman veiled?"

And he said: "Is it not well that women should go veiled?"

And I cried out: "No; men and women should know each other to be life comrades in the world. I think he would not have gone with her if he had known her face."

And he at my side smiled at my warmth, but he only said: "You must wait."

When I looked again, the boy stood wearily in the woods outside the city gates, and near by, at the foot of a tree, the woman lay sleeping with fair arms thrown out to the breeze; and I knew they had tired of love, and my heart wept for the boy, who seemed made for better things.

Then I saw him with me stoop and whisper in his ear again, and the boy—who, I saw, was a man now—rose suddenly and walked back towards the city. And the woman waked, and laughed, and slept again.

And when the man came again to the city gates, he did not hesitate, but walked straight to the quarter where the flag of "ambition" floated in the breeze. He did not pause to look at the weary disappointed faces, or the keen grasping eyes, but with strong, decisive step he entered and joined the teeming ranks of the workers there.

And I saw that, as he succeeded, he pushed many down in the scramble to get ahead; gentle hands clung to him for help, but he pulled himself away; loving lips clung to his, but he had no time, and perforce he left them behind; and, as I saw it all, I turned to the one at my side, and I said to him bitterly:

"It is you who have done this thing; you whispered 'ambition' in his ear; it is you who have made him what he is."

He shook his head.

"I whispered of love," he said, "and he loved ambition; but wait, there is time."

And I looked again, and saw that old age had come upon him, and there was none left to care, only those who cared for what he could bestow. And I saw the overbearing voice give place to the tremble of age, and he died with the bought friends round him, and none to sorrow or grieve. And I buried my face in my hands, and the tears came, as I sobbed of a wasted life and a foolish wealth, and thought of the bright young soul I had seen set out on its way; and in bitterness of spirit I turned to him at my side, and cried out that he could have led this soul from temptation and given it some of the joy and the sweetness of life. But he answered me :

“ He must grow. I would not weaken his will by force ; he must face and conquer temptation himself.”

And I cried out bitterly : “ *But he is dead.*”

And he with me said, gently : “ Do you believe, then, that death is the end ? ”

And I said : “ No,” and I was silenced, but the grief in my heart was not lightened, and I said again to myself : “ He is dead, and he died with despair in his heart, and the words ‘ I have failed,’ on his lips.”

But he at my side said : “ Come.” And I followed him, as it seemed to me, to another clime, to another age, and the faces I saw were the faces of men in the East, and the view of life the view men take in the East, and it seemed to me, in my dream, that I looked again on the soul of the warrior child, though I thought that could not be, for the body was different.

And I said to him who led me : “ Is it *his* soul ? ” And he with me answered : “ Yes ” ; and I knew, as one knows in a dream, that the soul I had loved had cast off its body by death, and now, with the added experience of the past built into it, had taken on a new body for another sojourn here.

As my mind sought to grasp the great new truth, I saw rather than heard him at my side whisper again in the heart of the boy, and again I did not catch the word, but the boy threw up his head and listened, and I thought he must have heard a chord of some deep harmony of life, for a great light came into his face, and he went down to the city of men.

He passed by the places of lust ; he did not call them



“love” now. Satiety had taught him that these do not satisfy; and the places of ambition did not attract him now, for had he not learnt before that with riches he could not buy joy, and had he not died with “failure” on his lips because he had failed in love? The longings of one life are the purposes of the next, so he went forth now to look for love.

I knew when I saw the face of the woman who came out to meet him, that he had found love at last, and though she kissed him and passed on her way alone, I knew she loved him. I saw him stand looking after her with despair in his eyes, but another woman came and put her hand in his, and I knew it was the debt he had incurred in a past life that drew him to her.

I looked hopelessly to him with me to help, but he only said: “It is just,” and I wept to think he had missed again the beauty and crown of life. Then he with me said gently: “There is time; one life is so short in the growth of a soul.” And the greatness of the thought took hold of me, and the largeness the conception brought into our little lives grew upon me, till I cried exultingly with him at my side: “There is time in the vastness of the Heavens for the weakest soul. . . .”

But I stopped, for I saw again the soul of the man, and this time the woman had left him, and he was alone. I could see that he was lonely; a fierce strife was raging in his soul, the duty to the woman, his wife, and his love of the other woman, were again waging war within him, and I said to the one at my side: “She has sinned against him. Could he not now claim release?”

But even as I spoke the man got up and went out, and I saw him go into a place flaming with light, and gay with music and song, and I saw him drink deeply, and drink again, till laughter drowned the struggle within; and one, who was neither his wife nor his love, went away with him, and I hid my face, and shuddered, as I thought of the love the man had given up for this.

But he with me whispered: “Flesh must grow into spirit. It is only a man full-grown that can love.”

And I went outside to wait in the sultry air, for I could bear no more, and the night was round me, and I slept a dreamless sleep.

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And when I awoke (in my dream) I knew it was long, long afterwards, but the one standing near me was the same. I knew by the sky and the breeze that I was in the West again, and I wondered if the other was only a dream.

I felt near me the form of one I loved, and I wondered, bewildered, why I loved him so. Then I knew it was the soul of the man I had loved in the East, the soul of the warrior child I had wept for in the West. But the face was more beautiful than either of the times when I remembered him before, and, though it was young again, it was pale, even unto death. As my heart went out to him with the old love, and a great wave of joy, the head was thrown back, and the eyes opened, and when I saw the look in them, I thought of the warrior child in the West setting out on his quest, with the great chord of love sounding in his heart.

With a last effort he sprang to his feet, and he flung out his arms as to one he saw before him, and he cried: "I have fought the fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the faith." . . . And as I started forward to help, I saw bending over him a face with the eyes of the woman who had loved him and left him long ago. And I knew they were together now, and that all was well; and I fell on my knees in thanksgiving and joy that at last he was equal in purity and strength, and they could meet soul to soul. For I knew without being told what had kept them apart. But he with me pointed to the city below, and I saw a great crowd had gathered, for the young warrior who had fought against the sin and pain in their midst had given his life for them now, and as the tale of heroism passed from lip to lip, the crowd was awed into silence, for the hearts in the crowd beat true to the instinct of all time, and they knew for a moment the happiness of the courage that can die for the right.

And I rejoiced with them, for I knew that the life he had given up for the race had brought him the crown and result of achievement here.

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And it seemed to me in my dream, that I could never doubt or fear in life again, only a great love swelled in my heart, and a great desire to help the whole world to see through the eyes of

Faith. And I cried: "I will go down to men in the city, and tell them the beautiful truth that is better than their best imaginings." He with me, whose name I knew now was Aspiration, answered: "Go, but take with you Patience and Faith, for the time will come when what you have seen with me will seem but a vision, and men will often call you dreamer and fool. But tell to those who are ready, the truth that they can receive, for, to some, Ambition is a step forward, and to another, the quelling of Ambition is a step. To one, Science has its lesson to teach, to another Art holds out arms to raise.—To all, I whisper the same word, 'Love,' but some love Lust, and must learn through Satiety, and others love Ease, and must learn through Ambition, and others love Power, and must learn through Weakness. Though the word I speak is the same, the interpretation is different.

"Some have learnt slowly, and are as souls in the bud; others have grown by love of the best to be nearer the Beauty and Wisdom of God, but men must learn of their own experience; of their own success and failure, their own struggles and joys, their souls must grow. I can but whisper the word that should guide. Coercion and Force do but weaken the soul that must be strengthened by standing alone. Go help them," he cried, and his eyes shone with the glory of the light within.

"Go help them, but fret not, nor hurry, for there is always time in the great immensities for the weak and foolish to grow. The Great One only knows what is best for men, but you can show them the beauty of holiness, and the joy and immortality of love."

And as I gazed at the great, broad brow, and the far-seeing steadfast eyes, they faded. And I awoke.

But I think it was more than a dream.

H. B. DOWSON.

## READINGS AND RE-READINGS: THE MYSTIC VALUATION OF LITERATURE

THE question was asked, not so long ago, Why not Theosophical Members of Parliament? I can very well imagine that Theosophical journalists, at any rate, would be worth their weight in gold. When one considers the number of points at which a weekly paper like, say, *The Spectator* or *The Saturday Review*, touches life, and how often it fails to do more than merely touch it, the dream sometimes arises of the days when our journalists shall be able to light up the dull details of our brief day with the splendour of days and ages that are gone and the vision of things to come. Every insignificant fact, every mean, sordid, dull paragraph has its kith and kin in the past and future, and to a journalist who could see the long ancestry of his news and its blood relationship of to-morrow, the day would be fuller and the labour more noble.

But is there a Theosophical standpoint as regards literature? Have we as a Society any ideas for lovers of literature simply? Are we too engrossed in deciphering the age-worn hieroglyphics of past creeds, too intent on re-establishing forgotten doctrines, too anxious to put the world morally right, to care much about adding to the world's perception of beauty, or to interest ourselves in art or literature? There is a significant omission from our second object, which, enumerating Religion, Philosophy and Science, makes no special mention of Art. Is it because that is, or may be, included in one of the three named? Or is it that Art and Literature are to be left to themselves, and that Theosophists have nothing collectively to say to them? At any rate, of this we may be pretty sure, that so long as these are either uncared for or only indifferently cared for, so long shall we find insuperable obstacles between ourselves and the artists, poets, and writers of our times. Already there is a tendency on the

part of these to condemn our literature as ugly, our nomenclature as crude, and our systematisation as formal deadness; and if they cannot feel that beneath this tabulated exterior is a world of ideas—their world of ideas—they will be justified in turning away. Theosophy in Plato's day was not thus narrow. Plato, at any rate, was one of the supreme literary artists of Greece, if not of all time. Can one imagine that artists and poets would have turned from Plato because he had no ideas for them? Well, and since it takes a whole Theosophical Society nowadays to represent Plato, is it right that in our Society there should be lacking the elements found in him? On peril of becoming a tribe of Philistines in the worlds of Literature and Art we must keep alive the sacred fire that burns so very low in us and, if we can, even fan it into flame.

But is there a Theosophical view of literature? I am convinced not only that there is, but that Theosophy is the key to literature as to everything else. Nearly all the problems of literature as literature—I am not speaking of book-writers' problems—are in that border-region which lies between the known and the unknown. What answer can be given by the materialist to questions such as these. What is true poetry, and what distinguishes it from the most excellent verse? Why is the *Republic* a joy for ever, and the learned works of, say, Max Müller, a weariness to the flesh? What is style? What is imagination in literature? How explain Shakespeare? What is the secret of magic phrases? Why, these and a thousand similar questions have been asked and asked with damnable iteration, and scarcely a soul has been able to say more than mum to them. Of intricate analysis and physiological states and etymological reasons why things must be what they are, we have had enough and to spare, but light on the questions, never a glimmer. But these are the very questions which the Theosophical view embraces well within its own region. It is—at our period of the world at any rate—just that area of life and thought and feeling which begins, as it were, on the confines of our ordinary self and stretches away over sunlit plains of mystery without ever a horizon, that Theosophy occupies; and it is in that region that are born all the works of art which flash into our ordinary life. But what of that Celtic fringe of our

ordinary self—does the ordinary critic and book-reader know? What clue has he to the reality of the worlds surrounding this? To him the whence of literature and art is a mystery; to the materialist it is a blank impossibility. To the mystic alone it need not be a mystery, for his whole life lies in the world whence literature and art have come—the world that begins where the world enclosed by the five senses ends, that takes up the thread where waking life drops it, that adds to the facts of the ordinary world the meanings and colours which alone render them significant. I would say, therefore, that far from having nothing to say to the literary man the Theosophist has everything to say; that, no less than the rejuvenation of religion, is his work the restoration of its ancient lights to literature, that literature may become, as once it was, the handmaid of the Spirit sacramental in its nature and divinely illumining for the darkling sight of men.

Much of this I have been led into writing by the reading of a book by Arthur Machen, *Hieroglyphics*. Arthur Machen's name is known to many for an intensely horrible book he wrote a few years ago, *The Great God Pan*. This book is a fantastic story woven round what are undoubtedly facts of experience, the result of some dim communication with a parallel and somewhat unpleasant scheme of evolution. There was plenty of terrified imagination in the book, and plenty of crudeness too; but the author was evidently a student of the lesser known things, with an eye for the bizarre.

In his latest book, *Hieroglyphics*, he has attempted to do for one of the literary problems what I have suggested the Theosophical view would enable us to do for all. He has defined literature from the standpoint of mysticism. There seems no doubt that he has read a considerable amount of Theosophical writings, and has by no means arrived at his conclusion without help. But he has preferred to translate the terms into their native English obscurity, which is perhaps the wisest thing a writer who is not writing for students can do. Matthew Arnold, it may be remembered, used the two terms "ordinary self" and "best self" where our own text-books speak of astro-mental body and causal body, or some such thing. With these latter terms I am

not finding fault. They enable one to appreciate if not to realise the exactness of the things named, and one can always translate them into currency for daily use as Arthur Machen has done.

What then is his "word of the enigma," his answer to the question: What is literature? Well, to cut his very long story short, it is this. Literature is the expression of ecstasy, and ecstasy is the withdrawal of the consciousness from the ordinary into the inner and more real world. In the word ecstasy, rightly understood, "I claim," he says, "that we have the touchstone which will infallibly separate the higher from the lower in literature." In order rightly to understand the word, however, it is necessary to know the background of the author's mind. He, like so many of our modern men, has been impressed with the Theosophical idea—at least it was the Theosophists who made it known—of the relation between the ordinary and the extraordinary consciousness. Our normal life is confined within a small circle, beyond which stretches a larger circle of unexplored mystery. This smaller circle is the personality, the ordinary self, the waking consciousness. From time to time in the lives of most men, more frequently in the lives of the greatest men, and rarely in the ordinary person, there flashes from the unknown outer region ideas of wonderful beauty, bright messengers of other worlds, other truths, other glories. And to this region, which of old poets named after their fancy,—the World of Ideas, the distant Island of Avilion, our flat-footed modern psycho-physiologists have given the name of Sub-conscious or even Unconscious. For Theosophical students, it is all that is represented by the term "Higher Ego," "Causal Body," "Individuality," and, as H. P. B. says, is the personal deity of our daily ordinary selves. Arthur Machen, who is by way of being poetic, remembering perhaps Emerson's "Jove that nods behind us," prefers to call this Sub-conscious, Unconscious, Super-conscious, Higher Self, the "Shadowy Companion," and "the invisible attendant who walks all the way beside us though his feet are in the Other World." And it is this Shadowy Attendant "who whispers to us his ineffable secrets which we clumsily endeavour to set down in mortal language."

The idea is then clear enough. Literature is literature

only in so far as it partakes of the nature of the Higher Self, only in so far as it belongs to the Spirit. There is not merely a difference of degree between the best verse workmanship and the worst poetry, but it is a difference in kind. The division is not an imaginary line, it is an impassable gulf. All great literature is symbolic; it has always been produced by men who have preserved a certain loneliness of soul, who have been nearer than the rest to their Shadowy Companions: and the ecstasy their work revealed was the withdrawal of themselves from the world about us to the world around us. All the quintessence of art is distilled from the sub-conscious and not from the conscious self, that is from the higher, not from the lower.

It is an interesting idea, and falls in with many of the things one has often thought. But there are difficulties in the way which Arthur Machen has either not seen or has leaped over. It is not enough simply to have the idea—this secret whispered by the Shadowy Companion—in order to produce literature. We can all think of books full enough of ideas, but absolutely devoid of the grace of God. And it is fatal to his own theory for Mr. Machen to say that besides the idea there are other elements needed to produce literature, namely, plot, construction and style. If these be necessary, then a definition of literature is incomplete which does not take them into account. And obviously Mr. Machen's definition does not take them into account, for it is concerned solely with the quality of the idea, with the idea alone.

Perhaps the solution lies in a subtler analysis of the elements named, and in the perception of their relations. We are all persuaded that literature without ideas is impossible; we feel also that ideas without style, construction and the rest are somehow unsatisfying. But suppose the relation between ideas and style were a relation of cause and effect, suppose style to be the channel dug by ideas? As Bernard Shaw suggests somewhere, no amount of canal-making will produce water, and no amount of word-polishing will of itself produce ideas; but when the Mississippi comes along it will make its own channels. What and where exactly those channels shall be, whether they shall be streams of living water making fragrant thirsty deserts, or



whether they shall be tumultuous, devastating torrents, depends upon the quality of the mind through which they come. Every idea expresses itself when it can in channels already formed, and when these are inadequate it bursts the weakest dams.

Thus style—the chart, as it were, of a writer's mind—is the man. Has he been secretly preparing himself for ages for the reception and transmission of great ideas; has he faithfully trimmed his lamp and filled it with oil during the long waiting period before the coming of the heavenly flame; has he, in Theosophical phrase, “trained his vehicles”? If so, happy for him and for the language he writes. His work will then be literature as to ideas, and literature also as to the perfect expression of ideas. Meanwhile it is still true that life and ideas are of the first importance, even if it be only an “ass that bears the sacred burden.”

Perchance a few more years will see further light thrown on the problem of style—in poetry perhaps first, because there I sometimes believe we have the unconscious magic of words as the test. I purposely leave the suggestion vague, but may not the inner eye and ear of the reader be charmed by the shapes and sounds evoked in the subtle world by the words of beautiful poetry? Is not all poetry mántric, and verse simply not?

But that is wandering from the immediate subject of Arthur Machen's book. There are in *Hieroglyphics* some stimulating criticisms by the way. How suggestive, for example, is the comparison he makes between Pickwick, Pantagruel, the Persian poets, and the Dionysos myth, their community of origin in the symbolism of ecstasy by the Vine and the juice of the Vine, by that which most potently draws a man from his ordinary self into the other world. It is a change to hear of Dickens' affinity with ancient Greece, of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* as a modern version of the wanderings of Odysseus, but the attempt is made to see the poets of to-day in the light of their age-long past and their age-long future.

Mr. Machen does not possess all the qualifications for literature; he has the modern vice of mixing together the language of the street with the language of the library. He seems to have lived in the atmosphere of the *Daily Mail* and of Keats, and to

have acquired the vocabularies of both. On the first page the eye is assaulted by these phrases, coming not so far apart : "delicious tea at ninepence," and "dim region of surmises." Again, on p. 2 we have "sugary and soapy enterprise," and also, "delves after hidden things." How reminiscent of Stevenson all that is, even as the smell of sulphur reminds us of the flame !

A. J. O.

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## THE LAND OF PERFECT REMEMBRANCE

IN the dawn, when the dew lay thick and grey on the turf, there came from the hills which were his home, a youth, bent citywards. He was on his way to a great city which lay at the head of a broad lake, a great sheet of water, so long and wide that it was like an inland sea. The city has gone ; nay ! this befell so long ago that the lake also has gone ; it was surrounded by broad sandy plains on which nothing grew, save near the lake margin, where there was a broad belt of semi-tropical trees.

The plains were ringed by the hills, and from the hills came this youth ; who, standing on a pass whence he could see very far, beheld the city, with its flat-roofed houses, its temples, its groves and gardens, and the broad water streams flowing through its streets ; he could also see the lake, shining in the pale quiet light. Great was the marvel of this lake, none might traverse it from west to east ; and the reason was as follows.

At the eastern end a long steep slope of smooth rock, so straight and level that it seemed the work of art rather than of Nature, fell from the level of the hill-girt region covered by the lake and plains to the level of the deserts that were by the sea. The whole mighty flood of waters swept down this channel to the lower plains. Miles from the lip of the wonderful waterway, the pull of the current, as the whole body of waters began to draw to the great fall of smooth black rock, dragged each boat that ventured there with a clutch like the hand of fate.

Silent and unmoved as Nature herself, the current drew and slew the unwary waterman who ventured thither.

Therefore no boats were upon the lonely waters save those that plied within sight of the city; these went to and fro with freights of merry-makers who sang and laughed as they paddled here and there on the clear waters, as though there were no pull of the current, and no silent sweep of the flood, to break their light boats and still their heart-beats. Yet they believed in this pull of the current, and in the three great marvels of the water-sweep; which certain learned men of the city seriously doubted, holding that superstition and hallucination were largely responsible for much that was reported concerning them. But the bulk of the people believed; and even the most sceptical of the learned refrained from rowing down the lake to investigate for themselves the strength of the current; this, however, did not hinder them from writing several works wherein they disproved its existence. The evidence for the existence of the three great marvels rested chiefly on the testimony of certain adventurous explorers, and the ancient legends preserved in the temples; these marvels were reported to be as follows.

Where the water dipped smoothly over the head of the fall there was a whirling vortex of wind; it swung round and round the drifting folds of a delicate golden mist that glittered like fire; fire, air, and water seemed to meet therein in a mad tumult of their powers, and weave a Mænads' dance at the head of the long swift stream. Whirlwind and mist were twain wonders, and the third marvel was this: the whirling wind gave a ceaseless shriek as it spun and lashed the mist; the mist, which seemed as aforesaid rather fire than water, swung round and round, but was never driven away; as for the water, which was forty fathoms deep at the lip of the fall, it was unruffled by the wind, and it made no sound in its going; one legend indeed stated that it sang a peculiar harmony as it went, but how this may be I know not. There was no sound of booming waves, but only the yell of the raving wind, which screamed when not so much as a dry rush stirred upon the banks of the lake. The whirlwind and the mist, the folk of those days said, were the work of men of evil knowledge, though the stream had been there from the beginning. But some said that

stream and lake, wind and mist, were all the work of one great Mage.

The youth, of whom I began to tell, came from the hills to dwell with a kinsman in the city. He was a fair, strong youth; tall, comely, joyous, and of very subtle wit. He was reared by his mother, a poor and sorrowful widow, in a quiet homestead in the hills, among very simple people; he had lived on the hillside in a house planted all about with thick, sweet-smelling, blossoming hedges, fruit-trees, and green vines; he was reared in a simple worship of the Gods, to whom he offered daily of their harvests of fruit and grain, and of the milk drawn from the herds of the widow, his mother. He had, as yet, no faith, only pious custom. In his heart was the joyous cry of the life within; the gladness that lives at the core of all forms that are; he knew not what it cried, but it filled his strong youth with fiercer zest, even as it fills weak age with patience stronger than youth. He was well assured he should find his heart's desire within the city walls.

He sang as he went, as birds sing at dawn; he had been walking through the sweet-smelling hills all night, beneath the blue-black sky, a-glitter with stars, and pale here and there with the wan fire of the Milky Way. Now the sky was grey-white with the dawn, and as he stood on the dusky purple hills, and watched the city, with the pearl-pale mist drifting about it, there shot up a spear of yellow light in the East, and struck the turrets, and the waters of the lake. The dewdrops glittered where the sun touched them; the prowling beasts of the dark ran home to their lairs, and behold! it was the new day!

In the new day the youth trod the mountain pass and descended to the city; there he sought his kinsman, who received him gladly as a son. The youth had no fear as to his welcome; the fear of pain or failure never touched him, so gracious are the Gods to some men, to many children, and to few women, that they suffer them to believe they carry a magic spear to hold misfortune at bay; until lo! one day pain nestles close at the very hearts of them; but, nevertheless, they have had the years of joy, and strong belief untouched by fear and bitter boding, and the gracious Lady Memory has this charm whereby she glammers such.

She causes them to believe (it is bitter-sweet comfort, and makes them both to smile and weep) that every lost joy was pure joy with never a sting, and every parted friend was true. The trees ever bloom round the homes that these will never see again; they have forgotten their grey days there, when the leafless boughs grided and clashed in the winter winds.

It was not, however, thus with this youth, to whom the Gods had given a bearing gay, serene and confident, with eyes of cruel insight and clearness. He ever believed in a hidden good to come. Some men say this is wisdom, and others declare it to be folly; but whichever it be, he saw the past even as he saw it when it was the present; and few enough there be who can do this. Nevertheless, in his heart he ever trusted in that which was in store, so that you may easily perceive how well he must have known the flavour of the cup of pain by the time he was grown to manhood. However, few would have believed this, for he seemed to be loved of the faery folk.

All good things he gained; and won them with scarcely a struggle. Looking—he gained; wishing—he possessed; and none, save the man himself, knew how grievous a curse this was; for, even in the gaining, he did not prize that which he won. He had no struggles worthy of the name, perhaps they lay behind him in a forgotten past; perhaps he had grown strong enough for life to suffer him to meet the terrible ordeal of great good fortune, under which many a brave soul has sustained defeat. He gained riches, and high standing in the eyes of men, and power and influence even in the councils of his king. The king had the instincts of a ruler; a blind power unguided by wisdom or knowledge. His councillor had no desire to rule, but the king, aware of his own needs, laid in his hands a portion of the royal power, because he was clear sighted and without ambition. Because of his intellect and wit and comeliness he was highly esteemed in the social life of the city. He loved a very fair woman whom many desired to win; and he won her love, and they married. When he had won her he found he had ceased in his heart to prize her; nothing was as he had meant it to be. When she died, a wife of but two years, men said ill-fortune had touched him at last; but the chill that fell on his heart when he

kissed the face of the dead was the knowledge that he kissed her for love of what he had hoped and not for what he had lost in her. And he was glad in his soul because she had borne no child ; yet she was fair and good, and to him very loving.

At last he grew accustomed to winning all things the city could give him, and caring for none of them. He had ceased to believe in the Gods of his boyhood's worship, but because of the position he held, he followed the outer ceremonies of the temples where the bulk of the citizens worshipped.

One night, having returned from a ceremony held at harvest time, he talked on his housetop with a friend, a silent, steadfast man who loved him. The roar of the city rose to them ; he thought it blended with a sound from the smooth grey waters ; it was like a distant voice calling him. They were speaking of certain matters then vexing the minds of men ; and he spake after his custom, laughingly. His friend answered with a touch of bitterness.

"How you laugh to see us breaking our hearts day by day," he said. "To you life is a merry show."

"And yet," said his host quietly, "I am not idle therein."

"Truly not ! But to you no work is hard."

"Nor any light."

"Nor any light ! You laugh at all your toils among your friends. Laugh—at what do you not laugh ? Well ! so the Gods built the world they say—with laughter !"

The other turned and gazed on him earnestly :

"My friend," he said, "verily we have, in my judgment, the gifts of speech and laughter in order that we may be wholly hidden from prying eyes and ears. Laughter, let me bid you note, is man's chief salvation, when he is one of those who can take naught lightly under the sun ; but verily and indeed, I perceive he should laugh when none can hear him."

"Why ?"

"Because there are few with whom he can safely laugh, lest their minds should be bewildered by his laughter. O my friend, there be those who laugh in the house of mourning, with tears in their eyes, which they stand in the shadows to hide."

"Are you then sorrowful ?"

“Of late it has been thus with me. I am but as a pawn in my own game.”

“I do not understand.”

“Nor can I explain it. But I can work the better for it.”

“That surprises me.”

“Why, look you! my friend, what is it to the player whether the pawn approve his moves or no?”

The other was silent; no one can understand that which has never touched the circle of his life. His host spoke of other matters, while the sounds of the city droned on below; at last he said:

“I suppose you do not believe in the value of what we have done to-night?”

“I do.”

“You do? So do I, as a bridle or a spur for the herd. You mean thus, I suppose?”

“Thus. But not thus only.”

“Not thus only?”

“Truth *is*,” said his friend. “It abides. In what we have done to-night we show that we know this, though we can but grasp a fragment of the veil wherewith it is hidden.”

“I believe a fragment of the veritable veil of Truth would content me.”

“Would it indeed content you?”

“I think it would.”

“Then you may have more than a fragment. If this be worth hearing, listen!”

Then he told his host there were certain men in the city who believed the rites of their worship were a garment clothing a hidden Truth; and they loved this Truth, and sought it diligently; the high priest himself believed as they did, and secretly taught those who craved it knowledge of secrets given to him, which were won from Nature herself.

“If you choose you will gain this knowledge easily,” said the speaker with a faint sigh. “You always gain what you desire.”

He who spake was a man whose every effort had been thwarted since his boyhood; and now his hair was turning grey. His listener smiled.

“I always gain that for which I strive,” he said, “how little

so ever my striving be ; someday, doubtless, I shall also gain what I desire."

The next day he sought the high priest, a learned and venerable man, and he joined the band of those who sought truth from his lips. In these matters, as in others, he outstripped the rest in his keen perception. For awhile he seemed to have gained his heart's desire ; but the day came when the words of his teacher fell on ears that heard but valued not that to which they listened. This, being an honest man, he told the high priest, who replied : " My son, I have known from the first you would not rest content with that which I offered you."

" I am not lacking in content ; such things as I possess I put to their use."

" But you desire something further."

" I know there is something further ; and this unknown I shall gain—someday. Till I gain it I shall seek it ; with no haste, nor with impatience, but I shall seek."

" Till you find."

" Till I find, my father. In this I have no choice. It is a command."

" From whom ? "

" I lay it on myself ; yet truly I, on whom it is laid, grow sometimes weary and revolt."

" Son," said the high priest, " during the years this city has stood, a high priest, such as I, has ministered publicly to the many, and taught privately the few. Throughout the ages has there been a line of seers and recluses who have turned from the things of earth, not by strong pressure from within, but because they had known and proved them all to weariness. These have turned even from the knowledge of our learned men, and they have wrested from the Gods themselves the knowledge of the powers that work in the forms men see, and amongst which they live. From one of these have I received the knowledge I have given to you. He dwells alone, near the great whirlwind above the water sweep. Thither have I never come in the body ; but, being in trance, I seek him when there is need, or when he calls me by a sign. Thither I will go to-night and tell him of your needs."



That night the high priest wrapped himself in his mantle before the altar and passed into deep trance. Next morning he told his pupil he was to leave the haunts of men, to learn for himself the secrets of the Gods. The man's heart filled with triumph, and he said joyfully to himself:

"Now I shall know! Of myself I shall know. To me Nature will tell the secrets I have till now heard by hearsay."

When the sun set he entered a little white boat and rowed down the lake, knowing not how he should reach the recluse, or how escape the current; but since the city had nothing left to give him, he was ready to risk his body for the sake of a possible further knowledge.

When it was dark he was out of sight of land, alone between sky and water. When the dawn came he was still rowing slowly and steadily down the lake. At length he began to feel the pull of the current; at first it was very slight, so that he might have resisted it; but, howsoever he might alter his course, it never slackened; it was a gentle, increasing pull. At last he shipped the oars, and let the stream carry him, guiding his course by the rudder very carefully, but making no further effort. The current grew stronger; the speed of the boat increased. The lake was growing narrow; he could hear the shriek of the whirlwind above the water sweep. He shut his eyes, and let the stream bear him on; it seemed to him that he went, not to wisdom but to death; he mused whether the high priest was right when he affirmed death meant keener life for those who passed through its gates. He opened his eyes, and lo! those gates seemed to be open before him.

Out of the lake rose a tower, a crumbling mass of stonework; it seemed to rise sheer out of the water. It was not until he was near that he saw it was built on a rock, flush with the water's surface, so that the waves washed the walls. He saw an open doorway near the summit of the tower, to which ran rough stone steps; the lower steps near the water were hidden by a wall that hid a little courtyard, the floor whereof was the water of the lake. It was a tiny harbour, wherein was no peace, but a whirlpool of waters that raged and twisted in that narrow space, and flung their spray on the steps; for the fierce current, checked

by the tower and the walls, swirled madly and dashed itself against the old grey stones.

The water swept through a narrow gateless doorway, which had on either side tall stone pillars with lions carven on their summits; long dry wreaths of grey moss clung about the tower; from behind it there came a pale glimmer of light, other than the moon-gleam.

He was bearing straight down on the tower, the speed was terrific, the little boat flew; soon he would crash against the wall. His oars were useless, but he had the rudder; he turned the course of the little boat a hair's-breadth, so that it swept through the narrow gateway, against the stones of which the water stood out like a frill from the force of its sweep. Straight in he went, and as he passed the gate he sprang swiftly to his feet and leaped clear of the flying boat; he landed, half stunned, on the stairway as the boat crashed and splintered on the lowest step.

He rose after awhile and climbed the stairway to the open door; he stood on the little stone platform without, and looked at the way he had come; a great clear sheet of water, at the head of which lay the city and the life he knew, and beyond that the hills of his boyhood.

Fragments of wood swung in the little whirlpool below; his boat was broken. For good or ill, for joy or sorrow, he was here till death; he could never return to his past life; between him and it lay the sweep of the current that drew to the water-way. The tower was quiet, though he heard the distant shrieking of the wind. No wind stirred the wreaths of lichen moss that clung to the old stones. He gave the little sigh a man may sometimes give when an unvalued past has gone beyond his power to recall it; then he went into the tower.

He saw a little winding staircase and groped down it; at the bottom was a space of rock, and a great stone set up like a screen. He stepped round this rock-screen and was in a little room with an unglazed window looking on the lake, and an open doorway leading to another room. Through this he passed and found a cell with a floor of rock; the cell had walls on three sides, but the fourth, facing him, was open to the air and water.

Three or four carven steps led down straight into the deep waters of the lake. From those steps the eye could see the shining gyrating fire mist that hid the lip of the water sweep ; and the ear could hear the cry of the wind that drove the gleaming cloud ; all the powers of Nature seemed to have risen up to do battle at the entrance of the great stream.

In the cell sat a man, his back leaning against the wall ; he was entranced, and neither saw nor heard the entry of the new comer. Therefore the man who had come through such peril withdrew to the inner room, and there mused patiently till dawn. As the sun rose he heard a voice greet him ; and, turning, he beheld the recluse, who spake courteously, making him welcome, and bidding him abide there in peace if he desired to know rather than to believe. For he said :

“ Men seek : first sensation, then belief, then knowledge, and lastly—Memory.”

“ I desire Wisdom, O my father.”

“ My son,” replied the seer, “ in perfect Memory is perfect Wisdom.”

His pupil forbore to ask his meaning but applied himself zealously to his new method of life. For many a month he dwelt in the tower, speaking with the recluse every seventh day, when he unfolded to him that which he had learned in the depths of his own soul, and that which had come to him, in wondrous wise, from without. Through the days and through the nights he heard the soft rush of the water by the tower, and the shriek of the distant wind.

Sometimes he lost all knowledge of the things he had held to be real ; he neither saw nor heard them ; his soul leaped within him like a bird dashing against the bars of her cage. He beheld and spoke with the Gods, and saw the Spirits of the lake and of the mist sweep past him shining wondrously. As he mused he heard voices and music from the Land of Marvellous Night, and talked with the Mother of All Tales herself ; he heard the hymning of the Light that should come, and of the Darkness that endures for ever and ever. He was filled full with knowledge and his mind grew clear and still and calm as the great lake.

One day at dawn the great recluse stood beside him and spake thus :

“The hour has come,” he said, “when all the knowledge I possess is thine ; since thou hast proved apt, to thee is given the guardage and instruction of the city, while I depart where I have long been fain to go, namely, to the Land of Perfect Remembrance. The task I leave thee is more weary than thou knowest, yet wilt thou hold it as I have held it.”

“O my father, shall I not swear to keep it to the end, even as you have kept it ?”

The recluse shook his head ; and his pupil, despite his greatness and his knowledge, was wounded. He said :

“Now I perceive you fear my weakness, lest I should swear and break my oath.”

“Son, who is even as myself,” replied the seer, “I will not bind thee with an oath, less because I fear thy weakness than because I trust thy strength ; for a weak man bound with cords will not desert his post, and he whose longings bind him will abide where they constrain him to be ; a man urged by need will earn his wage ; he who is bound by an oath will stay for honour’s sake ; he who is tied by his will may endure for the fruits of victory ; but what of the strength of the man who is bound by his will when weariness is great and victory unpriized ?”

“I desire no more than to abide here, and serve the city’s needs. Do you, O my father, believe that I shall be fain to depart ?”

“Son,” replied the recluse, as he stood on the steps leading to the lake, while its waters washed his feet, “I hold that thou wilt be fain to depart on the way I go long ere thou sufferest thyself to do so.”

Then he blessed his pupil and entered the waters. They bore him into the mist, and he was seen no more. His pupil therefore took the office that had been his ; he taught the high priest, and through him the city. And the peoples of the water and the air, and of the sunlit deserts where no man trod, ministered to him, so that he had fruits to eat when his body craved food. After awhile, though he learned of wonders past the pen of the scribe to set down, the joy of knowledge

palled. He sought it only for the city's sake, and for the people who ever craved to hear some new thing. Sometimes the wind sounded in his ears like the shriek of fiends; sometimes the choring of the people of the Land of Marvellous Night made the tower so full of music that he heard the wind no more. But there came a time when he cared nothing which of the twain he heard. Shortly after this he heard them both as one; and in the wind's shriek he perceived no discord but an ordered harmony sustaining and following the chant of praise.

Now he grew weary of the tower, and the marvels of the world without and the world within alike grew barren to him; yet he bore them willingly. Then they ceased to be barren, but became fruitful and of great blessedness, and thereupon his thoughts turned to the Land of Perfect Remembrance and became fixed thereon, whatsoever he did. In this great steadfastness and obedience to his own will he abided during many years, and taught the high priest such matters as the people needed.

One day, they say, he saw a little boat that swept down the lake and therein a young man; four boats he had seen sweep down the current thus, to be broken on the tower; but this, the fifth, swept through the gateway, and the man within it leaped out and greeted him as his teacher.

Thereafter, it is said, he who had dwelt there so long entered the swift current that carried him into the mist, whither no eye could follow him; but he who tarried was well assured he went to gain the desire which had been in his heart when he descended singing from the hills to the city, a desire wherein all the longings of men are found, and have alike their source and anchorage.

MICHAEL WOOD.

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TRUTH, which is inexpressible except by means of myth and allegory, is like water, which can be carried about only in vessels; a philosopher who insists upon obtaining it pure, is like a man who breaks the jug in order to get the water by itself.—LONDON.

## SOME THOUGHTS ON VICARIOUS SUFFERING

IN the lives of various Catholic Saints incidents are recorded exhibiting the fact that suffering can be transferred from one person to another by a strong act of will—in other words, that vicarious suffering is a truth, a fact in nature, or, as some might say, a supernatural event. Not only are these events well attested in history after being subjected to the searching scrutiny of the Congregation of Rites, but amongst living Catholics, and especially in convents, instances are not unknown of one life being offered for another, though these are seldom spoken about. Two or three of recent occurrence, are, however, well known in Roman circles. When a few years back, the doctors had pronounced a surgical operation necessary to save the life of Leo XIII., though at some risk on account of his great age, a young nun in a Roman convent asked to be allowed to offer her life for that of the Holy Father. The sacrifice was accepted; the nun died and the Pope came safely through.

Another instance. In the much-admired work of Mme. Augustus Craven, *Le Récit d'une Sœur*, the authoress relates a similar case in her own family. Young Mme. de la Ferronays, then a widow, had been for some years a friend of the famous and saintly Père de Ravignan. He became seriously ill and his life was in danger. She offered herself a sacrifice for him, his life being, as she said, of so much greater value than hers. She died of rapid consumption and the Père de Ravignan recovered. The family of de la Ferronays is of European reputation, and the work of Mme. Craven (herself a daughter of that house) was "couronné par l'Académie," the facts narrated hence receiving a certain official endorsement.

Now what is the meaning of these not by any means isolated

facts? Is there on the earth-plane only a limited supply of life-force (*prāṇa*), so that in order to increase it in one place it must be withdrawn from some other? This might solve the question of a life for a life, but it assumes another complexion when the transfer is that of suffering, and also of merit, from one body or soul to another. And this transfer is of far more common occurrence than is known generally to the Protestant world. Not only is it the work of a whole Order, the "Helpers of the Holy Souls in Purgatory," but numerous pious individuals devote the proceeds, so to speak, of all their works of charity and penance to this end, especially on behalf of those they love, and take in exchange their sufferings upon themselves. The existence of this widely-diffused belief and practice in the Catholic Church points, in the mind of the present writer, to an easier acceptance of the great mystery of the Atonement by the Passion and Death of Christ, as taught in the Christian Church, from S. Paul's Epistles downwards. It would be a slur on the knowledge of our readers and of their acquaintance with the Scriptures to cite the texts which prove that this belief was taught by the Apostle of the Gentiles, commonly held by Theosophists to have been an Initiate. I may, perhaps, just mention that they abound especially in the Epistles to the Romans (v. and vi.), Galatians and Ephesians. "Christ suffered for our sins," "He was made sin for us," "we are saved by His blood," and so on, in every variety of expression.

A great deal of light on this mystery has been shed on the mind of the writer by the perusal of two books—*The Life and Visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich*, who died in 1824, and the *Life of St. Lydwine of Schiedam*, only to be had in French at present, which has been re-written from a number of contemporary sources (Thomas à Kempis being one) by M. Huysmans, author of those remarkable works, *En Route* and *La Cathédrale*.\* The life of Lydwine has many points of resemblance with that of Anne Catherine, whom Huysmans calls her *héritière*, and who lived four hundred years later.

Lydwine was the child of poor Dutch parents, and was up to the age of fifteen a bright, healthy girl, and had at that time

\* Huysmans (J. R.) *Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam*. Paris; 1901.

many suitors, one of whom her father desired her to accept. She showed herself, however, quite averse to marriage and expressed her intention of entering a convent. Her mother prevailed with the father to let Lydwine follow her own inclination, but this was over-ruled from a higher source. She was attacked by a mysterious illness, which no medical skill seemed able to combat. At length her parents procured a consultation with Godfried de Haga, a physician of great repute from Delft, who seems also to have been a man of much spiritual insight and an occultist. The biographer claims that Godfried's ideas agreed with those of Paracelsus, as expressed in the following proposition: "every malady is an expiation, and until God considers it complete, no doctor can arrest its course; the doctor can only cure when the means he employs are coincident with the completion of the expiation designed by our Lord." After due examination of the patient, de Haga declared that nothing could be done, that the hand of God was upon her, that many wonders would be wrought by her, and that he only wished she were his own child. He would not even prescribe a single remedy. The local doctors were more confident and tried many experiments upon her, but in vain. Lydwine, who had lost nearly all her flesh and could not move from her couch, became a mass of hideous sores, too revolting to describe. She suffered the most frightful agonies, which lasted, in varying degrees, but without intermission, for thirty-eight years, that is until her death at the age of fifty-three. It is distinctly stated that Lydwine's malady was not leprosy, though common enough in the fourteenth century; and of this we may be assured because the laws of isolation for that disease were very strict in the Low Countries and were rigidly put in force. One mark of the supernatural character of Lydwine's malady was, says her biographer, that though with these sores putrefaction was constantly going on, only the most exquisite fragrance was exhaled from them, in short, they had the "odour of sanctity."

Four years elapsed before Lydwine could do aught but complain of her sufferings, and the parish priest, her confessor, was of no help to her; indeed, he only aggravated them by his indifference. She spent her days and her sleepless nights in weeping



and lamenting ; she could take scarcely any food ; she was beset by curiosity-mongers from near and far ; her soul was in darkness, and she believed herself condemned to everlasting torments. At last the light came. A priest named Jan Pot came to visit her, and his ministrations changed the current of her thoughts. He pointed out that her sufferings were a grace and could be turned into a mission to mankind. Among other remarkable words, he uttered the following : “ You suffer because you are not willing to suffer ; meditate on the Passion of Christ, unite your sufferings with His, and offer them for the expiation of the sins of others.” He further explained to her, in his numerous visits, the law of the solidarity of evil and of its reversibility to good, by the occult chemistry of prayer ; how we are associates in one another’s guilt, and that, as children of the human family, our merits are also transferable. How Christ took upon Him the sins of the world, and suffered the penalty that might otherwise have destroyed mankind, and how His merits, and those of His true followers super-added, form a common fund in which all can share. This is the meaning attached by the Catholic Church to the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, and not that ascribed to it by some other Churches, as the power of holding commune with them. Here also we touch upon the true meaning of Indulgences, that unfortunate word which is so much misunderstood and has given rise to so much scandal. But the subject is too large to enter upon here.

After the visits of Jan Pot, Lydwine entered on a new path, in which she continued till the end of her life. Though she never left her couch, she performed marvellous cures, sometimes by the touch, sometimes by transferring the ailments of others to herself, suffering the pain from which they were instantly relieved. She became clairvoyante ; persons of distinction came to consult her on difficult spiritual questions, to the exclusion of the parish priest, who found himself at a discount. Lydwine also, like Catherine Emmerich, became a traveller on the earth and astral planes, under the guidance of her guardian angel, leaving behind her the physical body, which became like a corpse ; Huysmans even uses the term “ her fleshy sheath ” (*sa gaine charnelle*). He further says that her descriptions of the purgatorial and heavenly regions were conformable to the beliefs of her time.

But it is not to relate marvels which are after all analogous to the experiences of some amongst us that this paper is written. It is rather to point out the correspondence, as of small things with great, that seems to exist between the law of suffering under which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth, and that supreme sacrifice of the Son of God, a travestied belief in which pervades so many of the Christian sects, but whose true interpretation seems not yet to have been arrived at. And yet this is the mighty factor which differentiates Christianity from other religions, however pure and lofty their morality, however noble the lives of their founders and followers. The removal of suffering was not to be gained by preaching a new system of ethics, which some modern writers tell us is only a re-hash of old ones. It was to be transformed by a regenerative force, radiating from the person of Christ Himself, through His apostles and their successors from generation to generation to the end of time, by means of the Sacraments, and because He gave His life, not for a cause as ordinarily understood, but as an expiatory Victim for the sins of the whole world. Theosophy would say, He took up the accumulated karma of the world, and by His example made it possible for others to aid in His work.

Of course, this doctrine is one of the most mysterious and best challenged beliefs of the Christian Church, what Huysmans calls "*la substitution mystique.*" Some of the leaders of the "Newer Dispensation," under which title the writer of an article in the November *Contemporary Review* sums up various modern spiritual movements, consider that suffering has no right to exist, and that it should be destroyed by denial and replaced by happiness. We all probably agree in this, but then—how are you going to get your happiness? Not surely by denying facts. The karma of evil must be worked off somehow. Until the world is in a much better condition than it is now, there must be scapegoats and much carting away of festering rubbish, much cremation of dangerous remains. Open-air treatment on all planes, both of matter and thought, will do much, but until we know more of the higher Alchemy by which to convert evil into good, there seems nothing for it but to accept suffering both for ourselves and for others.

In the meantime we may seek for the transmutation so much to be desired, some hints for which are already perceptible in the analogies of physical nature.

E. KISLINGBURY.

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## THAT JACK-RABBIT !

As I turned over the leaves of last September's number of the REVIEW, which was put into my hands the other day by a Theosophical friend, my eye lighted on the following paragraphs in an article entitled "A Voice from the Kingdom," by "K. W."

"My other nightmare was more abstruse. I was in another and a new world, amongst kind but stranger people, who lived in a state of infinite terror. At any time IT might appear; IT might come at any moment. What IT might be could not be communicated, but I was told that when IT came my only safety from an indescribable fate lay in throwing myself face downwards on the ground, and so remaining until IT had gone away. And, right away, IT came, and, quite unable to throw myself on the ground, I remained gazing with the serpent fascination at a creature which appeared like a great jack-rabbit walking on its hind legs. I was conscious that all around were people flat on their faces, and with the gaze of the monster being turned slowly upon me I always awoke in a cold perspiration, rigid, and unable to cry out.

"But the strange part of the story is that, a quarter of a century, or more, after that dream had become a memory, I saw one evening the picture of my childhood's terror thrown on to the great white sheet by the light of the stereoscopic lantern, under the title of the Serpent God of the Ancient Aztecs!"

So "K. W." has, all the time, been a fellow-worshipper with me of a god I hitherto thought to be my exclusive property! Well do I remember that "nightmare," at once the dread, the mystery, and the fascination of my earliest childhood. Unlike "K. W." I was not, as far as I remember, in a new world among

strange people, when the Jack-Rabbit appeared, but the performance took place, as many of my psychical experiences seem to do still at the present day, just at the waking moment ; so much on the border-line that divides this from other worlds, that I cannot say exactly where they take place. My body is not awake, because it wakes up afterwards ; yet I seem to be conscious of my bed-room and its contents, using other than strictly physical senses ; and I may say, by the way, that one discovers, when one is in this state, that a Briton's bed-room is anything but his castle.

Be this as it may, the Jack-Rabbit performance, while appearing to take place in my bed-room, always occurred just when I was on the waking-point. I became aware, exactly like "K. W.," that an unknown IT was about to appear, and that the only way to avoid the danger was to hide one's face in one's pillow, or, preferably, in one's bed-clothes. It is interesting to notice, in this connection, how "K. W." interprets this hiding of the face. She seems to hint that it was an act of propitiatory worship or something of the sort. I was certainly not definitely conscious, as a child, of this element in the business, and remember nothing but a kind of indescribably apprehensive expectation of something to come. Another characteristic of my version of the "nightmare" was an intense belief that the unknown IT would abide, as far as ITS lights led IT to do so, within the ordinary limits of fair-play. The understanding was that some warning would be given (a bell was always rung, if I remember rightly) and IT was not allowed to make ITS appearance until this warning had been given. Then, according to the rules of the game, IT was allowed to appear without further delay, though I had a general impression that IT would not do so for a minute or two after the warning-signal. The point of the "nightmare" consisted in the fact that the signal was given very suddenly and unexpectedly, and was followed by the immediate coming of the god, with a sound as of a rushing, mighty wind which filled all the place where I was lying.

So I saw the Jack-Rabbit (for that, as "K." says, is perhaps as near a description of the monster as one could give to the uninitiated), as, arriving on the wings of the whirlwind, he glided

from the window towards me in an upright position, taking a mean advantage of the fact that my nurse was at supper downstairs, to remind me in his own feeble, elementary, jack-rabbit way, that the life I was about to live was not the first I had lived on this earth, and was not therefore very likely to be the last, but that I had worshipped him long ago in Aztec-land, to which, if I understand "K. W." rightly, the demon must have paid periodical flying visits, deriving a certain amount of demonic delight from surveying his prostrate worshippers. It seems that "K. W." was so brave in those old Aztec-days, that she always looked up at the Jack-Rabbit. Courage must have been "K. W.'s" chief characteristic. I should never have dared to look up, but I was always *late in hiding my head*, and, taking all things into account, I think this to have been a very possible occurrence. However, we both saw the god face to face, and still live, which, after all, is the chief consideration.

I remember, when I was staying in a German university-town four or five years ago, having a conversation with a young Irishman who was studying philosophy there. I asked him, among other questions, what philosophers were most in favour in Germany, and, generally speaking, what trend philosophy was taking in the country. His answer struck me very much at the time, and it has by no means lost weight for me since my attention has been turned of late towards the Theosophical Movement.

"Oh," he said, "we don't bother so much about the relation of Mind and Matter as we used to, it is rather the Study of Comparative Religion which is beginning to take precedence of every thing else."

The study of Comparative Religion ! Yes, but I shall never forget the uncanny feeling which crept over me when I was present for the first time at the Catholic ceremony, which is called, if I am not mistaken, the Elevation of the Host, and I heard the bell rung which announces to Catholics the coming or presence of their God. While I should not care to say that I was consciously aware, at the moment, of the kinship of a child-dream (which I had probably for the time forgotten) with the ceremony I was witnessing, it is true that I know now that I felt a similar thrill (though an unbeliever) of intense superstitious, I

cannot call it religious, excitement. I saw the hurriedly bowed head and heard the swiftly muttered prayer. And that is why I have very little doubt that "K. W.'s" explanation of the Jack-Rabbit phenomenon may be the correct one. Though I do not think I entered a Catholic Church till late boyhood, I do not ever remember feeling that this ceremony was anything but most weirdly familiar to me.

Who, again, is there who has read the well-known sixth book of the Aeneid of Virgil, who does not recognise that there is something more than a mere parallelism between the vivid account there given of the inspiration of the Sibyl by Apollo and the "entrancing" of a "medium" at a modern spiritualistic séance? "The god, behold the god!" The Sibyl becomes entranced in quite the modern manner, her face, her colour changes, her hair becomes disordered; she gasps, her breast heaves, her heart palpitates, her form increases in size, her voice changes in tone, as the god comes on. She calls upon Aeneas to offer prayer. A cold shudder runs through the Trojans' sturdy frames, and their king pours forth prayers from the bottom of his heart.

*Deus ecce deus! Cui talia fanti  
Ante fores subito non voltus, non color unus,  
Non comptae mansere comae; set pectus anhelum,  
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,  
Nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando  
Jam propiore dei. "Cessas in vota precesque  
Tros," ait, "Aenea, cessas?"*

There is, by the way, a curious recollection of Virgil's account of the inspiration of the Sibyl by Apollo to be found in the *In Memoriam*. Tennyson there tells us what happened to his friend, Arthur Hallam, when he got "worked up" at a College "debate." Hallam, too, like the Sibyl, seems to have been inspired by the Archer-God. The italics in the following quotation are my own.

*And last, the master-bowman, he  
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear  
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear  
The rapt oration flowing free  
From point to point, with power and grace*

And music in the bounds of law,  
To those conclusions when we saw  
*The god within him light his face,*  
*And seem to lift the form. . . .*

Now, in these "fading days," in which we like to whittle down our religion into a mere picturesque setting for morality, it is something to have felt the power and presence of a god. If we have felt them even in this life, in our low, limited way, time and again, in dreaming "dreams," in listening to poetry, or music, or to an impassioned speech; in reading an account of the Passover, or of the Coming of Apollo, or of the Day of Pentecost; on being present at the Elevation of the Host, or at a Protestant Benediction; and last, but by no means least, in taking anæsthetics (where the moral element always varies in each case, but the one permanent abiding characteristic is presence and power); it is partly, at least, because our attention has been temporarily raised above the strictly physical aspects of our existence. When our attention shall have been more than temporarily raised above them, *viz.*, by the shedding of the body, and we roll down that inclined plane of which Tolstoi has told us, "full of rosy expectations," and all the objects round us seem to throb and vibrate, till, as they fly faster and faster and faster, and we think we can bear it no longer, a new world breaks in on our astonished vision, a world more in harmony with the increased pace at which we are living, then shall we find in ourselves something of this presence and power which formerly we attributed only to the gods.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

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THERE is an unconscious propriety in the way in which, in all European languages, the word person is commonly used to denote a human being. The real meaning of persona is a mask, such as actors were accustomed to wear on the ancient stage; it is quite true that no one shows himself as he is, but wears his mask and plays his part. Indeed, the whole of our social arrangements may be likened to a perpetual comedy; and this is why a man who is worth anything finds society so insipid, while a blockhead is quite at home in it.—SCHOPENHAUER.

## THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 227)

### CONSCIOUSNESS AND SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

FOR an immense period of time—throughout the later vegetable and the animal evolution, and throughout the evolution of normal humanity up to the present time—the astral, or desire, sheath is, as we have seen, subordinate to the physical so far as the workings of Consciousness are concerned. We have now to trace the unfolding of the Consciousness, of the Life becoming aware of its surroundings. While the nervous system is truly said to be created from the astral plane, it is none the less created for the expression of Consciousness on the physical plane, and for its effective working thereon. It is there that Consciousness is first to become Self-Consciousness.

When the vibrations of the outer world play on the physical sheath of the infolded infant Self, they at first cause responsive thrills within that Self, a dawning Consciousness within itself, a feeling, unrelated by that Self to anything outside though caused by impacts from outside. It is a change outside the enveloping film of the Self clothed in envelopes of denser matter, which outside change causes a change within that envelope, and this change causes an act of Consciousness—consciousness of change, of a changed condition. It may be an attraction, a drawing towards, exerted by an external object over the sheaths, reaching to the envelope of the Self, causing a slight expansion in the envelope, following an expansion in the sheaths, towards the attractive object, and this expansion is a change of condition, and causes a feeling, an act of Consciousness. Or it may be a repulsion, a driving away, again exerted by an external object against the sheaths, reaching to the envelope of the Self, causing a slight shrinking in the envelope, following the shrinking away of the



sheaths from the repellent object, and this shrinking is also a change of condition, and causes a feeling, an act of Consciousness.

When we examine the conditions of the enveloping sheaths under an attraction and a repulsion, we find they are entirely different. When the impact of an external object causes a rhythmical vibration in these envelopes—that is, when their materials are made to arrange themselves in undulating regular lines of rarefaction and densification—this arrangement of the enclosing matter permits an interchange of life between the two objects that have come into contact, and in proportion to the correspondence of the rarefactions and densifications in the two is the fulness of the interchange. This interchange, this partial union of two separated Lives through the separating sheaths of matter, is “pleasure,” and the going out of the Lives towards each other is “attraction”; however complicated pleasure may become, herein lies its essence; it is a sense of “moreness,” of increased, expanded life. The more fully developed the Life, the greater the pleasure in the realisation of this moreness, in the expansion into the other Life, and each of the Lives thus uniting gains the moreness by union with the other. As rhythmical vibrations and corresponding rarefactions and densifications make this interchange of life possible, it is truly said that “harmonious vibrations are pleasurable.” When, on the contrary, the impact of an external object causes a jangle of vibrations in the envelopes of the impacted object—that is, when the materials are made to arrange themselves irregularly, moving in conflicting directions, striking themselves against each other—the contained Life is shut in, isolated, its normal out-flowing rays are checked, intercepted, even turned back on themselves. This check to normal action is “pain,” increasing with the energy of the in-driving, and the result of the driving-in process is “repulsion.” Here, also, the more fully developed the Life, the greater the pain in this violent reversal of its normal action, and in the sense of frustration that accompanies the reversal. Hence, again, “inharmonious vibrations are painful.”

To return from this brief digression into the state of the envelopes to the germ of Consciousness itself, we shall find it

important to notice that there is herein no "awareness" of an external object, no such awareness as is ordinarily conveyed by the use of the word. Consciousness, as yet, knows nothing of an outer and an inner, of an object and a subject; the divine germ is now becoming conscious. It becomes Consciousness with this *change* of conditions, with this movement in the sheaths, this expanding and contracting, for Consciousness exists only in, and by, change. Here, then, for the separated divine germ is the birth of Consciousness; it is born of change, of motion; where and when this first change occurs, there Consciousness, for that separated germ, is born.

The mere clothing of this germ with successive envelopes of matter on successive planes gives rise to these first vague changes within the germ that are the birthing of Consciousness; and none may count the ages which roll on as these changes become more defined, and as the envelopes become more definitely shaped by the ceaseless impacts from without and the no less ceaseless responsive thrillings from within. The state of Consciousness at this stage can only be described as one of "feeling," feeling becoming slowly more and more definite, and assuming two phases, pleasure and pain—pleasure with expansion, pain with contraction. And, be it noted, this primary state of Consciousness does not manifest the three well-known aspects of Will, Wisdom, and Activity, even in the most germinal stage; "feeling" precedes these, and belongs to Consciousness as a whole, though in later stages of evolution it shows itself so much in connection with the Will-Desire aspect as to become almost identified with it; in the plural, as feelings, indeed, it belongs to that aspect, which is the first to arise as a differentiation within Consciousness.

As the states of pleasure and pain become more definitely established in Consciousness, they give rise to another; with the fading away of pleasure there is a continuance of the attraction in Consciousness, and this becomes a dim groping after it, a vague following of the vanishing feeling, a movement—too indefinite to be called an effort—to hold it, to retain it; similarly with the fading away of pain there is a continuance of the repulsion in Consciousness, and this becomes an equally vague

movement to push it away. These states give birth to Desire, the first differentiated aspect in Consciousness—Desire to continue, or to experience again, the pleasure; Desire to avoid the pain. And here it should be noted that this arising of Desire as an aspect of Consciousness faintly marks off the two remaining aspects, memory of past pleasure and pain indicating the germination of Thought, and this stimulating the germ of Activity. Thus Consciousness is differentiated into its three aspects from its primary unity of Feeling, repeating in miniature the kosmic process in which the triple Divinity ever arises from the One Existence. The Hermetic axiom is here, as always, exemplified: "As above, so below."

Desire, thus germinated, gropes after pleasure, not, as yet, after the pleasure-giving object, for Consciousness is as yet limited within its own kingdom, is conscious only in the within, is conscious only of changes in that within. It has not yet turned its attention outwards, is not yet conscious even that there is an outwards. Meanwhile that outwards of which it is not aware is continually hammering at its vehicles, and most vehemently at its physical vehicle, the vehicle most easily affected from outside, and with most difficulty from within. Gradually the persistent and violent shocks from outside draw its attention in their direction; their irregularity, their unexpectedness, their constant assaults, their unrelatedness to its slow, groping movements, their appearances and disappearances, are in opposition to its dim sense of regularity, continuity, of being always there, of slow surges of change rising and falling within what is not yet to it "himself"; there is a consciousness of *difference*, and this grows into a sense of a something that remains within a changing hurly-burly, a sense of a within and a without. And this arises necessarily at the points of contact between the continuing Consciousness and the changing hurly-burly, that is in its physical vehicle, its physical body. Herein is slowly established the "I," and with the establishment of this "I" comes the establishment also of "others." He becomes conscious of things outside himself instead of being conscious only of changes in himself.

This process of perceiving objects is a complex one. It must be remembered that objects contact the body in various ways,

and the body receives some of their vibrations by the parts differentiated to receive such vibrations. The eye, the ear, the skin, the tongue, the nose, receive various vibratory waves, and certain cells in the organs affected vibrate similarly in response. The waves set up pass to the sense-centres in the brain, and thence to the knowledge-senses in the astral sheath; there they are transmuted into colour, outline, sound, form, taste, smell, etc., and are sent on, still as separate waves, to the mental sheath, and are herein combined into a single image, unified into a single perception of an object. This blending of the various streams of waves into one, this synthesis of sensations, is a specialty of the mind. Hence, in Indian psychology, the mind is often called "the sixth sense," "the senses of which mind is the sixth."\* When we consider the five organs of action in relation to the mind, we find a reverse process going on; the mind pictures a certain act as a whole, and sends down a wave to the motor senses in the astral sheaths, and they break it up, analyse it, into its constituent parts, sending on to the motor centres in the brain these separated waves; the motor centres distribute these waves through the nervous system to the various muscles that must cooperate to produce the action. Regarded in this double relation the mind becomes the eleventh sense, "the ten senses and the one."†

With the change of Consciousness into Self-Consciousness comes the recognition of a difference which later, in the more evolved Self-Consciousness, becomes the difference between the objective or "real"—in the ordinary western sense of the word—and the subjective or "unreal," and "imaginary." To the jelly-fish, the sea-anemone, the hydra, waves and currents, sunshine and blast, food and sand touching the periphery or the tentacles, are not "real," are registered only as changes in Consciousness, as in truth they are also to the body of the human infant; I say registered, not recognised, since no mental observation, analysis, and judgment are possible in the lower stages of evolution. These creatures are not yet sufficiently "themselves" to be conscious of "others," and they only feel changes as occurring within the circle of their own ill-defined consciousness. The external world

\* *Bhagavad-Gitā*, xv. 7. † *Ibid.*, xiii. 5.

grows into "reality" as the Consciousness, separating itself from it, realises its own separateness, changes from a vague "*I am*" into a definite "*I am.*"

As this self-conscious "I" gradually gains in clearness of self-identification, of separateness, and distinguishes between changes within himself and the impact of external objects, he is ready to take the next step, of relating the changes within himself to the varying impacts from outside. Then follows the development of Desire for pleasure into definite desires for pleasure-giving objects, followed by thoughts as to how to obtain them; these lead to efforts to move after them when in sight, to search for them when absent, and the consequent slow evolution of the outer vehicle into a body well-organised for movement, for pursuit, for capture. The desire for the absent, the search, the success or failure, all impress on the developing Consciousness the difference between his desires and thoughts, of which he is, or can be, always conscious, and the external objects which come and go without any reference to himself, and with disconcerting irrelevance to his feelings. He distinguishes these as "real," as having an existence which he does not control, and which affects him without any regard to his likings or objections. And this sense of "reality" is first established in the physical world, as being the one in which these contacts between the "I" and the "others" are first recognised by Consciousness. Self-Consciousness begins its evolution in and through the physical body, and has its earliest centre in the brain.

The normal man, at the present stage of evolution, still identifies himself with this brain-centre of Self-Consciousness, and is hence restricted to the waking, or physical plane Consciousness, knowing himself as "I," distinctly and consecutively, only on the physical plane, that is, in the waking state. On this plane he is definitely self-conscious, distinguishing between himself and the outer world without hesitation; hence on this plane, and on this plane only, external things are to him "real," "objective," "outside himself."

On other planes, the astral and the mental, he is, as yet, conscious but not self-conscious; he recognises changes within himself, but does not yet distinguish between the self-initiated

changes and those caused by impacts from without on his astral and mental vehicles. To him they are all alike changes within himself. Hence all phenomena of Consciousness occurring on super-physical planes—planes on which Self-Consciousness is not yet definitely established—the normal, average man calls “un-real,” “subjective,” “inside himself,” just as the jelly-fish, if he were a philosopher, would designate the phenomena of the physical plane. He regards astral or mental phenomena as the results of his “imagination,” *i.e.*, as forms of his own creating, and not as the results of impacts upon his astral or mental vehicle from external worlds, subtler but as “real” and “objective” as the external physical world. That is, he is not yet sufficiently evolved to have reached self-realisation on those planes, and thus to have become capable of objectivising there the external worlds. He is only conscious there of the changes in himself, the changes in Consciousness, and the external world is consequently to him merely the play of his own desires and thoughts. He is, in fact, an infant on the astral and mental planes.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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It is as true that real happiness is good, as that the good become better under the purification of trial. Those who have not suffered are still wanting in depth, but a man who has not got happiness cannot impart it. We can only give what we have. Happiness, grief, gaiety, sadness, are by nature contagious. Bring your health and your strength to the weak and sickly, and so you will be of use to them. Give them, not your weakness but your energy—so you will revive and lift them up. Life alone can rekindle life. What others claim from us is not our thirst and our hunger, but our bread and our gourd.—AMIEL's *Journal*, p. 163.

## THE FRUIT OF DREAMS

THE impression made upon one's waking consciousness by incidents of a tragic nature may, or may not, prove more lasting than those resulting from merely humorous ones; but it will, at least, be generally admitted that a consistently funny *dream* is rare—a premise that may serve as an excuse for the following true record.

One night, some while since, I had a singularly vivid dream. I thought that I was dining out—an abnormal feature, to start with—and that a certain Mr. Pringsley was repeatedly mentioned. One of the party persisted, however, in calling him *Kingsley*.

“You could not tell us, I suppose,” said some one, “where Charles Kingsley is now?”

“Oh! yes,” was the reply: “he has gone to Westmeston.”

“I think not,” rejoined the other, “or we should have ——,” indicating our host, “also going to Westmeston.”

“A friend of Kingsley,” he went on, “once sent him a fruit tree. Meeting his gardener soon afterwards Kingsley asked him what sort of a tree it was. ‘Sir,’ replied the man gravely, ‘it’s a napple tree.’

“Kingsley was the last person to laugh maliciously at any one, least of all at an old dependent; but here the temptation to take a rise out of his gardener was too much for him.

“‘Ah;’ he remarked, with equal gravity; ‘now I know why I have felt so drowsy lately.’ The gardener did *not* know, and looked as though he would gladly find out; but, catching a twinkle in the Rector’s eye, thought better of it, and moved away.”

That, in substance, was the dream; and its surprising coherence—to say nothing of any resemblance it may bear to Kingsley’s manners and methods—induced me to rise in the small hours of a cold winter’s night for the purpose of writing it

down in its pristine freshness. I certainly had neither read this story, nor heard it related.

The "stuff whereof dreams are made" is not a tangible commodity; nor do dreams yield their secret "upon compulsion;" but that their economy is not past finding out may be taken for granted—if only one knew how to set about making the discovery.

A modern hypothesis assumes that just as the formed protoplasm of which the human frame is built up, is supplied, to a large extent, by the formed protoplasm of the lower organisms of the vegetable world, so the mind structures of the human subject are similarly refreshed and edified by mental fabrics that have previously been separated, by death, from other forms of animal existence.

Does my dream, then, represent a revival of some actual incident, registered, so to say, by a living consciousness other than mine, some portion of which has in the natural course of events fallen to my unconscious share?

Are dreams, in short, a species of phonography, comprising scattered, haphazard impressions made at unknown intervals, entirely apart from the (supposed) individuality of a given "dreamer of dreams"?

"RHABDOS."

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ALMOST always he saw the course of the Universe slowly spinning down the grooves of Time *in a spiral*, imperceptibly advancing even when it appears to recede. . . . There is no Absolute—all is relative. Or, if an Absolute exist in the region of the infinite, we, by the constitution of our natures, are condemned to perceive only the relative. . . . The progress of the Universe is, perchance, the long and painful advent of the unborn God.—*The Life of Renan*, MME. DARMESTETER.



## THE LEGEND OF THE MONK BARŞÎŞ

Believe not in thyself until the day of thy death!—*Pirکہé Âbhóth*, ii. 5.

THE Shaikh Barşîş lived upon a mountain. He recited the Qurân, and gave himself up to prayer and pious exercises.

But the Devil was watching him, and wishing to take him away from the mountain, and could not do it.

At last he went and fetched the Mother-of-Mortal-Sin, and said to her :

“Can you manage to get this man away from the mountain?”

“Certainly, I can do it,” she answered.

“Good!” said the Devil, “then go up there to him.”

So the Mother-of-Mortal-Sin went to the Shaikh Barşîş, and said to him : “O Shaikh, I pray and I turn myself to God in my repentance ; I will fast and follow you wherever you wish to send me.”

In this way she spent two days in prayer with him.

On the second day she said to him : “Come, let us go out for a little recreation ; afterwards we will come back again.”

“Just as you like,” he answered. So they left the mountain and went down to the town for a little recreation.

The Devil came out to meet them, and whispered in the ear of the Shaikh Barşîş, and caused him to fall into sin.

The next morning the Shaikh was dead.

And the Mother-of-Mortal-Sin went to his mountain and prayed to God until her death.

### MORAL.

Iblis (Satan) sits at the feet of God's throne and prays ;  
But Shaikh Barşîş has no fruit from all his former piety.  
The Mother-of-Mortal-Sin has been forgiven for what she did to  
him,

By the miraculous power of the Religion and the Way.

[From the German, *Die Legende vom Münch Barsîşâ*, von Dr. Ign. Goldziher and Dr. C. Graf v. Landberger-Hallberger (1896). A Mohammedan legend; the last word of the Moral is not understood by the translators.]

X<sup>n-1</sup>.

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## PROFESSOR LADD'S "THEORY OF REALITY"

THIS book is a refreshing change from the negative and destructive treatises on metaphysical questions with which we so often meet; it will repay study. It is not possible in the space at my disposal to give an adequate account of the series of arguments by means of which the writer establishes his various points. Only a few scattered hints can be given in regard to its main line of thought.

Professor Ladd hails from America—Yale University—where he is professor of philosophy. He first came into prominence as the writer of the *Elements of Physiological Psychology*. But in his later works, *The Philosophy of Knowledge*, *The Philosophy of Mind*, and the one which is the subject of this paper, *A Theory of Reality*, he deals more with the life aspect of mental development than with the form aspect.

In this last book he takes the bold step—for a metaphysician—of incorporating into his system the results garnered from the study (1) of the "plain man's" consciousness and the metaphysical assumptions made by ordinary men in daily life, and (2) of the metaphysical assumptions generally made by scientific men.

He points out that the ordinary man implicitly believes that the objects with which he comes in contact are *real things*, and that this omnipresent and persistent confidence is entitled to some attention. Also that every one of the particular sciences assumes the reality of certain conceptions, and that most people believe in their hearts that these assumptions are justifiable. That which we all believe *in spite of every argument to the contrary*

may after all be true. Logic, in short, does not cover the whole ground on which belief rests.

The Theory of Reality worked out by Professor Ladd is, in brief, anthropomorphic. It really amounts to the theosophic conception that all things are on their way to become man, but he does not express it exactly in that way, though he does confess that his theory is "anthropomorphic."

He says that all objects are real, but they are more or less real according to the amount of *Selfhood* that they possess. Inorganic objects have *some* Selfhood, plants more, animals still more, and men the most of all. Selfhood is Will, Purposeness. We realise the Selfhood, *i.e.*, the reality of things when they interfere with our Will. We do not realise the Selfhood of anything else till we have become conscious of our own Selfhood, and this is a gradual process.

The theory is worked out in great detail, and with very careful analysis and synthesis. Eight chapters are devoted to the discussion of the "categories" in turn, and it is pointed out that :

"Every real thing is an actualisation in an individual way of all the categories. . . . It is a concrete and harmonious unifying of these categories."

The categories are only abstractions till they are unified and manifested in some particular thing, so that in one sense reality is an actual harmony of the categories.

Each individual thing shows forth both unity and separate-ness. It shows forth unity by combining the categories into a definite whole, and it shows forth separateness by its individual existence as apart from every other thing.

The categories are very closely related, for although no category is completely resolvable into any other, each involves the recognition and the conception of every other, and they form a system which appears as a harmony to thought.

Professor Ladd is of opinion that *things actually are*, and that this truth becomes more and more evident to human beings as their powers evolve. They *are* because of the Selfhood in them.

"Without Selfhood, Matter is nought, is not. . . . There is not and there never has been any brute inanimate

Matter ; there is not now, and there never has been, any system of natural objects bare or devoid of indwelling Spirit.”

He considers that there actually is something which corresponds to the metaphysical term *substance*, but thinks the word an unsatisfactory one and proposes to substitute *self-activity*.

*The Critique of Pure Reason* he regards as unsatisfactory because of its negative tone of thought.

“ Because *The Critique of Pure Reason* laid all the emphasis on the analysis of the subject, the knower, and did not share the undying confidence of men, that the object, that which is known, belongs in all its complicated structure to the world of reality ;—this *Critique* failed to satisfy the demands of consciousness.”

He says, however, that it (*The Critique of Pure Reason*) “ bears most heavily against materialistic science, not against belief in God and immortality.”

In the chapter on “ Teleology,” Professor Ladd strongly insists on the purposive character of each individual thing, and of the system of things.

“ Nature is a vast and intricate system of beings that have been during indefinite time, are now, and will be, moving onward in a course of realising, one after another, an indefinite multitude of real ends.”

More than once in the book is the pointed statement made that “ Activity to some purpose is the ruling principle of mental development.”

His view of the nature of matter is significant. After studying the scientist’s point of view metaphysics draws the conclusion that :

“ The Being of the World of many things has a certain unity of Substrate or Ground ; and this Substrate or Ground is permanent amid all the changes of particular things. While they change in manifold ways, It (the so-called Matter out of which these things are composed) changes not, so far as its essential characteristics are concerned.”

Professor Ladd does not understand the objection of scientists to the expression *vital force*. In physics it is permitted to speak of the forces of gravitation, cohesion, etc. ; why not therefore in

biology of a vital force or of vital forces such as the metabolic, the reproductive, etc. ? He warily remarks that he considers the use of the term "force" figurative in both cases.

In the chapter on "Nature and Spirit" it is pointed out that men use the word "Nature" instead of the word "Matter" when they require a term which can be personified, and that "Nature" is used in two senses :

"Nature and spirit, in the lower meanings of these two words, are both products of Nature in the larger and higher meaning of the word. . . . To get *from* Nature *to* Spirit, we have only to get more deeply into Nature. . . . The one fundamental reality, the actual Being whose characteristics are recognised by the categories, whose work is both Nature considered as the system of material things, and also all the Spirits of men considered in their historical development, is the Absolute Self."

In the chapter on "The World and the Absolute" metaphysics is shown to be interwoven with other aspects of the higher life.

"The task of outlining the relations of the world and the Absolute . . . cannot be accomplished even to the temporary satisfaction of the individual thinker without invoking the manifold helps of ethics, æsthetics and religion."

Here also we have much concerning the unity of the world-system, the intimate relation between all its parts, and the living nature of the world process.

"All the relations that exist amongst the particular existences of the world have their ground in the Being of the Absolute; and all these relations are but concrete and particular instances of that all-embracing relation in which the Absolute stands to the world as being its Ground. . . ."

"The Absolute cannot be regarded as merely an unconscious, non-mental, mechanical process to be identified throughout with the descriptive history of the world evolution in time and space. . . . The world cannot emanate or evolve from itself unless the Being of the World be construed in such manner as to relate It to its own processes of becoming, as the one sufficient ground of them all."

In the last chapter, speaking of the relations between body and mind, Professor Ladd expresses his disbelief in the theory of

parallelism and his belief in that of interaction. His experiments in physiological psychology led him to the conclusion that the mind and body mutually react on each other. From a theosophical point of view, his conclusion simply means that the body and the *mental body* act and react on each other through the astral. The theory of parallelism on the other hand regards the mind as consciousness, and thus considered there is no interaction. This appears to be the explanation of the position taken up in modern psychology by the supporters of the theory of parallelism and the theory of interaction respectively. The former school thinks of mind as life, as consciousness, as entirely immaterial, and from this point of view there is no interaction, there is only parallelism. The latter school thinks of mind as an exceeding subtle, but still material agency, and from this point of view there is action in both directions. The theosophic theory reconciles these two lines of thought and includes both. Whether Professor Ladd has realised that the interaction theory, which he supports, involves the conception of mind as a material agency, is not clear from his book. It appears most likely that he has not done so, because if he had realised it, he would probably have seen that the theory of parallelism also is an aspect of truth.

With this small exception, his book is an able and singularly inclusive statement of metaphysical theory, and most useful to theosophic students, giving new names to old truths, and thus freeing us from the tyranny of mere words. It is a masterly and complete criticism of the agnostic point of view, and its tendency is wholly in the direction of harmonising the conclusions of religion and science.

SARAH CORBETT.

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A MAN comes into possession of creative power by uniting his own mind with the Universal Mind, and he who succeeds in doing so will be in possession of the highest possible wisdom; the lower realm of Nature will be subject to him, and the powers of Heaven will aid him, because Heaven is the servant of wisdom.—PARACELSUS.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## THE MAIN OBJECT OF EDUCATION

An Essay on Evolution of Character. By Sarah Corbett, formerly Scholar of Girton. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 2s. net.)

WE have to congratulate our colleague on the production of a clear and common-sense little volume dealing with that all-important subject the development of character. As Mrs. Corbett says: "The development of character is now generally realised to be the main object of education, round which all educational theories range themselves, and which they recognise more or less distinctly as their true goal." The author, who is profoundly interested in all educational theories, and who has had much personal experience in carrying theory into practice, is further equipped with a clear understanding of the Theosophical postulates concerning the nature of man which enables her to assign just value to many things that as a rule are grievously misunderstood by educationalists. This does not mean that Mrs. Corbett has made the mistake of filling her pages with technical terms; on the contrary, she has grasped the ideas and set them forth in clear and crisp sentences. Her book will thus be of service to a very wide circle of readers and we cordially wish it every success.

G. R. S. M.

## TWELVE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS OF HUMANITY

Douze cent mille ans d'humanité et l'âge de la terre par l'explication de l'évolution périodique des climats, des glaciers, et des cours d'eau. Par L. Rémond. (Imprimerie de Monaco; 1902.)

M. RÉMOND, the author of this book, is himself a phenomenon of great Theosophical interest. A poor working man of Paris, he, by means of great thrift, saved up his earnings for the purpose of

studying astronomy. His great industry in reading, coupled with an intellectual power of appreciation of scientific fact and of generalisation, highly exceptional in a man of his class, enabled him to produce a work which has been found worthy of perusal by some of the leading scientific worthies in France.

The reviewer, being neither an astronomer nor a geologist, is unable to offer any critical remarks on the value of the author's conclusions; he can only indicate the general drift of the propositions contained in the book.

The first section is devoted to a consideration of the facts which afford proofs of a "periodic evolution of climates, glaciers and water-flows or floods."

In the second section he supports, with great thoroughness and ability, the important proposition that "the periodic evolution of climates can only be explained by means of continuous variation in the inclination of the earth's axis."

The heading of Section III. runs thus: "Variation in the inclination of the axis is not caused by displacement of the ecliptic, but by rotation of the Earth, and there exists no reason for placing a limit to the same."

Finally, and most interesting of all for students of Theosophy, there is a chapter on "The Age of Man and of the Earth." According to the author, definite proof for the statement in capitals with which the chapter opens: "Man has known how to manufacture implements for about 1,200,000 years," is afforded by the following data. Most naturalists admit that palæolithic man probably lived prior to the time of the last glacial extension and that he was certainly contemporaneous therewith; this is based on the following facts: (1) "No palæolithic implement has been found in the region north of the moraines bounding the last extension of the northern glaciers. Now if man had only arrived in our territories after the ice had departed, there would be no reason for his habitat being limited exactly to this boundary line." And the cause of his not proceeding farther north on the eventual retreat of the ice is amply afforded by the fact of the progressive severity of the seasons, which, on the contrary, obliged him to emigrate towards equatorial regions, where, in fact, palæolithic flint-implements are found. (2) At Chelles-sur-Marne have been collected very ancient chipped flint-implements accompanied by the remains of the elephant, hippopotamus and other southern animals at the base of the quaternary alluvial deposits. At Celle



the same fauna, along with a *southern flora mingled with a cold temperate flora*, have been found. This state of things could only exist at an epoch when the temperature was constantly uniform in character, and as we know further that this latter was the cause of the glacial epoch and occurred as a result of the perpendicular position of the earth's axis with regard to its orbit, it is easy to find out, from astronomical data, the time which has elapsed since this period when implement-making man lived contemporaneously with the last glacial extension. On estimating the variation of the obliquity of the axis at forty-six seconds a century, it will diminish one degree in 7,800 years, and the axis will require 700,000 years to enable it to traverse all the degrees of inclination. This will represent the period separating the paroxysm of extension of the glaciers from that of their retreat. Since this last epoch, at which the axis was inclined  $90^\circ$ , the inclination has *diminished*  $67^\circ$ , which, multiplied by the 7,800 years needed for diminution by one degree, gives 520,000 years, which, added to 700,000, yields a total of, in round numbers, 1,200,000 years, during which man has been in possession of the intelligence which has made him the king of creation.

The last half of this final chapter is devoted to setting forth the proof that "more than a thousand million years have passed since the oldest sedimentary deposits were accumulated." Here, again, the law of periodicity comes into play. The coal-field of Saint-Chamond (Loire) contains twelve layers of coal and as many alternating layers of sedimentary rocks, the whole having a thickness of 900 metres. Knowing that each layer of coal corresponds to a period when the water-flows or floods were reduced in volume, owing to the lesser inclination of the axis, and that, consequently, any two of these periods are separated from each other by 1,400,000 years, we multiply this figure by the twelve layers of coal and obtain, in round numbers, 16,800,000 years for the thickness of 900 metres. Extending this rule to the forty-five kilometres of thickness of the entire system of sedimentary deposits, we obtain 840 millions of years since the water-flows or floods began their work and the earth became habitable. For various reasons, this figure must be regarded as far short of the mark, and an estimate of 1,000 millions is a perfectly safe one.

It remains, of course, for competent astronomers and geologists to determine whether the conclusions of the author are really safe and sound. Assuming, for the nonce, that they are so, the results which he arrives at, on purely scientific data, as to the antiquity of

man, are of great importance to Theosophical students. For here is an independent scientific investigator, knowing nothing probably of Theosophical ideas as to Atlantis and the antiquity of the human race, furnishing a scientific estimate of the age of intelligent man which actually begins to harmonise with the statements by *The Secret Doctrine* and our clairvoyant investigators on the same subject. Rémond's estimate of 1,200,000 years since the time of the last great glacial extension and that of palæolithic man actually goes somewhat beyond the period, *viz.*, 850,000 years ago, given by our clairvoyant investigators as that at which the second great glacial epoch prevailed; and, further, the date of the palæolithic "Furfooz" and "Cromagnon" man (remnants, respectively, of the first and second Atlantean root-races) is given by them as about 800,000 years ago. We are told that about one million years since the Atlantean civilisation was at its prime. In connection with this statement, a significant remark of Rémond's may be cited; he says: "time, like space, is only an abstraction, and 1,200,000 years weigh but a second in the balance of eternity. We shall even aver that this period represents but a minimum of time, for though it is possible that Western Europe afforded the earliest cradle of human industry, this has not yet been proved to be the case."

The prevalence of the law of periodicity governing the phenomena of climate, glacial epochs, water-flows or floods, and the evolution of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, affords, in the opinion of the reviewer, an apt illustration of the axiom "as above so below," for the occult teachings shew us that the great law of *rhythm*, of *cyclic* motion, prevails on *all* planes of the universe, is the law governing the evolution of all forms of life through the successive chains of worlds, and is the final root-principle of that, to some people, so strange and exceptional idea of "reincarnation."

W. C. W.

#### SIX ALLEGORICAL STORIES

Love and Life. By H. B. Dowson. With Six Photogravures of Pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A. (London: Dent and Co.; 1902. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS gracefully written and well-turned-out little volume will make an excellent gift book. The nature of the stories will be best appreciated by reading Mrs. Dowson's contribution to our present issue. "The Happy Warrior" is included in the volume, and the rest of

the allegorical pieces are of a similar nature. The book is further adorned, and truly so, by excellent photogravures of six of the most beautiful of Watts' pictures, "Love and Life," "Life and Death," "Love Triumphant," "The Happy Warrior," "A Study," and "Hope"; and though the writer does not presume to "interpret" these well-known masterpieces, the pictures have in most cases suggested the thoughts which are set forth in the letter-press. The main theme of these allegories is the transmutation of earthly into spiritual love, and we are quite sure that many of our readers will be glad to learn that "The Happy Warrior" is not the only work of Mrs. Dowson's pen.

G. R. S. M.

#### REACTIONARY PSYCHOLOGY

The Mind of Man ; a Text-book of Psychology. By Gustav Spiller.  
(London : Swan Sonnenschein and Co. ; 1902. Price 7s. 6d.)

MR. SPILLER has undertaken a task for which he is scarcely competent, in spite of wide reading and an almost bewildering accumulation of facts and details bearing on the subject of which he treats. What are we to think of a writer who is so little in touch with the modern spirit that he inveighs against the "speculative" tendency of modern psychology, announcing that it is his mission to "sound a retreat," yet himself makes quite casually the statement that "all bodily motion *like all thought*\* results from organic transformations" (p. 72), apparently without being aware that this would not be generally accepted by modern psychologists?

There are many other statements in the book of which no proof is attempted, although they are not such as would be generally accepted. It is said for example on p. 60: "Attention in the normal waking state is quantitatively alike with all men at all times."

Mr. Spiller does not believe in genius except as a product of environment; and he informs us that "Shakespeare's flowing sentences are not the outcome of the soul's spontaneity" (p. 411), although he is obliging enough to admit (p. 417) that "theoretically it might well be contended that most individuals differ from one another very considerably, while some immeasurably surpass the rest."

In one of the later chapters he speaks of spiritualistic *séances*, and pathetically enquires: "How are we to account for members of learned societies seriously maintaining the objectivity of these presences?" And he adds: "These scholars' names lure unwary souls

\* The italics are the reviewer's.

into the net of superstition, as the names of highly respected lords and dukes help to keep afloat spurious companies."

The book is accompanied by a very extensive index of authors and of publications, but the material gathered from these sources has not been well arranged.

S. C.

#### A BOOK FOR THE CHRISTIAN MYSTIC

The Cloud upon the Sanctuary. By the Councillor Eckartshausen. Translation and Notes by Isabel de Steiger. New issue with Introduction by Arthur Edward Waite. (London: Wellby; 1903. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

WE are very glad to see that a second issue of this exceedingly helpful and suggestive work on Christian mysticism has been required. It shows that the number of readers of this wider and deeper literature of Christianity is growing. Mme. de Steiger published the first issue of her useful rendering of Eckartshausen's masterpiece in 1896, it having already appeared in the pages of Mr. Waite's now unfortunately extinct magazine, *The Unseen World*. The present issue is accompanied by a sensible and interesting Introduction by Mr. Waite himself, and it is unnecessary to tell the readers of this REVIEW that the writer of the best Life of Saint-Martin which has appeared in any language, is on familiar ground in treating of Eckartshausen. No lover of this Way can do better than follow Mr. Waite's advice and acquaint himself with the contents of the rare but illuminative works which are referred to in his Introduction. If only some one—and why not the scholarly mystic who writes this Introduction?—would play the Max Müller to the "sacred books" of the Christian mystics from the XIVth to the XVIIIth centuries, what a feast there would be for hundreds of thousands of starving souls!

G. R. S. M.

#### A USEFUL PRESENT

Perpetual Calendar with Golden Thoughts for Every Day in the Year. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price 1s. post free.)

THE Theosophical Publishing Society have just brought out a new edition of this Calendar: it contains an entirely fresh selection of quotations and is improved in size of type and general get-up.

## A HERESIOLOGICAL MANUAL

Christian Heresies classified as Simplifications of Christian Dogmas by Conversion of Plurality into Unity or of Unity into Plurality. By Rev. Sidney Claude Tickell. (London: Elliot Stock; 1902. Price 1s. 6d.)

THIS little book purports to be a text-book for theological students, and doubtless will be found of great service by young gentlemen who are under the sad obligation of satisfying examiners in theology. Mr. Tickell may be congratulated on a simplification of the task of the theological student who has to answer according to the way it is laid down in the schools, but our interest in his attempt is of a totally different nature, and goes behind the schools and their ways.

In the first place we utterly disagree with the definition the author gives to heresy in his preface when he says: "Christian heresies are simplifications of Christian dogmas, attempts by well-intentioned but mistaken persons to render these dogmas more intelligible and therefore more credible, at the expense of much that was essential in them."

The dogmas which Mr. Tickell uses as criteria of his classification of heresy are two, namely:

"Dogma I.—Trinity in Unity: 3 persons (divine) in 1 nature (divine).

"Dogma II.—Duality in Unity: 2 natures (divine and human) in 1 [*viz.*, 2nd] person (divine)."

The heresies start away cheerfully with that of Cerinthus and of the purely imaginary "Ebion."

We ask, then, in the first place: How can heresies be "simplifications" of dogmas which did not exist? The dogma of the "trinity" is absolutely non-existent in the earliest texts of the Canonical New Testament; and if Mr. Tickell doubts our assertion, we refer him to F. C. Conybeare's admirable article on "Early Doctrinal Modifications of the Gospels" in the first number (October) of the new quarterly, *The Hibbert Journal*. 1 John, v. 7, 8, as Mr. Tickell must know, has long been abandoned on all hands, and now Conybeare has proved that Matthew, xxviii. 19, on which the entire weight of the proof of the dogma from Scripture now falls, even up to the time of Eusebius read simply "Go ye and make disciples of all nations in *my name*."

So, too, with the second dogma, Conybeare proves conclusively that the earliest tradition was that Jesus was the natural son of Joseph,

and in connection with this we may take the early forms of the saying preserving the question about "the good," where Jesus distinctly disclaims this "sinless" title. As Conybeare says: "The lesson to be learned from the history of the three texts above examined is this: First, it is quite erroneous to assert, as Westcott and Hort have in their introductions asserted, that the text of the gospels bears no trace of having been altered anywhere for dogmatic or doctrinal reasons. On the contrary, here are three texts which have been so altered. And, what is more, the interpolated texts have been regularly appealed to for centuries and centuries in defence of the very doctrines in behalf of which they were inserted."

The doctrine of the trinity formed no part of the instruction of the early popular Christian churches, but it was a necessity of the theorising of the inner communities, though not in its later general dogmatic form, which was forced out by a policy that was determined to deny every proposition of a reasonable nature, and suppress all freedom in Christianity by imposing the cult of the incomprehensible on all its domestic malcontents. It is unnecessary, therefore, to follow Mr. Tickell through the pages of his "Biographical Appendix" in which, among other curious things, he discovers the "revelation" of the Trinity in the Old Testament in the word "Elohim." We should advise our abbreviator of heresy to turn up the word in a concordance and a lexicon and then fight out the question with a learned Rabbi.

G. R. S. M.

#### A SYSTEM OF LOGIC

Syllabus of a Course on Logic, or the Method of acquiring the Knowledge of Truth. By V. H. Lafosse. (London: Mansfield House, Canning Town, E.; 1902. Price 2s. 6d.)

THIS pamphlet shows a considerable amount of painstaking and persevering thought, but it can hardly be recommended as likely to be useful to students. The *Course on Logic* is not on the ordinary lines of academic logic, nor is the method pursued likely to be generally adopted. The writer is anxious that his conclusions, if incorrect, should be refuted, but none of his conclusions seem to be sufficiently important to be discussed with enthusiasm. He suffers moreover from an imperfect knowledge of English; "consciousability" is not English, and we do not say "the logic." But these slips would be of

little importance if the pamphlet contained helpful material for study ; this, however, is not the case. It contains one of those systems which is more likely to be useful to the writer himself than to others.

S. C.

#### MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

WE regret that, owing to our having gone to press earlier this month, because of the Christmas holidays, we are compelled to hold over our review of the December number of the *Theosophist*.

*Revue Théosophique Française*, November. Dr. Pascal concludes his series of articles on "Present-day Theosophy," and demonstrates the great part played by the Law of Sacrifice in the progress of Humanity. Mr. Keightley's "Different Systems of Yoga" is continued, and Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant are respectively represented by translations from "What Theosophy does for us" and "Thought Power," and Z. L. B. contributes "A Dream."

*Bulletin Théosophique*, December, contains the announcement that M. P. Bernard has been appointed Assistant Secretary to the French Section. The *Bulletin* also includes a short account of Mrs. Besant's tour in France and in Switzerland, and we are glad to note that a new Branch of the Society has been formed at Nice.

*Theosophisch Maandblad*, November. Our Dutch East Indies contemporary this month appears under the title of "Besant-Number," and contains full reports of Mrs. Besant's lectures delivered in Holland on the 26th, 27th and 28th of August last. The lectures are entitled "Laws of the Higher Life," "How and why We should Study," "Thought, Will and Deed," and "The Uses of the Theosophical Society."

*Lotus Lodge Journal*, December. This little type-written magazine for young people has some interesting contributions from Mrs. Lauder, Mr. Leadbeater, Mrs. Abel and Miss Mallet. The Editors inform us that it is proposed to collect funds for printing the journal so as to obtain for it a wider circulation, and, in view of the fact that during the coming year Mr. Leadbeater will contribute a series of special reports of his American lectures, and that the general tone of the magazine is so well adapted to the tastes of children, we have much pleasure in giving publicity to the Editors' appeal. Any who are willing to guarantee an annual subscription of 3s. 6d., entitling the subscriber to the journal, or who will endeavour to procure subscrip-

tions, are requested to communicate with the Editors, *Lotus Lodge Journal*, 7, Lanhill Road, Elgin Avenue, London, W.

*Theosophia*, Holland, has translations from H. P. Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant, Mr. Sinnett, Michael Wood, and C. W. Leadbeater. J. B. Wilson contributes a long poem entitled "The Saviour's Goal."

*Teosofia*, Italy, contains short articles on "Re-Union" and "The Fourth Dimension," by L. Tamburelli and G. Buonamici respectively, and a further instalment of Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Religion" concludes the number.

*Theosophy in Australia*. W. J. F.'s "Three-fold Theosophy" is continued under the heading of "Science"; E. Evans contributes a set of verses entitled "A Vision of Christ" and F. C. Ramsay and "A. B. Student" furnish a few remarks on "The Forgiveness of Sins" and "On the Atonement."

*The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, November, has a thoughtful article by Miss A. E. Davidson on "The Origin and Meaning of Evil." W. Denne Meers continues his series entitled "The Study of Man" and "Philalethes" discourses on "The Work of the Theosophical Society."

We have also to acknowledge: *La Nuova Parola*; *Théosophie*; *Revista Teosofica*; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Sophia*, Santiago; *The Theosophic Gleaner*; *Dharma*; *The Light of Truth*; *Modern Astrology*; *The Arya*; *The Indian Review*; *Little Journeys*, Abbey; *The Brahmavadin*; *Light*; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *The Animals' Friend*; *Aesus*, an essay on Pythagorean philosophy, by H. Lizeray; *East and West*; *Light of Reason*; *The Philistine*. We have also received a reprint in pamphlet form of "An Open Letter to the Registrar-General" against vivisection, by Mr. Stephen Coleridge, which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for October.

G. S. A.

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ERRATUM.—October number, p. 118, foot-note; change reference to *The Pall Mall Magazine*, from "May" to "June."