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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN the early years of the Roman Empire many were the restrictive measures enacted against the hosts of fortune-tellers, magicians, diviners, *Chaldæi*, *mathematici*, and all that horde of practisers of strange arts who swarmed in the world capital. History repeats itself, and to-day in the great capitals of the Western world we have exactly the same conditions with the same results. Thus in *The Daily Telegraph* of March 4th, there is an instructive column from a Special Correspondent from New York, headed "Flight of the Seers: England warned." From it we cut the first and last paragraphs:

The Modern
"Chaldæi"

There are upwards of sixty million people in the United States, of whom many are very gullible. That, at least, is the inevitable conclusion when one considers that there are more professional fortune-tellers here than in any other civilised country. They are of all classes and grades, ranging from the ancient dame at a village fair who "reads your hands" for a few pence to the fashionable prophet living in an expensive house, whose equipment for communication with the spirit world includes crystal balls, zithers, piano wires, mechanical tables, and other tools of mystery. Whether they tell your past verbally by the hand for sixpence or predict your future upon a "heliocentric chart with astral colours" for £5, one and all impose equally upon the American public. After much patient endurance at the

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hands of the quacks New York has awakened to the growing evil. The Police Commissioner is taking vigorous measures, with the result that many of the "seers," "witches," "crystal-gazers," "astrologists," "palmists," "Seventh Daughters," and "wise women" are fleeing the city. Many of them will settle in other States, where the laws are less stringent, but others have publicly announced that they will open shortly in England, where, as one said, "fortune-telling has not advanced with the times."

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In addition to fortune-tellers under arrest, bailed out, or fleeing to England, there are a few who announce that they will stay in New York and "fight it out." They do not in all cases maintain that their business is the most honourable of callings, but—to quote one of them—"we are just as honest as some of the Wall Street financiers." This plea is undoubtedly true, but two blacks do not, of course, make a white.

All this is not very terrible to the student of history, much less to the scholar of Theosophy; for these will remember that such things are but the surface froth and foam of a great stirring of the waters, that when the ancient state of Rome strove to keep out the inrush of Eastern enthusiastic cults and magical practices by repressive enactments she knew not that behind the froth and foam and scum there was a great tidal wave that no mortal enactments could cast back from the shore; the Roman world was overwhelmed and the flood of Christianity swept over the land. To-day, the experienced observe the signs again, and ask themselves: "What comes from the way of the sun-rise?" And who shall answer the riddle, when the Future is naturally silent?

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THE latest theory on the nature of the mysterious atom is that of Professor H. Nagaoka of Tokio University. The marvellous simplicity of the archaic Chinese cosmogonic notions is of such a nature that they can be translated into the technical terms of the latest speculations on world-genesis; if this is true of the most developed thought of the "fourth race" when treating of the nature of things *en gros*, it is of great interest to learn the latest speculations of Japanese science when dealing with the nature of things *en détail*, and this information is afforded us by the writer of the article on "Discovery and Invention" which appeared in *The Morning Post* of March 5th:

A Jap Theory of
the Atom

simplicity of the archaic Chinese cosmogonic notions is of such a nature that they can be translated into the technical terms of the latest

The theory of the atom has become vastly more complex since the days when Dalton first set forth his conception of the ultimate constitution of matter—a conception not essentially different from that of Lucretius, the H. G. Wells of his age and country. The Daltonian atom was halved by Magniac, quartered by Dumas, and cut up into a thousand or more pieces by Zängerle. Then came Crookes with his notion of the existence of a protyle, the Urstoff, or fire-mist or fourth form of matter, out of which the atoms are elaborately evolved. To-day the atom is regarded as a complex system of negative and positive electrons—a more or less stable system held together by definite laws of attraction and repulsion. But what is the dynamical form of such a system? A most ingenious attempt to answer this question has been made by Professor H. Nagaoka, of Tokio University, which, by the way, is already producing a new and characteristic type of investigation. In science, as in war, the Japanese have assimilated all that the West has to teach, and are now working along lines of their own. Professor Nagaoka suggests that the atom should be regarded as a system of particles resembling that of Saturn and his rings, the stability of which was demonstrated mathematically by Clerk Maxwell. The new or Japanese conception of the atom involves (1) a large number of particles of equal mass arranged in a ring at equal intervals and repelling each other with forces inversely proportional to the square of the intervening distance, and (2) at the centre of the ring a large particle attracting all the smaller ones according to the same law. In this system the satellites are negative electrons; the equivalent of the controlling planet is a positive charge. For small oscillations the system would be just as stable as the Saturnian arrangement. Such an ideal atom would enable us to harmonise all or nearly all the results of recent investigations of radio-activity, the kathode rays, the instability of elements with high atomic weights, etc. Professor Nagaoka's "working hypothesis" is particularly interesting in that it illustrates the scientific adage—from the infinite to the infinitesimal there is but a step—which is and has always been a root-idea in Japanese cosmogonies.

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MYTHOLOGY is not dead, and doubtless some day it will be discovered that it is not to be summarily explained as a "disease of language," or indeed by any of the very

A Korean Myth superior theories with which an age that boasts itself to be non-mythological has so far favoured us. There is "something" in it, and that something has more to do with the subjective than with the objective. If "thoughts are things," so too "myths" are "histories" *somewhere*, or if you will not have some *where* then some *how*. The following legend of the foundation of their Imperial dynasty is

believed by the Koreans; it is strangely like some myths of heroes known in the West. We take it from *The Daily Mirror* of February 13th :

A king in North China had a favourite. One day she was walking by the riverside, when she saw a patch of mist, which turned first into an egg and then into a newly-born child. The favourite took the infant home to her royal master, but he, discrediting the story, threw the child angrily into the midst of a herd of swine.

His astonishment was great when he saw the swine, instead of tearing the child, petted it, and brought it food. The King, impressed by this omen had the boy brought up at his Court, but when he had reached the age of twenty the fickle monarch banished him, being jealous of his skill in archery. The unfortunate youth arrived at the bank of the Yalu, but found no ford by which he could cross.

He shot an arrow into the stream, and immediately there rose a multitude of fish, which arched their backs so as to form a sort of bridge, on which the youth made his way across. He found on the other side of the river an amiable people, the ancestors of the present Koreans, who made him their king, and the present Emperor is his direct descendant.

* * *

WE are not of the prophetic order, but are firmly convinced that in human affairs history inevitably repeats itself, *en gros* if not *en détail*, and that similar conditions must unavoidably spawn like progeny. We therefore expect in the near future manifestations of psychism on a large scale, affecting masses of people, even as was the case some nineteen hundred years ago; the return of this cycle will be naturally marked by the exhibition of the most grotesque excesses, overstepping all borders of sanity. A pointer in this direction is the following account taken from the New York correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* of March 14th :

Almost incredible stories have been published lately describing weird and extraordinary revival scenes on Beal's Island, Maine. My investigation proves that the reports are substantially true. Three preachers, belonging to a sect called "The Holy Ghost and Us," stirred the simple fisher folk of the State to delirious frenzy, preaching the doctrine of hell fire, and exhorting one and all to sacrifice everything. Meetings began in the afternoon and lasted until midnight. They were held daily, most of the women in the place falling completely under the sway of the preachers. The little town is divided into two hostile camps, and families are broken up. One man stated yesterday that his wife had been converted, and was always waking him up

at night screaming and commanding him to believe. If he refused his assent she struck him over the head with a bible or a club, threatening to pound the Holy Ghost into him or beat him to death. Elder Buber's method consisted of picturing the awful torments awaiting sinners failing to repent and make atonement. He worked himself into a frenzy, shouting, leaping, grovelling on the floor and performing feats of contortion. Dogs and cats were slaughtered by the fanatics, and the sacrifice of a child's life was narrowly averted. A man present seized the child and dashed for the door of the meeting-house, holding the crowd off while the frightened youngster fled to a hiding-place.

The authorities on the mainland, notified of the extraordinary proceedings, have now prohibited religious services of all kinds. When they intervened a number of fisherfolk had already gone insane. Some were preparing to sell their houses and possessions to give to the preachers. Previous to reaching Beal's Island the preachers toured other islands, preaching unsuccessfully. At Grand Nevah Island, off Passamaquoddy Bay, the sturdy fisherfolk greeted them with a volley of rocks and sticks.

The Morning Leader of March 15th gives further details, asserting that in an endeavour to cure a crippled child :

"They smeared his body with the blood of a newly-killed lamb, covered him with a sack, and commanded the evil spirit to come out of the child. . . . The mother of the cripple had a grown son who sacrificed a dog and cat as a contribution to the cure. After this, it was decided that the crippled child himself must be sacrificed.

The child, however, was hidden and the sheriff summoned from the main land. The revival of the *criobolium*, the "washing in the blood of the lamb," is of the greatest interest to students of occult psychology.

* * *

THE recent Debate on the Education Act was chiefly remarkable for what must have been to many a startling declaration by Lord Hugh Cecil, whose deep religious convictions are well known. To those, however, who watch in the conning-tower he reports what has long been visible on all sides to the naked eye unaided by glasses. The political side of the question is of course no concern of ours and is barred out by the constitution of our Society ; it is the religious problem which concerns us, and this must be our excuse for quoting from a speech in the House. The report is taken from *The Times* of March 15th :

Christianity in
Travail

Hugh Cecil, whose deep religious convictions are well known. To those, however, who watch in the conning-tower he reports what has

He knew what was in the minds of some hon. gentlemen. They were afraid the system would be used for the benefit of a particular section of the Church of England whom they regarded with great suspicion. They thought it was part of an elaborate propaganda by which it was desired to capture the children for the extreme High Church section. Surely, hon. gentlemen mistook the signs of the times. The really formidable movement was a very different one. The real danger was to be apprehended from another quarter. The whole fabric of Christianity was in peril. On every side and among every class there was a growing indifference to religion. Public worship was notoriously neglected, and where it was attended it was made as agreeable as possible in order that it might not be neglected. People attended church or chapel more for the music or the preacher than for worship. The whole Christian system seemed to be passing from the region of certainty into the region of doubt. People were not quite sure whether Christianity were true or not. . . .

No religion which had arrived at that point could long survive as an active force. The danger which he feared was not to the theological system, but to the moral system, for when religion was gone morality would go with it. Was not that a state of things which the Nonconformist as well as the Anglican and the Roman should try to avert? (Hear, hear.) Those who thought that that was a pessimistic view he would ask whether in 1504 a break with the See of Rome, or in 1750 a revolution in France, seemed more probable than a break with Christianity appeared to-day. Great movements came in that fashion. They were latent for years, then suddenly they burst forth, producing lasting effects. Therefore his appeal was not so much in the interest of the Church as in the interest of Christianity.

Christianity is once more in labour; will she bring forth a man-child? She has brought forth enough of daughters.

* * *

IN *The Times* of January 30th there is a thought-stirring communication on the subject of "Portraits in Stone." If Mr.

The Earliest Art Auberon Herbert is right, we have here a means of getting into contact with prehistoric civilisations which no other line of research affords. Mr. Herbert has let his imagination loose, but what might not a psychometrist have done!

Mr. Auberon Herbert has sent us from Cairo a box containing several examples of "portraits in stone" of a very early age, and a letter entitled "Our Kinsmen of the Stone Period," for which we regret to be unable to find space in full. "Being in Egypt," he writes, "and at the edge of the desert, I went to see if here too the old races had not left some carved record of their lives behind them. And there they lay—waiting still for some one to pick them up

and admire them—as they have lain for so many thousands of years. Much of the work most delicately, exquisitely done, such sure unwavering lines, no doubt or hesitation, and the little points that express the soldier's nose, the bird's beak, the projections of the helmet, so clean and sharp and true. Born artists, like the Japanese, able to say on the stone just what they wished to say, neither more nor less. And now comes what is perhaps the chief interest in it all. In its general character the work closely corresponds with the work in the English gravel pits. In both countries they work the face of the stone to a fine edge, so as to get the clear profile; in both countries they split the stone into fine flakes or sheets—sometimes as thin as the paper on which we write our letters; some of the military headpieces exactly correspond; in both countries the same miniature work; and in both countries the same types appear—the holy man with his peaceful, reposeful face, the citizen soldier—as I believe him to be—with the pointed decorated head-gear, those with the flat head-gear, and those with the round head-gear—these last forming, as I judge them, a less important and distinguished caste. No one really conversant with these picture stones of both countries, no one who has given careful study to them, can doubt, as I believe that at some moment in their history the two races were one. . . .

As interesting as the resemblances are the differences. What I write now I must write with great reserve, for I am speaking from first impressions. The manual skill of the worker here was, I think, distinctly greater than with us. But the material was more kind and tractable than our English flint. There are in England but very few examples of such decorated work as are common here; but what as a race we had lost in elaborate design and manual skill, we had gained in other ways. The race here seems to have been more ruled and regulated; their life much more ordered for them; they were much more of a military machine; war seems almost wholly to have occupied their thoughts; there is but little—some there is—of the play and imagination, of the human interest, of the humour and laughter and caricature that abound in the English pits; and as the race marched westwards and northwards, they must have lost much of the love of that show and display which are so striking here. You would laugh to see some of the helmets which these warriors wore—huge, fantastic, with great threatening faces—*grandior vultus*, to terrify the enemy—carved on them, whilst from underneath the great overpowering mass the real soldier peeps out, a mere speck, like a doll's face, lost and buried in the great pile, which reduces him to insignificance. . . .

The above should be read in connection with an article in *The Contemporary Review* for January, by Mr. Herbert, entitled “The Story of an Old Race as told by itself.”

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IN view of the fact that a recent *Transaction* of the London

Lodge by Mr. Sinnett defined the "Constitution of the Earth" in a manner which has excited some adverse criticism, it is interesting to find that a scientific writer in *Nature*, of March 10th, has started a theory of the Earth's Structure which, in its leading characteristic, curiously coincides with the information Mr. Sinnett put forward. The *Transaction* asserts that the Earth actually consists of a series of concentric shells of solid matter with interstitial layers of highly heated liquid or condensed gaseous matter. That statement has been resisted as incompatible with known facts concerning the gravitation of the Earth's mass as studied by means of pendulum observations. Now Dr. Charles J. Fox, discussing Mr. T. M. Reade's book on Earth Structure, comes to the conclusion that certain "pulsatory movements" which actually occur can best be explained by assuming that there are within the Earth "layers of liquid sandwiched in between layers of solid." It is not necessary here to go at length into an examination of the whole theory, which is worked out by assumptions relating to the way in which an incandescent globe might be expected gradually to cool. With great force Dr. Fox argues that it would not necessarily cool from the outside inwards, but in concentric strata, where critical temperatures within, and loss of temperature by radiation without, would establish the conditions of solidification. That is not the way in which the *London Lodge Transaction* described the stratification as arising, but it is at all events interesting to find the main idea acceptable to a scientific writer of the ordinary type. Of course Dr. Fox does not deal with the question that Mr. Wyberg regarded as so important—the greater accumulation of solid matter along radial lines extending towards the poles, than along the equatorial radii—and the testimony of Dr. Fox is only significant as affecting the one point above referred to.

[S.]

BLAKE'S "JERUSALEM"*

ALL lovers of Blake will be grateful to the editors for this admirable presentment of the first of the poet-mystic's series of prophetic books.

The writer fears that the genius of Blake is still "caviare" to the many; but to those who have a true feeling for the symbolic in Art, and the patience to follow the working of a great mind through labyrinthine intricacies, the study of this marvellous work *Jerusalem* will be a labour of love. A labour it undoubtedly is. It is not possible to present here, in any fulness, or to attempt an explanation of, the extraordinary complexity of symbolism to be found in *Jerusalem*; this is done, in brief, and excellently, in the editors' preface. Our intention is but roughly to indicate the main trend of the poem and to give a few examples of the dignity and beauty of its conception and treatment.

Jerusalem, then, is a symphony of the eternal Story of the Ages: "The Descent into Matter"; "The Fall of Man"; "The Return of the Wanderer"; "I came forth from the Father and am come into the world"; "Again I leave the world and go to the Father"—this is the Alpha and Omega of *Jerusalem*.

See how the poet expresses, in that marvellous union of thought and music which is the very soul of poetry, the pilgrimage of Spirit through Matter:

His milk of cows and honey of bees and fruit of golden harvest
Is gather'd in the scorching heat and in the driving rain:
Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain,
His giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust.

It will be seen at once that "Albion" is the personification of Humanity "fallen, but to rise again." Fallen from Perfection, to rise again to its heights, through the Valley of the Shadow of

* *The Prophetic Books of William Blake: Jerusalem*. Edited by E. R. D. Maclagen and A. G. B. Russell. (London: A. H. Bullen; 1904. Price 6s. net.)

Experience and by the Way of the Cross to the Mount of Zion once more. Through the paths of diversity to the goal of Unity.

Jerusalem, "the Emanation of the Giant Albion," as she is called, is the typification of "the power of Affection. The Impulses are her Daughters."

The idea of the reflection of the Spiritual in the physical is maintained throughout the poem. As man is the microcosm of God and Nature, so in man again there is a microcosm and a macrocosm, and the one is a true reflection, in miniature, of the other, *viz.*, the natural affections and burning passions of the "lower nature" are, rightly seen, reflections, feeble and distorted, but still reflections, of divine energy and ideation. The dual aspect is another thread-clue; "the male potency (Spirit) burns, the female (Matter) weaves (the web of Mâyâ)."

Here, too, we have the transmutation aspect of evolution ("take fever and make it force: take energy and make it purpose") in the person of Los, who is the symbol of the "Prophetic Soul," the Spirit of divine fire, deep within the heart of man. Los is the pledge of God to man, the age-long incarnation, the eternal "God with us." But Los has long and bitter travail amid the phantom (but so real to the lower consciousness) shapes of all warring forces and emanations. He emerges, triumphant, through the grave and gate of death to a joyful resurrection, saved, yet so as by fire. Los, in Albion, has to differentiate himself, to flow inward, as it were, along the dark narrow current between banks of limitations, which banks were fashioned by the laborious striving of the selves, the lower Manas, for purposes of experience. It is Los who is the saviour, the redeemer, of fallen Albion.

The poem concludes with an eloquent peroration on the triumph of Unity; Albion and his emanation, Jerusalem, after all their wanderings, many and devious (as we have said before, these wanderings are impossible to epitomise; their separate significance is immense, but must be followed minutely by the reader) are finally re-united. Jesus appears, standing by Albion as the Good Shepherd by the lost sheep that He hath found, and

Albion knew that it
 Was the Lord, the Universal Humanity, and Albion saw his Form
 A Man, and they conversed as Man with Man, in ages of Eternity.
 And the Divine Appearance was the likeness and similitude of Los.

Jesus, the Saviour, is throughout spoken of as Divine Ideation
 and Imagination. He cries to man:

Awake and enter the light and acquire more senses than five.

What a fine conception is this of Blake's—the ideal of
 mental and emotional freedom and the exercise and sovereignty
 of the imaginative reason. This ideal to be attained after the
 experience of personality with its heavy bondage and dark delu-
 sion. The myriad children of Albion, all forces of Manas, turned
 downward, working out at length the destruction of separation—
 through all falsity, into "the glorious liberty of the children of
 God."

Again, these sons of Albion are shown as parents of all
 temporal moods (another knot in the golden string which must
 be undone ere it can be "wound into a ball"). And Albion's
 "spectre" tries to destroy that plant whose root is in Eternity,
 whose leaves are space and time, whose flower is human-divine
 Perfection.

One of the finest passages in the poem (5th line, p. 14) is
 that in which Los beholds with "the inward gaze of prophecy,"
 the records of past, present and future written on the indelible
 pages of the Book of Eternity.

Such is my awful vision,
I see the Four-fold Man, the Humanity in deadly sleep,
 And its fallen Emanation. The Spectre and its cruel Shadow.
I see the Past, Present and Future existing all at once
 Before me; O Divine Spirit, sustain me on thy wings
 That I may awake Albion from his long and cold repose.

(Italics the writer's and not Blake's.)

This fourfold symbol, which sometimes appears as a triad, is
 another connecting link in the structure of *Jerusalem*.

Creation—Judgment—Redemption—Regeneration.

Man and his Powers are typified as the forces allied to the
 various organs of

Head—Heart—Loins—Womb.

But these tempting alleys often lead to the maze of paradox,

and Blake expands, contracts, alters, readjusts, with all the fine carelessness of the Mystic, who, having for his dwelling-place the divine Mount of Imagination, does not greatly concern himself with the chill mists of "the lower reason." Not that our poet-seer disdains pure reason! Well he knows that (like mercy) "it is an attribute of God Himself"; but in all that pertains to the working of the lower mind, he neither desires nor attains "precision of detail." This precision, an admirable quality, Blake holds to be an attribute of the lower part of mind. And Blake is one of those wayward children of genius to whom we forgive much by reason of their great love, and the exalted heights which they have attained. Our artist-seer is wild, he is chaotic, at times he appears wilfully contradictory, childishly absurd. But "thou canst not soar where he is sitting now" may be fitly applied to that school of little critics who concern themselves with the dead letter, rather than with the immortal spirit of whom William Blake, Engraver, Artist, Poet, Mystic, Seer, is a worthy torch-bearer.

God's prophets of the beautiful
These Poets were.

Long does he live in the hearts of all who love Beauty and seek Truth, even though they follow through the mazes of metaphor and the dark valleys of obscurity.

No introductory remarks, such as these, can by their scope and nature attempt to give any but the roughest, most inadequate, idea of the plot and *dramatis personæ* of *Jerusalem*. A coherent interpretation of its symbolism, an artistic presentation of its wealth of imagery, its luxuriance of beauty, would be a work of years. It must suffice to say here and now, that, in the writer's opinion, Blake is the Prince of English modern mystics.

As for the "Theosophy" contained in *Jerusalem*, the entire poem is alive with and informed by the true Theosophic spirit. There is a lifetime's labour for any enterprising and sympathetic mind within our ranks, who will explain and bring into the light of day, theosophically, the work of this genius.

The hope of finding and tempting such an one, leads the writer to conclude by giving a few illustrations of a specially Theosophic nature, culled, almost at random, from the poem.

- (1) I rest not from my great task!
 To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
 Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into Eternity
 Ever expanding in the Bosom of God, the Human Imagination (p. 2).
- (2) A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non Entity, redounding
 Till the cloud reaches afar outstretch'd among the Starry Wheels
 Which revolve heavily in the Mighty Void above the Furnaces (p. 3).
- (3) Hand
 Condens'd his Emanations into hard opake substances,
 And his infant thoughts and desires into cold, dark cliffs of death.
 His hammer of gold he seiz'd; and his anvil of adamant;
 He seiz'd the bars of condens'd thoughts, to forge them
 Into the sword of war, into the bow and arrow;
 Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun (p. 7).
- (4) I must Create a System, or be enslaved by another Man's.
 I will not Reason and Compare: my business is to Create (p. 8).
- (5) Los compell'd the invisible Spectre
 To labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains,
 In pulsations of time, and extensions of space
 With great labour upon his anvils, and in his ladles the Ore
 He lifted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art;
 Stirring with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems (p. 9).
- (6) Los who
 Was built in from Eternity, in the Cliffs of Albion (p. 9).
- (7) I saw the finger of God go forth
 Upon my Furnaces, from within the wheel of Albion's Sons;
 Fixing their Systems, permanent: by mathematic power
 Giving a body to Falsehood that it may be cast off for ever.
 With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow:
 God is within, and without: he is even in the depths of Hell (p. 10).
- (8) And Los beheld his Sons, and he beheld his Daughters,
 Every one a translucent wonder: a Universe within,
 Increasing inwards, into length, and breadth, and height:
 Starry and glorious: and they, every one in their bright loins,
 Have a beautiful golden gate which opens into the vegetative world.
 And every one a gate of iron dreadful and wonderful
 In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world.
 And every one has the three regions—Childhood: Manhood: and Age.
 But the gate of the tongue, the western gate in them is clos'd,
 Having a wall builded against it: and thereby the gates
 Eastward and Southward and Northward, are incircled with flaming
 fires,

And the North is Breadth, the South is Height and Depth:
The East is Inwards: and the West is Outwards every way (p. 14).

We could go on with quotations *ad infinitum*. But we pause; arrested by the delusion of space and the "frowning awful vision" of an editor crying: "Hold—enough!" In Blake's words:

I give the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball:
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

L. N. D.

WHAT SOME "DEVAS" TOLD US*

FOR full three days my wife observed by her inner vision, far above in the zenith, a portion of a vast, luminous globe flashing with iridescent colours and looking like a thing of life. This globe, partly obscured by an indescribable haze, we understood to signify the overshadowing presence of the "Fire Elemental" whose mystic utterances were the subject of a previous article.

But the "Fire Elemental" was not the only celestial visitant we had, or the only entity who appeared in some symbolic form to the clairvoyant sight of my wife.

Besides this entity who claimed to "extend beyond the stars," and to be "all there is of life," several other entities made themselves known to us, and proffered their directions through the method of planchette, which I suppose was the only means possible at our stage of development.

Among these entities were three influences calling themselves "Devas" of music and colour, all giving us instruction and affirming themselves as active on high mental planes.

These "Devas" explained themselves to be vibratory powers in the universe, and therefore related to music and colour. The

* See "What the 'Fire Elemental' told us" in the December number.

"Fire Elemental" told us "colour is wherever there is life of any form."

One of the "Devas" informed us that: "The Devas belong to the different points of the world compass. West is orange; North is green; East is blue; South is violet."

The emblems or virtues of each were given as follows:

"West,—the glorious harvest of the Understanding. North,—the Power of the crown of glory over the head. East,—the sunrise of Knowledge. South,—the Darkness under the feet."

The two Colour "Devas" of East and South were clairvoyantly seen by my wife prior to the sittings; one as a blue globe far away in the east, and the other as a violet light in the south.

The Blue East "Deva" announced itself first to my wife as "your demon," explaining that it was similar to the *dæmon* of Socrates, and "your appointed servant; appointed by the Devas to strengthen you spiritually."

Ques. What can you be called?

Ans. Deva-rûpa.

Ques. On which of the four mental planes of form are you?

Ans. On the highest.

Ques. Have you a form?

Ans. Yes, a spheroid.

Ques. Is it the blue globe I had a faint vision of?—asked my wife.

Ans. Yes, as you saw.

Ques. Are you formed of elemental essence?

Ans. No, of no essence.

Ques. Of what are you formed?

Ans. Of colour.

Ques. What is your music colour?

Ans. My note is blue.

Ques. What is the work of the Devas?

Ans. They watch over humanity. They watch for some opportunity to help.

Ques. Are they in relation to the Masters of the White Lodge?

Ans. Yes, in very close relation; they work with them,

The Masters work by means of words and ideas ; we work by means of colour and music.

Ques. Do you take interest in the Theosophical movement ?

Ans. Certainly ; that is my work.

Ques. Do you know the affairs of the physical world ?

Ans. Yes.

Ques. How do you know past history ?

Ans. By colour I know your past lives.

Ques. Why did you come to us ?

Ans. Because you called me. You thought of my colour.

Ques. I was not conscious of it.

Ans. But you thought it, nevertheless.

Ques. What is the symbolic meaning of pale blue ?

Ans. Spiritual strength.

* * * *

At another sitting the Violet South "Deva" was apparent to my wife's inner vision before any description was given.

Ques. What is this influence come to us ?

Ans. A Colour Deva (whose colour is) violet.

Ques. What is your work ?

Ans. I nourish the body.

Ques. What is your special work ?

Ans. To help mothers.

Ques. We have sat several times and each time a different influence has come to us ?

Ans. Yes, you are being trained for work.

Ques. What is the object of this training ?

Ans. To establish communications.

Ques. Do you mean with the workers on the higher planes ?

Ans. Yes, through your being.

Ques. Can the Devas establish communications with many ?

Ans. Not yet ; (people are) too ignorant of colour language.

Ques. Can you teach us this language ?

Ans. You can only teach yourselves. Love the beautiful in colour. When you think with love of colour, you attract our attention. We can only stimulate.

Ques. If we thought of a colour, would the Deva of that colour come ?

Ans. Yes, to (the thought of) both the higher and lower selves ; but only to the lower when the desire was high enough.

Ques. Is it well to do this writing often ?

Ans. Do not do it unless you feel an inward impulse. No more to-night. Be true to your beliefs.

* * * *

Besides the two Colour "Devas," another influence announced itself at two sittings as "a Deva of music" coming from "blue and white," and drawing the attention of my wife to the north-east. It explained itself as being on the mental plane and as, not of the Deva kingdom but, of the Deva evolution.

Ques. What attracts you to us ?

Ans. Theosophy, (and also) because you need me.

Ques. What is the need you see in us ?

Ans. Desire for music of a high order on the buddhic plane. When you hunger for music in your soul, I come to you. I sound the music you require. If you are not music-conscious I cannot feed you with the highest. My business (with you) is purely music-development. Study the relation between music and colour ; colour meaning the value of the sounds as to depth and intensity.

Pray always for the open eye and ear, that is, open to inner meanings. Such prayer concentrates your own forces within yourself to open your own eyes and ears for yourself ; while at the same time it attracts the higher light towards you more strongly and concisely.

* * * *

On referring to *The Secret Doctrine* for information about the Devas, we find the following passages :

"The Four Mahârâjahs, the Devas who preside each over one of the four cardinal points. They are the Regents, or Angels, who rule over the Cosmical Forces of North, South, East and West, Forces having each a distinct occult property. These Beings are also connected with Karma, as the latter needs physical and material agents to carry out its decrees" (vol. i., p. 147).

"It is through the four high Rulers over the four points and

elements that our five senses may become cognisant of the hidden truths of Nature " (p. 150).

"The 'Four' are the protectors of mankind and also the agents of Karma on Earth" (p. 151).

The Blue East "Deva" called itself "Demon," and this we find quite consistent with expressions in *The Secret Doctrine*, where we read of: "Daimones, those entities whom we call Devas, etc. The Daimones are—in the Socratic sense—the guardian spirits of the human race, 'those who dwell in the neighbourhood of the immortals, and thence watch over human affairs' as Hermes has it."

Mr. Leadbeater tells us: "There is among the inhabitants of the plane (of the Heaven-world) one class of entities—one great order of angels, as our Christian friends would call them, who are specially devoted to music, and habitually express themselves by its means to a far fuller extent than the rest. They are spoken of in old Hindu books under the name of Gandharvas. The man whose soul is in tune with music will certainly attract their attention, and will draw himself into connection with some of them, and so will learn with ever-increasing enjoyment all the marvellous new combinations which they employ." (*The Other Side of Death*, p. 427.)

* * * *

Besides the "Devas" of Colour and Music, there have been three influences communicating under the designation "Chit-Deva." These seem to be currents of thought, energising as conscious entities on the higher mental planes.

The first to visit us was an entity whose opening entreaty was: "Come over and help us."

Ques. Who are you?

Ans. A Woman of India. I am the voice of India,—the spirit of the nation. All nations have an inner as well as an outer spirit, just like units. The inner spirit is woman; therefore I said I was a Woman of India; because I meant the collective Spirit of India.

Ques. What are you called esoterically?

Ans. I am called Chit-Deva, the oversoul of the national life.

Ques. How is it that we can help you ?

Ans. Because the women are waking up and need just what you can tell them.

(Here followed directions to my wife to go to India in her astral body during sleep.)

Ques. Am I to teach ?—asked my wife.

Ans. Not to teach but to waken by calling the sleeping egos of womanhood.

Ques. What is to be the future of India ?

Ans. A great rush of renewed life.

Ques. Will that come through the Europeans ?

Ans. Through the Theosophical Europeans.

Ques. But Theosophy springs from the East ?

Ans. It had to wait for the light to reach the West and then rebound to the East.

(The influence then changed.)

* * * *

About two hours prior to the sitting when the next "Chit-Deva" gave its message, my wife observed to the south a dim, dark figure in gown and cowl of a monk, which she described at the time as giving her an impression of profound melancholy.

The first words written were a jeremiad : " Woe to the land where the men are self-absorbed."

Ques. Are you that dark figure I see ?—my wife then asked.

Ans. Yes, I am the spirit of man himself.

Ques. Do you mean man in all nations ?

Ans. Yes, all men.

Ques. Are you on the devachanic plane ?

Ans. Yes, in the formless world.

Ques. Why that black, shadowy garment ?

Ans. Put on me by the blindness of men—by their own choice.

Ques. Is this choice related to the Black Age ?

Ans. No, Black Age is past, it should be bright day now ; but men have darkened the light by a fog of untruth.

Ques. Do you refer to religious scepticism or materialism ?

Ans. Not entirely ; that may be an instinctive effort to clear the fog.

Ques. What is the woe that threatens ?

Ans. The inevitable result of lies, and that is death.

Ques. Is it woe on the physical plane ?

Ans. Yes, it is the death of the body of man—the present incarnation of man.

Ques. This is incredible ; will you explain ?

Ans. The natural course of men's actions was swept aside by the new life in woman. The new uprising in woman at once balanced the times.

Ques. I thought nothing could upset the law of karma.

Ans. Men's course was not obligatory. Woe to men that they will not speak the truth.

Ques. What are the untruths you speak of ?

Ans. Misrepresenting fundamental truths.

Ques. Will you name one of these misrepresented truths ?

Ans. Man as father of himself. You know well that man is self-creative. Do you see now ? Then why do you not create yourself to consciousness of yourself as father of yourself. You are not able to bear the truth. Women also will have to face their own share in spreading untruth.

Ques. What are we to do in the matter ?

Ans. Hold yourselves in readiness to respond when called upon. You are being trained for an important work impossible to the less developed.

(At this juncture I felt so sceptical about the statements of the communicating entity that I tendered it "good-bye" : but our interlocutor was fully equal to the occasion!)

Ans. No.

Ques. Why "no" ?—asked my wife.

Ans. I am of his spirit, it is impossible to be "good-bye" between him and me. You have helped to create me.

(I incontinently observed : "Then you must be a very fallible being!")

Ans. Do not speak like an ignorant child, because you know more than your words would imply. If you wish to go on with this work, you must never say what is not in your knowledge, because we can see what is in your knowledge, and judge of the value of your words.

The message of preparation is finished. Be steadfast, much depends on your courage to face the dark shadows of the last darkness before the dawn. You are not working alone although in the darkness. Be faithful to your knowledge. Farewell!

(Hereupon I suggested that we might wait a little for another influence to come.)

Ans. Why do you desire another influence? These things are not done to tickle your fancy, but for a set purpose, and you must take what comes and make the most of it.

* * * *

(This inexplicable and enigmatic message from the "Spirit of Man" in the character of a Prophet of Doom, was referred to subsequently by the "Fire Elemental," who gave the following explanations:)

You were told the other night that the body of man would die; that meant the universal body of man's own manufacture. The body that man has manufactured is built of the false conceptions of his being.

Ques. What is this universal body of man?

Ans. The sum of all men's thoughts; it encloses him like a dark garment. When he will tell the truth in little things he will begin to see.

Ques. What are these little things?

Ans. In everyday life, what he thinks and knows and desires, and what he does. Men think one way and act another, and that is not being true. They are all too absorbed in their self-created prison of thought. Many (Christian ministers) do not even know the truth of the words they utter.

Man is not the son of the universe. He has built himself inside a prison of errors that shut his own eyes to the truth.

Ques. Will a change take place?

Ans. Yes, men will receive a shock of spiritual electricity that will shake down their self-created wall.

Ques. This cannot be done by human means.

Ans. No, but human means may make the connecting wires along which the electrical current can flow.

Ques. Will the coming humanity become less liable to sickness?

Ans. Very much less. Humanity will not be deformed as now.

Ques. Will this change be very far ahead?

Ans. Such a change would not take long to bring about when once begun. It would need some drastic measures to begin with, and then a generation or two would show the difference.

Ques. Are the drastic measures connected with Socialism?

Ans. Not as you know it.

Ques. Have they to do with human breeding and heredity?

Ans. Better breeding certainly. Heredity has less to do with the present troubles than circumstances of men's own making.

Ques. Will you explain the drastic measures?

Ans. No; you may not know them yet.

Ques. What is that bell sound I heard just now?—asked my wife.

Ans. It is the hum of the new life that is rising in humanity and that is beginning to manifest itself in American women. They are not conscious of it yet—only as a deep yearning within them.

Ques. Are they the most forward women in the world?

Ans. No, but they are to be the mothers of the new race of humanity.

Ques. Is that the coming sixth sub-race?

Ans. Yes; the beginning of a new era in human life. There is marvellous glory to come to humanity, but there is dreadful trouble to pass through first.

* * * *

(The third "Chit-Deva" appeared beforehand to my wife in symbolic guise as a trumpet-blowing white figure leading a vast crowd of people to the East. At the sitting it announced itself as "The Spirit of Things to Come.")

Ques. Are you on the formless planes?

Ans. Yes, and beyond all forms.

Ques. Are you of music or colour?

Ans. Music and colour—both. I am the light that is to usher in the Coming Day—the Day of the Reign of Love.

Ques. Can we help on that Day?

Ans. That is the work you are being prepared for

Ques. What is your colour ?

Ans. Very pale blue tinged with green. I am the colour of diffused electric light. The use of electricity marked the coming of my day. I have little power in the world as yet, but my time is coming. I can touch but few at present ; it was your inward song for light that enabled me to approach you. If people would but sing in their hearts, they would get more light.

Ques. From what point of the compass do you come ?

Ans. From the East, but towards the North.

Ques. Will the new life in humanity spring up first in America ?

Ans. No, in India.

Ques. What will be its characteristics ?

Ans. Women will waken to take more interest in things in general, and men will begin to see the value of woman's natural powers. Men in India are more ready for this, being less bound by their religion. From India the new life will rush across to America straight from East to West before touching the valleys between. It will then rebound to Europe—to England first, and then spread.

Ques. Do you regard Socialism as an important movement ?

Ans. It is the germ of the new life, but not the fruition. The fruition lies in the combination of Theosophy, Religion, and Socialism.

Ques. Will there be a great change in the relations of the sexes ?

Ans. Yes, women will become the teachers—teachers, in that they will insist upon all natural law being respected.

Ques. Is the change to a new life far ahead ?

Ans. It will take time to develop, naturally ; but in a sense it has already begun. The wave of Theosophy is preparing the way. The East has learned to respect women as teachers. Women are teaching Theosophy and Religion in India ; but no one yet is teaching all three, including Socialism, combined. There is a fourth element also, and that is the Sexual.

Ques. What is your work at present ?

Ans. My work is to throw light wherever I see anyone ready to receive it.

Ques. Will you teach us further ?'

Ans. I am not a teacher, but you are already being taught. When the Woman-Soul teaches there is no saying: Do this; or Learn that; but: Do you see for yourself? All that is needed is for someone to say: Look. Light reveals all things to the eyes of everyone. All creation waits this coming Light, and it comes through the agency of Humanity.

Ques. Can this Light be called spiritual electricity?

Ans. It is the higher nerve force. Electricity is the nerve energy of the coming time. That is why love energy will have to be understood and used rightly, because that develops the envelopes of the electrical energy.

Ques. What was that black shadow I saw previous to this sitting? asked my wife.

Ans. The Shadow of Personal Hate.

Ques. Was it directed at us?

Ans. At your work. You must necessarily rouse it. Do not feel any resentment towards it, nor any sense of fear. It has no lasting form nor life. When you feel the vibrations, bow your head and it will pass over.

* * * *

If we look in *The Theosophical Glossary* we find that "Chit" is defined as "Abstract Consciousness."

In *The Secret Doctrine* it is stated that: "Chit is a quality of Manas in conjunction with Buddhi, a quality that attracts to itself by spiritual affinity a Chitkala when it develops sufficiently in man. . . . In esoteric parlance, they (certain Daimones or Devas) are called Chitkala" (vol. i., p. 308).

It can only be the higher thoughts of man that can rise to the higher planes. It may be that these thoughts coalesce into thought-elementals possessing abstract consciousness, and so form "spirits" of humanity, races, nations, religions, etc.

It would appear, according to *The Secret Doctrine*, that when a quality of Manas and Buddhi is sufficiently developed in man, it puts him in touch with the Chitkala Devas who are "guardian spirits of the human race." These Devas are therefore in very close connection with man, and perhaps not unlikely to communicate with him under suitable conditions.

Mrs. Besant speaks of "Shining Ones who guide the processes of natural order," and "rule the vast companies of the elementals of the astral world: . . . Beings of vast knowledge, of great power, most splendid in appearance; radiant, flashing creatures myriad hued" (*Ancient Wisdom*, p. 149).

My wife has for many years studied the relations between music and colour, and this study may have favoured the establishment of communications with certain related entities.

With reference to "the body of man's own manufacture" and his "prison of thought," I find in Mr. Leadbeater's book, *Man, Visible and Invisible*, a description of the shell of astral matter in which man has evolved up to the present time. "The shell is composed of the great mass of self-centred thought in which the ordinary man is so hopelessly entombed. . . He is thus surrounded by so dense a wall of his own making that he practically knows nothing of what is going on outside" (p. 54).

Perhaps the "false conceptions of his being" may equally form an encompassing wall and prison for man on the mental plane, for they of necessity prevent him recognising his true place in the universe.

In conclusion, I again repeat, the unlooked-for experiences detailed, have come to my wife and myself entirely uninvited, beyond using the planchette, and we own to no responsibility for the purport of the answers received in reply to our questions.

G. A. GASKELL.

"Do this, do not this, or I will cast thee into prison"—this is not the rule of reasoning beings. But "As Zeus hath ordered, so do thou act; but if thou dost not, thou shalt suffer loss and hurt." What hurt? "None other than this—not to have done what it behoved thee to do. Thou shalt lose faith, piety, decency—look for no greater injuries than these."—EPICTETUS.

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN MODERN TRANSLATION

NOTHING is more desirable in any translation of the New Testament than that the spirit and genius of the original should, as far as possible, be preserved, and the shades of meaning be reproduced through the medium of idiomatic English. A slavishly literal translation can never exactly represent the finer shades of meaning and the profound or subtle forms of thought, and hence it is necessary that idiomatic words and phrases should be used to hit off these peculiarities, if the translation is to be at all a real and worthy one. The characteristic spirit of an author is at least as important as the ordinary grammatical or intellectual meaning of words and sentences. And difficult as this task is, it is especially difficult in the case of writings of a more spiritual and mystical stamp. For this, something more than scholarship, however exact, is needed; and that is sympathy with the author's subject, and his point of view. His translator must get into a kind of psychometric touch with him, thinking over again with him his thoughts, feeling over again as he felt, and having a vision of his mental horizon. To reproduce at all faithfully a really spiritual or mystic work one must have almost as much genius and originality as the author himself. Illustrations of failure in this respect will occur to the discerning and wise; attempts to translate into other languages the works, for example, of Oriental and Western mystics, occultists and philosophers.

And the case is similar with the books of the New Testament as far as concerns words, phrases, figurative expressions and parables used to set forth aspects of truth removed from ordinary sight. How unsatisfactory, in this respect, are the present versions of the New Testament, the Authorised, and even the Revised, with all its exacter scholarship, its many improvements, and its wealthier vocabulary!

To those, therefore, who, like Theosophists, are interested in the more spiritual or mystic planes of truth, and in any works that are founded on and inspired by them, it must be of interest to come across any earnest attempt to bring out more patently the real meanings and significant allusions of their language.

It is altogether a good sign that, moved by some such desire and aim, other versions and arrangements than the "Official" are being brought out and read. This cannot but be in the ultimate interest of truth.

That most of the books of both the Old and New Testaments are not only pre-eminently spiritual, but also abound in terms and teachings having a more or less mystic reference, and such as those with which Theosophists and Occultists are familiar, is known to many. The first thing, then, for which these will look is the way in which such technical terms are rendered, and such ideas are brought about. And by its success in this respect will any such version be judged. This will be to them a *sine quâ non*, without which it will be so far a failure. For to them these ideas are among the most important, in fact, essential and fundamental.

Let us then take one such modern version, perhaps the most recent ; let us glance at some of the passages where such ideas and aspects of truth are better presented ; let us note its successes and failures in using the terms which, from the more mystic standpoint, are preferable to either the Authorised or Revised Version, and thus estimate its value as a nearer approximation to what a translation should be in embodying and setting forth more clearly the more occult ideas contained in the comments following each phrase or passage.

This version is *The Modern Speech New Testament: An idiomatic translation into everyday English, from the text of the "Resultant Greek Testament,"* by the late R. F. Weymouth, M.A., D.Lit. ; edited, and partly revised, by E. Hampden-Cook, M.A. (London: James Clarke & Co. ; 1903, 2s. 6d. net.)

I. *As to its successes.*—Omitting the too numerous references let us glance at :

1. *The Gospels.*

Herein, we find the more definite "the Hill," of the Sermon

on the Mount, mystically made to refer, symbolically or directly, to the "hill" of communion and contemplation.

"The Kingdom of the Heavens" throughout, instead of "Heaven," and so harmonising with the teaching as to successive celestial planes.

"The might of Hades," which shall not triumph over the Church, and thus detain its true members, the spiritually-born, within the Intermediate State, or, theosophically, the Astral Plane.

"Mere human nature has not unveiled this mystery to you, but my Father in heaven"; or in other words, and theosophically, Âtma-Buddhi, "the wisdom which is from above, and not that which is of the earth."

"The fire of the ages" and "the life of the ages," *i.e.*, æonian fire or life, in harmony with the idea of cycles or ages in eternity; so also "the close of the age," when the harvest shall be reaped of souls liberated and saved during a previous Round or Manvantara.

"In the new Creation when the Son of Man has taken His seat on His glorious throne," *i.e.*, after the consummation of the present age (Round or Manvantara), when the present humanity (Son of Man) is wholly redeemed, liberated and glorified.

"The angels in heaven who have continual access to the Father," or the particular seven angelic forms, called "Angels of the Face" by Catholics, whose synthesis is the Logos, the "Second Logos" or Word, the "Son" who alone has access to the Father and beholds the face of the Father, and who by the sound of the Word brings forth these seven forms.

"As to the dead that they rise to life," making the survival or persistence of the individual after death an act of a more positive and inherent character. "No one has gone up to Heaven, but there is One who has come down from Heaven, namely, the Son of Man whose home is in Heaven"; for all humanity collectively, "the Son of Man," the Logos, the Christ, "the Heavenly Man," and not an exceptional individual "One," has its home in heaven, and has come down; "humanity," in its proper original sense and state, is from heaven, divine, and is

regarded collectively as the Logos, or in the Logos, and the first, the "heavenly Adam."

"Change of heart," or "of mind," which is the truer meaning of "repentance" and conversion, on their inner, spiritual side.

"Strain every nerve," a better, stronger presentation of the intensity of personal effort necessary to ensure salvation, admission into the kingdom, by regeneration, or the preparation of the Probationary Path.

2. *The Epistles*.—Note the following as more in harmony with the "Wisdom," the Divine or Ancient Wisdom, spoken of by the Apostle Paul.

Romans.—"They had bartered the reality of God for what is unreal"; as a clearer result of the lack of that "discrimination" and "indifference" emphasised in the "Probationary Path."

"The lower self," and "the inmost self," almost theosophical phrases for the two opposing selves in man's constitution, the lower, and higher; as also "the earthly" and "the spiritual natures," by one of which men are conceived as being controlled.

"Neither the lower ranks of evil angels, nor the higher," a more distinct recognition of a hierarchy of angels, as taught by the Occultist; as also "the forces of nature," an approach to the "elemental forces or spirits" of the Occultist.

"The glory which is soon to be manifested *in us*," not "revealed *to us*," the former being more mystical and true; and the whole paragraph which more clearly sets forth the theosophic conception of the ultimate evolution of all creation up through man into divinity, and that of the lower creatures being dependent in this Round on the redemption or liberation of mankind into divine sonship, and "not of its own choice but by the will of Him who so subjected it," the will of the Logos which is at the back of all evolution.

Corinthians.—"When among mature believers we do speak words of wisdom; a wisdom not belonging to the present age, nor to the leaders of the present age," recognising the ancient and divine Wisdom, the body of esoteric truth, handed down from age to age from the beginning, and of that inner circle of

the initiated, the regenerate and spiritual, for whom are reserved "the truths hitherto kept secret," and for which Theosophy claims to stand to-day a witness.

See also *note* on "the unspiritual man," as "the psychical or soulish," or in other and Eastern language "kâmic."

Also mark the many places where "self-control" is correctly substituted in the text, a virtue emphasised equally in the Scriptures and in Occultism as so important for all spiritual development.

"If so-called gods exist either in heaven or on earth (and, in fact, there are many such gods and many such lords)," a strikingly distinct declaration, in more plain language, of the existence of many gods as taught in Occultism, but called angels and archangels, etc., by Christians; surely a great revolution of thought as to the existence of these various orders and classes of "divine" beings between man and God.

"Man does not take his origin from woman, but woman takes hers from man," which would be more in harmony with and favour the teaching of the original and prehistoric early races of mankind being bi-sexual or hermaphrodite and androgynous, *i.e.*, male-female Man before "the fall," as in any true translation of chapters i. and ii. of Genesis; and so in Genesis ii., 21-23 of the later "separation of the sexes," of "woman from man," at the fall.

"Those who get themselves baptised for the dead," a clearer reference to the early practice of substitutionary baptism undergone voluntarily by believers for unbaptised dead.

"The animal body is sown," a more correct translation and a truer analogy to the grain sown, the astral body (not the gross physical body) regarded as the grain or seed sown out of which emerges the spiritual body; whilst nothing is more satisfactory than the truth to the original in the translation throughout of the definite and determinate "the Christ," connecting thus with "the Logos," "the Word" and such other descriptive and official titles as "the Messiah," "the Anointed," all having the same reference.

Ephesians.—"The spirit of wisdom and penetration through an intimate knowledge of Him"; a better representation of the

deep and characteristic insight of the "gnosis," mystical or spiritual knowledge.

"Has appointed Him universal and supreme Head of the Church, which is His body, the completeness of Him who everywhere fills the universe with Himself," more prominently setting forth the Logos of our system as its Creator, Redeemer and Immanent Life in harmony with the cosmogony of all ancient religious systems.

"The Prince of the powers of the air, the spirits that are now at work," or the teaching that there are elemental nature spirits continually surrounding and influencing man for better or worse, through his lower, his desire nature, and collectively spoken of as "the spirit," and "the prince," or "archôn"; here, of the elemental spirits of the air, which act collectively, or according to a fixed law, as do the hosts of the other elements of nature, earth, water and fire.

"True knowledge," "clear knowledge and keen perception," as in *Philippians* and other epistles, a rendering more true to the character of the "gnosis" of the Greek, direct, first-hand knowledge.

Hebrews.—"It is impossible to keep bringing them back to a new repentance," which removes the serious difficulties of former versions, making the impossibility due not to an arbitrary decree or a solitary relapse, but to the working of a law of nature and habit; "a conviction of the reality of things which we do not see," in which not only is this passage brought into accord with the cardinal teaching of the Mystic and Occultist, that the real is the spiritual and unseen, but Faith is identified with that inner conviction of spirit, the spiritual faculty of "discrimination" which is awakened to action and which is the "opening of the mind" to discern the real, as the first step on the Path to Salvation.

There are many other such significant changes, *e.g.*, "Magians" a distinctive proper name having a particular signification; "Iota" also having an occult signification in connection with certain brotherhoods in the East, in ancient and even modern times, and here preserved in the text; "Gehenna," which has a more local and specific reference than "hell" has in the

modern popular mind; "demon" in place of "devil," in the text, having a very different and often worthy signification of old.

And in the *notes*, which, with the general arrangement of this version, are an admirable feature, such an alternative as "Nazoræan" for "Nazarene," which would have been better as true to the Greek, and connecting with the ancient order of Nazarites.

These, however, will amply suffice to show how near a translator, gifted with something more than mere scholarship, may get to the mind of the writer and catch the spirit of his teachings, when they have to do with profounder hidden forms of truth, with the teachings of the "Wisdom," and how he can clothe them so as to bring them down and present them more patently, in language more suitable to the people and the present day; a result which cannot but be, not only to their advantage, but to the dissemination among Christian people of ideas and allusions that have been too long obscured by false and archaic renderings.

II. *As to its failures* —There are, however, other passages in which this version seems to miss or obscure certain sides of truth, the inner meanings of things, as much or more than the others.

For instance, "little ones," "little child," "despised ones," "the childlike," all which, as being specific, technically well-understood terms, referring to the newly initiated of ancient orders, the newly-born, the regenerate, the "babes" or "little ones in Christ," should have been distinguished by appropriate types.

"The only Son," and "the only begotten Son," which, both in harmony with the original, and with the ancient teaching that the Second Logos is begotten not by ordinary generation, but by emanation, and from One only, the Father, should have been rendered "begotten alone," or "from one parent only."

"Solemnly, solemnly," a very poor and wrong rendering of that ancient and very significant word or title "Amen" (the hidden deity), thus connecting with Am and the Hindu Aum or Om.

"Rudimentary notions" (*Col.*, ii. 20), which both in the

author's thought and language, has the same meaning and reference as his "powers of the air," or nature elementals spoken of in neighbouring passages.

"We long to put on over it our dwelling which comes from heaven," surely a misconception, as though the heavenly body were to be put on *over* the physical!

"Complete," in several passages, which should have remained "perfect," thus retaining the original reference to the initiates, the regenerate or spiritual, for whom "the perfect" was a well-known term.

But with a few other exceptions like these, it must be gratifying to all who are familiar with ancient and occult forms of thought, or who, truly mystical, seek to penetrate into the mysteries of the Words of the Kingdom, and to look at all things and beings from the inner and spiritual standpoint, not according to their appearance, "after the flesh," outwardly, but according to reality, what they are in themselves, thus to find a version of the Christian Scriptures approximating so well to "the truth as it is in Jesus," and to the ideal of what a translation of such writings should be. For undoubtedly the similarity in many respects of the teachings of these documents to ancient Christian and other philosophical schools of thought is made more apparent by such a version, both in the addresses of "the Christ," and the Epistles of Paul. Similar ideas, terms and phrases are thus more clearly noted in all; and thus these systems are brought into relationship and affinity to an extent not suspected before by the vast majority. And as our knowledge of these ancient systems increases, and of all the surrounding conditions of earliest Christianity, that relationship and perhaps parallel may become more apparent, tending more fully to elucidate the Scriptures and thus improve the translation still further.

And if, aided by the present rapidly accumulating knowledge of these things, future versions are as successful as this one in catching the spirit, and revealing the inner teachings of original Christianity, connecting it thereby as far as is just with earlier and contemporary modes of religious and philosophic thought, nothing but good to the cause of truth, and the spiritual interest

of man, can come from such attempts. This must happen, as, thanks to the labours of Mr. Mead and many others, our knowledge and understanding of past and forgotten forms of faith, which are being unveiled by literary and archæological "finds," advances, and as the spiritual insight of the race and especially of devout students, and critics of the Word, within and without the Church, increases.

CLERICUS.

CONCERNING H. P. B.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON THEOSOPHY

II.

I (Wisdom) love them that love me.—PROV. viii. 17.

Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil.—BYRON.

LET us for a few minutes turn our thoughts together to the woman without whom in every probability there would have been no Theosophical movement to-day as we understand it. Let us consider briefly the crude and blundering question: "Do you believe in Blavatsky?"

To me this question sounds strange, sounds even, if I may say so, vulgar. "Blavatsky?" No one who knew her, knew her thus *tout court*. For her enemies even, while she lived, she was Madame Blavatsky, or at least H. P. Blavatsky; while for her friends and lovers she was Helena Petrovna, or H. P. B., or the "Old Lady"—which last once gave occasion to a pretty witticism of a friend, who slyly remarked that it would have been awkward had Madame been Monsieur.

When then such an uncompromising question as this is put to us, how are we to answer it in utter honesty, if, as is the case with most of us who have studied the subject, we refuse to adopt

either the ignorant position of blind prejudice, which thinks it answers infallibly by screaming the parrot-cry of "trickster," or the, to me, still more ignorant view of blind credulity, that once on a time tried to parade our Theosophic streets proclaiming the Bandar-log mantra "H. P. B. says," as the universal panacea for every ill and solvent of every problem—a species of aberration which I rejoice to say, has long ceased from troubling us?

To this question, the only answer that the vast majority of our present-day fellowship can give, is perhaps somewhat on these lines: We never knew Madame Blavatsky personally, and now at this late date, in face of the absolutely contradictory assertions made concerning her by her friends and her foes, it is not to be expected that we can pronounce magisterially on a problem which has baffled even her most intimate friends, or solve an enigma which is as mysterious as the riddle of the ancient Sphinx. What we know is, that in spite of all that people have said against this extravagantly abused woman for upwards of a quarter of a century, the fundamentals of Theosophy stand firm, and this for the very simple reason that they are entirely independent of Madame Blavatsky. It is Theosophy in which we are interested, and *this* would remain an immovable rock of strength and comfort, an inexhaustible source of study, the most noble of all quests, and the most desirable of paths on which to set our feet, even if it were possible, which it is not, conclusively to prove that H. P. Blavatsky was the cleverest trickster and most consummate charlatan of the ages.

For surely even the most prodigal of sons may recall dim—nay, even bright—memories of the glories of the mansions of his father's house; his report need not be necessarily false because he is in exile, feeding with the "swine," and grown like unto them. He may by chance have eaten of the "moly"; his memory of home may be coming back. Nay, in this case, it had come back, though seemingly in a chaotic rush, for in fact and truth—and this is what really counts in the whole matter—it has awakened the same memory in many a one of us, his fellow exiles, who bless him for the story—a true "myth"—which he has told.

All this and more, even the most cautious of us can answer, and so set H. P. B.'s testimony concerning herself, the "memories"

concealed within her books, which memories none but the knowing can know, against, on the one hand, the faults of their scholarship—for she was no scholar and never claimed to be one, a fact that makes her work the more extraordinary rather than helps to clarify the problem—and, on the other hand, against the twenty years old inimical report of a member of a society which is now distinguished but was then in its infancy. Indeed the enigma of H. P. B. is ridiculously far from being so simple as the fervent believers in the infallibility of that very one-sided account would have it to be.

The enigma of H. P. B. is, even for those who knew her most intimately, insoluble, as anyone may see for themselves by reading the straightforward objective account of her given by her life-long colleague in the work, H. S. Olcott, in his *Old Diary Leaves*. No one has in any way given so true a portrait of H. P. B. in her ordinary daily life as has our President-Founder; it is an account of utter honesty, hiding nothing, palliating nothing, but painting in bold strokes the picture of that to me most humanly loveable bundle of inexplicable contradictions; that puzzling mixture of wisdom and folly; that sphinx clad in motley; that successful pioneer of a truly spiritual movement (who was yet to all appearances the least fitted to inaugurate such an effort, because of her almost mischievous delight not only in outraging the taboos of conventional thought, but also in setting at nought the canons of deportment which tradition has decreed as the outer and visible signs of a spiritual teacher); that frequent cause of despair even to her best friends, and yet in spite of her utter incomprehensibility the most winsome of creatures.

As for myself, when I am confronted with the notorious S.P.R. Report—though I must confess that I rarely hear anything about it now-a-days—I have a very simple answer to make; and it runs somewhat on these lines.

You who believe in the S.P.R. investigator's account say that Mme. Blavatsky was a trickster. You did not know her personally; nor as a matter of fact did the Committee who adopted the investigator's account. Even the investigator himself had to get the data on which he based his theory from others when he arrived at Madras. It is thus all at second hand at the best;

even the investigator saw nothing at first hand. Like the investigator, and like you who believe in his theory, I too was not there ; I, therefore, have no means of judging at first hand. I can only put the very ample written testimony and the still ampler unwritten evidence of her friends who were present in favour of H. P. B. against the accusations of two dismissed employés adopted by the missionaries, and afterwards endorsed by the S.P.R. investigator, who at that time seems to have had no first-hand acquaintance with the simplest psychic phenomena, and to have felt himself compelled to exhaust every possible hypothesis of fraud, even the most absurd, before giving Mme. Blavatsky the benefit even of the slightest doubt.

Since those days, however, such a change has come over the general opinion of the S.P.R. with regard to psychic matters, and Dr. Hodgson himself has so fundamentally altered his own position owing to his now mature first-hand experience, that one need not be held to be departing entirely from an impartial judgment in thinking it more probable that Dr. Hodgson's inexperienced hypotheses with regard to Mme. Blavatsky are not to be preferred to the many years of testimony in her favour brought forward by her friends in all countries.

Oh, but—someone will say under the influence of this notorious Report—they were all deluded, hypnotised. She was on the showing of the evidence helped by many skilful confederates all over the world ; it was all a clever system of deception.

This is indeed the main burden of the hypotheses put forward by this Report ; on all occasions, confederates, trap-doors, etc., hypnotism. Anything, everything, but the admission that H. P. B. was, even at times, so common a thing as an ordinary spiritualistic medium ! No ; she must be proved lower even than that—an unmitigated fraud in every direction. Even an impartial outsider must feel inclined to exclaim : *Surtout pas trop de zèle, Messieurs les Inquisiteurs !* We have throughout presented to us the picture of nothing but a cunning *préstitigitatrice*, with elaborate preparations and carefully planned surprises, carried out by astute confederates. It is true that this host of confederates has never been brought into court ; they have disappeared

into the invisible. Indeed they have, and that too not metaphorically; or rather, perhaps they have never been anywhere else than in the invisible, for did not H. P. B. call them elementals?

Be that as it may be, I for my part when investigating a subject prefer first-hand evidence. I have, therefore, as opposed to the endorsers of and the believers in this Report, so to speak, investigated H. P. B. at first hand. For three years I practically never left her side; I worked with her in the greatest intimacy, was her private secretary. The picture which the Report paints of H. P. B. flatly contradicts all my own personal experience of her, and therefore I cannot but decline to accept it.

I went to her after the publication of the Report, three years after, when the outcry was still loud and suspicion in the air; for the general public of that day, believing in the impossibility of all psychic phenomena, naturally condemned H. P. B. without any enquiry. I went with an accurate knowledge of the Report and of all its elaborate hypotheses in my head; it could not have been otherwise. But a very few months' first-hand acquaintance with H. P. B. convinced me that the very faults of her character were such that she could not have possibly carried on a carefully planned fraud, even had she wanted to do so, least of all an elaborate scheme of deception depending on the manipulation of mechanical devices and the help of crafty confederates.

She was frequently most unwise in her utterances, and if angry would blurt out anything that might come into her head, no matter who was present. She did not seem to care what anyone might think, and would sometimes accuse herself of all kinds of things—faults and failings—but never, under any circumstances, even in her wildest moods, did she ever utter a syllable that in any way would confirm the speculations and accusations of Dr. Hodgson. I am myself convinced that had she been guilty of the things charged against her in this respect, she could not have failed, in one or other of her frequent outbursts or confidences, to have let some word or hint escape her of an incriminating nature. Two things in all the chaos of her cosmos stood firm in every mood—that her teachers existed and that she had not cheated.

But the irreconcilables will say: Oh, she was too cunning for you; and, besides, she glamoured you.

The irreconcilables are of course privileged to say anything their fancy may dictate; it is far easier to be seemingly wise at a long distance and to imagine things as one would desire them to have been, than to have, like myself, to try to solve the actual problem that was daily before my own eyes for three years and more, and the further and still more complex problem contained in a most voluminous literary output, every page of which one has read, and many of which one has had one way or other to edit. What, however, has always been a personal proof to myself of H. P. B.'s *bona fides* is a purely objective thing, incapable of being explained away by impatiently casting it into the waste-paper basket of psychological theoretics.

To all intents and purposes, as far as any objective knowledge was concerned, I went to work with H. P. B. as an entirely untried factor. I might, for all she knew to the contrary, have been a secret emissary of the enemy, for she was to my knowledge spied on by many. In any case, supposing she had been a cheat, she must have known that it was a very dangerous experiment to admit an untried person to her most intimate environment. Not only, however, did she do this, but she overwhelmed me with the whole-heartedness of her confidence. She handed over to me the charge of all her keys, of her MSS., her writing desk and the nests of drawers in which she kept her most private papers; not only this, but she further, on the plea of being left in peace for her writing, absolutely refused to be bothered with her letters, and made me take over her voluminous correspondence, and that too without opening it first herself. She not only metaphorically but sometimes actually flung the offending missives at my head. I accordingly had frequently to open all her letters and not only to read them but to answer them as best I could; for this strange old lady cried out with loud outcry to be relieved of the burden of letter writing, that she might write her articles and books, and would wax most wrathful and drive me out whenever I pestered her to answer the most pressing correspondence or even to give me some idea of what to reply in her name.

Now I am not saying it was right of a woman who day by day received a large batch of letters, some of them—many of them—containing the most private thoughts of men and women all over the world, admitting the reader to the intimacy of their inner life,* thus to entrust them to a young man comparatively ignorant of life and almost entirely unable to deal with them, otherwise than each morning, so to speak, to beard the lion in his den—for the Old Lady was leonine—and persist in parading the most important of this correspondence before the eyes of H. P. B., to her ever-increasing annoyance and a regular periodical outburst, when both correspondence and secretary were first committed to an infernal w. p. b., and finally some sort of a compromise arrived at.

I grumbled then, but now I rejoice, for so I learned in short time what might otherwise have taken me many long years to acquire ;—but it seemed to me, and still so seems, to have been somewhat rough on her correspondents, unless indeed in many cases the fool had to be answered according to his folly and I was a useful fool for the answering side of the business.

But be this as it may be, it convinced me wholly and surely that whatever else H. P. B. may have been, she was not a cheat or trickster—she had nothing to hide ; for a woman who, according to the main hypothesis of the S.P.R. Report, had had confederates all over the world and had lived the life of a scheming adventuress, would have been not only incredibly foolhardy but positively mad to have let all her private correspondence pass into the hands of a third party, and that, too, without even previously opening it herself.

All this and much else proved to me that H. P. B. was assuredly not a cheat and a trickster, certainly not while I knew her ; and in every probability was not in the past when I did not know her. Of one thing, however, I am certain, that I know far more about H. P. B., her life and work, than those members of the S.P.R. who have persistently done their best to disgrace her before the world, and that their hypotheses are ludicrously insufficient to

* When some of her bitterest foes were attacking her—men and women who previously had poured forth their confidences into her unwilling ears—she exclaimed to me : “God ! how they must respect me !” They knew she would not make use of their confessions against them.

unriddle that sphinx of the nineteenth century, H. P. Blavatsky, who was at the lowest computation not only as interesting as a dozen Mrs. so and so's, on whom the S.P.R. have expended so much energy, but who further was the chief means of opening many windows into the greatness of things, no one of which will be shut again, for the life-work of the greatest of her detractors in the S.P.R. does but ever more and more support her own contentions.

"Do you believe in H. P. B.?" Yes; I believe in H. P. B. As for H. P. Blavatsky, I have no more high opinion of her than had H. P. B. herself, for she straitly distinguished the two; but I reject with scorn the ludicrous attempt to explain even H. P. Blavatsky by calling her a trickster and a common charlatan. I believe firmly in H. P. B.'s *bona fides*; but above all things I believe with all my soul in the great things she fought for, in the deep mysteries of which she gave tidings. I should, however, like always to be allowed, if I can, to state them in my own way, and, if I am able, to support them in my own way, for I frequently dissent from H. P. B.'s methods and from her manner.

She was filled with imperfections, even as we all are, but she was great. Even her imperfections were great; and being great, when she touched a height it was a great height. There was something colossal, titanic, even cosmic about H. P. B. at times; indeed I have sometimes had the apparently whimsical notion that she did not belong to this planet, did not fit into this evolution. But, indeed, who shall unriddle the enigma of H. P. B.? What did she not touch at times? Multiplex personality in contact with multiplex personalities—as complex perchance as man's whole nature, in miniature at least!

I make the surface critic an unconditional present of the faulty apparatus of her controversial writings—though that is perhaps somewhat too generous a gift on all occasions. She was no scholar, had no training at school, or college, or university; was no scientist, had presumably never witnessed a laboratory experiment in her life; she was no mathematician,* no formal

* Indeed, her favourite habit was to count on her fingers. On one occasion when she was engaged on a chapter of *The Secret Doctrine*, she called her niece into her room and addressed her somewhat as follows: "Here, my dear, you are a mathematical pundit; where does the *comma* go? I am certain of the figures but

philosopher of the schools, could not most probably have told you the difference between the positions of Kant and Schopenhauer had you asked her,—and yet she wrote on all these things, and frequently with the greatest acumen.

Of all this I make a present to the critic ; I class all this as mostly ephemeral, as what will to a large extent pass away, as what has in some measure already passed away, for science has grown much in later years and is now denying many things that she denied, and affirming many that she affirmed twenty years ago. But the giant's grip of the whole scheme of things, the titanic sweep of world-processes envisaged, the cyclopean piling of hypothesis on hypothesis till her hypothetical Ossas and Pelions reached to heaven, and to the heaven of heavens—the fresh atmosphere of life and reality with which she surrounded her great expositions—all this I claim for her enduring reputation. She was a titan among mortals ; she pointed the way to me and to many others, and that is why we love her. Setting forth on the way she showed, we know she lied not as to the direction. Our titan was elemental, as indeed are all titans ; but in laying foundations it is necessary to have giants, and giants when they move cannot but knock over the idols in the shrines of the dwarfs.

Let me then speak of a subject of which I presumably know as much as even the most industrious adverse critic of H. P. B.'s work—her literary remains. I have carefully read all she has written ; much of it I have edited, some of it I have read many many times. I think I may say without any undue boasting that no one knows better than I do the books from which she quotes and the use she makes of quotations. She was, indeed, more or less mediæval or even, at times, early Christian, in her quotation work ; let us grant this fully in every way—though perhaps we are a little inclined to go too far in this now-a-days. But what I have been most interested in in her writing is precisely that which she does not quote from known sources, and this it is which forms for me the main factor in the enigma of H. P. B.

can't see where the confounded comma comes in." This was the value of π , the circular measure of two right angles, and anyone who has read the learned disquisition of the matter in *The Secret Doctrine* will be somewhat puzzled to account for the fact that the writer knew so little of mathematics as to confuse the decimal point with a comma !

I perpetually ask myself the question: Whence did she get her information—apparent translations of texts and commentaries the originals of which are unknown to the Western world?

Some ten years ago or more the late Professor Max Müller, to whom all lovers of the Sacred Books of the East owe so deep a debt of gratitude, published his most instructive set of Gifford Lectures, entitled *Theosophy or Psychological Religion*. These I reviewed in much detail in a series of three articles in this REVIEW. The aged Professor wrote to me a kindly note on the subject, taking exception to one or two points, and we exchanged several letters.

He then expressed himself as surprised that I should waste, as he thought, what he was good enough to call my abilities on "Theosophy," when the whole field of Oriental studies lay before me, in which he was kind enough to think I could do useful work. Above all, he was puzzled to understand why I treated seriously that charlatan, Mme. Blavatsky, who had done so much harm to the cause of genuine Oriental studies by her parodies of Buddhism and Vedânta which she had mixed up with Western ideas. Her whole Theosophy was a *réchauffé* of misunderstood translations of Sanskrit and Pâli texts.

To this I replied that as I had no object to serve but the cause of truth, if he could convince me that Mme. Blavatsky's Theosophy was merely a clever or ignorant manipulation of Sanskrit and Pâli texts, I would do everything in my power to make the facts known to the Theosophic world; for I naturally did not wish to waste my life on a "swindle"—the epithet he once used of "Esoteric Buddhism" at an Oriental Congress. I therefore asked him to be so good as to point out what in his opinion were the original texts in Sanskrit or Pâli, or any other language, on which were based either the "Stanzas of Dzyan" and their commentaries in *The Secret Doctrine*, or any of the three treatises contained in *The Voice of the Silence*. I had myself for years been searching for any trace of the originals or of fragments resembling them, and had so far found nothing. If we could get the originals, we asked nothing better; it was the material we wanted.

To this Professor Max Müller replied in a short note, point-

ing to two verses in *The Voice of the Silence*, which he said were quite Western in thought, and therefore betrayed their unguineness.

I answered that I was extremely sorry he had not pointed out the texts on which any sentence of the "Precepts" or any stanza of the "Book of Dzyan" was based; nevertheless, I should like to publish his criticism, reserving to myself the right of commenting on it.

To this Professor Max Müller hastily rejoined that he begged I would not do so, but that I would return his letter at once, as he wished to write something more worthy of the REVIEW. I, of course, returned his letter, but I have been waiting from that day to this for the promised proof that H. P. B. was in these marvellous literary creations nothing but a sorry centonist who out of tags of misunderstood translations patched together a fantastic motley for fools to wear. And I may add the offer is still open for any and every Orientalist who desires to make good the, to me, ludicrous contention of the late Nestor of Orientalism.

I advisedly call these passages enshrined in her works marvellous literary creations, not from the point of view of an enthusiast who knows nothing of Oriental literature, or the great cosmogonical systems of the past, or the Theosophy of the world faiths, but as the mature judgment of one who has been for some twenty years studying just such subjects. Nor can it be maintained with any show of confidence that the Stanzas and their Commentaries and the Fragments from what is called the Book of the Golden Precepts are adequately paralleled by the writings of spiritualistic mediumship; they are different from all these, belong to a different class of transmission.

The Stanzas set forth a cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis which in their sweep and detail leave far behind any existing record of such things from the past; they cannot be explained as the clever piecing together of the disconnected archaic fragments still preserved in sacred books and classical authors; they have an individuality of their own and yet they bear the hall mark of an antiquity and the warrant of an economy which the Western world thinks to have long passed away. Further, they are set in

an atmosphere of commentary apparently translated or paraphrased from Far Eastern tongues, producing a general impression of genuineness that is difficult for a scholar who has sufficiently overcome his initial prejudices to study them, to withstand.

As for the Fragments which purport to be treatises of a mystic Buddhist school, they too bear on their faces every mark of genuineness, even in their heretical nature and in the self-confession of their sectarian character. It is far more difficult to believe they are forgeries begotten of a Western brain than to believe they are, if not literal translations, at least free versions from genuine documents, perhaps of the *Âryasaṅga* School—sermons for pupils on the Path.

Almost without exception I find that people who loudly condemn H. P. B., when asked have you read these things, answer: "Oh, I really can't be bothered to read anything that woman wrote; she was an impostor"; or, "No, I have not read these things; and any way I am not an Oriental scholar, but Professor Max Müller in *The Nineteenth Century*," etc., etc.

All of which is rather in favour of H. P. B. than against her, for there must be something almost superhuman on the side of one who can arouse such blind prejudice in otherwise fair-minded folk.

The enigma of H. P. B., which no Report or a thousand such reports can solve, among many other riddles, presents us *in limine* with the question: Whence did H. P. B. become possessed of these things? What is the most simple hypothesis to account for it all? If you say she was a spiritualistic medium,—then you must extend this term enormously beyond its ordinary connotation, and translate it into a designation of great dignity, and carry it up into the heights of exalted genius; for nothing short of this, I am convinced, will satisfy the unprejudiced enquirer.

I have tried every hypothesis and every permutation and combination of hypotheses of which I have heard or which I have devised, to account for these truly great things in H. P. B.'s literary activity, and I am bold to say that the only explanation that in any way has the slightest pretension to bear the strain of the evidence is that these things were dictated to, or impressed upon, her psychically by living teachers and friends, most of whom

she had known physically. It is true that, as she herself stated, and as was stated through her, she at times got things tangled up badly, but she strove her best to do her best in most difficult circumstances.

Indeed, one of the most interesting facts in the whole problem is that she was herself as much delighted with the beauty of these teachings and amazed at the vastness of the conceptions as anyone else. If she herself had invented them, she often would say, then she was a world-genius, a master, instead of being, as she knew she was, the very imperfect servant who simply declared there were true masters to serve. She might repudiate everything else, but this she never gainsaid. Doubtless she has distorted many things, has not heard correctly, has transmitted them imperfectly, for she was ever very ill and harassed, the object of never-ceasing attack, treachery, and ingratitude, in addition to being naturally of a very fiery and tempestuous nature. All of which things make it all the more surprising that so much was achieved and not that more was not accomplished. The powers that were used must thus have been very great, perhaps an earnest and foreshadowing of what may be accomplished in the West if found necessary, and an absolute departure from the conventional conditions of the contemplative life as a means of illumination.

H. P. B. was a warrior not a priestess, a prophetess rather than seeress ; she was, moreover, most things you would not expect as an instrument for bringing back the memory of much that was most holy and wise in antiquity. She was indeed as it were the living symbol of the seeming foolishness of this world, whereby the wisdom was forthshadowed. In this birth, I am persuaded, I shall never look upon her like again ; she alone has given me the feeling of being in contact with some one colossal, titanic, at times almost cosmic. I have sometimes wondered whether this strange being belonged to our humanity at all—and yet she was most human, most loveable. Had she run away from some other planet, so to speak ? Did she normally belong to this evolution ? *Quien sabe ?*

To all of such questions none of us who knew her and loved her can give any sure answer ; she remains our sphinx, our mys-

tery, our dearly loved Old Lady. She was not a teacher in any ordinary sense, for she had no idea of teaching in any orderly or systematic fashion; indeed she detested the very idea of being considered a spiritual or ethical teacher, cried out loudly against it, protested she was the least fitted of all to be called to such an office. No, she was better than that, better than any formal instructor, for she was as it were a natural fire at which to light up enthusiasm for the greater life of the world, a marvellous incentive to make one grip on to the problems of self-knowing, a wonderful inspirer of longings for return, a true singer of the songs of home; all this she was at times, while at times she intensified confusion.

It is some thirteen years since H. P. B. departed from her pain-racked body, and yet somehow or other with each year my affectionate remembrance of her does but increase, and I ever look back to her and her work for inspiration to revive the feeling of greatness and large-heartedness, and that fresh atmosphere of freedom from conventionality which meant spring-time and growth and a bursting of bonds, and a flowing of sap, and the removing of mountains as the young shoots burst from their tiny mustard seeds and shook the earth heaps from their shoulders. It was the virile life in her, the breadth of view, the quick adaptability, the absence of prudery and pietism, the camaraderie, the camp-life as it were of those earlier days, that made the blood circulate in the veins, and the muscles tense for strenuous hardship and advance into regions ever more and more unknown.

But why do I, who am no hero-worshipper, allow myself thus enthusiastically to write of my "occult mother-in-law," as she humorously called herself? I know not, except that these are Stray Thoughts on Theosophy, and my thoughts not unfrequently stray to her who set my feet on the way, and that in writing about her I have revived some deeper feelings than I had intended to arouse, for my main object was to lead up to a suggestion concerning White Lotus Day, a suggestion which has already been adopted by the President-Founder at the last General Meeting of the Society. This paper, however, was written before I received the Report of that meeting, and when I had already written as follows:

As the years roll round, on May the 8th, the day of her departure from her body, many gatherings of Theosophists celebrate H. P. B.'s memory, and we call it White Lotus Day, though why precisely I know not. Perhaps it might have been better to have followed the Platonists and have chosen her birthday for this keeping of her memory green; but be that as it may be, it was never intended by her friends to be a day of lamentation—and, indeed, I do not think that any so regard it, and sure it is that H. P. B. herself would have screamed out against any such absurdity. Equally would she, I think, have cried out against any attempt at making such a gathering an occasion for pietism or hero-worship. Indeed, I know no one who detested more than she did any attempt to hero-worship herself—she positively physically shuddered at any expression of reverence to herself as a spiritual teacher; I have heard her cry out in genuine alarm at an attempt to kneel to her made by an enthusiastic admirer.

But would H. P. B. desire to keep this day for herself, and thus to inaugurate the idea of starting a sort of calendar of Theosophical "saints," and of adding to May 8th many other dates of departures of distinguished colleagues? I think not; I have somehow never been able to persuade myself that H. P. B. could approve of White Lotus Day as it is. But since it does exist, I would suggest that its utility might be vastly increased by keeping it as the day on which we specially call to mind the memory of all our well-known colleagues who have left the body—not only of H. P. B., though of her first and foremost, but of T. Subba Row, of W. Q. Judge, though he did grievous wrong, of Piet Meuleman of Holland, of many others. Let us make it a time of keeping clean the memory of the links of the chain, a day of the history-making of those who are as yet comparatively the few, but who will ere long be the great majority of our Theosophical Fellowship. White Lotus Day if you will, but Commemoration Day as well.

At the same time our President-Founder was settling it all at Adyar on these lines, and the suggestion is now a fact accomplished. But enough for the moment of these Stray Thoughts concerning H. P. B.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE HOUSE OF THE PAST

ONE night a Dream came to me and brought with her an old and rusty key. She led me across fields and sweet-smelling lanes, where the hedges were already whispering to one another in the dark of the spring, till we came to a huge, gaunt house with staring windows and lofty roof half hidden in the shadows of very early morning. I noticed that the blinds were of heavy black, and that the house seemed wrapped in absolute stillness.

"This," she whispered in my ear, "is the House of the Past. Come with me and we will go through some of its rooms and passages; but quickly, for I have not the key for long, and the night is very nearly over."

The key made a dreadful noise as she turned it in the lock, and when the great door swung open into an empty hall and we went in, I heard sounds of whispering and weeping, and the rustling of clothes, as of people moving in their sleep and about to wake. Then, instantly, a spirit of intense sadness came over me, drenching me to the soul; my eyes began to burn and smart, and in my heart I became aware of a strange sensation as of the uncoiling of something that had been asleep for ages. My whole being, unable to resist, at once surrendered itself to the spirit of deepest melancholy, and the pain in my heart, as the Things moved and woke, became in a moment of time too strong for words. . . .

As we advanced, the faint voices and sobbings fled away before us into the interior of the House, and I became conscious that the air was full of hands held aloft, of swaying garments, of drooping tresses, and of eyes so sad and wistful that the tears, which were already brimming in my own, held back for wonder at the sight of such yearning and patient sorrow.

"Do not allow all this sadness to overwhelm you," whispered the Dream at my side. "It is not often 'They' wake

They sleep for years and years and years. The chambers are all full, and unless visitors such as we come to disturb them, they will never wake of their own accord. But, when one stirs, the sleep of the others is troubled, and they too awake, till the motion is communicated from one room to another and thus finally throughout the whole House. . . . Then, sometimes, the sadness is too great to be borne, and the mind weakens. For this reason Memory gives to them the sweetest and deepest sleep she has, and she keeps this old key rusty from little use. But, listen now," she added, holding up her hand, "do you not hear all through the House that trembling of the air like the distant murmur of tumbling water?"

Even before she spoke, I had already caught faintly the beginning of a new sound; and, now, deep in the cellars beneath our feet, and from the upper regions of the great House as well, I heard the whispering, and the rustling and the inward stirring of the sleeping Shadows. It rose like a chord swept softly from huge unseen strings stretched somewhere among the foundations of the House, and its tremblings ran gently through all its walls and ceilings. And I knew that I was listening to the slow awakening of the Ghosts of the Past.

Ah me, with what terrible inrushing of sadness I stood with brimming eyes and listened to the sweet dead voices of the long ago. . . . For, indeed, the whole House was awakening; and there presently rose to my nostrils the subtle, penetrating Odour of Age; of letters, long preserved, with ink faded and ribbons pale; of scented tresses, golden and brown, laid away, ah how tenderly! among pressed flowers that still held the inmost delicacy of their forgotten fragrance; the scented Presence of lost memories—the intoxicating incense of the past. My eyes o'erflowed, my heart tightened and expanded, as I yielded myself up without reserve to these old, old influences of sound and smell. These Ghosts of the Past—forgotten in the tumult of more recent memories—thronged round me, took my hands in theirs, and, ever whispering of what I had so long forgot, ever sighing, shaking from their hair and garments the ineffable odours of the dead ages, led me through the vast House, from room to room, from floor to floor.

And the Ghosts—were not all equally clear to me. Some had indeed but the faintest life, and stirred me so little that they left only an indistinct, blurred impression in the air; while others gazed half reproachfully at me out of faded, colourless eyes, as if longing to recall themselves to my recollection; and then, seeing they were not recognised, floated back gently into the shadows of their room, to sleep again undisturbed till the Final Day, when I should not fail to know them.

“Many of them have slept so long,” said the Dream ever beside me, “that they wake only with the greatest difficulty. Once awake, however, they know and remember *you* even though you fail to remember them. For it is the rule in this House of the Past that, unless you recall them distinctly, remembering precisely when you knew them and with what particular causes in your past evolution they were associated, they cannot stay awake. Unless you remember them *when your eyes meet*, unless their look of recognition is returned by you, they are obliged to go back to their sleep, silent and sorrowful, their hands unpressed, their voices unheard, to sleep and dream, deathless and patient, till”

At this moment, the words of my Dream died away suddenly into the distance, and I became conscious of an overpowering sensation of delight and happiness. Something had touched me on the lips, and a strong, sweet fire flashed down into my heart and sent the blood rushing tumultuously through my veins. My pulses beat wildly, my skin glowed, my eyes grew tender, and the terrible sadness of the place was instantly dispelled as if by magic. Turning with a cry of joy, that was at once swallowed up in the chorus of weeping and sighing round me, I looked . . . and instinctively stretched forth my arms in a rapture of happiness towards . . . towards a vision of a Face . . . hair, lips, eyes; a cloth of gold lay about the fair neck, and the old old perfume of the East—ye stars, how long ago—was in her breath. Her lips were again on mine; her hair over my eyes; her arms round my neck, and the love of her ancient soul pouring into mine out of eyes still starry and undimmed. Oh, the fierce tumult, the untold wonder, if I could only remember! . . . That subtle, mist-dispelling odour of many ages ago, once so

familiar . . . before the Hills of Atlantis were above the blue sea, or the sands of ages had begun to form the bed of the Sphinx. Yet wait; it comes back; I begin to remember. Curtain upon curtain rises in my soul, and I can almost see beyond. But that hideous stretch of the years, awful and sinister, thousands upon thousands. . . . My heart shakes, and I am afraid. Another curtain rises and a new vista, further than the others, comes into view, interminable, running to a point among thick mists. Lo, they too are moving, rising, lightening. At last, I shall see . . . already I begin to recall . . . the dusky skin. . . . the Eastern grace, the wondrous eyes that held the knowledge of Buddha and the wisdom of Christ *before these had even dreamed of attainment*. As a dream within a dream, it steals over me again, taking compelling possession of my whole being . . . the slender form . . . the stars in that magical Eastern sky . . . the winds whispering low among the palm trees . . . the murmur of the river's waves and the music of the reeds where they bend and sigh in the shallows on the golden sand. Thousand of years ago. It fades a little and begins to pass; then again seems to rise. Ah me, that smile of the shining teeth . . . those lace-veined lids. Oh, who will help me to recall, for it is too far away, too dim, and I cannot wholly remember; though my lips are still tingling, and my arms still outstretched, it again begins to fade. Already there is the look of sadness too deep for words, as she realises that she is unrecognised . . . she, whose mere presence could doubtless once extinguish for me the entire universe . . . and she goes back slowly, mournfully, silently to her age-long sleep, to dream and dream of the day when I *must* remember her and she *must* come where she belongs. . . .

She peers at me from the end of the room where the Shadows already cover her and win her back with outstretched arms to the sleep of the ages in the House of the Past.

Trembling all over, and with the strange odour still in my nostrils, and the fire in my heart, I turned away and followed my Dream up a broad staircase into another part of the House.

As we entered the upper corridors I heard the wind singing over the roof. Its music took possession of me until I felt as

though my whole body were a single heart, aching, straining, throbbing as if it would break; and all because I heard the wind singing round this House of the Past.

“But, remember,” whispered the Dream, answering my unspoken wonder, “that you are listening to the Song it has sung for untold ages into untold myriad ears. It carries back so appallingly far; and in that simple dirge, profound in its terrible monotony, are the associations and recollections of the joys, griefs and struggles of all previous existence. The wind, like the sea, speaks to the inmost memory,” she added, “and that is why its voice is one of such deep spiritual sadness. It is the song of things for ever incomplete, unfinished, unsatisfying.”

As we passed through the vaulted rooms, I noticed that no one stirred. There was no actual sound, only a general impression of deep, collective breathing, like the heave of a muffled ocean. But the rooms, I knew at once, were full to the walls, crowded, rows upon rows . . . And, from the floors below, rose ever the murmur of the weeping Shadows as they returned to their sleep, and settled down again in the silence, the darkness, and the dust. The dust. . . . Ah, the dust that floated in this House of the Past, so thick, so penetrating; so fine, it filled the throat and eyes without pain; so fragrant, it dulled the senses and stilled the aching of the heart; so soft, it parched the tongue, without offence; yet so silently falling, gathering, settling over everything, that the air held it like a fine mist and the sleeping Shadows wore it for their shrouds.

“And these are the oldest,” said my Dream, “the longest asleep,” pointing to the crowded rows of silent sleepers. “None here have wakened for ages too many to count; and if they did wake you would not know them. They are, like the others, all your own, but they are the memories of your earliest stages along the great Path of Evolution. Some day, though, they will awake, and you must know them, *and answer their questions*, for they can never die till they have exhausted themselves again through you.”

“Ah,” I thought, only half listening to or understanding these last words, “what mothers, fathers, brothers may then be asleep in this room; what faithful lovers, what true friends,

what ancient enemies! And to think that some day they will step forth and confront me, and I shall meet their eyes again, claim them, know them, forgive, and be forgiven . . . the memories of all my Past”

I turned to speak to the Dream at my side, but she was already fading into dimness, and, as I looked again, the whole House melted away into the flush of the eastern sky and I heard the birds singing and saw the clouds overhead veiling the stars in the light of the coming day.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

GUNAS, CASTE AND TEMPERAMENT

II.*

CRANIOLOGY is known to be one of the most difficult branches of comparative anatomy, and many systems of measurement and of classification have been devised in order to register the direction and extent of the modifications of skull-formation which are seen to accompany the general increase of intelligence. Skulls may be brachycephalic (relatively wide) or dolichocephalic (relatively long). The protrusion or non-protrusion of the jaws define the prognathous or the orthognathous type. The capacity or the circumference of the skull may be considered, or the angle at which the face is set, and so on. These measurements and natural classifications have been of great service to ethnology owing to the constancy with which the cranial type is perpetuated, as are also distinctive colour-characteristics and the nature and colour and shape of section of the hair. As an example, it is said that certain tribes in the Egypt of to-day exhibit the precise cranial type of Egyptians of thousands of years ago. Hartmann points out that many scientific men have sought to establish the noteworthy distinction that dolicho-

* For No. I. see the last number.

cephalic anthropoids are found in Africa (Gorilla, Chimpanzee) and brachycephalic anthropoids in Asia (Orang Utan : Borneo). This distinctive characteristic is held to agree with the geographical and ethnological conditions of the continents in question. But another curious point arises when colour is considered. The skin of the Chimpanzee is of a dull, yet light, flesh-colour, while the hair is mostly black. But in the case of the more lethargic Orang Utan the skin is of a grayish-blue colour and the hair is reddish-brown or tawny. This colour-distinction, while also noteworthy from the ethnological point of view, curiously recalls the description of the flat-faced (wide-headed ?) bluish-skinned humanity of the Lemurian third Race. This, however, suggests far more than one would care to advance as exactly probable on the basis of the persistence of skull-types and colour-distinction.

Endeavour has already been made, but without generally satisfactory result, to relate these varying measurements in some way to the ascending degrees of intelligence. Following our series of skulls in the order in which they were considered, one can see that the true cranial capacity is gradually increased. The prognathous development, still marked among savage people, becomes orthognathous in the higher European type. In the same order, the facial angle is gradually improved ; the sharply retreating forehead is thrown forward ; and from low-crowned heads of a brutish cast there is a gradual transition to the high-domed head of the civilised man. And so on with many other details which might be noted. But no one of these standards, alone, is sufficient as an index of intelligence. They are all involved in the general movement already described, and for which no single descriptive term can well be used, owing to the many independent variations of its different particulars. But if, in the case of a normally constituted man, the stage of this movement and the proportions of the cranium are taken into consideration, *together with* the all-important questions of Temperament and Quality, then it is found that one has a most reliable and useful indication of the general mental status and ability of the individual. More minute particulars are afforded by more minute examination of the head.

With the nature of this cranial development in mind we may take a further step towards our consideration of the phrenologist's localisation of faculties—a faculty being regarded as a mode or aspect of the play of intelligence. This step consists of a brief review of the principal features or stages of the intelligence-scale as these succeed, both according to the Sociological view of the origin and development of human society, and in harmony with the Theosophical view. According to the latter, this development follows from the awakening of the dormant life by the incessant interaction of man's Astral and Mental vehicles. Each reacts upon the other; the desires and feelings stimulating the mind to contrive their gratification, and the mind in all its earlier reaction intensifying the sensuous and emotional life. The two are at first inextricably interwoven in the Kâma-Manas, from which freedom has to be effected at a much later state of awakening; but certain elements of the consciousness are, nevertheless, actually derived from the Mânasic system, and certain others are actually derived from the Kâmic system of the man's being. This distinction we shall have to regard. But quite apart from consideration of the sources of consciousness, the Sociological and the Theosophical accounts of the stages of its development are practically the same. Either may so suitably be illustrated by the other, that our review may be taken to represent in broad outline the sense of both.

Man's physical nature is founded, individually and racially, on the primitive functions Nutrition, Self-protection and Reproduction, upon which organic life generally may be said to depend. These instincts the savage shares with animals and plants alike, and in his primitive state they summarise his motives: satisfy them and he sleeps; deprive him, and he is all activity. These imperious, basic instincts are noted at the foot of our diagram of the consciousness-scale whose stages we are to review.

Arising from this, the simplest forms of family life put upon man other charges. Something of the nature of family affections is slowly aroused. He has to defend others as well as himself, and is compelled to alertness and determination in his savage methods. He has also to provide for others and must acquire and hoard the wherewithal, as do the animals about him

Spiritual (Buddhic) Life.



who are similarly circumstanced. The activities thus forced upon him beget and strengthen both the power and the habit of so acting. Consciousness has somewhat extended the method of expressing the basic instincts, and the new habits or new powers are thus scaled on our diagram above the simple instincts from which they are derived. To the left is also noted the more Mânasic element which would simultaneously be called into activity by the need for contriving necessary weapons and implements. This and dexterity in their use would call for studied observation of the properties of things, the habits of living creatures, and the nature of the environment in which the man was placed.

At a later stage the conditions become more complex. Families combine into societies or tribes for mutual protection and help. The tendency is to a less nomadic life and towards the establishment of a social organisation. Offensive and defensive measures are more organised, and, with Manas becoming more active, more warily conducted. For the same reason, provision for emergency and for the future becomes more elaborate and more systematic as fixed habitations and security afford means and opportunity. The pains of incipient civilisation are already felt in the multiplication of wants, and keener wit will establish rude arts and crafts to supply them. The earlier weaving and colouring, building and husbandry, and so on, bespeak developing constructive and mechanical ingenuity. These are noted to the left, on the more definite Mânasic side. There we see also that memory is now keeping systematic register of observation and experience, and that awakening reason has worked upon the record. Without this none of the other phases of the expanding consciousness could have been expressed.

In this way one can represent the gradual attainment of higher and higher degrees of active power and ability. In course of time a point is reached when something of the order of a national life is established, with its more stable, more complex and more highly organised effectiveness in every division. Here the individual or "personal" element is powerfully strengthened among the units, owing to the high degree of active mentality which is called into play and which modifies every expression of

the growing life. The combative, hostile element is modified with much more of diplomatic reserve. Industrial, commercial activities expand to measures which require organised guidance and administration. Ingenuity perfects all mechanical means and adjuncts on every hand. An ideal element directs the more permanent building, and architectural systems result. The reasoning, reflective, intellectual powers are brought into full activity on the Mânasic side, and the primitive movements have now been elaborated, refined and organised almost beyond recognition.

It is not represented, of course, that any given societies advance in precisely this rigid order. We are considering in the wider sense the stages through which humanity passes in its ascent to the civilised condition. The social and intellectual development, and all that springs from the gradual strengthening and refining of the subtler vehicles, proceed by slow gradations which are infinitely modified according to time, place and circumstance. Further, the promise of life is always in advance of the immediate realisation. At each of the stages represented there is felt the dawning of the next, inspiring efforts in the one which evoke and establish the active powers that constitute the state that succeeds. The rude arts and crafts and implements of the savage are the forerunners of our own, and at every level attained in the ascent the future is already present in its ideals and in its sense of further purpose. The interplay of these agencies is far too intricate and varied to be shewn in any diagram. But, taking this human movement as a whole, we see by the evidence presented by study of savage and undeveloped peoples that certain definite levels of attainment are successively reached, and that each is superseded in turn by the achievement of a general expression of life which is higher still. Considering the matter in this light, the stages of our tabulation will not be found incorrect. So far as we have followed our scale, this represents many features of such a civilisation as our own as merely the elaborated enginry of promptings which can be traced back directly to primitive, savage instincts,—a view that may not appear very flattering. But it has been truly said of the average man, that on small provocation he will discover to you the savage,—and

not very far beneath the surface. A great deal of what is admired as "enterprise" would be considered quite aboriginal, if it were quite honest. The means employed are more elaborate if less direct, and the gratifications so strenuously and untiringly sought are more numerous. But the old Adam is well discernible through the new manœuvres. He has merely become insatiable.

But every fault contains the germ of its own correction, and in this insatiableness apparently lies the hope of the situation. The determination and ingenuity that explore all means, and the critical discernment that declares the insufficiency of every fulfilment, will find other and better means and will strive for possessions that abide. Hitherto the efforts have been directed to wider and wider grasping of material prizes, and the ingrained methods have so far been those of strife and contest that the "civilised" idea of even Peace itself masquerades in all the ugly accoutrements of war. But in this state of wearing unrest, which eternally mocks the heart's desire, man learns that his seeking must take new direction. From the strenuous futility of the outer contest he recoils upon himself, seeking within for the rest which was sought in vain without. This is the turning-point in the curve by which the expansion of consciousness might be represented, the turning-point 'twixt immergence and emergence. However dimly or however variously it may at first be sensed, the further progress is by attention to the Self, by perfecting the expression of the inner Self, by fuller and fuller realisation within the Self of that higher stage which, as ever before, already dawns in the ideals of the present.

From the Theosophical side we know the terms of this new direction and the end which man achieves by this new convergence of endeavour. The former objects and the former methods are relinquished as higher ends are seen together with the orderly and certain means of their attainment. The new convergence is towards the realisation of that truly spiritual state which is above the illusions of the three worlds of birth and death—a Self-realisation which has to be effected in the "here" and "now."

The further stages of our scale, to which we must again turn,

are completed in harmony with this view. We know that the earlier striving results in building a strong and stable sense of individuality, but that this is identified with the separative semi-hostile characteristics born of its origin in desires. It is thus the self-assertive, "I"-making "personality," whose nature is essentially selfish. And it is this strong personality, with its irritable self-assertiveness, its love of dominance over others, its impatience of opposition and restraint, its emulativeness and selfish ambition, which provides so much of the "character" of our time. On our diagram this personality is noted to the right, over the forceful propensities from which it is so largely derived. Obviously, whatever merits of strength of will, power, fixity, may be possessed in this masterful personality, these need to be largely leavened and controlled by the higher Mânasic development before it can subserve spiritual purposes, or even before it can be of much comfort either to its possessor or to others. The nature of this leavening and controlling development can be gathered from the Mânasic side of the scale. The intellect, stimulated by the ideals which present themselves to consciousness, develops foresight and intuitional activity. This is intellect becoming prophetic as it apprehends from within. At the same level we see consciousness occupied with the refining and self-perfecting ideals to which reference has been made, forging from them those constructive, creative powers of imagination which have given to the world its noblest art and its most inspiring literature. The true poet was ever a prophet too, whatever the form in which the "poetry" might be sung. The constructive and organising ability has risen to the power of making the ideal, the moral world articulate on earth, and the product is Art in its highest form, but Art-Moral—than which, as Ruskin would have it, there is none other.

At the next level we find Manas applying its ideals to the human family; realising the actuality of moral law; establishing sympathy, service and moral obligation as the ruling principles of life. Here are the springs of those higher emotions whose thought is benediction, whose speech is that of love, whose acts are gift and helping. And here are Faith and Hope and sweetest Charity enthroned—memories, perchance, of an "I have known."

Above, the crowning of this convergence is unified in devotion to spiritual life, voluntary obedience to spiritual law. Variously apprehended by minds variously prepared, or unprepared, this is the religious sense, the sense of reverence to a "Highest." It represents the loftiest state to which man normally attains. It is the level at which he contacts a yet further Source, whence flow to him in unbounding measure whatever of spiritual light and grace he is able to receive.

As this is the highest level reached, so is it also the last. It is the final expression of the Mânasic development in normal evolution, the direct illumination of the mind by that which is truly Spiritual. It is this gracious inflow from above which softens the acerbities of the strong personality developed during the earlier period, joining tenderness to strength, adding sympathetic insight to power of rule, and bending executive ability to loving service in the ways of peace.

But there is an immediately antecedent stage wherein the personality first apprehends and is first influenced by a dawning consciousness of these higher principles, giving rise to what we term "conscience"; namely, the sense of personal alliance with moral or spiritual purposes. Hence personal honour, justice and integrity. But this conscientiousness, however estimable and necessary, is, from its very nature, strongly coloured with the personal idiosyncrasies. The ability to adhere to principles of some sort, is one thing; but a true and comprehending insight of moral and spiritual law is quite another. The forceful personal inclination is frequently mistaken for grasp of moral principle, and a tyrannical harshness or a blind tactlessness of method announces the confusion. There is needed the further illumination of the higher Mânasic development already described before the personality, with all its poor trappings of "character," is lost in the shining agent of the universal life. In the one condition, the commanding will and the power of organised rule may be allied with right intention, but there is wanting the discrimination that flows from deeper insight. In the later state, sympathy and insight establish the ascendancy of a higher wisdom which bends the lower nature to other and more perfect expression. The distinction, finally, is that between self-assertion and

self-sacrifice, and this will be of interest in our later consideration of Caste.

Regarding our scale as a whole, it is obvious that it represents the three lower planes within which normal human evolution proceeds. Not only so, but its general divisions accord recognisably with the account of the different vehicles or bodies by means of which that evolution is effected. At the lowest level we have the physical body, indicated by its merely animal needs and functions. At the next we have the psychic body shewn in the passional propensities which are aroused so largely by the play of memory. Higher, the mental body is represented by the developed intellectual faculties, though these are deeply involved with the psychic nature and largely occupied with its gratification. At the highest level we are dealing no longer with concrete and material interests but with abstract concepts and ideals, with the principles of life, and with moral and spiritual monitions derived more from the inner nature. This may be taken as representative of the causal body. We know that the phases of ordinary consciousness have an inextricably mixed content and derivation, and that at no level could it be said that one or another factor is sharply and clearly dominant to the exclusion of the others. All are variously interwoven in the web of conscious life. Nevertheless, these four principal factors are clearly traceable in the correspondence marked on the left, although each so merges into the other that sharp lines of demarcation are hardly possible. Adopting this view of the significance of the scale as a whole, it is interesting to note the upward development of its right division in particular. This appears to represent the relation of the individual to the scheme of the three planes. The unit can be followed from his physical genesis through successive stages that develop in him the powers by which he adapts himself to each in turn. These powers stamp him with ability and fashion him with strength. Later, his nature is more highly mentalised, and he becomes the masterful personality with its strong will and developed individual power. But later still, as we saw, this personality is merged in and made one with the causal body; and so it is represented that the individual experiences life after life beget

strength and power and stability in this receptacle of the radiant Spiritual life of the state which is higher still.

The object of presenting this scale was, as stated, to help in a general consideration of the phrenological localisation of the faculties. The scale is actually a tabulation of the evolutionary stages referred to in connection with it—a tabulation which is of course very incomplete, but which is held not to be incorrect. But, as a matter of fact, our scale is also a “phrenological head” with the “faculties” marked in their actual places and relative positions. If the socket of the eye is marked in close under “observation” and a line is drawn boldly from its left, just outside the lettering, right over the curve and down on the right side terminating under the initial letter of “instincts,” the side view of a human skull is outlined, and the base of the brain-cavity is also shewn by the lower row of lettering. And this “head” is marked with the “faculties,” either separately or grouped, exactly as phrenology has located them. On the score of precision a little allowance must be made for the roundness of a skull and the flatness of a diagram; and, to effect legibility, the wording sometimes violates the true proportions of the areas indicated. Further, the horizontal writing is not adapted to the concentric phrenological arrangement which accords with Fiske’s explanation of the concentric nature of brain-development; hence the marking of our “head” has a rigid rectilinear disposition which would not be seen on a skull upon whose segments the “faculties” were accurately inscribed. But notwithstanding all this, our “head” indicates the general levels and relative positions of the empirical localisations without any such inaccuracy as would vitiate this identification with what has been termed the evolutionary consciousness-scale. In most cases ordinary phrenological terms are used in the diagram (either group-terms or subdivisional-terms) but exigencies of space compel the omission of a large amount of detail which would further emphasise this identity. It will be useful to define more minutely the connotation of our scale with phrenological terminology, italicising the latter. “Nutrition” at the base of the brain (lower anterior area of the temporal bone) is *alimentiveness*, subdivided into desire for *liquids*, and for *solids*; dipsomania, or gluttony, if uncontrolled.

“Self-protection” is *destructiveness*; *executiveness* at its anterior, implacable *exterminating* ferocity at its posterior area. “Reproductive” instincts are placed in the cerebellum and are *amative-ness*, subdivided in sex-tendencies. Immediately above, on the occipital, is a large group of *domestic* and other *propensities* which could not be crowded into the diagram on account of their being on the occipital area at the back of the head. These groups express adaptation to the stages of life indicated; with family life, *family affections*; with national life, *public spirit* and *patriotism*, and so on. Above these (parietal area) phrenology locates the various *selfish sentiments*, *ambition*, love of *display*, *self-esteem*, *dignity*, etc., which so powerfully colour all performance. These are closely associated with great personal *firmness*, initiative and *power of will*. Below “firmness” is the group which, collectively, is *conscientiousness*: and “circumspection” is *cautiousness* with its subdivisions, the general meaning being the same.

Our group of hostile and other propensities stands for *combative-ness* with its *courage*, *offensive* and *defensive* phases. The next group to the left is *secretiveness*; the next to the left *acquisitiveness*; and the next *constructiveness*, each being subdivided much according to the terms of the diagram.

“Observation” covers an entire group of *perceptive faculties*; *form*, *size*, *weight*, *colour*, *order*, *number*, etc. “Memory” has many subdivisions, *historical* memory, memory of *places*, etc., *associative* memory, and so forth. “Intellect” has *comparative*, *critical*, *planning* subdivisions. *Wit* and *humour* (not on diagram) are at a point which connects the *intellectual*, *ideal* and *constructive* groups, and this position is interesting in view of the various definitions of the sense of humour itself. *Foresight* and *intuition* succeed. “Humanitarian” is *benevolence* with *sympathy*, *liberality*, etc., included; this *benevolence* is construed as charity in its widest and loftiest sense. “Moral principles” in the same line cover *faith* and *trust*, and a separate area allocated to *hope*—the latter immensely influencing the expression of the life. At the highest point the more spiritual element is crowned with *worship*, or, as it is sometimes termed, *reverence*, or *veneration*. And this upper frontal portion of the brain, be it noted, is the *last* to be developed, according to the account quoted.

One cannot here enter upon further detail, but the more this is considered the more clearly does one see that the phrenological areas are disposed in a perfectly regular and highly interesting order which is homogeneous and consistent from base to crown. It is difficult to frame a nomenclature which shall make this order apparent, and many will not be troubled to ascertain what is really meant by the terms currently employed. If a man is told that he has large "destructiveness," he perhaps thinks himself suspected of some ungovernable inclination to damage and smash and destroy things; and if one mentions "combativeness," his thought flies to suspected infatuation with the delights of the prize-ring. Well, with men of a certain temperament and organisation, these interpretations might be appropriate. But, on the other hand, no man would succeed in forcing the redress of some great public wrong in the teeth of organised hostility and opposition unless he *had* large "combativeness," and "destructiveness," and other sturdy qualities, to carry him through the task. These basilar qualities are needed for any high achievement. Dominant, they make the criminal; bent to other ends they go to the making of the hero, or the poet, or the saint. Their power can be transmuted to any level.* Their energy will tend to flow along this line or that, or to be expressed in one way or in another, according to the mind, *considered as a whole*, to which they belong. The words used by the phrenologist must therefore be construed in the above sense. They roughly indicate mental powers which may be exercised in various ways if the corresponding areas are full; powers which will scarcely be available at all in any direction in the converse case. Each power throws its influence over the entire field of thought, and of action. A "faculty" which is strengthened or brought into activity by one particular mode of exercise therefore becomes a power available in the terms of any other level. It is this subtler alchemy, this inner transmutation from plane to plane along the ascending lines of our scale, which was symbolised in much ancient cryptic writing, and which is symbolised again in physical nature by the resolution of chemical Radium into chemical Helium. For "the evolution of life," one might almost as well

* See *The Ancient Wisdom*, p. 379.

write "the transmutation of power." Everything is already contained within us, as Helium in Radium, and the suggestions chiselled on the outside of our skulls need but to be applied within.

From these many details and considerations we must return to our scale and the question of the localisation of faculties, and we have to ask ourselves whether the latter really looks the vague and meaningless inconsequence which it is so often suspected of being. Phrenological work has been proceeding steadily for about a century, and during that period innumerable people have verified these localisations for themselves, probably in millions of separate observations, in substantial accord. The phrenologist has always been reproached with being merely empirical, but never with having stolen his ideas by anticipation. Now, if all these observers have been incompetent, or have been deluded; if the brain is *not* an organ of the mind; if the skull is *not* an index of the brain; if for any other reasons cranial psychology is *not* a science; how comes it that the phrenologist's scale is the evolutionary scale, point after point, line after line, level after level? How is it that he discovers the individual, with this curious and unfaltering precision, to be an epitome of the entire scheme in which he is a unit? How does it arise that his localisations agree with the physiological account of the *order* of brain-development in relation to the growth of intelligence? And how should he also happen to associate the later-developed skull-areas independently evidenced by craniology with correspondingly later psychological development? And how does it come about that his scale represents, in striking harmony with Theosophical teaching, the scheme of the three planes of normal evolution and the relation of the individual thereto?

Soberly reviewed in their detail, the correspondences which have been indicated are too many-sided, too numerous, and too precise to be put away as mere coincidence of no particular signification. Coincidences of this manifold and extensive order must indicate some natural relation between the phenomena so intimately interlinked. Whereas these different sciences have, as it were, repudiated cranial psychology, characterising it as unphilosophical, empirical, it is the latter which is finally the more

philosophical, for it gives to each of the others a new and closer human meaning and links them together into a living and yet more significant whole. Craniology is little more than a tale of dead men's bones with an appendix of inferences as to the bones of men alive, and it does not suspect the existence of its own evidences. Studies of the brain seem to end where they begin, in studies of the brain ; but the study of the brain-development of living men in relation to their living thought is considered — — somebody else's business; perhaps the psychologist's. So psychology slowly wheels, with immense dignity, from one general theoretical view of mind and thought to another equally fascinating general theoretical view of mind and thought, but without the ghost of an idea how to give practical help to the man in the street in *his* particular mental difficulty. The Church offers no account of religious mania beyond that this is exceedingly unfortunate, evidently some mental disorder which may be due to the machinations of the d—l himself, but which is none of its affair. And, to many, the more criminal a criminal looks, the worse criminal is he. Educationalists are only beginning to suspect a difference between the mere possession of knowledge and the ability to apply it when possessed. And so these wonderful processes are engineered side by side in the solemn conviction that neither stands in any direct relation to the others. But phrenology, studying the living, thinking creature, correctly relates skull-formation to brain-development, brain-development to mental processes and to actions, and then applies its practical psychology to the questions of education, religion, criminology, character-building, and so forth, with uniform success.

We shall further test these localisations in our consideration of Temperament and Caste, and it is for this later purpose that the phrenological terms were detailed. Meanwhile they are set forth as evidence of a profound natural law which deserves the most careful consideration.

G. DYNE.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE LAND OF THE DEAD

THE northern mountains still guarded from foes that country which I called the Land of Battles ;* but the mines were no longer worked. The riches of the country lay in its fair fields of corn and grapes, of orchards and roses whence perfumes of great price were distilled. From the cities, which had increased in number and size, poured forth works of the craftsman's hand ; metal and glass work, lace and silk, and carpets of delicate hues. The designs and secrets of the crafts were ancient ; they were handed down from less prosperous times. The people were rich and contented ; no bitter cry of the poor and outcast was heard among them. It was almost forgotten that in the reign of the king's great-grandsire the crying was loud and piteous. The bands of robbers were forgotten, the great rebellion, the murder of the Crown Prince, the hanging of the leader of the outlaws, these were half-forgotten history. The king who crushed the outlaws would never have heeded the cry of the people ; but the watchful gods who fashion the weft and warp of earthly matters slew him by a fever, and his second son, a reformer, reigned in his stead. He dealt not harshly even with the criminals, whom he banished to other lands, greatly to the grief of the people who received them. The land began to heap up riches ; in the reign of the king of whom I tell there was no poverty, and little violent crime.

Religious forms, as a sobering and refining influence, were carefully observed ; education was conducted on practical lines, likely to produce such qualities as would make men successful citizens, prudent heapers-up of wealth, sober and law-abiding. Each child was taught the duty he owed to himself, as regards his body and his mind. The land to the south and west was

* See " The Land of Battles " in the last number.

well tilled, and therein were many dwellings, all full of comfort, and many full of luxury. The north, too, was well populated, for here were the great carpet and silk-weaving industries, and the workers of metals. The eastern portion of the land was little known; the people troubled themselves little concerning other countries, or matters that touched not their immediate interests. No one starved, either perforce, or for the sake of his work, or his faith. Each man's work was pursued by him as a means of gaining wealth; and no one had faith—for faith is knowledge of the unseen; and no man of that country heeded that which he did not see. The land produced a race of happy well-to-do people, but it produced no prophets, seers, saints, poets, musicians, or artists. Sometimes, needing amusement after the serious pursuits of the day, they would gather together to eat in company; and after they had eaten they would hear a little of the music and the songs written in the days when the times were evil and sorrowful, and the struggle of life hard.

Now the king mused with himself concerning the land of the east; and at last he sent a band of men, led by a prudent, learned, and practical young man, to visit the country and report concerning it. They were absent during six months, and at last they returned. The king summoned a meeting of the chief citizens to hear the report of their leader. He, therefore, standing at the right hand of the king, spoke after the following fashion :

“My lord the king,” said he, “we have, at the bidding of your majesty, visited the eastern portion of your majesty's dominions. Our report in detail, contained in no less than 150 carefully scheduled parchments, is here, prepared for your majesty's eyes.”

The king accepted the parchments, for he knew the way of the ruler is, and must be, hard, and he desired to do his duty and endure to the end.

The returned traveller proceeded and said :

“The geological strata, the climate of the country, the water supply, the rainfall, the beliefs, manners and customs of the people, the flora and fauna, all things in fact that are to be known touching the place, are set forth in the parchments.

Therein is more concerning the land than is known by the oldest inhabitants. In truth, we may say confidently, that there is nothing concerning the place or the people which we do not know, and that is in any way hidden from us. This we feel to be very satisfactory both to your majesty and to ourselves. But that which is less satisfactory is that there is nothing to be known of the place or the people which is of any practical importance. Still, these parchments when filed in our archives for future reference will be of value, in that the men to come will know there is no need to waste effort in trying to develop a valueless land, and useless people. Also there may be some ephemeral interest in a verbal statement touching the place."

"There will be undoubted interest," said the king, "in hearing your report of this region of our dominions, which we feel we have neglected too long."

"The place is very barren," said the traveller, "and the people are few. There are indications, not without interest to archæologists, that there once dwelt in the place a prosperous people. We found certain ruined cities, and statuary of merit, half buried in the sands. The people are a simple wandering race; very poor, often perishing of famine; contented to be poor, a thing in itself of melancholy import, rendering it a hopeless task to raise them to a civilised state of commercial industry and competition. Light-hearted in their famine and barbarous poverty, giving improvidently when they have ought to give, sleeping under the stars, and living as they may from day to day. Sorrowful however with an insensate sorrow, not a natural grief for their poverty and ignorance, and their lack of commercial prosperity and civic life, but sorrowful with a senseless crying for a past or hidden glory, which they admit they do not understand; and they wait for it to be made manifest to them in some time to come. They preserve old songs among them telling of this time, and they make new ones among themselves to sing by their camp fires, and the song-maker has great honour; wherein I spied at first some hope, for I thought it was well they saw it to be good to fashion songs, since they had no factories in which to make marketable goods. Among them, or rather alone in the most easternly portion of the land, I found a man of great age

who could speak our tongue. This man the people served by bringing him food. He is a mad hermit, but he showed us hospitality and courtesy. We asked him why he dwelt in the land, and he replied that he waited. The place where he abides is a reed hut in a dry desert. It is a barren river bed, or mayhap an arm of the sea; there is a pile of stones, whereon his hut is built, that was once washed by the waters; built that ships might stay there, when they sailed up the river with merchandise. The land is dry and profitless, the waters have left it; moreover, the people declared the place was full of a strange bewildering magic left by the people who lived there in the past. They said the place where the old man dwells was its heart and core, and full of glamour. Needless to say, I did not hold with such idle tales, though I own the night we tarried there I had strange dreams, which were however easily accounted for by the physician, as due to evil vapours."

On the steps of the throne there sat at his father's feet the youngest and best beloved son of the king. He listened with knitted brows, like one who, like the people of the barren land, sought a hidden glory. Now, at these words he spoke:

"You dreamed strange dreams! What did you dream?"

The traveller answered:

"Your royal highness, the dream was mere folly. I thought I stood without the reed hut, and saw the waters returning to the dry channel. They swept landwards one by one, waves clear and green and scarcely touched by foam, and they broke on the rocks, and filled the channel, nor did I fear their raging as they came towards me. Behind them was a white dawn; and from the dawn passed a swift sailing ship, with a sound of song and harping. As it touched the jetty, I saw a man upon the deck whose garments shone, and with him were others, a very fair company—merchants, I doubted not. But then I woke, and it was a dream."

As he spoke the prince looked at him earnestly; and when he ceased, he rose and cried out:

"My lord and father, and ye men who hear these things, listen to my words, though I be young and unwise. In this barren land lies the hope of my father's kingdom; in this dream

was verity, and you, sir, wiser in your sleep than when ye fashioned these."

And thereupon he tossed the parchments to the floor, and they rolled down the steps of the throne. The king was dismayed, and glad at least it was not his heir who spoke thus in the people's ears. He said :

"Son, what folly is this? These people are simple, barbarous, and without desire for wealth or goods; and this old man, doubtless, a madman."

The prince replied :

"O my father, this land of ours is dead and barren; more fruitful is a country where the people watch and hunger for a hidden glory. We dream no dreams, my father; we see no visions; we sorrow not, nor are light-hearted. O ye who hear my words! neither do the dead dream, nor have they visions; those who lie in the earth hunger not nor thirst. And such are we!"

Thereat the king quickly broke up the council, and every man departed to his house, talking very busily of the lunacy and strange speech of the prince.

But as for the prince, he rose that night from his bed, and took horse; in the moonlight he rode out of the city, his face turned eastwards. The words he heard in the barren land he placed on record; there is nothing like to them in the 150 parchments placed by the traveller in the city archives. But such as they are they shall be made known to those who will wait till I shall set them down.

MICHAEL WOOD.

I SING of Hermes . . . boon messenger of the Immortals. Him did Maia bear, the modest daughter of Atlas, to the love of Zeus. . . . Hail Hermes, Giver of grace, thou Guide, thou Giver of good things.—HOMERIC HYMN TO HERMES. (Lang's Translation, 1899.)

SWEDENBORG AND THE PLANE OF ILLUSION

To all who have interested themselves in these subjects it presents itself as established beyond doubt that in the case of certain persons possessed of peculiar natural gifts, it is possible either by the immediate interposition of superhuman Powers, as seems to have been Swedenborg's case, or by exercises directed to that end (these exercises, however, ordinarily speaking, not being likely to succeed unless suggested and assisted by similar Powers) as has happened with certain of our own Seers, to open channels of perception for things which the ordinary physical eyes cannot take cognisance of. Such persons have given us accounts of what they saw upon this super-physical plane—things which were to them, at the time, quite as real as anything seen by the physical eye ; and for us, who fully believe in the *veracity* of these accounts, it cannot but be a matter of much interest to enquire whether they can be treated as *authoritative*. By this (of course) I mean, can we safely treat them as facts in the physical-plane sense, argue about them and draw conclusions from them ?

If it should prove to be so, it is needless to point out their enormous value to us ; but the fact is that as soon as we come to examine them in detail we find that, though they here and there give hints of valuable *principles*, which may lead to much, yet their statements of physical plane *facts* are often obviously quite impossible. This is not a question of the personality of the Seer, —not that A. B. sees true and C. D. sees false. It is not possible to draw the Old Testament distinction that some are “ prophets of the Lord ” and others “ false prophets ” ; the Saint in his highest ecstasy, the Seer in his clearest vision, give always a mixture of clear statements of the noblest truth, mingled with others in a phraseology purely symbolical, and, along with these, most unquestionable errors. The Seers themselves have recognised this ; we

cannot put it into stronger language than they have done and still do ; and the explanation they give is also common to schools far separated from each other in space and time. It is this.

On the physical plane we are divided one from another and from the outer world by substantial walls of flesh and blood ; in philosophical language the I and the Not-I are easily distinguished. It is true that the physical enclosure has been found to be not quite so air-tight as was formerly supposed ; the thoughts of those about us determine our own in a much larger measure than would have been believed fifty years ago ; but, on the whole, John Smith in his physical body is a fairly well defined entity. But now take John Smith out of his body (either temporarily or permanently) and he finds himself in a new and very confusing world where thoughts and feelings are *things* ; as real to him now as chairs and tables were to him in the body. Now this, *in itself*, is no illusion ; they *are* realities to him ; and many of these thought-pictures, as we call them, will last longer on their plane—the astral—than the chairs and tables will on theirs. But if he returns to his body and remembers what he has seen and wishes to state it as *physical plane* fact, see what confusion must arise. Mr. Leadbeater gives us a good example of this. He says he himself has met on the astral plane very well defined and lifelike figures of Jack the Giant-Killer, Robinson Crusoe, and the rest—thought-pictures made by the lively imaginations of so many generations of children. But an ignorant man would have come back and said he knew there *was* such a man as Robinson Crusoe—he had *seen* him !

This kind of confusion is easily transcended ; there is another kind from which even experienced dwellers on the Astral cannot be certain to escape. The Seer's *own* thoughts also take shape before his eyes. Unless he has learned to stop *all* thought whilst watching, the plastic astral matter will shape itself as he expects. In our dreams, the slightest hint of recollection is enough to call up the most fantastic and apparently spontaneous variations, a long and complicated narrative which is hard to trace to its slight foundation of fact ; and in reality the greater part of "*Private Revelation*" is nothing more than this. It will be edifying and holy if the Seer is pure ; if not, as easily the

contrary. Sometimes, indeed, there may be flashes of higher insight; for an instant the Seer may have a glimpse of the working of higher Powers than his own. These are the flashes of genius, the Revelations of Divine Love, precious as they are rare; but for the most part a Seer will bring back from the Astral what he has taken there—no more and no less.

One principle, I think, may be safely laid down. Any kind of systematic description of super-physical planes, as by map and guide-book, betrays at once that the vision is not unmixed—that the astral realities have been more or less ranged and shaped by the Seer's own unconscious thought and expectation. It is thus bound to be local, not universal. Dante, in his vision of the holy souls in Paradise, has sensed their collective unity in diversity as no one before or since has done—a gleam of the Reality *beyond* reality; but his Hell is the working of his own great powers on the material he found about him—a work of vast talent, but with only occasional flashes of Vision. His devils are true devils, not the rhetorical Milton's "fallen Archangels"; he has been in Hell, and seen them; but for all that his Hell is a Theological Hell—more poetical than Milton's, as Dante was a greater poet than Milton, but neither of them *real*. What then shall we say of Swedenborg's? Here we have the dream—not unfrequently the *true* dream—of a man in all respects Dante's antithesis; prosaic to the very backbone, of the narrowest provincial Protestant education and surroundings. There is nothing elevating to the soul in *his* visions of Heaven and Hell. Whilst Dante suffers in Hell, rises higher in the Purgatory, and is only at his best and highest in Heaven (as he himself naïvely but rightly bids his reader remark), Swedenborg, like a Revival preacher, is at home in Hell; but his Heaven is a lamentable failure, endurable to no human being except the devotees of the New Jerusalem Church. And yet, with all this, what flashes now and then of true insight! That in Heaven and Hell alike the dwellers have that which suits them best—that the hopeless condemnation of the lost soul is precisely that it *loves* Hell best, and would be unutterably miserable in Heaven—is a truth beyond Dante's ken, one which knocks the whole bottom out of his system, as a system, at a blow. But who can fail to see that it *must* be so? Mrs. Kings-

ford, again, sees Greek heavens for herself, Christian heavens for her colleague, and Buddhist heavens for H. P. B. and her friends. Once more an evident, undeniable truth; and one as utterly destructive to Swedenborg's Protestantism as to Dante's Catholicism. But do *we* expect to find ourselves in them after death?

And if we turn to our own H. P. B., the case is, to a considerable extent, the same. Her value as a teacher does not lie in her voluminous attempts to write down in black and white the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of merely physical man to conceive; her best pupil is not the one most fully primed with "texts" from *The Secret Doctrine*, but the one whose piercing intuition reaches to the truth behind her symbols,—who from her *words* can penetrate to see, however vaguely, what she *saw*. Whatever the life beyond the grave may be, every thinking man must be instinctively certain that it will have many surprises for us, that it will be indefinitely loftier and more complicated than any conception we in the flesh can reach up to. And more than this; it will not be the same for any two spectators; there can, by the very nature of things, be no general Baedeker's Guide to its highways and byways, by getting up which we may reach the other side fully primed for everything which may befall us there. The idea is a tempting one, but *cannot* be true; *hints*—precious hints—may be given us, but no more.

The key of the position seems to be this. Life on the Astral is *not* more real than the physical, *to the soul looking back from it to the physical*; on the contrary, the soul has lost its firm basis in *that* reality with the body it inhabited, and in its communications with those left behind is less reliable, not more, than it was as a simple human being, save only for the lights it may receive by looking upwards and away from itself and the physical world. We are for ever told that the higher powers of sight in the physical world—the Siddhis, as the Indians call them, are *not* to be desired by undeveloped souls such as you or I; that we are only the more likely to be led astray by them from our upward path, to be encouraged to find our work and our happiness in the lower worlds which should by this time have lost their charm, as

they have their virtue, for us. The same is the case when removed to the astral plane. In all our books it is impressed upon us that the greatest privilege, the highest happiness, of the pure soul is to pass through these regions swiftly and unconsciously. Why is this, but that there is pressing, serious danger lest the enjoyment of the new powers of the plane should tempt us to waste precious time as Spirit Controls, Invisible Helpers and the like, neglecting the affairs of our true Selves to make "good karma" for the fleeting personalities they ensoul? Our early teachers, speaking to uninstructed souls, giving them the first rudiments only of the new learning, laid stress mainly on the risk of making bad karma by our actions on the Astral; but they did not fail also to teach that *all* karma, good as well as bad, "binds"—holds us back from our progress towards the Golden Gate; that the aim of the enlightened soul is to make neither bad nor good karma, but to rise up to the regions *above* all karma, to the abode of Truth.

This, and this only, is the true object of our lives, the goal and aim of all our exercises. The old Catholic mysticism gives a useful illustration. For those living in the world, not yet so far on as to dream of raising themselves to the heights, but good people and wishing to do good, is prescribed Meditation,—the studying by good motives to confirm their resolutions, and make good Christians of them. But for those who have once "lifted their eyes unto the hills, whence cometh our help"—for whom even the good works of the world have lost their savour, there is Contemplation, H. P. B.'s "rising above all thought." The aim of this is to raise ourselves above all personalities, most of all above our own; above all the good and evil of the world, even the bodily persons of our true Redeemers and their labours for us; to know and recognise ourselves as our Higher Egos, no longer divided by personalities, but in the mystic union in which all souls are even now one with each other in the Logos; to rise to the pure abstract Thought—the ecstasy—"the joy of the Lord." And for one who has thus even once tasted of the heavenly mysteries, there is no happiness left on any lower plane.

In another way of putting it, one which I have found pro-

ducti ve of many precious gleams of truths beyond thought (the only truths of any real consequence) we have to pass beyond the consideration of the little passing ripples on the surface of human life, its religions, schools of philosophy, nations, governments, its life and death, to feel the sway of the deep currents which move far beneath, the tides which carry forward the but partly intelligible complex of events which we call human progress. When we reach these, and not till then, shall we understand our own relations with the world. We cannot, if we would, separate ourselves from these currents; we learn (in the words of the teacher in *The Blossom and the Fruit*) "to face the fact that we are nothing in ourselves,—only fragments tossed on the tides of the great powers that sweep over the world. In our inner selves we *are* parts of these, but we have kept ourselves fragments instead of parts of the whole. Become that (he says), dissolve your being in the infinite Love and it will be to you as death, but the reawaking will be a new birth such as you have never known." And when we have once entered into this rest all vanity of leadership, all pride of advance beyond our fellows, will have passed from us; we shall understand that if it be so, it is only as the foam hangs white on the crest of the breaking wave; not ours the deep force (which has set us there, ours only the foam's risk to be left behind useless on the shore when the wave which was our life has left us. Our rejoicing must ever be, not like the foolish Galilean disciples "that the spirits are subject to us"—not that *we* are great and wise, but, that we have yielded ourselves joyously to the great wave which comes forth from the Infinite and returns there, ruled in its course by perfect Wisdom and perfect Power, the dwelling in which is Peace—no Illusion more!

Now *this* Truth is not our possession, to teach to a class, to print in books, or to hoard up miserly as our own peculiar treasure. It is with us as with Paracelsus.

I possess

Two sorts of knowledge; one—vast, shadowy,
Hints of the unbounded aim I once pursued:
The other consists of many secrets, caught
While bent on nobler prize.

The last may be given out; the former cannot be. And yet on

our steadfast pursuit of the unbounded aim of Paracelsus in his "happier time" depends the whole of our spiritual life and progress. The essence, the reality of Theosophy lies *here*, that it is no novelty brought to us by Saviours or Masters from above, no set of formal propositions as Tolstoï would make it, no Creed; but that it is the Wisdom which has always dwelt with men; that every thinker, every mystic in their highest moments have attained to the sight of something of it; that it is the Whole, of which all true visions, from Hermes Trismegistus to the Voice of the Silence, have been detached fragments, told in words often utterly unintelligible to those who have not the key. In the vague reminiscences of savage tribes lurk portions of it; every system of religion or philosophy is traceable to some Seer before whose eyes it was set; we take our good wherever we find it. It is nothing against us that out of previous literature may be picked anticipations of its every teaching or nearly so; rather would it be a fatal objection that the deepest thinkers and most wondrous geniuses of former times should have seen anything else—for *this* would prove it was not the Truth.

How comes it, then, that once more it has been revealed, and found no faith upon the earth? The answer is simple and clear. It has been forgotten because men have lived exclusively on the lower planes of Illusion, where men are separate and live for themselves, forgetting the Higher Life, the deep currents, of which I have spoken. Such pioneers have taken the fatal turn *downwards*, which begins with the conviction that "we are the men, and Wisdom will die with us"—that we in our personal selves, our Lodges, our Societies, our associates, are the power which moves the world, instead of being swept on its great tides. The Theosophical Society was brought into existence, not because the world was in darkness and we were to enlighten it; our teachings and writings would be ludicrously inefficient for that!—who in the world outside reads or listens? No; we come to the surface because the great tides have been set in this direction by the Powers; and the light is given us to help those others who respond to the movement. The Powers have sown—*our* privilege is to reap the harvest; and if *we* fail, nevertheless, not one grain of that harvest will be lost. Strange it is to see how

often this tragedy has been repeated. Take only the cases most familiar to us. The Teacher known as Jesus came with the Wisdom; hardly had he left the world when his ignorant followers made a god of him, and for many centuries the dogma of the novelty of his teaching and its total difference from all before or since has been fought for with endless blood and tears as the "essential doctrine of Christian Faith," whereas to the Master Himself it can only be the essential doctrine of Unchristian Atheism, to be wept over as in the days of His flesh. "If thou hadst but known, in this thy day, the things that belong to thy Peace—but now are they hid from thine eyes!" After Swedenborg comes the ineffable trifling of the New Jerusalem Church, disputing like so many mediæval Jewish Rabbis on the "texts" of his writings. Mrs. Kingsford has great and precious intuitions, but alas, she and Mr. Maitland thereupon go to the British Museum Library, and satisfy themselves that no seer before ever had such revelations as *her* guide has given, and that she is the sole High Priest of Truth, and so they cut themselves off from the world's movements, and all is again wasted. Most melancholy of all is Lake Harris' tragedy. Beginning with true powers and noble aims, the "life to be lived" clearly before him, he draws faithful pupils about him. But what has come of it all save ruin to the hopes of those who had trusted, with such apparent reason, that it was he who should have redeemed Israel?

All this is but a reproduction of the most ordinary commonplaces of mystics, old and new; I have added nothing of my own. But they are principles which are often and easily forgotten in the rush of worldly affairs; and in this time of waiting, now the Titanic energy of H. P. B. is for the time withdrawn from us, it has seemed to me needful to remind my readers once more that our true dwelling is not in the Physical nor in the Astral, but in the highest Heaven where our Angels even now behold the face of our Father. If we keep our place *there*, the illusions of the lower planes cannot permanently harm us; if we lose *that*, all is lost, whatever our good deeds on earth. Thus have I heard.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

A VISION OF SILENCE*

A VISION came to me one night, and spread
 Before my sight a chart of silences ;
 The one without, the one within, and one
 That dwelt alone, the heart, the Soul of all.
 The one without was walled about with sound,
 The deafening flood of surge and wave and sea
 Beating against escarpement granite-hewn.
 Such sound as holds its silence. That within
 Held sound in colour, so the river ran
 Blood red, and held the silence of the clarion's sound
 Encircled once again in azure fold,
 And held an echo of the angels' song
 Again, and the pale light of wisdom's fire
 Made circle round the inner silence. Then
 Swung slowly back the crystal door of all,
 That door which hangs as light as gossamer,
 A veil of fire and dew ; yet which to mortal hand
 All heavy seems, until the mystic word
 Breath of eternal silence breaks the chain,
 Dries up the dew, and bids the fires burn low.
 Then reverently with new all-hallowed feet
 Tread we the sacred shrine. In that great heart
 All speech, all hope, all love, all faith are gone.
 For He, the dweller in the innermost,
 Knows all—is all—the rest is emptiness.
 Then saw I on the violet pavement of the shrine—
 The shrine that has no roof, no wall, no floor,
 But hangs self-poised above all other heights,
 Below all other depths, and round the girth of all ;
 Encircling in the compass of its sphere
 The all that has been, is, and is to be—
 So saw I, leaping through the violet fumes,

* The following lines were written automatically in six and a half minutes.

A fountain as of fire, yet never fire
 Burned as this central fire of all the worlds ;
 It rose in flowers of fire, with scent of fire,
 To fall again as water, on which flames
 Rode high like mountain crests ; its wings were fire,
 The curve was fire, and every diamond drop
 It flung abroad was fire, a diamond fire.
 It held all colours within fiery hands,
 The songs of men and angels spoke through flame
 In that pulsating silence. At its heart,
 Round which a wheel of fire turned ever more,
 I saw a face unveiled, the face of one
 Now child—though surely never childhood shone
 With such a lustre on the lips and eyes ;
 Now man in fullest manhood, yet no man
 Has held such godhead written on his brow,
 The name of names. Love all transcending love,
 Wisdom o'ercome by wisdom, knowledge by knowledge,
 Even as He who is must needs transcend
 The He who merely knows ; He who creates
 The one who is created. There all life,
 All death, all sound, all silence are enwrapped
 In that great fire, the name whereof is writ
 Within the silence, not without its bound.
 Then spake the Vision : " Read thou, mark and learn,
 And commune with thine own heart, and be still.
 To every man his sight. Be thine the place
 To watch the sacred flames, imputing nought,
 And judging nought. Thy gift shall be to see.
 For every colour, every chord, nay Wisdom's self
 Is but the outmost ripple of the fire
 Within ; the rest is—Silence." So I saw
 And blessed the sight, and sighed, and so awoke.

MUSÆA.

FIRE . . . invisible inapprehensible Silence!

—THE GREAT REVELATION,

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

THE following interesting experience of the famous zoologist Louis Agassiz may perhaps help us to a more precise comprehension of the vague phrase the "scientific imagination"; such *formal* experiences are of course not so uncommon in the records of things psychic, but we are somewhat inclined to forget the countless cases in which the *formless* idea comes through to the physical consciousness and supplies the missing key.

The Dream
of Agassiz

In Agassiz' *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles* (Neuchâtel; 1843-1845), "Cyclopoma spinosum, Agass.," vol. iv., tab. I, pp. 20, 21, we read :

This species is figured in the *Ittiolitologia veronese*, under the name of *Scorpæna Scrofa*, tab. 34. The two slabs between which the specimen is divided are very well preserved. De Blainville thinks this ichthyolite is nearer certain species of *Labrus* than *Scorpæna*, and adds that this imprint is much defaced. It is true that when these plates were in the condition in which they were when they were figured in the *Ittiolitologia*, it would have been difficult to distinguish them exactly. I myself was unable to class them for a long time. Nevertheless my doubts on the matter have been cleared up by a very singular circumstance which I think I ought to relate. I tried in vain for a fortnight, time after time, but without the least success. When I saw that my efforts were useless, I laid the specimen aside, and dismissed it from my mind, when I awoke one night convinced that I had discovered the solution of the problem which had perplexed me. for I had just seen in a dream my fish reconstituted with all the parts that I had not been able to discover on the imprint; but at the moment when I attempted to fix the image in my mind, and to assure myself of my discovery, everything disappeared. I ran to the *Jardin des Plantes* early in the morning to see if I could not find some traces in the imprint which would recall my vision to my mind, but in vain. As on previous investigation, I only saw a mass of bones, especially on the head, which appeared entirely broken up. On the following night the same vision was repeated, but without any more fortunate result to me, for everything disappeared when I awoke. In the faint hope that a third apparition might put me in possession of the key of the enigma, I prepared paper and

pencil before going to bed, that I might sketch what I might see during the night. In fact, towards morning, I felt that my fish again presented itself to my mind, at first confusedly, but soon afterwards so clearly that I had no longer any doubt respecting its zoological characters; and, half awake, half asleep, and in perfect darkness, I traced them on the sheet of paper that I had prepared. In the morning I was much surprised to see in my nocturnal sketch characters which I had before considered it quite impossible to find on the slab, especially a dentated preoperculum, armed with large points on its lower edge. I went immediately to the Jardin des Plantes, and after several hours' work I succeeded at length, with the help of my graving-tools and hammer, in discovering all the parts of the head which are so clearly figured on my plate 1, and which do not exist at all in the figure in the Ittiolitologia, though made from the same imprint. This is a fairly common psychological fact, which, however, I shall be very careful not to comment upon in a work on fossil fishes; and perhaps more than one reader has already thought that this simple narrative was too much.

* * *

SOME months ago we chanced on the advertisement of a book purporting to contain "spirit revelations," and entitled *Jesus Christ, a Fiction founded upon the Life of Apollonius of Tyana*. We accordingly procured a copy, being curious to know what the "spirits" would make out of a question of scholarship. The following is the full title of this egregious production, which was written down somewhere in the United States in 1882-1883:

Jesus Christ, a Fiction founded on the Life of Apollonius of Tyana. The Pagan Priests of Rome originated Christianity. New and Startling Disclosures by its Founders, and Full Explanations by Ancients Spirits. Krite, Flavel, Zoroaster, Plato, Apollonius, Damis, Caiaphas, Josephus, Nero, Tacitus, Vespasian, Trajan, Domitian, Suetonius, Potamon, Bardesanes, Basilides, Marcion, Marcus Aurelius, Publius Agrentius, Cadmus, Caius Manlius, Gamaliel, Fabricius Paternus, Licinius Maximus, Valentius, Valerius, Gibbon, Cyril, Plotinus, Diocletian, Galerius, Lactantius, Arius, Helena, Constantine, Eusebius, Hegesippus, Athanasius, Julian, Ambrose, Valentinian II., Embricius, Irenæus, Jerome, Hypatia, Leo I., Hilarius, Urban VI., Boniface IX., Torquemada, Juan Hermenez, Pontius Pilate. Transcribed by M. Faraday, Late Electrician and Chemist of the Royal Institution, London, England.

What could be fairer than that? London, England, too—most convincing! It is hardly necessary to say that the whole 204 pages of this curious production show a remarkable ignorance of the atmosphere and times of the motley mass of names with

which the cover is crowded. *The* point of interest is in the advertisements, which set forth the titles of Paine's works, Ingersoll's Lectures, the *Philosophical Dictionary* of Voltaire, *Descent of Man*, etc., *Faraday as a Discoverer*, etc. Solution of the problem: A medium in an environment steeped in Ingersoll and Secularist literature in general, and all that mass of unsound and inimical speculation on the origin and history of Christianity with which we were so familiar twenty years ago—and there you are, a very variegated subliminal self of multifold personalities all equally ill-instructed in what are now the accessible objective facts.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

MICHAEL WOOD'S STORIES

The Saint and the Outlaw, and other Stories. By Michael Wood.
(London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 161, New Bond Street, W. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

WE give the heartiest of welcomes to our colleague Michael Wood's most charming stories, which have just appeared in a first selection. For years past these admirably told and wisdom-loving tales have formed one of the main features of our pages, and have delighted many readers the world over. Set and solemn expositions of Theosophy are doubtless most necessary and excellently utilitarian. But there is a large number of people—we doubt not that they form the vast majority of the educated, of this country at any rate—who object to have even the most excellent doctrines forced down their throats in any formal fashion; they resent the expository or didactic tone, they are educated people and object to overt interference intellectually; they are thinking people and have heard of the ten commandments in their childhood, and are suspicious of edification; moreover, many of them are artistic souls, and form with them is not to be despised;—all these can read Michael Wood's stories with pleasure, and many of them with profit. There is good work in them artistically, and good work in them Theosophically speaking; and the Theosophy of them is native and not imported, natural and not artificial. This first collection contains thirteen tales; we have tried

to pick out the best, but find we have no preference unless it be for "Lox." They are all good.

G. R. S. M.

A TREATISE ON KARMA

Les Lois de la Destinée. Par le Docteur Th. Pascal. (Paris: Publications Théosophiques, 10, Rue Saint Lazare; 1904. Price 2fr.50c.)

TAKEN as a whole this nicely printed volume contains the most complete and connected account of Theosophical teachings about the Law of Karma which is to be found in our literature. It is not too much to say that nearly all the more important statements, bearing upon this very difficult and complex subject, which are to be found scattered here and there in various books or publications, as well as many others hitherto current only in verbal form, have been brought together, connected and woven into an orderly and fairly coherent whole.

The general plan of the work is as follows. In a brief introduction the indispensable outline of our conceptions as to the Monad and its various vehicles is given, coupled with one or two general points as regard evolution. Chapter I. deals with the laws of Action, subdivided into sections devoted to: (1) The Law itself; (2) Action and Reaction are equal; (3) Repercussion; (4) Contagion; (5) the Correlation of Forces; and (6) the Interference of Forces. Chapter II. deals with Providence as one of the most important aspects of Karma; Chapter III. with the action of Man in the World; while Chapters IV. and V. are devoted to the Results of Action.

As most of us know, Dr. Pascal's style is always readable, clear and lucid, and very often charming. Thus for all who read French, and they are many, no more helpful book to assist them in their study of Kârmic Law could be suggested. And it is a popular book—which is, generally speaking, an advantage, however much a few may regret the absence of any attempt at a thorough-going treatment of the problems involved, or even of an adequate analysis of the words and ideas which Dr. Pascal employs with so much eloquence. But anything of that kind would obviously have lain outside not merely his own design, but the proposed scope and purpose for which his book is intended—the task, namely, of furnishing a general introduction to the understanding and study of Karma suitable for the general public as well as students of Theosophy.

This task our friend and colleague has most satisfactorily performed, and we all congratulate him most heartily upon its accomplishment, welcoming a most valuable and useful addition to our literature from his hands.

For the close student, too, this volume has a great value, not so much perhaps in teaching him anything new, but in bringing clearly before his eyes the nature and position of the many still unsolved problems, philosophical and spiritual, which are involved but not hitherto solved, in what we have heard or thought or learnt upon the subject of Karma. And the first step, it seems to me, towards finding or obtaining a solution of such problems is to recognise them clearly and to understand exactly where they lie ; for a problem, it has been said, is already half solved when once we have succeeded in stating it clearly and accurately.

B. K.

A KABBALISTIC CATECHISM

Die Kabbalah: Einführung in die jüdische Mystik und Geheimwissenschaft. Von Dr. Erich Bischoff. (Leipzig: Th. Grieben's Verlag; 1903. Preis, M.2.)

DR. ERICH BISCHOFF—whose excellent German version of Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism* we reviewed last year—has been so favourably impressed with our President-Founder's simple exposition of Buddhism that he has attempted the very difficult task of setting forth in question and answer form the main outlines of the history of the evolution of that strange and complex volume of Jewish mysticism known as the Kabbalah or the "Tradition" *par excellence*. This very difficult task Dr. Bischoff has accomplished with a marked measure of success, and we congratulate him most heartily. It is the work of a well-known Jewish scholar, and a learned Talmudist,* and not of an amateur who has picked up a smattering of Hebrew for the sake of the Kabbalah, forgetting that the Zoharic literature is written mostly in Aramaic. But not only is Dr. Bischoff a scholar learned in the Talmud and Hebrew mediæval literature, he has also the "feel" of the thing, though he naturally keeps it suppressed in what he desires to be a scientific and impersonal description of a very mixed and obscure line of evolution in the history of his people. Thus, though the first answer introduces us to the very academical sentence: " 'Kab-

* See his *Kritische Geschichte der Talmud-Übersetzungen aller Zeiten u. Zungen* and his notes to Krauss' *Das Leben Jeschu nach jüdischen Quellen*.

balah' ist der Inbegriff der mystischen Lehren innerhalb des Judentums, und zwar sowohl der theosophisch-metaphysisch-naturphilosophischen Spekulationen, wie der magisch-obergläubischen Phantasien"—nevertheless there are signs of a less detached interest throughout, and in the "Vorwort" there is a vivid piece of picture-writing which runs somewhat as follows :

"When first the word 'Kabbalah' strikes upon the ear what wondrous commingling of concealed curiosity and tender awe is aroused within the breast! Out of the depths of bygone times starts up before the mind's eye, it may be in gloomy Cracow or in the Spanish Ghetto, the figure of an old Kabbalist. Behold him, in dark cloak arrayed; his large, pointed cap of felt hides not entirely his loose, white locks of hair, while silvery o'er his breast flows his long, forked beard. Picture this figure, buried in his study-chamber at the quiet midnight hour; the orange rays of the seven-armed *menorah** play, rippling on his form, their dim light stealing along the walls to hover o'er the bookcases yonder, where repose huge folios, and all manner of things rare and fine. The round panes of the half-opened window reflect but dully in their opaqueness the flickering light, whose gleam is yet more brightly seen in the metallic forms of certain astrological instruments lying near. But, how radiantly in contrast beam the rays o'er the rare symbols of the Kabbalistic tome spread open on the great oaken board, which now the old man, with what solemn deportment in his step, draws near. How dull and hollow sounds, in the sacred speech of his people, the murmur of his voice, blended with the Chaldean idiom's deep tones. From time to time he bows his head and the upper part of his body, each time, it seems, more profoundly and more earnestly. Glowing with a supernatural fire, his dark eyes, before half closed, begin to open now, as he articulates the great, thrice-holy, mysterious Name; red flicker the flames of the *menorah*, gloomy vapours rise and spread, the narrow chamber seems to widen into infinitude, while space and time both vanish. And ever through all chant forth the magical words of power. The vapoury cloud divides and there appears an endless troop of nebulous forms, approaching ever nearer and more near to him who has the Name; they glide by, and vanish out of sight—the endless company of Rabbis as, in the world-beginning, the Holy One shewed them to the earliest sons of men! First of that company comes the giant form of the Master of Israel, Moses—to whom be

* The holy seven-branched candlestick.

Peace!—he upon whom Sinai's lightnings gleam, and faithfully treading in his footsteps, Joshua, whom the elders follow, following whom come the men of the Great Assembly, and then the host of Talmud scholars girt about with spiritual weapons; among many champions of thought great Simeon ben Jochai, Father of the Kabbalah, followed by the exalted host of Gaonim, while beyond and ever still beyond, stream on the innumerable ranks of the leaders and teachers of the people, all they of the past, of the present, and the future, of all ages. . . . Some there are with head erect, gazing far off; others sunk in thought, staring before them; the heads of others are meekly bent as on they pass;—in bloom of youth, strong men, grey beards of earnest mien honour-decked, ay, and misery-laden, full many a head wearing the bloody martyr-crown—the one how cheered with sunshine's rays, the others' path how dimmed by the tempestuous night of gloom! Thus on they stream, as out of the infinite distance fresh forms continuously appear. . . . The picture fades—mightily through the misty light the holy words sound forth. A gleaming web of mist—a luminous nothingness, a luminous *all*. . . . What will it change to? From out the formless glaze of the dimness shoot forth in every direction ten mighty beams; they flow together into a circling throng, unite, give forth new beams which, whirling round in turn, ray forth again, forth-sending countless sparks, which yet again send others forth, and these englobe themselves in shapes, farther and ever farther into infinite space. Out of the gleaming elements come forms, from these come souls and bodies, the whole a living, sheen-enwoven world, forth-streaming from the morning-light of Eternity, again back-ebbing into the ever-present sea of Light Divine. The voice is silent, the *menorah*-lights go out; peacefully in the brown arm-chair rests the old 'Master of the Name,' while in through the window blows the earliest breath of morning air."*

From a historical point of view, Dr. Bischoff's estimate is the same as that of all modern scholars; as, however, in the case of Mr. A. E. Waite's *Doctrine and Literature of the Kabalah*, which we reviewed some months ago,† so with the present Catechism, the evidence of the untitled apocalypse of the Bruce Codex and of Gnosticism in general is neglected and the distinct beginnings of Kabbalah are not traced back further than the eighth or ninth century.

Translated by W. C. W.

† And also in our review of Karppe's *Étude sur les Origines et la Nature du Zohar* a year previously.

The most valuable part of Dr. Bischoff's work is perhaps the information he gives on the Kabbalistic view of the doctrine of reincarnation; at any rate this will presumably prove of special interest to our colleagues. We therefore hope to present our readers with a translation of this part of Dr. Bischoff's labours in a forthcoming issue, for not only is it the best account of reincarnation as taught in the Kabbalah which has so far appeared, but it is rendered all the more valuable by the fact that our learned Talmudist has made a special study of the doctrine in other lines of tradition in a work which is shortly to be published, entitled: *Die Seelenwanderung im Lichte der Kulturgeschichte: Ein interessantes Kapitel aus dem Entwicklungsgange menschlichen Denkens*. In conclusion, we cordially recommend this instructive Kabbalistic "Prashnottara" to those of our colleagues who read German.

G. R. S. M.

ESSAYS ON BUDDHISM

Aufsätze zum Verständmiss des Buddhismus. Von Paul Dahlke. Parts I. and II. (Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke u. Sohn; 1903.)

IN these two small volumes we have by far the strongest and ablest presentation, that I know of, of the interpretation of Buddhism adopted by Prof. Rhys Davids from that form of Buddhism generally though somewhat incorrectly known as the "Southern Church." Dr. Dahlke makes a very earnest and powerful attempt to present what is essentially this standpoint, as truly the original, unadulterated teaching of the Buddha, to harmonise, render it coherent and self-consistent, and to show that his view of it is borne out by the original texts. It does not seem to me that he has altogether succeeded, but I must frankly confess the view he advances, taken as a whole, presents the "Southern Doctrine" in a far more rational and intelligible light than hitherto, and goes some way to reconciling and removing the apparently flagrant contradictions in which it usually appears to be involved. It still, however, seems to me to leave the fundamental difficulty of the conception of rebirth with no continuing "self" to be reborn, as obscure as ever. Dr. Dahlke is sufficiently familiar with Hindu thought, and the Vedānta in particular, to recognise that in any serious attempt to understand Buddhism, account must be taken of the general mental soil and thought atmosphere in which it arose. This he does; but solves the difficulty to which such considerations give rise, by regarding the Buddha's teaching as essentially the exact opposite of the very inmost spirit of Hindu thought, being the assertion, as he epigrammatically puts it, of the doctrine: "All is not-I,"

against the Upanishad dictum : "All is I." Moreover, he has clearly enough seen that Buddhism seeks the elimination and dissolution of the personality—only he regards the personality, the "I" as equivalent to the Self, and holds that the very root-thought of Buddhism is that there is no *real* Self anywhere, at any time, at all. And one is bound to confess that such seems in many instances to be the plain and straightforward meaning of the Buddha's sayings and teachings as handed down to us in the Tripiṭaka, and elaborated in the later Southern tradition. And when that much desired scholar makes his appearance among us who will make the attempt to *prove* that the basic teaching of Buddhism is not of this character, he will certainly have to take account of these Essays, brief as they are. For Dr. Dahlke makes out a strong case and goes much farther than anyone else has hitherto done to show that this view of Buddha's doctrine can be held without glaring inconsistency and self-contradiction. Only one would like to see an equally competent presentation of the case from the opposite standpoint. But when Dr. Dahlke goes on to argue that this Buddhism, as he understands it, is the only refuge for the "man of reason" who *cannot* "believe," then he goes too far and ignores all the really solid work that has been done in philosophy both in East and West. For he too argues his case on uncriticised premises and falls into exactly the same type of blunders as his opponents. For it is not on either horn of that old dilemma of 'philosophy—the One and the Many—that a resting-place can be found, nor in the despair of agnosticism that the mind of man can find peace, but in synthesis, in unity, and in the realisation of life as an *organic* unity, in the sense that experience may be trusted, since it is rational, and that therefore the universe is one, is good and is beautiful. B. K.

SENSIBLE SERMONS

Wonderful Words and Works. Sermons on the Parables and Miracles of Jesus. By the Rev. J. W. Allen. (London: Skeffington & Son; 1903. Price 5s.)

To review books of sermons is not precisely in our line; and to us, as to many of our readers, the interest lies rather in the Preface, where the author gives us his idea of what sermons should be. His opening is encouraging; we cannot but assent as he lays down the law thus:

"To hear a great subject treated of by a mind that is essentially little is of all things the most distressing. Perfunctoriness is another vice of the made, not born, preacher; he utters what he has been

taught, not what he really feels. If he did really feel it, one would be a little sorry for his state of mind.

“Of such sermons one feels that all that the preacher knows of theology he knows from hearsay. He has been carefully trained in the views of some particular school. He knows what the school thinks is right, and what it thinks is wrong. He advocates the former, and warns against the latter. His argument is addressed, not to men, but to Low Churchmen, or High, or Broad. All that is to be said from such a particular point of view can easily be said in one or two years of preaching; and then it must be—*Da Capo*. And men who know life, and that it is ever new, new in its interests, its outlook, its lessons, get wearied; and either endure it for the sake of propriety, or stay away from Church altogether.”

It is good that clergymen should think and speak thus; and, for the present, it is also good that clergymen should retain that power in which they always have been so unequalled, the power of shutting their eyes to every consequence of the principles they lay down.

A. A. W.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

The Theosophist, February. In the “Old Diary Leaves” Col. Olcott is mainly occupied with the reorganisations necessitated by the Judge secession. Next follows Mr. Leadbeater’s lecture on “Theosophy and Christianity,” the sum of which is that “Christianity has forgotten much of its original teaching—it is now satisfied with only part, and that a very small part, of what it originally knew.” Jehangir Sorabji gives an admirable view of “Our Literature,” whose main thoughts are, he says: “i. To free man from his painful limitations; ii. To suppress the devil and bring forth the angel within him.” Next we have “Reflections on Vivisection,” by a French surgeon, and N. M. Desai’s useful compilation of texts on the “Septenary Hierarchy.” A. Govindacharya continues the discussion on Avatâras. Surely a careful study of the hints given us in the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine* would show the combatants that there is truth on *both* sides, and much more than either of them seem to see. “Music in India” is a curious subject, which needs to be taken up by a practised musician; as far as one can gather from what has been published, it seems to have strong analogy with the Scotch bagpipe music and that of the Italian *pifferari*—also worth more attention than has been bestowed on it.

Theosophy in India, February, is a strong number, containing the

beginning of a study of "The Higher Criticism of the Vedas," by S. G. P.; an interesting paper by D. K. Biswas, "How can the Existence of different Bodies of a Man be demonstrated to a Common Man," also to be continued; "Theosophy and the Parsees," by J. J. Vimadalal,—a promising beginning of a series of papers under the general title of "Theosophy in Creeds and Nations"; Mrs. Besant's eighth lecture on Myers' *Human Personality*; and "Some Problems of Metaphysics," by Dreamer.

Central Hindu College Magazine, for February. The most interesting part of this number to us is Mrs. Besant's account of her travels for the College, partly in a bullock cart over a road "consisting of holes fastened together by links of ground, with dotted decorations of heaps of ballast," to the severe trial of the unlucky passengers' bones. A paper by H. Datta on Mantras has a good deal of interest. He says: "In a Mantra, the vibrations to be produced by the notes are all-important; and the meaning or absence of meaning of the words used is of no consequence. And, as a matter of fact, there are a great many Mantras which are absolutely meaningless. . . . What happens when a Mantra is recited? The repeated recitation of the Mantra gradually builds up the form of the Deva or the special manifestation of the Deity you seek to worship, and this serves as a focus to concentrate the benign influence of the Being; which, radiating from that centre, penetrates the worshipper. It is therefore said that the Mantra of a Deva *is* the Deva." Mr. Arundale's interesting description of the College is continued.

Theosophic Gleaner, February. Narrain Rai Varma is always interesting and amusing. This time he treats of Herbert Spencer, one of "three intellectual giants—Bacon, Newton, and Herbert Spencer." We fear a rude French or German philosopher would answer: "He may be a giant—amongst the English!" But we are rather too near him yet to judge what position posterity will finally award him. Also we can hardly grant the writer of the paper that "Mr. Gladstone is an admirable theologian"—though we recognise the neat suggestion contained in the words which follow: "Mr. Spencer was as far as possible from being a theologian. He was of a truly religious tone of mind."

Also from India: *The Dawn; Awakener of India; Vedânta the Philosophy of Science*, N. K. Ramasami Aiya; *Indian Review; East and West*.

The Vâhan, March. The "Enquirer" has a very interesting reply

by E. S. G. on recurring dreams. If our friends would only follow the example and give their own personal experiences on such matters instead of general reflections, the "Enquirer" would soon form a valuable collection of facts, which no one would wish to curtail. The other questions are as to the origin of the differences between human beings, and if there are any powers working contrary to the laws of evolution.

Lotus Journal, March, begins its second volume and its enlarged shape. Miss Helena V. Clarke commences a series of papers on "The Human Body," with diagrams; then we have a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater on "The Death of Children," in which he assures us that "in all cases the early death of a child is a benefit and not a disadvantage to the ego animating the infant body." If this wide generalisation is confirmed, it will indeed be a consolation to parents who have lost a child, but some curious consequences seem to follow. Notes of a lecture by Mrs. Besant on Giordano Bruno and Miss Mallet's "Outlines of Theosophy" succeed, and the promised two pages for the members of the Golden Chain conclude a good number.

Bulletin Théosophique, March, contains hopeful reports from various French branches.

Revue Théosophique, February, opens with a short paper signed "Beula," entitled: "Religions, Religion, and Theosophy." Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny" is concluded, and translations fill up the remainder of the number.

Théosophie, March, has an interesting selection—four pages of very readable matter.

Theosophia, February, opens with an Editorial on "The Theosophical Ideal." Then follow Mr. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance*; the "Dreamer's" "Studies in the Bhagavad Gîtâ"; a paper by J. D. Ros on "Civilisation"; one by A. G. C. Koopmans on the projected Conference of the European Sections; M. Wood's "Secret Island," and a very interesting account of the Headquarters at Adyar by J. W. Boissevain. This is illustrated by photographs, and also by a sketch-plan of the buildings, which enables us who have not visited India to understand many things which have puzzled us in the descriptions.

Also: *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, January and February; *South African Theosophist*, January, whose most important paper is one by T. A. R. Purchas, entitled: "Working out or Wearing out?" *Theosophy in Australasia*, January; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, containing the report of their Eighth Annual Convention, with Miss Edger as

President. The Secretary's Report speaks of steady progress in nearly all cases, increase of public interest in the lectures, fifty new members. The only anxiety is for the finances—the year began with a balance of over £3, and ends with a deficit of over £3—a gross deficit of over £7 to begin the new year! If only *our* Treasurer's anxieties were no more serious! The Rangoon Society send us the first number of a "Pamphlet Series," which it is hoped will develop into a monthly journal in time—a very good way of trying the experiment; and the Banos Branch, in the province of Santiago de Cuba, send a print of their Rules and Regulations, duly approved under the hand and seal of the Governor. We wish them all success.

Also received: *La Nuova Parola*, March, from which we take the following, from a review of Myers' *Human Personality*, by the well-known scientist, Francesco Porro: "The reproach which may be fairly made against Myers and his school is not excess of credulity, but the contrary excess—of incredulity. This appears in many points of the book, in which there are various *lacunæ*, intentional on the author's part, in consequence of his hesitation to admit certain categories of facts, or the credibility of certain persons. It is to Dr. Richard Hodgson that is more particularly due the unfortunate hostility of the Society for Psychical Research to persons and experiences which, treated elsewhere and in a different way, have yielded to students equally serious and authoritative complete and unquestionable proofs of their reliability and absence of fraud. I refer especially to the outrageous campaign carried on . . . against Madame Blavatsky . . . culminating in the publication of the notorious attack of V. S. Solovyoff, translated into English under the auspices of the S.P.R. by the very Dr. Leaf who is now one of the most bitter opponents of Myers' own doctrines. Our author, who was amongst those who in 1885 combated the celebrated Foundress of the Theosophical Society, shows in all his writings an entire ignorance of the teaching and the views of her and her followers, to which, however, he has unconsciously attained in many points without intending it, by the logical force of the arguments he has drawn from the facts examined. . . . I myself have no doubt whatever that *at least in this case* the exaggeration of prudence and distrust has conducted the cautious—the too cautious—observers of Cambridge to an entirely erroneous conclusion; that they have wilfully shut their eyes to the evidence, and deprived themselves of the satisfaction of recognising facts which I and dozens upon dozens of other persons consider

it absurd, illogical and ridiculous to deny." So far Signor Porro ; for my own part I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Myers was so ignorant of our teachings as it pleases him to appear ; I am strongly of the opinion that " if he had not ploughed with our heifer " (in Samson's phrase) he would not have found out so much as he has of our riddle.

Der Vâhan, March. In " Practical Theosophical Hints," by Mme. Helène von Schewitsch, we have a curious example of an old error which should hardly now find its way into print. She describes herself as having learned from a personal friend the fulfilment of a curse pronounced by a *Brahmin* upon him for exporting images of *Buddha*, which she seems to think are to be found in every Indian temple. Such an obviously home-manufactured story damages the force of an otherwise good paper. Next follow a summary of Col. Olcott's " Old Diary Leaves," and abstracts of *The Theosophist* and THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Original Questions and Answers are followed by the usual translations from those of the English *Vâhan*.

We are glad to find from a parcel just received that *Der Vâhan* is not the only German representative of the Society, but that *Lucifer* continues to be regularly published. The beginning of the present year is marked by a change of form, the magazine being amalgamated with *Die Gnosis*, of Vienna, under the title of *Lucifer mit der Gnosis*, in larger form and printed in Roman letter instead of the old German type. We cannot trace in the two numbers before us any further signs of alteration ; Dr. Steiner and Herr Deinhard still furnish the groundwork, and there are in addition articles by Mlle. M. von Sivers on H. P. B. and Mrs. Besant ; Karl Geissler, " The Problem of the Unity of the Star-paths " ; Ed. Schuré, " The Theatre of the Soul " ; two scientific papers from our friend Mr. G. Dyne ; and " Aphorisms," by Fräulein Mathilde Scholl. We sincerely hope that in its new shape, and with the extension of its field by its South German connection, a long and prosperous future may open for it.

Sophia, March, continues Mrs. Besant's " Evolution of Conscientiousness " ; James Stirling's " Notes on Lemuria " ; " Ocellus Lucanus, on the Nature of the Universe " ; E. Gonzalez Blanco's " Hylozoism " ; and H. P. B.'s *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan*. In addition to these we have a translation of F. L. Woodward's article in the REVIEW on Walt Whitman, and an original paper by Africano A. Spir on the " Immortality of the Soul."

Also *Modern Astrology* ; *Mind* ; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal* ; *Lotos Magazine* ; *Humanitarian* ; *Rassegna* ; *Giuridica Ecclesiastica* ; *Light*.

A.