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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ONCE more, as the years roll round, our venerable President-Founder lays before the Society the record of its past twelve months in a General Report. The General Report of the Theosophical Society is always of interest, for as is the record of its small universe so will it be accorded good report or evil reputation in the greater world.

The Year's  
Record

On the whole the General Report of the twenty-ninth year of our Society's activity is encouraging. The Society is enlarging itself, its activities are widening, its sympathies are deepening; its knowledge of itself is growing apace, its power of adjustment is increasing, its organisation is developing so as to leave room for further development. With such extension there must necessarily be growing pains, but whatever these may be there are comparatively few signs of them in the Report; here and there we notice the death of a local branch, but this is amply compensated for by the birth of others in new localities, while the President speaks of the approaching formation of several new sections, and wisely approves of the principle of federation of branches of every kind wherever possible.

IN his Report our President has always an eye for picturesque symbols, and so he points out that the extension of the movement can be illustrated by the facts that a Theosophical book was this year published in Iceland, while at the same time we have a branch at Invercargill, New Zealand, the most southerly town in the world,—this is surely a potential creeping towards the north and south poles of the world-body, whatever it may signify in the world-soul.

Some Points of Interest

A point of interest in dates is that May the Eighth, “White Lotus Day”—when H. P. B., the physical mother of the movement, departed for a brief rest from her labours,—is now to be known as the “Day of Remembrance” for all who have travailed towards the birth-giving of our ideal, so that the links of continuity with our fellow-workers may never be broken by forgetfulness of their good services. This is a wise extension of what was originally a particular fact of personal import into a general idea of universal application, and the change has everywhere been cordially approved by the members of the Society.

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ONE of the objects most dear to the heart of our President and to the true book-lovers amongst us is the bringing into activity of the potential riches stored up in the Library at Adyar. This is now adequately housed in a commodious and handsome building, provided with shelving to contain some 50,000 or 60,000 volumes, which we hope to see completely filled in the next few years. Moreover the Library is rapidly becoming endowed with funds for its proper up-keep and maintenance, and the past year has seen an addition to its capital of a munificent donation of Rs.125,000 from our late colleague Señor Salvador de la Fuente y Romero. What is now required is a capable Director who will be able wisely to take the first steps whereby the most useful contents of the Library may eventually be made accessible to the Theosophical public. The present idea is to publish a Sanskrit periodical in which the texts of the most important MSS. shall be printed.

The Adyar Library

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THIS is an excellent plan, for until the texts are printed works

in MS. are inaccessible even to those who can read them, except on the condition of their transporting their physical bodies to Adyar; the texts should, then, be sent out to those who cannot come, and the necessity of the expenditure of time and money for transport of physical bodies removed. This is, then, the first most necessary step; but it should never be forgotten that the Adyar Library is intended not for scholars only but for all of us who can "read" in any language, whether sacred or profane; then when we have once our physical point of contact established, it is our own responsibility whether we proceed to the next stage of "marking, learning and inwardly digesting," for no one can do that for us.

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OTHER points of interest for which we have no present space, are a scheme for helping destitute and disabled workers, and the registration of the General Society. And when we say we have no space, it is not that these subjects are not of the greatest importance, but that it is physically impossible to comment on a report of 125 pages in an "On the Watch-Tower," of eight, not only because the points in the Report which deserve notice are too numerous, but also because it is the function of the man on the "Watch-Tower" to look all round, outside as well as inside the Society, and so space must be found for some notice of the larger interests of the more General Movement of things theosophic. But there is a way out of the difficulty, and a very simple one. Those of our members who have not seen it, but who desire to do so, may procure a copy for themselves, or perhaps the loan of one from their branch library or a fellow member. It is usual to bind it up with the January number of *The Theosophist*, but the Report is procurable by itself, and deserves the attention of all those who believe that while the aspiration after an ideal is the first most necessary thing, the initial movements of its realisation in action are also of the greatest possible interest, not so much for what they apparently are, but for what they indicate as promise of a more ample development.

WE have thus no space for considering the Buddhist Education Movement in Ceylon, or the Pariah Education in Southern India, or the rapid development and extension of the Central Hindu College at Benares; all this is part of the larger life of the Society and immediately directed by its workers; and it is not without significance that the Pariah education is the connecting link between the Brâhman education in the north and the Buddhist education in the south.

The Fuente  
Legacy

We must, however, before leaving the Report, publish the following notice of the "Fuente Legacy," at the request of our colleagues the executors.

We, the undersigned, were made joint heirs and executors under the will of Don Salvador de la Fuente y Romero, of Cuba and Paris, which will was duly proved in Cuba in 1903. The property was in Cuba, England and France, and much time was unavoidably spent in its realisation. All is now realised and in our possession, except a comparatively small sum in France. In Cuba, one large legacy to a friend was paid, and some provision was made for near relatives of the deceased, a monument to his memory is in course of erection, and a plot of ground secured for the burial of his mortal remains, placed temporarily underground immediately after his death and liable to disturbance. The surplus remaining after this necessary expenditure, in Cuba and London, amounted to Rs.250,705 (£16,715 3s. 4d.). This has been divided into two equal shares of Rs.125,352. 8, one being assigned to the Adyar Library, and the other to the Central Hindu College. The small residue remaining in France will be similarly dealt with when realised.

H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.  
ANNIE BESANT.

Half the Legacy thus directly benefits the Theosophical Society through its Library; and indirectly benefits the general Theosophical Movement by providing means for making the contents of that Library accessible; the other half directly benefits the Central Hindu College, and this indirectly benefits India, and through India again, when her sons and daughters awake once more, the general Theosophical Movement throughout the world will be re-benefited, and so benefit still more in its turn,—as indeed will be the case in all nations, even though the Theosophical Society should lose its present corporate existence in the Greater Life to come.

THE following intensely instructive vision of Louise Michel, "La Vierge Rouge" of revolutionary fame, that strenuous spirit who has but recently left her frail body, was written by herself for *The Daily News*, and published in its issue of January 12th. February twelvemonth ago, as she tells us, exhausted by a severe lecturing tour, during which she set her doctor's advice at defiance, she fell ill of congestion of the lungs at Toulon. During the crisis of the disease she all but passed from her body never to return to that frail physical environment. What she experienced during "unconsciousness" she describes as follows :

The Vision of  
Louise Michel

I rapidly sank into a condition that is best described in the expression "la guenille humaine"—the human rag. Yes; it seemed as if my body hung like a rag, and I was able to regard it as no longer belonging to me. As death approached I became mere sensation, and compared my state to the magnetic needle seeking the North when disturbed by a cyclone. My senses were transposed—one discharging another's duties. I had the impression of reading a telegram from my friend Charlotte held in her hand through my fingers. As death advanced nearer I felt more uneasiness than pain. I was gliding into the elements with two impressions: one, that of being carried away on a stream, the other that of dissemination into space. I felt my being disintegrating into tiny molecules; as an aroma spreads itself in the air or colouring matter in water so was I being dissolved in space. Memories of bygone days returned with great vividity. In Caledonia during a cyclone, when the sky and ocean were of a uniform blackness, save where the waves threw up their white heads to assault and storm the coast, I used to cling to the rocks to resist the suction of the tempest, thinking that we ourselves must have been born of the elements. When dying I had the same idea—that I was returning to the elements from which I came. At last I could only speak with difficulty. My voice was a mere breath hardly capable of creating a vibration in my throat. The sensation of thirst disappeared, my limbs were as heavy as stone. Nevertheless my spirit was quite calm, the process seemed quite natural, and my mind looked down on my body as upon a frame stretched in front of it. One wonders whether it will be life or death, and that is all. The world seemed so small; too small, in fact, for the human race not to be one people. I saw the different races stretching in concentric circles around the bubble caused by Time's dropped stone. Before my eyes was a veil or fog; I could only distinguish persons in the room by their stature; they looked like large shadows. I had a vision of war: the field, an immense blot of blood covered with the dying and the dead; riderless horses were stampeding away, whilst in the distance the

battle was in full swing. Mothers, children, and old people crouched together abandoned; fire lit up the ruins of their homes. Then I saw dens and caverns inhabited by wild beasts invaded by prehistoric men, with torches in their hands. These took possession, to be in turn driven out by their successors, carrying the lights of science and of art.

How did I return to life? I cannot say. I know it was a real and cruel pain to come together again, as it were, after the molecules composing my body had been dispersed—a real pain to feel the current against me, whereas I had been floating with it. Was it the sympathy coming from my friends to me combined with the good care of Charlotte and the skill of the learned Doctor Bertholet, which restored me? One thing struck me—that I must try and deserve that sympathy—a sympathy too large for any one person when there are so many who die forgotten by all.

In my self-study I made a mistake. My illness seemed to me to be short, whereas I was told it had been long. I put it down as lasting a week; as a matter of fact, it had lasted four. I remembered those stories in which a quarter of a century or more appeared but a few hours.

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IN its issue of November 9th last, *The Morning Post* contained a letter from Mr. Howard P. Okie relating how he had become possessed of the fragments of an old Persian MS. Of all places in the world, the Ivory Coast of West Africa is about the last one would think of searching for Persian MSS. Nevertheless it was there that Mr. Okie obtained his fragments from an old Moham-medan Mullah who had some quarter of a century ago come thither, a three months' journey from his own country, an exile, but a man of deep piety. His most precious possession was a copy of the *Korán* in two bulky volumes. It was in the covers of these books that the fragments of a Persian MS. had been used by the binder. Mr. Okie, who had made great friends with the old Mullah, persuaded him to part with these covers, and, on returning to England, had what was still legible deciphered by Mr. H. H. Topakyan. This proved to be four quatrains of Omar Khayyâm,—verses which curiously enough were either disregarded or unknown to Fitzgerald. These run as follows:

I.

And when this weary pilgrimage is done,  
 And Wrestler Death his bout with life has won,  
 Would Omar join a wanton dancing throng  
 Or be absorbed in all-pervasive One?

## II.

The dancing girl, she with the spangled thighs,  
 The sage who reads the story of the skies,  
     Are but wind-harps stirred by the self-same breeze,  
 When the harp lies shattered, the wind still flies.

## III.

A myriad other harps still sound a way ;  
 Some sing of joy, some tell of dark dismay,  
     But O ! 'tis he who made them strikes the strings  
 And as the Maker wills it they must play.

## IV.

And when my harp lies broken and is mute  
 To let it be so would Old Omar suit,  
     No more a puppet he but one in One,  
 No more a harp but He who strikes the lute.

There is wisdom here for those who have ears for music, and it is pleasant to find Mr. Okie, in referring to quatrains i. and iv. writing : " This is the very keystone in the arch on which the entire structure of Exoteric [*sic*] Buddhism and Modern Theosophy rests ; and if these four quatrains can be brought home to Khayyâm, he was certainly not the materialist that one would picture from a perusal of Mr. FitzGerald's work." We have, however, never so pictured the Poet, even before these quatrains came to light, and doubt not that the painting which the great word-artist of mystic Persia limns for most of our readers reveals a reflection of the Reality which all True Art endeavours to pourtray.

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ON the occasion of his receiving the honorary degree of LL.D. from McGill University, the new Governor-General of Canada, in accepting the honour, in a notable speech, The " Idea " of Reincarnation used a striking phrase. Lord Grey, in the course of his speech, is reported to have said, according to the telegram in *The Times* of January 29th :

That the combination of France and Scotland on the banks of the St. Lawrence suggested to his mind the name of Alexander Hamilton, the brilliant son of a Scotch father and a French mother, whose genius, unaided by any advantage of wealth or station, was responsible for the federation of

the United States. The spirit and atmosphere of McGill University and the requirements of the times would appear to be favourable to the creation of another Hamilton who would repeat for the British Empire the service rendered by Hamilton to the southern neighbour. It was not impossible that a reincarnation of Alexander Hamilton might at that moment be sitting among the sons of McGill.

Lord Grey did not say that he believed in the possibility that *the* reincarnation of Alexander Hamilton might be sitting among the sons of McGill, but he gave expression to his belief in the not impossibility of *a* reincarnation of "Alexander Hamilton" being present among the students of the University. The Genius that once expressed itself under the name Alexander Hamilton—that Genius might be preparing a re-expression of itself in the person of one of the students. It would not be the same expression but another of similar nature.

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#### MENS ADEPTA

ANON I asked my brooding Soul  
 In meditation's hour :  
 " Why feel, if certain of Thy goal,  
 This ebb and flow of power ?  
 Why doth, in never-ceasing play,  
 Thy fickle aura dance to-day ;  
 To-morrow, rolled in misty grey,  
 Inert and recreant cower ? "

My Soul made answer : "'Tis not I  
 In My supremest place,  
 Not I, securely throned, who sigh  
 A falling back from grace ;  
 But thou, a wanderer in the wood,  
 But thou, the sport of every mood,  
 But thou, earth-tost, and, for My good,  
 Subdued to lunar phase.

" My deputy in lower lands,  
 Experience comes through thee,  
 My eye, My brain, My heart, My hands,  
 'Tis thou upbuildest Me ;  
 I shed the sunshine at thy feet,  
 I thrill thee where the waters meet,  
 I cast the shadow from My seat  
 In high Eternity."

ROBERT CALIGNOC.



# THE MYSTERY OF TIME

## A MASQUE

*Produced at the Albert Hall Theatre on the 17th January, 1905, with original incidental music for the violin.*

### CHARACTERS.

<i>The Past</i>	-	-	MR. ARCHIBALD McLEAN
<i>The Present</i>	-	-	MR. LEWIS CASSON
<i>The Future</i>	-	-	MRS. GWENDOLEN BISHOP

MRS. GWENDOLEN PAGET *played the music.*

*Copyrighted in September, 1904.*

### PREFACE.

I SUPPOSE that there are thousands of people in England and as many millions elsewhere, who are trying in one way or another to learn that ancient art, taught by the wise from the beginning of recorded time, the Art of Guiding the Mind. And those who study it, from whatever point of view, find that it has the compelling fascination common to all faithful Art, and that it gradually absorbs the very life of the Devotee, so that he lives in it alone.

I have imagined a discipline in which the struggle has been to fix the mind on that imperceptible point of Time called the Present. My little play shows the Devotee at last succeeding in ridding himself of all those wandering thoughts that formerly carried him perpetually either into the Past, or the Future; and I have imagined personifications of those two attributes of human consciousness to be terrified because they see the mind of the Devotee melting into the state beyond Mind in which the Past and Future have no part.

That state I have endeavoured to suggest by the words: "I

stood naked in a bleak and dark eternity and filled it with my exultation."

In the scriptures that attempt to describe that unspeakable state, we read first of the discipline which strips off, as it were, the bodily sensations and the mental activities in order that the Devotee may find liberation in Pure Being. For liberation is the essence alike of the ecstasy of the Saints, who have cried to us that "Where there is Nothing there is God"; and of the ecstasy of the Wise, who have known that he who can desire Nothing must in himself be one with all things.

Alas! the cynic in us each knows full well that we desire nothing that we have.

So far I have given one interpretation of my symbols, others might prove more generally acceptable; for instance the familiar idea of the Devotee assailed by the Devil, the Flesh and the World in the form of intellect, senses and desires. For the Past is keen of wit and full of experience, the Future strong and full of Hope, and the Woman cries like the World for help only in order that she may devour him who listens to her wily voice. Finally, I have heard that to think of the Past and the Future is to exist in a Temporal state, while to think with real intensity upon the Present is to know the Eternal state.

## THE MYSTERY OF TIME

### CHARACTERS

PAST	PRESENT	FUTURE
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THE PRESENT *is seated on a throne, a man in the prime of life, his eyes closed.*

*He is sitting rigidly as if in a trance. He is dressed in dark blue.*

THE PAST, *an old man in black with a skull cap; of a grotesque appearance and voice. He is guarding the door on the Present's left.*

THE FUTURE, *a beautiful boy in a dress of the colour of the dawn with an iridescent cloak of gossamer. He is on the right guarding another door.*

THE PAST and FUTURE *look at each other cautiously, nod, and creep quietly across the stage; they meet to the left front of the throne and talk as if they were afraid of being overheard.*

FUTURE. What will come of it, do you think?

PAST. There is danger for us: I've always found it most unpleasant.

FUTURE. How is that?

PAST (*in the piping voice of the old*). I am sorry to tell you, my amiable young friend, that in my experience, when our master sits too long upon that throne which he calls The Place of Truth—it is very grievous—but I am obliged to confess that we are apt to become totally extinct.

FUTURE. But I will not, I will not fade and fade until I die. (*Past shrugs his shoulders.*) How can we resist? Surely you can think of something to do?

PAST (*slowly*). All we can do is to try to break in upon his reverie.

FUTURE. Go on! go on!

PAST. I have tried my utmost.

FUTURE. Try again.

PAST. I have tried all ways.

FUTURE. But why are you so powerless?

PAST. Look. I will tell you our secret. The truth is, you and I have no Reality. We are ever-changing phantoms.

FUTURE. And Reality is a treasure that he, our master, holds?

PAST. Yes, but he does not know it. He must never know it, or we die.

FUTURE. Oh, Misery!

PAST. Unless we keep his fancy dancing to our measure, he'll find it out at last and we shall disappear.

FUTURE. But has he never found it out before?

PAST. Never completely. He strives after something he calls the mystery of being for a while, and we hide ourselves and wait until he grows a little weary of beatitude. With delicate feet Doubt enters his mind, and we spring out once more to trouble his ageless peace.

FUTURE. Where is this mighty Spirit of Doubt that I may call her?

PAST. Alas! we have no power to call her.

FUTURE. Why not? Have we not power unlimited in every place but this?

PAST. Doubt is the mother of phantoms; she brought us forth and everything we see and know sprang from her great

wonder. But we call to her in vain. She comes like the storm at her own will.

FUTURE. Oh, see how fixed in trance he is!

PAST. Firm as the loadstone of the world.

FUTURE (*seized with the cramp*). Oh! oh! I feel myself drawn to his feet. Agony! agony! Save me! save me!

PAST. Alas! alas! I have tried all my magic; my wisdom and my arts are nothing to him.

FUTURE. You must do something or I shall die and you'll die too, old dotard—don't forget yourself.

PAST (*sniggers*). No fear of that, no fear I shall forget myself.

FUTURE. Oh, all my beauty vanishes!

PAST. I have shown him glimpses of misleading wisdom, strange joys, forgotten mysteries. I have given him a taste of praise, of rapture and swift movement.

FUTURE. Of rapture! What do you know of rapture, poor old fool? Leave that to me. If that will win us life, I'll make him feel the keen edge of joy. I'll make him feel the honey in his veins and the loud heartbeats that silence wisdom.

PAST. All these are fires he has known, my hands have scattered their ashes many times.

FUTURE. O shrivelled hands, what fire have you to give? It is not withered memory that tempts, nor aching limbs that make men long for life (*holds out his own beautiful hands*). The magic fire I give shall work new changes on him.

PAST. Your fires will be mine before an hour has past; even now they pass into my veins.

FUTURE (*in a fury*). Old hog! get out of my sight. I hate your dreary lies. I am the source of life; 'tis you must die.

PAST (*bows mockingly*). Resplendent youth, your dreams would die untold if it were not for me. The law is this, it is the law of Time. And you are going where you must, and dreaming once again the fair false dreams I wrote of ages since.

FUTURE. I know your cry, "reiteration" and "recurrence," your "Ring of Time." But I defy it! I'll bring him new dreams. Titanic, Godlike dreams, dreams of power, dreams that he moves the very pulse of earth.

PAST. What are your dreams? My hands long since have torn those dreams in fragments.

FUTURE. He has never yet dreamed of conquering the earth, the sea, the air.

PAST. Poor child, you are bewildered. I tell you he has been king of air and water and of fire itself; in the past, before this earth was battered into shape, the spirit that now breathes in him was free; it knew no power that could keep it back. The fire was a rapture and the air a whirl of light. No solid earth shut out the quick ecstasy of beings who are now men blinded behind a little veil of flesh—and wondering at their helplessness.

FUTURE. Strange, strange; that was beyond my thought.

PAST. You'll think it yet when we have travelled round the ring of time.

FUTURE. Alas! alas!

PAST. Try something simpler.

FUTURE. What can I do?

PAST. I have love-songs in my bag here; sing them to him.

FUTURE. Yes, yes, a maid.

PAST. A cup of wine.

BOTH. These are enough.

PAST. They'll set him dreaming and desiring, grasping, fighting, killing, raging to defend his own.

(THE FUTURE *sings some old poems in praise of love.*)

FUTURE. These should soon rouse him from his trance.

PAST. Now try a Dionysian strain and praise the grape and dance the Bacchic dance.

(*They dance and sing until THE PRESENT slowly opens his eyes, and they return to their stations on either side of the throne.*)

PRESENT. What is this whirl of sense that clouds the serene ecstasy of being, that I knew but now when I cast away the images of thought and pierced my heart to find its secret home? (*Dreamily*) I stood naked in a dark and bleak eternity and filled it with my exultation.

PAST. Master, we wait for you.

PRESENT. Old man, old man, wait on ; for I have known the rapture which delights in destroying its very being. I have scattered the broken lights of day and live in a silent place where time and change are dumb.

PAST. We have great feasts for you, my master, and kegs of wine from Cyprus.

PRESENT. I do not need to feast, my body is a phantom made of thought. (*They shrink back shuddering.*) I will not feed it, for it grows and creeps about me holding delight to my eyes and horror to the deep joy that gleams within my heart. (*Past weeps.*) Do not weep so, but tell me did men of old listen to their own hearts and learn from them what nothing else could tell ?

PAST. Yes, yes, indeed, dear master, if you will but come away from this dread place I can show you the scripts of the wisest among them.

PRESENT. Bring them here.

PAST. I fear there are very few I could bring here. The Central Truth casts a bewilderment upon men's thoughts.

PRESENT. Bring what you can.

PAST. One short passage from St. Augustine (*as he opens his bag*). Two or three from the Greeks. One poem from Persia. One inscription from Egypt. Three sentences from Shankar-âchârya and from the Tao——.

PRESENT. Enough, enough ; show me the most ancient of them all.

*(They become absorbed in a scroll.)*

FUTURE *sings*.

PAST. Hush, foolish boy.

FUTURE. I would speak with our master.

PAST. Wait then until he chooses to listen to you.

*(A knock is heard at the door guarded by THE FUTURE. He goes to it and looks out.)*

FUTURE (*returning*). A fair young girl, in great distress, is asking for our master. She says he alone can help her.

PRESENT. What is that you say ?

FUTURE. A lady, weeping, sir, says you can help her.

PRESENT. What does she need ?

FUTURE. She has heard you have achieved the great quest and have found the philosopher's stone. She is saddened by the ebb and flow of life, and seeks to know the mystery of being.

PRESENT. Tell her to search in her own heart.

FUTURE. Sir, she is almost fainting at the door, and hoped you would heal her with a touch.

PRESENT. I must help all that ask me. Bring her in.

FUTURE. She may not enter, sir.

PAST. You know, sir, we may admit no one to your presence here.

PRESENT. Then I will go to her.

FUTURE. She lies like a crushed white flower at the door.

PRESENT. Poor child, it is a pity she should fade so soon. I will go to her (*half rises*), and yet, and yet—

PAST. You do well to hesitate, master ; will you not rather come to the record room and I will show you how a certain man named Adam lived happily until a woman—

FUTURE. Silence, old scandalmonger.

PRESENT. Enough of this clamour ; I will come with you (*to FUTURE*).

FUTURE. She is a lovely lady, and will give you hours of great joy.

PRESENT (*stopping short*). Is that your meaning ? Away, away, both of you (*casts aside the scrolls*). Close the great doors and dare to disturb my peace no more.

*(He returns to his throne and seats himself as at first. Music is heard outside, and THE PAST and FUTURE dance a kind of quarrel dance, THE FUTURE doing his best to prevent THE PAST from collecting his scrolls, and THE PAST preventing THE FUTURE from reaching THE PRESENT to pluck at his sleeve.)*

FUTURE. Why do you spoil my plot ? We should have been safe for millions of years if you had not begun your foolish story about Adam.

PAST. Young ragamuffin, what do I care ? In any case I

am safe. My records cannot be blotted out; they are stamped upon the stuff of life, and will recur eternally.

FUTURE. Your records will go with you when our master swallows us.

PAST. I'm not so sure of that.

FUTURE. Old monument! Can you not remember how you told me that unless we can persuade him to rejoice in wine and song and women, home and all the rest of it, we ourselves must fade and fade until we die?

PAST. The three will become one.

FUTURE. When the three have become one, where are you and I? Philosopher without wisdom, have you no common sense?

PAST (*blinking at him provokingly*). As usual, the Future has to ask questions of the Past.

FUTURE (*grunts*).

PAST. After all, what does it matter? Your being continually merges into his, and, as a matter of fact, I make my dinner off both of you.

FUTURE. But that is all pretence; we don't mind a little self-sacrifice by way of pretence. But in reality! no! no! Why it's downright murder! Our master sleeps too well; even now his trance approaches the state from which there is no return. I feel it in my very bones.

PAST. Why did you interrupt me just now when I had him deep in the ancients? Their inspirations can coil like serpents in our hearts; if you had not disturbed us with your foolish wench, he would soon have been beguiled.

FUTURE. I believe in the wench. She's a great power. What is a bit of fine writing to us when the passions rage?

PAST. And where would passions be if men had not fired them with thought, and peopled them with images of joy?

FUTURE. Oh words! words! They are nothing.

PAST. A word once flashed across the bosom of the depths, and all the stars of heaven sprang out to listen to it.

FUTURE. That was because the word was full of desire for the stars.

PAST. Maybe; but what is a man or woman that they



should be desired? It is the dreams and images of poets and singers that have made a mantle of sweet sounds and cast it over them so that their passions may bring them an unearthly joy.

FUTURE. Oh that I might lead her in, that he might see her loveliness!

PAST. The wild words of the singers have made you see enchantment in her breath, a thunder-cloud in her hair. He knows, he knows, that she is nothing but a carcass like any other beast.

FUTURE. Horrible old man, away with you! (*Pursues and batters the old fellow, who takes refuge on a high place whence he looks down like a gargoye.*) Oh, great master, awake, and save me from this old devourer!

PRESENT. You have but to know yourself as one with me and death can never touch you.

FUTURE. I love you, I love you, but I cannot hold your hand, I cannot know you. I am a delight, a rapture beyond, always beyond—.

PRESENT. I see a strange light trembling round your hair in tender rainbow tints.

FUTURE. Oh master, turn your terrible eyes away. They blaze and burn up all my fancies in their light. I would not die.

VOICE *outside chants with a terrible wail.* I am lost, I am lost. Thousands of years I must wander 'mid phantoms of time.

FUTURE. Listen to the cry of her you will not save. It is the cry of the whole world. It is the cry of the unmeasured hosts of souls. If you would go to them and rule them, the fair soul of earth would lay her head upon your heart and hang her lovely arms about your neck and sing songs of your noble deeds to all things.

PRESENT. There is no need for me. There is within them all a secret shrine of blessedness.

FUTURE. But man is born to make a beautiful thing of Sorrow. He does not care for Happiness.

PRESENT. He can make little beauty till he has burned with the supreme desire, his brief madness can but accomplish brief allayments.

FUTURE. Oh, you will teach great tidings. This one woman saved, means that the world would burn with rapture.

PRESENT. Child! child! know this riddle and ponder it. The supreme desire is to be without the supreme desire. That I have known.

FUTURE (*in agony at seeing THE PRESENT once more lapse into trance*). Master, master, wait, wait till we are old. I am so young.

PRESENT (*speaking with a far-off voice*). Seek the imperishable while the tides of life are on the flood. Then they can carry you beyond all mortal hope. For those who wait for the dark time of feeble will can only sink and drown.

FUTURE. I have lost hope.

PRESENT. Then give me your hand.

FUTURE. I give it. (*As their hands meet he becomes transfigured with joy*.) Oh Time! Time! you are slain in the unchanging rapture of Truth.

PAST (*leaps down with a scream, a wail of wild music is heard*). Come away, come away, we shall die, we shall die.

PRESENT (*to THE FUTURE*). The old ways of the changing, world cry to you. Can you master them?

FUTURE. Oh Truth, great virgin, that melts down life and death and gives us them to drink out of your cup!

PAST. Who cares for Truth? Come away, come away, or we die. (*He drags THE FUTURE away and leaves him fainting at the foot of the throne*.)

PRESENT. Now are you glad at heart, poor hungerers for harvest, thirsters after life?

PAST. Come away from this dreadful place. See, see, great master, how it has killed this child; he was so full of joy and life.

PRESENT. He is a phantom. You are a phantom. Let all phantoms know themselves as phantoms, and the goal is reached.

PAST. Is the goal Truth?

PRESENT. She is burned up in Being. The Gods may labour in the fields of Time but I remain. The ten winds may sweep through Space, but the dust returns to its own place.

PAST AND FUTURE. What is this mystery?

PRESENT. The smallest of the small is the greatest of the great.

PAST. What is that smallest thing that is so wonderful?

PRESENT. That smallest thing is NOW, for Eternity is found in it.

FUTURE (*kneels in a rapture*). Oh let me die, and live in you alone!

PRESENT. Where I am there is no Death; it is a phantasy of phantoms.

PAST. You are the master in the Place of Being, and Time must be the servant at your gate! (*kneels tremblingly*).

PRESENT. Where I am there is no Fear. All Life is mine; all possession is a burden; for I see Time as it is and am at Peace. (*He gently raises them to their feet.*)

FLORENCE FARR.

## QUERES INDIANS AND ATLANTIS

A NOTEWORTHY article by Mr. John M. Gunn on the "History of the Queres Pueblos of Laguna and Arizona," has appeared in the October and November issues of the *American Records of the Past*. The Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona are a subject of great interest to those of our American cousins who have in their blood the fever of antiquarian research; for the Pueblos preserve in a land in which antiquities are scarce the most interesting traces of a past civilisation. In the latter part of his article, Mr. Gunn discusses at some length the origins of the Queres Indians, who at present number seven tribes: Acoma, Laguna, Zia, Santa Ana, San Felipe, Santo Domingo and Cochiti,—and who form the largest of nine nations of the Pueblo Indians according to the classification of the early Spanish explorers. Who are these Queres Indians; who were their ancestors, and where did they come from?

Hano is their own name for their people; literally translated it means "down east," but it may be a Phœnician word, as

Hanno was a name common among the Phœnicians. When a Queres Indian commences to tell a story he begins by saying "Humma-ha," an introductory phrase that now has no more significance than our "once upon a time"; but Mr. Gunn tells us that the words literally mean "when east," and were evidently used to introduce a class of stories brought from an eastern country.

One of the most widely diffused of their traditions is called the "Exodus from Shipop," and narrates that in an eastern country all the people came out of a big water into which poured all the rivers of the earth; and though these rivers flowed for ages, never was the big water augmented, but it would rise and fall at intervals. When the first people came out of this water (evidently the sea), the land was soft, or as the Queres express it, "not ripe"; and not finding ground on which to build, these first people journeyed south, until, pitching on a suitable spot, they built a village or pueblo which they called "Kush-kut-ret,"—White House, or White Village.

The same tradition refers to a country east of the unripe land, and therefore across the sea or big water, out of which the people came, a country of no mean extent, for it was considered a remarkable feat to make a journey round it, and but one man is said to have ever made the trip. This island (for such it must have been), the island of Shipop, was the cradle of the Queres nation. Now in the water which surrounded the island lived a monstrous animal or fish that vomited water. This fish came up and threw such quantities of water over the land that it was submerged, and all the people who had remained on the island perished.

In the following sentences Mr. Gunn modernises the tradition. "Let us follow," he says, "these argonauts of the western hemisphere, as their boats leave the island. Their course is west; they reach the coast of Florida at a time when that peninsula was shoals and shifting sand-bars, or vast swamps and marshes. Not finding a suitable place to land, they continue on to the south, skirting the coast, till they reach the south-west extremity of the peninsula. Here on the islands or keys they build their first habitations or first settlement on the North

American Continent, and call it Kush-kut-ret, or the White Village. Here the traditions are verified by archæological discoveries of vast Pueblo ruins on the keys and west coast of Florida, constructed of conch shells. There is a faint tradition among the Lagunas and Acomas that their ancestors built structures of some kind of shells, and the colour of these shells may have suggested the name for their village. On the islands and mainland of Florida are vast quantities of broken pottery, a silent but undisputed witness that a superior race of Indians once inhabited the peninsula. . . . Was the island of Shipop Plato's Atlantis, which Ignatius Donnelly attempts to prove existed at one time in the Atlantic Ocean? . . . Suppose we could prove that the Queres were Atlanteans; we should still be in the dark. We have no authentic history of Atlantis. The incomplete narration of Plato and the ancient tradition placed it somewhere in the West. However, there is one thing reasonably certain, the Queres Indians are a remnant of a people far advanced in civilisation."

Thus far Mr. Gunn; and to hazard the possibility of Atlantis being a fact in order to account for anything under the sun is a considerable length for a scientist to go. It may be pointed out that the romantic theory of the destruction of the Queres' fatherland by the marine monster, the Wa-wa-keh, as it is called, points to some seismic disturbance of nature producing a catastrophe such as that which sank Atlantis below the water so many years ago.

E. J. C.

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IT is absolutely true, I suppose, that gaining general knowledge in youth is not incompatible with concentration; but relatively it is not true, because not practicable. Society compels us, if we are to take any stand therein, to keep up with the times, and we are not here to grumble with the age, but to adapt ourselves to it: the earth is brimming too full of humanity to allow room for asceticism and seclusion, which are necessary conditions of individual advancement. In old times men had it at command, but we have not.

E. BURNE-JONES.

## THE MART OF SOULS

By accident a man once overstepped the edge of the Seen.

How he compassed it he never knew, nor could he ever find his way thither again; but for this once, by the mercy or the mockery of the Gods, he stood within their places.

Here he saw two placid beings playing ball with coloured globes. Neither gained nor lost, as the great spheres rose and fell in measured order. And the man thought how uninteresting is the game of destiny when one sees it as the Gods see. For the players seemed equal gods, and their indifference was equal. The man stood on the fields of space and watched them, watched their sleepless eyes, their large serenity.

"My Lords," he said after awhile, "can nothing be done to vary the monotony of the game?"

They answered: "Nothing, so long as the law of rhythm rules the spheres."

"Do ye seek then for the perfect balance?"

"We seek nothing. The perfect balance is only attainable in the perfect rhythm, even as ye see it here." And they went on playing.

And it seemed to the man that, as they played, he saw the globes leaving long trails of light in waves that ebbed and flowed, regular in beat and even time. And a madness of horror came on him at the game, so that he prayed them: "Cease!"

They answered him nothing.

Then pleaded he with them: "Cease but for a moment so that mine eyes may find rest. Also I need counsel. Not for nothing have I been brought beyond the edge of the Seen, and I would learn the meaning of the things I am aware of here."

The coloured globes rose and fell unceasingly.

Looking round, the man was conscious of one who stood at

the back of him, clad in thin flames, through which his body quivered whitely as if in molten heat.

“Thy name?”

“I am thy guide. Let that suffice, for the keys of knowledge are within my hand.”

The traveller made obeisance to the two beings whose sleepless eyes unmoved were fixed on the rising and falling globes.

“What is the game they play?” he asked, though as he asked he knew.

“The game of life and death. A fine game at the beginning . . . . but the Gods know no weariness nor shadow of turning.”

“Are not the Gods all-knowing? Know they not the end of the game and the winner thereof?”

“It is a game which has no ending, and its name is change. Nor is there any winner nor any loser, else the balance were imperfect.”

“Whither rise the globes, and whither do they fall?”

“Each falling globe falls to the Mart of Souls, where it may choose for itself the vesture in which it shall be wrapped, the colour it shall wear. This is the globe of life. The rising globe shakes off its vestments and seeks silence in the House of Rest, till its turn comes to descend again. And this is death.”

“The Mart of Souls, the House of Rest, . . . may I not see these strange things?”

“Am not I here to show, and thou to see? Lean thou over the edge of space, and cry into the void. There lies the House of Rest.”

“Hath space a boundary?”

“That which is nameable is already bounded. That which thou canst neither name, nor feel, nor span with word or thought alone is limitless.”

“How great is knowledge!” cried the man.

“Nay,” said his guide, “the search alone is great.”

“Yet surely must we feel our ignorance before we gain knowledge, reach high to obtain the fruit of reward?”

“As surely must we feel knowledge to gauge our ignorance.

For with what other measure is it measureable? We must be full to know our emptiness, empty that we may know that we are full. And, surely too, that which we grasp, we grasp but to fling away to reach still higher fruit."

"A hard saying." And the man stepped to the edge of space and bent over into the void. And he saw great spheres whirling round in measured order, each keeping his own path. And beyond the spheres stood emptiness with hands wide spread.

Then the man cried across the gulf: "Ho, there! I would ask thee where lies the House of Rest?"

And silence echoed back, and in the echo of his question heard he the answer from the empty-handed void: "I am the door; none passeth through the gateposts but through me,"—so that the man drew back in awe.

His guide watched him steadily.

"Oh thou," cried the man, "what am I? For I thought my hair rose on my head and that the winds blew through me, even as though my bones were withdrawn from their fleshy covering. Am I alive, or do I dwell among the dead? . . . Am I spirit?"

"Nay, thou art very much all man. For behold thy curiosity, thy braggart questioning; and lastly behold thy fear, fear of the void, of the great emptiness that thou didst challenge."

"All life fears death, even as all fulness is in fear of emptiness."

"Yet without that emptiness could there be no fulness. Man, is not the balance true?"

"Lead me hence!"

"Nay. By thine own will and of thine own good pleasure lookedst thou into the gulf. Thine own power must move thee after thou hast supped the draught to the dregs."

And it seemed to the man that the force of his own thought, his own desire, yea, and his own fear held him facing that naked void. And he hung there watching, till darkness swept up from the limits of space and hid the gulf in a denseness which there was no piercing. And the darkness flooded his soul, so that the drink his soul drained was leaden dark to taste. Bitterness and



despair rattled their wings above his head, so that he had no strength to fight, or curse, or pray, but could only lie moaning in the weakness that was his.

“Thou art man all through,” said his guide.

“And thou art no man, else thou wouldst give me help.”

“In this place each can but help himself. Nevertheless, by helping himself he helps others, else the task were too hard for him.”

“You drive me to plunge into the void.”

“Nay, I drive thee not. Also I withhold my hand. The choice is thine.”

“Oh fool, what should I choose but the means of escape?”

“Look then that thou takest it. The choice is thine.”

Then, as the man hung gazing hungry-eyed into the denseness of the silence, from out the void sprang a spiral form of light which shook the darkness and the silence so that they quivered into light and song. And the man forgot his fear and lay watching while the light shook the foundations of the darkness that had been. And he found himself able to move from the chasm, back or forwards as he chose.

“Oh guide, what means this loosening of the chains which bound me?” he asked.

“Thyself loosened what thyself didst bind.”

“But how? Nearly I perished by a leap in the abyss.”

“Didst thou not know that as despair laid thee by the heels, his brother hope bore thee over the verge of the chasm? Thou didst leap; it was the path of safety.”

“Nay, but I leapt not. Else were I in the house of dread, or crushed among those whirling spheres, instead of resting on the edge of space as heretofore.”

“O man, place and space, verge and void, are but within thyself.”

“And the light, the sudden fire that smote itself upon the darkness and the silence, and made light and song?”

“Thou didst see the reflection of the darkness and it was light, hear the echo of the silence and it was song.”

“I will go hence, for I have seen and heard enough.”

“Nay, there is no going backward. Look behind thee.”

And the man turned; and behold, his footsteps and the path he had trodden were wrapped from his sight in a flame of dew, and in a mist of fire.

Then the man set his face forward, following each foothold with his eyes. Before him rose a fiery pillar, and it seemed to him that the foundations of that pillar were above, out of sight in the vastness of the whirling ether; while below, fathoms beyond his ken, was poised the mighty capital. Again he looked his question, and again the answer came:

“Height and depth are one in the thought of the Gods. What thou callest ‘below’ is but the reflection of that which is ‘above’; they are one and the same measure in the scales. Pass thou through the doorway.”

Now the man saw no doorway save the fiery pillar, turning every way in blinding light; nor saw he any threshold, only a space of fire. Yet he set foot forward boldly, and it seemed to him that leagues of flame raced by him, full of whispering tongues, and voices that sang strange things. He gazed up into the depths of the fire. Then he thought he saw tongues of flame detach themselves from the fire, and pass upward to the foundations of the great pillar. And these flames quivered as though winged, and passed in exquisite colour; in blue purer than the faith of angels, and fairer than the breath of purity; in gold exceeding all the wisdom of the holy ones; in rose, that self-illuminated glowed like the love of God. And he said nothing, for the silence of comprehension was his. Nor saw he what became of the mounting tongues of fire that passed beyond the roots of the pillar. Nor dare he ask his guide. And the pillar turned as he passed into the outer courts of space.

There, where he had expected silence sevenfold, reigned deeps of sound, as though that silence broke itself in chords and harmonies. And he saw no colour there, nor black, nor white; nothing but colour’s absence; nameless, invisible.

Then said his guide: “Lo, we approach the Mart of Souls. Behold, how they come naked to the market-place.”

And the man was aware, by what sense he knew not, of thin flame-shapes that sped beside him, neither pressing forward, nor giving place. Nor could he distinguish how they differed each

from each, though conscious of that difference in the colourless flame. He looked down, and behold a whirlpool swirled and swept unceasingly before him, the brim of which was stained as though with dyes. Above his head hung a mighty upturned chalice, from whose lip drained a measure as of honey; and it seemed to the man that drop by drop fell into the swirl of the pool, and laid itself along the brim.

“How can they buy themselves vestures, these that are but naked flame?” he asked.

It seemed as though his guide smiled. “They buy with that which they cast off when they passed the House of Rest,—that fiery pillar, which did hold thy soul in awe. Didst thou not see them pass thee as a flame of fire? Naked flame, sayest thou? Rather the flame seeking its own soul for a covering. Watch thou the business of the Mart.”

And the man saw the thin pale flame-shapes gather round the margin of the pool. Behind them crept strange mists and pallid shadows; shapeless, yet holding potential forms; form of ripples, of waves, of the strange clouds that lie about the sky at sunset, of all things unearthly, yet which mimic earth. And the shapeless shadows, too, crept down to the lip of the pool. As they reached the edge where the dyed waters leapt, flame and shadow fused and welded into one, and stood a moment fully formed upon the brink. And the man saw through and through each soul as it stood in its winding sheet of mist. Behind, beyond, and through the colours of the vesture, running from the honeyed chalice and the dyed waves, up through the shadows round the separate white flames, the man saw past and future linked in the present; the individual life manifest from that which is called its beginning to that which men call the end. So that to him for the moment, as to each soul, all hearts were open, and from him no secrets were hid. And he saw this knowledge burning in the flame of each.

Then the shadow-flames circled round the pool as though in mystic dance; and the sound of them as they drifted by was as the music of a spell. Deeper hues swept from the brim of the pool to the edges of the shadows, and thicker, ever thicker fell the drops of honey from the chalice over them. The shadows

took shape and colour before the man, standing for a moment men like himself, and yet unlike. For they stood as men may stand on Judgment Day, victim and priest, judge and sinner, one and the same, each himself, yet each but part of the rest, judging the earth in himself, and himself in the earth. Then the colours thickened, each hue losing its poignant individuality, merging each in each. And as the colours blurred so grew the forms more dense. And as the density increased, so did each shadow—erst while vast—diminish, drawing to its centre, till it seemed to the man that he looked but on a swarm of bees circling round the rim of one gigantic honey pool. The dyed brim seemed to throw out flowers, great-petalled blossoms of amber and orange and scarlet and sapphire, reaching from edge to edge of the whirling water. There was the taste and taint of honey in the air.

The man, bending low over the pool, felt the dew of the honey on his mouth as he saw the swarm of bees circle round the inner lip of the flower-brimmed basin. He stretched out his hands, and as he stretched them out the honeyed water leapt and bubbled, then swirled again. The bees were gone.

Only the honey dripped from the chalice, and the flowers drew in their petals to dye again the brim of the pool. Far off sounded the voices of the fiery pillar; far off, too, lay the great void, the fields of space and the sleepless Gods at play with their coloured globes. The flame-winged guide stood back. Yet all, gods, guide, void and flame were in himself, and he held the knowledge in his own consciousness. He looked into the seething pool; and his own face, transfigured, met him in the depths. Then knew he that once again he stood in his own land. And a seal of forgetfulness—honey sweet—lay on his understanding. So of that which he beheld he said no word.

M. U. GREEN.

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“ORTHODOXY may be gathered in handfuls from any hedge, but a mind appears only now and then.”

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“OF a bad man as of a bad dog, the silence is more to be dreaded than the voice.”—DEMOPHILUS.

## THE PURPORT OF PAIN

### I.

IT is remarkable how often our reason is called upon, not merely to rectify, but even to reverse, the verdict of our sense-impressions. Not that our sense-impressions, *as* sense-impressions, are wrong; not that the aspect of the object that excites our sense-impressions is wanting in reality for us; the error lies, as a rule, in the instinctive inference that we make from the impression. This inference oftentimes not only needs revising, but even reversing by the wider reason, that is to say, by the reason which is based on the whole of our accumulated knowledge. It is as though that wider reason constituted a court of appeal from the lower court, that of instinctive inference; and, on appeal, the decision of the lower court often has to be reversed by the higher.

A familiar instance of what I mean is the question of the relative movements of the earth and the sun. The court of instinctive inference gives its verdict that the sun goes round the earth; the court of appeal reverses the decision, and pronounces that the earth goes round the sun.

Another example of the revision of the rulings of the preliminary court by the matured judgment is the location of physical pain. Do we burn our finger we forthwith assume that the pain we feel is in the finger. But, with widening knowledge, we learn that unless the nerve communication between the brain and the finger is complete no pain is felt. Without the sympathetic telegraphic system, the physical vibration initiated at the finger remains a physical vibration. Moreover, in a case of the recent amputation of an arm or a leg, the patient often imagines that he still feels pain in the extremity of the amputated limb, and nothing but the evidence of sight or touch will disabuse him of this notion.

Consideration, then, leads us to the conclusion that physical pain, as we know it, is not felt at the place where we perceive its cause to be. Physical pain at that place there may be, but that is not our pain; that is the pain—if pain it can be called—of the lives that go to make up our life. These lives are disturbed, as a rule, long before we ourselves are conscious of any sensation.

“When there is a disturbance with which the consciousness in the cells of the bodies, or in the centres, cannot cope; when the equilibrium among the various powers of the body is so disturbed that it cannot by itself set right the state of things; then, only, there is a descent or manifestation of the higher power to re-establish harmony. In ordinary disturbances, the reflex activities of the nerves and nerve centres . . . bring about the adjustment without troubling the indwelling consciousness.”\*

Physical pain, then, only comes into existence for us when the brain has been communicated with; consciousness has been troubled, and becomes aware of an abnormality at some part of the body.

Arriving at this point, a moment's further thought and we perceive that pain is neither a matter of the tissue, nor yet of the brain, but of the consciousness. For, not only is it needful that the sympathetic nervous system should transmit the message from the burnt finger to the brain, but, if the pain is to be felt, consciousness must be free to attend thereto. If, at the time of the receipt of the message, the ego should have his attention directed elsewhere, it is quite possible for the message to pass unheeded, be it ever so urgent.

It is only when we are at liberty to receive the sensation, or—put in Theosophical terminology—when the ego directs his attention to the astral body, that we feel pain. As our consciousness vibrates with the astral body, so does it become one with the disturbance thereon, and pain is thought to be, and felt as, a part of itself.† But if the attention of the ego is concentrated

\* *Studies in the "Bhagavad Gita,"* by The Dreamer. Third Series, p. 115.

† It will be observed that I use the word *consciousness* in many cases for *self-consciousness*. I do this advisedly, so that one and the same word may describe the head-centre of life at the different stages of its evolution. I am not with those psychologists who hold that self-consciousness and consciousness are different in kind as well as in degree. I take them to be one and the same at a different period of evolution.

on another field, and the urgency of the message is not sufficiently great to loosen its attention from that field, no pain or suffering is felt.

To support this proposition deductively is easy. The soldier on the field of battle knows not that he has been wounded until the excitement of the fight slackens. He feels not the wound as the bullet strikes his arm. So intent is his consciousness elsewhere that, no matter how great the physical disturbance, for the time being he is unaware of it. The hypnotised subject may have like freedom from all sensation, howsoever severe is the shock to the physical organism. Other illustrations will occur to everyone.

Consciousness, then, may be so intently focussed on the astral plane that all vibrations from the physical pass unperceived. And the same principle holds good when we go deeper into the microcosmic system. If the consciousness is intently functioning on the mental plane, the message from the physical may reach the astral, creating a vast disturbance there, and still fail to come within the cognisance of the ego. Instances of this it is unnecessary to cite.

From thence follows the corollary that we suffer simply because we fail to keep our attention on that which is above the plane of the suffering. There can be no physical pain while consciousness is absorbed by feeling or desire; there can be no astral suffering while consciousness is absorbed by the workings of the pure mind.

And still further, into the land beyond the three worlds, would we carry the principle:—there can be no mental suffering while the consciousness is steadfast in its hold on that Kingdom where all separation ceases; by looking towards the Divine is the human transcended. We suffer solely because we are unable to raise our consciousness to the serener spheres above the suffering.

## II.

But at this point I conceive someone interjecting: "All this is very well; all this is very true. We grant it. But— it is mere academics. The real *crux* is, how are we to raise our consciousness above the sphere of the pain? The effect of pain

is irresistibly to drag the consciousness down to its own *locale*. What mockery is this! Do you tell a drowning man that if he will only raise himself up into the air above he will not be drowned?"

The answer comes: "Verily of yourselves ye cannot do this thing, but the means wherewith it shall be done are provided for you."

In truth, the living forces that, again and again, raise consciousness above the plane of its suffering are now in us and around us. By means of them much, very much, has been already done; the rest, we may confidently trust, will be accomplished in the æons that are to come.

From the point of view of their action upon us, the living forces referred to appear as of two orders, a phase, in fact, of the eternal pair of opposites. One, which we will call the "positive" or attractive force, comes into operation mainly in the later stages of human evolution. The other, which we will call the "negative" or propelling force, is for the earlier stages of human evolution.\* The first finds its expression in our consciousness as joy or bliss; the second finds its expression in our consciousness as pain or suffering. In this, the mediant stage of human evolution, both forces operate; now one, now the other preponderating, as the mind, thrown out of the *tâmasic* state, oscillates between them.

It is the consideration of the negative, the propelling force, that, I think, will reveal to us one of the great meanings of those chastisements which, we read, are the manifestations of Divine Love.

For we may take it that the main evolutionary process of the consciousness on the *nivṛitti mārga*, the upward arc, is its gradual withdrawal from the lower worlds to the higher, while, at the same time, maintaining a control over those lower worlds from which it withdraws. But if, during this evolutionary process, the time should come when the consciousness has been brought into perfect harmony with the lower worlds in which it finds itself, whence are we to derive the incentive

\* Cf. Mrs. Besant in her *Study in Consciousness*—Introduction: "Will has its two aspects of attraction and repulsion, of inbreathing and outbreathing."



to that withdrawal by which alone upward progress can be made?

Arrived at such a *laya* point, the consciousness performs all that is necessary for the sustenance and the satisfaction of the physical body and its own activities, receiving back from them all that it needs. The routine functions are gone through again and again, and, if there be no disturbance, what is to prevent them going on again and again to infinity? Instead of moving round the spiral, consciousness, surely, would move round the circle, and the same point be reached millennium after millennium. The positive force, that which will be its stimulus when farther on the path, the Light above, the "Glory of the Lord," is not yet seen, seen but dimly, or seen but fitfully.

The consciousness of most of us has not yet come so far within the reach of the attractive force that it readily responds to its attraction. Therefore it is that, while we are yet children, the force to raise us up must needs be the propelling. Pain is the only means by which further growth can be brought about.

And so, from the outside, the microcosmic kingdom is disturbed. The self-sufficing satisfaction of a consciousness in harmony with its environment is broken in upon; the orderly workings become disorderly; we are in pain.

Eras there are in the life of the body politic when the normal evolutionary method has to give place to the abnormal revolutionary; only thus can the kingdom rise to higher things. The revolution will, in all likelihood, mean pain and suffering both for the state and for the ruler thereof; it may mean the disintegration of the state, and that the ruler is driven out entirely from the kingdom that he had ruled.

Even so is it with the ruler of the body physical:—the breaking up of the harmony between himself and his kingdom will, in all likelihood, mean pain and suffering for him and for the myriad lives below him; but we see that it is needful if either the one or the other is to get out of the circular track on to that of the spiral.

### III.

At first sight, as says my imaginary objector, it would seem that the tendency of pain—pain physical we will suppose—would

be in direction the reverse of the grand sweep of the evolutionary Life-wave ; at first sight it would seem that it would bring the consciousness deeper down into the vehicle from which it had, in some measure, already extricated itself.

That something like this is the immediate effect of pain—the effect for the time being—is, doubtless, true. But, since the very essence of pain is a dissonance between consciousness and its vehicle, the further effect—and the effect that remains in the consciousness—is that that which was before assumed to be one is now perceived to be twain ; the vehicle is now perceived to be, not of the subjective, but of the objective world.

Concords are very difficult to realise as disparate harmonics ; discords are necessarily so realised. Withal the *full* realisation of the outwardness of any vehicle, it may be granted, only comes with the death of that vehicle.

But we have a further and much more difficult lesson to learn, that not even death can teach ; we have to learn to live *in* the body, and yet to know that our consciousness is not *of* the body. This is the lesson that a life that is not an harmonious life, but often discordant with its vehicle, alone can bring home to us in this the day of our school-time.

Moreover, we may note that it is by pain consciousness becomes conscious of its bondage to the flesh, and thereby is the desire begotten to burst the bonds. “When the repulsion aspect energises there is separation, driving apart.”\*

And so we see through pain must our growth proceed till pain be overpast. Only by the bruising of the outer, the inner is set free. And when, in the fulness of time, we are ready to arise to a larger and more beautiful world, then, by the very action of the pain that is laid upon us is that pain transcended.

Maeterlinck gets a glimpse of the law when he writes : Our “loftiest reasons for sorrow must be on the eve of becoming reasons for gladness.”

And with what wondrous touch does George Eliot describe the same in her book *Romola* ? The great and gracious heart of the heroine stirred to its depths by the love human ; then purified and raised by suffering to the love divine. Truly, by

\* *A Study in Consciousness* : Annie Besant. Introduction.

pain the consciousness becomes free of pain and enters into joy.

Then may we not leave our short study concerning pain with two strengthened convictions?—the one stilling the fierce rebellion of “the natural man” in the face of it; the other giving us, with regard to it, a sure and certain hope for the time that is to come. For do we not perceive something of its necessity?—and do we not perceive something of the necessity of its transitoriness?

Urged forward by pain is the Soul till it reaches its self-consciousness. Again urged forward by pain is the Soul till it reaches a consciousness of that self-consciousness; but more seldom now is the goad needed, for visions of the Beyond more often come and longer stay.

So does the Soul slowly cross over the threshold into the Light, suffering on the way transcended again, and yet again, until suffering has no more dominion over it, and it reaches its rightful Home in the Realm of Bliss.

POWIS HOULT.

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## THE PROTESTANT SPIRIT

FROM time to time in the world's history we see the rising up of a spirit of revolt against the existing condition of things, a spirit that challenges all authority, and rejects all tradition. It appears when some religion, some social polity, some convention, has lost, wholly or partially, its indwelling life, and offers to the world a shell instead of a content, a stone instead of bread. It appears when an authority has lost its inherent power and rests on mere prescription; when a creed is an empty formula instead of the expression of a life. When abuses have accumulated, when dust has gathered thickly over ancient jewels, when priesthood has become a profession, and religious rule a prize for ambition, then arises the Protestant spirit, and sweeps like a storm-wind over the minds of men. It is one of the purifying agencies in the treasure-houses of the spiritual Guardians of Humanity, the wind

which scatters the fogs of blind credulity, and chases away the miasma of intellectual sloth.

Such revolts may be seen now at work in India, in the movements known as the Brahmō Samâj and the Ârya Samâj—movements which cause much distress to the religious minds in the country from their narrowness and aggressiveness, but serve an admirable purpose in stimulating Hinduism to shake off its impurities and purge itself of superstitions. But the historical example of such a revolt, the greatest in recorded history, is that which takes as its own the name of Protestantism, and marches under it as under a battle-flag. It may show us at one and the same time the uses and the dangers of the Protestant spirit.

Looking back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we can see the Roman Catholic Church, the historical representative of Christianity, had reached a point at which some great change was necessary if Christianity were not to sink under a mass of superstitions and immoralities. The corruptions of the priesthood, reaching their worst depths in Rome, which should have been the centre of life and inspiration; the frightful cruelties of the Inquisition, crushing out thought with death and torture; the unrestrained licence of a brutal nobility, which bought immunity for oppression and rapine with bribes of gold and lands to the Church as portress of heaven; all these and many another evil were choking the life out of religion in Europe, and a reform was imperatively necessary to save Christianity from destruction at the hands of her own household.

Two lines of reform were traced out at this critical moment: one, that identified with the name of Erasmus, scholarly, moderate, conservative; the other, that identified with the names of Martin Luther and Calvin, popular, headlong, revolutionary. It was then as it was later in the French Revolution, with its Encyclopædists and its Montagnards; reason, education, orderly progress were on the side of the scholars, but the gigantic evils of the time—religious in one case, political in the other—forced on a cataclysm, which swept away alike both good and bad, the gold with the dross.

Erasmus was the type of the cultured and balanced reason, polished, refined, shrinking from the coarse, the blatant, and the

vulgar. If he pierced the ignorant and evil-living priesthood of his time with the keen rapier of his satire, he did it that a purer type might arise, not that an equally ignorant peasantry might erect themselves into ecclesiastical dictators; if he broke the stately tyranny of mitred bishops, it was not to submit to the vulgar oppression of petty and loud-voiced fanatics, sprung from the mire. He sought to revive and then enthrone learning, and to give to the reason the authority claimed by prescription. Could he have had his way, the western Church had not been rent in twain, the progressive part of Rome's heritage had not been torn from her, the dignity of the ancient ceremonial and the spiritual value of the mystic tradition had remained unimpaired, and the iconoclastic forces of ignorance allied with fanaticism had not desolated the pastures of Christianity.

The movement which by its followers is called the Reformation substituted—so far as the will and the teaching of Martin Luther and Calvin were concerned—but one tyranny for another, a Book for a Pope. “The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants.” Calvin burned Servetus as readily as Rome burned Bruno, and in fanaticism and narrowness the Reformers rivalled Rome. None the less Protestantism, while shrouding the spiritual, stimulated the intellectual, and contained within itself forces needed for the evolution of the future. For while it is true that the Reformers but substituted one tyranny for another, and one that was, on the whole, worse, as being quite as oppressive while also blatant and vulgar, yet it is also true that the spirit which rose up against the tyranny of the time and smote it, was the spirit which inevitably generated a similar resistance against the new tyranny, and ensured the application of the principle that overthrew the Pope to the overthrowing of all tyrannies that would fain fetter the soaring intellect of man. It was easy for the Reformers to say to the reason to which they appealed: “Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.” Their descendants appealed to the same reason against the puny barriers they set up.

The Protestant spirit, despite the faults of its youth, its crudeness, its blatancy, its vulgarity, was none the less, in its essence, the spirit that made possible the advances of modern

science. It questioned, it challenged, everything; and however iconoclastic such a spirit might be in the domain of religion—as iconoclastic as a blind man might be who found his way obstructed by priceless pictures, the value of which could not be gauged by his sightless eyes—none the less was it invaluable on the physical plane, where the means at its disposal were adequate for the investigation of the problems surrounding it. When the Protestant spirit awoke, religion in the West had extended her authority over all physical questions, and checked all efforts to understand nature with her perverted “Thus saith the Lord.” The world had not yet existed for 6,000 years, therefore the geological records were untrue; the Jews were the chosen nation, the vanguard of humanity, therefore the civilisations of the past were fabulous; the earth was the centre of the universe, for which the sun, moon, and stars were created, therefore astronomical facts were fictions; and so on, and on. Science could only breathe by tearing down the biblical prison which shut it from the air, and the Protestant spirit which had enthroned the Bible on the ruins of the papacy, enthroned science on the ruins of the Bible. Both the papacy and the Bible were to be rebuilt, but never again was either to become a fortress to frown a silent world into submission.

Enjoying as we do to-day the freedom to think and the freedom to speak, we should do ill to forget the meed of gratitude we owe to that spirit which has won for us this freedom. True, in the days of its battling it destroyed much that was fair and gracious; but the things it destroyed can blossom anew, while the freedom which it won is the condition of intellectual progress.

The harmful work of the Protestant spirit is seen in its later effects on religion, for while it did much to cut off the heads of the weeds of superstition, it did nothing to destroy their roots. A superstition is only uprooted when knowledge explains its origin and its growth, and this the Protestant spirit could not do, seeing only the grotesqueness of its above-ground manifestation. Why is it that in every country in which the Protestant spirit has triumphed, scepticism and materialism have followed in its track? Why are the Protestant Churches helpless before the ever-advancing flood of unbelief? Is it not because the reason,

to which Protestantism appeals, has so far failed to pierce into the region where are the facts on which religion is founded, and because here religious Protestants appeal to authority while everywhere else they decry it ?

The mistake—a mistake natural and perhaps inevitable—has lain in erecting the reason as limited by the physical brain into the sole arbiter of truth. The divinely lucent Intelligence, the Wisdom aspect of the Self, is indeed that arbiter ; but its broken reflection in the human brain, dominated moreover by Activity, and showing the restless instability of knowledge-hunting rather than the calm security of possessed wisdom, is but poorly equipped for that high office. In things of the physical plane, within reach of the senses, it is a trustworthy guide, when undistorted by passion and prejudice. Moreover, however imperfect it may be, it is the only guide man has, and is to the man what the eye is to the body. Vision may not be perfect, but it is better than the groping touch of the blind as a medium for understanding surrounding objects. Man walks better through the world with the opened eye of reason than by groping his way with the fumbling touches of ignorance and foolish credulity. None the less does reason hinder the spread of knowledge when it unreasonably affirms the all-sufficiency and independence of the physical universe, and shuts its ears to all the whispers of nature, which suggests that it is face to face with a part only and not with the whole. Reason, as evolution proceeds, will learn to perfect and control one vehicle after the other, each subtler than the preceding one, and will thus come into touch with subtler regions of the universe, the existence of which for it is at present unproven. The existence of those regions will, in millennia to come, rest for it on the same basis as does now the existence of the physical universe ; but at the present time it is as incapable of penetrating them as is a fish of investigating the nature of meadow land, or of soaring into the upper regions of the atmosphere. On things watery the fish's judgment may be reliable, but its opinions on things terrestrial and aerial are not weighty.

The reason, free from prejudice, may arrive at the certitude that man is a being in touch with regions beyond the physical, as the physical is now understood. It can recognise the exist-

ence in man of a power to respond to impressions other than those which reach him through his senses, and it can argue, by analogy, that these vague and indeterminate impressions are the prophecy of the opening to him of another region of the universe through the development of another organ of perception, as the first faint recognitions of light and shade adumbrated the coming development of the eye. It may further establish by irrefragable proofs the fact that in some individuals of the human race this response has been clear and definite, and that they have "seen" where others are still groping; that these are the men who have changed the course of history and reshaped the lives of men—Manu, Pythagoras, the Buddha, the Christ, Muhammad, to name but a few; and it may perceive that the power of these men rests on the presence in the mass of mankind of a faculty which answers vaguely where they answer clearly—a faculty embryonic in the mass, developed in themselves, but guaranteeing to that mass the truth of their sayings; were it not for this, their declarations would be regarded as ravings, not as inspirations. It may study the records of the mystics and geniuses of all ages, and weigh the definite evidence for the existence of a state of consciousness beyond the normal, in which the method of working of the intelligence in search for truth is by direct cognition instead of by ratiocination.

It is by the recognition of the reality and value of the mystic state of consciousness that the Protestant spirit will cease to be the herald of materialism, and it is to the absence of mysticism in the Protestant communities that is due their declension in spirituality. Of all forms of religion, Protestantism is the one that most needs the "Inner Light," and it is the one from which that Light has been most markedly absent. And yet not wholly absent. Leaving Jacob Boehme, that prince of mystics, aside, the Light shines out clearly in Fox, amid all his extravagances, and the Society of Friends was a voice uplifted in the desert, testifying to a firm belief in the illumination and guidance of the Spirit. Nor can we ignore, although they be marred by fanaticism and crude emotion, the phenomena of "conversion," accompanied, wherever it has been real, with a sense of the divine Presence, of the rending of the veil which hides the spiritual universe, and of the



flooding of the soul with God. These are true mystic experiences, and are far more valuable "evidences" of the truth of a religion—whatever errors it may also contain—than the laboured arguments of a Paley. The pity has been that the lack of self-restraint and of delicacy in these outbursts has revolted the colder judgments of the educated and rational, and they have looked on them with contempt as the ravings of the ignorant and sentimental. They have failed to remember that the human soul, in the marvel of a sudden realisation of the inner world, has no time to think of external trivialities, and if the outburst occurs in a body in which self-restraint is not congenital, it will be likely to jar on refined susceptibilities. Manners are sometimes forgotten even by educated people on the deck of a foundering ship, or in the stalls of a theatre on fire; and what are such things in comparison with a sudden flash which reveals the worlds invisible and the profundities of the immortal soul? If a similar flash could open those same depths to the cultured and the intellectual, then should we have, instead of loud "revivals," a wave of true and elevated mysticism, and as it swept over the arid wastes of knowledge divorced from religion "the desert would rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Only such a wave can restore to the Protestant communities the religion which is withering among them under the keen blasts of scholarly criticism and the ice of scientific disdain. The criticism and the science are alike the results of the Protestant spirit, and they have come to stay, and to exert an ever-increasing influence over the minds of educated men. Protestantism, in its worthier aspect, is the critical and scientific attitude of the reason, approaching all problems submitted to it for solution; as such it must endure. Protestantism, in its narrower meaning, is a mere passing revolt against a particular form of religion, and as such has no future. A religion cannot be made out of protests against another man's creed; we live by "Yeas," not by "Nays." If Protestantism is to live as a religion, it must emerge from the regions of negation into those of affirmation, and this it can only do if the spirit of mysticism revives within it, and leads it forth into a sweeter and a richer air. It must base its affirmations on facts recognised in the mystic state of consciousness; it must

boldly cast aside its books, its legends and its creeds; it must trust to the living spirit and no longer to the dead letter; it must proclaim, on the sure basis of human experience, the living Christ within as the redeeming Saviour, and the living Master Jesus without, as the Head and Shepherd of His Church.

ANNIE BESANT.

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## THE PERFECT SERMON, OR THE ASCLEPIUS

A SERMON OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES TO ASCLEPIUS

(CONCLUDED FROM vol. xxxv., p. 528)

### XXXIII.

[XII. M.] Now on the subject of a "void,"—which seems to almost all a thing of vast importance,—I hold the following view.

Naught is, naught could have been, naught ever will be void.

For all the members of the cosmos are completely full; so that cosmos itself is full and [quite] complete with bodies, diverse in quality and form, possessing each its proper kind and size.

And of these bodies—one's greater than another, or another's less than is another, by difference of strength and size.

Of course, the stronger of them are more easily perceived, just as the larger [are]. The lesser ones, however, or the more minute, can scarcely be perceived, or not at all—those which we know are things [at all] by sense of touch alone.

Whence many come to think they are not bodies, and that there are void spaces,—which is impossible.

So also [for the space] which is called extra-cosmic,—if there be any (which I do not believe)—[then] is it filled by Him with things intelligible, that is things of like nature with His own divinity; just as this cosmos which is called the sensible, is fully filled with bodies and with animals, consonant with its proper nature and its quality.

[Bodies] the proper shape of which we do not all behold,

but [see] some large beyond their proper measure, some very small; either because of the great space which lies between [them and ourselves], or else because our sight is dull; so that they seem to us to be minute, or by the multitude are thought not to exist at all, because of their too great tenuity.

I mean the daimones, who, I believe, have their abode with us, and heroes, who abide between the purest part of air above us and the earth,—where it is ever cloudless, and no [movement from the] motion of a single star\* [disturbs the peace].

Because of this, Asclepius, thou shalt call nothing void; unless thou wilt declare of what that's void, that thou dost say is void;—for instance, void of fire, of water, or things like to these.

For if it should fall out, that it should seem that anything is able to be void of things like these,—though that which seemeth void be little or be big, it still cannot be void of spirit and of air.

## XXXIV.

In like way must we also talk concerning “space,”—a term which by itself is void of “sense.”†

For space seems what it is from that of which it is [the space]. For if the qualifying‡ word is cut away, the sense is maimed.

Wherefore we shall [more] rightly say the space of water, space of fire, or [space] of things like these.

For as it is impossible that aught be void; so is space also in itself not possible to be distinguished what it is.

For if you postulate a space without that [thing] of which it is [the space], it will appear to be void space,—which I do not believe exists in cosmos.

If nothing, then, is void, so also space by its own self does not show what it is unless you add to it lengths, breadths [and depths],—just as you add the proper marks§ unto men's bodies.

These things, then, being thus, Asclepius, and ye who are

\* Planet, presumably.

† *Intellectu caret.*

‡ *Principale*,—lit., principal.

§ *Signa*; characteristics, presumably.

with [him],—know the intelligible cosmos (that is, [the one] which is discerned by contemplation of the mind alone) is bodiless; nor can aught corporal be mingled with its nature,—[by corporal I mean] what can be known by quality, by quantity, and numbers. For there is nothing of *this* kind in that.

This cosmos, then, which is called sensible, is the receptacle of all things sensible,—of species, qualities, or bodies.

But not a single one of these can quicken without God. For God is all, and by Him [are] all things, [and all [are] of His will.

For that He is all goodness, fitness, wisdom, unchangeable,—that can be sensed and understood by His own self alone.

Without Him naught hath been, nor is, nor will be.

For all things are from Him, in Him, and through Him,—both multitudinous qualities, and mighty quantities, and magnitudes exceeding every means of measurement, and species of all forms;—which things, if thou should'st understand, Asclepius, thou wilt give thanks to God.

And if thou should'st observe it\* as a whole, thou wilt be taught, by means of the true reason, that cosmos in itself is knowable to sense,† and that all things in it are wrapped as in a vesture by that higher cosmos‡ [spoken of above].

### XXXV.

Now every single class of living thing,§ Asclepius, of whatsoever kind, or it be mortal or be rational, whether it be endowed with soul, or without one, just as each has its class,|| so does each several [class] have images of its own class.

And though each separate class of animal has in it every form of its own class, still in the selfsame [kind of] form, the units differ from each other.

And so although the class of men is of one kind, so that a

\* *Sci.*, the cosmos.

† *Sensibilem*; probably referring to the *sensus par excellence*, that is, the higher or cosmic sense.

‡ That is, the intelligible cosmos; presumably the æon.

§ *Animalium*.

|| *Genus*.

man can be distinguished by his [general] look, still individual men within the sameness of their [common] form do differ from each other.

For the idea\* which is divine, is bodiless, and is whatever is grasped by the mind.

So that although these two,† from which the general form and body are derived, are bodiless, it is impossible that any single form should be produced exactly like another,—because the moments of the hours and points of inclination [when they 're born] are different.

But they are changed as many times as there are moments in the hour of that revolving circle in which abides that God whom we have called All-formed.‡

The species,§ then, persists, as frequently producing from itself as many images, and as diverse, as there are moments in the cosmic revolution,—a cosmos which doth [ever] change in revolution. But the idea|| [itself] is neither changed nor turned.

So are the forms of every single genus permanent, [and yet] dissimilar in the same [general] form.

### XXXVI.

ASCLEPIUS. And does the cosmos have a species, O Thrice-greatest one?

TRISMEGISTUS. Dost not thou see, Asclepius, that all has been explained to thee as though to one asleep?

For what is cosmos, or of what doth it consist, if not of all things born?

This,¶ then, you may assert of heaven, and earth,\*\* and elements. For though the other things possess more frequent change of species, [still even] heaven, [by its] becoming moist, or dry, or

\* *Species*; meaning here apparently the *genus* or class.

† Apparently the idea and mind.

‡ See chap. xix. above.

§ That is, apparently, the "divine species," or idea, the *genus*.

|| *Species*.

¶ That is, that there are genera embracing many species.

\*\* The earth here being the general earth as set over against heaven, and not one of the elements of this earth.

cold, or hot, or clear, or dull, [all] in one kind\* of heaven,—these [too] are frequent changes into species.†

Earth hath, moreover, always many changes in *its* species;—both when she brings forth fruits, and when she also nourishes her bringings-forth with the return of all the fruits; the diverse qualities and quantities of air, its stoppings and its flowings; and before all the qualities of trees, of flowers, and berries, of scents, of savours—species!

Fire [also] brings about most numerous conversions, and divine. For these are all-formed images of sun and moon‡; they're, as it were, like our own mirrors, which with their emulous splendence give us back the likenesses of our own images.

### XXXVII.

[XIII. M.] But§ now let this suffice about such things; and let us once again return to man and reason,—gift divine, from which man has the name of rational animal.

Less to be wondered at are the things said of man,—though they are [still] to be admired. Nay, of all marvels that which wins our wonder [most] is that man has been able to find out the nature of the gods and bring it into play.

Since, then, our earliest progenitors were in great error||,—seeing they had no rational faith about the gods, and that they paid no heed unto their cult and holy worship,—they chanced upon an art whereby they made gods [for themselves].¶

To this invention they conjoined a power that suited it, [derived] from cosmic nature; and blending these together, since souls they could not make, [they set about] evoking daimons' souls or those of angels; [and thus] attached them to their

\* *Specie.*

† The construction is here confused and elliptical.

‡ Presumably of the ideal sun and moon.

§ The first six paragraphs of this chapter are quoted in Latin, with two slight verbal variants, by Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, xxiv., xxvi.

|| Ménard thinks he can distinguish the hand of a Christian scribe in this sentence, which he translates with great freedom, "*qui s'égarèrent dans l'incrédulité.*" A more careful translation, however, does not seem to favour this hypothesis. Hermes says simply that primitive mankind were ignorant of the gods and so in error.

¶ That is, presumably, images.

sacred images and holy mysteries, so that the statues should, by means of these, possess the powers of doing good and the reverse.

For thy forebear, Asclepius, the first discoverer of medicine, to whom there is a temple hallowed, on Libya's Mount,\* hard by the shore of crocodiles,† in which his cosmic man‡ reposes, that is to say his body; for that the rest [of him], or better still, the whole (if that a man when wholly [plunged] in consciousness of life,§ be better), hath gone back home to heaven,—still furnishing, [but] now by his divinity, the sick with all the remedies which he was wont in days gone by to give by art of medicine.

Hermes, which is the name of my forebear, whose home is in a place called after him,|| doth aid and guard all mortal [men] who come to him from every side.¶

As for Osiris' [spouse] ; how many are the blessings that we know Isis bestows when she's propitious ; how many does she injure when she's wrath !

For that the terrene and the cosmic gods are easily enraged, in that they are created and composed of the two natures.

And for this cause it comes to pass that these are called the " sacred animals " by the Egyptians, and that each several state\*\* gives service to the souls of those whose souls have been made holy,†† while they were still alive ; so that [the several states] are governed by the laws [of their peculiar sacred animals], and called after their names.

It is because of this, Asclepius, those [animals] which are

\* *In monte Libya* ; compare chap. xxvii. above.

† *In monte Libya circa littus crocodilorum.* Does this refer to a Crocodilopolis (*κροκοδείλων πόλις*, Ptol., iv. 5, §65) ? And if so, to which of these cities, for there were several ? The best known of these is Arsinoë in the Faiyyūm ; but there was also another down south, in the Thebaid, on the W. bank of the Nile, lat. 25°6', of which remains are still visible at Embeshanda, on the verge of the Libyan desert. See Smith's *Dict. of Gk. and Rom. Geography* (London ; 1878), *sub voc.*

‡ Presumably his mummy.

§ *In sensu vitæ.*

|| Hermopolis, therefore (compare Lact., *D. Instit.*, i. 6) ; that is to say, Hermopolis Magna (*Ἡρμοῦ πόλις μεγάλη*), the modern Eshmūn, on the left bank of the Nile, about lat. 27°4'.

¶ To get wisdom. Augustine's quotation ends here.

\*\* Or, city.

†† Or, consecrated.

considered by some states deserving of their worship, in others are thought otherwise; and on account of this the states of the Egyptians wage each with other frequent war.

## XXXVIII.

ASCLEPIUS. And of what nature, O Thrice-greatest one, may be the quality of those who are considered terrene gods?

TRISMEGISTUS. It doth consist, Asclepius, of plants, and stones, and spices, which contain the nature of [their own] divinity.

And for this cause they are delighted with repeated sacrifice, with hymns, and lauds, and sweetest sounds, tuned to the key of heaven's harmonious song.\*

So that what is of heavenly nature,† being drawn down into the images by means of heavenly use and practices, may be enabled to endure with joy the nature of mankind, and sojourn with it for long periods of time.

Thus is it that man is the maker of the gods.

But do not, O Asclepius, I pray thee, think the doings of the terrene gods are the result of chance.

The heavenly gods dwell in the heights of heaven, each filling up and watching o'er the rank he hath received; whereas these gods of ours,‡ each in its way,—by looking after certain things, foretelling others by oracles and prophecy, foreseeing others, and duly helping them along,—act as allies of men, as though they were our relatives and friends.

## XXXIX.

[XIV. M.] ASCLEPIUS. What part of the economy,§ Thrice-greatest one, does the Heimarmenē,|| or Fate, then occupy? For do not the celestial gods rule over generals¶; the terrene occupy particulars?

\* Compare " God's song " in chap. xiii. (end) above.

† Namely, the nature of the gods.

‡ The gods that we have made, the terrene gods.

§ *Rationis*; lit., reason.

|| *Εἰμαρμένη*.

¶ *Catholicorum*.



TRISMEGISTUS. That which we call Heimarmenē, Asclepius, is the necessity of all things that are born,\* bound ever to themselves with interlinked enchainments.

This, then, is either the effector of all things, or it is highest God, or what is made the second God by God Himself,—or else the discipline† of all things both in heaven and on earth, established by the laws of the divine.

And so these twain, Fate and Necessity, are bound to one another mutually by inseparable cohesion.‡

The former of them, the Heimarmenē, gives birth to the beginnings of all things; Necessity compels the end of [all] depending from these principals.

On these doth Order follow, that is their warp-and-woof, and Time's arrangement for the perfecting of [all] things. For there is naught without the interblend of Order.

That cosmos§ is made perfect in all things; for cosmos' self is vehicled|| in Order, or totally consists of Order.

## XL.

So, then, these three, Fate, [and] Necessity, [and] Order, are most immediately effected by God's will, who rules the cosmos by His law and by His holy reason.

From these, accordingly, all willing or not-willing is altogether foreign, according to God's will.¶

They are not moved by wrath nor swayed by favour, but are the instruments of the eternal Reason's self-compulsion, which is [the reason] of Eternity,\*\* that never can be turned aside, or changed, or be destroyed.

First, then, is Fate, which, as it were, by casting in the seed, supplies the embryo of all that are to be.

Follows Necessity, whereby they all are forcibly compelled unto their end.

\* Or, borne, *quæ geruntur*. † *Disciplina* = ? *gnōsis*. ‡ *Glutino*.

§ *Mundus* = cosmos, meaning also order in Greek.

|| *Gestatur*.

¶ *Divinitus*.

\*\* That is, the æon.

Third, Order [comes], preserving warp-and-woof of [all] the things which Fate and [which] Necessity arrange.\*

This, then, is the Eternity, which neither doth begin nor cease to be, which, fixed by law unchangeable, abides in the unceasing motion of its course.

It rises and it sets, by turns, throughout its limbs ;† so that by reason of time's changes it often rises with the very limbs with which it [once] had set.

For [its] sphericity,—its law of revolution,—is of this nature, that all things are so straitly joined to their own selves, that no one knows what's the beginning of their revolution ;‡ since they appear for ever all to go before and follow after their own selves.

Good and bad issues,§ [therefore] are commingled in all cosmic things.

[XV. M.] And now it hath been told you on each several point,—as man hath power [to tell], and God hath willed it and permitted it.

This, then, alone remains that we should do,—bless God and give Him praise ; and so return to taking thought for body ['s comfort].

For now sufficiently have we been filled with feast of mind by our discourse on sacred things.

## XLI.

Now when they came forth from the holy place,|| they turned their faces towards the south¶ when they began their prayers to God.

For when the sun is setting, should anyone desire to pray

\* Fate, thus, seems to be regarded as the Creator, Order as the Preserver, and Necessity as the Destroyer or Regenerator.

† *Membra* ; that is, parts, presumably constellations.

‡ *Volubilitatis* ; that is, their turning into themselves ; the symbol of which was the serpent swallowing its tail.

§ *Eventus et fors*.

|| *De adyto* ; "down-from," literally.

¶ This is apparently an error for south-west or west.

to God, he ought to turn him thitherwards;\* so also at the rising of the same, unto that spot which lies beneath the sun.†

As they were just beginning to recite the prayer, Asclepius did whisper :

Let us suggest to Father, Tat,—what he did bid us do,—that we should say our prayer to God with added incense and with unguents.

Whom when Thrice-greatest heard, he grew distressed and said :

Nay, nay, Asclepius—speak more propitious words! For this is like to profanation of [our] sacred rites,—when thou dost pray to God, to offer incense and the rest.

For naught is there of which He stands in need,—in that He is all things, or all are in Him.

But let us worship, pouring forth our thanks. For this is the best incense in God's sight,—when thanks are given to Him by men.‡

[We give] Thee grace, Thou highest [and] most excellent! For by Thy grace we have received the so great Light of Thy own gnosis.

O holy name, fit [name] to be adored, O name unique, by which the only God§ is to be blest through worship of [our] sire,—[of Thee] who deignest to afford to all a father's piety, and care, and love, and whatsoever virtue is more sweet [than these], endowing [us] with sense, [and] reason, [and] intelligence;—with sense that we may feel Thee; with reason that we may track thee out from the appearances of things;|| with means of recognition that we may joy in knowing Thee.

Saved by Thy power divine, let us rejoice that Thou hast shown Thyself to us in all Thy fulness. Let us rejoice that Thou hast deigned to consecrate us, [still] entombed in bodies, to eternity.

For this is the sole festival of praise worthy of man,—to know Thy majesty.

\* That is, to the setting sun or the west.

† *Subsolanus*, lying beneath the sun; that is to say, eastern.

‡ For the three preceding paragraphs see also *Lact., D.I., vi. 25.*

§ The cosmos presumably, as the one God.

|| *Suspicionibus*; hints, perhaps, and so phenomena.

We have known Thee ; yea, by the single sense of our intelligence, we have perceived Thy Light supreme,—O Thou true Life of life, O fecund womb that giveth birth to every nature !

We have known Thee, O Thou completely filled with the conception from Thyself of universal nature !

We have known Thee, O Thou eternal constancy !

For in the whole of this our prayer in worship of Thy Good, this favour only of Thy goodness do we crave ;—that Thou wilt keep us constant in our love of knowing Thee,\* and never let us be cut off from this [Light] path of life.

With this desire we [now] betake us to [our] pure and fleshless meal.†

G. R. S. MEAD.

\* Or, of Thy gnosis.

† *Cœnam*.

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#### THE DIVINITY OF MIND

“DON'T be afraid—of being independent in thought. It is a prerogative of man.

“This is the time for us to think highly of our species, to dream of development and the Divinity of Mind ; we shall soon wash away such fancies in the Lethe of getting our bread. . . . Oh ! it is a glorious thought, that in our nature's ruin we yet possess our identity and stand isolated in revealed Creation as the Beings with Mind. It is grand to be in such peril as we are—I speak not lightly—to be born to free will ; more independent than angels, for they cannot err by reason, having all things by intuition ; higher than brutes, for they are impelled by the laws of instinct, to our observance inevitable ; partaking of the nature of both, and with mind for our proper own, we ought not to shame our natures as we do.”

!E. BURNE-JONES.

## MY DOG AND I

I HAVE not been endowed by Providence with an ear for music, indeed the thing is a nuisance to me, a positive infliction. As for my dog, she will howl for just so long as a German band may choose to play.

So my dog and I have laid our heads together and constituted ourselves an Anti-Music League. And now as good Theosophists we claim, in accordance with modern practice, that music shall be anathema to the Society. Confidently relying on our total ignorance of the art we hereby denounce all musicians as vile torturers of Theosophical harmony, as outcasts from the pale of humanity,—and so we add our mite to promote the universal brotherhood of man.

We give notice that henceforth no member is to indulge in this most pernicious accomplishment. If the spirit so moves him he may indeed write mild protests to the REVIEW,—for above all things we cherish perfect freedom. Besides, if we don't allow this we may find it difficult to get at him. And then we will arise in our wrath. We will question his veracity (by reason of her sex it will be safer if my dog undertakes this), we will misrepresent his motives and reflect on his character, we will tear him principle from principle, and finally with his bleeding "lower quaternary" adorning my saddle we will return in triumph to Albemarle Street.

For above all things my dog and I shout for tolerance. "Without distinction of creed," say we, and if by this we choose to mean that nobody's opinion is to differ from our own, why it is only to make the thing practical.

We admit that our fad may possibly jostle others already in the field or even now in process of incubation. It is no part of our business to reconcile them; that task we leave to more gifted brains 'than 'ours. But we are always ready to help, my dog and I, and so we suggest that anything which appears to clash with our own particular dogma should be at once pronounced contrary to teaching.

S. V. T.

## THE SECRET OF THE BEAUTIFUL

I SAT one evening by the fire in the twilight and thought on the words of the poet, the seer that I had been reading, and as I pondered there came before my mind ever and again the lines I knew so well.

“Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters. They never can be sundered without tears.” And I mused on the truth of them, the sadness of them, and I realised to the full the bitterness of them, and there rose to my lips the eternal question that has been asked in all the ages : Where is the secret of beauty to be found ; why is fairness, alas, so often severed from virtue ; why is virtue found where beauty is not ? And for answer came only the silence of my own heart.

And as I mused it seemed that my eyes were closed to things physical and for a time I lived in the land of the unreal.

I was in a vast desert, full of stones and thorn bushes and desolation, and as far as the eye could reach, I saw nothing save the limitless horizon, and a shrill keen wind whistled round me and I shivered in loneliness. And there came a voice in my ear saying :

“Will you know the secret of the beautiful ? If so press on and faint not until you meet him who can tell you what you desire.”

And I answered to the strange voice, “I will.” So I walked on and on in the desolate place, and the stones cut me, and the briars tore my clothing, but I minded not, for was I not to learn that which above all things I desired to know. It seemed that I walked in the wilderness for days, and at the end I came into a lovely garden full of roses and fair flowers, and in the midst a fountain was playing and round the fountain was written in letters of gold : “This is the fountain of the Eternal Wisdom ; let him who wants knowledge drink of its waters.” And I put my

hand into the water and lifted some of the crystal drops in the palm and drank, and when I had drunk there rose up from the midst of the fountain the form of a great and beautiful woman. I gazed on her with wonder, and she spoke: "I am the spirit of true knowledge. What do you, O frail human being, desire of me?"

I said: "Fair lady, you who are all beauty, tell me the secret of things beautiful?"

And the lady answered: "There is but one secret of the beautiful and that is virtue. Learn virtue and you shall obtain beauty."

But I said: "In the world where I dwell are many fair and lovely people who are not virtuous, and many with no beauty who are strangely good, and many who are even repulsive to the outward eye and whose lives are yet beyond reproach."

And the fair lady smiled on me and said: "Listen and I will tell you all. Man lives on the planet you call the world not one life but thousands. In each life he bears a body suited to the deeds of his previous life, for the acts of one life make the body for the next. If in one life a man wears a body of great beauty then you know that in his previous existence he did deeds of beauty; if, however, vain of his beauty he does in his present life deeds of evil, then in the future must he return with a body evil to look upon, as reward for his misdeeds."

I said: "Are then all sins punished in the flesh?"

And she answered: "Sins of the flesh are punished in the flesh, and a depraved or diseased body is the outcome of moral disease in the past."

And I sighed and said: "Fair lady, why is this knowledge withheld from the dwellers on the earth, for all love beauty, and surely for the obtaining of it all would become virtuous?"

She said to me: "Such knowledge would not be right, for the sons of men must learn through suffering that beauty of the soul is above all things needful, and that beauty of the body is subordinate to it and comes after."

"Stay but one moment, gracious lady," I cried; "tell me but two things more. May I tell the dwellers on the earth the secret you have told me?"

She smiled and said : " Tell it to such as understand."

" And tell me why you dwell at the end of the wilderness, so that with so much pain I sought you."

She said : " Because all true knowledge is hard to seek after, and only they who endure and persevere can obtain it."

Then the lady vanished and the garden too, and I found myself at home again in the world of reality. And I told my secret to one I loved, but he laughed at me.

And a voice said in my heart : " Tell it to those only that understand."

And I answered : " But who are they ? "

The voice said : " Seek them out with diligence and you shall find them though they be few."

MARGARITA YATES.

## WILLIAM LAW, AN ENGLISH MYSTIC OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Two or three years ago I happened to come across the works of William Law, and in view of the articles on Boehme now appearing in *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW*, it seems not altogether inopportune to call the attention of readers to the later writings of this English mystic, who is thought by some to have opened out to the capacities of a wider circle of students " the riches and wonders,"—" the seeds and birth of universal truth,"—to be found in Boehme.

For Law had at his command the power of words, he was therefore able to take what has been called " the dark riddle-writing,"—" the mystic incommunicableness,"—of the master, and, in some degree, set it forth in syllables assuredly not wanting in fire and inspiration.

But it is well to look to what he himself tells us as to this possibility of interpretation with regard to Boehme.

" He speaks to everyone," Law writes, " in the sound of a trumpet. And here to pretend to be an interpreter of him, or



make him fitter for our apprehension in these matters, is as vain as if a man should pipe through a straw, to make the sound of a trumpet better heard by us" (*The Way to Divine Knowledge*, p. 196).

And again (pp. 188-9): "Would you know the truths of Jacob Behmen"—words put into the mouth of Rusticus, one of the characters in this book, which is written in the form of dialogue—"you must see that you stand where he stood; you must begin where he began and seek only, as he tells you he did, the Heart of God, . . . and then it was that the Light of God broke in upon him. But you"—Academicus, another character—"full of your own reason, want to stand at the top of his ladder without the trouble of beginning at the bottom and going up step by step."

The suggestion as to the value of Law's writings, therefore, is not offered to those students who go direct to Boehme, but to those who, like the above-mentioned Academicus, desire to know something of Boehme, but also need something in the nature of a guide to the teachings.

"Though I have been reading for more than two years some or other of his books with the greatest attention," Academicus says, "and I everywhere find the greatest truths of the Gospel most fundamentally asserted, yet presently I am let into such depths as I know not where I am, and talked to in such new, intricate, and unintelligible language as seems quite impossible to be comprehended" (p. 188).

But even apart from any connection with Boehme, Law, I venture to think, will be found well worth reading on his own account by all those interested in the Christian form. There is, in his mystic books, the presentation of a very living Christianity.

Note what he says as to those who regard the *new birth* as a *figurative* expression and have no understanding of it as a real living process (*The Spirit of Love*, p. 18).

Again (pp. 116-7) the spiritual life is said to be "as truly a growth or vegetation as that of plants,"—"nothing but its own hunger can help it to the true food of its life."

Then the *atonement*. Rightly understood it has nothing to

do with the crude popular notion. It is that work of regeneration of which Law treats so thoroughly and so exhaustively. "Christ given *for us*," he writes (*The Spirit of Love*, p. 74), "is neither more nor less than Christ given *into us*. And he is in no other sense our full, perfect and sufficient atonement."

Law has sometimes been called *the English mystic*. Living at a time when thought bore the impress of Locke and Voltaire, when mystic tendencies or anything suggestive of hierarchy (note all that Law writes as to the Powers of Eternal Nature,—“the highest beings, cherubims, seraphims, all the host of angels and all intelligent spirits, etc.”) were out of court, when “morality” was regarded as “the essence of religion.”

The fact that Law’s mind was cast in this mystic mould was not calculated to bring him popularity. Nor did he gain in popularity by his enthusiastic recognition of Boehme.

Herein may be some explanation for the plaint of Dr. Whyte to the students come together for a study of Law’s life and works.

“The best books of Law’s contemporaries,” he says, “are all more or less known to everyone who loves books. *Crusoe*, *Gulliver*, *Homer*, and the *Essay on Man*, *The Spectator*, *The Tatler*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Analogy*, and the *Sermons*, as well as Southey and Boswell—but many not ill-read men have never read a single line of William Law. And yet it may with perfect safety be said that there are very few authors in English literature, if there is one, whose works will better reward readers of an original and serious cast of mind than just these wholly forgotten works of William Law. In sheer intellectual strength Law is fully abreast of the very foremost of his illustrious contemporaries, while in that fertilising touch which is the true test of genius Law simply stands alone. And then his truly great and sanctified intellect worked exclusively, intensely and with unparalleled originality on the most interesting, the most important and the most productive of all subjects,—the Divine nature and human nature, sin, prayer, love and eternal life. Certainly fame is like a river that beareth up things light and swollen and drowns things weighty and solid.”

Speaking for himself, Dr. Whyte says: “The study of this

quite incomparable writer has been nothing less than an epoch in my life."

Law lived between the years 1687 and 1761. King's Cliffe was his birthplace and also the scene of his later years, from 1740 onwards. We read that these were years given up to "inward calm and peace, to charity and devotion," to that "turning with all the will, the desire and delight of the soul to God"—to quote Law himself—which is the very essence of mystic devotion.

Of the master in whom Law found his finest and deepest inspiration it has been said that he was "healthily and beautifully wise." These same words apply equally well to the disciple when we find him at Cliffe quietly pursuing the daily path of life and in every way fulfilling his "own proper and immediate business therein."

For there was no lack of sanity and robustness in Law. He sought whole-heartedly to bring his outer life into line with his teachings, with that inner life which is to be found in all that he writes.

Of these writings of his there are nine volumes, all in all, and they divide themselves into three divisions, following the three main divisions of Law's life—the order of his development—the controversial, the theological, the mystical.

Those who desire to learn something of Law's outer life may be referred to a book called *William Law, Non-juror and Mystic*, by J. H. Overton. Also to a thick, closely-printed volume full of interesting mystic lore, compiled by C. Walton, and entitled *Notes and Materials for an adequate Biography of the celebrated Divine and Theosopher William Law, etc., etc.* Herein, amidst other matter, are gathered together all the facts available.

We learn that Law was called Non-juror because he refused to take the oath of allegiance to George I. On this account he was also debarred from holding a living, although he had been received into Holy Orders. He became tutor to Gibbon, the historian's father, and lived with the Gibbon family at Putney, where we are told many came to consult him and were hospitably received by Mr. Gibbon. He was there known, Overton tells us, as the "Sage of Putney."

Boehme tells us that he beheld the mysteries of which he speaks "in so faltering a tongue." "In my earnest and Christian seeking and desire," he says, "wherein I suffered many a repulse, but resolved to put myself in hazard rather than give over and leave off, the gate was opened to me that in one quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been many years at an university," etc.

Law seemingly speaks nowhere of having had such direct vision. Still in those peaceful days at King's Cliffe when he rose every morning at 4 o'clock for the purpose of study and meditation it may be that he too beheld.

The tendency of the mystic is ever to seek the world's secret within. To quote Law's own words, man has within him "the height and depth of eternity" (*An Appeal to All who Doubt the Truths of the Gospel*, p. 117). The one immortality with him is the *new birth*. Without it "the Christian scheme is but a skeleton of empty words, a detail of strange mysteries between God and man that do nothing and have nothing to do" (*The Spirit of Prayer*, p. 71).

"Thou needest not, therefore," he writes (p. 33), "run here or there saying where is Christ? . . . For behold the Word, which is the Wisdom of God, is in thy heart; it is there as a Bruiser of the Serpent, as a Light unto thy feet and Lanthorn unto thy paths. It is there as an Holy Oil to soften and overcome the wrathful, fiery properties of thy nature and change them into the humble meekness of Light and Love. It is there as a *Speaking Word* of God in the soul; and as soon as thou art ready to hear, this eternal Speaking Word will speak Wisdom and Love in thy inward parts and bring forth the Birth of Christ with all His Holy Nature, Spirit and Tempers within thee."

This mystic way, which according to Emerson is "difficult, secret and beset with terrors," this way of the saint, by whom "all men are commanded," Law shows us to be possible, to be real, because of the Eternal Word which "lies hid in each one of us as a spark of the Divine Nature."

It is the "root and depth whence all faculties come forth as lines from a centre," the "seed that has wrapped up within it all the riches of eternity."

Man himself becomes this path, for there is in him the triune nature of Deity.

“Can it possibly be otherwise,” writes Law (*An Appeal, etc.*, p. 79), “for if the creature cometh forth from the Father, Son and Holy Ghost as their created *image* and *likeness*, must not that which it hath from the Father be of the *nature* of the Father, that which it hath from the Son be of the *nature* of the Son, and that which it hath from the Holy Ghost be of the *nature* of the Holy Ghost? . . . For what else can be meant by the necessity of our being born again of the Word, or Son of God, being born of the Spirit of God, in order to our entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven? Is it not saying that the triune life of God must first have its birth in us before we can enter into the triune beatific Life or Presence of God” (p. 80).

“Ask not therefore” (*Spirit of Prayer*, p. 110) “how we shall enter into this Religion of Love and Salvation; for it is itself entered into us, it has taken possession of us from the beginning. It is Immanuel in every human soul; it lies as a Treasure of Heaven and Eternity in us . . . it will never leave us nor forsake us. Till with our last breath we die in the refusal of it. It is the Open Gate of our Redemption: we have not far to go to find it. It is every man’s own Treasure; it is the root of Heaven, a seed of God sown into our souls by the Word of God; and, like a small grain of mustard seed, has a power of growing to be a Tree of Life.”

And mark Law’s universal standpoint.

“God is one,” he writes, “human nature is one. Salvation is one, and the way to it is one; and that is the Desire of the soul turned to God. When this Desire is alive and breaks forth in any creature under Heaven, then the lost sheep is found. . . . Suppose this Desire to be awakened and fixed upon God, though in souls that never heard either the Law or Gospel, and then the Divine Life or Operation of God enters into them and the new birth in Christ is formed even in those who never heard His name” (p. 46).

“Difference of opinions or professions alters not the matter, it is the love of the world instead of God that constitutes the whole nature of the infidel” (*The Way to Divine Knowledge*, p. 152).

In his books Law shows himself to have been well read in both Literature and Philosophy. The mystic philosophy of Malebranche is said to have been a source of inspiration to him in his early manhood. This is easy to understand when we think of the teaching: "It is only God that we see with a vision that is immediate and direct," and the effect such teaching would be likely to have on one of Law's temperament.

The self-same mystic way is here again revealed. The gradual freeing of oneself from "the illusion of the senses, of the imagination, of the impressions caused by the imagination of others," and a turning towards those "ideas only which the Spirit receives in the union it of necessity has with the Word of Wisdom,"—"with the Eternal Truth, the Eternal Law and Order." As regards the general literature of mysticism Law writes:

"I thank God that I have been a diligent reader through all ages of the Church from the apostolic Dionysius the Areopagite down to the great Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray, the illuminated Guion and M. Bertot."

It was the German philosopher and mystic, Boehme, however, who most completely answered to Law's need. We read that it was somewhere between the years 1733 and 1737 that he first came across the master who was henceforth to fill his life. We have his own vigorous words to tell us what he experienced in this moment of such supreme importance to him.

"When I first began to read him," he writes, "he put me into a perfect sweat. But as I discovered sound truths and the glimmerings of a deep ground and sense even in the passages not then clearly intelligible to me and found myself strongly prompted in my heart to dig in these writings, I followed the impulse with continual aspiration and prayer to God for His help and divine illumination if I was called to understand them. By reading in this manner again and again and from time to time, I perceived that my heart felt well and my understanding opened gradually: till at length I found what a treasure was hid in that field."

It was this finding of his own teacher and master that fanned into flame the fire of mysticism already possessed by Law—that caused the seed planted by Malebranche in far-off undergraduate

days to spring up and burst forth into the fulness of mature growth. Boehme, Law regards as "the one original guide" to the philosophy of the new life (see *Spirit of Prayer*, First Dialogue). The two following passages are interesting, and may be compared with what H. P. Blavatsky says in the *Secret Doctrine* (vol. i., p. 536, n.e.)

"The illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, when he wrote his *Principia* and published to the world his great doctrine of attraction and of those laws of nature by which the planets began and continue to move in their orbits, could have told the world that the true and infallible ground of what he there advanced was to be found in the Teutonic Theosopher, in his first property of Eternal Nature; he could have told them that he had been a diligent reader of that wonderful author, that he had made large extracts out of him" (see *An Appeal*, etc.).

And again in *The Spirit of Love* :

"Here, also, that is in these three properties of the desire, you see the ground and reason of the three great laws of matter and motion lately discovered and so much celebrated, and need no more to be told that the illustrious Sir Isaac ploughed with Behmen's heifer when he brought forth the discovery of them."

We have already seen that Law was amongst the Non-jurors. This fighting quality shows itself in his early writings as a powerful controversial ability. Dr. Whyte writes :

"Little sympathy as I have with many of Law's earlier ecclesiastical contentions—as little as he latterly had himself—yet I cannot but confess to the strength of understanding, the ripeness of learning, the clearness of eye, and withal the noble seriousness of mind that Law discovers to his readers on his first appearance in the arena of theological controversy."

He goes on to tell us that Leslie Stephen, alluding to Law's debate with Tindal, the Deist, pays this tribute to him :

"The question raised is how such a master of English and of reasoning should have sunk into such oblivion."

One cannot pass on to the mystic period without just a glance at *The Serious Call*—the book by which Law is mostly known. It shows remarkable insight into human nature, and great power of imagination. The character sketches are masterly

productions and reveal many a humorous touch, as indeed do the dialogues of Law's later mystic works. (See *The Spirit of Love*, p. 99; *The Way to Divine Knowledge*, p. 192; *The Spirit of Prayer*, p. 52). Canon Overton, writing of *The Serious Call*, says :

“If any one could conceive—as one cannot—of Law taking part in such light productions, what admirable papers he could have contributed to the *Spectator*! Steele and Addison at their very best do not rise higher as humorists than Law did.”

In the prefatory advertisement to a book called *A Demonstration of the Gross and Fundamental Errors of a late Book called: A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, etc.*, we read that it was written after William Law had become greatly influenced by the writings of Jacob Behmen. This was followed by two other books: *The Grounds and Reasons of Christian Regeneration* and *An Earnest and Serious Answer to Dr. Trapp's Discourse of the Folly, Sin and Danger of Being Righteous Over-much*.

But the four books that seem fully representative of Law's mystic period and to sum up his teachings in essentials are (1) *An Appeal to All who Doubt the Truths of the Gospel or the Fundamental Doctrines of Christianity Demonstrated*; (2) *The Spirit of Prayer, or the Soul Rising out of the Vanity of Time into the Riches of Eternity*; (3) *The Way to Divine Knowledge*; (4) *The Spirit of Love, or the Full Birth, End, Truth and Life of Regeneration*. These books are sometimes called Law's “philosophical works.” *The Spirit of Prayer* and *The Spirit of Love* Dr. Whyte calls “truly golden books” and speaks of the dialogues (they are written in dialogue form), as having “nothing less than a Platonic depth and beauty.”

ELSIE GORING.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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IDEAS project themselves with the same force by which they are conceived.—BALZAC, *Père Goriot*.



## FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

## " SAMHAIN "

WE are face to face to-day with the difficult task of reconstructing the arts. In sculpture Monsieur Rodin has defied all convention, and stone loses its poise and solidity, and becomes a veiled phantasm; and in painting the Impressionists and the Pre-Raphaelites are rather two contending philosophies than two rival schools.

The standards of literature are less shaken by bewildering fluctuations, except in the one branch of the drama, but this branch manifests a remarkable activity, reviving ancient formulæ, and experimenting along new lines; its every single particular is at the moment the object of impassioned criticism. And certainly opportunities do not lack for contrasting the various forms of drama, and appraising the divers methods of its representation.

Drama has to-day set sail for many new shores, and has extended her boundaries by many golden regions; she has, on the other hand, become more aggressively commercial, and the time is not far distant, according to George Bernard Shaw's latest pronouncement, when theatres will become mere touting lobbies to big hotels, and will be thrown in for nothing and a trifle over to people who can afford the supper.

The dramatic current most definitely to be perceived in the swirl is the Irish National Theatre Movement. Isolated playwrights of various nationalities have given us plays of unusual excellence and significance. Mr. Lawrence Housman's *Prunella*, for instance, struck a new note in the literature of the stage. But his inspiration is obviously dissimilar to the inspiration underlying such a play, as, say, *The Admirable Crichton*. The Irish National Theatre, on the other hand, is homogeneous in its aims and ideals; it has created or discovered a little band of

playwrights to feed its needs ; and it stands, moreover, through the generosity of Miss Horniman, as the first endowed theatre in any English-speaking country.

The time is ripe for a restatement of its claims ; and very appropriately, Mr. W. B. Yeats, the High Priest of the movement, devotes the current number of *Samhain*, the occasional review he edits, to critical essays on the work and methods of the Irish National Theatre Society, and to the publication of two little plays of Irish life, one by Lady Gregory, and the other by J. M. Synge.

The essays throw out tendrils in various directions, and we follow these until they blossom into shadowy forests of trees, where it is sweet to lose the way. But they are no mere dreamy speculations ; there is solid substance at the core. Mr. Yeats's own views on the meaning and mission of literature in general, and of the drama in particular, are inevitably of greater interest than his incursions into the domain of the Stage-Manager, though the bringing of his theories to the test of practice gives results full of instruction.

Anyone who has witnessed the performances of the Irish National Theatre will realise how the soul is set free to follow the thought and emotion of the drama by the absence of tawdry distractions of scenery and violent gesture. "As long as drama was full of poetical beauty," says Mr. Yeats, "full of description, full of philosophy, as long as its words were the very vesture of sorrow and laughter, the players understood that their art was essentially conventional, artificial, ceremonious."

While fully allowing the importance in acting of ceremony and convention, it appears to the present writer that Mr. Yeats shackles too severely the voice of the players. After all, the voice has a different value from mere scenery, or even gesture. Restraint could be attained without the rigorous imprisonment he advocates, which indeed tends to make voice production mechanical.

Miss Florence Farr, who has, Mr. Yeats says, maybe the most beautiful voice on the English stage, and whose method of speaking verse has his whole approval, gave a recital recently at which she chanted to the psaltery poems of Mr. Yeats, transla-

tions from the Gaelic by Lady Gregory, and other pieces. Her methods, however, eliminated spontaneity—surely one of the most important qualities in art—and the delicate aroma of the poems seemed often to vanish.

In *East and West* Mrs. Boole tells how one time, when she was suffering from serious over-strain, she sat before a pile of coloured silks and let her fingers choose the colours and work them upon cloth without conscious direction. She thus achieved the amazing colour-glow of early Indian needlework, the secret of reproducing which has never yet been found. If the fingers may learn to obey the inner and greater self, why not the voice also ?

It will of course be remembered that the convention of the actor is practised with a view to emphasising the reality behind his portrayal. Stage realism blurs and veils the vital meaning ; but realism is as much Mr. Yeats's aim as the aim of the *impresario* who crowds the stage with railway-engines and race-horses.

In none of his writings does Mr. Yeats lay so much stress on the necessity for the direct study of men and women. Literature, he says, is but the praise of life ; a farce and a tragedy are moments of intense life. His whole essay is a war against phrases and generalisations,—against the loose acceptance of untested statements.

“It is the change that followed the Renaissance and was completed by newspaper government and the scientific movement that has brought upon us all these phrases and generalisations made by minds that would grasp what they have never seen.”

Perhaps no more glorious battle has ever been waged against well-established conventions than is waged by Bernard Shaw in *John Bull's Other Island*,—but how deep-rooted such convictions are may be gathered from the criticisms quoted by Mr. Yeats on the two slight plays published in this number of *Samhain*,—criticisms which are founded on the premises that all policemen are bad, and all Irish women chaste. It is a false party-spirit and an unwise patriotism that is afraid of the truth. We lose our freedom, Mr. Yeats says, because we look for the root of reality, not in the centre, but somewhere in the whirling circum

ference. We who are believers, he adds later on, cannot see reality anywhere but in the soul itself.

So Mr. Yeats and the *impresario* stand as prototypes of the two camps whose quarrel under various confusing names has shaken the world from the beginning,—the one contending that reality lies in matter, and the other in mind.

Bernard Shaw calls definitions “booby-traps” and Mr. Yeats confesses he has no love for them,—still, Mr. Yeats ventures on a definition of National Literature.

“It is the work of writers who are moulded by influences that are moulding their country, and who write out of so deep a life that they are accepted there in the end.”

He says that the Irish Theatre has confined itself upon practical grounds, and possibly for the moment only, to plays upon Irish subjects; but does he forget that above a certain plane nationality merges itself into something infinitely wider and greater and disappears?

Mr. Yeats's own plays, *The Shadowy Waters*, *The Hour-Glass*, *The King's Threshold*, performed by the Irish National Theatre, and *Where there is Nothing*, performed by the Stage Society, do not belong to any nation or to any time. Perhaps this is why Mr. Yeats is able to combat in this essay with so much wisdom and tolerance the somewhat narrow and local spirit which is a real danger threatening the Gaelic movement.

“There is no racial road to beauty,” says Fiona Macleod, “nor to any excellence. Genius, which leads thither, beckons neither to tribe nor clan, but only to one soul here and another there. . . . There is no law set upon beauty. It has no geography. It is the domain of the spirit.”

There is no racial road to beauty; still, some countries seem a little nearer the Way; sometimes we fancy there are signs that Ireland is one of them.

D. N. D.

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It is a brave act of valour to condemn death, but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Religio Medici*.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

SEVERAL papers have published an extraordinary account of a Welsh seeress and revivalist, a certain Mrs. Jones, of Egryn.

The account is written by Mr. Beriah G.

A Welsh Seeress Evans, who tells us that Mrs. Jones is an ordinary Welsh peasant woman, who for thirty-eight years has lived without being suspected of possessing any extraordinary gift (*charisma*, to use the language of the communities made familiar to us by Paul).

[But] within a fortnight she has converted practically the whole adult population of the district—her husband, to whom she had been wedded for seventeen years, being among her first converts, and all her neighbours following suit. The character of the neighbourhood has been transformed as by magic.

From the first night when she entered upon her public work, and up to the time of writing, her mission has always been attended by remarkable phenomena in the heavens and upon the earth. She has her special "star" in the heavens, which was never seen before her mission commenced, and the appearance of which is her signal to attend a meeting. Without its appearing she will not go; when it comes nothing will stop her.

\* \* \*

THE following account of Mr. Evans' personal experience in Mrs. Jones' company is one of the most extraordinary we have ever seen recorded in the columns of a daily paper, The Phantom Star and we reproduce it as given in *The Daily News* of February 9th.

When, after several hours' friendly chat with Mrs. Jones in her own house, I rose to leave, she stopped me with the remark:

"You had better wait that you may see the Light for yourself. It would be a pity for you to go back without seeing it"—just as though offering to show me her dairy, or pen of prize fowls.

I waited and saw.

After tea, having two miles to walk to the chapel where the service was to be held, it behoved us to be early on the move. Besides myself, there

were present the Rev. Llewelyn Morgan, Harlech, the Rev. Roger Williams, Dyffyn, and one other. Mrs. Jones came in dressed for her journey. Going outside, she immediately returned, remarking :

“ We cannot start yet, the Light has not come.”

Five minutes later she again went out, returning promptly to say :

“ Now we can go. The Light has come ”—just as though she said the cab was at the door !

The announcement was received with a perceptible tremor by one—the only unbelieving—member of our little company. We had just passed the level-crossing of the Cambrian Railway in the fields when Mrs. Jones directed our attention to the southern sky. While she yet spoke, between us and the hills, and apparently two miles away, there suddenly flashed forth an enormous luminous star flashing forth an intensely brilliant white light, and emitting from its whole circumference dazzling sparklets like flashing rays from a diamond.

“ It may be the head light of the train ? ” faintly suggested our doubting Thomas.

“ No,” was Mrs. Jones’s quiet reply ; “ it is too high for that.”

Even as she spoke, and as though in corroboration, the star made a sudden huge jump towards the mountains, returning almost immediately to its old position, and then rushing at an immense speed straight for us. Then came the unmistakable rumbling roar of the train approaching from the direction of Barmouth.

“ I thought it was the train,” came with a sigh of relief from our unbeliever.

False hope !

“ No,” was Mrs. Jones’ confident contradiction. “ That is not the train light, which has yet to come.”

And a second light, very different in character from the first, became as she spoke perceptible at some distance below the star, both obviously rushing towards us. As the train drew near the “ star ” disappeared. With a rush and a roar the train was past. But before our Thomas’ sigh of thankfulness at the disappearance of the “ star ” was well out the mysterious star reappeared nearer, and if possible more brilliant than ever. Then it vanished as suddenly as it had at first appeared.

“ Wait ! ” was Mrs. Jones’ quiet injunction.

In a moment, high up on the hillside, quite two miles away from where the “ star ” had been a moment previously, a “ light ” again flashed out, illuminating the heather as though bathed in brilliant sunlight. Again it vanished—only again to reappear a mile further north, evidently circling the valley, and in the direction for which we were bound.

\* \* \*

It is to be noticed that the account is corroborated by the straightforward giving of the names of witnesses of repute, and

The Blood-red  
Light

does not depend on the assertion of an individual. But Mr. Evans, who had spent several hours in the presence of Mrs. Jones, saw more than the others, and he thus describes his further experience :

So far the "Light" and "Star" had been equally visible to and seen alike by the five who formed our company. Now it made a distinction.

Having left the fields and proceeded some distance along the main road, all five walking abreast, I suddenly saw three brilliant rays of dazzling white light strike across the road from mountain to sea, throwing the stone wall into bold relief, every stone and interstice, every little fern and bit of moss, as clearly visible as at noonday, or as though a searchlight had been turned on that particular spot. There was not a living soul near, nor a house from which the light could have come.

Another short half-mile, and a blood-red light, apparently within a foot of the ground, appeared to me in the centre of the village street just before us. I said nothing until we had reached the spot. The red light had disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as it had come—and there was absolutely nothing which could conceivably account for its having been there a moment before.

"Mrs. Jones," I said—and this was the first intimation the three other members of the party had of what I had seen—"unless I am mistaken your Light still accompanies us."

"Yes," she calmly replied. "I kept silent on both occasions to see whether any of you had perceived it for yourselves. The first time you know it was white; but I have seen it sometimes blood-red, as you saw it now!"

I had not told Mrs. Jones what the nature of the Lights I had seen was; but no sooner had I intimated that I had seen the Light than she described the two appearances precisely as I have described them above, thus establishing beyond question the fact that we had both seen the self-same manifestation.

Those are the simple facts. I offer no comment on them. I only state what I saw.

The means whereby these manifestations occurred was, as we see, a peasant woman who for thirty-eight years had lived on a farm in close touch with nature. She feels the life-flows and obeys her feelings; she sees, and her sight intensifies her sense; she does not doubt because she feels and sees with the "sense." The doubting mind would dull this sense. But it is only after the passing through the passion of that doubt, that true Vision

dawns, and there is clarity throughout the whole nature,—mind as well as sense.

\* \* \*

FROM time to time we have received a number of cuttings referring to a series of experiments, conducted by Dr. Elmer Gates, which are claimed to demonstrate objectively the existence of the "soul." Such a way of stating the matter is, of course, a contradiction in terms, for the "soul" is *ex hypothesi* a superphysical something, and cannot be seen objectively. If, however, the facts are as stated, it may be that the Professor has succeeded in creating conditions whereby the "etheric double," which is a *physical* something, normally invisible, may be rendered temporarily visible. The latest account we have seen is to be found in *T.P.'s Weekly* for December 2nd, under the heading: "Can the Soul be made Visible?" and is as follows:

The Etheric  
Double

A strange sight was lately witnessed and testified to by the experimenters in the laboratory of psychology near Chevy Chase, Mass. We may term this sight a mere illusion, hallucination, phantom, or what you will; yet the fact remains that we have the testimony of most reliable and common-sense observers that something was seen—something not called up by wildest imagination, but evinced through the agency of hard, mathematically-exact science, which never lies.

Professor Elmer Gates, director in chief at the laboratory, has been experimenting with some light rays about five octaves above the violet, a form of "wave" energy similar to the well-known X-rays, but as different from them as they are from sound. This new radiant force is invisible when produced in an ordinary room. What Professor Elmer Gates did was to make it visible by throwing it upon a wall coated with a substance, the colour of which is changed by the action of the new rays in question. This substance is rhodopsin, which is the visual essence of the eye and sensitive to light, of course. The Professor extracts his supply from the eyes of newly killed animals. All known inorganic and inanimate substances, when under the illumination of Gates' new "light"-rays, become transparent. Unlike the X-rays, these new rays shine through metals, bones, and similar substances, which are placed between the tube emitting them and the wall sensitised with rhodopsin, and this without throwing any shadow or making the colour of the wall to change. Life, however, is opaque under these rays; living objects throw a shadow, which exists as long as life animates the object under examination.

A live rat is placed in a hermetically-sealed glass tube, which is held in



the path of the rays and in front of the wall sensitised with rhodopsin. As long as the rat is alive, then, it throws a shadow. On killing it, it is found to become suddenly transparent after a certain lapse of time. And now comes the strange phenomenon observed by the Professor and his assistants. At the very instant the rat becomes transparent a shadow of exactly the same shape is marked to pass as it were out and beyond the glass tube, and vanish as it passes upward on the rhodopsined wall. Two of Professor Gates' assistants ever they have marked this strange shadow in the full course of its ascension up the sensitive surface revealing it. The startling aspect of this phenomenon is that if this escaping shadow—let us term it an organism—could be so treated as to let us know if it possesses life, then we would, for the first time since Creation, have proof, however inductive, of the continuity of life after that which we call death has taken place. And this inductive proof is obtained through the agency of science, which inevitably must tell the truth. If you are now to see distinctly a certain shadow cast by a something emanating from the body of a rat, a horse, ay, a man or woman, at the moment of cessation of what to us is existence—something passing through all barriers made by man, and passing upwards into space—what shall you say this something is?

The troubled sceptic of Ecclesiastes says, "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" But the twentieth century may see further than any of the prophetic seers of the Old Testament, and this through science, that imaginative projection of certainties into the unknown. Professor Gates hopes to diagnose that organism, so we term it at present, which leaves the dying rat, and throws its shadow on the rhodopsined wall. Then biology and psychology will have projected across that awful chasm separating life from death, and the continuity of personality and identity after death may become scientifically demonstrated. Yet even the attainment of this may not necessarily demonstrate the immortality of man either as theologians instruct us or merely in an endless void; it may only prove that this life of ours continues somewhere and somehow beyond the control of this inherent factor of our present existence—death. Many of our scientifically inclined readers may ask, Why is the rat opaque when still alive in the glass tube? The best and easiest answer to this question is given by relating another experiment of Professor Gates.

He had a room lined entirely with sheet-lead. The lead was connected with the earth by means of conductors passing through a galvanometer sufficiently sensitive to measure the amount of electricity emitting from a person in the room. By means of this apparatus he has shown that the body has its every muscle and nerve electrically excited whenever exercised. If you lift up your arm, and keep the muscles of it taut and tense, they give off more electricity than when at rest. During the exercise of the mind, too, there are electric discharges into the surrounding atmosphere; hypnotism obtains through them. In every living thing there are electrical waves hurrying in

all directions through muscle and nerve. But light waves, which also are electrical, cannot penetrate electrical impulses such as even a live rat throws off, but are baffled, turned aside. Hence it is the animal, while alive in the tube, remains opaque.

We should be much obliged if any of our colleagues in America would furnish us with a first hand report of these experiments as given by the experimenters themselves, if such an account exists, so that the *naïf* glosses of journalism may be eliminated.

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## THE HOUSES OF RIMMON

PROTINUS hærentem decerpsi pollice florem ;  
 Tangitur et tacto concipit illa sinu.  
 Jamque gravis Thracem et læva Propontidis intrat  
 Fitque potens voti, Marsque creatus erat.

OVID, *Fasti*, v. 253.

A NEW year is now beginning from the point of view of old Mother Earth, and significant changes have taken place in the character of the rites almost all over the world this month.

Symbols of death and rebirth and their mystic concomitant of initiation ceremonies meet us as we travel like a modern Fortunatus from Persia to Japan, and back again to a Jewish synagogue in western Europe.

February, the mystic and melancholy month, has been driven away by the more cheerful March, sacred to the originally mild and bucolic Mars, with his woodpecker, his wolf, and his spear ; Mars, born of flowers, symbolising the re-birth ever repeated in all living organisms. It seems almost, as one follows these primitive cults connected with the sun and the changing seasons which it creates and destroys alternately, as if Nature herself were trying to bind earth's children with her own moralising and mystic tie, by teaching them the necessity of constant death to the old, veiling in allegories the perpetual possibility of the new life, and illustrating in symbol the perfect goal.

When the New Year came for Ancient Rome with the 1st of

March; the Vestals renewed the sacred fire and the evergreen laurels were hung in the houses of the Flamens; and yet at the same time the strange figure of the priestess of Jupiter appears, a solitary figure in deep mourning. Her function we do not exactly know, but it is certain that sacrifice of human life was at one time a terribly realistic symbol connected with the welcome of the new-born spring.

We shall see this solemn figure again in May when the weeding out of the unfit is represented in dramatic rites amid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

The ecclesiastical new year in Jewry still retains its connection with the solar cycle and coincides with the vernal equinox, although the civil year does not begin till September 30th. After the many elaborate attempts to adjust their year to the sun they have adopted a system of cycles introduced by one Calippus and corrected by Hillel in 360 A.D.

According to this calculation it is now 5,666 years since Adam and Eve, and by means of the insertion of a thirteenth month at irregular intervals they manage to keep in relation to the seasons without ever being quite accurate. This year is one of the so-called intercalary years, the month of Adar occurring twice over. Veadar (or Adar 2) begins on the 8th of March. The Jewish almanac is therefore, it will be seen, a thing to be approached with caution. The only soothing thing about it being that the present system will be retained till "Kingdom come."

The Fast of Esther and Purim occur on the 20th and 21st of this month.

As it happens it is also the new year in Islam, March 6th being the first of Muharram 1323 A.H. In pre-islamic Arabia there was also an intercalary month, but it was made an occasion for a selection of orgies in connection with the worship of the Syrian Astarte, and was therefore cut out of the year by the Prophet.

The Sunnites, *i.e.*, the whole of Turkey and Muhammedan India, keep the 7th Muharram to commemorate the creation of "the world, the pen, fate and death." The Shiabs of Persia have ten days' mourning for the martyrdom of Hosein, a descen-

dant of the Prophet, during which time they indulge in the luxury of mortification to an extreme degree. Their era, by the way, beginning ten years later than that of Sunnites, introduces fresh cause for confusion in Islamic chronology.

A small and pathetic festival is observed in Japan this month called the Feast of Dolls :

Once a year from rich and poor  
 Come the dolls that never die,  
 Children's hands that nursed them lie  
 Out of reach of hope or fear,  
 Only dolls do death defy  
 Once a year.

It is a part of the curious belief of the nation that inanimate things can be given life by association with human beings. How many of us firmly believed this in our childhood! But even Japanese dolls wear out in time, and when they must be considered quite dead they are dedicated to the God Kōjin, a half-Buddhist half-Shinto divinity, who dwells in his sacred tree. In a little shrine by the tree are placed the small remains, but only after the death of its possessor.

Lafcadio Hearn says that he saw at a Dolls' Festival in the Governor's House at Izumo, dolls a hundred years old in their ancient court costumes.

Many other feasts and fasts there are in many lands—in temples standing cheek by jowl with each other, whose worshippers do not even understand each others' language, much less the significance of the others' rites and ceremonies.

What a confusion of tongues and a chaos of customs reigns on this little earth, whose many kingdoms, each so important in their own eyes, are but as so many little allotment gardens on a small mud-ball in the solar system!

When, in all the world, will there be but one religion?  
 When may we begin to write history that need not be re-written?  
 “*Ad Græcas Calendas!*”

ECHO.

## FROM MANY LANDS

*Contributors of matter under this heading are requested kindly to bear in mind that not only accounts of the general activities of the various sections or groups of the Theosophical Society are desired, but above all things notes on the various aspects of the Theosophical Movement in general. It should also be borne in mind by our readers that such occasional accounts reflect but a small portion of what is actually going on in the Society, much less in the Theosophical Movement throughout the world.—EDS.*

### FROM SWEDEN

FROM Helsingfors, Finland, where Theosophical activities are privately carried on, since the Government does not permit public meetings, we hear that much good work is being done, and that interest in Theosophical ideas is rapidly spreading. Since October last regular "social gatherings" have been held, with lectures and discussions. The attendances have been most encouraging.

The public meetings, in Stockholm, Copenhagen and Gothenburg, on Sunday forenoons, have proved very successful, as a great many people whose duties prevent them attending the evening lectures are thus given an opportunity of which they eagerly avail themselves. The membership of the various branches is steadily increasing, and the formation of new branches and centres is augmenting the strength of the Section.

The Swedish people are becoming more and more averse from the institution known as the "State Church," and no opportunity of divesting her of her time-honoured authority is missed. Prior to this year, for example, all educational matters were subordinate to the Church, but now, by Act of Parliament, it has been decided that the higher schools should have a special administration, independent of the Church. The board-schools, however, have not yet obtained this advantage, but public opinion is beginning to demand a change in the same direction for them. At a recent meeting of an association of students and workmen, held at Upsala, the following significant words

were uttered: "The Church is too far behind the common level of culture to retain her leading position in the administration of the schools. She is not able to see the discord between modern culture and the text-books she ordains. The religious text-books ought to be selected by the teachers in the same way as the other school-books, by free competition, apart from the confession. The education of our people must include religious teaching, based on the Bible, but devoid of confessional character. For these reasons the ministers of the State Church ought no longer to be the leaders of the education of the people. So much the more, as the principle of the 'State Church' will prove untenable in course of time."

#### FROM BELGIUM

In the early days of January, Dr. Hallo, of Amsterdam, paid a short visit to Brussels in order to help the members there in their work. By means of five lectures and conversaziones he tried to stimulate members and enquirers to undertake a more serious study of Theosophy. The movement in Belgium is not yet very strong, but promises well. Originally the interest in things Theosophic arose more from those attracted by the psychic and "miraculous" than from those with intellectual leanings. As a result of this one sometimes finds somewhat greater importance attached to psychic development and clairvoyance than is altogether wise or useful. But as members attain greater experience in Theosophic work, this phase will gradually find its right place and proportion to the whole, as indeed, is already the case to a great extent.

#### FROM HOLLAND

During the first years of the Theosophical Movement in Holland the greater part of the energy available had to be devoted to propaganda work, and in making people aware that there existed such a thing as "Theosophy." Nobody knew about it, or cared to know. Our chief difficulty was that we were ignored. Since then things have changed greatly, and nowadays most people are well aware of the existence of Theosophical teaching, which, however, they usually view with unfriendly feelings. It is remarkable to see how the more reactionary orthodox preacher unites with the more liberal clergyman in proclaiming the Theosophical system either worthless or dangerous.

On the one hand we are told that our chief conceptions are fundamentally at variance with Christian teachings; and, on the other hand, that all that is good in Theosophy is already to be found in

Christianity, so that our Movement is totally superfluous ! But both parties are preaching and writing against us, and thereby saving us a great deal of troublesome propaganda work.

The time when the Churches in Holland will introduce or suffer the introduction of the mystical element into their teachings would seem to be as yet far distant, and the courage of the Rev. Dr. Baehler is the more to be admired, for he has publicly confessed his faith in a Christ-principle, which not only enlightened the Teacher Jesus, but also all the other great religious teachers that the world has known. This principle, he says, never spoke more powerfully than through Gautama in India and through Jesus in Palestine. Many important teachings (amongst which he mentions reincarnation and karma) have been better preserved in Buddhism than in Christianity ; therefore, he says, Christianity would profit by going to school to Buddhism, *so far as such teachings are concerned.*

On account of this profession of faith, a movement has arisen in the Church to expel Dr. Baehler from the clergy as a heretic, and as one who has publicly preferred Buddhism to Christianity. In his defence Dr. Baehler argues that he has certainly not done this by saying that *on some points* Buddhist teachings might be superior to the Christian conceptions. However, Dr. Baehler's idea of the Christ-principle and of Christianity is so really mystical, broad and spiritual, that it is to be feared that the great majority of the clergy will not be able to appreciate it, and that the spirit of narrow-mindedness will prevail. Needless to say, the Dutch Theosophists are watching, with great interest, the further development of this case, as consequences of great importance to the Christian Church in Holland seem likely to ensue.

#### FROM GREAT BRITAIN

Since the middle of January the three Federations of London, South Western and Northern Branches have held their quarterly meetings. Mr. Keightley presided at the South Western Federation, and lectured on "The Life Web and the Permanent Atom," and on "Human Evolution." He continued his work in the South-West in a series of lectures in Bath, Plymouth, Exeter and Southampton.

Miss Ward presided at the Northern Federation, and in addition to her lectures in Harrogate made a tour of many of the Northern towns. The subject for discussion was "Evidences and Arguments for Reincarnation" and to this no less than thirty papers had been

contributed. It was of course impossible to deal with so many papers in a single afternoon, and they will be brought out in pamphlet form as *Transactions* of the Northern Federation. A concert given on the Sunday afternoon was in the nature of an experiment, and was undoubtedly felt to be a successful one. It departed from ordinary lines in introducing into its programme two short addresses on music by Dr. Crow and Mr. Van Manen.

In his presidential address Prof. Charles Richet, who succeeds Prof. Barrett as President of the Society of Psychological Research, claimed that certain of the "borderland" sciences, such as clairvoyance, telepathy, materialisation, etc., were worthy of a place amongst the "elect" sciences. He would help towards this desirable end by divesting them of such questionable names as "occult," "spiritist" or "psychical," and would propose for them the more fitting term of "metapsychics." He pointed out the need of a text-book for this science, showing the present state of the investigation, and expressed his belief that at a not distant time new facts would furnish some other hypothesis than those of purely human forces, spirits of the dead or genii and angels, as accountable for psychic manifestations.

*T.P.'s Weekly*, having already dealt with the subject of reincarnation, finds need to take it up again in view of the growing belief in this doctrine. And for this fuller explanation it sees the necessity of dealing with it, not as an isolated belief, but in relationship with those other Theosophical doctrines of karma, perpetual progress and the constitution of man, without which it cannot be properly understood.

X. Y. Z.

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IF your decision involve the happiness of another you know your own course; follow nature, and remember the soul is above the mind, and the heart greater than the brain; for it is mind that makes man, but soul that makes man angel. Man as the seat of mind is isolated in the universe, for angels that are above him and beasts that are below him are mindless, but it is soul that links him with higher beings and distinguishes him from the lower also. Therefore, develop it to the full, and if you have one who may serve for a personification of all humanity, expend your love there and it will orb from its centre wider and wider, like circles in water when a stone is thrown therein. But self-denial and self-disappointment . . . is even better discipline to the soul than that.—E. BURNE-JONES.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## PYTHAGORICA

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras and Other Pythagorean Fragments.

Selected and arranged by Florence M. Firth. With an Introduction by Annie Besant. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1905. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS well-printed and prettily got-up little volume contains the reproduction of well-known English translations of some *disjecta membra* of Pythagorean tradition. The translations used are those of Hall, Rowe (Dacier), Bridgman, and Thomas Taylor. The *disjecta membra* are those found in Hierocles, Democrates, Demophilus, Stobæus, Sextus, and Iamblichus,—a series of names widely deranged from the chronological standpoint.

The little volume has occasional headings of symbolical design and the reproduction of a head of the Philosopher in relief,—which we do not remember to have seen before; and we hope it will be the means of bringing back some memory of a great thing to the minds of many who otherwise would never take the trouble to go in search of the Mathēsis.

What thoughts are not stirred by a glance at such a book? How deep the neglect of what is of greatest value for the understanding of the birth of the scientific spirit into the world,—that such a book should be needed! But indeed the work of interpretation of the Pythagorean fragments in the Pythagorean spirit has still to be done, and we require new translations to begin with.

Let me illustrate this with reference to one or two of the “symbols”—or rather let Plutarch, an initiate into the mysteries of the Egyptians, speak on the matter, and let me dot some of his i's and cross some of his t's in notes which, though somewhat improper in a review, may be forgiven for this once. In his “sermon” (*logos*) *On Isis and Osiris* (ch. x.), the Priest of Apollo writes:

“The Egyptians say that Pythagoras was the hearer of

Ænuphis of Heliopolis. And Pythagoras especially, as it appears, having contemplated and contemplating,\* brought back to the memory of his men† their‡ symbolic and mysterious [art], combining the dogmas [of the Gods] in dark sayings.

“ For most of the Pythagoric messages leave out nothing of what are called the hieroglyphic writings§ :—for instance, ‘ Eat not on what bears two ’;|| ‘ Sit not down on measure ’;¶ ‘ Plant not phoenix ’;\*\* ‘ Stir not fire with knife †† in house.’ ”

Nor should it be supposed that such symbols were unknown in Greece before the time of Pythagoras,—for proof of which (one out of many) we will turn to Hesiod, who lived 300 years before the Sage of Samos. If we were to translate the saying we have in mind (*Op. et Dies*, 741 f.) according to the logical outcome of popular tradition it would run in everyday language: “ Don’t cut your nails on Sunday.” But let us turn to the text of Hesiod and translate according to the meaning of the words in his day,—or better still, going further back to their still more primitive or root signification,—and we get the following fair phrase :

Nor from five-branched at fire-blooming of Gods  
Cut dry from green with flashing blade.

\* *θαυμασθεῖς καὶ θαυμάσας*,—passive and active voice of the same verb, connected with the root of *θαῦμα*, generally translated “ wonder,” but meaning radically “ look at with awe,”—hence *θεωρία* (“ theory ”),—and hence the “ Platonic ” (? “ Pythagorean ”) saying: “ The beginning of philosophy is wonder.”

† *Sci.*, disciples, or “ Greeks.”

‡ *Sci.*, the “ Egyptian.”

§ Lit., “ letters,”—*sci.*, of a “ word ” or “ saying ” (*logos*).

|| *ἐπὶ δίφρου* (= *δι-φόρου*),—variously translated “ off a chair,” “ on a chariot,” hence “ on a journey.” “ That which bears two ” is that which both carries two and brings forth two at the same time; the *logos* is, thus, I believe, a warning against falling into duality of any kind, and hence an injunction to gain unity.

¶ The *χοῖνιξ* was a dry measure, the standard of a man’s (slave’s) daily allowance of corn. Hence, perhaps, in one sense, the *logos* means “ Be not content with your ‘ daily bread ’ ”; but it of course has many other meanings connected with the idea of “ that which measures,”—*e.g.*, “ Rest not on measure, but move in the immeasurable.”

\*\* *φοῖνιξ*,—means a “ Phœnician ” (opp. to an “ Egyptian ”); a date palm (as opp. to a pine); and a phoenix; in colour it was purple-red, purple or crimson. *φυτεύειν* means “ plant,” also “ engender,” “ beget.” The phoenix *proper* rose again from its own ashes; its colour was golden; its opposite’s was purple.

†† *μάχαιρα*,—was in Homeric times the technical term for the sacred sacrificial knife. The knife kills, and divides the victim’s body; the fire transmutes it and consumes it. This symbol is generally said to mean: “ Do not provoke an angry man.” But this leaves out of consideration the concluding words “ in house,”—as opposed to temple,—that is, perhaps, in one’s house as opposed to one’s temple within.

This ancient morsel of gnostic wisdom Hesiod has preserved, I believe, from the "Orphic" fragments still in circulation in his day in Bœotia,—among the descendants of a people of an Older Greece. I have translated according to the most primitive meaning of the words with which I am acquainted. In later days it was thought that "five-branched" was the hand, and that it referred to the prohibition against paring the nails, "cutting dead from quick," at a feast of the Gods, or in a temple.

If, however, I am justified in my version, we have in this "oracle" a link with a very early tradition in Greece, which in later times was revived by Neo-Platonists and Neo-Pythagoreans,—that is to say by Hellenistic Theosophy in its renewed contact with the ancient Chaldæan mystery tradition. The fire symbolism is once more before us, and the "five-branched" is man,—the lopped tree or stock. Cf. *Lk.*, xxiii. 31: "For if they do these things in the moist stock [A.V. green tree] what shall be done in the dry?" This *logos* was said by the Master on His way to crucifixion,—to His being hanged on the dry stock or cross.

G. R. S. M.

#### A "NEW THOUGHT" BOOKLET.

The Heart of Humanity, and the Growth of God in Man. By Sydney Hallifax. (London: R. Brimley Johnson, 1904. Price 2s. 6d.)

THIS is in many respects an interesting unconventional book, containing many acute reflections, and evidently written by one who is in the habit of hewing out truth for himself. It is always refreshing to find a man who does his own thinking. The motto on the title-page is good:

The seeds of Godlike power are in us still,  
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will.

All the same we have more than once wished in the course of reading these chapters, as one always does in reading deliverances of the "new thought," that their beautiful sentiments about spiritual life had a little more organic unity, and were based to a greater extent, as they well might be, on a solid framework of spiritual knowledge.

A few extracts from among the good things said—we give their

substance merely, for want of space to quote *literatim*—will illustrate for Theosophists what we mean ; thus :

The pouring out of life or love is the supreme method of uniting the heart of the object of it to the one who loves.

There is a profound inner union in all religions, pagan included.

There is no artificial distinction between time and eternity.

The life that is, and the life that is to come, are alike centred in the ego that is now and here.

There is no creed that does not contribute something to the sum total of our knowledge of truth. All creeds belong to me, rather than I to any one of them.

Nothing can be more gratuitous than to assume that man becomes a fully developed spiritual being suddenly possessing all the powers of mature spiritual manhood, without first having passed through the successive stages which have for their analogy the development of physical man from the human embryo.

The difference between a childish faith and the faith of a spiritual child is, trust with its eyes shut, and trust with its eyes open.

The uniqueness of Jesus' personality lay in his being able to say, truthfully and literally, " I know whence I am."

When the Apostle said : " Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," he was emphasising the fundamental conception that there are in man a number of planes of existence, as well as of thought and feeling.

To accept our destiny as union with God, is to enter into co-operation with the spiritual forces which draw us towards it. Thus we pass from death unto life ; and the soul experiences the truth of the newly discovered logion of Jesus : " Let not him that seeketh . . . cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder ; wondering he shall reach the kingdom, and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest."

Although climate, physical environment, and racial characteristics vary, yet the source of spiritual life in all climates is the same, namely, Love.

We rise on our dead selves as stepping-stones to our ultimate goal, and this ultimate goal, which is union of the human will with the divine will, does not mean the destruction of personality but the perpetuation and enlargement of personality.

" Not my will, but Thine be done," means really : " I pray that,

in me as an individual, not my life be lived, but that Thy life be lived." It is this which constitutes a Son of God.

The spread of Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism among races other than those that gave them birth, adds substantial proof to the organic unity of the psychical characteristics of mankind, and also reveals the continual variation and progression of the spiritual idea.

There is but one will of God—that man might know Him, and become like unto Him.

C. G. C.

#### AN ECLECTIC STOIC

Seneca: A Selection. By H. C. Sidley. (London: Bell & Sons; 1904. Price 1s. net.)

ALREADY in their series of "Life and Light Books," Messrs. Bell & Sons have given us reproductions of Long's translation of the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius and of the Discourses of Epictetus; they now present us with a selection from the writings of the third person of that philosophic trinity, in the translation of Aubrey Stewart, compiled by Mr. H. C. Sidley, who prefixes a short introduction.

It is pleasant to find these monuments of ancient thinking,—especially that phase of it which commended itself most favourably to the practical Roman mind,—appearing in a series that contains tractates by moderns on what is called in the southern northern New World the "New Thought,"—though such thought is as old as the hills,—for its older forms lend it a dignity which its modern expressions not unfrequently fail to achieve.

We believe that this is the maiden effort in literature of Mr. H. C. Sidley, and congratulate him on the choice of subject, and hope that he will continue to labour in this field with the industry he displays in the present small volume.

Ethic, the practical application of knowledge to life,<sup>1</sup> was the ideal of Lucius Annæus; logic and physic with those of the Porch were ever subordinate to this end,—a most excellent end for the life of man in the world. There was, however, among some of them knowledge of other phases and other combinations of the factors, for, strangely enough, the "Vision of Scipio" is Stoic,—practical within as well as practical without.

G. R. S. M.

## CAN ANY GOOD THING COME OUT OF NAZARETH ?

Empirical Essays. By a Cocksure—ahem! we beg pardon—By the Author of “Unthinkables.” (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; 1904.)

IT is delightful (in its way) to know precisely and categorically what we ought to think about “Rome, Jerusalem and an Ideal,” “The Ten Commandments,” “Karma and Reincarnation” and “The Higher Agnosticism,” which are the subjects of these lively papers; and still more satisfactory to find that, on the whole, we were right about them even before the Author finally settled the matter. For, of course, the highest testimony to his learning and intelligence is that, on the whole, he agrees with *us*! Nevertheless, “we have a few things against him,” as the author of *Revelations* puts it. The broad generalisations of the first two papers are not inconsistent (such generalisations never are!) with a good many inaccuracies of detail; and Bible criticism has done much work since our author made up his stock of convictions. To his capital summary as to Karma and Reincarnation our objection lies at the outset. A man who practically accepts the whole of H. P. B.’s teaching should not describe her as “a Russian adventuress who, however marvellous her powers and unique her personality, was a detected and self-acknowledged trickster.” The S.P.R. in its early and discredited days could think of no better means of rehabilitating its own position than by unmasking *somebody’s* tricks—no matter whose; and they selected Mr. Hodgson to flesh his maiden sword upon H. P. B. for this purpose. But then, they also consistently denied her teaching. But our author, who accepts her doctrine, should remember that “we do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles”; the Higher Powers (God, if you like it better) are not likely to have entrusted the secrets of the new light for transmission through so foul a channel as he represents it. It is his mistake—a blunder worse than a crime—to fancy he will gain from his readers excuse for his own eccentricities by calling H. P. B. names and talking, loudly and loosely, of the “vagaries” and the “foolish credulity” of Theosophists. Notwithstanding this fault, however, he is fighting on our side; and hereafter, with a trifle of modesty and somewhat of better manners added to his present qualifications, may do something to which we can give more unmixed commendation.

A. A. W.

## AN ASTRAL GOSPEL

The Life of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Master of the Cross and Serpent: Along with His Discourses to His Disciples, according to the Testimony of Saint Matthew the Apostle and Evangelist. Rendered from the Original Documents. By Holden E. Sampson. (Loudsville, Ga., U.S.A.; 1904. Price 2\$.)

It is difficult to know what sort of notice the admirers of this sort of thing can expect from a responsible reviewer, whose interest in the matter can only be the psychological and psychic problem presented by the minds of those who launch their revelation on the world as the *summum* of all wisdom vouchsafed by the highest authorities in the universe.

As students of such psychic matters we can easily believe that the writer or recorder of this astral experience is perfectly honest; we can quite believe that the astral counterfeit of an old professor of theology, Dr. Asa Mahan, one time Principal of Oberlin University, U.S.A., who had made an immense impression on the Rev. Mr. Sampson in his student days, should in these later times have appeared unto his former pupil; nor are we even astonished when we read: "Five years ago, in a strange country, and in the strangest of all manners, I once more met Asa Mahan. He came to me in Spirit-form. I knew him at once. He then told me that his name was 'Emmanuel.' From that time I have never known an hour of my life in which I have felt the absence of Emmanuel. He is with me as the immediate Medium, or Mediator, of the Light, Truth, and Wisdom; the Power, Grace, and Inspiration; by which I have been led onward and upward, to the very Heaven of Heavens, into the Presence of Jehovah."

When we read this we have no doubt but that the Rev. Mr. Sampson is honest (we have come across dozens of such cases)—but there's the pity of it all!

The idea that dominates the introductory psychic atmosphere is that there are libraries, hidden libraries, guarded by the "Magian Experts" where are stored up all the originals of the now terribly defaced scriptures of the Christians. Naturally Emmanuel has the run of these originals, and hence the restoration of the first Gospel to its true text—which judging by the contents of the volume before us must have been several hundred times as long as the *textus receptus*. Indeed the matter is nothing if not diffuse and involved, consisting

mostly of the exposition of an elaborated neo-gnostic scheme put into the mouth of Jesus.

Now we have not the slightest objection to the putting on record of all and every psychic experience, even the most fantastic, if honestly recorded; it is part and parcel of the content of the "astral" and often of the religious experience of mankind. But at the same time we contend that if this mass of impressions and emotions is not submitted to the control of the critical reason, "astralism" is an open door to madness rather than a short cut to true illumination.

Take up anywhere these 400 pages, on which so much labour and love have evidently been expended, and what is the general impression? It is that it is all most modern of the modern—impregnated throughout with all that medley of "new thought," "metaphysical science," etc., to which modern Theosophy has indirectly given birth, with all the tags and tatters of thought and phrasing that flutter in the Theosophic air of to-day, whether derivable from modern writings or from the revived interest in ancient theosophies.

But when we are solemnly asked to believe that all this was not only the substance, but the actual form of the original discourses of Jesus to His disciples, we can only say the subliminal self of the writer has got its time-periods mixed.

Open the pages anywhere and what do we read? For instance on p. 142 *in a discourse of Jesus, supposed to have been delivered 1,900 years ago* :

"Man has risen from the Cell-state to the Human state by the slow process of Evolution, which Philosophers have demonstrated by their observations and research in the fields of Physical Science."

And again in the same discourse :

"Therefore the Human Constitution is like a telescope."

Evolution and the telescope are somewhat anachronistic, to say the least of it, and should have made the recorder of these subliminal impressions pause and put to himself the question : If the time-periods and general style of "Emmanuel" are so anachronistic, may not the general subject and its importance be equally topsy-turvy when tested by the canons of connected reason, and mutually corrective human intercourse?

But we have little doubt that Mr. Sampson, even as he believes with all his heart himself in his self-revelation, and has not the smallest idea of the over-weening megalomania of his subjective consciousness, will get a number of simple and inexperienced folk new to



psychism to accept his new-wrought apocalypse as being verily from a region of pure light. Nay, there may even be a certain number of people who have ample opportunity to know better if they would only take the trouble to study psychic literature critically, who will be inclined to give credence to what in its last analysis is but the fortuitous arrangement of ideas in an astral kaleidoscope.

We do not, however, mean to say that the publication of such a psychic record is not of utility, for it may be made of great service by a discriminating student and will give him a very useful insight into the chaotic region of mixed apocalyptic and its subtle dangers.

This "recovered Gospel" is evidently intended as the scripture of a new religious movement, and it will be interesting to see what success it meets with, for there is nothing of this kind that has not so far met with some measure of notice and following from certain classes, in the United States, whose nervous organisation is marvellously responsive to every kind of psychic stimulus. The text throughout is filled with the highest claims of authority and the promise of the revelation of the supremest mysteries, especially to those who can believe that "intellect and reason is a disease" (p. 141) and that "inspiration, intuition and instinct" (p. 150) are the only safe guides of "abnormal" humanity to restore them to their original Adamic state of purity, beauty and wisdom.

G. R. S. M.

#### A GLEANER OF WRECKAGE

Introspective Essays. By Grace A. Murray. (London: Elliot Stock; 1904. Price 5s. net.)

IN one of his *Leaves of Grass*, Walt Whitman tells how he walked by the shores of Paumanok, and watched the sediment cast up by the sea-ripples,—“chaff, straw, splinters of wood, weeds and the sea-gluten”; and he thought how he and his poems, “me and mine,” signified at the utmost but “a little washed up drift . . . buoyed hither from many moods, one contradicting another, from the storm, the long calm, the darkness, the swell.”

The shores of thought are strewn to-day with the wreckage of philosophy and creed, and many earnest thinkers wander along them bewildered by the immensities and mysteries that press in on every side. “Whoever you are,” they say with Walt Whitman, “we too lie in drifts at your feet.” Some pick up the broken fragments, and

strive to piece them together into a raft serviceable for a short and perilous adventure ; to some the ocean itself whispers strange consolations, and they listen to it and ask no more ; others see on the horizon the distant gleam of lands they have traversed in the far past, and away in the future the gleam of more glorious adventure.

The writer of this little book of *Introspective Essays* belongs to the class of mind that seeks to collect salvage from the wrecks. The Essays are, as she calls them in her preface, "mere fragments," and she claims that they contain "a mingling of idealism and pessimism, of faith and unfaith ; but in the latter case there is no mocking spirit." We see her groping laboriously, hesitating over this piece of driftwood and that, and finally building up on somewhat familiar lines a shelter from the devastations of doubt. Her subjects cover a wide field ; she touches upon Truth, Illusion and Disillusion, Sympathy, the Finite and the Infinite, Nature ; but, as was to be expected from her method, her little pieces lack illumination,—lack even that individuality whose chief interest to her is "the magnetic power of attracting attention." We do not quite see the reason for her rejections and choices ; we do not understand why the shelter she has made for herself should appear securer than those she has passed by. In her note on the Finite and the Infinite, she puts aside mental religion as unsatisfying to the emotions ; the belief in reincarnation, she says, cannot touch the heart ; and extreme Evangelical views are repellent to her. Here in her own words is the structure of faith she rears : "To some of us who dig down deeper—yet perhaps not too deep—and with a greater earnestness, very different thoughts come. They picture a God, worn and weary with long strife, battling against a very powerful and a very determined foe, climbing to victory very slowly, very painfully, His great idea of conquest being to save mankind and bring them eventually to another life far away from the sorrowful one hitherto known."

It does not appear to us that Miss Murray has dug too deep. We think that she sees only fragments, and sometimes unessential fragments, of the huge systems of philosophy and religion she touches upon, "scum, scales from shining rocks, leaves of salt lettuce left by the tide."

But it is only given to a few to find the real treasure on those shores, hoarse and sibilant "where the fierce old Mother endlessly cries for her castaways."

D. N. D.

## ENGLISH ASTROLOGY IN FRENCH

L'Astrologie Exotérique et Esotérique. Par Alan Leo, P.S.A.  
(Paris : Publications Astrologiques, 9, Rue Jouvenet ; 1905.  
Prix 1fr. 50.)

THIS is a translation into French of four lectures delivered in London in 1899. Now that Astrology seems to be having a little "revival" of its own in France, owing to the discovery that horoscopes of members of the same family betray obvious similarities, Mr. Alan Leo has done wisely, we think, to give the "subtle-witted French" an opportunity of sharing in his ideas. The ordinary topics pertaining to the study of elementary Astrology are treated in Mr. Alan Leo's well-known fashion.

It being superfluous to praise a writer of Mr. Leo's reputation, there is, perhaps, no harm in pointing out that the defect in these lectures is the tendency of the author to dart off at tangents, merely pecking at questions which merit more drastic treatment. But this is, we believe, a tendency which Mr. Leo has himself recognised, and has taken some pains to correct in his later writings.

It is also thoroughly characteristic of the lecturer that he gaily waltzes in where we should think the very Lords of Karma would by this time fear to tread. We refer, of course, to Napoleon I.'s horoscope. Napoleon's horoscope is a standing astrological joke—the date itself, much more the ascendant, is in question. We are inclined, however, to agree with Mr. Leo's view. Browning's *Incident of the French Camp*, if historical, would seem to indicate that Libra, not Scorpio was rising, while the three splendid aspects to Mars from Jupiter, Venus, and Uranus, which obtained on August 15th, 1769, are all in favour of the orthodox date. "Soldiers, this battle must be a thunderclap!" absolutely demands strong aspect between Mars and Uranus, and if there were not one (the trine) already in existence, we should have to make one.

R. C.

## DU PREL'S LAST WORDS

La Mort, l'Au delà, la Vie dans l'Au delà. (Paris: Bibliothèque Chacornac ; 1905. Prix 3fr. 50.)

OF this, the last work of the lamented Baron du Prel, we spoke at the time of its first publication. We have now to welcome a transla-

tion into French made by a devoted member of our Society, Mme. Agathe Haemmerlé, and enriched with a portrait, and a brief biographical notice by Col. Albert de Rochas, from which we take the following :

“ The work of which we publish a translation is the last which appeared during Baron du Prel’s lifetime—as it were, the crowning of his career. It seems as if God had preserved his strength until the moment when he succeeded in reaching a full and complete conviction as to the fate which awaits us after death, founded upon the only evidence which can be admitted by minds brought up under the education of modern science. For my own part, I am certain that he lives ever, under a new form ; and that, as death has power only upon the physical manifestation of the soul, he is pursuing, on the other side of the tomb, the glorious work which Providence has assigned him, the hastening of the intellectual and moral evolution of humanity.”

We hope that this translation will make the work known to many to whom the German language is a difficulty, and help them to the author’s firm conviction of a life which does not cease at the death of the body. In his own words : “ As long as man remains in doubt whether he is a being physical and mortal, or a being metaphysical and immortal, he has no right to value himself on his personal consciousness ; and to limit himself to regard death as a leap into darkness is unworthy most of all of a philosopher, whose first duty is (as Socrates teaches us) to *know himself*.”

A. A. W.

#### MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*Theosophist*, January. “ Old Diary Leaves ” are this month filled with a journey to Ceylon. Next follows Mr. Leadbeater’s vigorous lecture, “ Vegetarianism and Occultism ” ; then Miss McQueen’s “ Faith as a Propelling Force in Evolution.” Kanno Mal has an interesting paper on “ Philosophical Jainism viewed in the light of Hinduism and Modern Science,” bringing forward the evidence that Jainism is even older than Buddhism, instead of being a mere offshoot from it in later times. Capt. C. Stuart-Prince gives a sympathetic study of “ The Religion of Japan.” It seems to us somewhat strange in an article by G. K. Ai entitled “ Sri and Christ ” to be referred for a criticism on the Advaita doctrine to a work by the Rev. H. Haigh ; surely a Hindu can find sufficient material for such a discussion without going to the Missionaries ! The desperate anxiety

for what is called a "Personal God" brings us into strange company all the world over; and it seems to us very needless. The writer himself has put quite well what can be said for his "Personal God"—and the "Personal Goddess" who so naturally and logically follows. The Report of the Convention is dealt with elsewhere.

*Theosophy in India*, January. Here the Editor, in looking back over his year's work, makes appeal for more contributors and more legible contributions,—two points on which all Editors on this side of the "Black Water" will heartily sympathise with him. G. P. discusses the remedies provided by Theosophy for the prevalent state of discontent; S. continues his exceedingly interesting study of Mantras; and adds a note upon von Suess' view of the formation of the crust of the earth, pointing out its closer approximation to those of *The Secret Doctrine*. This is followed by a very practical and useful paper on "Vairāgya" (or Non-attachment), by C. G. K., and by M. Venkata Rao's "Story of Chudala Sikhidhvāja."

Also from India: a good number of the *Theosophic Gleaner*; *Indian Opinion*, a weekly magazine published in Natal, from the English portion of which we gather (without any feeling of astonishment) that the Indians there feel that they have serious grounds for complaint as to their treatment by the whites; *East and West*, with much good reading, but nothing which specially concerns our Society; and the *Indian Review*.

*The Vāhan*, February. In this number we have letters on "Theosophy and Music," and the words "Our Daily Bread" in the Lord's Prayer; from E. J. C. a very beautiful prayer to Horus from the funeral *stêlē* of an Egyptian lady; and questions as to Multiplex Personalities, the relation of early Christian teaching to the Esoteric Doctrine, and a valuable reply from B. K. as to the Theosophical view of what Mr. Myers and his friends call Telepathy. We heartily concur with the statement that there is "great need that our seers should try to tell us more in detail the actual nature of their observations and experiences" on this matter. A single case, fully detailed and explained by one who can *see*, is of more value than a volume of system-spinning. Mr. Leadbeater, in *The Other Side of Death*, has done something of this kind as to a few of Mr. Myers' cases; but much remains to be done.

*Lotus Journal*, February, continues Mrs. Besant's lecture on "Womanhood in India," and Mr. Leadbeater's Travels in South California; Mr. Tovey's "Jacob Boehme" is concluded; Miss

Howsin gives an interesting summary of the highly mystic "Libretto" of Mozart's *Magic Flute*, and Esta furnishes a pleasant child's story of "The Snow Fairies."

*Bulletin Théosophique*, February, notices a letter of complaints against the Society sent with a resignation of membership, and replies to them, as a fair summary of reproaches often made. Shortly: "Theosophy disdains the Social Problem. . . . It goes so far as to approve war. . . . It is easy to talk of the necessity of reforming oneself when we are assured of a luxurious life by the labour of others. . . . With the doctrine of karma for a pillow, the Theosophist is absorbed in the cultivation of himself, . . . etc., etc." . . . Finally: "Why do not the Great Beings *prove* the superiority of their knowledge? I have only found in the Society claims on my *faith*, never additions to my *knowledge*." The grievance is to a certain extent well founded. The Society (not "sleeping" on the pillow of karma, but very much wideawake on it) does, and always will, refuse to be made the instrument of anyone's private "fad." It cannot be made into a Peace Society, a Vegetarian Society, an Anti-vivisection Society or a Socialistic organisation. All these are good for any of its members who feel themselves called to work in this way; but the Society itself is on the plane of the Providence "which sendeth rain upon the evil and the good"; it sympathises intensely with the sufferings of the oppressed, but also can be sorry for the infinitely greater injury done to himself by the oppressor. If anyone finds himself incapable of this *higher* toleration, the certainty of the "Great Beings" that all things, without exception, shall end in peace and love at the Kalpa's close, it is better for him that he *should* leave the Society, to work for mankind in his own way, perhaps a better one, but *not* ours.

*Revue Théosophique*, January. Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant furnish the contents of this number; but we are glad that space has been found for Mlle. Blech's charming "Theosophical Story." That the spots upon the White Robe of Innocence may be, in fact, the slow and secret working of the process of development of the gorgeous devices of the Robe of Glory, is a truth that fifty years back no one would have dared to hint—at least in England; but the world has moved far since then.

*De Theosofische Beweging*. We have to congratulate our Dutch brethren that they find themselves able to print and furnish to the members of the Section this substitute for our own *Vâhan*. In addi-

tion to full particulars of the work of the Section itself it promises to give a view of the Theosophical Movement all over the world. We wish it every success. Possibly, as the Federation shapes itself, this duty may be taken up by it, instead of being left to the individual Sections.

*Theosophia*, January, in addition to translations from Mrs. Besant and the inexhaustible study of the great Pyramid, has a quaint "Fantasy" on the Betrayal by Judas, from C. J. Schuver; and begins what has lately been called a "Review of Reviews," to be furnished by Dr. Denier van der Gon.

*Théosophie*, February, is wisely devoting much of its limited space to answering questions, starting with the very practical one: "Why have the Theosophical doctrines made so little way in our country [Belgium]?"

*Der Vâhan*, January. Here Mme. von Schewitsch continues her paper on "Universal Love." After a farther portion of "Old Diary Leaves," we have an unsigned discussion of the never to be finally decided question: "Did Buddha deny the existence in man of an individual Ego?" I suppose that we should feel it a compliment that a considerable portion of Dr. Currie's article in our December number entitled "Haeckel and Religion" is translated with the note that it seems sufficiently interesting to be set before Haeckel's own countrymen. "Questions and Answers," original and from the *Vâhan*, follow; and reviews of new books fill a larger space than usual.

*Lucifer-Gnosis*, December, continues Dr. Steiner's important study "How do We Attain the Knowledge of Higher Worlds?" also "From the Âkasha-Chronicle," and "From the Book of Adepts"; and translates "The Mysteries of Egypt," from Ed. Schuré's *Great Initiates*.

Also: *Teosofisk Tidskrift*.

*South African Theosophist*, December, reprints Mrs. Besant's lecture "Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?" and has a very sympathetic study of Japanese Ethics by Percy Sturdee, and a pleasant paper on Folk Lore, read by Miss E. Rogers before the Johannisberg Branch.

*Theosophy in Australasia*, December, has a lively collection of extracts under the head of "Outlook"; Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago Address on "The Work of the T.S.;" a story "In the Toils of the Tempter," and Questions and Answers.

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, December and January Here

the Editor very naturally quotes Mr. W. J. Colville, who says that New Zealand "is peopled by some of the most highly progressed men and women on this planet." That is intelligible, and no doubt many, in the Colony and outside it, will fully agree; but when we are assured, by way of news, that "the understanding of 'Lohengrin' and 'Parsifal' leads *directly* to the understanding of the Great Lords of Compassion," we hesitate, and doubt if the Hindu Pandits would recognise that as a step on the Path. The French ex-member who resigned because some one defended war in one of our magazines, should read J. H. S.'s paper, a very careful and valuable study of when and where war does, and must, come into the scheme of evolution.

*Theosophisch Maandblad* received; also *Fragments*, a new monthly which comes to us from Seattle, Wash., U.S.A. We wish every success to the publishers, in their aim to "bring into wider circulation the truths of Theosophy, presented in a simple and attractive manner." Their first number seems to answer well to this programme, and we hope they will go on, and prosper.

We have also received a reprint of "A Sketch of Theosophy and Occultism," prepared for the *Encyclopædia Americana* by A. P. Warrington, F.T.S. (Norfolk, Va.). We congratulate the Editors of the *Encyclopædia* for their common sense in placing this subject in the hands of a Theosophist. In England it would probably have been allotted to a clergyman—with the natural results. We congratulate *ourselves* that it has been placed in the capable hands of Mr. Warrington, who has furnished a brief but complete and well-written statement of the meaning of Theosophy and the history of the Theosophical Society.

Of other magazines we have *Modern Astrology*, of which we wish we were learned enough to speak more fully. Mrs. Leo's paper on "Jupiter the Uplifter"—"Some thoughts of mine to fellow students of the spiritual side of Astrology," as she describes it, is more within our reach and admiration; the Horoscopes we can only look on with the awe of the uninitiated; *La Nuova Parola*; *Mind*, from which we must rescue this "appreciation" of Mrs. Besant: "Always she is instructive, interesting, helpful. Her sincerity is evident as the granite upon which your hand rests. Her earnestness is like a rushing stream. Her poise like a calm lake. Her modesty is like the violet"; *Notes and Queries*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *The Crank*; *The Humanitarian*.  
W.