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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

EVERY month almost sees the coming to light of some new discovery or other which a few years ago would have been classed with the "superstitions" and "vain dreams" of psychic science by the conservative and orthodox expounders of the faith. For several years various striking and very peculiar properties, quite unsuspected hitherto, have been discovered in connection with the many kinds of "radiation" which substances of the uranium and polonium types have been proved to emit, and over a year ago the isolation of "Radium," as they named it, or at any rate of its salts, by Monsieur and Mme. Curie attracted a good deal of attention. But further research upon this most remarkable element has shown that it possesses a property which appears to mark it out as almost unique in the series of elements, though possibly now that attention has been called to its existence in this one case, fainter and less marked traces of similar properties may be found in other bodies.

The Mystery of
Radium

We almost seem to have gone back to the much-ridiculed *perpetuum mobile* of the ancients, or at any rate to have discovered a means of directly tapping the almost infinite energy of the ether, if that way of putting the matter is the less revolutionary one. Whatever may turn out to be their true explanation, the facts as described are sufficiently startling. The *Times*, of March 25th, gives the best general account of these new observations from the point of view of the ordinary reader, so we shall next quote it in full.

Radium as an In-
exhaustible Source
of Heat

M. Curie, a French physicist of the highest reputation and attainments, has made a communication to the Academy of Sciences which would have been received with absolute incredulity had it been offered on less unimpeachable authority. He finds that a substance of comparatively recent discovery, to which the name of Radium has been given, and in the isolation of which he has had the indefatigable and invaluable assistance of Mme. Curie, possesses the extraordinary property of continuously emitting heat, without combustion, without chemical change of any kind, and without any change in its molecular structure, which remains spectroscopically identical after many months of continuous emission of heat. He finds, further, that Radium maintains its own temperature at a point 1.5° Centigrade, or 2.7° on our ordinary scale, above its surroundings. To put the matter in another way, the actual quantity of heat evolved is such that the pure Radium salt would melt more than its own weight of ice every hour. Or, again, half a pound of the Radium salt would evolve in one hour heat equal to that produced by the burning of one-third of a cubic foot of hydrogen gas, and this evolution of heat goes on continuously for indefinite periods, leaving the salt at the end of months of activity just as potent as at the beginning. Radium has excited the keenest interest by its power of throwing off rays, vibrations, emanations, or whatever we may call them, which when received upon a sensitive screen of barium platinocyanide or zinc sulphide, cause it to glow with a phosphorescent light. Sir William Crookes, who has investigated this subject with the most brilliant results, gave a very beautiful demonstration at the meeting of the Royal Society last week. Viewed through a magnifying glass, the sensitive screen is seen to be the object of a veritable bombardment by particles of infinite minuteness, which, themselves invisible, make known their arrival on the screen by flashes of light, just as a shell coming from the blue announces itself by an explosion. According to the nature of the receiving screen, they show a mass of discrete scintillations or a diffused glow, very much as falling rain will cause a general wetness on one surface while it runs off another in drops. Though working with only a few milligrammes of the Radium salt, Sir William Crookes found that so extra-

ordinary is the output of these emanations that every vessel with which they come in contact, and even the fingers of the operator, acquired temporarily the power of exciting phosphorescence on the sensitive screen. Yet notwithstanding their infinite number and the ceaselessness of their emission, the mass of the radiating body appears to suffer no diminution.

Remarkable as are these photogenic properties of Radium, it is obvious that M. Curie has introduced us to forces of a totally different order of magnitude. Phosphorescence occurs in nature, as, for example, in the glow-worm, and in certain Bacteria, in conditions where the energy is absolutely infinitesimal as compared with what we have to expend to produce light. Hence the phosphorescence of a sensitive screen under the influence of Radium emanations does not necessarily take us beyond a region in which light is an accident of processes infinitely minute, though not on that account less worthy of investigation. But heat sufficient to raise the mercury in the thermometer by 2.7° , is a different thing altogether, and when the output of this heat is maintained indefinitely without any visible compensation to the heat-giving body, we are in presence of a physical effect which is not only appreciable, but considerable.

That effect must have a cause, for we are not to suppose that we have at last hit upon perpetual motion. Investigation of that cause is full of promise for the physicist. Apparently we have in Radium a substance having the power to gather up and convert into heat some form of ambient energy with which we are not yet acquainted. Other substances, mostly of high atomic weight, possess its radiant properties to a less well-marked extent, and research may prove that transparency to the unknown form of energy is merely a question of degree.

M. Becquerel gave a powerful initial impulse to the study of this subject by his discovery that uranium continuously emits some kind of rays or emanations capable of affecting sensitive plates.

It is calculated by M. and Mme. Curie that Radium is 500,000 times as powerful as uranium. The physiological action of the Radium emanations is very powerful, though time is required for its development. A small tube containing Radium if kept in contact with the skin for some hours, or even if carried in the waistcoat pocket, produces an open sore, by destroying the epidermis and the true skin beneath. Its effects do not, however, appear to extend to the subjacent tissues, and the sore remains superficial. On the other hand, Radium emanations act powerfully upon the nerve substance, and cause the death of living things whose nerve centres do not lie deep enough to be shielded from their influence.

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THE account given in *Nature* of the same week is less popular and somewhat more technical, but is worth quoting as contain-

The Account in *Nature* ing a minimum of inference and confining itself to a bare summary of the facts :

The investigation of the properties of radium salts has led to many remarkable results, among which those contributed by MM. P. Curie and A. Laborde to the current number of the *Comptes rendus* are not the least remarkable. These investigators adduce evidence to show that radium salts give off heat continuously. The experiments were made in two ways. Two small bulbs, one containing one gram of a radiferous barium chloride containing about one-sixth of its weight of radium chloride, and the other containing a similar weight of ordinary barium chloride, were placed under similar thermal conditions with one junction of a thermo-couple in each bulb. The bulb containing the radium preparation proved to be 1.5° hotter than the other, and this temperature difference was maintained. An independent confirmation was obtained with the Bunsen ice calorimeter. At the moment the radium bulb was introduced, the mercury, which was previously stationary, commenced to move along the tube with a perfectly uniform velocity, and on the bulb being taken out the mercury stopped. From these experiments, which are given as preliminary and only roughly quantitative, the authors conclude that a gram of pure radium would give off a quantity of heat of the order of 100 calories per hour, or 22,500 per gram-atom per hour, a number comparable with the heat of combustion in oxygen of a gram-atom of hydrogen. The disengagement of such a quantity of heat cannot be explained by the assumption of any ordinary chemical transformation, and this excludes the theory of a continuous modification of the atom. The heat evolution can only be explained by supposing that the radium utilises an external energy of unknown nature.

* * *

NATURALLY facts so startling and unexpected have called forth attempts at explanation, and equally of course there is no little difference among the doctors as to how the facts themselves should be interpreted. The first to venture into the debatable land was Sir William Crookes, whose own work and discoveries have had so much to do with the unveiling to the eyes of Science of the new regions into which it is now pushing its pioneering expeditions. Writing to the *Times* (March 26th), he says :

Sir W. Crookes suggests an Explanation

In the presence of a mystery like that of Radium any reasonable attempt at explanation will be welcome, so I will ask your permission to revive a hypothesis I ventured to submit to the British Association in my presidential address in 1898. Speaking of the radio-active bodies then just discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, I drew attention to the large amount of energy locked up in the molecular motions of quiescent air at ordinary pressure and temperature, which, according to some calculations by Dr. Johnstone Stoney amounts to about 140,000 ft. pounds in each cubic yard of air ; and I conjectured

that radio-active bodies of high atomic weight might draw upon this store of energy in somewhat the same manner as Maxwell imagined when he invented his celebrated " Demons " to explain a similar problem. I said it was not difficult so to modify this hypothesis as to reduce it to the level of an inflexible law, and thus bring it within the ken of a philosopher in search of a new tool. I suggested that the atomic structure of radio-active bodies was such as to enable them to throw off the slow-moving molecules of the air with little exchange of energy, while the quick-moving missiles would be arrested, with their energy reduced and that of the target correspondingly increased. A similar sifting of the swift-moving molecules is common enough, and is effected by liquids whenever they evaporate into free air. The energy thus gained by the radio-active body would raise its temperature, while the surrounding air would get cooler. I suggested that the energy thus gained by the radio-active body was employed partly in dissociating some of the gaseous molecules (or in inducing some other condition which would have the effect of rendering the neighbouring air a conductor of electricity) and partly in originating undulations through the ether, which, as they take their rise in phenomena so disconnected as the impacts of molecules, must furnish a large contingent of Stokesian pulses of short wave length. The shortness in the case of these waves appears to approach, without attaining, the extreme shortness of ordinary Röntgen rays.

Although the fact of emission of heat by Radium is in itself sufficiently remarkable, this heat is probably only a small portion of the energy Radium is constantly sending into space. It is at the same time hurling off material particles which reveal their impact on a screen by luminous scintillations. Stop these by a glass or mica screen and torrents of Röntgen rays still pour out from a few milligrams of Radium salt, in quantity to exhibit to a company all the phenomena of Röntgen rays, and with energy enough to produce a nasty blister on the flesh, if kept near it for an hour.

In conclusion, if it is not too much trespassing on your space, I should like to express the great admiration which I have, in common with all English men of science, at the brilliant discovery of Radium, and its unique properties—the crowning point of the long and painstaking series of researches on radio-active bodies undertaken by Professor Curie and his talented coadjutor, Mme. Curie.

ON March 30th the *Times* * * * published Dr. Johnstone Stoney's views on the matter, and as they bear somewhat closely upon those advanced by Sir William Crookes, his letter is also quoted here :

Dr. Johnstone
Stoney elaborates
the Idea

The mystery of radium, as far as the term mystery refers to the source from which the radium derives the energy which it dispenses, is one of a very large number of mysteries in nature, all of which may with probability be referred to a power which

nature possesses of making available the energy which is stored up in gases and liquids in virtue of there being differences between the activities of their individual molecules at each instant of time.

The molecules of a gas or of a liquid travel about with different speeds and they also differ in the activity of the events that are all the time going on within these travelling molecules.

Now some of the molecules impinge upon any body immersed in the gas or liquid ; and whenever those that are moving swiftest, or those of which the internal events are most vigorous, can produce an effect upon that body which the more sluggish molecules cannot produce—in all such cases energy is transferred from the adjoining air or liquid to the body immersed in it, and the air or liquid becomes cooler. What use shall be made of the energy so obtained depends upon the nature of the body acted on. In radio-active bodies it appears to be largely expended in emitting electrons, but also partly in radiations, some of which are ordinary heat radiations. In organic life it is employed in a multitude of ways ; root hairs produce root pressure ; in some bacilli the whole energy which they expend in producing organic compounds seems to have this source ; while throughout the entire of every organism, wherever there is living protoplasm, this seems to be one of the agencies which enable it to do work.

Energy can be obtained from this source only at a moderate rate. This is because the air or liquid from which the energy is derived becomes cooler in the act of yielding it up, and its warmth has to be restored to it by the ordinary processes of radiation, convection, and conduction ; accordingly the rate at which its warmth can be reacquired by these processes limits the rate at which it can persist, without diminution, in yielding up energy to the body immersed in it. This is a very suggestive fact in relation to the rate at which events develop themselves in organic life.

As my friend Sir William Crookes has referred to his use of this explanation in 1898, I may be allowed to refer to a paper published in 1893, in which it was also employed. See Proceedings of the Royal Dublin Society for January 18th, 1893, or the *Philosophical Magazine* for April, 1893.

A WRITER who signs himself ^{*} ^{*} ^{*} " Ignoramus " has tried to controvert Sir William's suggested explanation, but the dispute throws little light on the subject, as it seems in the

A Controversy main to rest upon misunderstanding of the nature of the explanation suggested and of the conditions it involves. Hence it does not seem worth while to follow it up, but some additional facts relating to the general position and relations of Radium in the scale of elementary bodies have been pointed out in the letter quoted below from Prof. William Ackroyd to the *Times*, and are worth attention :

I should esteem it a great honour to be permitted to follow the lead of Sir William Crookes in an attempt to reconcile, in however small a degree, the various facts which have been recently brought to light respecting radium compounds, and which have been the cause of no small amount of mental perturbation to the scientific world on account of their seeming paradoxical nature.

We are indebted to Mme. Curie for the fundamental fact that radium has an atomic weight of 225 ($O=16$). This figure has been accepted by the International Committee, and is published in their list of atomic weights for 1903. I would here point out that certain properties of radium compounds must necessarily follow.

In the first place, the element radium will be one of the rarest in the universe. The comparative rarity of pitchblende, the difficulties which have attended the isolation and purification of radium compounds from it by M. and Mme. Curie sufficiently attest the fact, and it is in complete keeping with the law of the relation of the atomic weights of the elements to their telluric distribution, to which I had the privilege of drawing the attention of the chemical section of the British Association meeting at Belfast last year.

In the next place, from the similarity of radium to barium compounds, as noted by the Curies, the position of radium will in all probability be found at the end of the vertical group of elements in the periodic classification which includes the metals of the alkaline earths, giving it a symmetric position with respect to thorium and uranium. But, let this be as it may, it follows, on account of its high atomic weight and as the terminal member of a group, that the compounds of radium must have a *maximum* of the X-ray absorption property, because in comparable series there is increase of X-ray absorption with increase of atomic weight. And, if the law of reciprocity of absorption and radiation be conformed to, then it further follows, which is the fact, that radium compounds must have a *maximum* of the X-ray radiative property.

The quality of X-ray absorption possessed by a radium compound to a greater degree than all other members of its group, and also to a greater degree than members of all other groups, is probably reinforced by another physical feature, to which I would draw attention, and that is its extremely low specific heat, a quality which one may venture to predict will contribute to a *minimum* of absorption of rays, other than X-rays, aiding in producing the *maximum* of radiant effect. To these points I would particularly draw the attention of physicists, as I believe they will help to explain away many of the seeming anomalies exhibited by radium compounds.

* * *

BUT what bearing, it may be asked, has all this upon Theosophy? Is it another instance in which H. P. B. has proved to be right

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when she defended some most heretical notion against the orthodox scientists of her day? Or does it illustrate any special teaching? At present I can only give a negative answer to these questions. Why then should a month's "Watch-Tower" be thus devoted to the chronicling of details concerning what many a reader will perhaps put aside as a mere curiosity of science? Because, it seems to me, radium is just one of those strange and rare facts in Nature which are so often invaluable, not for themselves, but because they forcibly call our attention to some principle, or some possibility which otherwise we should overlook. Personally, I confess that I do not see just at present to what these peculiar properties of radium point. But I do recognise that the whole of this new field of research into the spontaneous radio-activity of certain bodies is full of suggestions and most fertile in new insights into that tremendous problem—the nature of matter.

A great poet has told us of the flower growing in the crannied wall that if we but knew it in its entirety, what it is, stem and all, root and all, we should know what God and man is. To me it seems that the same thing may be said with even deeper truth of every particle of "matter." If we could know thoroughly and completely what any single particle of matter *really is*, and all that it involves of activities, relations and implications, we should know the secret of manifestation, the inmost heart of Mâyâ.



TRUTHS, of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as *so true*, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie *bedridden* in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE more consciousness in our thoughts and words and the less in our impulses and general actions, the better and more healthful the state of both head and heart.—S. T. COLERIDGE.



THE TALMUD BALAAM JESUS STORIES

(CONCLUDED FROM P. 137)

HOWEVER this may be, the Rabbis were convinced that the disciples of Balaam *en bloc* would inherit Gehenna, as we read in the tractate devoted to the "Sayings of the Fathers":

"The disciples of our father Abraham enjoy this world and inherit the world to come, as it is written [Prov. viii. 21]: 'That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance, and that I may fill their treasuries.' The disciples of Balaam the impious inherit Gehenna, and go down into the pit of destruction, as it is written [Ps. lv. 24]: 'But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction: bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.'"*

And if there should by any chance be still the slightest hesitation in the mind of the reader that Balaam in these passages equates with Jeschu, the following remarkable passage from the Babylonian Gemara should for ever set his mind at rest.

"A Min said to R. Chanina: Hast thou by any chance ascertained what age Balaam was? He answered: There is nothing written concerning it. But since it is said, 'Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days,' he was either thirty-three or thirty-four years old. The Min answered: Thou hast spoken well; for I have myself seen a chronicle of Balaam in which it is said: Thirty-three years old was Balaam the lame man, when the robber Phineas slew him."†

I am not quite certain what R. Chanina is here intended. R. Chanina ben Dosa was a contemporary of R. Jochanan ben Zakkai, who flourished in the last third of the first century; while R. Chanina ben Chama was a pupil of "Rabbi's," and therefore must be placed at the beginning of the third century; he lived at Sepphoris in Palestine. That this specimen of

* *Aboth*, v. 19.

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 106b.

Rabbinical exegesis, however, may be ascribed to the earlier Chanina in preference to the later, is suggested by the very similar passage in the same Gemara which reads :

“ R. Jochanan said : Doeg and Ahithophel lived not half their days. Such too, is the tenor of a Boraitha* : Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days. All the years of Doeg were not more than thirty-four, and of Ahithophel not more than thirty-three.”†

R. Jochanan flourished about 130-160 A.D. As it seems easier to assume that the splitting up of the “ 33 or 34 ” between Ahithophel and Doeg was the later development, rather than that the supposed ages of Doeg and Ahithophel should have been conflated into the age of Balaam, I am inclined to think that the R. Chanina of our penultimate passage is intended for the earlier Chanina. If this be so, and the story can be taken as genuine, that is as an old tradition, then we have an early confirmation from outside sources of the thirty-three years of Jesus at the time of his death. But to consider the wording of the passage in greater detail.

Laible translates Min as “ Jewish Christian ”; but it is difficult to believe that a Jewish Christian of any school can have referred to Jesus as Balaam, and therefore I have kept the original without translation. The academical answer bases itself on the three-score and ten years given as the normal life of man in the Torah. It is interesting to note that R. Chanina knows of no Jewish tradition which gives the age of Jeschu ; he can only conjecture an answer by means of a kind of Rabbinical *sortilegium* of texts. Wonderful—replies the Min—that is just what I have read in one of the “ Chronicles of Balaam ”—a Gospel story apparently. We can hardly suppose, however, that we have a direct quotation from this “ Chronicle ”; we have plainly a Rabbinical gloss put into the mouth of the Min.

Now Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron, was the priestly leader of the army of Israel which destroyed the Midianites, and slew their kings, and with them Balaam, son of Beor (Num. xxxi. 2ff.). But why should Phineas be called a “ robber ”

* A saying or tradition not included in the canonical Mishna.

† *Sa'iedrin*, 1066 (end).

(Aram. *listaa* from the Greek *ληστῆς*) as Laible translates it? Rashi explains this word as meaning "general" (*sar tzaba*), and we should remember that though *lista* is a loan-word from the Greek *ληστῆς* (a "robber"), it was with the Jews rather the title of patriotic leaders, of zealots for the Law, as Phineas was represented to be *par excellence*. The meaning is thus simple and clear enough, and we see no reason for Laible's conjecture,* that *Lista'a* is a caricature-name for *P'lista'a*=Pilate. No doubt it would be convenient somehow to bring Pilate into the Talmud Jesus stories, but as a matter of fact his name and every incident of the Gospel story connected with him are conspicuous in the Talmud by their absence. If *listaa* was a caricature-name, we should not find the combination "Phineas Listaa," but Listaa by itself. Otherwise we should expect to come across some such doubles as Balaam Ben Stada—a species of combination nowhere found in the Talmud.

There still remains to be explained the curious combination "Balaam the lame man"; but I have so far met with no satisfactory conjecture on this point, and am quite unable to hazard one of my own.† Laible conjectures that the epithet had its origin in the breaking down of Jesus under the weight of the cross or the piercing of his feet; but did the Rabbis know anything of what Laible presupposes throughout, without any enquiry of any sort, to have been the actual ungainsayable history of Jesus?

Finally, with a sublime *tour de force* of inconsistency, the Talmud gives us a story where Balaam and Jeschu are introduced together in the same evil plight but as entirely different persons and giving absolutely contradictory advice. This story runs as follows:

"Onkelos bar Kalonikos, nephew of Titus, desired to secede to Judaism. He conjured up the spirit of Titus and asked him: Who is esteemed in that world? He answered: The Israelites. Onkelos asked further: Ought one to join himself to them? He

* *Op. cit.*, p. 60.

† The article in *The Jewish Encyclopædia* says: Balaam in Rabbinical literature "is pictured as blind of one eye and lame in one foot (*San.* 105a); and his disciples (followers) are distinguished by three morally corrupt qualities, *viz.*, an evil eye, a haughty bearing, and an avaricious spirit."

answered: Their precepts are too many; thou canst not keep them; go rather hence and make war upon them in this world; so shall thou become a head; for it is said [Lam. i. 5]: 'Their adversaries are become the head,' *i.e.*, Everyone that vexeth the Israelites, becomes a head. Onkelos asked the spirit: Wherewith art thou judged? He answered: With that which I have appointed for myself: each day my ashes are collected and I am judged; then I am burnt and the ashes scattered over the seven seas.

"Thereupon Onkelos went and conjured up the spirit of Balaam. He asked him: Who is esteemed in that world? The spirit answered: The Israelites. Onkelos asked further: Ought one to join himself to them? The spirit said: Seek not their peace and their good away. Onkelos asked: Wherewith art thou judged? The spirit answered: With boiling pollution.

"Thereupon Onkelos went and conjured up the spirit of Jeschu. He asked him: Who is esteemed in that world? The spirit answered: The Israelites. Onkelos asked further: Ought one to join himself to them? The spirit said: Seek their good and not their ill. He who toucheth them, touches the apple of His eye. Onkelos asked: Wherewith art thou judged? The spirit said: With boiling filth.

"For the Teacher has said: He who scorneth the words of the wise is judged with boiling filth. See what a distinction there is between the apostates of Israel and the heathen prophets!"*

In the first place we ask who was Onkelos and why was he selected as the protagonist in this necromantic *séance*?

Scholars of eminence, though entirely without reference to this passage, have identified the name Onkelos with the Talmudic Akilas, the Greek Akylas (Ἀκύλας), and the Latin Aquila. The most famous Aquila in Jewish history was the translator of the Old Covenant documents into Greek, in a slavishly literal version which was held in the greatest esteem by the Jews as correcting the innumerable errors of the Septuagint version on which the Christians entirely depended. We are not certain of the exact date of this Aquila, but he is generally placed in the first half of the second century.

* *Bab. Gittin*, 56b ff.

Now Irenæus, Eusebius, Jerome and other Fathers, and the Jerusalem Talmud itself,* say that this Aquila was a proselyte to the Jewish faith. Moreover Epiphanius† states that "Aquila was a relative (the exact nature of the relationship denoted by the otherwise unknown form *πρωεπίδης* is doubtful) of the Emperor Hadrian, and was appointed by him to superintend the rebuilding of Jerusalem under the new name of Aelia Capitolina; that, impressed by the miracles of healing and other wonders performed by the disciples of the Apostles who had returned from Pella to the nascent city, he embraced Christianity, and at his own request was baptised; that, in consequence of his continued devotion to practices of astrology, which he refused to abandon even when reproved by the disciples, he was expelled from the Church; and that, embittered by this treatment, he was induced through his zeal against Christianity to become a Jew, to study the Hebrew language, and to render the Scriptures afresh into Greek with the view of setting aside those testimonies to Christ which were drawn from the current version on [*sic*, ? of] the Septuagint."‡

With Dickson, the writer of the article from which we have been quoting, we may set aside the account of Epiphanius as a theological romance to discount the value of Aquila's translation; he, however, preserves the interesting fact that Aquila was a "relative" of some kind of Hadrian, and this is strongly confirmatory of our conjecture that the Onkelos, nephew of Titus, and the Aquila of history are one and the same person.

With regard to the Talmud passage, however, in which Aquila plays the part of protagonist, it is not very easy to glean the precise meaning. Onkelos-Aquila is about to become a proselyte to Judaism; whereupon he seeks counsel from three of the greatest foes of Jewry according to Rabbinical traditions. These all are made to admit the pre-eminence of the Israelites, if not in this world, at any rate in the world to come. Titus, the plain Roman soldier, says that the Jews' religious rules and customs are far too elaborate, and advises his kinsman to make war against them; Balaam is less extreme in his views and advises a moderate

* *Megill.*, 71c. 3; *Kiddush.*, 59c. 1.

† *De Pond. et Mens.*, c. 14, 15.

‡ See article "Aquila" in Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Christian Biography* (London; 1877).

policy ; while Jeschu is made to regard the Jews as the chosen race, the specially beloved, the apple of Yahweh's eye, and urges Aquila to seek ever their good.

And yet the punishment assigned to these three by Rabbinical opinion is in exact inverse proportion to their hostility to Israel. Whatever may be the technical distinction between "boiling filth" and "boiling pollution," they are evidently far more severe forms of torment than the punishment of Titus, who is burnt simply without the added vileness of "fifth" or "pollution." Moreover that by "boiling filth" we are to understand something of the most loathsome nature possible, far exceeding even the foulness of "boiling pollution" may be seen from the statement that this "'boiling filth' is the lowest abode in hell, into which there sinks every foulness of the souls which sojourn in the upper portions. It is also as a secret chamber, and every superfluity, in which there is no spark of holiness, falls thereinto. For this reason it is called 'boiling filth,' according to the mysterious words of Is. xxviii. 8: 'There is so much vomit and filthiness, that there is no place clean,' as it is said in Is. xxx. 52: 'Thou shalt call it filth.'"*

And the reason that this "boiling filth" was chosen by the Rabbis as the punishment of Jeschu is to be seen in the following deduction ascribed to Rab Acha bar Ulla (who flourished presumably in the second half of the fourth century):

"From this [from Eccles. xii. 12] it follows, that he who jeers at the words of the doctors of the Law, is punished by boiling filth."†

What the text in Ecclesiastes is to which reference is made, I am not certain. It would seem to refer to v. 11, which runs: "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd," rather than to v. 12, which reads: "And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

And in connection with this the Tosaphoth add:

* Laible, *op. cit.*, p. 95, quoting from Eisenmenger, *Entdecktes Judenthum* (see for latest edition F. X. Schiefel's, Dresden, 1893), ii. 335 ff., who refers to *Emek hammelech*, 135c, chap. 19.

† *Bab. Erubin*, 21b, referring evidently to the last paragraph of the passage from *Gittin* 57, quoted above.

“ ‘Is there [Eccles. xii. 12] then really written לַבּוֹר (derision) ’? At all events it is true that he is punished by boiling filth as we are saying in Ha-Nezakin.*”†

Dalman‡ adds in a note: “The Tosaphoth mean, although it may not be allowed to derive this punishment from the words in Eccles. xii. 12, as Rab Acha bar Ulla does, *Erubin*, 21b, it is nevertheless true.” But how Rab Acha derived the “boiling filth” even illegitimately from this text is nowhere explained as far as I can discover, and I fear my readers are no less wearied than myself in following such arid bypaths of perverse casuistic.

The only thing we learn definitely from all of this is that Jeschu refused to be bound by the exegesis of the Rabbis and their decisions, and in this he seems to the non-Rabbinical mind to have been a wise man, if their decisions were anything like the one before us; whereas for the Rabbis this “scorning” of the words of their doctors was the sin of all sins, and therefore deserving of the greatest torment Hell could brew, and this for the Rabbis, no matter by what means they arrived at it, was the torment of “boiling filth.”

We have now come to the end of our Balaam Jeschu stories, but before we pass on to a consideration of what the Talmud has to say concerning the disciples and followers of Jesus, we will append a passage in the Targum Sheni to Esther vii. 9,§ which is exceedingly curious in several ways and deserves our attention.

The Targum, after relating that Haman appealed with tears to Mordecai for mercy but in vain, proceeds to tell us that Haman thereupon began a great weeping and lamentation for himself in the garden of the palace. And thereupon is added:

“He answered and spake thus: Hear me, ye trees and all ye plants, which I have planted since the days of the creation. The son of Hammedatha is about to ascend to the lecture-room of Ben Pandera.”

Tree after tree excuses itself from being the hanging-post of

* That is chap. v. of *Gittin*, 56b.

† Tosaphoth to *Erubin*, 21b.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 39.*

§ The A. V. reads: “And Harbonah, one of the chamberlains, said before the king, Behold also, the gallows fifty cubits high, which Haman had made for Mordecai, who had spoken good for the king, standeth in the house of Haman. Then the king said, Hang him thereon.”

Haman ; finally the cedar proposes that Haman be hanged on the gallows he had set up for Mordecai.

Here again, as in the case of Balaam ben Beor, we have as protagonist a character who was ever regarded as one of the most inveterate enemies of the Jews—Haman ben Hammedatha. With haggadic license Haman is represented as being in the midst of the “ garden ” in the midst of the “ trees ” ; and yet it is Yahweh himself (though indeed there seems to be some strange confusion between the persons of Yahweh and Haman in the narrative) who addresses the trees “ which I have ‘planted since the days of the creation,” and who announces that Haman is “ about to ascend to the lecture-room of Ben Pandera.”

The word translated by “ lecture-room ” is *aksandria*, which Levy in his *Wörterbuch* connects with *Alexandria*, but which Laible says* must be explained by *ἑξεδρα*, the regular term for the lecture-room or lecture place of a philosopher ; and certainly Laible here seems to give the more appropriate meaning, for what can Alexandria have to do in this connection ?

“ The lecture-room of Ben Pandera ” is then evidently a jesting synonym of the gallows, which in this particular case was not made of wood, otherwise the trees could not *all* have excused themselves. Here then again, according to Jewish tradition, Ben Pandera was hanged and not crucified, for the word gallows expressly excludes all notion of crucifixion. It is indeed a remarkable fact that the point which is above all others so minutely laboured in Christian tradition, the pivot of Christian dogmatics, is consistently ignored by Jewish tradition.

It is also a point of great interest for us in this strange story that the same or very similar elements appear in some of the forms of the Toldoth Jeschu, in which we find that the body of Jeschu cannot be hanged on any tree because he had laid a spell upon them by means of the Shem ; the plants, however, had not been brought under this spell, and so the body was finally hung on a “ cabbage-stalk.”

That there is some hidden connection between this apparently outrageously silly legend and the Haman haggada is evident, but what that connection originally was it seems now impossible

* *Op. cit.*, p. 91.

to discover. There may even be some "mystic" element at bottom of it all, as the "garden" and "trees" seem to suggest; and in this connection we must remember that there is much talk of a "garden" in the Toldoth, and that, as we have already seen from Tertullian (*De Spect.*, c. xxx.), there was some well-known early Jewish legend connected with a "gardener" who abstracted the body—"that his lettuces might not be damaged by the crowds of visitors," as the Bishop of Carthage adds ironically while yet perchance unintentionally preserving the "lettuce" and "cabbage-stalk" link of early legend-evolution.

As on the surface and in the letter all this is utter nonsense, we can only suppose that originally there must have been some under-meaning to such a strange farrago of childish fancies; we will therefore return to the subject when dealing with the general features of the Toldoth. Meanwhile the Talmud stories relating to the disciples and followers of Jesus must engage our attention.

And here we must break off this series of studies as far as the publication of them in this REVIEW is concerned. Had we known at the outset that the material would prove so voluminous as careful research and some unexpected discoveries have shown it to be, we should not have attempted to lay it before our readers in detail. These studies have now been running for a twelvemonth in these pages, and it would require about another eighteen months to bring them to a conclusion. The sequel contains much of great interest for the student of Christian origins, and some things that are astonishing even to one who has spent many years in the special study of this fascinating subject. The complete copy of the whole work is now in the hands of the printer. The studies which have appeared have been revised, and an Introduction added, and the chapters which have not yet appeared (most of them being of great length) are entitled: xii. The Disciples and Followers of Jesus in the Talmud; xiii. The Toldoth Jeschu; xiv. A Jewish Life of Jesus; xv. Traces of Early Toldoth Forms; xvi. The 100 Years B.C. Date in the Toldoth; xvii. On the Tracks of the Earliest Christians; xviii. Concerning the Book of Elxai; xix. The 100 Years B.C. Date in Epiphanius; xx. Afterword. The whole is entitled: *Did Jesus Live 100 Years B.C.?* An Enquiry

into the Talmud Jesus stories, the Toldoth Jeschu, and Some Curious Statements of Epiphanius—Being a Contribution to the Study of Christian Origins. The Theosophical Publishing Society will be the publishers.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE NIGHT OF FREEDOM

THERE was a rain storm at noon, and all day long the clouds swept fast across the sky. At sunset the wind dropped, and it was very still and warm. On the horizon the heavy clouds were purple; violet the low hills and the long curved coast line; purple was the sea, rich dusky purple, save where it was struck, through a rift in the clouds, with silver and faint amethyst fire. Where the sun had sunk the sky was gleaming with lurid flame colour, shading into rose-pink; flame and rose faded into green and saffron-yellow, and clear, pale silver-blue. In spite of the glow and glory of the sky, land and water were dark, the dusky air shone, dim misty violet, over the sea. On the top of the cliff was a brown stone house, backed by smooth green downs, where sheep-bells clanged softly. It was built round a quadrangle. Within the quadrangle were turf and terraced walks of yellow sand, with shallow stone steps, leading from level to level. There was a sundial, with a motto carved about its base:

I am a Shade; a Shadowe too arte thou.

I marke the Time; saye, Gossip, dost thou see?

There was a dovecote in the quadrangle, and a blossoming apple tree; the pear tree bloom was beginning to strew the narrow brown beds with milky petals; pear trees were trained against the walls of the house, and in the beds were planted flowers, the scent of which floated into the open windows. Violets were there, and nancies, and daffodils too, glimmering on the sight through the dim light of the passing day. Part of the house was a chapel; a light that shone within showed the tracery

and colouring of the stained glass windows ; besides, there was a bell to be seen, hanging in a little tower. An old dog, very old and stiff, walked slowly along the terrace, and a young cat, mad with the dusk and the smells of the night, raced wildly over the daisied turf, and leaped, lashing her tail, on the dial. The dash of her soft feet made no sound, as the rush of a dog would have done ; so that her elfish gambols did not break the quiet of the place. For this it was that chiefly struck any who might visit the hill of quiet, it was so still, so patient ; it seemed as though it were waiting—waiting in an eternal twilight, a twilight of the gods ; the sun, it seemed, could never rise upon the place, the waves never ripple in, aglitter in the morning light. Always it must be sunset there ; the sky ablaze, if you will, with the memory of what had been, but the land and water still and patient, in their purple dimness. There the promise of spring was a promise for a new earth ; it was not for the brown house wrapped in its tender quietude. Without the quadrangle, and before the house was a grey stone terrace built upon the very verge of the cliff. On the terrace sat a company of aged folk, both men and women, who had climbed this hill of quiet after long striving on many paths ; they dwelt in the brown house at peace, having learned a little of life, and willing to wait patiently till death should teach them yet a little more. In this house people admitted differences, rather than battled against them ; for these had done with strife, their fighting days were over. They knew how little a thing is the wisdom of the wisest, and the virtue of the virtuous, and the greatness of the great ; also they knew, though they had trodden very different paths, as shortly you shall see, that now, in their age, they lived side by side in the same brown house at last, and beheld the apple tree bloom year by year, and the green pears grow brown and mellow, and the doves nest and coo in the dovecote.

They sat together, these old men and women, and watched the violet shadows and the dimness of the sea ; and heard the soft hush-hush and be-still of the waves, and the sleepy, hollow clang of the sheep bells on the downs, and they talked gently and soberly of the things they had known, and of other springs when the earth had smelled sweet as now it smelt. At last they

began to speak of their hour of greatest joy, and some said this, and others that.

One of their number, a saintly man who had spent his life in succouring the poor, the sad, and the sinful, said no bliss could exceed that which he felt when, after bitter striving with a weight of evil, he beheld in vision the glory of the Lord flowing into his soul as a stream of cleansing waters, and washing away the stain of sin. Another, who was a king before he climbed the hill of quiet, said he did not know which, of two hours, held for him the greater joy; whether that in which he felt the crown of his fathers press his brow, and in his heart was lighted the sacred fire of the high office of the ruler; or that in which he laid down the crown and knew he should feel its pressure on his brows no more. Another said his greatest gladness was when, after much toil and puzzling, he gained a key to certain knowledge he desired, and perceived how to do a work he had undertaken. "For," said he, "though afterwards both knowledge and work seemed to me but little things, yet nothing could be greater than my joy when, by strenuous striving, I learned to know, and to act as need demanded."

And another said (for these people, so far as they were able, spoke truth among themselves, and were only deterred from perfect truth by imperfect knowledge) the greatest gladness was his when he beat down the guard of a man he hated, and sent a sword-thrust home to his heart. And another, this was an aged woman, said no joy could be greater than hers when he whom she wedded led her homewards on their wedding day; and, stooping, kissed her as they entered the porch of the house wherein they afterwards dwelt and reared their children. "This," said she, "save and except the hour when my first babe lay in my arms, was the happiest moment that, without doubt, could come to anyone."

One man of their number said nothing; he leaned on the grey wall; it was brodered all over with the little shining leaves and tiny violet mouths of a wee, wild climbing plant. He stared into the purple depths that lay below him, and listened to the others. He was younger than the rest; indeed he was so much younger it was strange he had won thus early to the hill of quiet.

The man who was once a king, who held as his royal birth-right a great and wonderful courtesy, asked of him which, in his judgment, was the most joyful hour of which they had yet heard ; he did not, for courtesy's sake, ask him of his own hour.

The man replied it was not possible, in his view, to speak concerning an unfelt joy.

"But," he said, "if my brothers and sisters wish to hear the tale, I will tell them of the hours which were to me the most wonderful of all the hours I have lived. And yet, when I tell of them I fear it will seem the idlest, simplest thing that was ever told, and nothing in the world ! Yet to me it was otherwise."

"Now tell us, good brother," said the king, "tell us of this hour of thine."

"Years ago," said the man, who gazed still into the violet depths of air, so that his voice came to them as though it were the voice of the sobbing, restless sea at the cliff foot, "years ago—and yet not so many years as you might think—I fell, through folly and sin, into prison. In my country the laws were severe ; a man who transgressed them might by no means escape the penalty ; he was thrown into prison, and held in very harsh bondage. He was given scanty fare ; hard work was his portion ; such men were forced to toil, sometimes alone, sometimes in gangs ; they worked for the State, and they were driven to their work by the lash of a stern taskmaster. This bondage might endure for a man's life, or for a term of years, according to the nature of his crime. This latter fate was mine ; and though, believe me, the law by which I was condemned was just and unfailing, yet the justice of these sufferings, which I freely admitted, did not make them other than very hard to bear. There was a great landowner in the South who had so rich a harvest both of corn and grapes that he applied to the State for enforced labour to help him to gather it. This was often done, thereby the State reaped revenue.

"I, and a gang of other men, were driven like cattle along the roads. We went a long way. The place where we were to work was far to the South. There was a large wooden house with a wide porch running round it ; therein lived the landowner and his family. There was a great empty windowless barn,

wherein we were crowded, to groan and stifle through the hot summer nights. On the third day the landowner said there was, beyond the vineyard, a patch of hard, unbroken ground, stiff with salt grass like wire, and this ground he wished to have ploughed. They bade me plough it; the ground was hard as iron, and dry with the fierceness of the sun. I was not used to the Southern heat; I thought I should die of it. They set me to that work partly because I was used to horses, but chiefly because I was then young, and also tall and broad-shouldered. They thought me the strongest man they had there; this was not so. I was unused to such work; besides, perhaps because I was young, I suffered more from the scanty fare than did the older men. I grew faint, giddy and sick; the heat reeking upwards from the parched earth and beating on my face, caused my head to throb and swim; when they called us to take brief rest and a little food and water, I reeled and could not walk straight. The owner of the land stood in the porch and looked at us as we came from our work. I lay down on the earth in the shade of the house; I could not eat, but I drank the portion of water that was mine. When they blew a shrill whistle to call us back to work, I staggered to my feet, for I thought I would sooner die by the stroke of the sun than bear the whip of the taskmaster.

“The owner of the land said to him: ‘If a man’s crimes deserve death, is there not the rope? Let him be hanged, and there an end! But if not so, then is there great lack of wisdom in killing him with toil. Set this man to work less hard, for this is more than he can bear. Moreover, in consideration of his weakness (for, even in claiming the due for sin, the strength or weakness of your sinner must be heedfully looked to), let him rest an hour or twain. He is ill, and goes in peril of his life from the heat.’

“They did his bidding. He told me to lie on the earth in the shade; also he drew water from the well, and gave me as much as I desired.

“The shadow of the barn stretched far over a little clover pasture; at the end of the barn was a pile of clover hay; I lay on it, and looked, half dazed, about me. The clover was thick of growth; it was bright green, with little purple blossoms;

small blue butterflies went skipping over it. To my right, and also beyond the clover, were the straight lines of the vines; beyond them the dry, salt grass that smelt of alkali earth and sun; further yet were the baked brown plains bordered by the foot hills of a great range of mountains. For a while in spring that land flamed golden with orange flowers, but afterwards the sun dried all (except here and there a patch of sunflowers, on the seeds of which the wild doves grew fat) save where the land was watered by ditches, when in truth it blossomed like a rose. A broad ditch ran between the vines and the dusty road; on the other side of ditch and road were acres upon acres of brown-yellow corn, ready for reaping. A little ditch ran between me and the clover pasture; upon the fence there swung a small bush-tailed burrowing beast, that looked at me with eyes like bright black beads.

“I was weak and weary with overwork; my muscles felt sore and strained. I shut my eyes and saw as one sees in a dream (and yet I dreamed not) a green garden which I call the ‘Silent Garden,’ because I never hear a sound therein, nor see a living thing. As I looked, it changed; it was a garden still, but full of winding waterways, reeds and grasses, and water plants growing in cool green hollows; the damp marshy smell of the place smote my nostrils. I opened my eyes and saw a black hawk hover over the clover; then I shut them and looked and looked and looked. At last I fell asleep.

“When I woke it was night, and a brown cow was eating the clover on which I lay. Whether they forgot me, and by some marvel did not call the muster roll, I do not know. Next day I paid the price of their carelessness, but that did not matter. I awoke: Free—alone—beneath the great sky wherein the pallid fire of the milky way shone as far as eye could see. I woke—and the whole sleeping earth was mine!

“By earth and sky, by moon and sun, yea! and by the God Who fashioned them, I swear, good brothers and sisters, it was worth pain and weariness, shame and sin, to feel that moment. It was worth it all. It was nothing—less than nothing—to pay as price for that night. I stood up, sore and aching from head to foot, yet quivering with the maddest joy, I verily believe, the

heart of man could feel. That night of nights I had my freedom as no free man of you all, brothers, ever had it. The first thing I did was to run ; it seemed as though I had never run before. There was a little salt breeze stealing down the valley from the far-off sea ; that breeze rippled past me as water ripples when, adrift on some quiet tarn in the mountains, you dip in it a lazy hand. I ran, and I ran, and I ran ; the little owls flew past, crying hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo. I ran between the vines and leaped over them laughing. I lay on the earth that was mine and kissed it ; I gathered handfuls of it and crumbled it in my fingers. I went to the great ditch that shone there under the stars ; stripped off my clothes, flung myself in, and floated down the slow, hardly moving current. When I had dressed myself I ran again, racing over the dark, silent land alone, as though I did not know what weariness meant."

"But why?" said a listener, with mild and patient surprise, "I do not understand. What was the use of these things?"

"There was no use in them. There is no use in the most precious things we do, save when they cause us to think of that of which they remind us, something which they try to show us. Sometimes the thing in itself hides so utterly from us that we seem to have nothing at all, save that useless thing which makes us think of it."

"If it hides from us thus, how can we be made to think of it?"

"We often think of things without knowing we think of them. That is the little torture devil that lives at the very heart of our thinking. 'Think! think!' says he, 'for I am thinking!' And when you cry out, 'Of what do you think?' he will not answer you, but only cries on: 'Think! think! For I think; guess the thoughts I think; guess the secret I know!' But I was telling you of my night. There was nothing human between earth and sky that night when I was free. For, as for me, I was not human. To be human is to be bound. For five hours of a summer night I was free; and it is my belief, though I did not know it, that for those hours I knew my very own secret; and if a man knows that there is nothing else he need know. The dusky quivering vine leaves, the water in the

ditch with the stars shining in it, the good earth, the ripe corn waving there, and the great purple-blue sky with its floating worlds, and its drifting white fire, these were myself, only I was more free than they. Surely I lived in these more—O far more!—than in this tired sick body, sore with the lash that drove me to work whether I would or no.”

“But did you not try to escape?” said the aged woman.

“Good sister,” replied the man, “I told you I was free. People who are trying to escape are not free. How can they be so?”

“But the next day was coming. The to-morrow.”

“There was no yesterday. There was no to-morrow. There was only—Now! And therein was freedom.”

“But very soon to-morrow would be now.”

“‘Now’ is a fleeting thing,” said the man. “See how it flies, my sister! You never lay hands on it. You hardly touch it with thought or with sensation. ‘Now’ is the past, almost as soon as it has ceased to be the future. This makes me think the ‘Now’ we hunt, and never realise as we touch it, is not the real ‘Now,’ but only the shadow of a changeless Now that hides alike in Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow. I think that in this Now of which I speak lies freedom; and a breath of the knowledge that this is and must be so, touched me the night I was free. And herein lay my joy; not in the idle things I did that night, which were but as a sign and a vain show. Thus, you see, to-morrow did not count. It counted very little even when it came, and they punished me because they had forgotten me.”

“But you might have escaped—you might have escaped,” said the aged woman and one of the old men speaking in a breath.

“And missed my night of freedom?” said the man. “You do not know what you say. Besides only a fool desires to escape; for only a fool believes it to be possible.”

“Yes, yes,” said the saintly man, softly and earnestly. “Our brother is right. We cannot escape. Only God can save us.”

“And yet,” said the man who had toiled to discover the best way to know and accomplish his work. “I think you might

have made a more definite, and, if I may say so, a more obvious use of your time than you did. You had nothing to show for your five free hours."

"That depends where you look for your gains," said the man."

"In my opinion," said he who once was a king, "you are all of you right in what you have said. I think, moreover, that if we had ourselves known a night of freedom such as our brother knew, we should be in a position to pronounce an opinion concerning it."

"That is true," said he who found his chief joy in killing one he hated, "this is the reason I do not now express an opinion touching the very strange and diverse things I hear the rest of you assert. There is much, however, in what our brother has told us that I understand very well."

"I thought you would do so," said the man.

Then through the violet air thick with the shadows of coming night, the bell of the chapel was heard to ring softly. The saintly man and the aged woman rose and paced slowly but gladly towards the house. One by one the others rose and followed. Last but not one the king went; he turned to look back at the youngest of those people who had climbed the hill of quiet; for he alone remained on the terrace, looking down where the foam made a ghost-like glimmer about the foot of the cliff, and dreaming of the night when he was free.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THERE is not a language on earth in which a materialist could argue for ten minutes in support of his scheme without sliding into words and phrases that imply the contrary. It has been said that the Arabic has a thousand names for a lion; but this would be a trifle compared with the number of superfluous words that would be found in an Index Expurgatorius of any European dictionary constructed on the principles of a consistent and strictly consequential materialism.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

A MODERN MYSTIC: GEORGE MACDONALD

(CONTINUED FROM p. 115)

DR. MACDONALD'S philosophy of nature is an idealistic pantheism; he sees with the eye of the poet, the mystic, the Kelt; to him Nature is but the garment of the Divine, and all life only modes of working of the hidden heart of Love. Some of his thoughts and descriptions are touched with that Keltic glamour, the very essence of poetry, which we feel as it shimmers for ever above those "casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn." Especially is this the case with his prose-poem, *Lilith*, which will be to any mind baptised ever so lightly into the realm of the imagination as an open door into a world shut off from the dreary noises of the strife of earth. Such a door, indeed, as that which the boy, Robert Falconer, opened out of the cold solitude and narrow asceticism of his own home to find himself marvellously in the midst of light and warmth and beauty, hitherto unimagined by him. There is, to be sure, not so much warmth in *Lilith*, it is a strange world lit by the eerie beams of a cold moon, into which entrance is won by that wonderfully constructed door, which has such a significance for Theosophists. The beauty and the weird charm of this world enfold something terrible, something that sets the heart aquiver and the nerves trembling, for the culmination of the mystic struggle between the forces of good and evil, for the solution of the half-understood mystery, which recalls the fascination of De la Motte Fouqué's wild tales. It is like the half-dread charm of the glacier, or of the Aurora Borealis. Yet ever beneath the wonder and the thrill is the sense of enfoldment in the arms of absolute power, of love wide as the universe, so that no mistake is ir retrievable, and failure but a momentary stepping-back in preparation for a firmer step forward. "The stars call to us out

of the great night, 'Love and be fearless.'"* The impression left on the mind of the reader of *Lilith* is of wider than earthly vistas, and a thrilling perception that: "The house of his own soul has such a door into the infinite Beauty, whether he has found it or not."†

Science and study, to the reverent mind, rob the great face of Nature of no beauty, still less of any mystery, whilst they add to it love and a deeper significance. It is a veil of the Divine, a veil which incites to aspiration and to a holy curiosity. "There must be truth in the scent of the pine-wood; someone must mean it. There must be glory in those heavens that depends not on our imaginations; some power greater than they must dwell in them. Some spirit must move in that wind that haunts us with a kind of human sorrow; some soul must look to us from the eye of that starry flower. It must be something human, else not to us divine."

So Nature has her share in awakening "the vague sense of need which nothing but the God of human faces, the God of morning and the starful night, the God of love and self-forgetfulness, can satisfy."‡

But, "I do not care a straw," says Ian Macruadh, the mystic, "whether one scene be more or less beautiful than another; what I do care for is its individual speech to my soul. I feel towards visions of nature as towards writers. If a book or a prophet produces in my mind a world that no other produces, then I feel it individual, original, real, therefore precious. If a scene or a song play upon the organ of my heart as no other scene or song could, why should I ask whether it be beautiful at all?"§

"Strange to think," soliloquises Malcolm, "that the sun himself is only a great fire, and knows nothing about it. There must be a sun to that sun, or the whole thing is a vain show. There must be One to whom each is itself, yet the all makes a Whole. One who is at once both centre and circumference to all."||

This sounds strangely familiar to students of the Vedas, as familiar as does the assertion that "the world is a thought of

* *What's Mine's Mine.*

† *Robert Falconer*, p. 185.

‡ *Paul Faber*, p. 326.

§ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 222.

|| *Marquis o Lossie*, p. 169.

God," and the dictum that "a man or woman is aged according to the development of the conscience."*

In the book where the last quotation occurs Dr. Macdonald is bound even less than usual by the commonplace of conventional life, and in it are to be found some of the most strikingly imaginative and mystical of his nature pictures, and symbolisms, as where he describes the horizon looking like "a void between a cataclysm, and the moving afresh of the Spirit of God on the face of the waters."†

Later in the same book the sight of a rider on a white horse, dimly seen in a storm, awakes the thought of "Death returning home on the eve of the great dawn, worn with his age-long work, pleased that it was over, and no more need of him."‡

It is with a kind of chastened pity that the flower-like heroine of this book speaks of those who "are afraid of loneliness, and hate God's lovely dark."§

These are the same souls who shrink from the idea of death; yet, says Dr. Macdonald, "no one can be living a true life to whom dying is a terror."

In *The Ancient Wisdom* Mrs. Besant concludes a description of the nature-spirits, "the fairies and elves of legend, the 'little people' who play so large a part in the folk-lore of every nation, whom science has coldly relegated to the nursery," by observing that "only poets and occultists believe in them just now, poets by the intuition of their genius, occultists by the vision of their trained inner senses." Dr. Macdonald, a poet confessed, an occultist, it may be, unconsciously, has this to say of the "little people." "All the powers that vivify nature must be children. The popular imagination seems to have caught this truth, for all the fairies and gnomes, the goblins, yes, the great giants, too, are only different sizes and shapes and characters of children."||

Who can fail to hear and feel the cold wailing of a wintry wind in reading the following description of the aspect of an old deserted avenue of trees? "When the wind of the twilight was sighing in gusts through its mournful crowds of fluttered leaves, or when the wind of the winter was tormenting the ancient hag-

* *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 31.

† *Ibid.*, p. 47.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 231.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 8.

|| *Alec Forbes*, p. 79.

gard boughs, the trees looked as if they were weary of the world, and longing after the garden of God in the kingdom of the tree of life."*

Thus beholding and loving the more inanimate kingdoms of Nature, what is Dr. Macdonald's attitude towards the kingdom next humanity, to the animals, to whom man is indeed as a God knowing good and evil, but mostly doing evil? This is the one theme, besides that of religious hypocrisy and bigotry, which moves Dr. Macdonald to out-bursts of passionate protest which come from the very depths of the heart. Over and over again he expresses his horror, his amazement, at the possibilities of cruelty inherent in human nature; over and over again in the most moving words he appeals to men to recognise their awful responsibility in this matter. "I count it," he says, "as belonging to the smallness of our faith, to the poorness of our religion, to the rudimentary condition of our nature, that our sympathy is so small with God's creatures. Whatever the narrowness of our poverty-stricken theories concerning them, whatever the inhospitality and exclusiveness of our mean pride towards them, we cannot escape admitting that to them pain is pain, and comfort is comfort; that they hunger and thirst; that sleep restores, and death delivers them. Surely these are grounds enough to the true heart wherefore it should love and cherish them—the heart at least that believes with St. Paul that they need and have the salvation of Christ as well as we. Right grievously, though blindly, do they groan after it. . . . I know nothing, therefore care little, as to whether or not it may have pleased God to bring man up the hill of humanity through the swamps and thickets of the lower animal nature, but I do care that I should not now any more approach that level, whether once rightly my own or not. For what is honour in the animal would be dishonour in me. Not the less may such be the punishment, perhaps redemption, in store for some men and women. For aught I know, or see unworthy in the thought, the self-sufficing exquisite may one day find himself chattering amongst fellow apes in some monkey village of Africa or Burmah."† And the possibility o

* *Donal Grant*, p. 230.

† *Paul Faber*, p. 228.

such a metempsychosis is further demonstrated in a manner recalling a well-known Platonic fable.

A little further in the same book mention is made of the animal, "in whom is enclosed a shining secret. . . The love of a living God is in him and his fellows, ministering to forlorn humanity in dumb yet divine service. Who knows in their great silence how germane with ours may not be their share in the groanings, that cannot be uttered?"*

Flaming forth from the very tenderness of the soul rushes out this cry as of a man whom the horrors of the world have set in fear of his own nobility: "When I see a man who professes to believe, not only in God, but in such a God as holds His court in the person of Jesus Christ, assail with miserable cruelty the scanty, timorous, lovely lives of the helpless around him, it sets my soul aflame with such a sense of horrible incongruity and wrong to every harmony of nature, human and divine, that I have to make haste and rush to the feet of the Master, lest I should scorn and hate where he has told me to love. . . May my God give me grace to prefer a hundred deaths to a life gained by the sufferings of one simple creature!"†

A prayer to which every true Theosophist will surely say Amen; as also to another and correlated thought, namely, that: "A cruelty which would have been restrained by the fear of hell was none the less hell-worthy."

This lovely charity, embracing all that creation which the world of men carelessly accepts as made for their convenience, existing at their pleasure, and annihilated at their will, shocks convention in its expression, as Ian scandalised Christina when he spoke to her of his dead comrade. "He was an old dog almost past work, but the wisest creature. . . We buried him in the hope of a blessed resurrection."‡

And yet has not Ian the right of it? May it not be true that: "The God who is present at the deathbed of a sparrow does not forget the sparrow when he is dead; for . . . what God remembers He thinks of, and what He thinks of *is*."§

Mere convention and superficial truth or falsehood, the virtues that come of a rigid conformability to respectability, mean

* *Ibid.*, p. 234. † *Ibid.*, p. 232. ‡ *What's Mine's Mine*. § *Ibid.*

so little to Dr. Macdonald that the characters he creates are continually springing new surprises on the reader by the ways in which they speak and act, and meet the crises and emergencies of their fates. Not what the voice of authority, still less what the dulcet tones of Mrs. Grundy, proclaims right and just, but always what would have been the thought, the act, of the Master, is the invariable guide in all situations; and on these lines the details of everyday life are worked out in a fashion which must be surprising to those Christians who are accustomed comfortably to shelve the inconvenient teachings of their Master as incompatible with the requirements of modern life.

The lovely soul of the little beggar baronet, Sir Gibbie, is shut from the noises of the world into a stillness which is the very peace of the Christ; some of the heroines of the stories move through a sea of troubles, not always undisturbed indeed, as the cold-hearted may be, but with a star-like serenity of soul that shines through the weakness and suffering of the body as the sun half hid by clouds. The original of Robert Falconer, according to Dr. Macdonald's statement "the noblest man he has ever known," is doubtless his inspiration in great measure for the transcendent purity of soul which his real heroes possess, and it is impossible to help feeling that he expressed a permanent mood of his own when he makes one of his characters wonder, "if she should ever cease to thank God that He had shown her what He could do in the way of making a man."

Yet idealism does not run away with Dr. Macdonald, he is absolutely honest in meeting the facts of life, and neither allows his judgment to be warped, nor his reason clouded, in a futile attempt to see things as they are not. He will see and proclaim the latent good in all, but he will not declare good to be a present actuality, which is only an unfolded possibility, and so he escapes the inevitable inconsistency and mental dishonesty of those who shut their eyes to the actual in the endeavour to believe that all is ideal. He speaks expressly indeed of this folly: "The folly of reasoning from the ideal when I knew nothing of the actual! The ideal must be our guide how to treat the actual, but the actual must be there to treat."*

* *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 108.

“The hill may be in Paradise and the people not, said the angel.”*

Equally with Ruskin, Macdonald is an apostle of the doctrine of work by which the material world is to be redeemed. The thought that labour, the honest beloved labour, of the hands and head, is the basis of the building of character, runs through every work he has written. Of one of his saintly cobblers—and Dr. Macdonald seems to have a preference for this trade, perhaps because it is one that conduces to thought—it is written that “He was as far above the vulgar idea that a man rises in the social scale by ceasing to labour with his hands, as he was from imagining that a man rose in the kingdom of heaven when he was made a bishop.”†

If such men seem unreal to us, who have found the world of men very different, we may at least thankfully believe that they exist, since “the thought of what is not could not come alive in the soul.” It is true indeed that, “Most men believe only in what they find, or imagine possible to themselves. But they may be sure of this, that there are men so different from them that no judgment they pass upon them is worth a straw, simply because it does not apply to them.”‡

There is written in one of the books a description of the kingdom of heaven which is so beautiful that it should be read in its entirety; the two following quotations form a part of it: “Understand that it is never advantage to himself that moveth a man in this kingdom to undertake this or that. The thing that alone advantageth a man here is the thing which he doeth without thought to that advantage. To your world this world goeth by contraries.”

And of the punishment of greed in heaven, the fate of the possible guest who might come in without the wedding garment, he has this terrible thing to say: “The angel of the Lord would smite him with a sword, and he would vanish from among us, and his life would be the life of one of the least of those living things that in your world are born of the water; and there he must grow up again, crawling through the channels of thousand-fold difference, from animal to animal, until at length a human

* *What's Mine's Mine.*

† *Salted with Fire*, p. 147.

‡ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 109.

brain be given him, and after generations he become once again capable of being born of the spirit into the kingdom of liberty.”*

This is the fate which we have heard of for the laggards of evolution, the terrible karma of failure.

The Theosophist who has to meet the reproach of the devotee of authority that the teaching is inconsistent, and without fixed canons, being explained with individual differences, and claiming no completeness, will take comfort in the following: “If I knew of a theory,” says Dr. Macdonald, “in which there was never an uncompleted arch or turret, in whose circling wall was never a ragged breach, that theory I should know but to avoid; such gaps are but the eternal windows through which the truth shall look in. A complete theory is a vault of stone around the theorist—whose very being yet depends on room to grow.”†

And again: “If we could once thoroughly understand anything, that would be enough to prove it undivine, and that which is but one step beyond our understanding must be in some of its relations as mysterious as if it were a hundred.”‡

The more these ideas are pondered the more significance do they gain, for, as Aristotle says, “the crown of perfection does not belong to the imperfect.”

Certain doctrines which are usually considered as peculiarly the property of Theosophy are by Dr. Macdonald illuminated with an ethical significance, and a divine intention, which redeems them from the dry bones of philosophical disquisition, making of them instead living examples of the methods of God-ordained evolution. Such is the doctrine of periodicity, or cyclic manifestation, of which it is said: “Our history moves in cycles, ever returning towards the point whence it started, but it is in the imperfect cycles of a spiral that it moves; it returns, but ever to a point above the former; even the second childhood at which the fool jeers, is the better, the truer, the fuller childhood, growing strong to cast off altogether with the husk of its enveloping age, that of its family, its country, its world as well. Age is not all decay, it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.”§

* *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 391.

† *Malcolm*, p. 296.

‡ *Robert Falconer*, p. 420.

§ *Marquis of Lossie*, p. 114.

“The shadow of a great truth” is what Dr. Macdonald calls the thought that, “all the discords we hear in the universe around us are God’s trumpets sounding a *reveillé* to the sleeping human will, which, once working harmoniously with His, will soon bring all things into a pure and healthy rectitude of operation. . . . To effect the blessedness for which God made him man must become a fellow-worker with God.”*

For “Sorrow herself will one day reveal that she was only the beneficent shadow of joy. Will evil ever show herself the beneficent shadow of good?”

Lowell put the same thought more definitely, for he says :

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of Truth.

“The very impossibility you see in the thing points to the region in which God works,”† says Macdonald in another place.

A problem which confronts those who have awakened among the husks, and are trying to turn towards the Father of Lights, is the contentment and well-being of those who have not felt the need of any Father at all, and whom the husks content. They are all around, the amiably selfish people, the people who are loving to their own, and kind to those from whom they expect kindness, whose satisfaction with material things is only disturbed by the longing for more material things, and whose harmony with environment engenders a serenity which makes them pleasant and valued companions. Whilst those struggling souls who have wearied of the lower without having attained to the higher, stand abashed and humiliated before the self-satisfaction of these, who claim themselves superior because of contentment with circumstances, and their ease among conventionalities. Even the measure of truth which the strugglers hold, and secretly feel to be the justification of their struggle, they cannot share with *this* neighbour, greatly though they desire to do so, for “influence works only between those who inhabit the same spiritual sphere.”‡

Why, they ask, sore of spirit, weary of being misunderstood

* *Guild Court*, p. 38.

† *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 396.

‡ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 462.

and misjudged where most they look for appreciation and sympathy, why must it be? Why is Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne? Dr. Macdonald enunciates the question, and the answer. "That those who are trying to be good are more continuously troubled than the indifferent has for ages been a puzzle. 'I saw the wicked spreading like a green bay tree,' says King David, and he was far from having fathomed the mystery when he got his mind at rest about it. Is it not simply that the righteous are worth troubling, that they are capable of receiving good from being troubled? As a man advances more and more is required of him. . . . Some are allowed to go on because it would be of no use to stop them yet; nothing would yet make them listen to wisdom. . . . A man unable to do without this thing or that is not yet in sight of his perfection, therefore not out of sight of suffering. They who do not know suffering may well doubt if they have yet started on the way *to be*."* And so we come back and get the grand full thought of the poet:

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne—
Yet the scaffold rules the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch upon His own.

"The recognition of inexorable reality in any shape, kind or way, tends to rouse the soul to the yet more real, to its relations with higher and deeper existence. It is not the hysterical alone for whom the dash of cold water is good. All who dream life instead of living it require some similar shock. Of the kind is every disappointment, every reverse, every tragedy of life."†

KATHERINE WELLER.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

AN hour of solitude in conflict with a single passion or subtle bosom sin will teach us more of thought than a year's study in the schools.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

* *What's Mine & Mine*, p. 333.

† *Ibid.*, p. 314.

SCIENCE AND THE SOUL

“IN the long story of man's endeavours to understand his own environment and to govern his own fates, there is one gap or omission so singular that, however we may afterwards contrive to explain the fact, its simple statement has the air of a paradox. Yet it is strictly true to say that man has never yet applied to the problems which most profoundly concern him those methods of inquiry which in attacking all other problems he has found the most efficacious.

“The question for man most momentous of all is whether or no he has an immortal soul; or—to avoid the word *immortal*, which belongs to the realm of infinities—whether or no his personality involves any element which can survive bodily death. In this direction have always lain the gravest fears, the farthest reaching hopes, which could either oppress or stimulate mortal minds. . . . The method of modern Science—that process which consists in an interrogation of Nature entirely dispassionate, patient, systematic . . . has never yet been applied to the all-important problem of the existence, the powers, the destiny of the human soul.”

With these words Mr. Myers, the major part of whose life was devoted to the investigation of the Problem of the Soul, along the lines and by the methods of modern Science, begins the Introductory Chapter of that *magnum opus*, whose publication, unhappily posthumous, will indubitably come to be regarded by the Science of the twenty-first century as marking an epoch in the onward march of man in attaining systematically verified knowledge of himself and of the universe around him. For it proclaims the definite capture by the advancing pioneers of Science of the first great outwork of that invisible world to which men's hopes and fears have been turned for untold centuries.

* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. H. Myers. Two vols. Longmans, Green & Co Price £2 2s. net.

It must not be assumed, however, that the Theosophist is in error in asserting the uninterrupted existence and unbroken transmission of an actual, verified Science of the Soul from the remotest ages. That Science exists to-day as it has ever existed; but it is still, as it has ever been, accessible and verifiable only to the individual whose evolution has advanced far beyond the normal standard of the time: for it is not and cannot be for many an age the property of the many, nor become an article of the market place or a teaching of the schools—save only in theory, in faith, in aspiration. For while the Science of our day may be mastered by sheer dint of brains and industry, that ancient Science of the Soul demands the possession of qualities and aptitudes far otherwise difficult of attainment, and to be acquired by the neophyte not in one life, however strenuous or laborious, but at the price of effort maintained through many successive incarnations. And although the Theosophist might, not without reason and truth, maintain that even the capacity to master and assimilate the Science of our modern day has itself been similarly acquired, still his position would indubitably lie open to the retort that, in assuming the existence of a soul which survives organic dissolution and its evolution through reincarnation, he is assuming the very points at issue.

And therefore—because for Science all things must rest on demonstration and be immediately verifiable by experiment—therefore this work of Mr. Myers is truly epoch-making, in that it constitutes an attack by battering ram and by sap upon at least the outworks of the problem, conducted by the methods and in the spirit of true scientific enquiry.

It is therefore fitting that the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW should devote considerable space to its consideration, and since within less than a month of publication the first edition was sold out and the book is with difficulty attainable from the libraries, while its price renders it beyond the means of many of our readers, I propose to devote a good deal of space to a careful outline of its contents, reserving for subsequent treatment the consideration of most of those points which are important in their bearing upon our own ideas, as well as the attempt to appreciate the significance of Mr. Myers' own views and the hypotheses which he suggests.

In his Introductory Chapter, Mr. Myers first points out that such an investigation as to the Soul on strictly scientific lines is possible, both along the lines of observational, statistical, and evidential enquiry as well as by experimental methods, and that the amount of material available in both directions is much larger than would at first sight be suspected. He then outlines the objects and work of the Society for Psychical Research, and points out that Telepathy, when once rendered probable, leads on almost inevitably to evidence of man's survival of death. But before entering upon any discussion of the question of survival, a searching review and analysis of the capacities of man's incarnate personality is imperatively necessary.

Two contrasted views of the nature of personality are in the field: the one, that of most purely philosophical thinkers such as Reid, holds to the simple *prima facie* view, and regards man's personality as a simple, unitary identity, a *monad*, not divisible into parts; while the other view, that of many modern experimental psychologists, regards the personality as essentially a *co-ordination*, a complex, colonial, almost molecular structure, possessing no other unity than that given by the organic continuity of the body. Both views Mr. Myers regards as true, for the evidence to be adduced in the course of the work, while supporting the conception of the composite structure of the Ego, also brings the strongest proof of its abiding *unity*, by showing that it withstands the shock of death.

He then proceeds to explain the terms supraliminal and subliminal, used to express the mental life which goes on respectively above and below the ordinary threshold of consciousness, and points out that the subliminal (or better ultra-marginal) mental life is sufficiently complex and continuous to justify us in speaking of a subliminal Self.

The older conception of consciousness, like the pre-Newtonian idea of light, regarded it as simple, uniform and indivisible, but we shall find ample reason to hold that, just as Newton split up the ray of sunlight by passing it through a prism and showed it to consist of an almost infinite series of radiations, so too consciousness may be analysed or fanned out into a spectrum of varying colours, barred with lines of darkness. And just as

the solar spectrum may be prolonged by artifice beyond the normally visible limits of both the red and the violet, so may the spectrum of conscious human faculty be artificially prolonged beyond both the lower (red) end where consciousness seems to merge into mere organic operation, and beyond the higher (violet) where it expands into reverie or ecstasy.

The general line of enquiry to be pursued will therefore advance from the analysis of *normal* to the evidence for *supernormal* faculty, and end with a discussion of the nature of the proof acquired as to the persistence of the human personality after bodily death. Beginning with the breaking down or disintegration of the personality, we shall pass on to its higher and more complete integration in men of genius. Then, having thus familiarised ourselves to some extent with the conception of alternations of the personality, we shall discuss its normal alternation in sleep, and next proceed to deal with hypnotism, considered as an *empirical development of sleep* : for hypnotic suggestion intensifies the physical recuperation of sleep, and aids the emergence of those supernormal phenomena which ordinary sleep and spontaneous somnambulism sometimes afford. From hypnotism we pass to the consideration of all the sensory messages which the subliminal sends upward to the supraliminal self: phantasmal externalisations of internal vision and audition, many of these messages being telepathic. And in the following chapter we have evidence of veridical messages given to men in the body by disembarnate souls. And these again lead on to and are completed in the various forms of motor automatisms through which such telepathic messages are also frequently conveyed. From these we pass naturally to the study of cases of actual possession and finally reach the concluding chapter, left unfortunately but partially completed by the author, in which he considers some of the reflections, philosophical and religious, to which these new facts inevitably give rise.

Having thus indicated its general outline, we must now proceed to an analysis, albeit brief, of the several chapters one by one, so that our readers may have some idea of the immense mass of carefully verified and observed facts which form the basis of Mr. Myers' conclusions.

In the study of the living human organism, much has been learnt by the observation of disease, the study of pathological changes, all of which are of a disintegrative character regarded from the standpoint of the healthy organism, acting as a whole. And similarly in the study of the human personality we are enabled to learn a great deal both about its structure and modes of functioning by observing its pathological modifications, or in other words from a study of disintegrations or breakings up, in varying degree and manner, of that personality which we are apt to consider so essentially unitary and simple. Mr. Myers therefore devotes his Second Chapter to a study of these phenomena.

At the outset we are met with the necessity of reaching some agreement as to the meaning to be attached to the word *conscious*, and Mr. Myers decides to use it as equivalent to *potentially memorable*. Thus any act will be considered as a *conscious* act which we can imagine as capable, under any conceivable circumstances (not necessarily on this planet) of forming a link in a chain of memory.

The first symptoms of tendency towards disintegration in the personality are often "insistent ideas"—ideas which force themselves upon the attention and intrude, as if by violence, into the normal current of consciousness from which the will is unable to dislodge them. Such "insistent" ideas in their milder forms may be compared to corns or boils; as they grow stronger and more fixed, they resemble tumours, till at last, as they invade and break down the cohesion of the normal personality, they become more like the invasions of cancer. And the analogy reaches even to the process of cure; for just as a boil, or an incysted tumour, may be cut down upon and removed, so too, psychologically, under the dissecting knife of hypnotism, these fixed ideas, groups of memories, associations and feelings which have become isolated from the general stream of conscious life, can again be brought back into the current, their pathological isolation as it were being removed by a process of "talking out," till the patient is restored to a normal condition. All these stages may be found illustrated among the cases observed by Prof. P. Janet, Drs. Freund and Breuer and others, of which details are given by Mr. Myers.

Gradually as these fixed ideas become more dominant and definitely organised, they seem to give rise, in some cases, to incipient, and then even to well-marked secondary personalities, as in several of the cases studied by the above authorities and others ; till finally, when the subliminal memories are particularly coherent and gain intermittent control of the organism, one gets such remarkable cases of duplex or multiplex personality, almost verging on possession or obsession, as are seen in Janet's famous cases of Leonie 1, 2 and 3, that of Félicité X., or the still more remarkable one of the Misses Beauchamp.

As we mentally survey the whole series, we find ourselves confronted by a practically unbroken series of gradually increasing disintegrations of the personality, beginning with the simple annoyance of an idea that *will* intrude upon us, onwards through stage after state till we reach a condition in which the original seemingly unitary and simple personality has broken down into what resemble, and apparently function as, two or three or even more distinct personalities, with distinct memory chains and other marked characteristics, all, however, very intimately related, and each of which either includes or excludes the memory chains of the others in a very remarkable manner.

We thus realise that in hysteria and hypnotism we have at our disposal a most delicate form of psychical dissection, far surpassing in its results the utmost that can be achieved by introspective analysis.

But hysteria not only exhibits *losses* of faculty ; it also shows distinct acquisitions and developments thereof. In the disintegrative examples, we trace predominantly an increased submergence of elements of the normal conscious life below the threshold of consciousness ; but we are also led to recognise that if these elements of submergence diminish instead of increasing, then the very same permeability of the psychical diaphragm, which causes their submergence, may permit instead an *increase* in the elements which emerge from below the threshold of consciousness, and we shall then have genius instead of hysteria.

Thus we see that as the hysteric stands in relation to ordinary men, so do ordinary men stand in relation to a not impossible ideal of sanity and integration, illustrated for us in the

best types of men of genius. But at any rate we have learnt the lesson of our profound modifiability, and we have had a glimpse of some of the higher and larger possibilities which lie latent within our subliminal selves. The emergence of some of these will next occupy us in a study of Genius, which forms Mr. Myers' Third Chapter.

In opposition to the suggestion which has been advanced by some writers that the nervous development of our race tends to degeneracy and the view of Professor Lombroso and others that the "man of genius" is an aberrant, almost a morbid type, allied to the criminal and the lunatic, Mr. Myers contends that Genius may be best defined, psychologically, as a capacity of utilising powers which lie too deep for the ordinary man's control; so that an inspiration of genius is in truth a subliminal uprush of *helpful faculty*. But we must clearly realise that by no means all that is subliminal in us is potentially "inspiration," for what lies below the threshold in us is at least as mixed in quality as what lies above. And we may perhaps compare and classify these differing forms of automatic or subliminal manifestation by reference to the conception of the great classes of nervous activities, described as highest-level, middle-level and lowest-level centres.

Mr. Myers explains these inequalities by the assumption of a *soul* which exercises an imperfect and fluctuating control over the organism, along two main channels only partly coincident; and he claims the title of genius for states in which some rivulet is drawn in to supraliminal life from the under current stream. A work of genius, to be admittedly such, must fulfil two *distinct* conditions: it must involve something original, spontaneous, unteachable, unexpected; and it must also in some way win for itself the admiration of mankind. But purely as psychologists we are bound to define genius by the mode of its operation:—not by the pleasure-giving properties of the result achieved:—by the source, not the quality, of the output. And therefore we should recognise the operation of genius (psychologically speaking) in Haydon's account of how the tame yet contorted figures in his picture of the "Raising of Lazarus" flashed upon him with an overmastering sense of direct inspiration; or in Voltaire's

account of how he wrote that inept tragedy *Catalina*, as well as in Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto," or Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," though these works are, *artistically speaking*, in utterly different classes, and only belong to the same class in virtue of the common psychological element which characterised their production.

As regards the question of what ought to be regarded as normality our author urges that in a constantly evolving species the norm is best represented by the farthest evolutionary stage yet reached, and this is what we usually speak of as genius, which Myers, reverting to his analogy between light and consciousness, compares to the intensification of the glow of a banded spectrum.

Coming to detail, the form of genius, or subliminal uprush, most easily measurable is that of the "calculating boy" or arithmetical prodigy. He cites from Dr. Scripture a table of thirteen such prodigies, two of whom, Gauss and Ampère, displayed in later life transcendent ability, while three others, Archbishop Whately, Mr. Bidder and Professor Safford are well known as men of exceptional talent. After discussing the peculiar features presented by this group, he points out how remarkably they illustrate the essentially subliminal character of the gift in question, and then shows how this special form of genius is connected with the working of genius in many other fields, as we can study its operation in the accounts left by many eminent men of their own methods of production.

Reverting to Lombroso's view, Myers shows that the Professor's collection of anecdotes showing degeneracy in men of genius is evidentially weak and points out that the rapid nervous development which is clearly a condition of genius must inevitably introduce a perturbation, which while on the whole making for evolution will also exhibit some phenomena suggestive of instability. This leads him to outline and contrast two views of evolution, which he terms the planetary and the cosmic, words which might also be rendered by materialistic and spiritual in this connection. Viewed in the light of the spiritual or cosmic conception, genius is thus no bye-product, but rather the evolution of new faculty, giving fresh perceptions of truth and lying in the main stream of human evolution. Yet since the output of genius is largely sub-

liminal it may sometimes be out of harmony with terrene existence and that narrower field of consciousness which has been specialised through the struggle for existence to meet the needs of material life on earth as it now is. For instance, speech and writing are summarisations of certain forms of complex gesture, which are inevitably inadequate to symbolise our whole psychical being, and hence when new factors come to be expressed under their limitations we must expect the results to be very inadequate, and as a matter of fact we do find in many forms of automatism a distinct effort to create or develop new modes and forms of symbolisation.

But what is the relation of the man of genius to the sensitive? Do his inspirations bring with them any supernormal knowledge? Does he get any *true* impressions, even though not *definite* and *clear* impressions of a supersensory world?

In Wordsworth's *Prelude* we have an honest and deliberate attempt by a poet of undoubted genius to answer this question, and studying in detail what he has left on record the answer to both questions must inevitably be in the affirmative. Mr. Myers then continues:—

But this conclusion points the way to a speculation more important still. Telæsthesia is not the only spiritual law, nor are subliminal uprushes affairs of the intellect alone. Beyond and above man's innate power of world-wide perception, there exists also that universal link of spirit with spirit which in its minor earthly manifestations we call telepathy. Our submerged faculty—the subliminal uprushes of genius—can expand in that direction as well as in the direction of telæsthesia. The emotional content, indeed, of those uprushes is even profounder and more important than the intellectual:—in proportion as Love and Religion are profounder and more important than Science or Art.

That primary passion, I repeat, which binds life to life, which links us both to life near and visible, and to life imagined but unseen;—*that* is no mere organic, no mere planetary impulse, but the inward aspect of the telepathic law. Love and Religion are thus *continuous*: they represent different phases of one all-pervading mutual gravitation of souls. The flesh does not conjoin but dissever; although through its very severance it suggests a shadow of the union which it cannot bestow. We have to do here neither with a corporeal nor with a purely human emotion. Love is the energy of integration which makes a Cosmos of the Sum of Things.

But here there is something of controversy to traverse before a revived Platonic conception of love can hope to be treated by the psychologist as

more than a pedantic jest. And naturally so; since there is no emotion subliminal over so wide a range of origin—fed so obscurely by all thoughts, all passions, all delights—and consequently so mysterious even to the percipient himself. At one end of the scale love is based upon an instinct as primitive as the need of nutrition; even if at the other end it becomes, as Plato has it, “the Interpreter and Mediator between God and Man.”

And then Mr. Myers proceeds to contrast the physiological or materialist conception of the passion of love, as set forth in no light or cynical spirit but with the moral earnestness of a modern Lucretius by Professor Pierre Janet, with the splendid passages from the *Symposium* in which Plato, through the mouth of Diotima, expounds the spiritual or Platonic conception of that passion; and he concludes the chapter with some words of deeply earnest eloquence in which he enforces and sustains the view of the pre-terrene origin of the human soul and the divine outlook which future evolution has in store for man.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BLUE WELL

AN ESTHONIAN TALE

ALONG the Baltic coast, south of the Isles of Dago and Barnholm, lie the dreamy forests and the grey rocks of Esthony. Here, on summer nights with their half-lit atmosphere and tender pink of sky-line touching the horizon, when the faint notes of national songs caress waters across which, in the far distance and like a vanishing point, may be seen a solitary fisher-boat with illumined sail—on such nights the fairy-folk of the Northland seem to breathe their immortal Pagan grace on all around. For this country is still Pagan in the hearts of its aboriginal tribe and is alien entirely to the conquerors of German, Danish and Russian race. It is Pagan as its neighbour Finland, in its “magic traditions,” is Pagan. And here, too, as in the Dolemites down in South Slavia or in the Kiew woods, the “St. John” fires still burn, as indeed they burn everywhere, when a young race is passing anew

through the worship of ancient Nature, or an old, old race is dying, faithful to the Gods of Earth. Is not the name "God" in the Esthonian tongue still "Yumal," sounding like "Yama" on the lips of the "Este"?

One of the legends told on a summer's eve, its meaning deepened in that fairy-light of the veiled midnight sun, we now translate.

In one of these forests near the songs of the sea, in a clear well, bordered with white blossoms of roses, and lit on darkening August nights with blue moon-rays, lived a fairy, a water-fairy, of singular beauty. And when, on some balmy evening, the tall trees sway with a murmur like the deep note of an organ rolled out into the stillness, this beautiful vision would rise up from her palace under the waters to the surface of the well and rest there on her couch of sea-roses and golden stems, sending forth into the slumbrous and sea-perfumed space the divine notes of her song.

It was thus that she was seen by Rein, a pure-eyed youth from the hamlet. He saw the fairy and forgot his bride. For never man beholds unpunished the denizens of the unseen world—fairies or sylphs. The beautiful fairy was pleased as she beheld the beautiful boy; she called him to her, and he went and was told and shown wondrous things in the sparkling well.

But the fairy also knew of Rein's betrothed, of Anne with the golden hair, and she resolved that the boy should never again look on any beauty save her own. Her mind was, also full of jealousy by reason of Anne's pure soul. One summer's night, as Rein bent over the well, poisonous mists rose up from it and gathered about his eyes. Seized with terrible pain the boy fled to find solace in deepest darkness only. In his anguish he confessed all to his grief-stricken Anne. Anne forgave him, for, from childhood upwards, she had ever heard that no mortal could resist the spirit-charm.

The girl waited till all were asleep in the village. Then, unseen, she glided forth from the dark little garden and ran to the forest, straight to the well. In exceeding mental anguish she bent over the silent waters. But nothing stirred. The fairy had left the spot. Then Anne, almost mad with despair and led by the one thought of saving her beloved, gave herself up to

the quest of finding her cruel rival; stepping forward, she sank at once under those waters where, in the bluish distance, glittered the fairy-palace. A few hours after, at the first touches of dawn, the sea-roses, like a white garment of death, entwined themselves round the young girl's body as it floated up to the surface from the depths below. Rein was on his knees at the well, sobbing bitterly. His heart had been purified by repentance and heavy sorrow. As one kisses the hem of a martyr's shroud he pressed his face on the waters that had taken Anne's life.

And lo! the mists lifted from his eyes, the pain was gone. He was saved. He saw!

Out of the forest's early shadows stepped the fairy. She told him how Anne's pure devotion had sanctified the waters of death. And she told him, also, how she herself, touched by the lovers' trial and troubled with remorse, had given to the well the power of henceforth healing all who suffered as he had suffered. Then she bade him look at the well. The waters had become a deep, pure blue, the colour of the heavens and of their most heavenly ray on earth—that of true devotion.

Since those days of which we write the Blue Well has ever been a well of healing, and the record of the deed is still whispered abroad by the sea-roses as, on white nights, their perfume rises above the singing waters.

A RUSSIAN.

IN wonder all Philosophy began: in wonder it ends. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance: the last is the parent of adoration. The first is the birth-throe of our knowledge: the last its euthanasy and apotheosis.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE worth and value of knowledge is in proportion to the worth and value of its object. The exactest knowledge of things is to know them in their causes; it is then an excellent thing to know the best things in their highest causes: and the happiest way of attaining to this knowledge is to possess those things and to know them in experience.—S. T. COLERIDGE,

THE NEO-PLATONISTS

NEO-PLATONISM—*i.e.*, New Platonism—is the name given to the system of philosophy set forth by a school which arose in the third century of our era, and which ceased to exist, as a recognised institution, in the early part of the sixth century. To this school the title of “School of Alexandria” has been often, but somewhat inaccurately, applied. It is true that Ammonius Saccas, the reputed founder of the school, was an inhabitant of Alexandria; and that Plotinus, who first developed in writing the Neo-Platonic doctrines, received his training in philosophy in the class-room of Ammonius. But our information respecting Ammonius is so scanty, that the theory which would regard him, rather than his more famous pupil, as the actual founder of Neo-Platonism, must necessarily rest, to a large extent, upon mere conjecture, and is certainly not strengthened by the fact that no mention whatever is made of Ammonius in the writings of Plotinus, and although Plotinus himself studied philosophy at Alexandria, the scene of his labours as teacher and author was not Alexandria, but Rome. His system found many adherents among the learned and thoughtful, and, within a century of his death, had become the most widely accepted philosophic system of the period. It was then taught at Alexandria, as elsewhere; but it does not appear that at any time Alexandria became the principal seat of the school. In its latest days it was established at Athens, in the Academy which, centuries before, had been honoured and rendered historic by the presence and teaching of Plato.

On the teaching of Plato the philosophic doctrines of the new school were avowedly based. To Plotinus and his successors belongs the credit of having rekindled the pure light of Platonic philosophy after long ages of at least partial misconception. Few, if any, of the successors of Plato had grasped the full significance of his thought. Aristotle, the greatest of his disciples, had intro-

duced a system in some respects complementary to, but in others, and these of high importance, at variance with the master's teaching; while at a later period the schools chiefly in vogue—those of the Stoics and Epicureans—had strayed still further from that teaching in the direction of materialism: a lapse only partially compensated by the noble ethical teaching of the Stoics.

Yet the Platonic tradition, however imperfectly understood, was never wholly forgotten, and the materials for its revival, as soon as a new wave of spiritual activity should render such revival possible, remained unimpaired. Long before the advent of Neo-Platonism there were signs that such a wave was in motion. Of these signs the most notable, for the subsequent history of the world, was the rise and spread of Christianity. More nearly allied to the movement which is the subject of our present discourse, was the revived Platonism of such thinkers as Plutarch, Philo and Numenius. But if these thinkers, in some particulars and to some extent, anticipated the position of the Neo-Platonists, it is probable that their writings had little direct influence upon the movement. They drew from the same perennial fountain of philosophy, and their conclusions were, naturally, in some respects not dissimilar.

But to regard Neo-Platonism as a mere revival of the Platonic tradition would be to misconceive its true import. It was no simple repetition, it was a legitimate development of the teaching of Plato. Its leading exponents—above all, Plotinus and Proclus—were men not only of vast erudition, but of profoundly original insight. They followed Plato, not with the submission of pupils to a master's authority, but with the independence of thinkers whose assurance of the truths which he had taught was equally at first hand. "They were men," says Mr. Whittaker, in his valuable little book on the Neo-Platonists, "who had inherited or adopted the Hellenic tradition. On the ethical side they continued Stoicism; although in assigning a higher place to the theoretic virtues, they return to an earlier view. Their genuine originality is in psychology and metaphysics. Having gone to the centre of Plato's idealistic thought, they demonstrated, by a new application of its principles, the untenableness of the Stoic materialism; and, after the long intervening period, they

succeeded in defining more rigorously than Plato had done, in psychology the idea of consciousness, in metaphysics the idea of immaterial and subjective existence. Scientifically, they incorporated elements of every doctrine with the exception of Epicureanism; going back with studious interest to the pre-Socratics, many fragments of whom the latest Neo-Platonic commentators rescued just as they were on the point of being lost. On the subjective side, they carried thought to the highest point reached in antiquity. And neither in Plotinus, the great original thinker of the school, nor in his successors, was this the result of mystical fancies or of Oriental influences. These, when they appeared, were superinduced. No idealistic philosophers have ever applied closer reasoning or subtler analysis to the relations between the inner and the outer world. If the school to some extent 'Orientalised,' in this it followed Plato; and it diverged far less from Hellenic ideals than Plato himself."

The system which they formed was thus in some sense eclectic, yet to call the Neo-Platonists "eclectics" would be to misrepresent their attitude. If they learned much from their predecessors, they added much of their own. Neo-Platonic philosophy was no patch-work of borrowed doctrines, but a vital and coherent system which may be said, without exaggeration, to represent the highest achievement of ancient Hellenic thought.

This magnificent result was mainly due to the genius of one man—Plotinus—"the greatest individual thinker between Aristotle and Descartes," as Mr. Whittaker justly calls him. Born in Egypt about the year 205, Plotinus studied philosophy at Alexandria in the school of Ammonius. At the age of forty he settled in Rome, where he lectured on philosophy and produced that series of treatises which has been appropriately termed the Gospel of Neo-Platonism, and which we are fortunate in possessing entire. In the neighbourhood of Rome he died, A.D. 270. His writings I am inclined to regard as the most precious monument extant of Greek philosophy. His successors added to his teachings, modified them here and there; but in its leading features the system of philosophy which he had elaborated remained unchanged as long as the school endured, the accepted Gospel of Neo-Platonism. "The great Plotinus," Maurice

Maeterlinck calls him—"the great Plotinus, who of all the intellects I know has approached the nearest to divinity."

Of the disciples of Plotinus the most famous, as well as the most important to the future development of the school, was Porphyry the Tyrian. It is to Porphyry, indeed, that we are chiefly indebted for our knowledge of Plotinus himself, for it was Porphyry who edited the master's works, and wrote an account of his life. His own commentaries on the books of Plotinus contributed much to the spread of the doctrine, by the clearness of his elucidations. Of these commentaries a fragment only, but of the highest value, remains to us. Many of the other writings of Porphyry are lost, or exist only in fragments. The longest that we possess is a treatise on vegetarianism. Most of the Neo-Platonists were vegetarians, and, indeed, a certain degree of asceticism was always a characteristic of the school. It was, however, a moderate and rational asceticism, far removed from that insensate hatred of the body which has led bigots to torture their flesh in the vain hope of spiritual advantage. It was the asceticism of men whose thoughts were so fixed on the higher life of philosophy, that to them the fleeting pleasures of the world and the flesh had become in very truth indifferent.

Porphyry survived his master upwards of thirty years, and died early in the fourth century. He had lived, however, to see the beginning of the troubles in which the philosophic schools were to be involved by the growth of Christianity, and was himself the first of the Neo-Platonists who used his pen directly in opposition to the new creed. But I shall refer later to the attitude of the Neo-Platonists in regard to Christianity. The most celebrated disciple of Porphyry was Iamblichus, who has been generally credited with introducing into the school that turn for occultism, or theurgy as it was called, which became a marked characteristic of the movement in its later days. This assumption would seem to be based chiefly upon the attribution to Iamblichus of the treatise *On the Mysteries*, in which theurgy is distinctly, though by no means intemperately, advocated. It is, however, doubtful if Iamblichus was indeed the author of that treatise, and although we have one or two strange stories of marvels ascribed to him, these are not well authenticated; while such of his undoubted

writings as are extant do not lend any strong support to the conjecture that he was an enthusiast in theurgy.

On the subject of theurgy I shall say but a few words, as, indeed, I am but ill qualified to speak of it : but it can hardly be altogether neglected in a general review of the Neo-Platonic school. The object of theurgy was to elevate the human nature to a conscious participation of the divine ; in other words, to evolve and perfect the divine attributes latent in every human soul. The philosophers proposed to themselves the same object, but while Plotinus and Porphyry endeavoured to achieve their aim by means of an ethical and metaphysical training, leading by degrees to the very summit of virtue and true wisdom, the theurgists sought to effect it by means of ceremonial rites, of sacrifices and invocations. To Plotinus, especially, the external forms of religion had seemed of little moment, though the inward reality of it was ever present to his deepest convictions. The theurgists, on the contrary, attached the highest value to such forms, even to the smallest details, though always insisting upon their symbolical import. Thus the tendency of theurgy was to exalt the priest above the philosopher, although theurgists allowed that a man who had reached the height of philosophy as proposed by Plotinus, was beyond their art. Such a one was a law to himself. But for the rest of mankind—for all, that is to say, except a few sages—they regarded the path of theurgy as the surest to the attainment of divine insight.

Their practices were alien to the spirit of Greek philosophy, though not, perhaps, to that of Greek religion. The elaborate ceremonial of the theurgic priests, their invocations of powers superior to man, their divination and clairvoyance, point as much to the old traditions of the Hellenic priesthood as to the late influence of Oriental creeds ; although this influence was not wanting, and theurgy was definitely connected by its adherents with the rites of the Egyptians and Chaldæans. Even the belief in the efficacy of magical operations, superstitious as it may be deemed, was referred by the philosophers who accepted theurgy to a genuinely philosophical conception : *viz.*, that all the parts of the universe are related as the parts in one living creature ; that, to use Emerson's words, " secret analogies tie together the

remotest parts of nature." Thinkers such as Plotinus accepted this theory in much the same way as Emerson; believing that all things are full of significance to those who are capable of reading them. Later and less purely philosophic thinkers sought in these "secret analogies" the basis of a system of magic, whereby the occult powers of the universe should be drawn into the service of man by the exhibition of the signs appropriate to them.

Yet when we recall the intellectual calibre of some of the philosophers who accepted theurgy, we may surely hesitate to use the word "superstition" in this connection. It must be owned, at least, that their faith in the efficacy of such practices did little to impair their philosophic acumen. Even Proclus, next to Plotinus the strongest and most logical thinker of the Neo-Platonic school, was a known believer in theurgy. Moreover, to philosophers who were already viewing with alarm the inroads of Christianity, it was no small recommendation of theurgy that it did indeed constitute a serious attempt to counteract the growth of the new creed by imparting fresh life and energy to the old one, and by fostering a genuinely devotional spirit within the forms of the ancient Hellenic religion.

The immediate successors of Iamblichus need not detain us. Most of their writings have disappeared. The short reign of the Neo-Platonic Emperor, Julian (361-363), excited hopes for philosophy which were quickly shattered by his death. In the fifth century the principal seat of the school was at Athens, where the Academy accepted Neo-Platonism, and its doctrines were promulgated by a succession of remarkable men. Of these by far the most eminent was Proclus, the greatest thinker who had occupied the chair of philosophy in the Academy since the death of Plato. Many of his writings remain, though many are lost; for, as his biographer Marinus informs us, "he was a man laborious to a miracle." Among those which we possess, some of the lengthiest are commentaries on the Platonic Dialogues; but of all the extant works of Proclus perhaps none exceeds in value his "Elements of Theology," a treatise in which the details of a nobly rational, and therefore in the highest sense spiritual, religion are set forth with the profundity of a true philosopher, and the logic of an exact dialectician.

Proclus died, A.D. 485, at the age of seventy-five years. Long even before his birth the Christians had become the predominant party in the Empire, and at the time of his death the adherents of the ancient faith were a small and persecuted sect. The philosophers, however, remained firm to the end in their support of the Hellenic religion. Among the successors of Proclus at Athens were several whose contributions to philosophic literature, still extant, possess real and considerable value; though none, perhaps, whose works entitle them to rank, as original thinkers, side by side with Plotinus and Proclus, the two great luminaries of the Neo-Platonic system. But even the small measure of liberty still allowed to the philosophers was soon to be withdrawn. In the year 529 the School of Athens was closed, its endowments were confiscated, and the teaching of philosophy was prohibited, by an edict of the Emperor Justinian. Some of the philosophers continued to write in their retirement. The latest whose writings (in part, at least) have been handed down to us, was Olympiodorus, the pupil of Ammonius, who was the pupil of Proclus. But the year 529 marks the close of the ancient philosophy as a recognised institution. Nevertheless, its influence is yet unexhausted. From age to age, even to the present, it has appeared and reappeared; often distorted, often unacknowledged, though still to the student discernible; moulding or modifying the thoughts of men on the deepest matters of human contemplation. The advance of knowledge, the discoveries of physical science, do not render its doctrines obsolete, except in unessential details; for it deals primarily with subjects which transcend experience, with truths which are coeval with the universe.

What, then, was the philosophy to which these men devoted their lives, as to the highest object of human attainment? Perhaps we may partially answer this question in the words of Hierocles, a Neo-Platonist of Alexandria in the fifth century. "Philosophy," he says, "is both the purification and perfection of human life. The purification, as it frees it from the material and brute tendencies of the mortal body: the perfection, as it restores it to its own primitive excellency, and the participation of the divine image. Both these," adds Hierocles, "are best effected by Virtue and Truth."

This is not, indeed, a complete definition of philosophy: it would probably be impossible to give a complete definition of so comprehensive a subject within the compass of a few lines. But as an expression, not of the whole truth, yet surely of the highest truth respecting it, these words of Hierocles indicate with perfect accuracy the general position of Neo-Platonic philosophers. Plotinus accepted the old division of philosophy into the three branches of Physics, Ethics, and Dialectic or Metaphysics. Yet whatever they might include under the term, with him and his successors the ultimate meaning of philosophy was always the purification of the soul, and its assimilation to the divine source of its existence. Perhaps it is difficult to understand how any system can rightly deserve the name of philosophy if its final purpose be other than this.

The view of philosophy which I have thus indicated includes the recognition of its essential relationship to religion; a relationship which, for the first time in Greek philosophy, was clearly implied in the writings of Plato. Without the recognition of this relationship both philosophy and religion remain imperfect, and even to some extent superficial. Indeed, I think it may be said that the true philosopher reaches at length a stage at which this relationship is seen to be not relationship merely, but identity. Of course, by religion, in this sense, I do not mean the popular theology, but the spiritual insight which sees in Divinity the first and final cause of all things, and of which every popular theology is a more or less crude and distorted development. This spiritual insight everywhere characterises and exalts the philosophy of Plato and the Neo-Platonists. At the same time, the established forms of religion were treated by Plato with respect, and the beautiful mythology which constitutes so considerable a portion of the Greek religion, was occasionally employed by him to point or adorn his discourses, though always with perfect freedom of interpretation. Plotinus followed nearly in the footsteps of his master, though insisting even less than Plato had done, upon established forms. But with the later Neo-Platonists a new spirit prevailed, of which, as we have seen, the development of theurgy was the most striking indication. These constituted themselves the guardians and exponents of the ancient faith; and

not of the Hellenic faith alone, for they held, and rightly held, that the religious creeds of all nations teach the same divine truths under different names. The myths, which Plato had held himself at liberty to accept or reject as it might seem desirable, were by his latest disciples regarded as a body of sacred doctrine, enigmatically delivered, which they set themselves in all earnestness to interpret. Indeed, Proclus—in an interesting essay on the myths of Homer, which forms part of his Commentary on Plato's *Republic*—strenuously, though with doubtful success, endeavours to show that Plato himself was of much the same opinion, and that the censure which, in the second and third books of the *Republic*, he bestows upon myths and myth-makers, was in reality aimed, not at the myths, but at the indiscriminate and unintelligent use of them. Perhaps neither Plato nor Plotinus would altogether have denied that the old mythology possessed some such significance as their successors discovered in it. It is evident, however, that they attached far less importance to it, preferring the plain path of philosophy to the mystic methods of occult symbolism.

But with all who professed the Platonic philosophy the ultimate purpose of their teaching was the same:—the purification of the human soul, its redemption from the bonds of flesh, and assimilation to the divinity. And this purpose was to be effected, as Hierocles expressed it, by Virtue and Truth: in other words, we must endeavour to attain to God both by right living and by knowledge. Either of these without the other is insufficient. “Without virtue,” says Plotinus, “God is but a name.” It is not enough to know the truths of philosophy unless we put them into practice; in very truth, we cannot be said to *know* them unless they have become a part of our daily life. Otherwise we can only know *about* them; a kind of knowledge not difficult of attainment, but valuable only as an introduction to the knowledge which reveals to us the truth of our being, and therein of all being.

WM. C. WARD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 161)

I SAID that it was necessary to make an account of my experiences under anæsthetics preliminary to that of the more luminous of my experiences during the sleep of the body. The reason of this is that the two accounts have some characteristics in common, though those characteristics are, perhaps naturally, more extremely marked in the case of anæsthetics. Everyone who has ever taken "gas" or chloroform will probably be aware how the early moments of the process of anæsthetisation are marked by very peculiar scraping sounds in the ears, and in the case of "gas" especially, by intense whirring in the head. Now I have found that, to a greater or less degree, these same strange sensations are, in my case, either the prelude to, or the accompaniment of, some startlingly vivid sleep-experience, a more or less perfect memory of which I bring back to the physical world. In 1895, the first night after I took "gas" for the first time, I went through the process again in my sleep, without, however, enjoying, so far as I remember, any vivid astral experience *immediately* afterwards, though in the morning, before waking, I saw the face of my clock, and, as far as I remember after the lapse of seven years, I succeeded in telling the time correctly by it; but of this I am not sure. The important point, however, is that I saw the face of the clock on my table while my body was asleep, *although, as a matter of fact, its face was turned away from my bed.* I may add that I have also once or twice seen my watch, before waking up, while it was lying under my pillow. I also know that I have told the time correctly, at least once, if not twice, in this way, whether by watch or by clock, but as I am not absolutely sure about the matter, and accuracy is very important in these questions, I will not lay claim to having done so more

than once. On one occasion, I remember hopelessly muddling it up, and reading the time as a quarter past, instead of a quarter before, the hour, and I am therefore interested to read in Mr. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane* that this is a natural mistake to make. I am, of course, by no means alone in the occasional exercise of this faculty, even among persons who make no special pretensions to psychical power. Professor James reports the case of a lady of his acquaintance who laid claim to a similar feat, and to regular psychics it must be a mere *bagatelle*. I may add, for the information of the curious, that in my case the watch generally appears to be very close to one's face, so close that it is almost impossible to read the time by it; and further, that the phenomenon can best be produced by willing strongly the night before to wake at a certain time, when a vision of the watch may possibly be seen at the hour named. It may now be clear why I have succeeded in performing this feat so seldom.

This, however, by way of parenthesis. About three years ago, shortly, I think, after taking "gas" (though as to this point I cannot speak certainly), I found myself during the sleep of the body, standing in a room only a few yards from a group of about four persons.

One of them was a dark-skinned Oriental, a native of India, I thought. He immediately fixed his eyes on me, and, unable to resist, I began to lose consciousness. It was then that I went through a process very similar to that of taking "gas," at least as regards the whirring sensation in my head. Gradually, however, these sensations subsided and cleared off, and I became brilliantly conscious for a few moments. I saw, with an intense clearness of vision, quite unknown to me in waking life, though I have perfectly good physical sight. Before me on a bed (and I think, if I remember right, it was my own bed in the house we then lived in) lay a maternal uncle of mine, whom I very seldom see on the physical plane. He appeared very ill indeed. He was coughing very badly. He tried to rise, and did, in fact, succeed in sitting up. But when he finally succeeded in doing so, and had gradually worked himself into a sitting position on the foot-end of his bed, and put his legs to the ground, he immediately fell back across the bed with a ghastly rattle in his throat,

and, to all appearances, died on the spot. And I remember feeling great distress at being alone and quite unable to help him. Then the intense clearness of vision forsook me. I have a vague idea that I returned and saw the dark man again for a moment, but of this I cannot be sure, and, in any case, I shortly afterwards woke up. This is the first case I remember of finding myself with intense power of vision in the sleep-world. My uncle I may add, is none the worse for my vision.

I spent last winter in an old house of the Latin Quarter of Paris, and there, while "sensing" numerous other phenomena which I will touch upon presently, I also obtained a great impression, founded partly on some remarkable semi-conscious experiences, that I was being deliberately "got at," by some thoroughly intelligent beings on the other side. If I had had any doubt on the matter, I could have it no longer when I awoke one night, seemingly not in Paris, but in a room I had occupied years before in my childhood, and heard, though I could not see them, what seemed to be two or three men talking together in low tones. It was, perhaps, natural that, after a big physical breakdown, I should seek for advice on mundane matters from any being who stood on another plane, and might see things, for aught I knew to the contrary, with a clearer eye than I did. So I cried :

"What shall I do next?"

A voice replied immediately :

"Go straight on as you are going."

I took this to mean that I was to continue the process through which I was at that moment passing, so I said :

"But *I* mean on the physical, not on the astral, plane."

There was a moment's pause, and I got the impression of a hurried consultation taking place. Then the voice spoke again :

"You will go to Portugal in three years from now."

I do not remember saying anything further, but the voice spoke once more :

"You will see an animal on your right as you wake up."

I thought at first, that this meant that I should see an animal as I woke up on their plane, and, as I was prepared to face any amount of animals, much though I dislike them, if only

I could acquire full powers of functioning on their plane, the words immediately had a curious hypnotic effect on me, which I will leave the reader to guess at. Presently, however, I left my astral friends, and passing drowsily through a stage where I saw a near relative of mine who was staying in the house, and also the *valet de chambre*, both scampering about, I immediately woke up. During the drowsy, intermediate stage, however, a biggish animal appeared on my right, apparently guarding the bedroom door. It was like a large cat in size, but in appearance a sort of mixture between a bull-dog and a small tiger, and it roared as loud as it could, but it was not very terrifying. (It cannot have been Cerberus, for Cerberus had three heads!) I thought:—"You silly old thing, I've been told about you before," and passed on.

Two words before I leave this account. To the casual reader it may seem tame enough. To me, at the time it seemed, and at the present moment it seems, nothing of the sort. I have said that a voice spoke to me. But there are voices and voices. To say that it was like a human voice on this plane would be to do it very poor justice. The mere sound of it was far superior to anything we ever hear on earth, *i.e.*, in the physical world. It would not be easy to exaggerate to those who have never heard them, the extraordinary clearness and at the same time the resonance and the reverberation of these higher astral voices. In telling the story by word of mouth, I always say that it was as if all the vibrations of sound had been "cleaned up." It one may be allowed to compare things heard to things seen, I would say that this voice sounded like a polished door-handle. The difference between the higher astral voice and the physical voice is as the difference between the free clink of glasses and that produced when they are held tightly by the hand. I remember once, during a trip I took to Norway about ten years ago, that a refractory steward, who was too lazy to answer the bell, used to tie a duster round it, to prevent it making any clear, conscience-pricking sound. Well, when I wake in the morning after hearing higher astral voices, and hear our dull, dead physical voices again, I generally think of the dodge of that rebellious steward. The voices we hear and know in this life are no better than higher astral voices with a cloth tied round them. So when it

is politely hinted to me by word or smile that I am the victim of my own "imagination" (whatever that Mesopotamian word may mean to people who use it), or that I suffer (forsooth!) from an hallucination of the sense of hearing, I know that my interlocutor has never heard what I have called, for want of a better word, a higher astral voice.*

So much for the manner of this experience. As for the matter of it, though the idea of going to Portugal in three years from now means simply nothing to me, and for the animal on my right, which tried to roar, I do not greatly care, I find some not unnatural consolation in being told to go straight on as I am going, especially by one who is presumably wiser than I. We get so much "advice gratis," on this plane, from those who having succeeded more or less badly in performing the somewhat limited task they have set themselves, seek to impose their own shadowy ideals upon others. Not unsoothing, then, or all unwelcome, was that Voice in the Night which told me to go straight on as I was going. I will go, Sir; at least I can promise you that.

It must be obvious also that, in addition to that of giving comfort, there was another object in the remark. When I was told to go straight on as I was going, I at once began to wonder *where* I was, and *where* I was going to, and I at once recognised that I was on the astral plane. My answer showed this. Thus the whole notion that I had been waked in another world became fixed, and as I was caused to pass back without delay to physical life, I brought a fairly complete memory of the experience right through.

If, in these and several other cases of which I have not brought back such a clear memory, I have seemed to have been

* I have employed the expression "higher astral voice" in narrating the above experience, because I do not find it possible to class all non-physical voices together in a lump. In the first place, each separate voice has, to a certain extent, an individual character of its own, just as ours have on the physical plane. In the second place, I do not find anything particularly attractive about lower astral voices, of which I have heard a great many. As for the higher astral voices, I am inclined to think that the excellence of their tone (as to which fact believers in the hallucination-theory seem to be rather in the dark), is partly due to the nature of the region in which they are uttered, and possibly, in some cases, to the nature of the persons who utter them. I really do not think, after the experiences I have had, that I could justly accept the hallucination-theory for the astral voice without applying it also to the physical voice. The theory (such as it is), is therefore, to my mind, suicidal.—R. C.

the recipient of attention from the other side, I could also give one or two instances to show that, in however limited and feeble a manner, I have apparently tried to take an active part in the psychical instruction of others. I found myself, one night, fairly recently, during the sleep of the body, standing in what appeared to me to be, for the moment, something like the covered playground of the private school I attended between the ages of seven and thirteen. I think there were other people there, talking with me, when first I came to consciousness, and whether it was through intuition or by their information, I do not know, but I seemed to be in an expectant condition. Presently, a door opened at the further end of the building, and in came a near relative of mine, from whom, however, I am very much separated by difference of opinion upon things in general. He is one of those persons, who, though more or less an orthodox Christian, would, I believe, benefit by obtaining a more detailed acquaintance with some of the conditions of life after death. On the physical plane I have, perhaps, only once seriously broached the subject to him, at what I thought an especially tactful moment, and in what I thought an especially tactful way, but I received such a severe rebuff that I am not likely to try again. There, on the astral plane, as I say, he came up, took my arm, and started walking with me a few steps across the floor of the building. I half stopped, and stretched out my hands. "Look," I said, "how *real* it all is, absolutely as real as the physical plane," or words to that effect. Immediately I had said this, I became definitely conscious that I was on the astral plane with a splendid opportunity before me. But, as I spoke, a pained look came across his face, and his form grew very faint, almost disappearing from my view. I struggled with all the will-power I could command to bring him back to "focus," and finally I succeeded fairly well. I saw his face, at least, with extraordinary clearness, close to mine, a clearness with which we never see faces on this plane. He said: "I hear what you *say*, my boy," with a great emphasis on the word "say," showing that he was entirely sceptical of the truth of my words, or was worried by the bare suggestion that he was not on the physical plane. Then he went on :

"But you look so funny!"

As he said this I noticed that we were both bathed in a snow-white mist, the source of which I cannot now locate, but it had a very curious effect. The only thing I can this moment recall at all like it, is the halo or mist with which the body of Christ is represented as being surrounded when he broke bread at Emmaus. However, when my relative said, "but you look so funny!" I do not think he simply referred to the snow-white mist. He was chiefly referring, I think, to the fact that, as he spoke, he touched me, and I saw, as he saw, that the surface of my body did not entirely resist his touch, but gave way to it, dimpling in, under pressure, to a degree quite unknown to our physical bodies. Another queer incident occurred during this experience, though I am not quite clear now as to when it happened, and where to place it. I suddenly saw a kind of pile in the middle of the room, looking more like a lot of packing-cases thrown carelessly, higgledy-piggledy, one on top of another, than anything else. On this pile, in all kinds of fantastic and absurd positions, lay a number of queer-looking figures. I said to my relative: "They're all asleep, and the worst thing you can do is to wake them up." And, snatching up a three-legged stool (I think it was) which lay near me, I hurled it at the mass of sleepers. It hit one of them, and must have disturbed him rather seriously, I am afraid, but though he seemed to shift his position a little, he did not seem to mind very much, and presently all was as quiet as before.

This particular astral experience ended in the following curious manner. I got into my head that, when my relative woke up in his physical body in the morning, he would have forgotten all about our adventure together on the astral plane, and would conclude, off-hand, that his not remembering it meant that it had never occurred. I was much distressed at this, and tried to think of a plan for overcoming the difficulty. I then thought (mistakenly, as it turned out afterwards) that our physical bodies were lying asleep in the same house in England. So I said to myself: "I will return at once to my physical body, go to his room, and wake him up on the spot, and see if he does not remember the experience." Giving a sort of twist, *I felt my physical body trailing, as it were, a few inches behind me.* My mind was

made up. Repeating the jerking motion a second time, and doing it this time more forcibly, I found myself, in another moment, waking up in the physical world. But, as I woke up, I began to recognise the truth. Our physical bodies, I thought, were not in the same house, but only in the same town. Then, as I woke up further, I recognised once more that I was mistaken, and that our bodies were separated by a still greater distance. And it was not till I fully awoke that I became aware that the sea rolled between our bodies, and that I was in Paris, and he, in all probability, on the English coast. And then I knew that he would never remember his astral adventure with me, and that we should still have to go on our separate ways in life, and that Matthew Arnold was right when he cried so bitterly :

Who ordered that their longing's fire
Should be as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
Who renders vain their deep desire ?—
A God, a God their severance ruled !
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MOTIVES are a symptom of weakness, and supplements for the deficient energy of the will.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

ALL true remedy must begin at the heart: otherwise it will be but a mountebank cure.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE heart may be engaged in a little business, as much, if thou watch it not as in many and great affairs.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

“WHAT is virtue but a medicine, and vice but a wound? Yea, we have so often deeply wounded ourselves with a medicine that God hath been fain to make wounds medicinable,”—HOBBS: *quoted by COLERIDGE.*

AN ANCIENT CANTATA

"THE TRIUMPH OF MAN MADE PERFECT"

THE seventeenth chapter of the *Book of the Dead*, or, rather of "the Book of Making Strong the Shining Form in the Heart of Rā," for that is the first clause in its ancient title, is one of the most difficult, even as it is in all probability one of the most ancient, of all the chapters in that ancient book. The old Egyptian priests themselves saw in it much opportunity for discussion and need for explanation; a commentary was therefore attached to the chapter, and this in process of time became incorporated with the original, then more commentary was attached to the commentary, and certain truly monkish copyists then proceeded to interpolate other things besides commentary. Then some of the more learned appear to have made an attempt to purge the chapter from added matter, but in doing so, failed to purge the commentary, the result being that there are comments which are explanatory of nothing whatever, either in the text or in the interpolations.

I have made an attempt to separate all these parts into their proper places, and so restore the chapter to something approximating to its original form.

It will give some idea of this task if I state that out of 290 lines which it occupies, in Dr. Budge's text of the Theban recension, I have eliminated 220 lines as commentary, or other interpolated matter, thus leaving only seventy lines as actually belonging to the original chapter.

This restoration being completed, the next point to force itself into notice was that strange variation in the personal pronoun, so regularly seen in the chapters of the *Book of the Dead*, the speech in the first, second and third persons, usually indicative of dramatic origin.

But the seventeenth chapter has not the appearance of

Drama, it is much more like the Hymns of the Preface and of chapter fifteen, yet the variations of the pronoun seem to follow a fairly regular plan.

It seems to me that a possible explanation may be found in the idea that the seventeenth chapter of the *Book of the Dead* is of the nature of a Cantata, intended to be sung in parts taken by two soloists and a chorus.

The next question that arises is, under what circumstances, or upon what occasion, was this Cantata intended to be performed ; for it is certainly no ordinary hymn. It is a "pæan," a song of triumph, and one of the solo parts represents the victor himself.

But the victory is not a material victory, it is a spiritual victory ; and the song is of the Triumph of the Soul that has attained to perfection and I cannot but conclude that this Cantata may have been one among the very few things in the misnamed *Book of the Dead* that really was connected with the ancient Egyptian funeral rites.

The principal solo part represents the Man made Perfect, transformed into the Divine Image, the Master, called in the Egyptian language TEM, TEMU or ITMU, which I have translated throughout by the word "Adept," because though derived from the Latin, the word "Adept" has had a wider use as signifying the Man Illuminated by Divinity, than the more Northern and English word "Master" which has many other significations.

Before giving the ancient title of this Cantata I feel constrained to offer some explanation of one of its clauses, that in which the chapter is said to deal with "Playing at Chess, sitting in the Shrine." There is certainly no mention of chess or any other game in either chapter, commentary, or interpolated prayers. A possible explanation is that this game (not exactly chess, but some game the name of which is usually so translated) had a symbolic idea attached to it : the squares on the board, the men, and the moves, symbolising the interplay of the forces of Nature, which the Man made Perfect was able to control.

This was, I believe, an ancient signification of chess very widespread in the East ; and Omar, the Tent-maker, invented no new idea when he wrote :

We are but chessmen, destined, it is plain,
That great chessplayer, heaven, to entertain.
Us men it moves about the board of Life,
Then in the box of Death shuts up again.

CHAPTER XVII.*

TITLE

The beginning of the triumphant exultation of the
Manifestation and return in the possession of Divinity.
Of the Glory of the things in the Amentet of Perfection.†
Of Manifesting into Day by every Transformation of his
desire.
Of Playing at chess sitting in the Shrine.
Of Manifestation as a living Soul.

THE RUBRIC

Osiris " — " shall recite [it] after he hath come to
moorings [in the harbour of Death].
Glorious are the things which it shall do upon Earth when
all the words of the adept are fulfilled.

Here follows the Text of the original chapter severed from
all its various interpolations.

First Singer :

Solo :—" I am the Adept in Being.

" I am made ONE.‡

" I exist in the primeval waters.

" I am Rā at His coronation, at the beginning of His
reign.

" I am the Great God self-existent.

" [The God of the] primal waters producing his Names.

" [Which are] the Circle of the Gods as God.

* ANI—B.M., 10,470, sheet 7-10; NĒBSĒNI—B.M., 9,900, sheet 13. "Text of the Theban Recension," Professor E. A. W. Budge, p. 50.

† Or Beauty.

‡ UA-KU-Ā.

- “ I am he that cannot be compelled in the Gods.
 “ I am yesterday, and I know the Dawn of to-morrow.
 “ I am that Phoenix in the City of the Sun.
 “ I am the Keeper of the reckoning of the things that
 are.*
 “ I am the ‘ Unknown ’ in his manifestation.
 “ I have placed his twin plumes in my crown.”†

Chorus :—“ OSIRIS ‘ ——— ’ is true of voice in his Land.
 “ He has come into his city.”

First Singer :

- Solo* :—“ I have wiped away my Separateness.
 “ I have burst my [bonds of] Sin.
 “ I am pure in my vast twin cradles‡ in [the city of] the
 Royal child,
 “ On the day when Initiates make offering
 “ To that Great God who dwells therein.
 “ I have advanced upon the path.
 “ I know the chiefs in the Pool of Truth.
 “ [O] Dwellers in the presence, accord to me your hands,
 “ For I am that God, and I come into being§ within you.
 “ OSIRIS has filled for me the ‘ EYE ’|| when it was
 emptied,
 “ On the day when the twin warriors fought.
 “ When I lifted up the [eye]-lashes in the time of the
 rain,
 “ [That] I might see Rā born from yesterday
 “ In the womb of Mehe-urīt.¶
 “ His strength is my strength.
 “ My strength is his strength.
 “ Homage unto ye,
 “ [O ye] Lords of Truth,
 “ Judges, behind OSIRIS.
 “ Who grant the stripping off of Sin.

* Lit. “ of what is.” † Lit. “ on my head.” ‡ Time and eternity.
 § KHEPER-N-I. || UZAT. ¶ Lit. “ great fulness.”

“ Dwelling in the train of ‘ Her
 “ Whose peace is her protection.’
 “ Behold me ! for I came before ye
 “ [And] ye wiped away all my Sin.
 “ As ye did for those seven Shining forms
 “ Who followed their master SEPA,*
 “ [For] ANUBIS builds the throne
 “ Of ‘ Her [whose peace is her protection ’]
 “ On that day of ‘ Come thou hither ! Lo ! a man wins
 [the way] to Amentet ’ !
 “ [Yea, even] I, am his soul.
 “ In the midst of the Pillars of Flame. †
 ‡ “ I am that taloned Cat
 “ Beside whom is the tree§ in the City of the Sun.
 “ On the Night of the destruction there, of the opposers
 of NEBREZER.”

Chorus :—“ Hail ! Dweller in his Egg.
 “ Burning in his disk.
 “ Shining forth from his horizon
 “ [As] Glittering Gold from the mine.
 “ Peerless [among] the Gods
 “ Floating above the pillars of light.||
 “ Giving breath from the fire of his mouth,
 “ Lighting up the two Earths with his shining form.
 “ Darting [rays] from his Eye,
 “ Himself unseen.
 “ Heaven revolves in the flame tongue of his mouth,
 “ Showing forth the unseen heavenly Nile.” ¶

First Singer :

Solo :—“ I am strong upon Earth before Rā,
 “ I enter the Harbour beautiful with OSIRIS.

* A form of ANUBIS (as guide).

† ZAFI.

‡ From NEBSENI, B.M., 9,900, sheet 14.

§ ISESHED.

|| SHU.

¶ HAPI.

“ Are not your offerings with me,
 “ As with them that preside at their altars,
 “ Because I am one of the train of NEBREZER.
 “ As [in the] Book of Transformations it is written.
 “ I fly as a Hawk. I cry as a Semen [bird],
 “ I guide along the Æon as NEHEBKAU.”

Chorus :—“ OSIRIS* hath given him the double crown† [and] joy
 of heart within [the city of the] ‘ Royal child.’
 “ He hath guided the pathway of the Æon.
 “ The New Year feast is brought to him
 “ In the Crystal of TANENET.”

Second Singer :

Solo :—“ The Adept hath built thy dwelling-place.
 “ Yesterday and to-morrow‡ is the foundation of thy
 temple.
 “ The fulness of time is attained.§
 “ HORUS purifies, Set consecrates.
 “ Set purifies and HORUS consecrates.”

Chorus :—“ OSIRIS ‘ — ’ hath come into this Earth, He hath
 seized it with his feet. He is the Adept.
 “ He is in thy City.
 “ He is behind thee, Rehu,
 “ Shining Gate of the radiant head,
 “ Open|| to his strength.
 “ [Yea] it is forced back¶ by the unseen watcher.
 “ The watcher of OSIRIS who** is ISIS.

* Lacuna in NEBSENI.

† URERET.

‡ Egyptian RWRWTI, “the Twin Lions,” Emblems of Yesterday and To-morrow.

§ Egyptian PEH-EN RERWT, literally “The Round has attained.”

|| HEM, the Egyptian expresses the forcible “turning back” of a gate on its hinges, but has no particular connection either with opening or shutting.

¶ HEM-SU.

** ENTREF, “who,” masculine to agree with “watcher,” but referring to ISIS for explanation.

" [When She] found him [dead].
 " [Her] hair covered his face as her distraught kisses*
 wandered† on his brow.
 " He was conceived by Isis,
 " Suckled by Nephthys.
 " They soothed away his fretfulness."

Second Singer :

Solo :—" Youth follows thee, with courage in his hands.
 " Thou stretchest out thine hand unto the Æons.
 " The Arms of [the] Initiates encircle thee.
 " The kin of the opposers are ensnared for thee.
 " Their hands despoil the fiends for thee.
 " Thy sweet companionship is granted thee.
 " Thy Creation is in the place of Battle in the City of the
 Sun.
 " Every God has fear of thee [for] mighty is thy courage.‡
 " Cursed is he by every God, who shooteth at thine ark.§
 " Thy life is as thou desirest.
 " Thou art WAZYT, lady of devouring flame,
 " [And] whosoever comes to thee is dazed|| [by thy
 blinding light]."

The ancient commentary is much too long to be given here, more particularly as the greater part of it is only useful to the student who desires to go deeply into the whole subject of Egyptian symbols.

I propose therefore to make some comments of my own, quoting from the ancient commentary wherever it seems desirable and useful so to do.

Referring back to the beginning of the chapter we find in the first sentence : " The Adept in being." This refers to the man

* Lit. " mouth."

† TRKHTRKH = " to wander distractedly about a place."

‡ SHEFSHEFT.

§ For SEN read SENYT—" Ark, strong box, *cabin*, coffin."

|| ANED signifies the " blinding quality " in either " Light " or " Darkness."

who in the symbolic language of Egypt was said to have entered into the city of Abydos ; which signifies that he has entered into the inmost shrine of the unmanifest First Cause and has become one with that First Cause. This to the Egyptian was to be "in being," all else was merely to exist. The two ideas "to be" and "to exist" are more widely separated in the Egyptian language than in ours.

The idea of God "producing his Names," which are the Gods, needs no explanation, but in its own words tells us plainly how much and what sort of a polytheism is to be found in ancient Egypt as soon as ever we begin to look a little under the surface.

"He that cannot be compelled in the Gods" is again the first cause that lay behind them, and of whom they were the attributes for the purpose of manifestation. He is the "God behind the Gods."

The Egyptian believed that the Gods were liable to be compelled by the powers of magic. The priest did not pray to the Gods, he believed he could attain the power to command them. But God, the "God behind the Gods," was not to be so compelled.

To Him was offered Prayer, and Praise, and Reverence, but to Him only, He could not be compelled by magic power.

The "Phoenix in the City of the Sun" is the Symbol of the Resurrection.

"I am the unknown in His manifestations, I have placed His twin plumes on my brow": these twin plumes are "beginning" and "end," the alpha and omega of the Apocalypse. They are also a part of what I may call the Pillar symbolism, to which I shall refer again.

"I am pure in my vast twin cradles." These two cradles are "time" and "eternity," and they also enter into the Pillar symbolism.

"I have advanced upon the path. I know the chiefs in the pool of Truth." These chiefs are, as we are told in the ancient commentary, the Pillars, on each side of the Gate of Paths. I will quote here from the commentary, and then in my turn comment upon the quotation ; for the symbolism of these two Pillars, the Pillar symbolism to which I have already referred, is perhaps

the most interesting thing to be found in the whole of the ancient mystery symbols. It is also the most far-reaching, for almost all other religious symbols, both ancient and modern, are rolled up and contained within the Lore which has gathered round these two Pillars, which in Hebrew sacred history became the Yakin and Boaz of the porch of Solomon's Temple. They are also the pillars of Hercules of classic mythology, whose geographical representatives were Ceuta and Gibraltar.

In the symbolism of Christianity they also have their representatives, varying in form according to that peculiar aspect of the Pillar symbol which they have been held to illustrate. Moses and Elijah on the mount of transfiguration, St. John the Evangelist, and the Virgin, standing on either side of the foot of the Cross, and from a very different standpoint they are also represented by the two crucified Malefactors; the "good thief" and the "bad thief," representing the unbalanced and ignorant following of those good and evil natural impulses, which must alike be controlled by the man that would enter without hindrance at the true door of the temple. The old Egyptian commentary says: "The Path is the Gate of Paths; the Southern Gate-Post is Naárufef and the Northern Gate-Post is Áat" (the one meaning an absolutely sterile place and the other something of the nature of an enclosed park or farm), "and moreover the pool of Truth is 'Abydos' (*i.e.*, the Shrine of unmanifested being or cause) or, the path is that upon which the Adept advanceth when he journeyeth to the garden of Elysium, which bringeth forth the elemental food of the Gods who are behind the shrines (or Heroes that have overcome), and moreover, this Sacred Gate is the gate that is between the Pillars of the Divine Light, it is the Northern Gate of the Duat, in other words, it is the great two-leaved door whereby the Adept passeth, when he traverseth the Eastern Horizon of Heaven."

These two Pillars are to be found inextricably mingled with every form of the ancient mysteries. They are the pairs of opposites, as their Egyptian names indicate: "Desert, and cultivated land," "sterility, and fertility," "open space, and enclosed space." They have also an astronomical illustration, in which they become the Northern and Southern poles, between which lies

the path of the Ecliptic, and in human life they are exemplified in Man and Woman.

In the sentence "OSIRIS has filled for me the Eye when it was emptied (that is of its tears) on the day when the twin warriors fought," we have again a reference to the two Pillars, they are the twin warriors, the ever-contending forces of creation and destruction, attraction and repulsion, decay and renewal, life and death, whose everlasting struggle is the cause of all phenomena and all change, whose reconciliation was to come when the initiate had entered the Shrine of the Unmanifest, when the Eye that was filled by the earthly life was emptied of its tears and refilled by a divine life which the two contending forces could not shake or change.

This "Eye" or more literally "Eye Socket" is one of the many names by which the Egyptians spoke of that idea which is more familiarly known to students as the Divine Pleroma, so frequently met with among the Gnostics of the first century. It is the fullness or expansion wherein is the Divine presence, the "fullness of the Godhead" in the Epistles of St. Paul. "Mehe-Urit," spoken of a little further on in the same clause: "When I lifted up the Eye-lashes in the time of the rain that I might see Rā born from yesterday in the womb of Mehe-Urit," refers to the same thing, the word meaning "great-fullness," the final "t" being the indication of a feminine personification; we are also told in the ancient commentary that "Mehe-Urit" and the UZAT, or "Eye Socket" of Rā are the same.

Anubis builds the Throne of "Her whose peace is her protection" on that day of saying "Come thou hither! lo! a man wins to Amentet." "Her whose peace is her protection" seems very distinctly to represent the ancient Egyptian idea of a Church Triumphant.

"Amentet," to quote from the ancient commentary, "was made for Divine Souls." "It is that which Rā gave, and every God (or Hero) who cometh thereunto hath arisen and fought for it." Amentet therefore is the place of final reward.

"I am that taloned cat beside whom is the tree in the City of the Sun" is a sentence so well known as being the most ancient example of the "pun" that few writers on the *Book of*

the Dead have failed to give it serious thought. The Commentary explains it thus: "That male cat is Rā himself, for he is called 'cat' by reason of the Saying of 'SA' concerning him:—'His "likeness" (MĀ) is in that which he hath made'—so his Name became MĀ (*i.e.*, cat)"—the two words being identical in Egyptian.

"Lighting up the two earths with His shining form," the "two earths" are the upper and the lower worlds, the world of the Gods, and the world of Men, symbolised by Upper and Lower Egypt, they also are an aspect of the two Pillars.

"I am strong upon earth before Rā. I enter the harbour beautiful with OSIRIS," indicates the idea that the perfected man has entered a condition wherein "Life and Death," again the two Pillars, are no longer twin warriors in a state of battle, but twin brothers in a state of reconciliation.

The man lives! "He is strong upon earth before Rā," the man is also dead! "He has entered the harbour beautiful with OSIRIS." He has attained a condition where life and death are reconciled.

A great English poet has spoken of Death as the crossing of a harbour bar. It was thus that the Egyptian also symbolised it, but with what a difference! To the English poet death was a putting out to sea, to the Egyptian it was the entering of the harbour, and so strongly did this thought take hold of the Egyptian people that though in ancient times the word "MŌNI," meaning to "enter harbour" or "come to moorings in a place of safety," is only used for death in a poetic sense; yet we find that in later times, in what is known as the "modern Coptic" language, "MŌNI" has become the ordinary equivalent for our word "Death."

"The New Year feast is brought to Him in the Crystal of Tanenet," is an expression of considerable difficulty. Brugsch considers that the word "Mosiy" indicates the Eve of the New Year, and became the name of a ceremonial repast which celebrated the birth of the year, and it was probably therefore eaten at midnight. We are told in the commentary that "Mosiy" in the Crystal, or as I have translated it the "New Year feast in the Crystal," means "Heaven and Earth," and is also the "Eye of Horus."

One gathers that the crystal probably represents "Heaven" and the repast "Earth," and some special aspect of Earth represented by the Eye of HORUS. Earth as an element represents in ancient philosophy, not merely the planet on which we live, not merely also the cultivable soil that we may dig up with a spade, but the element of the fixity of Form, the element of eternal Conservation. We learn elsewhere in the *Book of the Dead* that "HORUS is the Divine food of the Sacrifice," the probability therefore seems to be that this was a sacramental meal in which a wafer stamped with the symbol of the Eye of HORUS or sacred UZAT was presented on a paten of crystal, representing originally the disk of the sun in the midst of the circle of the sky, the symbol of the Eye of God, the one fixed and enduring, changeless centre of all things, of which the sun was the great astronomical symbol.

"Yesterday and to-morrow is the foundation of thy temple. The fulness of time is attained. Horus purifies, Set consecrates."

Yesterday and to-morrow are again the two Pillars, the past and the future, reconciled in an everlasting "present," an eternal "to-day."

"The fulness of time is attained," is a very obscure and difficult sentence. In Egyptian it is PEH-EN RERBT, literally the "Round has attained," or the "Circle has attained." In the duties of Horus and Set we have again the reconciliation of the two combatants.

"The Shining Gate of the radiant head" is again the same great gate between the two ancient Pillars, the Gate of Paths is its name on earth to men, because it is the gate of beginnings, that is of human birth. But for Divine Souls it had another meaning, because the Divine life began when the earthly life was over. But whether we take it as the gate of men or Gods, the Unseen Watcher who opens it is ISIS, for she represented the force that presides over beginnings, she was the personification of "Beginning," and of "Cause," as Nephthys was of "End" and of "Effect."

Therefore is it that ISIS represents eternal Motherhood, and because Maternity has always been symbolically connected with sorrow, the mystery of ISIS was also the Mystery of Sorrow.

We read in the commentary that "because of the mystery that is in her, she arose and let down her hair," this was the most universal sign of mourning used in Egypt, and this is what is alluded to in the passage "when she found OSIRIS [dead] her hair covered his face as her distraught kisses wandered on his brow."

The remaining portion of the chapter is a descriptive eulogy of the condition which the Egyptian Initiate hoped to reach when his lower life had run its course, a condition as remote from the vulgar conception of Heaven on the one hand as it was from the vulgar conception of Nirvâna on the other, though probably if modern thought could reach the real meanings of those great minds who originated the ideas of Heaven and Nirvâna and impressed them so indelibly upon the minds of the peoples whose faiths they belong to, we should find in the Egyptian final state a similarity to both, a reconciliation of both, a joy of motion without change, of fixity without passivity, of Ego without Self, a state of Eternal Rest, in the initiation of Eternal Energy.

M. W. BLACKDEN.

TSZE LOO said, "Does the superior man esteem valour?" The Master said, "The superior man holds righteousness to be of highest importance. A man in a superior situation, having valour without righteousness, will be guilty of insubordination; one of the lower people, having valour without righteousness, will commit robbery." Tsze-Mung said, "Has the superior man his hatreds also?" The Master said, "He has his hatreds. He hates those who proclaim the evil of others. He hates the man who, being in a low situation, slanders his superiors. He hates those who have valour *merely*, and are unobservant of propriety. He hates those who are forward and determined, and, *at the same time*, of contracted understanding." The Master then enquired, "Tsze, have you also your hatreds?" Tsze-Mung replied, "I hate those who pry out matters, and ascribe the knowledge to their wisdom. I hate those who are *only* not modest, and think they are valorous. I hate those who make known secrets and think they are straightforward.—*Confucian Analects*,

LENTEN THOUGHTS

THEOSOPHY persuades us that all religions are partial presentments of truth, coloured rays of light destined to merge eventually into the white radiance of Divinity. Every faith can thus teach us, and the season of Lent of the Catholic Church has lessons for those beyond its fold.

To the mind incapable of setting up as an object of devotion a God who can be measured with a carpenter's rule, Lent presents itself as a season of picking up broken threads, of self-examination, of communing with that Higher Self so apt to be obscured in the toil and stress of daily life, a season of deep devotion where the spiritual insight is developed. Through the vista of years the gracious message reaches us: "Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest"; and so many of us are weary, weary of our responsibilities, of our pleasures, of our friends, but most of all weary of ourselves. The beautiful words of the writer of the *Imitation* find their echo in many hearts: "Oh God, who art the Truth, make us one with Thee in everlasting love. We are often weary of hearing and reading many things, in Thee is all we need or desire. Let all teachers hold their peace, let all created things keep silence in Thy sight, speak Thou to me alone."

So Lent properly used comes to us as a time of refreshment, of release from the various social engagements with which so many strive to fill the emptiness of their lives; face to face with the Divinity that is inherent in us, we ask ourselves how often we have been true to it, we single out some quality we are deficient in as we gather up the tangled skein of the past year. Our meditation will not be profitless if we endeavour to gain some sense of proportion with which to regulate our conduct when the world claims us again.

Let us dwell on the relative value of the things of sense that pall as quickly as they charm, and on things spiritual, enthralling

hearts and intellect, on the grandeur of the divine ideal for man, and the grotesque inadequacy of his performance of it, on the fruit of the tree of knowledge awaiting the hand brave enough to grasp it, and the tinselled toys that arrest the seeker, toys that he must weary of and break himself before the first upward steps can be made.

Here we are confronted with a pitiless truth, the mis-statement of which has gone far in discrediting the teachings of the Christian Church. No man can redeem another; the sincerest love that ever welcomed sacrifice cannot impress this sense of fitness on the loved object; each climber must place his faltering feet on the upward path alone. All effort must be from within outwards; the sense of proportion only dawns when the mental eyesight strengthens, when the magnifying glasses so long applied to objects of the senses are laid aside, and they appear in their true aspect as delusions of form that perish in the using.

Then we turn to our great Master Jesus and reverently follow Him through the three temptations so typical of the difficulties in His disciples' paths. Watching the stern purity with which He repels the suggestions of Satan, we recall with shame the stones of which we have made bread, the pride that has hurled us from the pinnacle of God's temple in our hearts, the disloyalty that has bowed our knees at the shrine of many a false idol in the kingdom of the world, and contemplating the extent of our fall we learn the great lesson of humility.

All knowledge is power, and the power to help others is the pure gold transmuted from the crucible of evil. It is the sense of separateness that makes such an impassable barrier between ourselves and the souls around us, so ignorant of the things pertaining to their peace; the weakness we have surmounted, the sin we have lived down, only draws us nearer to them when we understand that man cannot, does not live by bread alone, but by every word proceeding out of the mouth of the God whose reflection in this world he was meant to be. The Easterns impress on us the same truth, "Let not the heaven-born merged in the sea of Mâyâ break from the universal soul." One we must ever be in the divine life that informs us, separated only in manifestation, in our dense imprisonment in matter, to become one again in the

day when our King makes up his jewels and the freed Spirit merges in the All-Consciousness whence it came and whither it must return. In the recognition of this Unity we make the mystical teaching of Lent our own, and, the forty days over, carry it back to elevate our daily lives.

ALICE C. AMES.

Ash Wednesday, 1903.



FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

MANY of our readers have been delighted with the stories of childhood recorded in the articles "A Little Lost Kingdom" and "That Jack Rabbit" which have recently appeared in our pages. The following two stories, taken from *The Academy* of February 7th, may perhaps add to their pleasure. The first is taken from a reference to Anatole France's *Le Livre de mon Ami*, supposed to be the work of the author's imaginary friend Pierre Nozière, but in reality largely autobiographical. The writer of the article, who does not mention that this book was published as long ago as 1882, gives the following description of young Anatole's infant strivings after Saintship:

When a boy is six or seven, the interesting chapter of vocations begins. Most boys want to become soldiers or omnibus drivers. But Pierre Nozière was no ordinary boy. As his mother often read to him legends out of the "Lives of the Saints," he thought of gratifying his inordinate yearning for glory by becoming a saint. The tale of his endeavours after holy life is a most entertaining one. He began by refusing to take his breakfast. Then he thought of rivalling St. Simeon Stylites. "I climbed up to a small cistern in the kitchen, but I couldn't settle there, for I was quickly ousted by Julie, the cook." His next model was St. Nicholas of Patras, who distributed his wealth among the poor: he threw out of the window some new pennies, his marbles and his top; but his father simply shut the window and called him a stupid boy. Other misadventures followed: he was flogged for tearing open an old armchair in order to make himself a hair-shirt. His conclusion was that "it is very hard to practise holiness when living with one's

family," and that the great hermit saints were right when they went to the desert. He thought of building a hut in the Zoo, which, in his opinion, was no less than the Earthly Paradise, where all creatures lived together in peace.

* * *

THE second is one of three stories "swapped" at a casual meeting of three travellers, strangers, who next morning go their several ways. It is strangely like the ex-

Another
Jack Rabbit

periences related by our colleagues recently about the "Aztec God" and "Jack Rabbit,"

and runs as follows :

It's the world outside experience that possesses me when I am alone. Here is my case! As far back as I can remember, a certain figure has appeared to me in my dreams—a man, twice life-size, clothed in skins, which flapped as he moved. I always knew when he was approaching, and he never frightened me. As a child I regarded him as a kind of nurse, later in life as a companion. If the room was dark when I awoke I could see him just the same. Even if my eyes were closed I could see him by means of the light that gleamed behind my eyeballs in those moments. I called him "My Old Man of the Woods," or "The Beckoner," for although his arms were still, his eyes seemed always to be calling me away somewhere. He never appeared when I was about to make a journey, only when I was languid, and inclined to stay at home and be comfortable. So vivid did this apparition become in after life that I made a drawing of it. A year ago—I know you will find this hardly credible—I went by invitation to a man's house in Bayswater. He had been stationed at some place in Africa—I think it was Gogo—and he had brought back with him a lot of photographs. He had turned the pictures in his room to the wall and pinned the photographs on their backs. One of them—I saw it the moment I entered the room—was an enlarged photograph of a tribal god. It was exactly like the drawing I had made of my Beckoner. Oh, no, he didn't think it strange!

The resemblance is extraordinary, but the difference is equally puzzling; for in the former cases the "Jack Rabbit" god was a bogey, a terror, while in the latter there was no fear. The simplest hypothesis is apparently "reminiscence of a past birth"—not an immediate birth of course, for it is hardly thinkable that there could be any immediate incarnation from the condition of the worshipper of a "tribal god" into that of a mind deeply interested in the transcendental problems of theosophy, or of the thoughtful teller of the tale in *The Academy*. This would give a long antiquity not only to the "Aztec" god, as we may

well believe, but also to the "Gogo" god, as we may also be inclined to believe from Mrs. Thornton's paper on the "Over-beliefs of the Ivory Coast." On the other hand, these three entirely disconnected experiences may be severally owing to other causes hidden in the infinite possibilities of the normally extra-conscious self, for "reincarnation" appears to be the label of a protean cosmos of causation resulting in what we momentarily are rather than the very simple chain of definite links, which the enquirer first supposes it to be.

* * *

As most Theosophical students in the West are specially interested in the Proem to the Fourth Gospel, they may like to see the latest translation, arrived at by a new stopping of the text, by Prof. Jannaris in his article on "The Fourth Gospel and John the Apostle," in *The Monthly Review* for January:

The Prologue to
the Fourth Gospel

stopping of the text, by Prof. Jannaris in his article on "The Fourth Gospel and John the

Apostle," in *The Monthly Review* for January:

First of all was God's *logos* (creative Word). Now the *logos* was with God, and so was (itself) God (creator); (not God's *logos* as read in the Old Testament, but) *this logos* was at first with God.

It created all things; yea, without it not a thing was created that was created;

It contained life; yea the Life.

It was the light of men; yea the light.

It shineth in the darkness (*i.e.*, in vain); yea, darkness comprehended it not. It became man (was transformed to man) . . .

. . . So God's *logos* became flesh (was transformed to man).

We have quoted this, not because we endorse its exegesis generally, but to show how the "and's" by being changed into "so's" and "yea's," for which they may legitimately stand in Hellenistic Greek, can give quite a different meaning to some of the familiar sentences. Of course the reader need hardly be told that the MSS. have no stopping.

* * *

THE following account of the sensations of the famous French writer Théophile Gautier, induced by taking a preparation of hashish or Indian hemp, may be of interest to our readers:

An Experiment
with Hashish

hashish or Indian hemp, may be of interest to our readers:

The vision was complex and extraordinary. My hearing was prodigiously developed. I heard the sound of colours. Green, red, blue, yellow sounds

poured in upon me in perfectly distinctive waves. . . . Every object I gazed at gave forth a note of harmony as of an æolian harp. I swam in an ocean of sound in which floated islets of light. . . . Such beatitude had never previously inundated my being. I so melted into the indefinite, was so absent from myself, so free of my "I"—that detestable witness which follows us everywhere—that I understood for the first time what might be the nature of the existence of the elementary spirits, of angels, and souls separated from the body.

I was like a sponge in the midst of the sea. Every moment waves of happiness poured through me, entering and passing out by my pores, for I had become permeable, and all my being was tinged with the colour of the fantastic surroundings into which I was plunged. According to my calculation this state lasted about three hundred years. . . . When the waves had passed, I saw that it had lasted only a quarter of an hour.

* * *

THAT so dangerous a game as hashish taking may occasionally be worth the candle cannot be gainsaid, for thereby a man may learn a lesson of greater value than he can acquire from the reading of many books, but there is a safer way open to some, perhaps to many if they would only practise it, and the following is a good case in point. Mrs. Gaskell, in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, writes :

The Inspiration of
Charlotte Brontë

I asked her whether she (Ch. Brontë) had ever taken opium, as the description given of its effects in *Villette* was so exactly like what I had experienced—vivid and exaggerated presence of objects, of which the outlines were indistinct, or lost in golden mist, etc. She replied that she had never, to her knowledge, taken a grain of it in any shape, but that she had followed the process she always adopted when she had to describe anything which had not fallen within her own experience ; she had thought intently on it for many and many a night before falling to sleep—wondering what it was like, or how it would be—till at length, sometimes after the progress of her story had been arrested at this one point for weeks, she awakened up in the morning with all clear before her, as if she had in reality gone through the experience, and then could describe it, word for word as it had happened. I cannot account for this psychologically ; I only am sure that it was so, because she said it.

* * *

WE have heard the story of the successful negotiations carried out by an astute officer on the West Coast of Africa by the sudden uncorking of a sodawater bottle at the critical moment, whereby the savage plenipotentiaries were convinced that the white man's Ju-ju was

The Humours of
Ju-ju

vastly superior to that of native manufacture. This was funny, and the fun was at the expense of the Ju-ju worshipper; the story told by *The Athenæum*, of December 20th last, is not so funny, but what humour there is in it is still at the expense of the Ju-ju worshipper—on this occasion the militant Christian in command of one of H.M. gun-boats. *The Athenæum* writes:

The last file of the Sydney papers contains a passage of unconscious humour: "The natives of Malieta are, it is said, bitterly opposed to the introduction of Christianity among them, and as a result frequent disputes occur, many of which were investigated by H.M.S. Sparrow. . . . The Sparrow visited five places in the island of Malieta, namely, Anki, Sio, Uras, Kwi and Port Diamond. At the four first named villages the natives were found to be hostile toward the Christian religion, and it was deemed advisable to give them a salutary lesson. Numbers of the natives were taken aboard and shown the heavy guns. They seemed to recognise the awful character of the instruments of destruction and left profoundly impressed. As a further warning several rounds of blank shell were fired into their villages, the ordinary practice shells, which are non-explosive, were used for the purpose, and although no actual damage was done, the natives were very greatly alarmed, and fled in all directions. . . . Very little concerning the Christian religion is known at many places in the island, which is an extensive one, and peculiar views are held concerning the belief of the 'white man.'"

Tsze-CHANG asked about government. The Master said, "The art of governing is to keep its affairs before the mind without weariness, and to practise them with undeviating consistency." The Master said, "The superior man seeks to perfect the admirable qualities of men, and does not seek to perfect their bad qualities. The mean man does the opposite of this." The King, distressed about the number of thieves in the state, inquired of Confucius how to do away with them. Confucius said, "If you, sir, were not covetous, although you should reward them to do it, they would not steal." Tsze-chang asked, "What must the officer be, who may be said to be distinguished?" The Master said, "What is it you call being distinguished?" Tsze-chang replied, "It is to be heard of through the state, to be heard of through the family." The Master said, "That is notoriety, not distinction."

Confucian Analects.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE SOUL OF SENANCOUR

Obermann. By E. P. de Senancour. Translated with a biographical and critical Introduction by A. E. Waite. (London: 1903. Price 6s.)

THIS is the first appearance of *Obermann* in English, and as such the book can be highly recommended. Mr. Waite's version is probably as near an approach to the peculiar style of the author as the English language is capable of giving.

Obermann is a book which it is almost impossible to summarise. It consists of a series of letters from the imaginary "Obermann" to a friend, but they are really more like the long-drawn-out communings of a solitary mind, of a soul which is seeking itself in the gloomy shadow of a day in the world's history "unto which it was not born."

The day I lived in was not mine,
 Man gets no second day.
 In dreams I saw the future shine
 But ah! I could not stay!
 Action I had not, followers, fame—
 I passed obscure, alone.
 The afterworld forgets my name
 Nor do I wish it known.
 Composed to bear, I lived and died
 And knew my life was vain, . . .

so speaks the wraith of "Obermann," appearing in a vision to Matthew Arnold by the little mountain chalet where the letters are supposed to have been written.

Matthew Arnold says he returned to visit this spot to reawaken his memories of "Obermann," whose spell he had once so strongly felt,

And hear the wild bee's Alpine hum
 And thy sad tranquil lore!

Again I feel the words inspire
 Their mournful calm ; serene,
 Yet tinged with infinite desire
 For all that *might* have been.

It is this "might have been" that gives the dominant note of sadness throughout the letters—to live and die seeking vainly for the vaguest clue to the most elementary reasons of things !

Weary of myself and sick of asking
 What I am and what I ought to be.

Page after page of such self-searchings and endless complaints and yet no goal is found. Is there nothing worth living for ? he asks. Love ? a snare ! Marriage ? a most disillusioning episode ! Fame, influence, luxury ? Nothing arouses him from that terrible "*tedium vite*" which comes to those who have never truly *lived*, who have never grasped their life in both hands and staked all for all. Physically he seems to have been weak and sensitive, and if he had lived to-day he would have been the typical dyspeptic. He writes pages on the subject of his increasing insomnia. Will coffee stimulate his brain without keeping him awake ? Shall he give up his tea ? How much wine ought he to take ? He realises that "the very shadow of good sense is wanting" to his present mode of life—yet he says he sees "no great importance in improvement."

He has nothing to live for. His mind is craving for something to work upon that will really absorb it and employ all its faculties to the full. He searches for this something but is perpetually baffled, not knowing what he is looking for. At the same time, though the quest is useless, he is unable to quiet the restless questionings or allay the inner craving.

As Mr. Waite says, Senancour "sought without knowing it the perfect life of the transcendental world." The Catholic would say "that he suffered simply the common misery and daily experience of the soul apart from God, which at the same time has once known the light and has therefore no excuse for deserting it."

"Speaking for the school I represent," continues the translator, "it (this Catholic view) only requires to be restated in the terms of universal religion to expose the whole truth. . . . *Obermann* is a history of weariness, because it is a history of the want of proper occupation for the soul. The weariness of the dweller in marsh and morass and of the follower of the false marsh-lights."

Here it may be remarked that there are several passages in Letter

xlvii. which almost seem to be signs that his mind was half-unconsciously seeking after some of the occult sciences.

"You scatter," he says, "all my possibilities into the region of dreams. Presentiments, secret qualities of numbers, the philosophical stone, the interaction of starry influences, cabalistic science, transcendental magic, are all set down as chimeras by simple and infallible certitude. . . . The impossibility of aerial voyages, of igniting objects at a distance, of calling down the lightning—have all been demonstrated. We feel assured at the present day that the moon may influence tides but not vegetation; that the effect of the mother's longings on the unborn child is an old woman's tale, and that all who have seen this result have not really seen it. We know equally well that the hypothesis of a thinking fluid is nothing better than an impious absurdity, but also that certain persons, called priests, are permitted to produce before breakfast a kind of universal soul or sacramental nature which can be differentiated into an indefinite number of universal souls, so that each communicant can assimilate his own. . . . All ages and nations mutually accuse each other of error. Why should we endeavour to ridicule the ancients who regarded numbers as the universal principle? Do not forces, extension, duration, all properties of natural things, follow the law of numbers? . . . Pay attention to the voice of antiquity, though it was unacquainted with the calculus of fluxions. . . . Without the laws of numbers, matter would be a formless, undigested mass . . . their power and their qualities are nature, and the universal conception of these qualities is God. The analogies of these qualities make up magical doctrine, secret of all initiations, principle of all dogmas, foundation of every cultus, source of moral relations and of all duties. . . . I might trace out the affiliation of all cabalistic and religious ideas. I might refer the various forms of fire-worship to numbers. . . . If I were a proficient in astrology I could enforce many further points. Pythagoras said: Cultivate with assiduity the science of numbers; our vices and our crimes are only errors of calculation."

The number One, he says, is infinite. Two sets all thing at variance. Three is perfect harmony. Four has a striking analogy with the body. "It includes also all the sacredness of the oath. How is this? I have no idea, but seeing that a master has affirmed it, no doubt his disciples will explain."

Five is protected by Venus: this is why we have five fingers and five senses.

Seven is of primary importance. It is the union of two perfect numbers. "All ancient mysticism is full of this number, which is the most mysterious of the apocalyptic series, as those of the Mithraic cultus and of the mysteries of initiation. Seven stars of the resplendent genius, seven Gakanbards, seven Amschaspands or angels of Ormuz. The Jews have their 'week of years' and the square of seven was the true number of their jubilee period. . . . Aristotle, Abelard, Heloise, Luther, Nostradamus and Muhammad died at sixty-three."

And so on, with remarks on the philosopher's stone and premonitions but always with uncertain faith and in a groping spirit.

How Senancour gradually frees himself from his "Slough of Despond" is explained by Mr. Waite and illustrated by numerous quotations from a later work, the *Libres Meditations*.

A great change comes over him, "the secret of which is expressible, and to be accounted for, by the three words, God, Immortality and Religion. . . . It is true that the Deity dwells for Senancour in heights that are inaccessible to man. . . . We cannot affirm what God is; in so far as we can define Him at all, it is by affirming that which He is not. Yet in Him alone is reality to be found and either human reason is but delirium or the Divinity reigns. Apart from the faith in Him there is no true grandeur and even no interest possible to man. But albeit in His essence God is unknowable, in His works He is manifest, and the mere act of living is in a certain sense the attainment of a measure of the knowledge of Him whose seal is set upon all that environs us. In certain strange books of Rabbinical theosophy—in the great book of the Zohar above all—I have met with this doctrine of the unknowable God in whose knowledge we advance for ever; and though the conception was not reached by Senancour along this bye-way of reading, it finds in both an expression which is analogous because it comes out of the heart of both. French naturalist or inspired Jew of Cordova, the abstract doctrine was combined intimately and wonderfully with a wonderful intimacy of possible union between the Divine and man, which lifted, in the one case, the exclusive doctor of Israel into contact with universal religion, and in the other, the melancholy recluse of Paris, exiled from his mountain air, into the fellowship, not simply of Rabbi Simeon, but of Plotinus, and, apart from all official Christianity, apart from all conventional doctrine, into the fellowship of the Seraphic Doctor and of the author of *The City of God*. . . . These things are not

of doctrine but of *experience*, and their mode is one of sudden awakening and instant quickening. . . ." In his later years Senancour comes "to see that great or little, in all and through all, the outward world manifests the divine which is beyond us."

There is much more of great interest in the critical introduction, but space will not allow of further quotations. Let us hope for the sake of the English reader that Mr. Waite will also translate the *Libres Meditations*, so that those who come under the spell of "Obermann's" world-weariness and despondency may with him come out into the freedom and light of his wider faith—resigning "all too human creeds, and scan simply the way divine!"

What still of strength is left, employ
That end to help attain,
One common way of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again!

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

COMMON SENSE IN EDUCATION

Education in Accordance with Natural Law. By Charles B. Ingham.
(London: Novello & Co.)

THIS little book will be received with much pleasure and interest by many readers of this REVIEW. The author is an enthusiast in the cause of right education, has had many years' experience in practical educational work, and is besides an old friend and pupil of the author of *The Secret Doctrine*. He regards the work of education as one of the most important pursuits in which a man can engage, and his book is full of practical suggestions in regard to points of detail. It is written in a clear and vigorous style, and its sturdy optimism is calculated to refresh and stimulate those who are engaged in the difficult and complex work of which he treats.

Mr. Ingham points out that the work of the educator is to deal with children *as they are*, and he prescribes a course of training suited to the need of each. "No reproaches are reasonable against the child because of habits towards which his natural temperament or hereditary tendencies may have inclined him." The question of the incentives which should be used in education is ably discussed, and the distinction clearly pointed out between arbitrary and artificial incentives imposed from without, on the one hand, and those which are in accordance with natural law and spring from within. It is shown that parents are mistaken when they think that a highly

qualified educator is not needed in the early years of childhood. "A faulty foundation would endanger all that is based upon it." The education of children does not fulfil its purpose unless it lifts them to as high a level of thought and sentiment as they are capable of reaching, and unless it produces some definite effect in changing the aimless method of spending leisure hours, of which we see so many examples in all ranks of life. In order to produce any permanent effect on these evils some energy must be expended in modifying the source from which they spring, and this source is an undeveloped condition of mind and character.

Mr. Ingham deals with the question of the most important subjects of education in early childhood, bearing in mind "that in the child the early efforts of Nature are made to establish channels of communication between the inner consciousness or self, and the outside phenomenal world"; and explains how the subjects which he prescribes may be used for this purpose. We find throughout the book a clear recognition that the object of education is not to impose from without any ideal, however perfect it may seem to ourselves to be, but to develop the inner life, and to afford opportunities for healthy growth.

The passage on the time element in education (pp. 62-68) is most interesting and useful, and gives an important clue, not only to right method in education, but also to the self-training of students.

With regard to individual character, is Mr. Ingham quite right in assuming (p. 51) that "the units of all ranks of Society are alike in the beginnings and early stages of existence"? It is clear of course that differences in the characters of very young children could not be the result of birth in any particular rank of life, but it is not so clear that such differences do not exist. In fact, Mr. Ingham has, throughout the book, a little underestimated, or at any rate somewhat ignored, the importance of the age and individual character of the Ego as a factor in his problem. Education and environment are only one side of the question; the other side is the Ego himself. The implication on p. 10, that all men and women might have been led on the right path, assumes that education and environment cover the whole ground, whereas we must suppose that the Ego himself will have something to say on the matter. It is a well-known fact that, when two children receive almost exactly the same early training, they frequently show very different characteristics in later life.

S. C.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, March. "Old Diary Leaves" are occupied this month with the preliminaries of the Judge trouble, and the Colonel's journey to Europe for the meeting of the Judicial Committee; with notes by the way of the late Bishop Bigandet, the commencement of the first Pariah School, the straightening up of the complications as to the Colombo Girls' Schools, and the adventures on the voyage. A visit to Berlin showed the Colonel the real state of affairs in Germany at that time—that the leaders of thought were exclusively busy with progress on the physical plane, and were not at that stage of development where the Theosophical doctrines were needed. How much advance has taken place since 1894, the recent formation of the German Section and its promise for the future will show. Next follows one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures on "Man and his Bodies"; then "The authority of a Purāna on the existence of Mahātmas," by V. Rama Sastri; the conclusion of S. Stuart's "Thoughts on Religious Systems," and that of the very important series of "Why should a Vedantin join the Theosophical Society?" In this the author, G. Krishna Sastri, says, "I have purposely retained the Sanskrit words for fear of degrading their sense by using inappropriate English words in the absence of appropriate ones." The result of this principle is, of course, to make his work utterly incomprehensible to merely English readers, but (for an Indian magazine) this is not to be regretted. That a learned Hindoo should take the trouble to put the connection between *The Secret Doctrine* and his own Sacred Books into such language as may commend itself to his Hindoo brethren is of far more practical value than that the result should be enjoyable to a European. We gather that in what he calls Anubhavādvaitya, the work of a Southern Indian "saint" who died no longer back than 1901, he has found the view which gives due value to the three great systems of Dvaita, Vishistadvaita and Advaita, each in their own time and place, and thus reconciles each with the other and all with the Theosophical mode of thinking. The conclusion he arrives at is that "a Vedantin should join the Theosophical Society for his own sake as well as for the sake of others." Amen, with all our hearts. The number contains also (in addition to some shorter papers) the continuation of Miss Grewe's commentary on *Light on the Path*, in which she moralises over each precept in succession in a very edifying way, but without any great expenditure

of thought; much as the older commentators on the Bible like the Rev. Thomas Scott, in the days before criticism was invented.

Prasnottara, January and February, contains the Report of the Indian Convention, held in December last under Col. Olcott's presidency. We read that "the best of feelings prevailed, and the Presidential address, with the Reports of the General Secretaries of Sections, created the impression that the wave of prosperity is still bearing our movement on its crest." The Secretary laments that "a number of branches have become quite dormant, and that of these a large proportion are of very recent formation." We gather from the *Theosophic Messenger's* lists that something of the same kind goes on in the United States. In our last month's number we recorded a suggestion that if there were no dormant members there could be no dormant branches. We are aware that in many cases an Indian branch goes into Pralaya by reason, not of the dormition, but of the actual removal of its active members from the place. Still, we think there is reason to enquire if, in forming a new branch *anywhere*, it is sufficient simply to get together a few people who vaguely think they would like to know more about Theosophy, without making sure that amongst them there is at least one who actually does know something about it to begin with, and is anxious, whilst learning more himself, to teach the rest. Without at least one such "active member" the meetings can hardly be expected to do anything but die out when the novelty is gone by and it is felt that nothing in particular comes of them. But I think I had better say no more, it is a ticklish subject—even in England. The General Secretary reports that Miss Edger's establishment in Lahore has been fruitful of exceedingly happy results, and that the new Charitable Dispensary has given relief to many poor sufferers. The financial position is "on the whole tolerably satisfactory," which is as much as we can expect a Treasurer to say. I knew a priest in a poor mission who used to say he "lived on his deficit!" and the trouble of most voluntary school managers I have known, has been to keep their accounts from shewing such a surplus as would stop the bulk of next year's subscriptions.

Central Hindu College Magazine, March, gives its juvenile readers a picture of a spouting whale, and some rather languid looking whalers in the act of harpooning it. "In the Crow's Nest" contains a short record of the College work, which appears to be progressing well. Miss Ward contributes an illustrated sketch of the Tower of

London, and Mrs. Lloyd a short life of Sir Walter Scott, and the remainder of the magazine contains much instructive and useful matter.

Theosophic Gleaner, March, is an interesting number, opening with a good paper on "Impersonal God" read at the Theosophical Society at Srinagar, Kashmir. Here is a note on a point often misunderstood: "To have pure mind it is absolutely necessary we should be strictly moral . . . not with the morality of men of the world, as defined in the Penal Code, but higher and absolute morality. The old precept, 'Love others as you love your brother' is inadequate, I say 'I *am* he whom I am going to injure.' All objects are differentiated from each other by name and form only. The same Divine Essence is in all men; so that when I am going to injure another, I am doing that harm to *myself* in another name and form." Narrain Rai Varma gives a short but valuable paper on the "Three Refuges" of the Buddhist, summed up thus: "We take refuge in our Lord, the Perfect One, because He reveals to us the Truth. We take refuge in the Truth, for this is our salvation. We take refuge in our monks, because if they are truly monks they illustrate to us the Truth."

We learn from the "Notes" that Mrs. Besant's tour brings her back to Benares on the 21st April; and that Mr. G. S. Arundale passed through Bombay on his way to Benares on the 20th February, without making any stay there.

Also from India, the *Arya* and *Indian Review*, the last with a truly amusing sketch, by the Editor of the *Deccan Post*, of the tribulations of a young Hindoo who should try to observe his caste-regulations in England—not to speak of those of his English hosts.

The Vahan, April. The "Enquirer" concludes the subject of kârmic suffering. Amongst replies to the question as to whether a member of the Theosophical Society can conscientiously join a Dissenting "Church" a very needful limitation as to the *authority* claimed by the various writers is given under the initials I. H., who says: "To take a personal example, gladly and reverently would I participate in the rites of any Church, Christian, Hindoo, Buddhist, or Mohammedan . . . because I believe that all such rites are efficacious to those who take part in them with 'faith,' . . . but if the querist feels any lingering suspicion that to join a 'church' is inconsistent with membership in the Theosophical Society—is in short a dishonest action; then, whether he is right or wrong in the view, I should advise that he does not permit any *Vahan* answers to influence

him in his decision against such a step." Other questions are, "Why do we die prematurely?" "How does giving utterance to a thought help us to get rid of it?" and "What explanation can be given of the mastery over thought required by the *Voice of the Silence*?"

The Lotus Journal, April, commences, as in duty bound, with the latest news of Mr. Leadbeater. Then we have an address to the Lodge, by Mrs. Hooper, on "Our Attitude towards Nature"; Mr. Leadbeater's lecture "The Life after Death," the preliminary to the more elaborate study contained in his forthcoming work, *The Other Side of Death*. The Editor's promising "Outlines of Theosophy for Younger Readers" is continued, and the whole number well keeps up its level.

The original contents of the March number of *Theosophia* are "Science and Theosophy," by B. Sybrandy; a careful study of Hinduism and the spiritual revival hoped from the efforts of the Society, by J. W. Boissevain; and an abstract of the Convention Report for 1902, furnished by M. J. van Manen.

We find from our little Belgian friend *Theosophie*, that Mrs. Burke spent a day and night in Antwerp, and during this short time presided at two separate meetings, and "literally gave and sacrificed herself" to answer all the questions put to her. Fortunately she was able to proceed next day on her journey, so that the sacrifice, though laudable, was not *quite* so literal as the words express. J. C. Chatterji, Dr. Pascal, and others, furnish short and well-chosen paragraphs.

Der Vâhan, April, opens with a "Lotus Day" rhapsody of an allegorical description by Michael Bauer, following which is a fairly lengthy article by A. von Ulrich on "Life in Unorganised Matter," dealing with the researches in crystalline formation of Professor von Schrön. The writer had the opportunity of visiting his laboratory and examining the preparations and results at first hand. This REVIEW and *The Theosophist* are noticed as usual at considerable length and reviews of new books supply a considerable portion of the reading matter.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, for March, has a paper, "Christendom and Culture," by R. E., and translations from Mead and Max Seiling—the latter on the interesting question of "Goethe and Occultism."

Theosophy in Australia, February, we are glad to see keeps up its Questions and Answers. W. J. writes on "Scientific Religion," and "A Vision of the Path" is anonymous.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, March, has the conclusion of Miss Davidson's "Illusions." It is not a criticism on her in particu-

lar, but one does wish that all writers would agree to give Wordsworth's "Ode on Childhood" a holiday for a few years—one does get so tired of the Heaven that lies about us in our infancy! Marion Judson speaks sound sense on "Karma, and the Forgiveness of Sins," and also on the "Seven Races of Man," whilst "Philaethes" is responsible for "The Law of Correspondence," and for "The Dual Aspect of Manifestation."

Also received *Sophia* (Santiago), January and February; very nicely got up and printed, and containing a good selection of articles and short and useful answers to questions; *Revista Theosophica*, February; *Theosophisch Maandblad*, March; *Metaphysical Magazine*, January—March. This now comes out as a Quarterly, and has a very important article by H. Carrington on psychical research amongst other valuable matter. The general reader will, I think, best enjoy a delightful rhyming caricature of the "long prayers," under which I used to suffer in my childish days. Also *Anubis*, an Astrological Magazine which prophesies all kinds of evil to Shamrock III. from its day and hour of launching, and is thus entitled to such credit as the recent accident may seem to reflect on it; *Light of Reason*; *Light*; *The Astrological Magazine*; *The New York Magazine of Mysteries*.

THE third and highest part of the soul, called the mind or the apex, that is, the highest summit of the spirit, is the simple and God-like basis or groundwork of the soul sealed with the image of God. When considered in relation to this spiritual basis of the soul, life is called super-essential through which both the spiritual and active life are perfected. From the mind itself the three higher powers flow, and re-flow again into it, as rays of light emanate from the sun. Here, in truth the likeness of God shines out in a wonderful way. For as the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are three Persons, but one God, so the memory, intellect and will are three powers, but one mind.—BLOSIOUS.